XIII. NOTES OF A THEORY OF MEMORY AND WILL

By D. Marsden

I

(1) If one were required to name the most basic characteristic of experience, choice would have to fall upon that of progressive economy in effort in respect of activities which are repeated. It is just this attribute of economy which constitutes the index of any organism's aliveness and the measure of its power to effect its own continuance. The trait appears to be grounded on the organic fact that activities enacting themselves along the body's pathways leave there, at their exhaustion, a predisposition in respect of all similar activities subsequently to pass over them. What precise changes in the tissues these organic legacies involve is as yet outside the purview of science. We know of their existence only by their broad effects. A particular activity fulfils itself and is gone, but in virtue of its having been, the structure which enabled it to have play is irrevocably modified.

(2) Every given record is, moreover, built into the flesh in unerringly accurate relation to its concomitants. The fact of the activity's setting is recorded as faithfully as that of the activity, and no part of the organism's future history can escape being involved in and shaped by them in their totality and not merely as they exist in themselves. It is through this extreme impressionability and tenaciousness of the flesh that experience proper becomes a possibility. It is the basis of the mechanism of experience.

(3) With the manner in which this economy: this intelligence of the flesh consolidates itself, however, and out of its preferences and prejudices slowly evolves the map of behaviour: in particular the great trunk-lines and waterways of instinctive conduct: our present subject is not immediately concerned. All that our immediate needs demand is that we shall show that while an explanation of memory necessitates reference being made to it, the activity of memory is not singular in this but is at one with every other form of experience. Consequently it follows that memory is not explained by such reference, but is merely supplied with the basis necessary for an explanation.

(4) Turning then to the characteristic of economy, it is possible to present it under the form of two great generalizations. Either we can say that in order to re-create any total given effect we can arrive at the desired result with a progressively decreasing outlay in the effort of stimulation; or we can say that in order to obtain a partial (albeit fully significant and distinctive) reproduction of the said effect an effort of stimulation quite disproportionally small (whether compared with the initial expenditure of effort or with the fullness and distinctiveness of the partial reproduction obtained) will prove adequate. That is, we can touch all the significant points of a repeat journey at an incomparably cheaper rate. Of these two, it is the second to which the operations of remembering are related most directly.

(5) Now consciousness, according to the interpretation we have before given, means an intense unified concentration of available energy upon some particular movement distinguished out from the undis-
tnguished total of the organic flux. It follows, therefore, that of the vast number of movements involved in the enacting of even the most common-place of conscious effects (whether physical so called or mental) the greater proportion must enact themselves without being consciously taken note of. They will conduct themselves subconsciously. To this subconscious class will belong those elementary but all-important organic movements necessary to the bare maintenance of life of which we become negative conscious only when they fail to act or act otherwise than in the normal manner. Besides these there must be innumerable incidental movements all going to swell the vast subconscious total.

(6) Applying now the principle of reproductive economy as we find it in actual working practice, the enactment of any one of these movements, conscious or subconscious, will suffice for the purposes of reproduction, and will be potent to quicken into being the full significance of the whole effect, the only necessary condition being that of the movement. Movement shall be well energized in itself and closely connected with the resultant effect.

(7) This observation brings us in one step to the essential characteristic of memory. As we have just said, for reproductive purposes two kinds of exciting material will serve, but for purposes of remembering of the distinctiveness of its own experience to the type of reviving element it employs. Its function is to effect reproduction by recourse to the conscious variety only. We remember when, having created recognizable agents of reproduction in the form of symbols, we adopt these as deliberate means towards definite ends. Prearranged recognizability of its reviving material: of its cue is: the essential factor determining in the one hand, the agent of reproduction is of an unrecognizable and therefore fortuitous kind, we can only say that the resultant effect appears. It happens. It would be a misuse of terms to say it was remembered.

(8) We can illustrate this by summarizing certain incidents which were recorded in a preliminary study appearing in our last issue: In the midst of a train of incidents which were recorded in a preliminary study. Let it suffice here to say that the outward and visible phenomena which the power presents itself in the form of symbols. These are the tickets: the recognizable available cues of selective reproduction: whose use in the form of memory has made their creators masters of their destiny without parallel elsewhere in the vital world.

(12) One more point before we leave this part of our subject: memory as an instrument of thought. In the light of this interpretation as to what is meant by chance? An effect is the result of chance when so many forces present themselves as its immediate antecedents that it is impossible to narrow the conditions down to the few which are essential. Qui dit hasards dit grands nombres. When due to chance an effect emerges from an unlabelled multitude whose unclassified multiplicity reduces reckoning to chaos. We can illustrate this by summarizing certain incidents which were recorded in a preliminary study appearing in our last issue: In the midst of a train of incidents which were recorded in a preliminary study. Let it suffice here to say that the outward and visible phenomena which the power presents itself in the form of symbols. These are the tickets: the recognizable available cues of selective reproduction: whose use in the form of memory has made their creators masters of their destiny without parallel elsewhere in the vital world.

(13) Having emphasized at considerable length the fact that memory's essential feature is the recognizability and consequent controllability of its reproductive agencies, it needs to be added that this does not amount to saying that such reproductive instruments are always, wherever used, recognized and controlled. Quite obviously they are not. The whole tale of our subject. There is one aspect of symbols so important that special reference to it needs to be made. This is to their high availability: their handiness. It is of the very essence of the symbol that it shall admit of compact storing and concise readability. Memory owes its distinctiveness as an experience to the type of reviving element it employs. This is to their high availability: their handiness. It is of the very essence of the symbol that it shall admit of compact storing and concise readability. Memory owes its distinctiveness as an experience to the type of reviving element it employs. This is to their high availability: their handiness.
with the symbol which, uninterfered with, will be its successor. All symbols thus possess what amounts to a power of determination in their own right: a fact which we could correctly indicate by saying that an *automatism* develops in this symbolic material which basically is selective.

(14) To this automatic order of conscious life we quite constantly surrender ourselves. We are so in the habit of maintaining the flow of the conscious stream that in default of any definite calls for a selectively controlled order of flow we abandon ourselves to a word-stream which is automatic and quite often wholly unrecognized. The thoughts enact themselves, following a course removed from the predictable only by the interference of external agents, or by regress or by the intervention of something which, given a sporting chance of making their weight felt in the interstices between conscious items provided by momentary laxnesses in the symbolic stream.

(15) This automatism is to be expected. In view of that principle of economy of effort which governs all phenomena, conscious as well as subconscious, its emergence is inevitable. We must indeed by taking advantage of it that the power of memory keeps pace with the increase and gain in experience. That is to say, the value of the cue: the initial exciting agent: is subject to a growth of its own, which consists in an increase in the sweep of sequences which automatically follow upon its excitation. To maintain, by repetition or by initial intensity of interest—these are the agencies shapely, clear and compact is just what is involved in creating a memory of high quality. It is the feature of comprehensiveness which pre-eminently constitutes the *quality* of memory, just as its degree of availability constitutes its vitality. The latter quality can be bought at the expense of hard work of the mere shifting sort: and the former at the expense of a high initial outlay of selective energy. The two together go to create a "good" memory. All systems of "training" the memory are directed towards the stimulating of one or both of these.

