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Editor : HARRIET SHAW WEAVER
Assistant Editor : T. S. ELIOT

Contributing Editor :
DORA MARSDEN

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XVI. OUR PHILOSOPHY OF THE "REAL" (*continued*)

By D. MARSDEN

III

(20) THE human species (we pointed out in our last article) has effected its advance upon other species by the one means which conditions all evolutionary development : an accession of the power of organic movement. The fascinating uniqueness with which our human development is invested, however, derives from the fact that this augmenting human motor-power forges its outlet not by one but by *two* highly diverging physical channels. The effect is to make the one power materialize in bifurcated form as two motor agencies, not acting independently indeed, but rather over against each other in the manner of an intimate but antithetical relation. These twin-powers are respectively the *manual* and the *symbol-making* powers : the power to *make and do* over against the power to *think and say*.

(21) We pointed out also in this connexion how a serviceable analogy might be drawn between the emergence of these related powers and the advent of male and female agencies in the shape of organic propagation. This, not only in point of their respective evolutionary importance, but also in points of actual functional likeness. This analogy we considered instructive enough to insist on at length. However, in respect of a phenomenon which is above all things outstandingly and impressively *new* no single analogy could be expected to exhaust all the features. Hence, we shall now reinforce the analogy culled from the organic world by one which more readily we associate with the specific sphere of physics.

(22) These two human motor-powers of *manipulation* and *mind* respectively bring into being the forms of two distinct orders of existence. This they do by the exercise of two orders of organic movement which in their manifestation tend towards two opposed extremes. Therefore, inasmuch as this is so, the resultant forms of the two types can very well be looked upon as the effects of a species of *polarization*

of human energy. Such a description, if adopted, would then enable us to describe the difference of the two types of creation as one of *intension* and *extension* respectively : one of an order of movement specializing in the conferring of fullness and richness upon the forms it creates ; the other, while reducing the "content" of its forms in many cases to the very threshold of vanishing-point, compensating for such exiguity by the enormous concourse of forms which this very characteristic enables it to assemble in one brief instant of time. The one will thus be able to make the fullness and richness of a treasure-house manifest itself in a single form, while the other will be able to re-create the experience of ages, and literally compress an eternity into the experience of an hour.

(23) There is another aspect to this opposed relationship of the intensive creativeness of the hands to the extensive creativeness of the mental agent. The characteristic activities of the hands always tend towards the effecting of the maximum of change as between the creating organism and its projected world, while those of the symbol on the other hand progressively tend towards a minimum. In this connexion we can construct two pictures. The first will be that of the organism's changed relation to its "environment" which has been effected by the interfering mobility of the hand. By its own mobile ingenuity, and even more by the greater ingenuity of the artificial instruments the hand creates, the latter has embarked upon the liquidation and release of all the latent possibilities of sensory movement, and by so doing has developed the creative power of the senses out of all comparison with their normal power. By this means not only has the hand altered and enriched the face of the organism's environment, but has also robbed the spatial conditions specially attaching to this environment of their aspect of imperiousness and finality. By contrivances of such spatially checkmating qualities as ship, train, aero-

plane, telephone, telegraph, and such contrivances in general as camera, telescope, and microscope, an element of mastery has been introduced as between the human organism and its environment which assumes progressively increasing proportions. Therefore, in the richness of the changing effects with which the hand can invest the external world, and in the growing ease and power with which it can impose them, we have to recognize in the hand a power of intensive creativeness with nothing save arbitrary demarcations and limits separating it from a complete mastery over external forms and conditions.

(24) In the second picture we have to look upon that "immobile-seeming mobility" whose activity goes to create the form of symbols. The motor-power creative of these (they are primarily *words*) unobtrusively operates its screened physical mechanism embedded in the recesses in the flesh. Here it initiates those cue-like movements—words—which in turn release mental forms which are totally unlike themselves. The whole process is characterized by an unobtrusiveness so extreme that we commonly regard this production of thoughts (which is what it is) as the very antithesis of movement. And indeed, ordinarily, the more efficient the thinker, the more masked become the thought movements; the less even does their author manifest those extreme bodily "expressions" not unfamiliar in the savage and the young child. He appears rather as a bodily form wholly detached from that inscrutable "dweller within the innermost" *thought* which rules over him without any outward sign.

(25) But, if the motor-forms which the buried spiritlike cues set flowing over the flesh grow more incipient, curtailed and abstract concurrently with the thinker's development, this is not to say that they grow less *defined* and *precise*. Quite the contrary. As if to counterbalance their exiguity the forms become all the more pronounced as identifiable types. The exactness of their identity becomes emphasized.

(26) In view of these two pictures then, let us allow ourselves to describe the augmenting human energy as *polarized* into two opposed forms, and let us say that the manifesting of the two forms devolves upon hands and throat respectively. Also that one tends to create the maximum amount of change as between the organism and its environment; the other the minimum.

(27) Of certain consequences which follow directly upon their respective exercise we have already taken note. The first is so fraught with prospects of danger to the entire organism that it finds an extreme caution imposed upon it. The second owing to the screened and self-contained nature of its activity can operate, as far as its environmental relations are concerned, as securely as though it were not. Hence, an immunity has associated itself with it which encourages enterprise almost without limit. The symbol may thus risk any and every form of creation. In fact, if it is to fulfil its function, it must. It can and should sweep the whole universe of its experience; and inasmuch as its energy is husbanded by the limitation of its creating action to the most incipient stages of its resurrected forms, it is enabled to do so by an output of energy which is well within the organic human means.

(28) We must now bring ourselves to still closer grips with this subject of the *real*, the *realizable*, and the *activity of realizing*. Regarding the latter as some great creative drama, our first task will be to describe the nature of the stage upon which it is played. This stage of realistic creation is *time*: not the commonplace sub-human time which is synonymous with an undifferentiated vital endurance, but a new triune-aspected *human* time whose origin is directly traceable to the action of the symbol. This three-faced time is the modified species of time which, developing

out of sub-human, unmodified, *present* time, has thrown out the two great wings of the *past* and *future*. To explain this innovating species of time we shall need to recapitulate here those features of the symbol to which the latter owes its revolutionizing significance.

(29) The symbol, as employed in the creation of thought, is primarily a *word*: an invisible movement of the throat; and a word is above all things a *cue*. That is to say, it is what it is by virtue of its mere form, but it derives its powerful significance from the fact that it liberates and sets into being something quite different. This released "something" is an etherialized movement whose refined but unmistakably definite features, are the thinned-out versions of sturdier sense-born movements, impresses of which have already been impregnated in the flesh by movements enacted in the tissues of the organism. The symbol, by virtue of a close association with these sense-implicated movements, becomes competent upon its own re-enactment to set into motion a sketch-like copy: a thinned-out replica: of these sturdier sensory movements.

(30) Thus by a simple application of symbols: by their bare enunciation: these ghostly forms of a resurrected experience sweep over the bodily tissues, crowd in thickly upon it and constitute one form of its actual *present* experience. But while these creations are undoubtedly in and of the present, the manner of their origin invests them with a peculiarity uniquely their own. They are so essentially word-born and word-dependent, while their form is of necessity modelled on the lines of forms which *have* existed but which at present do not, that men have found it convenient to label them with a distinguishing label. They term them the *past*. The *past*, therefore, is a particular species of the *present*, and its characteristic is that its existence is possible only by virtue of the sure and ready genius in symbols to resurrect the "shades" of sensory movements whose traces are already stored up in the flesh.

(31) And symbols being so compact, so infinitely easy to form and to form rapidly, it becomes possible for the user of symbols to usher into a present moment of time countless numbers of these "past" forms, upon which it can, moreover, impose the same order of succession which obtained in their actual sensory enactment. Hence it is that large tracts of experience can be resurrected in a panorama-like expanse in a brief instant of time. By such means we are put into possession of that very ordered, vivid and expanded present which for every normal educated mind is what constitutes the *past*.

