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

IV. Space and Substance

By D. Marsden

VIII

(81) HOW closely our theory binds together the facts of reality and time we have already indicated. Time we defined as the potentiality for organic movement slowly accumulated in, and impregnated upon, the organic tissues, and bequeathed both to capital and interest from organic form to form. We pointed out that for the human organism with its mechanism adapted for symbolization, brought with it the power to differentiate simple time into the complexities of past and future time, and that it is indeed only with working with this fact as a basis that the activity of realizing together with the whole notion of reality has arisen. Only when these two new wings of time had furnished the stage necessary if the interwoven activities of speech and manual construction were to pursue their transforming career did the conception of making ideas real assume form.

(82) Now just as an explanation of reality which failed to reveal the latter's relationship to time would perforce be concerning itself only with the more superficial bearings of the subject, so would an explanation of reality which failed to relate the latter to the ideas of space and substance be limited to the merely formal difficulties of the subject. As a matter of fact, the ideas of time, space, substance, and reality, together with that of intellect, combine to make a schematic logical whole, and the actual meaning of "explanation" in relation to them consists in the orderly setting forth of their complementary relationship towards one another.

(83) It is in this fashion that it follows that, defining time as the total motor-potentiality of any organism, space and substance prove definable as two out of the three motor-modes into which the totality of time principally exhausts itself. The third motor-mode is that newly evolved motor-activity relative to symbolization which collectively forms the intellect. The supervision of the latter being happily coincident with a specialized development of the spatial power in the form of hands, their co-incident action has proved responsible—in a fashion we have already described—for that unique form of activity called realizing which has reacted with such amazing fruitfulness in the transformation and development of substance. Any explanation of reality therefore involves every one of these terms. In sum: space, substance, and intellect are three modes of time, and reality is an important, though secondary, compounded effect arising out of their coincident operations.

(84) Having now indicated these larger relationships of our subjects, we may limit ourselves in our present study to their more circumscribed aspects: When we defined all forms of experience as forms of feeling, and then defined feeling as forms of movement in the tissues of the experiencing organism, we committed ourselves to a definition of space and substance no less than of any other experiential form. Hence, allowing these definitions, all subsequent consideration of space and substance will be limited to a detailing of the specific differences characteristic of the particular motor-forms composing them. It is upon a consideration of such a limited scope that we have to be understood as entering here.

(85) Circumscribed, however, from the outset as we thus are by our most elemental definitions, the conceptions of space and substance still remain so primary that any survey of them will keep us in the region of our most fundamental vital facts. Our first step, therefore, will be to recall the definition which at an earlier stage we gave of the term life
itself. Life we described as a power to establish a complex motor-system consisting of an organism plus an extra-organic fringe; that is to say, of a "me" plus a "not-me"; or of a self plus a correlate, self instead of world. Thus contradictions seemingly involved in these paradoxical conditions we sought to resolve by insisting that the vital unit or universal was the ego rather than the organism. In this universe, the organic body itself constitutes only the active creative nucleus, while the effects of its creative activity fall into two great categories of organic movement, i.e., sensations and action proper, according as they spring from the one or other of the organism's two main motor-modes: the substantial and the spatial respectively.

(89) The first category, i.e., that of sensation, consists of motor-forms enacted in localized organic areas upon tissues interiorly connected with the localized sense-organs lying just within the organic surface. In their total effects, these comprise the sense-forms of substance with the secondary qualities of sound, colour, and scent. Along with the characteristics of these sense-forms just enumerated, however, we have to associate that of projectivity: a sense-aspect which is very readily overlooked on account of its unvarying incidence with each and every sensory form. For while sensory effects are produced by movements within the organic body, the prime feature admitting of discrimination from them is the presence of a body that is an organic organism. It is this feature which occasions the externality relative to that body common to all sensory phenomena. The very genius of the dual-aspected activity which we call living resides in this power to produce, by means of a mechanism within the body, sense-effects which appear as projected beyond it. Thus an organism proves itself an organism by "owning in every attempt to render into a logical and spatial statement the riddle of existence. Among the first-fruits of its competence is its suggestion of an adequate word-scheme, into which may be translated the otherwise altogether baffling facts of space.

(88) Of the three great orders of organic movement we have now indicated one: those localized sensory movements which yield the projected sense-forms "me" and "not-me" or the egoistic universe. The creative activity of the organic nucleus acting as a whole: or rather acting so as to move the external surface of the organism, as a whole or in part, in such a manner as to alter the relative position of the organic nucleus acting as a whole, and move the external surface of the organism, as a whole or in part, in such a manner as to alter the relative position of the organic nucleus towards its projected sensory fringe. The second order of movement thus forms a kingdom of motion within a kingdom. It is the spatial movement of the nucleus-body apart from sensory substantial order. Of the two kingdoms, neither takes precedence in time over the other. In the history of vital effort both are equally involved. Both require to be recognized as operating in the bare fact of life, and both require place in the latter's definition. Even in respect of sensory forms whose range of sensation is limited to the simplest form of contact, the revealing of this sensation consists precisely in forward or backward movements of the organism viewed externally. If the sense-form is one for which the organism has an affinity, the body moves externally with a view to the sensation's prolongation or intensification. If it is one to which it is antipathetic it moves so as to ensure the sensation's diminution or cessation. It is in this way that we have to regard the spatial power of movement as the organism's auxiliary, or reactive mode, by means of which judgment is effected upon the substantial creations themselves, since it serves either to intensify and prolong them, or to furnish an avenue of escape from them. The complementary character of the two modes is to be emphasized. Such emphasis must not, however, blind us to the fact that each is absolute in itself. The spatial activity, for instance, is not able to annihilate, override, or efface the products of the substantial activity. All that it can do is to negotiate and maneuver them, and under certain procedures, which the intellect and the hands have made possible for the human organism, to transmute them.