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of entrance to consciousness would slowly rob the subconscious movements seeking to re-establish themselves consciously of the vigour necessary to bring them even to the conscious threshold. Probably, however, in the early stages, because so many widely different cues have formed associations with the banned subject, the latter would appear there uninvited, but summoned thither by words used in a widely differing connexion. But even so: since thoughts themselves cast their shadows before: a process which association would adequately explain: it is possible for us to become aware of them as imminent possibilities while they are still only in the mind's ante-chamber. Hence we are able to adopt means to switch thought's current to safer subjects all in good time.

(21) Therefore, if the intention is sound, the forbidden subject can be banned the mind altogether by the drain of energy for purposes of mere resistance: a drain, however, in normal circumstances so heavy that it affects the organism as a whole without permitting even consciousness a wholly scot-free escape. It is the sustaining of this drain upon the energies, at the same time that the fact of it is kept to the sphere of the subconscious, while consciousness sustains its own predetermined ends that constitutes the distinguishing elements of endurance. As far as merely muscular endurance is concerned, however, it kills the necessity for endurance: a fact which in these matters invests time with the rôle of positive agent. Beginning as the crucifix or rack, time, provided the organism in its entirety has not been overdrained, ends as a most gently acting local anaesthetic. Very happily, the irony of time's changes is kind: the virtue of endurance is the poesy of it, as the poet's particularism might put it:

The flower, the bush, and the tree,
Which I planted for her pleasure in vain,
In time will be a comfort to me.

It is the unconquerably cheerful grimace which life makes at the tragic figure!

(22) We can now assemble those facts implicated in the processes of memory which have given to the ethical conviction of mankind their basis. The facts are these:

(a) Man has had the power to create a body of symbols: which are specific cues of reproduction: of which he has possession that, being compact and simple, the same cues revolve in large numbers in periods of time, almost inappreciably short.

(b) In the revival of many symbols in a brief moment of time an effect is produced of simultaneous appearance. This apparent simultaneity provides the occasion for selective reproduction, while the symbol itself forms the instrument.

On the other hand, the selected conscious item has, by virtue of its being conscious, the power to compete with all subconscious movements at a high advantage.

(23) From these facts the human institutions of appraisal and blame take their authority. Men recognize that they possess wide limits of choice and control over the content of their thoughts. They recognize from the stream of consciousness is self-determinable, and that by making their choice thus and thus they can at any time force the rest of their being into a position of subjection. Therefore, when impulses which the common opinion of mankind condemns are permitted to break loose and govern a man's action, they hold such outbreak to be the result of choice and not of any mechanical necessity. They hold that such a man is possessed of a power which he culpably refrained from using, and it is on that score that they ascribe blame.

(24) Without waiting for any intellectual justifications men have introduced this criterion of action into all departments of life, however humdrum, but when they feel they have need of any endorsement they find it provided them generally by the situations where human life responds to the heroic. They constantly see men mortgage their life for a plan: a bold word-sketch: which through the long procession of the days and hours they fill in unsawingly while steadily some great enterprise grows into being. They see intolerable-seeming hardships borne without recognition that they are hardships. Constantly they see every normal instinct overridden and transformed because of the power exercised through some predetermined formula. Daily the world is accounted well lost for an idea. The power in a willed word for the one who wills it is seen to be able to transmute the world right to one's last extremity. The world of practice in this regard has never kept the common man stilled for proof of his theory's efficacy.

III

(25) Hitherto we have spoken only of remembering and forgetting. Only now have we ushered the term will into the scheme. It must, none the less, have been obvious that the situations we have been describing are precisely those which we associate with the term will. We have purposely refrained from employing this term in order that the descriptions of remembering and forgetting: of the processes of remembering and forgetting: of memory: that is: we conform to our will when we sustain steadily the symbols which we have marked out in advance for this purpose and work them into the stream of endurance. Given such conformity, the extended activities to which the remembered symbols relate will follow in due course. We cannot foster memories and press them fast and thick together and expect the related activities to remain subordinate or hang fire. In thus concentrating upon them we are mustering together cumulative forces which sooner or later will find their outlet. Practical effects follow in the train of sustained and concentrated memory as a mechanical necessity.

(26) In presenting the foregoing as an adequate account of what is involved in the phenomenon of willing, it may seem that we have made the task of setting out too suspiciously easy. The robust intellects have not found the term will so easy. The subject has been conspicuously thorny. Relative to its purely philosophical aspects only, controversy has spun itself into a vast literature, while in the controversies of religion, owing to its intimate connexion with men's ethical opinions, the importance of the question has shown itself sufficient to overleap the bounds of merely intellectual interest, and the popular mind has been harassed with its mysteries.

(27) There is full need, then, for us to show in what manner we consider it possible for our theory to meet those points which have proved difficulties for minds of the most widely varying grades. How, for instance, could our interpretation shape itself in reference to the so-called Freedom of the Will.

(28) We have here written so-called not with reference to any affirmation or denial of what is understood by the will's freedom, but because we consider that this particular denomination of the difficulty is itself responsible for much of the confusion which surrounds it. For not only is the will itself a faculty of whose function men are prepared to render widely varying interpretations, but the term freedom also is made to sustain interpretations which are highly ambiguous. The freedom of the will is therefore compounded of ambiguities, and we do not deserve to make headway with its elucidation until
we have simplified the alliance by stripping the more obvious of the two, i.e. freedom, of its nebulousness by attaching definite limits to its meaning.

(29) Already and many times in studies outside this series we have pointed out that the unending controversies we can find bound up with the term freedom make it clear that a continued undefined use is appropriate only to those deceived or deceiving ones whose power to thrive depends upon a fostered vagueness in popular oratory. On grounds before explained but excluded here on account of the limits on our space, it is possible by changing the term's nebulousness and making it equivalent to a power one can define it as power. Freedom is power; to be empowered is to be free. Any conception of freedom other than this must be found to eventuate in confusion and folly, or when practically applied even in disaster. Let us then for freedom read power.

(30) The question relative to the freedom of the will will therefore be a question relative to the power of the will. It is, in fact, a question relative to the sudden increase in the amount of force which seems to accrue from some unknown source whenever the will is set in action. This increase is in such total disparity to the forces animating merely subconscious non-willed impulses that the ordinary common sense of mankind is not at all disinclined to ascribe some sort of magic to the will. It is prepared to postulate the existence of some source of strength outside and higher than the human, but ready to aid mankind whenever earnest call is made to it.

(31) The substance of the argument as conceived by one school of interpreters is this: The act of willing generates a force in support of the willed end which is out of proportion to any ordinary mathematical resultant of the impulses having play within the organism. Therefore a source of power must exist outside the organism which, though outside, is nevertheless at the organism’s service at will. That is the gist of libertarianism. The gist of the doctrine which opposes it, i.e. determinism, finding it impossible to compromise with the item of an external “magic” agent, prefers to avoid it by denying the fact of the disproportionate augmentation of force.

(32) Now we take it that the riddle of the will’s astounding powers will be held to be explained when a theory emerges which can accept on the one hand the fact of disproportionate increase of force accruing to willed efforts, and on the other propound a source for it in an explanation which does not depend upon agencies called supernatural; here a euphemism for the inexplicable. Does our own interpretation of will as a special case of memory constitute such a theory? It is in the belief that it does that we have put it forward.

