PHILOSOPHY: THE SCIENCE OF SIGNS

XVII. TRUTH

I. Its Objective

By D. Marsden

I

(1) WHEN we reach that stage of our study where we have to address ourselves to the subject of truth, the expression of our conception of philosophy as the science of signs must necessarily be approaching its culmination. At this point, if we are to achieve clearness of method not only must we be ready to present such a summary of our position as will enable the entire theory to be judged as a unit; and it will be precisely in the making explicit of conclusions implicit in the theory as a whole that we shall cause to emerge the significance we attach to the activities called the pursuit of truth. Granted the character under which we have chosen to interpret vital experience as a whole, the specific end which these activities seek must be shown to be the interpretation's obvious and inevitable culmination. Our first chapter on truth will therefore concern itself with truth's objective in such a way as to present it in relation to the course of vital history in general and to that of human history in particular. Our second chapter will be devoted to the elucidation (as far as our powers allow) of that crucial matter—the method of acquisition of truth as embodied in the process which informs the syllogism and all classification. Our third chapter will concern itself with that specific and piecemeal acquisition of truth which constitutes the progress of science, together with the nature of the adjustments incumbent on modern science if the latter is to ground itself upon stable and logical bases.

(2) In order to specify, as we see it, the objective of the truth-hunt it is necessary, as we have said, to summarize our theory of life and of humanity; and when we consider the vast range of fundamental ideas over which we have perforce had to travel in order to envisage the full scope of the power of signs: ideas of life, feeling, the ego, the universe, time, space, substance, mind, knowledge, memory, reality, cause, will, and destiny: it is obvious it can be no easy matter to make decision as to which of these basic conceptions shall be chosen as starting-point from whence to render obvious the relationships in which those that remain stand in regard to it and to one another. For ourselves we make start with feeling, and anent this, the rock upon which we raise our subsequent philosophic structure we claim to be a piece of purest tautology, since it is in this light that we interpret the significance of the Berkeleian formula esse = percipi. (For what it is worth we might here note the fact that this formula was arrived at independently, and does not need, therefore, to be presented for adoption on the strength of established authority merely.) We hold that to be = to be perceived, simply because the significant verbal part of to be has been allowed to go without saying, precisely on account of its universality. Simply because perception is the substance of every species of experience, men have fallen into the habit, as far as their speech goes, of dropping the expression for the invariably present factor of feeling in general, content to reintroduce it when they require to indicate some specific kind of feeling. For the rest the mere auxiliary serves. In the sequel, either through lapses of memory or—almost certainly—through man's radically imperfect apprehension of his own verbal procedure, men have awakened to that fuller consciousness which is philosophic only to find themselves in possession of a mysterious verbal form to be, and an equally mysterious substantival form, being: the two supposedly indicative of a mode of existence which feeling does not exhaust. What the Berkeleian
The formula does is to set the situation right by proclaiming the identity of the two verbal forms. The bearing of the formula can, we consider, be better indicated in the English than in the Latin, since in the former, by the simple insertion of brackets, the absolute tautologousness of the formula can be visually demonstrated. The English form, to be (perceived) — to be perceived, reveals the nature of the ellipsis whereby a mere auxiliary has come to possess the apparently independent status and meaning of a verb; and it shows too why the affirmation of a complete identity should not be amounted to less than a philosophical revolution.

(3) Since, then, being is simply feeling, we are obviously in possession of a synonym for all forms of existence. Feeling exhausts the total of all things, and equates with the last jot and tittle of all which goes to make the universe. The next step of our progress will now be to get an equation for feeling itself merely by scrutinizing the significance we permit to attach to the various terms in our vocabulary. To secure a synonym for feeling we have to do more. We have to scrutinize all the forms of experience in order to find out those which attach themselves to all felt experiences in that particular relationship of invariable association and concomitance which science describes as causation. Such forms we hold to exist in the shape of movements in the tissues of the organism which in any given circumstance is the feeling agent. All that is, is felt; and all that is felt is caused by, and constituted out of, the movements of the tissues of the organism which feels. Such movement apart, all being, all feeling, is less than meaningless. Its absence is the negation of all things and all being. Complete organic rigidity is nothingness and death.