IX

(89) The idea of space took its origin in men's minds as the spontaneous logical translation of the limited power of the organic nucleus to negotiate sensory forms, either by moving through them or round them. The idea sprang up betimes in man's cultural history, and came by its most indelibly marked features at a time when man was more habituated to the acceptance of sense-forms at their face value than he is beyond the space beyond it. The contradictions seemingly involved in these paradoxical conditions we sought to resolve by insistence that the vital unit or universal was the ego rather than the organism. In this universe, the organic body itself constitutes only the active creative nucleus, while the effects of its creative activity fall into two great categories of organic movement, i.e., sensations and action proper, according as they spring from the one or other of the organism's two main motor-modes: the substantial and the spatial respectively.

(90) Now with this simple but important modification of the popular notion of space we are provided with a conception which the philosophical mind could accept as comporting logically with all related vital facts, and which would meet every requirement of the space with which the geometrician deals. It is admirably here for every effect of the vital life, and bears no relation to the substantial order. We, however, shall claim that an intelligent and coherent account of space can be rendered of space only when the term is applied to the bodily movement itself. Space, we shall say, is organic movement precisely as these sensory surroundings themselves are, but that it is limited as to its expression to movement of the nucleus-body and its sensory surroundings, while the sensory forms are composed of movement passing over the interiorly situated tissues, which connect up with the sense-organs lying just within the surface. Organic movement will, therefore, be responsible not only for the "contents" of space, i.e., the sense-forms themselves, but also for what the ancients called the "bathing vessel" of such contents, i.e., space itself.

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because of the existence of highly insistent limitations upon these externalized movements of the body. Man has concentrated his attention upon his purely chitinous forms of external opposition; and because he had to contend with so many obstacles which impede it. Everything which is of interest to us in our space is born out of the "lie" of sense-effects which tend to negate our space. The interest of our organic movements of the second order resides in the fact that they have shape and pattern imposed on them by the products of organic movements of the first order. That is to say, the character of the sense-forms is not the same as the shape features upon our external bodily motions. We can only move thus and thus precisely in accord with the value of a ratio represented by the substantial strength of our sensations in comparison with our power of spatial movement.

(91) Hence, though the forms of our externalized movements are imposed by the character of sensory forms, they nevertheless remain the properties of our external movements. They are indeed spatial properties correctly so called, being the properties of our action, i.e. our space, rather than the properties of our substantial forms. However, because they appear in unvarying correlation with the substantial forms, we have come to associate them even more readily with the sense-forms than with space. What we, however, in rough-and-ready way call the spatial properties of our external movements which can be taken in closest proximity to them. They are those edges and surfaces which constitute the uttermost limits of spatial movement in relation to opposing substances. They are the lines of movement which show the least possible deviation from the organic body's track of motion in a straight line; the line, that is, which is shortest, and not all sensory forms are equally efficacious as edges. Hence, at the outset, things would be those sensory forms which definitely blocked hindrances to the free movement of the organic nucleus, the limbs of this nucleus, or the artificial instruments constructed in imitation of limbs. Since the dual activity which constitutes the organism's externalized movements, it is obvious that they have shape and pattern imposed on them by the products of organic movements of the first order. That is to say, the character of the sense-forms is not the same as the shape features upon our external bodily motions. We can only move thus and thus precisely in accord with the value of a ratio represented by the substantial strength of our sensations in comparison with our power of spatial movement.

(94) The complementary conception to space in this interpretation of it is, of course, that of substance. Absolute space would be the power in an organic nucleus-body to move itself bodily without any obstruction, hindrance, or friction of any kind. Such an absolute space space we can imagine and symbolize, but cannot in any way possess knowledge of, inasmuch as the psychic or psychological experiences of the organism's sensory forms whose experiencing forms one factor in the dual activity which constitutes knowing. Whenever we experience space it is a limited space: external movement opposed by some form or other of that sensory movement which constitutes substance. It is precisely in terms of this opposition that we have to define substance. A substance is a sense-form—that is to say a projected form—which presents hindrances to the free movement of the organic nucleus; the limbs of this nucleus, or the artificial instruments constructed in imitation of limbs. Since not all sensory forms are equally efficacious as obstacles—their substantiality being indeed a very highly variable quality—the organism's sensory forms whose experiencing forms one factor in the dual activity which constitutes knowing. Whenever we experience space it is a limited space: external movement opposed by some form or other of that sensory movement which constitutes substance. It is precisely in terms of this opposition that we have to define substance. A substance is a sense-form—that is to say a projected form—which presents hindrances to the free movement of the organic nucleus; the limbs of this nucleus, or the artificial instruments constructed in imitation of limbs. Since not all sensory forms are equally efficacious as obstacles—their substantiality being indeed a very highly variable quality—the organism's sensory forms whose experiencing forms one factor in the dual activity which constitutes knowing.

(95) In these circumstances the primitive organism evolved not only the notion of space but a notion of thinghood to correspond. Roughly, space was where there were highly free paths of movement, and things were those sensory forms which definitely blocked such paths. Hence, at the outset, things would be exclusively solids and space would come to be regarded as the realm where there existed no solid. The realm of things would be that which was not space, but could not in any way possess knowledge of, inasmuch as the psychic or psychological experiences of the organism's sensory forms whose experiencing forms one factor in the dual activity which constitutes knowing. Whenever we experience space it is a limited space: external movement opposed by some form or other of that sensory movement which constitutes substance. It is precisely in terms of this opposition that we have to define substance. A substance is a sense-form—that is to say a projected form—which presents hindrances to the free movement of the organic nucleus; the limbs of this nucleus, or the artificial instruments constructed in imitation of limbs. Since not all sensory forms are equally efficacious as obstacles—their substantiality being indeed a very highly variable quality—the organism's sensory forms whose experiencing forms one factor in the dual activity which constitutes knowing.