(32) Furthermore: because the symbol is so volatile and its re-enactment unbound by those iron-like sequences which exist between successive forms obtaining in the sense-order of experience, it is possible to pick and choose between the items which one proposes to re-create and mix together in our now enlarged present. We have seen that the symbol can re-create them in the order obtaining in their original sensory enactment; but also, one can select them for re-creation and combine them in the thought-world after a manner dictated by one's own preferences. And these combinations, skimmed from experienced sense-forms though they severally are, nevertheless constitute something quite *new*. For what they are, they possess thought-form only. Never in this particular "mixture" have they had existence in the more intensive world of sensory-movement. If, however, they appear *desirable*, it is precisely this extended creation in the sense-order that is erected into a task to be effected by an application of organic activity in general, and of the *activity of the hands* in particular. That embargo which it has become the prerogative of mind to lay upon manual activity becomes raised, so far as this particular activity is concerned. Between the incipient word-born form and the full orchestra of movement which constitutes its corresponding

sense-form the path to consummation and maturity is thrown open, and the sense-form, inherent in the thought-form as the fruit is inherent in its seed, evolves out of the latter by a normal process of encouraged development.

(33) Now : just as the forms of organic movement re-created in the present by the action of the symbol are precisely what constitute the *past*, so are these same under certain conditions precisely what constitute the *future*. The conditions are, *first*, that a new order shall be made to obtain between the various resurrected items so that from the manner of their recombination they shall represent something which, as far as the world of sense is concerned, is hitherto unexperienced and new ; and, *second*, that the new form shall appear as *desirable* and safe : worth, indeed, that expenditure of organic energy which will be required to bring it to maturity in sense-form. When these two conditions obtain in respect of the word-revived forms, they have succeeded in enlarging the present by a new aspect which we can appropriately describe by either of two names : either the *future* or the *realizable*.

(34) Before following up these conceptions of the *past* and *future* into greater detail let us here provide ourselves with a categorical answer to the question : *what is time?* Time is organic movement. Time is organic endurance : the sustenance of organic motion. Time's record for every organic form is written in its own organic tissues. Such record is what constitutes the potentialities of the tissues, and the birth of every individual life means precisely the re-issue of the record in the form of these inherited motor potentialities. Time is the organic inheritance : the inalienable legacy : which innerves the individual with the sum of the powers of motor achievement of every life which has gone to form its chain of ascent since life and the world began. Of this vast train of inherited motor-power, the organism negotiates with just so much as it can. On this head our subject will require us to say more. Here let it suffice if we emphasize the fact that as far as the subject of time is concerned there is no time which flows independently of organic forms. That mesh of moments, hours, days, and years, for instance, which we have applied to time is not time itself. It is a mechanical device designed to measure time's *rate*. That is, we have utilized certain phenomena, such as the swing of a pendulum, or the procession of certain heavenly bodies which repeat certain features at regular intervals, and by means of these we have carried out the artificial but useful process of dividing up our organic experience into even intervals. These devices, arbitrary and extraneous in relation to that to which they so usefully apply, are like the milestones on a road. They measure the road, but do not themselves constitute the road. So with days, years and æons : these *measure* time as a yard-stick measures cloth, but they do not constitute time. Time is organic movement, and *because on the human level* a new order of such movement (to wit, ideal symbolic movement : the movement which constitutes thought) has established itself and insinuated its action alongside that of the older sensory order of organic movement, some very amazing cross-effects have manifested themselves in this phenomenon of time. Using the sensory forms as their jumping-off place, the ideal forms born at the instance of symbols have produced effects which can be likened to those of two colossal prisms refracting the simple unmodified present forms of sub-human time in two directions : backward into that great wing of the present which we call the *past*, and forward into the present's great wing which we call the *future*. So much for our threefold time.

(35) The action of the symbol, then, is to render organisms capable for the first time of realizing on their own motor-history. Literally, the symbol *salves* the vast deposits of bygone experience whose dormant

traces slumber in the organic tissues. Literally, it *salves time*. Like some potent elixir or some beneficent parasitic growth, the cue-like marks fasten upon organic movements so that they may be able to resurrect them at will. With insidious penetrativeness they push out the boundaries of the dominion of the marked (i.e. the symbolized, the known) sensory experience, extending its territory by increments showing as it were a geometrical order of progression. Every new gain becomes the pledge of multiple oncoming gains until the present becomes literally swollen with the salvaged riches of life's slow garnered sensory creations.

(36) Let us picture these mercurial symbolic movements penetrating the depths of our cumulated experience and revivifying its several dormant strands into a condition of actual if frail mobility. We thereupon see these buried strands raise themselves unerringly through feelings intensified by one which we call that of *consciousness*, and projecting themselves aloft like colossal spirit arms they assort themselves and interlace into alliances and forms, strange and new, dictated by the tendency of our own desires. Here they maintain themselves, ethereal but competent, like some spirit-structure up which the sturdy activity of the hands will find themselves able to climb, and ultimately to transmute the shadowy forms into the full-toned mobility constitutive of the forms of sense. *For this is the feature to note :*

(37) The revolutionizing significance of this new symbolic power to recombine the sensory elements of our organic past only fully emerges when it is viewed in the light of this equally new mobile force which the human organism *has in reserve* in the form of its *hands*, and in those creations of its hands, *artificial instruments*. For if we can conceive the sensory-organization of organisms as the invested capital of life and time, we can just as appropriately conceive the activity of the hands as representing so much ready money, able, under the direction of the mediating conceptual agent, to exploit these investments to their full capacity and to the organism's best interests. The stagnancy of this buried wealth is broken in upon. The wealth of experience is made current to the end of creating new forms of such wealth and creating them with a swiftness—as well as a materialized fullness—of which the slow progress of sensory evolution shows not the slightest trace.

IV

(38) Putting on one side for the moment the "next" question, i.e. that of the progress of the realizing activity from the one order of existence to the other, and of the part played by *numerical symbols* in the encompassing of this progress, we shall here directly face the question to which, by implication, we have all along been suggesting the answer. The question is : What is the nature of the relation between *things* and the *thoughts of things* ?

(39) The formulating of an answer to this question is one of the most diverting exercises in philosophy. The question itself is certainly the most debated of modern philosophy, and its settlement the least promising. The reason is tolerably clear : In human experience, the ideal form (i.e. the symbolically created form) is so inextricably interwoven with the sensory that philosophy has found the task of their logical separation pretty well baffling ; so much so that the question has resolved itself into the form : Is it *possible* to accord to *real* and *ideal* phenomena respectively that measure of mutual independence which will admit of the definition of each in terms which do not confound the one with the other ? A few lines will indicate the directions in which modern philosophy, from Locke onwards, has moved in relation to this form of the question.

(40) Modern philosophy started out in gay confi-

dence with the Lockean view: the recognized "blunt common-sense" view: that the idea of the thing is a faint copy of the thing itself. Exponents of this view, however, very rapidly found themselves: or rather were found to be: threatened with submergence in a morass of irreconcilable contradictions, and subsequent thinkers arrived at the conclusion that certainly it is not possible for the *idea* of a thing to be regarded as a *copy* of that thing in any legitimate sense of the term *copy*; that, moreover, even if this misuse of the term *copy* were condoned and permitted to pass, we should still be left destitute of any clue to the nature of the thing in itself. We should remain, that is, completely at a loss for any account of the stipulated *original* of which, supposedly, the idea is a copy.