(1) This being so, it follows that however deep be the differences between various forms of experience, such differences are not great enough to override this basic similarity of origin. When, therefore, an examination of experience shows that even the most elemental feelings of any organism are compounded of at least two elements, spatial and substantial respectively, we are driven to say that organic movement expresses itself only under a dual nature and that it can establish itself and take form only as the play of two equal and opposite forces of the kind which are called by our terms spatial and substantial. Organic action—or life—cannot, therefore, be logically defined except as a minimum comprising three terms: (1) the acting organism or creative motor-nucleus itself; (2) the feeling of space or possibility of the organism's moving on its external surface; and (3) the feeling, sensationally produced, of substance and immune, in which it may play upon: experiment and action.

Or we might say that the phenomenon called life is comprised of a motor-organization or generating-station, whose forces manifest themselves only under a condition of polarization, and therefore as an equilibrium of equal and opposite forces: these forces representing the spatial and substantial organic power-arms respectively. The sign of any process of the one or the other is its cause. Further, that the maintenance of this disintegration: this dualism or polarity of motor-force: is what constitutes life, while their unification is the correct paraphrase for death. To this system of force comprising generating-nucleus plus the effects of its equal and opposite power-arms: space and substance, we give the name of universe or ego.

II

(5) Thus far in our definition of life little complexity appears. When, however, we take under consideration the life-unit which manifests mind and knowledge, the scheme rapidly grows more involved. Arising out of a more intense play of the forces of the human organism, certain effects supervene upon those of the two primary power-arms: space and substance. In the form of intellect there now emerges what amounts to a third power: not an independent arm indeed: but a manifestation of augmented force whose genus consists in its action as a mediating agency between the two primary arms, powerfully modifying both.

Now intellect or mind is, we hold, the power to create and apply signs. Such power is based on an augmentation of the general organic motor-force to a degree at which the latter becomes empowered with a totally new capacity and power of growth, both spatial and substantial. As for its effect upon the latter, the new access of grip results in a new sense of saliency by virtue of which any form created by the movements in the organic tissues can be made to stand out as an exclusive and prominent unit which for the instant renders it pre-eminently noteworthy, and as such a suitable base for the process of imitation. It is the maintenance of this disintegrity: this dualism or polarity, that is: the two great power-arms of organic creation worked together as an inseparable unit. But with the advent of the conceptual image, the organism finds itself in possession of a sphere of activity, private and immune, in which it may play upon: experiment upon: mental spatial reactions to mental sensory pressure. This pressure is, of course, a non-stop spatial reaction, habitual to the point of being inevitable, and is able to devise in a progressive measure spatial reactions which produce effects most in keeping with those which it desires hope to make transpire. That is to say, in the place of the non-stop journey from sense-impression to spatial adjustment, which is characteristic of the instinct, the sign-bearing trunk erect and so free the spatially acting fore limbs for very much more extended spatial action. But above all, modifying the structure of the throat and head, it renders possible a much more facile creation of variable sounds, and these, making an amazing alliance with the salient cause and conjunctly exploiting that economy of motor-reproduction which lies at the base of organic growth, this new power of grip and control begat the revolutionary power to create a true sign.

(6) Once established, the latter presents a veritable cornucopia of revolutionizing powers. Most outstanding amongst them is that of mental conception: the power to quicken into being by means of a sign or concept the spatial and substantial organic movements.

(7) An immediate consequence of the creation of these mental copies, again, is a breaking-in upon the unitary character of substantial, or sensory, action plus spatial reaction. Prior to the advent of the sign: on the instinctive level prior to the emergence of intellect, that is: the two great power-arms of organic creation worked together as an inseparable unit. But with the advent of the conceptual image, the organism finds itself in possession of a sphere of activity, private and immune, in which it may play upon: experiment upon: mental spatial reactions to mental sensory pressure. This pressure is, of course, a non-stop spatial reaction, habitual to the point of being inevitable, and is able to devise in a progressive measure spatial reactions which produce effects most in keeping with those which it desires hope to make transpire. That is to say, in the place of the non-stop journey from sense-impression to spatial adjustment, which is characteristic of the instinct, the sign-bearing trunk erect and so free the spatially acting fore limbs for very much more extended spatial action. But above all, modifying the structure of the throat and head, it renders possible a much more facile creation of variable sounds, and these, making an amazing alliance with the salient cause and conjunctly exploiting that economy of motor-reproduction which lies at the base of organic growth, this new power of grip and control begat the revolutionary power to create a true sign.
tial medium by means of hands may be imposed in advance by the power of the sign. We have shown that the first effect produced by the sign-power as far as the notion of time is concerned is to create a present vastly aggrandized by the enormous wings of the past and future: that present itself being simply a complex of organic movement elaborated by these means.