(96) Now the scientific progress of man can be described as a progress in which the idea of thinghood has broadened out from the primitive exclusively one of a solid to the comprehensive one which includes anything capable of making an impress even upon our most exquisitely delicate measuring-instruments. Here, as elsewhere, the increased show of sensitiveness...
presented by our measuring-instruments produces revolutionizing results. As a result of the latter's use, the domain of no-thing dwindles, being en­shrunk to vanishing-point. The idea of some-thing to body, limb, or instrument. Moreover, the scientist com­piler broadens into the extensive notion of a smallest resistance or impart the slightest propulsion speculation, and has postulated an imaginary matter, his actually sensed observatories into the realm of ether, which tills all space, and even by definition existing between molecule and molecule. This logical invention has indeed been of such assistance to him in the way of actual sensory findings: for instance, in his inquiry into the behaviour of radiant energy: that he has confidently set his instruments to work to discover its existence as a form of resistance, and it is to his very great surprise that it has never materialized. But leaving speculation alone we can still assert that as far as our spatial experience goes, nowhere is there no-thing; everywhere there is some-thing. The "containing-veil" of space primitively regarded as tenant by comparatively widely separated solid, or partially solidified, blocks comes to be regarded as a closely packed continuum, the formerly recognized solid tenantry being con­sidered as particularly involved, and tightened knots exploiting of the sensory, the balance begins to the meaning of the real.

(98) We have just been concerned to characterize the features of the analytic operation, but let us now look at the sensory products resulting from that operation. We have contended that space and substance are both modes of organic motion, and have reduced all difficulties in the way of proving space a motor-mode by the simple, if drastic, expedient of transferring the term from its popular acceptation in which it stands for the areas covered by the organism's external motor-orders to the movements themselves. Such an expedient will not serve us, however, in respect of substance. As definite blocks to spatial movement, there is no gainsaying or doubting its identity, and therefore no possibility of any mere transference of labels. Either must sensory analysis prove the blocks to be movement or the entire contention fails. In such circumstances the theory derives support, all the more emphatic from the fact that the analytic progress of science reveals matter. To our scientific instruments as forms of motion.

(97) Let us now note what is observable relative to the constitution of this matter when the latter is subjected to a close analytic scrutiny. First, however, let us note what is meant by "analytical scrutiny" of such forms. What is meant is the subjection of these latter to mutual onslaughts upon each other under conditions specially arranged by the spatial movements of the organism. As the outcome of process, one unit of his organism's sensory form plays upon another (or other) sensory form to the end that the form shall lose that inexorableness of disposition which at its face value it presents to what we may call frontal spatial onslaughts. As the outcome of these schemed juxtapositions, sensory forms are made so to betray one another as to render up the secret of their mechanism and movement. By such devices the mind-guided, spatial activity speedily brings about the transformation, and even the disintegration of sensory forms. With matter thus reduced, the possibility begins to present itself with increasing insistence to the intellect that it is open to it to use the spatial movement of the organism in order to rearrange the sensory form that it follows the organic will. The possibilities residing in the realizing activity begin to show themselves capable of transposing the centre of gravity of vital power from the sensory order to that of the spatial as animated by the intellect. As between the spatial and sensory motor-orders, the balance weighed heavily towards the sensory, but with the advent of the intellectual order, with its amazing alliance with the spatial, with a view to the exploitation of the sensory, the balance begins to the other, and yet differing from them in being infinitely more economical and untrammeled than either, a more economical and untrammelled than either, a discovery of the type which can accurately be regarded as origina­tive. These sources are the experiencing organic forms themselves.

(99) One last observation before we break off from our study of reality in order to take up what is indeed a continuation of it in a consideration of the nature and objective of truth. Until the human level is reached it is possible to look upon the organism's spatial and sensory motor-orders as equally developing domains of activity. On lower levels indeed, where all action is instinctive, the two modes appear so intimately and equally yoked together that neither admit of being experienced separately. Rather, the movements combine to form a unit experience. In such circumstances, development means the filling of the organism as an organism. When, however, the intellectual, the third and newest mode of organic movement, supervenes, embodying everything that is significant in both the antecedent modes, and yet differing from them in being infinitely more economical and untrammeled than either, a directing-force has emerged capable of separating the warp of the universe from its weft, and of further weaving them together according to the dictates of a total organic preference. Apparently this innovating weaver of organic powers has no fundamental preference of its own as between the two forces it commands; but because, of the two, the external one is the executant, it follows that whether that which the mind conceives relates to the sphere of the sensory, it must of necessity obey the organic will. The possibilities of the realizing activity begin to show themselves capable of transposing the centre of gravity of vital power from the sensory order to that of the spatial as animated by the intellect. As between the spatial and sensory motor-orders, the balance weighed heavily towards the sensory, but with the advent of the intellectual order, with its amazing alliance with the spatial, with a view to the exploitation of the sensory, the balance begins to the other, and yet differing from them in being infinitely more economical and untrammeled than either, a discovery of the type which can accurately be regarded as origina­tive. These sources are the experiencing organic forms themselves.