(41) If, then, the *idea* could not be a copy of its related *thing*, what otherwise might the relation of these twain be? Three types of answer are logically possible, and accordingly three types of theory have presented themselves. We can also say that the philosophic energy of subsequent centuries has been spent in expounding and exhausting these three. The first type is that which seeks to maintain the position that, while the "copy" solution is indefensible, nevertheless the real and the ideal do possess existences—interrelated of course—but mutually self-supporting and independent. We get, therefore, a type of theory which calls itself *realism*, expressive of substitute versions of the "copy" theory. These substitutes, however, revealed themselves as scarcely less intellectually dissatisfying than the "copy" version itself. They had, moreover, the disadvantage of being hopelessly involved, whereas the "copy" theory was most engagingly simple. Which brings us to the two remaining types of solution.

(42) Recoiling from the illogicalities which seemed inherent in any attempt to allow to the two terms mutual independence, the nineteenth and twentieth centuries have witnessed supreme logical efforts to subjugate the illogicalities of the situation by applying two solutions *basically one*, but one capable of two modes of application. The two remaining types, therefore, represent the application of the two modes of the one form. We might indicate the essential attitude which this form expressed, thus: If the lion and the lamb will not lie peacefully together and make terms with one another; if they mutually reject the formula of live and let live, then must the situation be simplified by the absorption of the lamb in the lion, or contrariwise, that of the lion in the lamb!

(43) Now, call the manual activity the lion, and the symbolic or intellectual activity the lamb (or *vice versa*), and we are in possession of everything that is essential to an understanding of the great philosophical movements of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. According as one is prepared to defend the gorging of the lion at the expense of the lamb, or that of the lamb at the expense of the lion, one espouses respectively an *idealist* solution of the problem of reality or a *pragmatic* one. Idealism is that type of theory which holds that the problem can be explicated by the adoption of the position that the *symbolic* activity is co-terminous with reality; pragmatism is the type which maintains that this desired consummation can be reached by the acceptance of the *manual* activity as similarly coterminous. In the main, idealism represents the substance of what the German mind, developing after Kant, has been capable of making of the situation represented by the Berkeleyan formula. It is cloudy; it is pious; it is ingenious and perhaps just a shade *simple*, and we can (negatively) conceive truculent, conscienceless modern German thought as a violent retch of nausea by which the body Teutonic seeks to clear itself of this vague speculative mysticism.

(44) Pragmatism, on the other hand, is the pre-eminently American assault upon the situation. This

fact is ended the reverse of inexplicable: constructive achievement being an American's very proper pride. It is true one must recognize that the exponents of pragmatism, by adopting the covering term *utility*—and stretching it—have sought to hedge from that limited interpretation which identifies it with practice, i.e. manual effort. By this means they have been enabled to offer a strong defensive delaying action. It must, however, be accepted at that: a manœuvre of debate, representative of the skill of the defenders rather than the strength of the position. What pragmatism means is made quite sufficiently clear by its own label. Pragmatism derives from the Greek *prasso*, to do; and *pragma*, a deed, and the exaltation of the *doing activity*: essentially manual activity: is of its very essence. Nor indeed is it at all clear why pragmatists should be sensitive concerning such an interpretation. The logical experiment which their theory seeks to make is a necessary one in its time and place: inevitable, indeed, in view of the intellectual unsatisfactoriness of, *first*, the realist theories, and, *second*, the idealist. Its emergence bears testimony to a sensitiveness to a logical demand, and its full-dress presentment can very well be regarded as the outcome of an instinctive desire to accord all the logical possibilities of the situation their fair chance.

(45) It is with pragmatism that one has to class M. Bergson's *intuitionism*. Notwithstanding the temperamental affinities which it possesses with philosophic creations in the Kantian tradition, Bergson's doctrine is definitely pragmatist. It is this by virtue of its strong insistence upon practical "utility," and by an equally emphatic ascription of a fundamental illusoriness to the intellect. In its entirety it constitutes, one might say, a very interesting hybrid.

(46) It might be observed that the English contribution to the situation created by the collapse of the "copy" version is not of the front-rank order. It would be fair to say that while it was English genius which definitely launched psychology on its career and grafted upon it its general features as well as its apparently permanent "problems," after the failure of the initial "common-sense" type of theory its energies flagged. As far as psychology's big lines are concerned it has been content to rely mainly upon importations, interpretations, and adaptations of products from abroad. Apparently the English genius is all for "common sense" or nothing. When it seems possible to press forward on these lines it works with outstanding originality and zeal; but when they are blocked, it appears to be content to put in time as a docile listener, and in the carrying out of useful inquiries of a minor order. It would, therefore, in a manner of speaking be a vindication of English mentality if in the long run it should turn out that the solution upon which its best energies were spent was the sole one able to establish itself, and that in such establishment the work then put in—such, for instance, as that of Berkeley—should provide the permanent foundation. And, in our opinion, this is what must happen. The only possible means of arriving at a solution is, in our opinion, to be found by harking back to the initial common-sense view-point, i.e. that the idea of a thing is a thinned-out copy of that thing.

(47) Such opinion in itself is, of course, of no value whatever. Everything turns upon our ability or otherwise to defend a position which is universally voted indefensible. This makes it necessary for us to indicate of just what nature the defects are, which hitherto have vitiated the contention. We consider it to be thus. Exponents of the view neglected to make clear to themselves the exact scope of the very terms, the delimitations of whose boundaries constituted the whole matter of the discussion. They used the terms *mind*, *knowledge*, *idea*, *feeling*, in a manner loose enough to invite a very nightmare of illogicality: a fact which makes reading after them for one who

imagines he possesses their definition a brain-agitating business, comparable to that terrible exercising produced when some miscreant plays a familiar tune, a semi-tone, or so, deliberately out of tune, at near and repeated intervals. It is, therefore, scarcely surprising that philosophers should have burked the ordeal and scattered right and left in search of healing intellectual relief.

(48) Our diagnosis of the failure of the early psychologists to establish the "copy" theory, then, is that they neglected to define certain vital terms. It would, of course, be absurd for us to pretend that the demand for such definitions is a light one. It is a very heavy one: no less than a demand for the nucleus of a solution to all the current problems of philosophy. It comprises the framing of:

(a) An account of the genesis of mind. This in order to yield us a means of arriving at

(b) An account of the constitution of mind; and consequently a means of distinguishing *mental* experience from experience generally.

(c) An account of the constitution of knowledge such as will yield an active working definition of the term *to know*.

(d) A definition of feeling in terms of the feeling organic structure itself.

Now, these are the fundamental questions of philosophy to which we submit the antecedent chapters of this work furnish the answers. The possession of these answers is a necessary prerequisite of any successful attempt to explain the relationship of the *ideal* to the *real*. Can we then, with such answers as we have already framed, manage to reinstate the theory which we consider satisfactorily to explain it? We think so. We will at all events make the attempt.

(49) It is not open to dispute, we take it, that the *sensory forms* which constitute external things, and the *ideal forms* which we can experience when activity in our peripheral sense-organs is apparently quiescent, are both forms of *feeling*. Fundamentally both are made of the same "stuff." As to what this "stuff" is we have to refer to our definition of feeling in general. All feelings are specific forms of organic movement. Thanks to this definition we have reduced both *idea* and *thing* to a common denomination. To ascertain their mutual relationship we must now look to some superficial differences obtaining in the common world of organic movement. The particular difference we seek we hold to reside in a difference of location of the organic areas in which respectively they take their rise. In the case of the sensory feeling (the one which is described as having *objectivity*) the movement originates in an agitation of the peripheral sense-organs of the affected organism. In the case of the *ideal* it originates in particular movements of the throat (and the seat of the vocal organs generally), on the proviso that a liaison has already been formed between the sensory movements and the throat-movement. These associated symbolic movements, in virtue of the association and of the nature of the fleshly organism, are competent to set in incipient motion the whole movement with which they were associated. Ordinarily, such movement is much less vigorous and therefore less vivid: but faint, or less so, it embodies the *type* of movement in true and unmistakable form.