(12) Now this power of signs to refract a simple present into a triune-aspected present, swollen with the riches of a resurrected past and heavy with the projections of a schemed future, is responsible for a certain element featuring in all known experience, the idea of order or of flow: an idea which in its turn we hold to be the cause of the idea of cause. This notion of cause, peculiar to man, is founded on an underlying idea of an order of enactment, so that every event becomes conceived as one which either is or has been a present, and which certainly has had an antecedent past and which will certainly have a consequent future: a complex of organic movement elaborated by these means.

(15) In respect of this, man's prime desire does...
securing of this same end.* But in those human speculations, called religions, men have shown themselves sensitive to—and in a measure articulate concerning—the potentialities of intellect to encompass life's desired end with a hitherto unprecedented power of efficiency so that even the humbllest of religious literatures takes rank as an attempt to bear witness, however faltering, to the existence of an, as yet, unspent and immanent force in intellect which is recognized as affording direction to all men's intellectual and realizing endeavours. What the religious sense of man sees is that his immature power of intellect, however immature, gives unmistakable evidence of its purpose and intent. Hence, while he accepts his immature power to apply signs as it already exists and calls it human, he conceives the same power developed to its maturity and sees that the form into which it will eventuate is that of the superhuman: the superman which he calls a god who seeks and to effect is conformed to, and one with the scope of his desires. The culmination of the power of the sign, therefore, which is also the culmination of humanity, is one with humanity's supersession. For the sign's culmination means that in place of peering ineffectually through a dim and flawed glass, the mind will see clearly the whole order and course of life and the entire sequence of enactment of all things from end back to origin. It means the completion of the circuit. Destiny and origin merge in one and time swings into an eternity. The knowledge of the "how" of life's method has become one with the power to effect it. Knowledge of all things means power over all things: which include the enacting of both life and death. "Hence, seeing that the gods see," is the control of keys of life and death, and the being which grows into such knowledge and wields such power is precisely that which man's prescient mind has already shaped under the name of god.

(17) Obviously, the fact that the emergence of words coincides with the emergence of man renders the very power which makes him what he is the instrument of his supersession. The very reason of his advent is apparently that he shall pass. Thus is humanity a mere bridge: an interlude: an intermediate form between forms heavily differentiated on either side. A form inoculated with the power of the sign which lodges in his blood and tissue, he forgets which shares the quickening spirit which is engaged in the achieving of his own supersession. The entire human period has, indeed, to be viewed as transitional, during which the corporate human race, itself having heired the ages and turned all its energies and so on, and so on.

* See chapter on Will, The Egoist, February 1918.
Les auteurs russes : Dostoevsky, Tolstoi exaltent en elle un
appétit de sacrifice.
Gracieux nature de femme, Natacha se consacre à ses enfants :
que de beaux dans ces renoncements.
Balzac peuple Paris de vivantes figures ; pas un quartier
qui n’en ressouvie une.
Au Palais Royal, Rubèmpé sort de chez Dauriat ; Coralie
dans sa calèche descendent les Champs-Élysées . . .
A vivre mille romans, elle oublie sa médiocre vie.
O les chers amis que sont les livres !
The whole galaxy is covered in two or three airy
pages. There is something childlike in this brevity.
The book made me think of Scenes of Clerical Life.
So change reminiscence. I compared the troubles of
the little, misunderstood, Parisian bride with those
of George Eliot’s heroine who would light her candle
before daybreak to darn her children’s socks in bed
before rising-time. The Parisian lady has no children
—children and novels are antagonistic ; the more
there are of children the less of novels. It is true
she expresses a not too-convincing regret at this
absence, desired, as we are informed, by her partner ;
but if she had children they would of course play
in the Champs-Élysées in sandals. How many years
it takes to simplify life ! From shoes and stockings
to sandals and bare feet ; from sandals to no little
feet at all to wear them ; from George Eliot to Mme.
Lucie Paul-Margueritte.

Madre afortunada, en su calidad de matrona, ha
involucrado a un sacerdote en sus obligaciones.
Afortunada, tiene un talento innato para
el drama religioso, lo cual le ha
permitido加盖áisar tanto en su
labor como en su vida personal.