(To be continued)

CORRESPONDENCE

We invite critical comment from our readers, and we regret that lack of space prevents us from printing more than excerpts from the following letters:

Your writer on “Elizabethan Classicists” struck me, if I may say so without offence, as straining with youthful zeal after original opinions. His attempted rehabilitation of Ovid merely shows that the true taste for the Classics has gone out with the old classical curriculum; and as for his belittling of Milton—well, I do not believe that the incoherence could ever be the living Masters of criticism (Mr. Edmund Gosse, for example, or Sir Sidney Colvin) to even entertain such views.

J. A. D. SPENCE.
Thrillington Grammar School.

...I have, I pride myself, kept abreast of the times in literature; at least, if I have not, the times have moved very speedily indeed. I was therefore surprised, in what was otherwise an intelligent review (so far as I can judge, without having read the authors mentioned), to find Rupert Brooke dismissed abruptly with the words “He is not absent.” Brooke’s early poems exhibit a youthful exuberance of passion, and an occasional coarseness of utterance, which offended finer tastes; but these were but dross which, as his last sonnets show, was purged away (if I may be permitted this word) in the fire of the Great Ordeal which is proving the well-spring of a Renaissance of English poetry.

HELEN B. TRUTHELL.
Baton, Kent.

...There was a serious and instructive article on Constancynople by a Mr. Symons which I greatly enjoyed. It is good for us to keep our minds open and liberal by contemplation of foreign ways, and though the danse du ventre is repellent to the British imagination, we ought to know that these things exist. I cannot speak so pleasantly of Mr. Lewis’s...

CHARLES JAMES GREMBLE.
The Vicarage, Leays.

...The philosophical articles interest me enormously; though they make me reflect that much water has flowed under many bridges since the days of my dear old Oxford tutor, Thomas Hill Green. And I am accustomed to more documentation; I like to know where writers get their ideas from. ...

CHARLES AUGUSTUS CONYBEARE.
The Carlton Club, Liverpool.

...Is not Mr. Lewis’s objection to the Grin really a slur upon the cheery philosophy of our brave boys in the trenches, which has been so happily caught by the witty pen of Capt. Bairnsfather? And we all know that a little nonsense now and then...

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BLANCHE SHOEMAKER WAGSTAFF

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RODIN, A MASTER MAN
TO HIS MEMORY

He has had to die to allow me, with many others, to realize the privilege it was to have approached him. In him was not only the great artist the world recognizes, but a great personality. Having gathered together my recollections, their aggregate makes this: a magnificent personality, a gentleman, a royal man in the sense that a lion is called a royal beast, and a horse really is so. He had, indeed, a grand manner. He was not of those who would seem not to be on a level with their work; Rodin was equal to his—I do not refer to deeds, I refer to his mind and I refer to his gestes. There was no class attached to Rodin, as to nearly all French artists of "simple" origin. He always domi-

nusted his environment. The artist-clique might say this or that of him, but when it set eyes on him, off went its hats in unanimous, solemn regard for the one it considered its master.

He was, in the sense that Dr. Wrench implied, a master-man. I remember that one day—it was the day before the vernissage at the Salon de la Nationale—when he appeared in the sculpture section, a little group of artists not personally acquainted with him stopped their talk and silently, with dignity but how respectfully, removed their hats as he passed them. The scene was majestic and unforgettable. Edward VII was not his superior at meeting this sort of regard. He was, in the sense that Dr. Wrench implied, a master-man. I remember that one day—it was the day before the vernissage at the Salon de la Nationale—when he appeared in the sculpture section, a little group of artists not personally acquainted with him stopped their talk and silently, with dignity but how respectfully, removed their hats as he passed them. The scene was majestic and unforgettable. Edward VII was not his superior at meeting this sort of regard. The French term allure conveys better than any I know, the quality I refer to. For he had more than an "air" with him, his "air" having been the outer expression of an inner nobility, a something settled and self-confident, which would never degenerate into patronage and which would at times be extremely engaging and winning. The gentlest voice and sparing speech hid a terrific temper, a temper like a storm that could rise suddenly without the slightest warning and petrify every one present, and that was also a master-characteristic.

But his fine even career, his steady laborious life, his strong well-balanced character were perhaps impeded by the defect of hesitation, or at least an appearance of hesitation which was disconcerting to those who approached him, and was perhaps responsible for the incompleteness of his environment and of much that he undertook. He sought perfection, but either from incapacity or from an aversion for the superstition of "finish" he seldom attained it. He just stopped short where a master a degree his superior would have brought finality. In his speech, in his writings, he was more suggestive than conclusive, and the wonderful sketches in pencil and wash he produced are at once significant of his genius as of his weakness. He never achieved a monument, but this omission was perhaps also attributable to his near-sightedness. He began many schemes, like the monument to Labour, scores of others less important and which are not known, which never got beyond an embryonic stage.

This peculiar hesitation was, perhaps, also responsible for delaying his marriage till the seventy-sixth year of his life.

He gained very much by acquaintance at close quarters. Conversation with him was delightful, laconic though he was. He did not love harangues or attempt to preach or prophesy, as far, at least, as my own experience goes. It was easy to set his humour and his wisdom into motion, for he was sagacious, like an elephant, which animal he also somewhat resembled physically. The opinions he expressed were always worth hearing. I remember when he was told about some one he knew was to be married, he said: "Yes, that's right, get married. One must be married," and other words to that effect, which I do not exactly recall, but I have precise recollection of the spirit in which they were said. He did not speak like a bourgeois, or from religious motives, or as one who, having tried other devices, had discovered that marriage was, after all, the best unimpeachable arrangement. He had weighed the matter carefully in his thoughtful mind, and his opinion was that of one who knows how to discern between what are earnest matters and what are not in this world. I should say that was one of his chief qualities: discrimination between what must be taken seriously, what is whimsical, what lightly, and what has not to be taken at all.

Though for reasons which may have been of the order of force majeure, or may, as I have suggested, have been due to procrastination, he only legitimized a lifelong union at the close of its term, he was, on the whole, extremely faithful to it—faithful to it in its essentials. No "adventure" was allowed to encroach upon its broad lines on the principle he observed throughout his career of never allowing small things to be magnified or big things to be depreciated.

You would conjecture from these remarks that he was a first-rate critic. He was, in matters of which he had made a study, such as his craft. Here he was unparalleled. The condition is not invariable, many creative artists are declaredly deficient in this. He was also, as I have tried to show, a superior critic of life. He was well versed in architecture, despite his near-sightedness and incapacity for design (compensated for over and again by the other talents in which he was unsurpassed), but he seems to have been no connoisseur in pictorial art. He reached extremely high in his speciality, but his scope was not wide. He was primarily, and finally, a sculptor passionate in love with his art. One morning, at that period when he was supposed to have laid down the chisel and to have limited his activity to those sketches of his which exacted a smaller outlay of energy, after his valet had curled his hair, after he had attended to a number of small duties, answering applicants of all kinds waiting in the different rooms of the Rue de Varonne apartments, his eye was caught by a defect in a marble group (doubtless for
the time in a practitioner's hands), and quite visibly forgetting the attendance, forgetting he was being observed by, among others, a photographer, he took hold of a chisel and suddenly and intently hammered away, oblivious, deaf, and blind to everything around him. I answer for it that it was not the effect of cabotinage. It was a perfectly sincere, natural, and spontaneous geste... it was, in fact, habit taking the upper hand.