(50) To make our meaning unmistakable let us use a figure. Let us liken organic sensory movement to the sum of movements representing the capacity of a vast organ. The organ is complete in every respect save one: it has no keyboard. Say also that the organism pursues its scheme of movement at the instance of impulses created out of its own eternal actions and reactions, not only those made in its own individual form, but of those made by the entire tree of organic life of which it represents a single leaf. To keep in happy relationship with the effects of such

activity, we see it endowed with such an initiatory power of adaptive movement as we are familiar with in the movements of forms in the sub-human world. Now, to return to our simile, let us imagine such an organ becoming equipped with an ingenious keyboard over which the active initiatory power, now turned inward, plays with infinitely greater ease, infinitely less expenditure of energy, and yet with results which typically are the same: the great difference being one of intensity, permanence and control rather than of substance. Apparently the new forms of movement will cover the same track as those of the older order. That is, the quiescence of the sensory organs in the creations of thought will be merely apparent: an effect of the extreme incipency of the revived movement.

(51) Such a theory applied to our actual ideal experience would entail the manifestation of some agitation, however frail and evanescent, in the same muscles, organs and fibres which we know to be implicated in the corresponding sense-movements. This would be applicable to all thoughts, whether of things, of actions, of relations, or even of the "thought of the thoughts" of these things, and the rest. If our thought is of some fruit, then in addition to the movements involved in the enunciation of the symbol, the body will be engaged on the light enactment of the most characteristic movements which constitute our experience of the object itself. If we think the thought "Fire burns," a like incipient enactment obtains of the sensory experience we know as *fire* including that prime characteristic of fire which we know as *burning*.

(52) If in the quietness and solitude of our room, apparently without the movement of a muscle, we read astounding exploits and moving experiences we are actually conducting (in addition to the movements commonly recognized as organic, respiration and the like) a threefold series of movement. We are conducting the sensory series which consists in "apprehending" the book and its characters and all the sensory concomitants of the situation; we are enunciating—ordinarily so incipiently and rapidly as to be almost entirely unaware of the fact—the word-forms themselves; and finally and most significantly of all, the body is operating the identical movements of which we read. The degree of fullness infecting the latter varies, of course, according as we find the reading "interesting" or "dull": according, that is, as we are able to throw ourselves into and participate in the action symbolically depicted. When we find it dull beyond a point the situation implies that we have been unable to lend our physical sensory structure to it in any way, and that it has become in consequence meaningless. Its symbols, so-called, have failed to function as symbols.

(53) On precisely such an interpretation of the symbolic power can we discover the secret of our mutual understanding. Our power to think is one with our proneness (made inevitable by the very constitution of our flesh) to dance to the piping of every symbol which we understand. This penetrative power of the sign compels us, willy-nilly, to share all symbol-wearing experience in common. It reduces all our individual exclusiveness and isolation to that ultimate distinction of the individual: power and range of organic movement. Thought is thus a welding cement, unifying all movement that is common, leaving free for isolated action only the unique pioneering arm which has first to make its potentiality clear to itself, and thereafter make the manner of its acquisition clear enough for it to become a common property.

(54) The ultimate test of such a theory will not of course rest with any individual assertion that "From my own private experience, I hold this to be so." It will ultimately, if true, be made common knowledge, by the commonly demonstrable physical tests of the

laboratory. Pending such ultimate findings, however, we can strengthen our prepossessions in its favour by reference to such phenomena as those of *hallucinations* and *dreams*. The incipency of the ideal form released by the symbol is not a fixed quantity. It is an affair of degrees, sweeping through a vast range, from the very verge of sensory completeness to the very verge of nothingness, outside the enunciation of the symbol. We have noted how valuable is this latter incipency and how it tends to be emphasized the higher the intellectual rank of the user. In this connexion Galton's inquiries into the normal "imagery" with which men's minds are furnished can be recalled. The acutest thinkers had to confess to a minimum quantity and quality of mental "pictures." Young and engaging people, on the contrary, usually had a glowing gallery. This, however, opens out a wide aspect, which must be left over for fuller treatment.

(This chapter is to be concluded)

NOTICE

WE issue as a temporary convenience this joint June-July number. It had been hoped to issue with it, as a supplement, the first instalment of Mr. James Joyce's new novel *Ulysses*, but unfortunately this has proved impossible owing to the ultimate refusal of several printers to print in full certain portions of the text of later instalments. If the printing difficulties can be overcome the supplement will appear with THE EGOIST each month.

CLAUDE DEBUSSY

By ARTHUR SYMONS

I

THE greatest of modern French musicians, Claude Debussy, who was born in 1862, at Saint-Germain-en-Laye, died in Paris on March 26. The first representation of *Pelléas et Mélisande*, in 1902, marks a date in the history of the musical drama, and in this work one sees an entirely new kind of modern music; in fact, he revealed himself as a poet of the senses.

Pelléas et Mélisande I never heard, but, on hearing Debussy's symphonic prelude to Mallarmé's *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*, I was not sure that Debussy was not heard more significantly in company with the abstract gaiety of Bach, in the Brandenburg Concerto, and with the human joy of Beethoven, in the Piano-forte Concerto, than even with the more modern music of Liszt and Saint-Saëns, and with the sublime *Fifth Symphony* of Beethoven. It was a daring thing to let these windy voices be heard after the argentine and angelic laughter of the Piano Concerto. That had been played admirably, and Godowsky had seemed to me for the first time an interpreter, quite in his element, as in his sharp, clear, attentive way he wove the trickle of his smaller sound in and out among the waves of the great flood of the orchestra. It seemed as if nothing could adequately follow this divine entertainment. But when the Debussy began, vague, hesitating, a mist of light, there was no shock, only another fainter kind of pleasure, and, curiously enough, akin to the Bach and the Beethoven by something in it thin and piercing and delicate in speech. When it was over, it was as if a cloud had passed; nothing remained but the recollection of a thing that had been beautiful and had vanished. *Mais*

les nuages . . . là-bas . . . les merveilleux nuages! I listened, forgetting the poem, that most learned intoxication in modern French poetry, and I heard, first of all, as if a ghost were sighing, a lonely voice, towards which all at once kind echoes begin to fly, fluttering nearer; then a voice (is it quite human?) comes through the wind among the reeds, uttering a vague pain which is half unconscious and half inarticulate. The orchestra is filled with little crying voices, sympathetic or mocking, breezes, laughs, sighs, the unhuman things touched with human pains under this sunlight and the clouds of their afternoon; all things float and escape, return, and are never captured. And then I remembered the line:

Ces nymphes, je les veux perpétuer!

And then a pipe sounded, saying: None the less, let us be merry, before the evening. I heard the little joys of tiny Beardsley creatures, dancing to the tinkling of elfin bells, through which I heard always the unceasing wind among the reeds. And the end came suddenly, broad sunlight, the single note of a bell, like a throb of perfectly happy ecstasy: the faun was content.

So much the music told me, and so much music, being a creative not an illustrative art, is able to tell without words. There is no scene-painting or word-painting, it is not programme music; music says over again in its own language the essential part of what has been said in the language of poetry. And here, it seems to me, we have a perfectly legitimate interaction of the two arts. There is no confusion between them, no conflict, neither asks the aid of the other. Mallarmé's poem is as beautiful without the music; and Debussy's music as beautiful without the poem. The music is, in a sense, inspired by the poetry, as the poem itself might equally well have been inspired by the music. Both have an equal magic of atmosphere, and belong equally to that most modern kind of art which aims only at evocation. They have arisen from two separate creative impulses, neither copied from the other, or an imitation of the other; each beginning over again from the beginning.

And, just as when Mallarmé wrote the poem it was considered unintelligible, not poetry at all, the words of a charlatan, and so forth; so, Debussy's music, being new of its kind, and not made on traditional lines, has seemed doubtful to many people; not music at all, they say. Well, they have said that of other composers before Debussy. There is a little clique in France which enters its protest by saying that there was no music before Debussy. It is a witty and charming thing to say, especially when it is said seriously, and by musical critics who prefer *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* to the *Pastoral Symphony*.