(100) Now there is a very definite sense in which the sensory wealth and diversity accruing from the manipulation of its forms by the combined forces of intellect and space produces a depressing effect upon the organic forces as a whole. The effect results from the disparity created between the substantial forces and the remaining two; and this, notwithstanding
the fact that the former forces have come by their augmentation through the agency of the latter rather than by any strength inhering in themselves. As an instance of what is meant there are the facts of astronomy. It is not too much to say that the human mind is literally bullied by the wealth of astronomical phenomena. When men read of some new telescope which is able to bring at a stroke a hundred million new suns into their ken, although this instrument is man-made, they remain unmistakably depressed. What is its meaning? It is the sense of the existing powerlessness of the spatial power to bring men into anything approaching intimate connexion and contact with the new substantial elements. Man's universe has so swiftly expanded that he is overwhelmed with his impotence to overrun and reduce it. The intellect is no longer able to hold an even rein over the necks of the forces it commands. The result is strain and discouragement. Now this state of affairs, developing particularly in respect of astronomical forms, has its origin in a particular transparently spatial capacity: in a comparative powerlessness of the organism to effect complete bodily movement in one of its main dimensions, that of height. While the body may move indifferently in the direction of length and breadth, its power to move in that of height has been—until this last moment of history—only one degree removed from total incompetence, while it is in this very direction that the new substantial elements are in reach. Man's universe, so expandable and penetrable as it is, has been able to achieve most signal triumphs. Hence that feeling of being master of his fate and destiny which man has had in connexion with sensory forms with which he could bring his body into intimate contact has contrasted vividly with his feelings of insignificance and impotence, faced with the sensory "occupants" of an interstellar "space," that part, for instance, of the universe. On the day when the intellect—through the agency of the constructions of the hand—is able to impose this correction of balance between the spatial and substantial powers, the articulate vital spirit embodied in man will feel something less impotently arrogant in claiming the universe as his emanation, and his bodily habitation its true centre.

"TARR"

THE fact that Mr. Wyndham Lewis is known as a draughtsman and painter is not of the least consequence to his standing as a prose writer. To treat his work as an outlet for his superabundant vitality, or a means of his gratifying intellectual passions and keeping his art healthy, cannot lead to accurate criticism. His prose must be judged quite independently of his painting, he must be allowed the hypothesis of a dual creative personality. It would be quite another thing, of course, to find in his writing the evidences of a draughtsman's training—the training to respond to an ecru impression with the motives of a line on paper; the training to respond to motion and especially the development of the tactile sense, recognition of emotion by the physical strains and movements which are its basis.

It is already a commonplace to compare Mr. Lewis to Dostoevsky, analogy fostered by Mr. Lewis's explicit admiration for Dostoevsky. The relationship is so apparent that we can all the more easily be mistaken in our analysis of it. To find the resemblance is nothing; several other contemporary novelists have obviously admired Dostoevsky, and the result is of no importance. Mr. Lewis has made such good use of Dostoevsky—has commandeered him so efficiently for his purposes—that his differences from the Russian must be insisted upon. His mind is different, his method is different, his aims are different.

The method of Mr. Lewis is in fact no more like that of Dostoevsky, taking Tarr as a whole, than it is like that of Flaubert. The book does not comply with any of the accepted categories of fiction. It is not the extended conte (Candide's Spring Mate) nor on the pattern of either Turgenev or Maupassant. It is not the elaboration of a datum, as Madame Bovary. From the standpoint of a Dostoevsky novel Tarr needs filling out; so much of Dostoevsky's effect is due to apparent pure receptivity, lack of conscious selection, to the irrelevances which merely happen and contribute imperceptibly to a total impression. In contrast to Dostoevsky, Mr. Lewis is impressively deliberate, frigid; he is interested in the cold and not the hot outposts of the universe. This is a peculiar intellectuality, not kin to Flaubert; and perhaps inhuman would be a better word than frigid. Intelligence, however, is only a part of Mr. Lewis's quality; it is united with a vigorous physical organism which interests itself directly in sensation for its own sake. The direct contact with the senses, on the other hand, is a complex of the world of immediate experience with its own scale of values, and alike Dostoevsky, but there is always the suggestion of a purely intellectual curiosity in the senses which will disconcert many readers of the Russian novelist. And there is another important quality, neither French nor Russian, which may disconcert them still more. This is Humour.

Humour is distinctively English. No one can be so aware of the environment of his personality as the Englishman; no other nationality perhaps provides so dense an environment as the English. The intelligent Englishman is more aware of loneliness, has more reserves, than the man of intelligence of any other nation. Wit is public, it is in the object; humour (I am speaking only of real humour) is the instinctive attempt of a sensitive mind to protect beauty against ugliness; and to protect itself against stupidity. The older British humour is of this sort; in that great but decadent humorist, Dickens, and in some of his contemporaries it is on the way to the imbecilities of Punch. Mr. Lewis's humour is near to Dickens, but on the right side, for it is not too remote from Ben Jonson. In Tarr it is by no means omnipresent. It turns up when the movement is relaxed, it disappears when the action moves rapidly. The action is in places very rapid indeed: from the blow given by Kreisler in the café to the suicide is one uninterrupted movement. The awakening of Kreisler by the alarm-clock is as good as anything of the sort by Dostoevsky; the feverish haste of the suit-case episode proceeds without a smile. Bertha's impression of Kreisler is good in the same way.

She saw side by side, and unconnected, the silent figure drawing her and the other one full of blindness and violence. Then there were two other figures, one getting up from the yawning, and the present lazy one at the window—four in all, that she did not have to drag anything with, each in a complete compartment of time of its own.
circle. As a figure in the book, indeed, he is protected too well: "Tarr exalts life into a Comedy," but it remains his (private) comedy. In one scene, and that in contact with Kreisler, Tarr is moved from his reserve into reality: the scene in which Tarr is forced out of Kreisler's bedroom. Here there is another point of contact with Dostoevsky, in a variation on one of Dostoevsky's best themes: Humiliation. This is one of the most important elements in human life, and one little exploited. Kreisler is a study in humiliation.