The book made me think of Scenes of Clerical Life.
So change reminiscence. I compared the troubles of
the little, misunderstood, Parisian bride with those
of George Eliot’s heroine who would light her candle
before daybreak to darn her children’s socks in bed
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in the Champs-Élysées in sandals. How many years
it takes to simplify life ! From shoes and stockings
to sandals and bare feet ; from sandals to no little
feet at all to wear them ; from George Eliot to Mme.
Lucie Paul-Margueritte.

Nothing in the literary form needs so much tact
as the form Bandelaire baptized “ poems in prose.”
Therefore M. Gilbert de Veisins, who cannot commit
a mistake in taste, has chosen a title of pure fancy
without epithet. The publication is a reissue and it
will endure many another. It is a collection of
exquisite patterns, but complete, not fragmentary : like
so many butterflies pinned in a case, one specimen
of every kind, yet all butterflies, though they resemble
flowers or shells or birds or dead leaves. A specimen :

LE PRIX DE LA JEUNESSE
La grande précaution de ne jamais renoncer au rêve que
l'on fût à vingt ans.
Si le roi de Chine t‘offre ses plus beaux trésors, donne en
échange ton sang, mais ne lui donne pas ce rêve-là.
Si la reine de Saba t‘offre son baiser, donne en échange ta
raison, mais ne lui donne pas ce rêve-là.
Malgré les espions et la bonne qui les suit, malgré nos frères
les hommes, malgré l‘horreur des cauchemars et l‘ennui des
veilles, il faut garder toujours vivant cet ancien rêve, le visiter
les jours et les nuits, et, quelquefois, s‘interrompre de
vivre pour le surprendre à l‘improviste.
La jeunesse qui nous fait mourir, un sourire sur les lèvres,, un
immortel espoir au fond des yeux, la jeunesse que ne s‘aurait
encore avant de s‘endormir, et, quelquefois, s‘interrompre de
vivre pour le surprendre à l‘improviste.

L’ŒUVRÊ DE L’ÉGÎST
Nov.—Dec. 1918

Mlle. Lenéru was spared those experimental stages
which are the lot of most artists at the beginning of
their career. Her value was known and recognized
before her work was made public. Celebrity was the
only advantage she had not to struggle for : a select
celebrity among her peers. For Marie Lenéru,
whose works investigate psychological problems and
notably the relations between man and woman and
the complications of married life, and who had a clear
and broad comprehension of politics and sociological
questions, was a deaf-mute additionally afflicted with
partial blindness. This suffering being, with her
outwardly very attenuated and inwardly extremely
vivid life-power, was surprised by death when barely
forty.

As I am about to seal these notes I hear of the
death, from the ubiquitous complaint, of another
French authoress of note : Anne de Pène, one of
whose novels was recently appearing in L‘Oeuver, an
“organ” which has a very high opinion of itself and
its contributors. Mme. de Pène was an agreeable,
graceful writer, unpedantic but not uncultured.
She, also, dies too young.


THE HELLENIST SERIES
By Ezra Pound

IV. SAPPHO

There is no use reploughing the ground covered
by Wharton. Aldington’s version of the
Aththis poem, from J. M. Edmond’s conjec-
tural restoration, will, I think, take its place in any
“complete” English “Sappho” of the future.
I can suggest no other additions to Wharton save
the Spanish text of Castillo y Ayensa (published
1832) and possibly the version of the “Hymn” by
the American (or Irish?) O’Hara. Here and else-
where he has shown no inconsiderable talent for the
sapphic strophe, but he has small power of selection
and the bad work in his books is likely to take from
him the credit he might have for the good.

HYMN TO APHRODITE
O’HARA (1910)

Aphrodisite subtle of soul and deathless,
Daughter of God, weaver of wiles, I pray thee
Neither with care, dread Mistress, nor with anguish
Stay thou my spirit.

But in pity hasten, come now if ever !
From afar, of old, when my voice implored thee,
Thou hast deigned to listen leaving the golden
House of thy father

With thy chariot yoked, and with doves that drew thee
Fair and fleet around the dark earth from heaven,
Dipping vibrant wings down the azure distance
Through the mid ether :

Very swift they came ; and thou gracious Vision
Leaned with face that smiled in immortal beauty,
Leaned to me and asked, “ What misfortune
thou hast called thee ? ”

“ What my frenzied heart craved in utter yearning,
Whom its wild desire would persuade to passion
Whom disdainful charms madly worshipped, slight thee ?
Who wrongs thee, Sappho ?