Now Debussy, great or small though he may be, does not try to be anything but himself, and if he is really like Mallarmé, that is an accident of temperament. I think the *Faune* prelude is enough to show that he has at least a touch of that strangeness without which there is no exquisite beauty. I do not find that touch in any modern English music, but as it is in Purcell and in the Elizabethan song-writers, I do not think we are condemned, as a nation, to be without it.

II

The adventurous Parisian Quartet played in London the music of nine composers. The song and most of the piano music was a kind of music of insects, and the Catalan pianist, nervous and deliberate, made over again on the piano, with his bird-like pounces upon the notes, which responded eagerly to his fierce caresses, a new music which is *cruelle et câline*, a thing made to astonish, intoxicate, or subdue. He

puts no passion into music that is without it, but he draws from it all its essence, makes it ring like bells, and veils it in bright mist, follows it in all its excessive speeds, and lingers with it in its gardens under the rain; he is a kind of malign attendant spirit, letting it loose and accompanying it on its freakish errands.

Of the nine composers whose music was thus faithfully interpreted, two stood out from the others with a definite superiority. These were Ernest Chausson, who seems to close the past, and Claude Debussy, who seems to open the future. Chausson, whose work has hardly ever been played in England, and who is not too well known even in France, was, it is evident, a man of genius, a real musician. His quartet was the finest and the most vital thing done by these French players, his piano *Paysage* the most reticent and satisfying, and his two songs delicately inspired. Verlaine's *La lune blanche* became its own "exquisite hour" or moment: one saw the white moon brooding, one felt the silence of love in the gracious silence of the music in the refrain, and at the end the bird which had been singing suddenly flew upward, as if into heaven. The Charles Cros ballad, a little tragedy in a few stanzas, was followed and enveloped and transfigured by the music, now lamenting with a brave sorrow, now hopeless, now insane and ecstatic in the last sudden *étreinte de l'absente*. This song was a masterpiece in the difficult art of setting words to music, but it was, after all, in the quartet that Chausson was seen in his full complement of genius. Here was a music which was born, not made; a strange boisterous gaiety filled and heartened the first movement; the second was slow, haunting, full of mournful passion; the third, a sort of folk-song, came with frank entertainment; the finale, with its Spanish motive, brings in a new, more deeply lyrical element, and with its outbursts of honest joyfulness ends, really ends, a work of equal beauty and significance. It was rendered with a fine, simple vigour, in which nothing was lost of its rich musical substance, its form at once strict and free, its whole noble achievement.

After Chausson comes Debussy. He is more of a problem, and is not to be solved by the hearing of a single quartet. It was divinely played, and it was through this playing that I was able at last to enter into the somewhat dark and secret shadows of this wood. Here, if anywhere, is a new kind of music, not merely showy or wilfully eccentric, but filled with an instinctive quality of beauty, which can pass from mood to mood, surprise us, lead us astray, but end by leading us to the enchantment in the heart of what I have called the wood. But words, however vague, are too precise for this music, which suggests nothing but music. It is content to be lovely in a new and unfamiliar way, the pure remote melody always just creeping in and always just held back, so that it may suggest the more. That is the modern method, the lyrical method of Verlaine, and that is why this composer, who is in no sense literary, can go for a title or an impulse to Mallarmé or to Maeterlinck or to the *Blessed Damozel* of Rossetti. There is no direct speech in the quartet, but there is no emptiness, no lack of meaning. It soothes and intoxicates, and leads you at its will.

There is a greater form of music than this, and the malign Marnold, who prefers *L'Après-midi d'un Faune* to the *Pastoral Symphony*, is joking very pleasantly, as Debussy himself knows how to joke, in his *Toccata*, for instance, which is the musical equivalent of *Diabolo*. The whole point at issue is this: that here is an achievement of a new kind, which can be set somewhere in the same world of the old weightier kind. You may begin by hating it, but you will surrender, while before Fauré and Ravel and the others you will find out that this genuine quality is not in them, or only here and

there by accident. Fauré has a small and pretty talent, which will go the way of the stronger but not permanent talent of Saint-Saëns. Vincent d'Indy is without inspiration, Séverac scatters his fresher talent casually, Ravel does the worst possible things with a maddening energy.

To hear the quartet of Ravel between the quartets of Chausson and Debussy was instructive. Here was a buzzing and fluttering, here was a wandering as of clouds which cannot be motionless and which efface each other. Originality is sought by every means, but never comes; the whole aim is effect, and even that end is not attained. In the piano-pieces of the same composer, and in too much of the rest of the show-pieces which one heard, the aim is at yet another kind of effect, an effect not less unmusical: a kind of external realism, the imitation, as clever as you like, of galloping horses, clattering water, booming bells. Here and there, as in part of the *Coin de Cimetière* of Déodat de Séverac, there is some suggestion beyond the crude statement of a fact not worth stating, as that a bell can be made to sound in such or such a way on the piano, if you go to a pianist so marvellously gifted for this kind of experiment as Viñes. It is curious that nearly all of this empty, exterior music is written for the treble notes of the piano, and that the main part of it is in runs, arpeggios, and the other decorative devices which disguise a plain meaning. Only the *Paysage* of Chausson had any of the elder modesty which once graced the piano.

I found more music in the songs than in the piano pieces. They at least sang. Yet how many of these settings were more than mere tiny flutterings of sound about a song which, in its words, was already a delicate or pathetic music? When Schubert takes a song of Goethe or Schiller, and finds his own melodies for it, the song becomes heightened, illuminated; a greater thing than the song in words is born of the music. But what does even Debussy, who has the most character, skill, daintiness, and originality of all the younger French musicians, add to Verlaine's priceless *Il pleure dans mon cœur* or to his miraculous *Mandoline*. The mandoline is echoed, like a bird answering a bird, the tinkle in the music is the same tinkle as in the verse; but what new light falls upon all this "elegance of delight" in any more enchanting "ecstasy of the moon"? What deeper pathos does the music add to the words of *Il pleure dans mon cœur* which are already *romances sans paroles*? An insect's web has been woven across a flower; it glitters a little, and at a breath it evaporates; and the flower and its perfume remain.

(To be continued)

REINFORCEMENTS

- THE vestibule to experience is not to
Be exalted into epic grandeur. These men are
going
To their work with this idea, advancing like a school
of fish through
- Still water—waiting to change the course or dismiss
The idea of movement, till forced to. The words
of the Greeks
Ring in our ears, but they are vain in comparison
with a sight like this.
- The pulse of intention does not move so that one
Can see it, and moral machinery is not labelled, but
The future of time is determined by the power of
volition.

MABIANNE MOORE

CONTEMPORANEA

THE February number of the *Little Review* anthology of modern French poets beginning with Laforgue, Corbière, and Rimbaud, has made sufficient impression to enforce some comment by the literary press in England and America. It would seem from two of these notices that the struggle for civilization has not yet perceptibly affected the Anglo-Saxon point of view. Neither the *New Age* nor *Poetry* appears particularly pleased at having French verse called to its attention. THE EGOIST, having always insisted upon the importance of cross-breeding in poetry, and having always welcomed any writer who showed signs of international consciousness, is interested in this issue, and in the state of mind of the critics. The observer in *Poetry* is the more naïve of the two, and the less certain of his own opinions in French literature. He appears to have studied at the graduate school of Chicago University, as he remarks that Rimbaud's "Chercheuses de Poux" is a "beautiful adventure in child psychology" and identifies Corbière's "Rhapsode Foraine" as an exploration "of folk-religion." He notes further that poetry in French and English seems "in general" to have never been farther apart than now, and finds Corbière, Laforgue, Rimbaud, Gourmont, Régnier, Verhaeren, Tailhade, Jammes, Moréas, Spire, Vildrac, Romains a "characteristically random list." The reviewer of the *New Age* is more positive. He concludes that as "so good a French scholar as Mr. Pound" cannot interest himself in "the ABC of French culture" (the mute "e" in verse), America's affairs of culture will need to be conducted on a unilingual basis: if we cannot grow the grape, let us not import the wine.