I do not understand the Times when it remarks that the book "is a very brilliant redactio ad absurdum not only of its own characters, but of its own method." I am not sure that there is one method at all; or that there is not a different method for Tarr, for Kreisler, and for Bertha. It is absurd to attack the method which produced Kreisler and Bertha; they are permanent for literature. But there is an invisible conflict in progress all the time, between Tarr and Kreisler, to impose two different methods upon the book. We cannot say, therefore, that the form is perfect. In form, and in the actual writing, it is surpassed by Cantelman's Spring Mate. And Inferior Religions remains in my opinion the most indubitable evidence of genius, the most powerful piece of imaginative thought, of anything Mr. Lewis has written.

There can be no question of the importance of Tarr. But it is only in part a novel; for the rest, Mr. Lewis is a magician who compels our interest in himself; he is the most fascinating personality of our time rather than a novelist. The artist, I believe, is more primitive, as well as more civilized, than his contemporaries, his experience is deeper than civilization, and he only uses the phenomena of civilization in expressing it. Primitive instincts and the acquired habits of ages are confounded in the ordinary man. In the work of Mr. Lewis we recognize the thought of the modern and the energy of the cave-man.

T. S. Eliot

EARLY TRANSLATORS OF HOMER

By Ezra Pound

II. ANDREAS DIVUS

In the year of grace 1906, '08, or '10 I picked from the Paris quais a Latin version of the Odyssey by Andreas Divus Justinopolitanus (Parisii, In officina Christiani Wecheli, M,D,XXXVIII), the volume containing also the Batrachomyomachia, by Aldus Manutius, and the "Hymni Deorum" rendered by Georgius Dairona Cretensis. I lost a Latin Iliads for the economy of four francs, these coins being at that time scarcer with me than they ever should be with any man of my tastes and abilities.

In 1911 the Italian savant, Signore E. Teza, published his note, "Quale fosse la Casata di Andreas Divus Justinopolitanus?" This question I am unable to answer, nor do I greatly care by what name Andreas was known in the privacy of his life: Signore Dio, Signore Divino, or even Mijineer van Got, may have served more as patronymic. Sannazaro, author of De Partu Virginis, and also of the epigram ending haec et sugere, translated himself as Sanctus Naza-reus, I am myself known as Signore Sterlina to James Joyce's children, while the phonetic translation of my name into the Japanese tongue is so indecorous that I am seriously advised not to use it, lest it do me harm in Nippon. (Rendered back ad verbum into our maternal speech it gives for its meaning, "This picture of a phalus costs ten yen." There is no surety in shifting personal names from one idiom to another.

Justinopolis is identified as Capodistria, what matters is Divus' text. We find for the "Nekuia" (Odys. xi):

Circes autem in domo dormientis, non animadverit,
Me retrogradum descendere cundo per scalam
longam,
Sed contra murum eccei autatem mihi cervix
Nervorum fracta est, anima autem in infernum
descendit: 65
Nunc autem his qui venturi sunt postea precor non
presentsubit
Per uxorum et patrem, qui educavit parvum
existentem.
Telenachantoque quem solum in domibus reiquesti.
Scio enim quod hinc iens domo ex inferni
Insulam in Æaeam impellens beneficarcatam navim;
Tunc te postea Rex Iuboe recordari mei
Ne me infletum, insepultum, abiens retro, relinquas
Separatus, ne deorum iraiam
Sed me combrue con armis quaequeaque mihi sunt,
Sepulchramque mihi accumula cani in litore maris,75
Viri infelicis, et cuius apud posteros fama sit:
Hecque mihi perile, figueque in sepulchra remuna,
Quo et vivus remigabant existum cum meis sociis.
Sic dixit: at ego ipsum, respondens, allocutas
sum:
Hac tibi infllex perficiamque et faciam: 80
Nos quidem sic verbis respondentes molestis
Sedeambus: ego quidem seperatim supra san-
guinem ensen tenebam:
Idolum autem ex altera parte socii multa loquae-
batar:
Venit autem insuper anima matris mortue
Autolyci filia magnanimit Anticlea, 85
Quam viviam dereliqui iens ad Ilium sacrum,
Hac quidem ego lachrymatam sum videns misera-
tusque sum aio:
Sed necesse st er priorem licet valde dolens
Sanguinem prope ire, antequam Tiresiam audirem:
Sic dixit: at ego ipsum, respondens, allocutas
sum:
Vagina inclusi: hic autem postquam bibit san-
guinem nigrum,
Et tum iam me verbis allocutas est vates verus;
Reditum queris dulcem illustris Ulysse:
Hanc autem tibi difficillem faciet Deus, non enim
camen.
Later e Neptunum, quam iram imposuit animo
Iratus, quem ei filium dilectum excaecasti:
Sed tamen et sic mala licet passi pervenientis,
Si volveris tuum animam continere et sociorum.

The meaning of the passage is, with a few abbrevia-
tions, as I have interpolated it in three cantos (Poetry,
The Future, and in Lustra, larger edition, pub.