Young sculptors would often ask to be his assistant. The reason, he said, that he was at times, having been very roughly treated in his day, moreover, a jaded victim of his own celebrity, he could be very harsh with these solicitants. A young Russian once entered his studio in the Rue de l'Université, inopportune, no doubt, for he was greeted with one of the storms feared by his familiars. But between the time it took for the scared applicant to reach the door and Rodin held open for him the fury had abated and the stranger been given an opportunity to recover his speech sufficiently to apologize and beg for counsel. In a few seconds Rodin was taking a deep interest in some photographs after his studies, and the interview concluded amicably with Rodin's advice to the student that he should do "hands and feet, and house, and clothes," he added, "like a primitive. Work all round the fingers, like this and like this," modelling at his own example, "and then bring them to me."

A former practitioner who had been found wanting, but who had obtained later some success at a verrissage, and even a "compliment" from the master, and was already positing a "name," apologised to Rodin, his assistant he had not satisfied him. Laconically, and moving away in a grand style peculiar to him, Rodin replied: "Yes, you were not conscientious," for that was the biggest grievance he could entertain against any one. He could not forget or forgive it. To be "not conscientious" was to be the worst one could be. No amount of toil or compensate for its want. He exacted it to support his own genius, for, like Caesar an honourable, Rodin was a conscientious man.

Muriel Ciolkowska

TURGENEV

The cosmopolitan is not a popular type. The Conversations with Eckermann, though Sainte-Beuve hardly judges Goethe by anything else, are not much read; and it is in these, rather than in his better-read works, that Goethe most nearly approaches an ideal that he has been credited with realizing. Turgenev, much more cosmopolitan than Goethe, is the least exploited of the Russian novelists; this book is, perhaps the first serious study of him in English. The book has both the merits and defects of pioneer work. As the first book on the subject, it contains just the necessary information; taking up the novels one by one and sketching their genesis and accounting for the ideas which went into them. As is natural, Mr. Garnett is a little too conscious of Turgenev's "critics and detractors"; these have been mostly detractors rather than critics, and the chapter on them can be skipped. The rest of the book is very good: it enables a reader of Turgenev to see the novels in relation to each other, and the relation of the characters in different novels. It invites us (and its concise brevity is an added provocation) to consider the work of Turgenev as a single work, the art of Turgenev as steady and laborious construction, not a series of scattered inspirations.

Mr. Garnett has probably been impelled by the consciousness that his is the first book on the subject to impose certain limitations on his task. "The discussion of technical beauties," he says, "is not only a thankless business, but tends to defeat its own object. It is better to seek to appreciate the spirit of a master, and to dwell on his human value rather than on his aesthetic originality." But a patient examination of an artist's method and form (not by haphazard detection of "technical beauties") is exactly the surest way to his "human value"; is exactly the business of the critic. Not that Mr. Garnett evades the duty of analysis; his appreciation of detail is keen; but he leaves us without attempting to settle the relation of Turgenev's literary form to his human position as an incarnation of European culture.

Henry James, in one of his charming conversational portraits, says of Turgenev that "he carried about with him the air of feeling all the variety of life, of knowing strange and far-off things, of having an horizon in which the Parisian horizon easily lost itself. He was not all there, as the philosopher; he had something behind, in reserve." And this was after Turgenev had had many years of Paris. Turgenev was, in fact, a perfect example of the benefits of transplantation; there was nothing lost by it; he understood at once how to take Paris, how to make use of it. A position which for a smaller man may be a handicap, is, for Turgenev, the indispensable prelude to his art. The disappearance, for Turgenev (who knew how to maintain the rôle of foreigner with integrity) a source of authority, in addressing either Russian or European; authority but also isolation. He has a position which he literally made for himself, and indeed almost may be said to have invented. It is exactly the surest way to his "human value"; is exactly the business of the critic. Not that Mr. Garnett evades the duty of analysis; his appreciation of detail is keen; but he leaves us without attempting to settle the relation of Turgenev's literary form to his human position as an incarnation of European culture.

He used Russian material naturally, with the simplicity of genius turning to what its feelings know best; he recognized, in practice at least, that a writer's art must be racial—which means, in plain words, that it must be based on the accumulated sensations of the first twenty-one years. But he combined in the highest degree the three interests in its variations—Russian provincialism, or Russian vanity, or Russian realism, and the universal sameness of men and women with appreciation of the importance of their superficial variations. He saw these variations—the Russian variations—as the artist and not as the showman.

This grasp on the uniformity of human nature and this interest in its variations made Turgenev the cosmopolitan and made him a critic. He did not acquire these two qualities in Paris, he brought them with him. Turgenev's peculiarly critical genius made the conte, not the novel, his proper form. All his books are elaborated contes, and the form is already given in the Sportman's Sketches. Turgenev could not get lost in a character, could not become possessed by the illusion that any particular creation was, for the time being, the centre of the universe. His detail, therefore, is not that of exaggeration of the trivial in an abnormally stimulated consciousness, but is really a way of setting the balance right. Hence the importance of the frequent interruptions of external nature, an interruption which always comes to correct the seriousness of life with the seriousness of art.

The lightning never ceased for an instant; it was what was called among the peasants a sparrow night.

Some of Turgenev's personages are concretions of Russian provincialism, or Russian vanity, or Russian laziness or slowness, and such is the case with Sanin and Maria Nikolaevna are general human types; they are all the perfect outlines of conte figures; often the outline is drawn for you in the first page or two (Panshin, for instance). They are never unreal or abstract, but simply the essential. I am not sure that the method of Turgenev—this perfect proportion, this vigilant but never theoretic intellectualism, this austere art of omission—is not that which in the end proves most satisfying to the civilized mind.

T. S. E.
ELIZABETHAN CLASSICISTS
By Ezra Pound

IV

MEDITATION after further reading, during which I found nothing of interest:

(1)
Beauty is a brief gasp between one cliché and another—in this case, between the "fourteeners" and the rhymed couplet of "pentameter;"

(2)
"C. M." was a poet, likewise Golding, both facts already known to all "students of the period." Turbeyville, or Turbeuil, is not a discovery.

(3)
Horace would seem to confer no boons upon his translators. With the exception of Chapman, the early translators of Homer seem less happy than the translators of Ovid. Horace's "Satires" are, we believe, the basis of much eighteenth-century satire. The earliest English version of any Horace that I have found is headed:

A Medicinable Morall, that is 2 Bookes of Horace his Satyres, Englyshed according to the prescription of saint Hierome (Episto. ad Ruffin.) Quod malum est, muta, Quod bonum est, prode.

The Wailyngs of the Prophet Hieremiah done into Englyshe verse also Epigrammes, by T. Drant. Perused and allowed according to the Queen Madistrates Injunctions, London, 1566.

The mutation of the satires is not inviting. The Ars Poetica opens as follows:

A Paynter if he should adioyne unto a womenes heade
A long maires necke and overspread the corpse in every steade
With sondry feathers of strange hue, the whole proportioned so
Without all good congryuite the nether parts doe goe
Into a fishe, on hye a freshe Welvavored womans face:
My friends let in to see this slyte could you not laugh a pace?

In 1625 the Miltonic cliché is already formed. It is perhaps not particularly Milton's. Sir T. Hawkins is greeted by John Beaumont, but I do not find his translations very readable. I turn back, indeed, to Corinna (Amores, i, 5) in a long loose gown.

Her white neck hid with trellis hanging down
Resembling fair Semiramis going to bed
Or Layis of a thousand lovers spread.

"C. M." gets quality even in the hackneyed topic:

What age of Varroes name shall not be told, And Isason Argos, and the fleece of golde,
Lofty Lucrcesus shall live that houre
That Nature shall dissolve this earthly bowre.