There are two distinct points. One is the merit of the anthology as a representation of French poetry since the 'seventies. There are one or two contemporaries—perhaps Henri Franck—who might have been included; there might have been a little more Corbière; there is one side of Rimbaud not illustrated. I cannot think of any more drastic criticism than this. Laforgue, a difficult writer to select from, is very well presented. I know of only the van Bever and Léautaud collection in two volumes; and this is too big, too indiscriminate, and does not display the most important of the poets so adequately as the *Little Review*. The latter does give in sixty pages the essentials of modern French verse for Anglo-Saxons.

The other point is the application of the anthology. It is not to be expected that any very large public in either England or America will ever take the trouble to read and understand verse in any other modern language. But it is necessary that any one who is writing or seriously criticizing indigenous verse should know the French. We insist in the face of a hostile majority that reading, writing, and ciphering does not complete the education of a poet. The analogy to science is close. A poet, like a scientist, is contributing toward the organic development of culture: it is just as absurd for him not to know the work of his predecessors or of men writing in other languages as it would be for a biologist to be ignorant of Mendel or De Vries. It is exactly as wasteful for a poet to do what has been done already, as for a biologist to rediscover Mendel's discoveries. The French poets in question have made "discoveries" in verse of which we cannot afford to be ignorant, discoveries which are not merely a concern for French syntax. To remain with Wordsworth is equivalent to ignoring the whole of science subsequent to Erasmus Darwin.

* * * *

The Englishman coddles his conception of the Inspired Bard: prose is a humbler vehicle. Mr.

Joyce ought to disturb this view of prose. This brings on again the critic of the *New Age*, who objects to the "cleverness" of Joyce and Lewis. Mr. Joyce can wait his turn until *Ulysses* (immeasurably an advance upon the *Portrait*) appears as a book; as *Tarr* (after inevitable delays) is finally ready for the public,* the case of Mr. Lewis is more urgent. We shall devote more space in the next issue to a study of Mr. Lewis's prose. Both of these writers, and they are utterly different from each other, have been sensitive to foreign influence. This is disturbing; we can enjoy a borrowed ornament or two, but we usually object to any writer who has actually assimilated foreign influence, grown his lion-skin, become suspect in the fold. The *New Age* is "mystified, bewildered, repelled." That is quite intelligible. *Ulysses* is volatile and heady, *Tarr* thick and suety, clogging the weak intestine. Both are terrifying. That is the test of a new work of art. When a work of art no longer terrifies us we may know that we were mistaken, or that our senses are dulled: we ought still to find *Othello* or *Lear* frightful. But this attractive terror repels the majority of men; they seek the sense of ease which the sensitive man avoids, and only when they find it do they call anything "beautiful." Not vulgarity or salacity much disturbs the ordinary reader, and the ordinary "advanced" novel does not shake his flimsy trapeze. *Tarr* is a commentary upon a part of modern civilization: now it is like our civilization criticized, our acrobatics animadverted upon adversely, by an orang-outang of genius, Tarzan of the Apes.

* * * *

Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's book † *vient de paraître*, enveloped in the pleasant chi-chi of Blackwell's book-factory. Here is whatever appeared in *Wheels II*, and a good deal more. What is quite certain is that one can abstract from one's feeling of liking or disliking this verse, and assert positively that there is something here, and quite positive. We are seldom so sure of a young poet's determination to follow his own road. This one is not a blind follower or visibly a conscious imitator of anybody. Images hang on his verse in a heavy swarm, but he invents his own clichés, does not borrow them, and does not counterfeit any emotion that he does not feel. On the contrary, there is a distinguished aridity; and the extraordinary riot of imagery is, I think, an intellectual pleasure with him. The defence for his imagination is that he does, in the "Mayor of Murcia," "Barrel-Organs," to a slightly less degree in "Outskirts" create his own world, and when this happens there is no more to be said. The danger of the method is that it is liable to split up or obscure the original motive. The effect accordingly is sometimes that of the crowdedness of an Odle drawing, where there is no singleness of aim, or at any rate of execution. The detail, even infinite, of some masters never forgets the idea. I notice this as a possible source of danger because at the end I have a persistent feeling that flutes, bells, wind and water and certain other stage properties have occurred more than once. The *donnée*, at least in the poems mentioned, is, we must repeat, indubitably there; but it sometimes breaks into a shower of sparks instead of leaving a single trail of fire.

I take the "Feathered Hat" as representative of Mr. Sitwell's motive; the other poems show admirable extension and development, but also a slight distraction. Probably only after long detours will the author regain the crystalline unity of this poem. That would be a natural progress; the profession of poetry is fatiguing; it is in the inevitable dry times that work counts when a writer must either master

* *Tarr*, by P. Wyndham Lewis. The Egoist, Ltd. 6s. net.

† *The People's Palace*, by Sacheverell Sitwell. Blackwell, Oxford. 2s. 6d. net.

a style or be mastered by a mannerism. We have attributed more to Mr. Sitwell than to any poet of quite his generation; we require of him only ten years of toil.

T. S. ELIOT

PASSING PARIS

M. LAURENT TAILHADE is a chip off the Voltaire block. *Les Livres et les Hommes* are his chronicles in *L'Œuvre* (Crès, 4 fr.). They inform as to books and persons in evidence during 1916 and 1917, and amuse with the profusion of anecdote a Tailhade can roll off on the smallest provocation. The criticism is able, the thought not always well considered. There is more knowledge than judgment, and the wit is rather dangerous. On the whole, M. Tailhade is an average Parisian intellect, but he can make amends for his faults on occasion. Constantly verve and journalistic brilliance have the better of meditation. Laurent Tailhade would have shone in the times of journalism's glory. Nowadays he falls between two stools. He is too good a journalist to be successful in the Press, and not quite good enough an intellect to hold a place of eminence in the world of letters. His mistake is to have an opinion on everything—a Parisian weakness—and a man without vision cannot have an opinion on everything, and if he be gifted with vision even this will only help him to realize his shortcomings. Yet no one can wish for a more valuable gift. (A book to be read for its personalities, reminiscences, quotation, and anecdote.)

M. André Suarès is more entitled to a claim to universality: a sensitive, responsive, high-strung nature, and a scholarly mind, his. But he is a little self-enamoured. His manner is oracular, and he dwells lovingly on his pronouncements. In *Remarques* (Editions de la Nouvelle Revue Française, 2 fr. each periodical fascicule) he raps out axiom after axiom, sounding as though they were punctuated with M. Clémenceau's unforgettable "*J'ai dit.*" M. Suarès does not submit his ideas like propositions to be examined, but like full-fledged, final definitions to be taken or left. M. Suarès basks in the rarefied air of the great. He seems to envelop them in the folds of his understanding as that archaic Madonna did a world of infants in the folds of her cloak. His "sayings" contain frequent reference to Sophocles, Shakespeare, Molière, Goethe, etc. etc., all of whom, with Keats, Baudelaire, etc. etc., make their appearance in his little one-man review.

But his failings—failings of character and self-judgment—must be forgiven him for his superiorities of mind. He is not only of the élite, but an élite in himself, and for his love and comprehension of Shakespeare he deserves all the regard and admiration which he is a little too inclined to force from his readers on all occasions.

The same firm which issues *Remarques* is about to publish the sequels to M. Marcel Proust's *Du Côté de chez Swann*, one of the great events in modern French literature.