"And then went down to the ship, set keel to
breakers,
Forth on the godly sea,
We set up mast and sail on the swart ship,
Sheep bore we aboard her, and our bodies also;
Heavy with weeping; and winds from sternward
Bore us out onward with bellying canvas,
Circe's this craft, the trim-coifed goddess,
Then sat we amidsthips—wind jamming the tiller—
Thus with stretched sail
we went over sea till day's end.
Sun to his slumber, shadows o'er all the ocean,
Came we then to the bounds of deepest water,
To the Kimberian lands and peopled cities
Covered with close-webbed mist, unpierced ever
With glitter of sun-rays,
Nor with stars stretched, nor looking back from
heaven,
Swarest night stretched over wretched men there,
The ocean flowing backward, came we then to the
place
Aforesaid by Circe.
Here did they rites, Perimedes and Eurylochus,
And drawing sword from my hip
I dug the ell-square pitkin,
Poured we libations unto each the dead,
First mead and then sweet wine, water mixed with
white flour,
Then prayed I many a prayer to the sickly death's-
heads,
As set in Ithaca, sterile bulls of the best
For sacrifice, heaping the pyre with goods.
Sheep, to Tiresias only; black and a bell sheep.
Dark blood flowed in the fosse,
Souls out of Erebus, cadaverous dead,
Of brides, of youths, and of much-bearing old;
Virgins tender, souls stained with recent tears,
Many men mauled with bronze lance-heads,
Battle spoil, bearing yet dreary arms,
These many crowded about me,
With shouting, pallor upon me, cried to my men for
more beasts.
Slaughtered the herds, sheep slain of bronze,
Poured ointment, cried to the gods,
To Pluto the strong, and praised Proserpine,
Unsheathed the narrow sword,
I sat to keep off the impetuous, impotent dead
Till I should hear Tiresias.
But first Elpenor came, our friend Elpenor,
Unburied, cast on the wide earth,
Limbs that we left in the house of Circe,
Unwept, unwrapped in sepulchre, since toils urged
other,
Pitiful spirit, and I cried in hurried speech:
'Elpenor, how art thou come to this dark coast?
Cam'st thou a-foot, outstripping seamen?'

And he in heavy speech:
'Ill fate and abundant wine! I slept in Circe's
ingle,
Going down the long ladder un guarded, I fell
against the buttress,
Shattered the nape-nerve, the soul sought Avernum.
But thou, O King, I bid remember me, unwept, un-
buried,
Heap up mine arms, be tomb by sea-board, and
inscribed:
"A man of no fortune and with a name to come."
And set my oar up, that I swung mid fellows.'

"Man of ill hour, why come a second time,
Shalt return through spiteful Neptune, over dark
seas,
Lose all companions." Foretold me the ways and
other,
"Ill fate and abundant wine! I slept in Circe's
ingle,
Going down the long ladder un guarded, I fell
against the buttress,
Shattered the nape-nerve, the soul sought Avernum.
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"Man of ill hour, why come a second time,
Shalt return through spiteful Neptune, over dark
seas,
Lose all companions." Foretold me the ways and
other,
Even habentes when one has made up one's mind to it, together with less obvious exoticisms, does not upset one as “the steep of Delphos leaving.”

One is, of necessity, more sensitive to botches in one's own tongue than to botches in another, however carefully learned.

For all the fuss about Divus' errors of elegance Samuelis Clarkius and Jo. Augustus Ernestus do not seem to have gone him much better—with two hundred years extra Hellenic scholarship at their disposal.

The first Aldine Greek Iliads appeared I think in 1501, Odyssey possibly later. My edition of Divus is of 1538, and as it contains Aldus' own translation of the Frog-fight, it may indicate that Divus was in touch with Aldus in Italy, or quite possibly the French edition is pirated from an earlier Italian printing. A Latin Odyssey in some sort of verse was at that time infinitely worth doing.

Raphael of Volterra had done a prose Odyssey with the opening lines of several books and a few other brief passages in verse. This was printed with Laurenzo Valla's prose Iliads as early as 1502. He begins:

"Die mihi musa virum captae post tempora Troiae
Qui mores hominum multorum vidit et urbes
Multa quoque et ponto passus dum naufragus errat
Ut sibi tum solis (socis) vitam servaret in alto
Non tamen hos cupiens fato deprompsit acerbo."

Probably the source of "Master Watson's" English quantitative complet, and obviously not copied by Divus:

"Virum mihi die musa multiscium qui valde multum
Erravit ex quo Troiae saecrum urbem depopulatus est:
Multorum autem virorum vidit urbes et mentem
Cognovit:
Moltos autem hic in mare passus est dolores, su in animali,
Liberans suamque animam et redditum sociorum." 

On the other hand, it is nearly impossible to believe that Clark and Ernestus were unfamiliar with Divus. Clark calls his Latin erib a composite "non elegantem utique et venustam, sed ita Romanam, ut verbis constituat posita est:
Multa quoque et ponto passus dum naufragus errat
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THE FRENCH WORD IN MODERN PROSE

Jean-Richard Bloch is the nearest equivalent I know to George Meredith. It would almost be possible to balance a page from Meredith against a page from . . . et Cie. But Meredith remains the more complete master, as yet, if not the more interesting.

If, while I was looking through the first two chapters of . . . et Cie, I had been told by some bystander that I should reach the last of the 340 pages or so (400 words to a page) without another stumble I should have been surprised. For this narrative about a business adventure, as detailed as Robinson Crusoe itself, has a repellingly Teutonic stolidity of approach. Subtract the introductory scenes and the almost as ungainly and quite unnecessary syllable oration at the close, and you have a book important and engrossing.

It is the history of a family of Alsatian Jews: weavers, who, choosing for France after the first Franco-German War, emigrate out of their native province, now annexed across the frontier, there to start life and business anew, characteristically intent on a limited if difficult goal, forms the main raison d'être of romance wherein the business passion takes the place of the, in fiction, more usual love passion. Nevertheless, granted upon this more novel theme is a love episode of a rare quality, the heroine of which is the flower of the whole composition, a girl "Goye" who has a place in the ranks of striking feminine characters.

A feature of this curious book is, that while enabled by his own descent to give the most intimate views of the Jewish psychology (incidentally also of Jewish and Alsatian customs and other distinctive traits),
the attitude of this Zangwill in French literary annals is that of an impartial outsider and looker-on.