“ She that fain would fly, she shall quickly follow
She that now rejects, yet with gifts shall woo thee,
She that heeds thee not, soon shall love to madness,
Love thee, the loth one.”

Come to me now thus Goddess and release me
From distress and pain ; and all my distracted
Heart would seek, do thou, once again fulfilling
Still be my ally!
This is the bodies of our forefathers,

Moist crumbly loam, dark, odorous—

Take earth in your hands, common earth,

Watching the harvest, joking, sweating,

Alive.

All of them, dozens, gone, and I only

Seen the red face turn like a yellow leaf,

Left above ground in the hot sun,

I have slept side by side with men

Tasting wine, wooing lips, laughing,

Or bundles of dirty bones.

Who are now green corpses

How simple it is, how natural.

Watched it all, taken it in.

The firm mouth wobble;

I have seen the good flesh cut, the white bone

Give at the knees, stumble, crash in the mud,

I have seen the strong body crumble and wither,

Dread death, shrink and shiver and murmur,

Into the greasy grave.

Let me speak once more of the end, the parting—

Start at the spectre, evade, palaver,

People in cities, perturbed, neurasthenic,

Groan a little, lie still;

Rushing like futile hogs helter-skelter,

Till shoved ignominiously

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Y tu, banando tu inmortai semblante

De sus alitas con batir frecuente,

Antes desciende como en otro tiempo

Varia y artera, veneranda Diosa

Hija de Jove, sempiterna Cipria,

Randas llegaban a la tierra oscura;

Por mi defando, mis amantes votos

Placida oyendo

Tu al aureo carro presurosa uncias

Y tu, banando tu immortal semblante

Dulce sourisa,

"Cual es tu pena ? tu mayor deseo

"Cual ?, preguntabas ; para que me invocas ?

"A quien tus redes, oh mi Saio, busca ?

"Quien te desprecio ?

"Huyete alguno ? segurirate presto.

"Dones desdena ? Te dara sus dones.

"Besos no quere ? cuando tu le esquives

"Ha de besarte."

Ven, y me libra del afan penoso;

Ven, cuanto el alma conseguir anhela

Tu se lo alcanza, y a mi lado siempre

Siempre combate.

DEATHS OF COMMON MEN

NOW, while the sun is hot

And they gather the grape-harvest,

And the leaves are gold, and life splendid,

Let me speak once more of the end, the parting—

How simple it is, how natural.

People in cities, perturbed, neurasthenic,

Rushing like futile hogs helter-skelter,

Living as if they would live for ever.

Dread death, shrink and shiver and mumble,

Start at the spectre, evade, palaver,

Till shoved ignominiously

Into the greasy grave.

More of my friends now are dead than living.

I have seen the strong body crumble and wither,

Give at the knees, stumble, crash in the mud,

Groan a little, lie still;

I have seen the good flesh cut, the white bone

Shattered,

Seen the red face turn like a yellow leaf,

The firm mouth wobble.

I have slept side by side with men

Who are now green corpses

Or bundles of dirty bones.

All of them, dozens, gone, and I only

Left above ground in the hot sun,

Tasting wine, wooing lips, laughing,

Watching the harvest, joking, sweating,

Alive.

Take earth in your hands, common earth,

Moist crumbly loam, dark, odorous—

This is the bodies of our forefathers,
to the Parnassians, to the symbolists— to the group of which M. Moëckel was a distinguished member. M. Moëckel is also a poet of reputation. He is thus well equipped. The sequence of his essay is biographical; both in form and in style it is superior to Mr. Cree's; his dedication (addressed, it must be admitted, to Mr. Gosse) declares an attempt to "study the man through the work, and the work through the man," and the dedication he has consistently adhered. He has tried with considerable success to present the temperament and its environment; and some of the generalizations which he extracts in the course of the essay are more just and precise than what we usually find in English criticism. Pp. 22-25 dissolve the myth of Flemish mysticism ("Emile Verhaeren est peu fait pour le mysticisme"); and the distinction of "art de sécuïté" and "art égotique" on pp. 60-63 is interesting. The book contains many pieces of excellent criticism and interpretation. The question is, however, whether the central structure of the essay ("studying the man through the work and the work through the man") is right; whether the result is not that the book is either too biographical or not biographical enough; whether there are not too few comments, too many pictures for a biography, and too many impressions of Verhaeren's scenery, external and internal, for a sober study of his art. For example, the young Emile:

Tous les mauvais gars de l'endroit le connaissaient bien; il avait naît commerce d'amitié avec eux et c'est lui, à présent, qui entrainait leur bande.