As late as 1633 Saltonstall keeps some trace of good cadence, though it is manifestly departing.

Now Zephyrus warmes the ayre, the yeare is runne
And the long seeming winter now is done,
The Ramme which bore faire Hellen once away,
Hath made the darke night equall to the day.

And now the Birds their untaught notes do sing.
taste. The subscription fee is 3 fr. 50, and six issues are promised for 1918.

* * *

Léon Bloy has, like Remy de Gourmont, like Jules Lemaître, and one or two other eminent writers, not omitting Ernest La Jeunesse, been deprived of attending the conclusion of the war. Having never read but one book of his I am not qualified to comment upon the work of one so abundant in production. Tempted as I am to attribute periods to people, Léon Bloy appeals to me as, roughly speaking, a medieval. When I think of him I think of the carvings intermingling tortures and buffoonery on Gothic cathedrals, of certain paintings, too, in the same spirit and which ridicule the pathetic, horrible scenes illustrating purgatory and hell. His prose is a great orgy of language, but always firmly the same spirit and which ridicule the pathetic, horrible scenes illustrating purgatory and hell. His prose is a great orgy of language, but always firmly

* * *

NOVELTIES. Paul Fort is publishing the twenty-first of his Ballades Françaises series. He calls it L’Alouette, which is a French bird trilling a war-song in the old-world accents peculiar to Paul Fort. There are no exceptions printed. New reviews follow each other in close succession, dailies and magazines too. Among the first, La Maison Française which starts with an article by Han Ryner. Paul Lintier closes the triangle opened by Henri Barbuse and Georges Duhamel. The book, which the war began and ended—for Lintier was killed while writing it, aged twenty-three, on March 11, 1916—has made, they say, a great writer of him. I hasten to report the event on reliable evidence, pending closer personal test. The title is Le Tube 1233, ma Pièce, the publisher Plon. Il n’y a pas deux sans trois says a French adage.

* * *

The Egoist taking no political position, it may be permitted to recommend here, at last but its content, not if its spirit, the new daily Le Pays, which fills a want in morning papers. Foreigners read French papers little for their opinions, more for their information and literary contributions. Several distinguished men contribute to Le Pays, such as MM. Victor Margueritte, Victor Basch, and A. Aulard, the last eminent professors at the Sorbonne, more than brilliant journalists perhaps (which is an advantage). M. Aulard has just edited Kant’s political writings for an exemplary little volume brought out by La Renaissance du Livre at 1 fr. 50. Jingoism, abuse, libels, and personalities are not the rule in Le Pays, which grants generous space to music, artistic and literary criticism, and while the pictures and reviews are never horrid, it has at least the merit of being an up-to-date record of the current movement. This organ does for the morning, in its way, what Le Temps and Le Journal des Débats have been achieving alone for years in the evening only. Readers of The Egoist will find it more interesting than that old and obsolete favourite Le Figaro, to which every cultivated cosmopolitan used to think it a duty to subscribe.

M. C.

NOW READY

DIALOGUES OF FONTENELLE
TRANSLATED BY EZRA POUND

THE EGOIST LTD. Price 1s. 3d. net; postage 1s. 7d.

DECEMBER 1917

THE EGOIST

169

WAR

“YOU lovely creature! I often think of you but I don’t envy you. I wouldn’t give up my three rooms and Rosalie for your palace and your paladin. No! Not I! You carry off all your pomp and circumstance, I suppose, though you are so fragile. All the same, you should not have entered the beau monde. It is too brutal for you. You should fly into it now and then like a dragon-fly among the calceolarias, but you should come from some other, remotest world. No, I do not envy you though you are a lady of fashion. I am dressed as exquisitely as you are. I am almost as fastidious, but I am alone. I wonder if you can hear the pleasure in that word. I shut my door when Rosalie has gone (she goes when I tell her) and then I may dance a hornpipe on the sofa. I sleep, I read, I dress myself up, I open the door to a knock—or I don’t. My plans are nobody’s business but my own, there is no one who knows whether I am in or out or how I pass this hour from two till three. No one will see me post this letter to you, my dear, or know that in half an hour I have a rendezvous with Paul. Oh, incomprehensible little Jane! What have you done by turning yourself into a maypole—holding at the end of every ribbon a human being! And they will whirl round you always, binding the ribbons faster and faster, tighter and tighter...”

* * *

The lady who was reading this letter sat on her balcony. She had an hour to herself. She read the passage several times, conscious that it was giving her pain. It was the means of bringing before her an endless procession of memories and of stirring up a nest of crawling thoughts. She leant upon the balustrade of the second floor and gazed into the May day of the war. She saw its clash and traffic seemed to battle. She saw its clash and movement and heard its irregular noise behind the passing of her visions. She noticed, unnoticing, that a man-servant was laying the tea-table in the garden below and that he picked a leaf and put it over the strawberries. A picture came before her of herself at eighteen, at twenty-one, and at twenty-four. She was now twenty-four. At eighteen she had written a poem, at twenty-one she had made a good match, at twenty-four she thought she might be in love. She noticed that the man-servant had brought an odd-looking man on to the lawn. She at once walked through the open window and to her looking-glass, then down the stairs and into the garden. Jane took the leaf off the strawberries and looked at her companion. She was surprised to see that he looked more commonplace than she had expected, but she thought his forehead was probably like the forehead of Ezekiel, and she looked at it kindly. She thought his beard badly cut and rather repulsive, his body ungainly, his eyes painfully vivid. He was completely at his ease. She looked at her ease but she thought his forehead was probably like the forehead of Ezekiel, and she looked at it kindly.

* * *

“Have you brought you a basket of Cape gooseberries?” he said, “and this book for the sake of the prose. Perhaps you will begin reading again.”

“If I have time I shall read.” Her face was petulant, but he saw with delight that it changed rapidly and became gay and almost mocking. “I am more interested in you and in what you do—you are considered to be the most elusive man in London. The men are sceptical but the women all hope you will make love to them.”

“I have had a great many invitations.”

“Invitations from the ladies?”

“Do you know it is beginning to rain—large hot drops—hadn’t we better go in?”
"You are very sociable," she said, "but that is not surprising, for your life is made up of chance meetings. When they turn up you make the most of them.

When you walked across the world I wonder what surprising, for your life is made up of chance meetings. My friend writes to me from Paris that the detached life happened to you? I mean the intimate things. My is the only one—do you agree?"

"I am conscious that his glance passed rapidly to her hand, and she saw that he meant to take it should a moment seem fitting.

"Does walking over the Carpathians give you more chances of experience? When you wander do you seek wisdom or pleasure, or merely distraction, Mr. Giniver? Or are you simply in love with yourself?"

"No," he said vaguely. "I have never been in love with any one in any grand sense—but I suppose you and I are civilized enough not to believe in such a thing?"

Jane smiled a little contemptuously.

"I suppose I am civilized enough," she said.

He looked at her, marking with definite pleasure her pale appearance. His sense of pleasure was such that he wanted to enjoy it. Then he took her hand.

"You are exquisite," he said. But Jane rose and moved to the window. She spread it open, letting in a noise of drums and brass and the tramp of feet.

"When I hear soldiers I am like a child and must look," she said.

They stood there gazing into the road below, watching the long coil of marching men displacing the dust, and all the time the hot summer drops beat with almost painful intensity the narrow channel of the street.

