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. 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 exigency 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.

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

By D. Marsden
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 artifice or intimation 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 and enclosed nature of its activity: it initiates those cuelike 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 closely situated is his activity to the mind's eye: hence the even does his 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 incantable "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 exigency the forms become all the more pronounced as identifiable types. This is the stage of realistic creation.

(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 develops 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. Regarding the latter as some realizable, and as the very antithesis of movement. And indeed, in the richness of the changing effects with which it can impose them, we have to recognize in the hand a power of intensive creativeness with nothing save artifice or intimation and limits separating it from a complete mastery over external forms and conditions.

(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 manner of its activity becomes unobtrusively operates its screened physical mechanism and enclosed nature of its activity: it initiates those cuelike 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 closely situated is his activity to the mind's eye: hence the even does his 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 incantable "dweller within the innermost" thought which rules over him without any outward sign.

(28) We must now bring ourselves to still closer grips with this subject of the real, the realizable, and the creative activity of the symbol. 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 truism-accepted 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.

(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 creation and combine them in the present and future.

(30) Th us 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 our forms of re-creation and combine them in the present. 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 character 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) As the symbol is 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 re-created in a manner dictated by one's own preferences. Furthermore: because the symbol is so volatile and its re-creation unbound by those iron-like sequences which exist between successive forms, if it is obtained 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 in a manner dictated by one's own preferences. And these combinations, skinned 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 symbolic order. If, how ever, they are per se thinkable, it is precisely this escaping 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 capable and consistent with, indeed, that expediency 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 re-realizable.

(34) Before following up these conceptions of the past and future into greater detail let us here provide ourselves with a categoric 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 new functional existence is, in a true sense, the record in the form of these inherited motor potentialities. Time is the organic inheritance: the inalienable legacy: which innervates 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 endowment which is 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 facilitate time's rate. True, 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 useful apply, are like the milestones on a road. They measure the road, but do not themselves constitute the road. So with days, years and eons: 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: that originating in the conscious and deliberate 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 beneficial parasitic growth, the one-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 and extend 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 therewith 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 assert themselves and interlace into alliances and forms, strange and new, dictated by the tendency of our own desires. For if we maintain that 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 again that 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 new forms of such wealth with time 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 formulaicizing of an answer to this question is one of the most difficult exercises in modern 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 conti-
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 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, which, according to the idea is a simple, pious; it is ingenious and perhaps just a shade deuce with the Lockean view: the recognized "blunt bad 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, which have been labeled thought of a vaguely 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.

(41) Recalling from the illogicalities which seemed inherent in any attempt to reconcile the two conflicting positions, 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 mutely 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. Hence arose the so-called "copy" solutions, which definitely launched psychology on its career and brought about the collapse of a minor order. It would, therefore, be necessary to press forward on these lines if it is possible 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 genius 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 they have done them. For 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 one form, or that of the lamb at the expense of the other, one espouses respectively an idealist solution of the problem of reality or a pragmatistic 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 demand is the result of the practical necessity 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 truncated, conceptually modern German thought as a violent stretch of nausea by which the body Teutonic seeks to clear itself of this vague speculative mysticism.

(42) Pragmatism, on the other hand, is the pre-eminent 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, in the manner of a defensive delaying action. By this means Bergson has been enabled to offer a strong defensive delaying action. It must, however, be accepted at that: a manoeuvre 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 deed over the dream in the American's very proper pride 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 witness to a demand for a rational solution of the problem. 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 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 is exemplary. The three types of theory—manual activity as co-terminous with reality; symbolic activity as a type of theory which calls itself realism, expressive of substitute versions of the "copy" theory. These substitutes, which have been labeled thought of a vaguely 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.

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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 birked 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, rests on the fact 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 the origin of the concepts

(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 restate 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 is 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 objective form) movement originates by the effraction 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 whilst of the nature of the activities 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. To a man 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 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 key-board 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 the sum of movements. 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 incipience of the revived movement.

(51) Such a theory applied to our actual ideal experiences is the mental drama or the ultimate frame of 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 itself involved in the word-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 this 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 movements which are actually conducted in our peripheral sense-organs is apparently quiescent, and the movement of the thoughts "of these things, and the rest. If our thought is of some fruit, then in addition to the movements itself involved in the word-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 this which we know as burning.

(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 (freely) 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 (freely) 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 (freely) 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 (freely) 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 (freely) 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.
laboratory. Pending such ultimate findings, however, we can strengthen our prepossessions in its favoue by reference to such phenomena as those of hallucinations and dreams. The incipiency 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 incipiency 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 Piano­forte 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 wrought 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, for getting the poem, that most learned innovation 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, laughers, sighs, the unhuman points, 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 word­painting, 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. But Debussy’s music is 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 tradi­tion 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 it is fair 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 song­writers, 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 ponnées upon the notes, which responded eagerly to his fierce caresses, a new music which is cruelle et cêline, 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 in A minor, written in 1891, and played
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
fell silent, and the music, as if that were the end of
a 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 étrenne de l'absente. This song was a masterpiece in the difficult
art of setting words to music, but it was, after all, in
the present. The quartet of Chausson is in this same
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,
and heartened the first movement; the second was
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 few pieces. He is a musician of a more delicate
and lyrical temperament, and it is through playing
through 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 willfully 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 remotest hidden
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
method of words, the lyrical method of Verlaine, and
is what we call a poet, who is not the least poetic
literary man. Verlaine’s "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
fell silent, and the music, as if that were the end of
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and heartened the first movement; the second was
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.