A Saint-Amand, l'Escaut n'a certes pas encore l'ampleur magnifique.... planteux pays de Waes.... des bateaux passent.... Beau décor pour l'enfance d'un poète....

But especially M. Moëckel is led into the sterile ways of ethnology. There is no end of the Flamen and the Flemish folklore which should have been put to an analysis of the "art maladif" mode (cf. Maeterlinck and Rodenbach) in Belgium, and its relation to the actual "physical crisis" which produced les Soirs, les Débâcles, and les Flambeaux noirs. The fact mentioned (p. 51) that Verhaeren was "physiquement transformé" is of interest. The definition at the end is not instructive: "Verhaeren est le poète héroïque de l'énergie." If Verhaeren was energetic it is important, but it is part of his physiological biography. If he was an admirer of energy there is no great merit in it. I think that M. Moëckel misappplies his words in saying (p. 47) that "almost the only law of Verhaeren's art is the search for intensity"; there are a great many ways of getting intensity, and Verhaeren is too often seeking only violence. He was an imagist who wrote some remarkable pages of Flemish scenery, but who disappeared later in a verbiage of Hugo. Verhaeren was not an important innovator in verse-technique.

The book is a competent work of the second class. It is deficient in comparison and only at times successful in analysis, and does not by any means speak the man. Verhaeren's place in literature. His radical fault is in mixing biography and study of Verhaeren's art. The type, however, is popular, and is, in fact, more ably practised in France than in England.

Another and quite different critical method is that of Mr. Pound.* Whether we agree or not with his opinions, we may be always sure that in his brief and fugitive utterances he is not to be diverted on any pretext from the essential literary problem, that he is always concerned with the work of art, never with incidental fancies. This is a very uncommon merit. His critical writings are the comments of a practitioner upon his own and related arts; and in this type we have very little since Dryden's Prefaces of any permanent value. No one could be farther from the archaeological interest, or farther from the destructive interest: he reserves his attention for the works which he considers good, and for that part of them which he considers permanent. But much more pronounced than his enthusiasm for particular writers is his enthusiasm for good writing. And the breadth of his taste is the certification of his insistence upon technique: it is only study of technique which can widen our understanding of different types of art, for excellence of technique (often utterly dissimilar technique) is the only thing that all types of art have in common.

Mr. Pound observes: "All that the critic can do for the reader, or audience or spectator, is to focus his gaze or audition." It is true that if the critic does not do this he does nothing, but even Mr. Pound attempts a good deal more. The reader should be led to see for himself, and at the end one can only lead him to the masterpiece and point to it, but there are many stages at which the critic may stop or continue. But the most valuable of Mr. Pound's criticisms are his notes on the practice of the various arts themselves.

The workman's notes on the work form one of the most precious types of criticism. Very few creative writers have anything interesting to say about writing out their predecessors, but here Mr. Pound sees the sense of what is actually important in older works. We may classify other possible varieties of critical writing as follows:

(1) Biography. The biographer ought to know a good deal about the art of his subject, if the subject is an artist; but his main purpose is to present facts and to deal with his subject's attitude toward his art. This is work of scholarship.

(2) Historical criticism, e.g. the work of Sainte-Beuve. This must be largely associative and destructive, but it may convey no clear impression of the dramatists discussed. It is not of direct significance for the living worker, nor is it directly concerned with aesthetic problems.

(3) Philosophical criticism, e.g. Aristotle, Coleridge. Dangerous, but sometimes useful schematization of principles, etc. The only excuse for attempting it is very unusual intelligence.

There is also the criticism which uses the work or author in question only as a point of departure, and which is justified by an over-all vision of the world. I have not listed the type of criticism of Mr. Pound and Dryden, etc. Vide supra.