When Giniver had gone Jane took up the letter of her friend and read again. "I have bought a pair of yellow boots from Gannay. Elegant—rather frivolous. They have inspired a poem, very modern—a rhythm that vanishes one flesh creep and one has gone deep. Of all my lovers—how may you do give me?—Paul has had the most affection from me...but he never disturbs the pool of my heart. He is a gentle colt, a shaggy beast, only violent in his embraces. I know what you will be thinking as you read this: does he make up for Télagon? Ah! Télagon! If you knew with what emotion I stared at his photograph yesterday. I could not have written so happily. He never comes on Thursdays. Your Jean (do you remember the roses méridionales he used to leave you at the pension?), he comes, his pockets filled with philosophy, lettuce, and chicory. He asks after you sometimes. 'Is she as beautiful,' he says, 'as shy, as stiff, as sceptical as ever?' I say: 'Bah! how do I know?—she has married into the beau monde.'

Then that incomparable brother and sister—the Beautiful and the Good—they come, but she will say nothing nice of you. 'How hard—how perverse was—cette Jeanne—no heart, no generosity!' Ah, how was it that I only could see behind your derisive smile—your passive face. . . . But what is happening to you, I wonder! What the devil did you do while I was left behind? It is because you wished to be grande dame, to have your rug, your cushion, and your maid when you travel—to have rings on your long fingers and lotion in your bath. Write to me, give me an account of your artificial existence. Put in something affectionate too!—SABINE.

Jane folded the letter, then took an envelope and addressed it to Sabine. On the sheet she enclosed she wrote the words: "If one is in love how does one behave? Are we too civilized ever to be in love? Tell me or come and see me."

"Her mind passed to Sabine, her friend. She saw her gay, careless, and inquisitive. She knew she would come to London, that she had only to wait."

After a few days Sabine's answer came, delivered one evening by a messenger-boy.

"Why not in the square," she wrote, "at seven o'clock to-morrow morning—this lovely summer weather?"

Jane smiled. She was never up before ten, but when she thought it would be charming. She ordered chocolate in the garden at nine. She would stroll for two incomparable hours, creating the illusion that they two alone inhabited the world. Only the servants like the birds, would be stirring the dust and raking the stoves, the blinds would be down over the windows, the post would not be in the box nor the milk in the area.

Jane waited for Sabine impatiently. The early morning seemed heavy as though the air slept, clinging about the houses, massing itself overhead, thick and grey, behind the flat bright leaves of the limes. Jane saw that the day would be hot when the sun should make its way at last, stirring the air out of its torpor. She stood by the Square gate watching the crossing-sweepers, when Sabine came round the corner dressed in a yellow dress, her round hat well on her head. Jane looked white and stiff by comparison, her hat was tilted over her eyes. Jane felt elated, and as they entered the Square took her friend's arm. Sabine looked at her dress and laughed a little—a sneer—Jane critically and mockingly. Jane became timid but her desire to speak was overpowering.

She wondered if they would plunge recklessly into intimacies or whether reticences would mass themselves between them. She turned to Sabine. A clear bugle-cry interrupted her thought. She followed the melancholy sound as it rose and fell and she visualized the scene in the library with Giniver.

"Well, Jane," she heard Sabine say, "let's hear all about it, this lover of yours."

"He's not my lover."

"Oh, well, he will be, I suppose. You see him often? Yesterday? To-day?"

Jane smiled. "Yesterday or to-day?" Then taking her friend's hand, "Oh, Sabine, he is amazing, extraordinary! I am very happy.

Sabine pushed Jane on to a seat and, holding both her hands, looked at her, noted her silk stockings, her long frilled sleeves and the turned-up fingers in her browner, softer hands.

"I feel years older than you," she said, and sat down. "Well, and what do you feel with this friend of yours? Do you feel for him or does he make you feel something—specially amusing?"

"Oh, both. I admire him. He has great intelligence: he criticizes everything and everybody—sharply, brilliantly. He is simple too. He only seem to get into a world where everything we say means something more than the words we use because we happen to know each other. It's as though we reached the sharpest edge of what we desired to be—it is all very fine and pointed. I think he makes me lose my doubts about wonder and surprise. It is an enchanted world when I'm with him—or isn't it? Do I indulge in it? Could this happen? Or am I talking nonsense?"

"Oh, my dear, how do I know? You are so complicated... What a way of conducting a love affair! Doesn't he embrace you sometimes?"

Jane hesitated.

"Yes—no—it was extraordinary."

"Extraordinary! You absurd person! It is the most ordinary thing in the world. And—well, it was all very nice—you thought him a jolly, lovable creature."

"Oh no, not at all! I laughed. I was rather gay. I said he might come and see me this evening."

"You said that! You have invited him to make love to you then?"
"Have I? It was so near tea-time. I thought it would be more amusing to talk to him to-night."

Sabine burst out laughing.

"You are too ridiculous; you are very comical—do you know that?"

Jane looked grave.

"What I want to know, Sabine," she said, "is whether I am in love. Is this an illusion—this enthusiasm, this belief in a queer state of mind when I'm with him? Am I really to think that I understand everything better with him than I do otherwise? That I can do miracles, that we are catching states of mind over all life most of the time? I don't miss, but I can get it: It's intimate, sharp, intense. Circumstances become unreal, unimportant, only this state of mind matters. What I want to know is, is it a reality or do I spin the whole thing out of my head because I want some form of self-expression? That's my dread. I will know. Tell me now, do you know all about it. My dear creature, what dupes we may be! Perhaps life is this more mechanical thing, this game of exchanging ideas and feelings brightly and easily, of talking at the top of our heads—not this insane affair of talking at the back of our heads. It is very easy to be charming, to flash and sparkle before one another, to hammer nails into life and to make an adequate surface display, to have a passion for life, to seem wide of the mark. She reviewed swiftly her sensations, her frivolities, her happy affairs into which there had never entered this fastidious intellectualism. Her small head bent, her bright eyes darkened by a frown, she looked like some graceful brown panther gnawing its food. Without moving, she turned her eyes on Jane, who, leaning forward, peered into the grass. She knew that there's a lively intelligence and became aware suddenly of some attraction. She saw Jane as a man might have seen her, and she asked herself whether she were subtle or merely simple and what sort of experience it would be to tap her moods. Her paleness seemed moving, her face a pale mask behind which much might be hidden—affection perhaps, or vice or ambition. Her curiosity was great and she felt a sharp physical thrill.

"Come with me to Paris," she said, then, confused, recaptured their talk. "You might tell me what this man is like."

"Oh, Sabine, he is a young man. He has a beard, he travels, he reads a great deal; his name is Giniver."

"Giniver? A short ugly man, rather badly dressed, from right behind ungainly hands?"

She raised her head in her surprise. There was silence and then Jane said:

"You might say that of him. You know him?"

Sabine continued: "A very voluble talker? Sharp—oh, yes! Arrogant—assumes he is some one?"

Jane nodded hesitatingly.

"Why do you say one else's opinion. Can rattle off in a minute anything he thinks you'll like. Has the power of making you take him for a thinker—I know! Pretends he understands everything under the sun, literature, women... but it is all picked up—he's experienced nothing, read nothing. She turned almost with jealousy to her friend. "It's too horrible... but very strange." She paused again, then resumed violently: "Why, he is well known in Paris. You must have nothing to do with him. Nothing—nothing!"