M. Bloch delineates character with a tart originality. The men are made clear by their actions; the women (witty Helene de Plancy, & Leigh Sarah, and the rest) insinuate their presence more passively, more obliquely.

Comme toute la vie doit passer à travers la femme pour se perpétuer, elle sais quelque chose de plus que nous dans le domaine obscru.

The woman answer to that theory. They weigh heavily on events without directing them into a purpose.

The men in this book are enwrapped of their trade, and as the women live for their mankind the "factory" is their raison d’être too:

Il fallait des pièces de drap dans le magasin, non seulement parce qu’un magasin vide gaisse le client, mais surtout parce qu’il fallait s’entourer au plus vite de cette odeur, de ce toucher et de ce spectacle si nécessaires à la vie.

Everything lives that comes into contact with life if it be intense enough. It is this great and insufficiently recognized truth on which Bloch’s book is founded. The Simlers’ business was one of their various religions, the "family" was another:

La fabrique, la famille, il n’y a pas de différence, ce sont deux aspects de la même chose.

M. Bloch does not squamishly idealize or attenuate his characters. They can be frankly and avowedly coarse in manner, and physically unprepossessing.

Brusque contrasts illustrate the combined matter-of-factness with the artistic emotions of the Jewish temperament. From the description of a menu (with recipes), M. Bloch will pass without interval to analysing the “Waldstein” sonata. I cannot be sure whether he intended to convey this impression or whether these ungraduated oppositions are the consequence of his own innate racial tendencies. Probably there is a combination of accident and design.

The book is swollen with metaphor, much of it very fine. M. Bloch’s use of adjectives also deserves comment. Simplicity is not Bloch’s way:

Enfin, au moment où une éclaireuse syllabe, proche parente du mot rose, se débattait entre les favoris d’Hyppolyte, et tentait de franchir le seuil disloqué de ses lièvres, la trompette, que les plus avertis guettaient de loin, se leva et les envoya.

Yet his proximity at its most prolix is not tedious because it is always full and compact.

Like Balzac, but a rational Balzac, Bloch is versed in a great variety of topics. He plays with figures, is sensitive by comprehension of the psychology of children and women; he will explain the cause of feminine domination in France, the rôle of women in Jewish families—he seems to possess a master-key to a world of subjects.

Such profusion might, very easily, have entailed confusion. Here it does not. . . . et Cie is a well-conceived orderly composition. The characters are all good portraits, the minor ones as well as those more in the foreground—the little lunchhacker Blum, for instance, is striking. Certain scenes are replete with life, the first introduction between Helène and Joseph, the succeeding love scene with its suppressed demonstration, the adventure of, and after, the Moulin de la Galette, the soliloquies of the boy Louis, which in themselves mirror various scenes, there are others, but many other pictures are magnificent achievements. M. Bloch is prolifically careless of confusion. He will explain the cause of feminine domination in France, the rôle of women in Jewish families—he seems to possess a master-key to a world of subjects.

The multitude of the characters appearing in May Sinclair’s work is proof enough that she has penetrated into all hearts. But she specially inclines towards two types, first, the humble and then the merchant, poets or writers, living on the proceeds of their art. She must from the first have had some presentiment of her own strength. Her early figures are good outline sketches of those which appear later on; and if these early figures lack in force and emphasis, it is due to lack of practice in writing.

A writer does not master his medium all at once. But already in The Divine Fire she has acquired the

Nothing more apt has been said since it became particularly apt.

Muriel Ciolkowska

CHARITY AND GRACE IN THE WORK OF MAY SINCLAIR

By Jean de Bosschère

The unifying factor in the work of May Sinclair is its humanity. The emotions of the heart are controlled by the intelligence, but ever and again we find the heart claiming its unalienable rights, and it is then that the author produces her finest work.

It is not sentimental, but there is about it a naked truthfulness quite free from that rhetoric which is the evil tradition of most writers in dealing with emotions.

And every one of Miss Sinclair's books is fraught with the flow of poetic inspiration. It is the task of showing what a great poet is latent in this novelist; but it is relevant to insist upon the fact before passing on to consider the peculiar qualities of the illumination displayed in her pictures of modern life.

Miss Sinclair approaches humankind with combination and solicitude, and since everything in this world is in a state of equilibrium, her solicitude and her love bring her intuition and charity. Through her love she reaches visions of the rarest reality. She manages, by virtue of the wholeness and confidence of her gift, to see the world without a veil.

There is only one world and one reality, and that is the image we make of it imaginatively. See the world as it is, say the rhetoricians. That is meaningless. The world varies according to the way we look at it. The world is only what we ourselves are. There is no relationship between the carpenter’s world and the world of the professor. There may be sometimes, in politics and in religion, a certain identity of vision, but these ephemeral understandings do not conceal the authentic world. Only the world that is in ourselves is known to us. We cannot perceive of no other with any reality. Every time that a man, even a mediocrity, is depicted; whenever we are shown the honest portrait of a philosopher, a madman, or a mediocrity such as Ranny Ransome, or of a determined constructor such as Jewons, we fasten upon the delineation with an eager passionate instinct—the instinct of direct communication with the man. It is always the secret hope of a personal revelation that attaches us to a loyal narrative.

The multitude of the characters appearing in May Sinclair’s work is proof enough that she has penetrated into all hearts. But she specially inclines towards two types, first, the humble and then the merchant, poets or writers, living on the proceeds of their art. She must from the first have had some presentiment of her own strength. Her early figures are good outline sketches of those which appear later on; and if these early figures lack in force and emphasis, it is due to lack of practice in writing.