Few estimated at its full value the debt the modern schools of painting owe to Degas until his life-work had been exhibited in unison. Neither the "laundresses," nor a race-course scene, nor a ballet-dancer or two, seen in the fragmentary manner in which Degas reached the public, sufficed to prove his unequalled influence. Rodin alone can come near him as a leader. All the most eminent of the later nineteenth-century painters of France (the only country which produced a harvest at that time) took their cue from Degas. Some artist or other may be recognized lying in ambush behind numbers of his works.

To what speculation the art of painting is subjected nowadays is evidenced by the sum realized at the sale: nearly six millions of francs plus the 400,000 francs guaranteed by the State to save the *Portrait de Famille* for the Louvre.

One of the recent air raids surprised a celebrated *prima donna*, an admirable cartoonist-designer, and another artist at their after-dinner coffee in a restaurant. The *prima donna* happens to be a particular favourite with those who are sensible to vocal attainments, and since the war had been requisitioned some hundreds of times to sing the "Marseillaise" on appropriate occasions. As they were sipping, the alarm rang, soon followed by the explosion of bombs and the crash of a neighbouring house which sent the three under the tables, one of them with bits of wall and glass in his body. But the other, less damaged, recovered the presence of his incomparable humour quickly enough to nudge the *prima donna* with a whisper: "Quick, now's the time: sing the 'Marseillaise.'" And forthwith the lady crept from under the table on to it and whipped up the prostrated patriotism of the remaining attendance with a *xxxvth* rendering of the French national anthem.

The Duchesse de Clermont-Tonnerre precedes her collection of short stories (*Du Côté de la Guerre*, Crès, 4 fr. 50) with quotations from history past and present on "atrocities" in war. Various nations furnish the data for the past; Germany for the present. The second, imaginary, part also contains horrors; for instance, the smell of royal German princes, so evil that their interlocutors back into the nearest doorway, but no authority for this allegation is given.

M. C.

PEOPLE OF THE UNIVERSE *

ON the southern confines of the Sahara, the traveller is often conscious, only too painfully, of the presence of a large gorilla. The handsome, if rather generous, person of the animal is not the only witness to its approach. Magnanimous enough to warn others of its coming, the gorilla sends forth a note of warning. Advancing with large strides, it, at the same time, beats its stomach with a pair of strong hands, producing a loud and terrible drumming. The other animals all fly at the first sound, and the gorilla advances through a land in which everything, save itself, is silent.

Most unlike the docility, the pleasing calm, of our English animals, you may say; but then this is in "foreign parts"—and booksellers' circulars comment on the increased sale of books of travel. You must, now, expect to meet gorillas—in your reading. And, sure enough, in *The Invincible Ship*, M. Josip Kosor's play, you meet one—in the dramatis personæ, first. Its presence strikes an unusual note. Your eye accustoms itself to the darkness, objects gradually define themselves—till, in his other plays, without the gorilla, you see everything is new, unaccustomed.

There are four plays in this book. Very simple in construction, very vigorous in execution. They possess a kind of frenzied force; but the force is evenly distributed. A steady flow runs all through them. Golfers, reading them, must remember their best drives—and dentists, the quickest, the most painful, extraction. They somehow grasp you, and carry you straight along, as if clasped, shall we say, in the gorilla's arms?

The first play in the book, *The Woman*, is, more or less, negligible. It presents a picture of an un-

* From *Serbo-Croatian Plays*, by Josip Kosor. Hendersons. 6s. net.

pleasant man, and a particularly unpleasant woman in a tent on the seashore, surrounded by a howling mob. When we read at the end of the play: "All the men rush like beasts of prey in frenzied rage, and with clenched fists on to the tent," we are thankful for the lowering of the curtain, but our sympathies are with the mob.

In *Passion's Furnace*, the second play, we are on firmer ground. Points become apparent. It is a nice change, certainly. There is no "Shropshire lad" here. One sees at once how unpleasant the tillers of the soil are, and what a devil of a time they give to anybody with a spark of intelligence—Mirko, the ex-student, for instance. Violence is splendid, on the grand scale. A few extracts will show the kind of thing. "Then he stalked across to my field, and the blood froze in my veins. If I kill him I shall go to prison, and good-bye to my son and my wife, and to all I have, and if he kills me I shall have lost it all, anyhow." Or, "I'll have my fling among the smart young ladies as well. I like the keeper's daughter, the notary's wife is a buxom woman, the bailie's wife might have been made for me; it'll be Black Friday for all of them." Or (girl to her boy), "My young devil"—they exchange kisses. (Boy to girl), "I could eat you"—gathers her to his breast. (The girl), "My blood's all on fire. . . . Kolo! . . . Kolo! . . ."

In *Reconciliation* the story centres round Marko Gavranovitch, the head of the "Zadruga," or village community. He is seventy years old and looks like an Old Testament prophet. He is a terrible tyrant, and makes things very unpleasant for his thirty sons and their dependencies, even going to the length of prowling about with dynamite. "Really, these old men," as one of the thirty exclaims a little farther on.—Yes, exactly.—One has a feeling of greater security on reading, "Listen! I want to make a saint of him. It will not be difficult to stir up the other villages. It's ages since we had a new one." But—"I won't make a secret of it, we have stolen some money for the church." "And where will you get the roof from?" "From the Jewish synagogue." "How do you mean?" "Simply unroof it and put it on our church." No wonder, a little farther on, "But I can't get over his not wanting to be a saint!" (Looks questioningly at the Sorcerer.)

The Invincible Ship is the best play in the book. Our friend the gorilla appears here. It is really a very remarkable piece of writing, and very unusual and strong in conception. Perhaps the remark of one of the characters is the best clue to the play and its atmosphere. "The just man has been defeated. Ha ha ha! Bah! Farewell!"

Altogether these plays present very remarkable points of interest. They belong to a familiar genre, but the treatment is very unusual. You feel that here is somebody who writes on peasants and folklore knowing something about it. It exists here, it is not an exotic growth. There is a very warm, generous pulsation of life. They throw everything else of the kind out of joint. Here is the material for drama ready to hand. One thinks with despair of our Celtic revival. It gives a mirage of tall men, blindfolded, trying to catch crows in a Celtic mist.

There is very often great beauty of language, and a great wealth of simile. "The sun was blazing in a mass of dry gold, the sea was dancing, the mistral was playing a delicate muffled mandolin, and so I reached Lohin." Or, "Here are women of various races, ripened as fruits in the red glow of the sun, with fragrant souls and fragrant flesh, bearing great likeness to tropical fruits and magic moons of gold." M. Kosor, as we may expect, has great fame as a poet. Let us hope he will publish a translation of his poems soon. In *Passion's Furnace* great effect is obtained by the dancing of the national "Kolo," and the huge violin band of gipsies. Very full

blooded, vigorous, everything is—a certain amount of craving, but no sentiment—and a great deal of brutal force. One can imagine a large hot forest—M. Kosor as his own gorilla—emerging into patches of light, then sinking into darkness again—crushing irresistibly all weakness and anæmia—creating a kind of strong, intoxicated beauty.

SACHEVERELL SITWELL

FRENCH POEMS

CHANT NOCTURNE *

HUMILIATION.

On a jeté une étrange cuirasse comme un malheur
autour de mon corps. Humilié de ne pas savoir fléchir.
Humilié de n'être pas digne d'être brisé.
Et de ne pas pouvoir mourir.
Humilié de ne pas avoir peur.
PALEUR.

Je suis né une nuit de neige
sous une lune infinie.
Je porte en moi l'horreur séléniqne.
Le métal de la lune est d'argent et non d'acier.
Mon âme métallique
est lunaire, lunaire, lunaire.
Seule une balle d'argent pourrait me tuer. Ecraser
ma vie.