Lastly, there are miscellaneous works of scholarship, commentaries, recensions, histories of "genres"; which I mention because their writers often think it necessary to interpolate a large amount of unskillful literary criticism. Very often this "criticism" is merely a substitute for the reader's reading the original work. I have lately had occasion to examine a number of books dealing with Elizabethan literature, and the majority of these appeared either superfluous or grossly inflated. I offer as evidence comments on a few of the better known of these books in our own language:

Swinburne, Age of Shakespeare: contains no information and contains no clear, impressive impression of the dramatic discussed. A few notable quotations. Neither scholarship nor criticism.

Symonds, Predecessors of Shakespeare: absurdly long. Contains a fair amount of popularized information about the period, but the author thought it desirable to relate the story of every play that interested him.

Boas: Shakespeare's Predecessors exhibits the same loquacious vice. Dr. Boas is one of the most accomplished living scholars in this period, but the facts in this book could have been condensed into a small handbook; the literary criticism is negligible.

Schelling, Elizabethan Drama: the most painful book of all. It should have been written in tabular form, as a list of plays with dates, etc.

Swinburne, of course, ought to have known better; the other writers ought to have done good scholarship

* Ezra Pound: Probabilities and Divisions. New York, Knopf, $2.50 net.
without criticism, and the critical sense would have been imputed to them. Perhaps the great blunder is that nearly every one who criticises preserves some official ideal of "criticism," instead of writing simply and conversationally what they think. T. S. Eliot

A CHURCH ON A HILL

The juicy figs of Orvieto, icy cold with the morning dew, tasted deliciously. The peasant girl took them one by one from a basket balanced on her head and covered with a snowy cloth. It seemed indeed from their taste and coolness as if she took them from a layer of snow which she had gathered from the mountain-tops.

In the Piazza the tepid sun poured a cool light on the cathedral, rich in its colours, its gold and crimson. It did not flame up yet. It was too early. It seemed enveloped in an invisible mist. It looked cool and smiling like a youth stepping from a bath.

What a fantasy of joy of beauty crowning this hill. Old Etruria lies buried in the sweeping plain below: cities sleeping in their dust, hives of cinerary urns tightly packed away in hill-sides, bones of those Minoan men crushed in a rich confusion into the earth resplendent with trees.

The cathedral stands there like a very ark of joy, like some enormous Greek vase painted with dancing figures, golden with the faces of gods, traced with the supple limbs of heroes.

The Madonna, the saints—aneurate or rosy red, or lined in some splendid coppery tone or burnt into the marble in delicate violets and blacks—have passed through the noontday flames of thousands of suns, and in the morning they awake ever fresh and cool like flowers full of the chill vitality of dawn.

The cathedral seems like a re-evocation of the old world of the glorious plain below, of the life of the buried cities of Etruria, of the old Christian archi­

tures that would be architectural counterparts of the music of our Debussys, the poetry of our Masterlincks and our Mallarmés.

But modern architecture has unfortunately lost all connexion with the artistic life of our day. Buildings are erected with cold hearts and warm stomachs. Our successful architects are canaille; our unsuccessful ones had better be dead.

In the narrow street of Orvieto the black-hatted peasants throng, chatting in little groups of two or three, moving to and fro. It is Sunday, and the little town is full. The fat, well-fed donkeys which every one rides in this district stand saddled in shady corners. The peasant girls offer the luscious green figs in great baskets. Most of the men are middle-aged or old, for war lays its hand on la gioventù.

Here, too, we have the surrogates, the make-shifts which war, greedy and pitiless, impels. A little dark-eyed woman in a black dress with red tabs distributes the Sunday morning's post in the high narrow streets. Most of this correspondence will be from là-su, up there, where to tell the truth most of the virtue of the land lies, most of its adventurousness, its carelessness, its idealism. The old or oldish fellows that remain behind have a shrewd cold eye to profit in these days. They are not the kind to build cathedrals like that of Orvieto.

In the plain below flows the Paglia, looking like a twisted current of melted blue steel with yellow sandy banks, sizzling and odorous in the sun.

The dust lies half a foot deep on the road to the plain—a dust fine as cyprina.

Let us sit in an angle of this old brown-curtained wine-shop with a glass of good wine before us like any brown Etruscan. We have not his coppery arms nor sane Egyptian profile. We are nervous moderns, always a little sick of spirit, and as artists in the modern world branded wanderers and exiles. But with a sip or two of this rare wine our hearts beat to a new measure. Such fragrance of the soil refreshes our dream and our lost beauty, are rooted in reality. Or so here, it seems, where the earth reveals herself to our gaze so voluptuously, with such divine abandon.