Jane had become quite still. She did not speak. Sabine continued:

"Don't pretend that he is in love with you, that this is anything grand. He is absolutely cynical. It's a shame. He is not to enjoy your charm, your unexplored beauty. Some poet must do that. Some one who can appreciate you. I can see how wonderful you are. There are plenty of people in Paris who would love you. All that I say is lunacy."

The sun had pierced through the haze and lighted up the Square in broad, flat patches. A gardener mowed the lawn. It was still early. Jane rose and, hoping to hide her agitation, walked with Sabine under the trees. At last she spoke:

"I don't see how you know anything about it, my dear. I can't be so much mistaken. I must have some kind of intuition."

"But I do know. Ask any of my friends—Paul, Jean. They are not prudes but they will tell you he is a shameless character. Why, he can't even behave—gruff—ugly too. You must come to Paris with me," she went on. "I will patch up your broken heart. I will show you men—poets."

"Come with me to Paris," she said, then, confused, "and come and have some chocolate."

As Sabine was about to go, standing in the hall, Jane took her hand in agitation.

"One moment, Sabine; tell me, are you sure you are right? What I want to know is, is he taking me in? Am I just an experience, an amusement? Is it simply lust—a pastime? Is all his talk merely a magic flute throwing a spell? Oh, how impossible it is to know! But how can I invent? What is happening to my mind, then? Am I mad?"

Sabine answered. "After all, we need not look at things quite like that. You have been too much alone, I expect—the war has got on your nerves. Besides, the early morning is not a very good time to talk—it's as bad as talking the last thing at night. Why, now at midday, here in the hall, how absurd it all seems. In your world you don't see these sorts of people—but I! I have seen hundreds like him. You must come with me to Paris—don't forget!"

She took her parasol. The door banged, and Jane turned to her writing-table, taking her engagement-book.She was lunching out and had an appointment at the dressmaker's at four o'clock; she would have to be dressing. Life seemed rather flatter, rather easier but more livable. She shut away her ghost.

She went about her day rather gaily. Away ahead, that there was a ghost, she raised an eyebrow on herself called herself insane. She mocked at this hallucination of which her reason could give no account. In the evening she became uneasy, wondering how the time would pass and what she would make of the interview. She asked herself whether Giniver would seem the same or different. She kept him waiting a quarter of an hour.

Giniver stood by the lamp in the sitting-room. When she did not come he took out of his pocket a roll of manuscript, which he began to read. On the top of the first sheet was written: "My confessions..."
beginning from my eighteenth year: left, with some
tempery, unrevised." He bent towards the lamp,
curious and deciphering some passage as though it had
been a long time since he had seen it. He turned
over the pages hurriedly, nervously, scrutinizing the
sentences, erasures, drawings. He wondered shyly
whether he could give them, how they would be
received, and with a sudden rush of emotion he
realized that never before had he been tempted to
sentences, erasures, drawings. He wondered shyly
over the pages hurriedly, nervously, scrutinizing the
whether he could give them, how they would be
showed ability or whether she had invested it with the intelli-
gence she had hoped to find there, and she debated
whether his interest in her was due to sensitiveness
or whether it was only simulated by means of a
malign knowledge of how to conduct situations. For
the first time with her he seemed ill at ease, unable to
meet again for some time. How strange it seems
to part."

He lived in Paris: a New Engander, he managed to
see Paris in this way.
Seeger is certainly not Georgian, hardly even
Victorian; he goes back to the early Keats; and
what is still more extraordinary, to the Coleridge of
the "Ode to France," with a touch of the eighteenth
century, the odes of Collins and Grey. It is a strange
and pleasant literary sensation.

There is a power whose inspiration fills

And painters with big serious eyes go rapt in dreams, fantastic
shapes
in corduroys and Spanish capes and locks uncut and flowing
ties.

He was silent, smoking; then:
"I should not think of looking into that man's
works. To have read half of one is enough.
"You are unfair. He is young, a contemporary.
You should take trouble.
"There is a vulgarity about some writing—but,
frankly, have we time?"
"Time, and you say that! What else should you
doing?"
"Reading commonplace stories? Flat, unoriginal,
unsupplied?"
"You condemn without having read."
"I can see from a page the sort of stuff. After all,
I am—"
"Inspired? Original?"
They were silent. Irritably they puffed at their
cigarettes. The minutes seemed long before they
spoke again and the next hour went awkwardly, as
though time creaked in passing. Giniver wondered
if he could force the situation and take her hand, but
the hour seemed inappropriate, cold, faded, like the
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He rose. Life seemed dead. She was quite firm,
calm, pale.

"Good-bye," she said. "I don't suppose we shall
meet again for some time. How strange it seems
after so many talks! I am going to Paris to-morrow
indefinitely, and you, I suppose, in a month or so
will be off on your travels again. Our roads seem
to part."

He was unable to speak, and left roughly without
a word.

"His manners are extraordinarily bad," she thought
as she turned out the lights. For a long time she
lay pressing her head with her hands into the pillow.
It could not be said that she was thinking, but simply
that she was inert. She dozed and woke and dozed
again. Suddenly she was roused and leaped up,
startled. It was the bugle from the barracks sounding
the reveillé. Afterwards she slept as though she
knew the earth to be a spherical and comfortable
place.

MARY HUTCHINSON
Who is the proud, bearded man?
Shorn by a woman of kingship,
Thus far have I led you,
But set no mark to your journey.

It is the best of recent books of verse.

THE TENTH MUSE. By Edward Thomas. Seeker. 3s. 6d. net.

The influence of women upon English poets does not seem to vary a promising subject, but the late Edward Thomas in this little book did it with taste and without exaggeration. Thomas knew English poetry very well; he was distinctly a "literary" man; a man with a taste for books, rather than a critic in the serious French way. Still, this volume is a much more interesting study than it at first appears to be. There is a charming biographical notice by John Freeman; Thomas's own preface is not exciting. He takes the poets conscientiously from Chaucer to Shelley, and he has not very much to say about the early ones; his Donne is inadequate, and of Marvell he fails to mention one of the finest love-poems in the language. When he comes to Burns, to Byron, to Keats and to Shelley he is at his best; his Landor is hardly appreciative. Thomas was evidently a very nice man, and one who was more interested (as Mr. Freeman half suggested, in the "human" side of poems than in the technical, more interested in poets than in poetry. But in his own competence he writes well; shrewdly and pointedly, and without reference to a sentimental or luridous public; and without any pretentious generalizations.

POETIC DRAMA

POETIC drama! What does it mean? Drama written in heroic verse, like Shakespeare or Stephen Phillips? No, not verse, thank you, though Yeats still uses it and has put together with great cleverness a line which, looking like poetry, sounds like prose ("On lovely leaves", his ode on the efforts of the "poet-philosopher"). Maeterlinck, Synge, Wilde (Salome) have liberated and maybe vulgarized the poetic drama from the shackles of verse. (Poor Sophokles, who had to write in shackles!) Prose for the poetic drama is a pity, but it can't be helped. Prose is a living medium; verse is for Chaucer and Shakespeare's "belles' albums", and for the old poetry—the good old poetry. Therefore prose, at any rate for the moment, though it is often unsatisfactory. Prose seems better for going round the corners you might say; poetry for the sweeping flights. Why does the heroic line sound bombastical now, and often absurd? Why have so many writers of poetic drama abandoned it? Why does it strike us as unnatural, as farceous?—how, in fact, does it express its proper ecstatical expression? Difficult questions, with answers little complimentary to our age, perhaps. Of course, there are insensitives who can rant and let rant like the Elizabethans, and feel perfectly at home doing it.