PALEUR.
Je dis cela parce qu'il neige. Etrange pays,
où la chaleur torride se cristallise dans la limpidité
d'un grand froid soudain.
Et je suis si las ce soir,
que je voudrais la coupe de deux mains,
de deux très fines mains de femme, très soignées.
Les avoir
à moi, pour y verser des larmes, ce soir, demain,
et après, et tous les jours de mon attente qui est un
néant.
Les larmes ne sont-elles pas aussi un sang ?

PALEUR.
J'ai juste devant moi un Russe
décapité par un obus.
Mon chien aboie,
mon beau chien-loup, devant ces proies
invraisemblables qui sont des cadavres.
Ce mort est horrible et laid.
Je ne veux pas que mes zouaves l'enterrent.
Je ne veux pas qu'ils le touchent. Il est à la terre
depuis trop longtemps. Sa puanteur me navre.
Je lui en veux de navrer mes narines
avec son odeur sauvage.
C'est un foyer de mort sous une demi-forme humaine.
Mais ce n'est plus un homme, puisqu'il n'a plus de
visage,
Le sang paraît noir, la nuit, sur la neige.
PALEUR.

Mon âme est lasse et ma chair est triste
sous la neige lunaire.
Limpidité froide.
Je pense à la sublime rage humaine
sur la nature que l'homme vivifie.
L'homme sait lui donner cette vie.
Nos bruits de guerre imitent tous les bruits
des éléments, et en créent de nouveaux.
Et maintenant tout se fond dans cette immense
extatique limpidité lunaire du silence.
PALEUR.

* Extract from the *Poème du Vardar*, recited by Mme. Eve Francis at the second Festival Montjoie in honour of poets in the army, and quoted here by kind permission of the author.

Une mitrailleuse de temps en temps picote de bruits
cette froide lumière.
Mais tout est mou de matière irréaliste.
Est-ce que les balles, ce soir, percent autre chose que
des fantômes
Ces tas affaissés autour de moi sont-ces des hommes ?
PALEUR.

Qui nous redonnera le sens dur des choses dures ?
Je pense, pour cela, à quelque chose de puissant.
Le front bombé de Beethoven est un rocher.
Quand avons-nous quitté MONASTIR ?
Hier, ou il y a un an ?
On a vécu pendant un jour
avec une insouciance joie de vivre, une volonté
d'amour.
Mais ce ne fut que pour un jour
Ils flambaient tous de blancs, les minarets,
Fantômes, fantômes, FANTÔMES
allongés vers le haut des cieux.
Les minarets sont comme un élan qui s'arrête,
comme des vedettes qui dressent la tête, aiguisent
les yeux,
et ne voient que le silence.
Une parole de Mahomet
me revient et me frappe lourdement.
La dureté plaît à ma langueur.
Et c'est une étincelle d'un acier frotté contre un
rocher.
Rocher de la bête. Acier divin.
Je crois entendre tomber sur la neige des paroles du
muezzin.
PALEUR.

PALEUR.
Lune trop froide.
Elle aspire notre chaleur et s'en fait une lumière.
Trop blanches, trop blanches, trop blanches sont ses
flammes
sur cette illumination de neige.
(Oh la trop longue attente !)
La lune fait couler blanc, le sang impur des cierges
lunaires.
Cette nuit est comme l'aube de quelque supplice pâle.
Malheur. OPALE.

CANUDO

SHORTER NOTICES

CHAMBER MUSIC. By James Joyce. Elkin Mathews. 1s. 3d.
net.

This is a second edition; first published in 1907. This verse is good, very good; though it never would have excited much attention but for Joyce's prose, still it would in any case have worn well. We infer from it that Mr. Joyce is probably something of a musician; it is lyric verse, and good lyric verse is very rare. It will be called "fragile," but is substantial, with a great deal of thought beneath fine workmanship.

O bend no more in revery
When he at eventide is calling,
Nor muse: who may this singer be—

* * * *

They are sadder than all tears;
Their lives ascend as a continual sigh.
Proudly answer to their tears:
As they deny, deny.

POTBOILERS. By Clive Bell. Chatto and Windus. 6s. net.

Mr. Clive Bell, lingering between two worlds, one dead, is in some respects the Matthew Arnold of his time. He is not precisely a critic, but the Sunday afternoon preacher to a small and select public, smaller and more select than Arnold's. He loves Truth, certainly, and according to his own admission, but his task is the dispensing of it to an audience of whose approval he is sure beforehand. How else could he say "our three best living novelists—Hardy, Conrad, and Virginia Woolf"—or "Korin . . . about as empty as Velasquez and more

brilliant than Frans Hals"? This is not criticism. The book is full of intelligent remarks; it has been patently cut by the *Times*; Mr. Bell is right with the rightness of a period, a group, despises Gothic, admires Byzantine, Persian, Chinese (but only the best); he is the *boutonnière* of post-1900 culture. He is interested in the people one is interested in, from Matisse to the last show at the Mansard Gallery. He is erudite, intelligent, urbane, knows Peacock, Trelawney, and everybody's letters. He makes points (but why even sharpen a pencil to destroy Mr. Arnold Bennett's critical pretensions!) In his comments on the War and Art he delivers what many of us feel. But from any one so superior as Mr. Bell we should like something more *super*: icy inviolability, or violent fury. Perhaps these defects mark the virtue of the book as a chronicle, a document; Mr. Bell will survive not as an individual, but as the representative of a little world of 1914.

RESENTMENT. Poems by Alec Waugh. Grant Richards, Ltd. 3s. 6d. net.

Mr. Waugh is more modern, and would appear to have been influenced by some older person who admired Rupert Brooke. He is stark realism:

Route march . . . field day . . . church parade . . .
Wondering would it ever end,
Wondering what the hell it meant.
Picking girls up in the street
Rather than face the empty tent.

Mr. Waugh is said to be very young, and to have written a novel. That is a bad beginning, but something might be made of him.

In retrospect, I believe Miss Farjeon is the least insupportable of this lot.

THE LITTLE SCHOOL. By T. Sturge Moore. Grant Richards, Ltd.

It is a great compliment to Mr. Sturge Moore to say that even when he writes semi-children's verse he can be pleasing. In this usually distressing genre he is more agreeable, at least to an adult, than Stevenson. He has taste and the technique to make triviality tolerable. "Plans for a Midnight Picnic" is pretty hard to swallow, but "A Dream" is altogether charming.

The body, when a man is dead,
Like an empty dress lies on the bed;
But that, which in his heart said "I,"
Travels away a butterfly.

Still, one is cheered at the end to find the always fresh and perfect "Rowers' Chant." There is something Georgian about Mr. Moore, but how superior to Georgiana is his workmanship!

PER AMICA SILENTIA LUNÆ. By William Butler Yeats. Macmillan. 4s. 6d. net.

It is always a pleasure to have Mr. Yeats talking, even when we cannot follow his argument through all its mazes. I think that I can understand the first part of the book, called *Anima Hominis*, with its theory of the Mask, the Dæmon, the Anti-Self; in the second part, *Anima Mundi*, I am quite lost, or Mr. Yeats is lost to me, in some delicious soft mist as that in which Venus enwrap her son. One is never weary of the voice, though the accents are strange; and as there is no one else living whom one would endure on the subject of gnomes, hobgoblins, and astral bodies we infer some very potent personal charm of Mr. Yeats's.

"Some years ago I began to believe that our culture, with its doctrine of sincerity and self-realization, made us gentle and passive, and that the Middle Ages and the Renaissance were right to found theirs upon the imitation of Christ or of some classical hero.

"Wordsworth . . . is so often flat and heavy partly because his moral sense, being a discipline he had not created, a mere obedience, has no theatrical element. This increases his popularity with the better kind of journalists and politicians who have written books.

"It is not permitted to a man, who takes up pen or chisel, to seek originality, for passion is his only business."

Such sentences as these, which I can understand, are wholly delightful.

TARR

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