There is no direct speech in the quartet, but there
is a great form of music than this, and that
is in the songs of Schumann and Fauré who is Secrest of the "Paysage
of Chausson had any of the elder modesty
of it is in runs, arpeggios, and the other decorative
deVICES which disguise a plain meaning. Only the
Paysage and the Quartet of Chausson are pure of the"elegance of
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

T
HE 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.

MARIANNE MOORE
CONTEMPORANEA

THE February number of the Little Review anthology of modern French poets beginning with Laforgue, Corbière, and Rimbaud to a large extent is a "beautiful adventure in child psychology" and identifies Corbière's "Rhapsode Fonaine" 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, Gounet, Régnier, Verlaine, Baudelaire, Moreau, Spire, Vildrac, and Romains a "characteristically random list." The reviewer of the New Age is more positive. He concludes that "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 Leautaud collection in two volumes; and this is too big, too indiscriminate, and does not display the most important of the poets so adequately as its predecessor. The "Mayor of Murcia," 1000 umbrellas, and a good deal more. What is quite certain is that as a poet Pound is "mystified, New Age suspect in the fold. The ordinary reader, and the ordinary "advanced" commentator upon a part of modern civilization: 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 of genius, Tarzan of the Apes.

Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell's book *vient de paraître* appeared in the pleasant chi-chi of Blackwell's bookshop. Here is whatever appeared in *Wheels II,* and a good deal more. 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 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 can wait his turn until *Ulysses* is published, 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
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

T. S. Eliot

PASSING PARIS

LAURENT TAILHADE is a chip off the 

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, quotations, 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 judgment and self-judgment—must be forgiven him for his superiorities of mind. He is not only of the élite, but an élite judgment—must be forgiven him for his superiorities. M. Josip Crès, 4 fr. 50) with quotations from history past and present on “atrocities” in war. Various nations furnish the data for the past; Germany furnishes 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*

O n 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. 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 dramatic personage, 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 Accommodation, the gorilla advances through a land in which everything, save itself, is silent.

There are four plays in this book. Very simple in construction, very vigorous in execution. They press a moral, a moral in true Serbo-Croatian fashion. The gorilla advances through a land in which everything, save itself, is silent.

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 of their after-dinner cronies. 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 xerxth 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 furnishes 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.

* 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 and for the lowering of the curtain, but our sympathies are with the men.

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-hye 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; I'll be Black Friday to 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 explains a little farther on,—Yes, exactly.—"One has a feeling of greater security. "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 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 suggestive. 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, 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 explains a little farther on,—Yes, exactly.—"One has a feeling of greater security. "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 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.)

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 laden branches of golden fruits and magic means 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 weakmess and anemia—creating a kind of strong, intoxicated beauty.

SACHEVERELL SITWELL

FRENCH POEMS

CHANT NOCTURNE

HUMILITATION

On a jeté une étrange curiosse comme un malheur autour de mon corps. Humilié de ne pas savoir flechir.

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 sélectâne. 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

J’ai juste devant moi un Russe décapité par un obus.

Mon chien abole, mon beau chien-loup, devant ces proies invraisemblables qui sont des cadavres.

Ce mort est horrible et laité.

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 paupière me navre.

Je lui en veux de naître mes marines 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.

Je lui en veux de navrer mes narines

invraisemblables qui sont des cadavres.

Et de ne pas pouvoir mourir.

PALEUR

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

PALAUR.

Qui nous redonnera le sens dur des choses dures ? Je pense, pour cela, à quelque chose de puissant. Le front bombe de Beethoven est un rocher. Quand avons-nous quitté MONASTIR ?

Hier, on il y a un an ? On a vécu pendant un jour avant une insouciance joie de vivre, une volonté d'amour.

Mais ce ne fut que pour un jour Ils flamblaient tous de blancs, les minarets. Fantômes, fantômes, FANTÔMES allongés vers le haut des cieux. Les minarets sont comme un clan qui s'arrête, comme des vedettes qui dressent la tête, agissent les yeux, et ne voient que le silence. Une parole de Mahomet me revient et me frappe lourdement. La dureté plait à ma langue.


PALAUR.

LAURE.

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. CETTE NUIT EST COMME L'AUBE DE SOMMEILS PÂLE.


PALAUR.

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 some-everybody's letters. He is stark realism:

"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 duty, involves an icy inviolability, or violent fury. Perhaps these defects mark the virtue of the book as a chronicle, a document; Mr. Yeats will survive not as an individual, but as the representative of a little world of 1914."

RESIENTMENT. 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.

"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.

It is often cheered at the end to find the always fresh and perfect "Rowers' Chant." There is something Georgian about 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 lie 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.

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 unsupportable of this lot.

"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 patiently 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 boulevardier of post-1900 culture. He is interested in the people one is interested in, from Matisse to the last show at the Masson Gallery. He is erudite, intelligent, urbane, knows Peacock, Trollope, 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. Yeats will survive not as an individual, but as the representative of a little world of 1914."

PRE AMICA SILENTIA LUXE. 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 Damion, the Anti-Nel: in the second part, Anima Mundii, I am quite lost, or Mr. Yeats is lost to me, in some delicious soft mist as that in which Venus enrapt 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, hob-goblins, and astral bodies we infer some very potent personal charm of Mr. Yeats's.

"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.
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