Rather an important thing in poetic drama is the music—the music of the d'ëtömes. With the Greeks it lay in the struggle of man with destiny, of heroic man: man, that is, symbolical and characterless. Bill Jones's struggles with destiny can never possibly be tragic, let them be as excruciating as they may. Bill Jones can never be more than pathetic; more probably come. But the struggles of a world of Bill Joneses, centred in some dim, remote BILL JONES, like all and yet like none—ah, on his divine front will radiate the joys and agonies of our common humanity alone. When you can feel the space round the earth, then you have tragedy. In the griefs and shocks of individuals there cannot be more than melodrama—literary polished versions of the harrow-

stories in the Sunday papers. These do not really move us. They make us feel comfortable, which accounts for the vast circulation of the Sunday murder and adultery sheets.

I don't think tragedy can exist any more to-day in the world; that is, in the world of modern civilization. To have tragedy you must have belief. How can any fate of man be tragic if he thinks himself nothing more than a music-hall comedian, ready to joke at everything, especially death? If death, annihilation, is a joke, it is perhaps life which is the tragedy. And those who live a tragedy have no need to reflect it. The spirit of Dionysos everywhere.

Clearly, no one believes sufficiently in man to give him either a religion or a tragedy in our stupefied civilization. The philanthropists, the regenerators, the socialists are the proof of it. We've got a comfortable show of a religion which preserves us from the accusation of irreverence. Ah, if only we were irreverent!

So, can we have, then, if not tragedy?

As a matter of fact, any number of interesting things—surrogates until the world grows serious again and light-hearted, instead of frivolous and gloomy—if it ever does. Polished, beautiful melodramas, fairy stories, and ingenious what-nots. Narcotics, mesmerism, anabolism, opium, cocaine in various forms, la Wagner, la Debussy, à la Citta Morta.

Maybe from the soil could spring something more real—peasants, for instance, in a vendemmiage setting, Italian peasants—the tubs of black grapes; hot words in the shadow of a hot sun; jealousy, lust, some simple motive developed yet kept to extreme simplicity—and all these things being acted according to stage forms, à la Wagner, à la Thangue, à la Citta Morta.

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musician? He can learn; or, alternatively, if such be his state, he has no business to invite the dilemma.

The genesis of these fragmentary notes is in the fact that I was able to produce the second act of my Dansae at an out-of-doors evening performance in the tempioetto in the garden of the Villa Certosella, Cupri, Italy, on September 11 last. The majority of the readers of The Egoist, as I picture them, are travelled and leisureed cosmopolitans. Consequently they will remember the setting of our theatre: the black, verdureless cliffs, the languid sea, the fragrant tepid night.

The play Dansae is published by the Athenæ Press, Piazza Rondanini 29, Rome, Italy: price 3 lire; United Kingdom, P.O. 2s., including postage. Whether it be cocaine, opium, or the three-card trick it is not for me to say.

Edward Storer

THREE NEW WORDS

By HUNTLY CARTER

I

One of his diverting satires, Mr. Dooley has a cockshy at the absurd language used by some scientists. Mr. Hennessy discovers him reading "a comical little piece in th' Sunday paper on th' descent iv 'Man.' In order to enlighten Mr. Hennessy on the educational possibilities of the manner of the piece, Mr. Dooley reads extracts. "Listen to th' pro-fisser," he says. "Such habits not only tended to develop the motor cortex itself," he says, "but thrawn th' tactile an' th' kin-kin'—I'll speak to you by th' way ye plaze—senses an' linked up their cortical areas in bonds iv more intimate associations with th' visyool cortex." "What kind iv a language is that?" Mr. Hennessy interrupts. "It's scientific language," said Mr. Dooley. This scientific manner of stating the simple fact that "th' raison man is better thn' other animals because of what's in his head," certainly ought not to be encouraged, especially when it is remembered that words have a very great power for good or bad on the human mind. Ugly words produce ugly effects. At the same time it must be admitted that the scientist is not alone in failing to mould words in reality and thereby to give them the real qualities of simplicity, clarity, and purity. All the world are living through a purification of the language. It is a process which every one is called upon to endure till the grave gives up its dead—or what be left to defeat the true ends of individual and social advance.

Words are elements of reconstruction. This means that reconstruction, after the re-entry of words moulded in reality, will proceed apace. This is prophesied both directly by Mr. Hennessy and indirectly by certain words which have recently come into re-birth, and others which have yet to be fully accouched. Among the reborn are three words which sum up the pressing inner insight of this moment in a manner which may be said to impress upon our undersized nation. "Guild," "Privileedge," and "Wages" certainly promise a new form of induncture. I think we are indebted for the recovery of "Guild" to Ruskin and the able complementary perception of Mr. A. J. Penty. "Privileedge" is Mr. Penty's own contribution to workshop reform proposed by Ruskin. "Wages" is that word which the author may be discovered leading the eminent industrial reformers to even greater eminence along the road to local organization. The invitation to inquire into "Wages" and to change the prevailing system thereof came, of course, from Karl Marx. Other words are taking their place among these formative ones. "Ee-union" by Mr. William Lotthus Hare, in a brilliant series of studies of comparative religion.

In wooling philosophy, I am told I have acquired the gift of "English vapours." "Dreadful old place-hunter," I murmured. "Still," I replied, "with it all D. Words are elements of reconstruction. This means that reconstruction, after the re-entry of words moulded in reality, will proceed apace. This is prophesied both directly by Mr. Hennessy and indirectly by certain words which have recently come into re-birth, and others which have yet to be fully accouched. Among the reborn are three words which sum up the pressing inner insight of this moment in a manner which may be said to impress upon our undersized nation. "Guild," "Privileedge," and "Wages" certainly promise a new form of induncture. I think we are indebted for the recovery of "Guild" to Ruskin and the able complementary perception of Mr. A. J. Penty. "Privileedge" is Mr. Penty's own contribution to workshop reform proposed by Ruskin. "Wages" is that word which the author may be discovered leading the eminent industrial reformers to even greater eminence along the road to local organization. The invitation to inquire into "Wages" and to change the prevailing system thereof came, of course, from Karl Marx. Other words are taking their place among these formative ones. "Ee-union" by Mr. William Lotthus Hare, in a brilliant series of studies of comparative religion.
MEMORIES OF DOMINICA

WHEN your summit was free from clouds
I could laugh at the rain
Purpling the lowlands.
You never lied to me
Like the rainbows of Roseau Valley.

T. H. PALLISTER

NOTICE TO READERS

THE EGOIST for January will contain three or four articles on Henry James, including reviews of the three posthumous books lately published by Messrs. Collins (The Ivory Tower, The Sense of the Past, and The Middle Years).

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN

The first edition of the above work (which, it will be remembered, was printed in America owing to the refusal of British publishers and printers to handle it) has been sold out for some considerable time, and in consequence of the restrictions on imports it has not been possible to obtain copies of a second edition from America. Fortunately, however—perhaps owing to the immediate and very great success of the book—the printing difficulties have been overcome, and the new edition is being printed in this country. This second edition will contain corrections which Mr. Joyce was unable to make in the edition printed in America. Orders for the book (which will be ready in January) can be received now.

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