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The personality of the character is always so powerful as to give one at first the impression that it is purely swept away by recurrent evidence of close analysis, a man's certainty of touch. The novelist shares the experience of his characters and is more dependent upon them than one would suppose. May Sinclair, like all great artists, must have a single word of condemnation. There are times when her vision is so intense that she seems to see the very fabric of the book is in infinite communion with the character that he is in infinite communion with the character that is indicated in a few strokes. One does not master's certainty of touch. The personality of the character, the way events succeed one another. A novel composed according to classical rules is familiar even before we have read it through. There are fixed conventions as to the presentation of the hero, the conventions as to the hero, the foreshadowing of a marriage, the prevision of a death. The Creators, and of foresight. The invisibility of all effort is the measure of a great force and it brings us a priceless satisfaction of the mind. In The Three Sisters, for example, it seems as if the author is as ignorant as one of the early novels of May Sinclair is to be made by the same ardour for pain. Her people are almost as many writers who have neither intelligence nor gifts. For a proper comprehension of individual depth, the vision it brings and the understanding it permits, intelligence is fatally necessary.

Dostoievsky had two of the three gifts that are said to be indispensable to the novelist. If he had had all three—the equal measure which seemed in France before the war, to be once more coming into favour, the thing it brings and the understanding it permits, intelligence is fatally necessary.

The representation of friendship takes a prominent place in Miss Sinclair's work: friendship and sacrifice. In The Creators, in the midst of a group of women mad with the passion for sacrifice (which they confound with the love of humanity), Laura sacrifices herself to her father in a horrible life, cold and arid, threaded with frightful dreams. It is hell, with a madman. When her father dies, her instinct for friendship seizes her and she says, "there was no construction. It is life laid bare with an unfailing and even violent charity. This concreteness, this infallibility of touch, itself produces the harmony of the book.

Books like The Three Sisters and Tasker Jevons are a proof that the abundance, the apparent confusion of The Divine Fire and The Creators is the result of the tireless domination of the clear spirit of the author. There is no real confusion in The Divine Fire and The Creators, but a mind which absorbs everything; treating with equal power both the diversity of detail and the salient figures. It is for this reason that each chapter of ancient history. There are hours when history of a man's life is not to be written coldly.

In May Sinclair's work, these things happen as they do in life. The steering of such works demands an infinite amount of artistic originality, of prudence and of foresight. The invisibility of all effort is the measure of a great force and it brings us a priceless satisfaction of the mind. In The Three Sisters, for example, in this hour, this state of intuition and inspiration, her characters appear to captures her material at the same time. "Great creation of character," says Suarès, "is a passionate differentiation of the soul of the creator." This fever of creation is perceptible throughout the work of May Sinclair. There may be here and there pages that are less well written; but there are no construction. It is life laid bare with an unfailing and even violent charity. This concreteness, this infallibility of touch, itself produces the harmony of the book.

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Here, for the moment, met by this cry of terror, her pity cannot be vanquished. Nevertheless—though many pages of quotation would be required to demonstrate it—charity, pity, and grace bathe, almost excruciatingly, all her scenes. And her representations of friendships give friendship at its utmost—attachments persisting through years of trial and of happiness. At the end of Jane Holland, for example, Jane says to her friend:

"You're right. I can't do much without you. I am not perfectly alive when you're not there. And I can't get away from you—as I can get away from Hugh. I believe I remember every single thing you ever said to me. I'm always wanting to talk to you. I don't want—always—to talk to Hugh. But—I think more of him."

Her deep tenderness shines out steadily in the representations of the intermingling of different classes. In three or four of her books we meet men and women coming from different social ranks who fall in love and marry. The heart alone is capable of guiding the novelist through the labyrinth of complex sentiments in the souls of these contrasted types. Such contrasts are yet another of the salient characteristics of her work. It is in her last book that social inequality in marriage is most finely treated. Tasker Jevons is the son of obscure folk; Viola the daughter of very considerable people, her father a minor canon of Canterbury.

In her presentation of Tasker Jevons May Sinclair reaches the summit of analytical insight. It is done, however, with subtlety and one is not conscious of the workmanship. Tasker Jevons is her best known novel. There is only the action and the commentary on the action. Yet by these means she has built up, uncontestably, a character so far unknown to fiction. Tasker Jevons is restrained from crime by his goodness of heart, which is also the motive of his attachment to Viola, the young girl who is portrayed with an almost incredible insight.

One may summarize the way in which the atmosphere of tenderness bathes the novels of May Sinclair: the good she endows with her own sentiments; the bad she sees pitifully and mercifully. A poet, even in his laughter, derives his art from his own sufferings. The novelist draws it, even when he is representing demons, from the all-embracing vastness of his charity.

It is this charity which draws down upon the novelist the grace of inspiration.

VISON

A TORRENT of silk poured between overhanging breasts and spread upon the carpet in a troubled sea.

Vast skirts stood out over the surf, vertical lunar cliffs at the point of collapse. The core of flesh beneath moved like a troubled worm, and above the unsubstantial walls eyes watched a gilt hoop hung from a pole, the late circumference of a dead mandril. The wire was worn pale where the horny flesh beneath moved like a troubled worm, and above the lunar cliffs at the point of collapse. The core of equality in marriage is most finely treated. Tasker Jevons is the son of obscure folk; Viola the daughter of very considerable people, her father a minor canon of Canterbury.

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THE MEDITATION OF A LOVER AT DAYBREAK

I CAN just see the distant trees
And I wonder whether they will
Or will not
Bow their tall plumes at your passing
In the carriage of the morning wind:

Or whether they will merely
Tremble against the cold dawnlight
Shaking a yellow leaf
To the dew-wet earth.

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