Edward Storer

MINSTRELS

Beside the sea, metallic-bright
And sequined with the noisy light,
Duennas slowly promenade—
Each like a patch of sudden shade.

While in the purring greenery
The crowd moves like a tropic sea—
The people, sparkles from the heat
That dies of ennui at our feet.

The gowns as white as innocence
With sudden sweetness take the sense,
And colours like a parakeet
Shrink loudly to the giddy heat.

Those crested paladins the waves
Are sighing to their tawny slaves
The sands, where, orange-turbann'd stand—
Opaque black gems, the negro band;

"A thousand years seem but a day!
Time waits for no man, yet he'll stay
Bewildered when we cross this bar
Into the Unknown. There we are!"

Eternity and Time commence
To merge amid the somnolence
Of winding circles, bend on bend
With no beginning and no end,
Down which they chase queer tunes that gape
Till they come close—then just escape!
But though Time's barriers are defied
They never seem quite satisfied.

The instruments that snore like flies
Seem mourners at Time's obsequies;
The sun, a pulse's beat, inflates
And with the band conglutates.

And crowds, bright sparks struck out by Time
Pass, touch each other, never chime:
Each soul, a separate entity—
Some past, some present, some to be:
But now, an empty blot of white
Beneath the senseless shocks of light
Flushed by these tunes that cannot thrill
Our nerves. Oh! Time is hard to kill!

EDITH SITWELL

THREE GEORGIAN NOVELISTS

I

If the ordinary circulating library subscriber were asked for the names of the three English novelists still in the early thirties who have most definitely "arrived," ten to one he (or she) would mention Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. Hugh Walpole, and Mr. Gilbert Cannan. The success of this triumvirate when—their apprenticeship served—
rowed the works of these writers from their libraries to make their respective bids for fame, was immediate

felt that they were not quite as other novel readers—
would mention Mr. Compton Mackenzie, Mr. Hugh
eminent dining qualities or by their publisher's skill

and in some ways perhaps unprecedented. For theirs
was not merely a success of vulgar popularity, it was

and in some ways perhaps unprecedented. For theirs
was not merely a success of vulgar popularity, it was

more brilliant than this sort of thing usually is, and it proved

The Times

It was not necessary to read
or to pontificate about them. Even Mr. Henry James
what he had written to feel that since he had actually

spun a stately web of words around them in

had evidently been

great deficiency in Mr. Mackenzie's make-up is fire,

Ardent skill; but it is hard to believe that it will in

Till they come close—then just escape!

THE EGOIST

Nov.—Dec. 1918
have been before him. His description of the outward and physical characteristics of his human puppets was no less complete than his description of their environment. To the hearts of many of his struggling fellow-craftsmen Carnival simply struck constranation. Here was a new-comer who was prepared to take unheard-of pains. The public would be sure to gobble up his work, and would expect the same kind of thing in all the other novels they read. Thus the whole wretched job of turning out commercial fiction would be made more difficult. Notebooks were brought out, or shirt-cuffs were pulled down, and those writers who were too jaded to set their imaginations in motion started busily to make elaborate notes in the hope of keeping up.

The success which followed the publication of Carnival, in spite of the book’s “inward and spiritual” empery, disgusts the historical and critical reader sceptically unadvised, and Mackenzie’s fellow-novelist will be the first to admit that it is in many ways an astonishing performance. The colour is piled on with a lavish hand, and so long as the author is describing the exteriors of places and of people, or recording their conversations with a gramophone’s fidelity, he is admirable. It is only when the story cannot move ahead without the exterior, where nature and human nature, which are forced to reveal their very essence, when the appeal is not to the eye or to the brain, but to the centres of emotion, that he breaks down. For Mr. Mackenzie’s ideas of expressing any kind of human feeling are of the theatre, theatrical. The dénouement of Carnival, and several of the more important situations in the book, leave the critical reader sceptical and unconvinced at the very moment when the story demands that he should be most moved. The defect of Mr. Mackenzie’s qualities is that he is so absorbed in giving a vivid presentation of his characters from the outside, that he usually omits to explore their minds and hearts and motives. When he does make an attempt he is less than successful, for while Mr. Mackenzie is at all sea, except when he is dealing with his favourite type of empty Oxford prig, who is all surface and indeed at best only a human being in embryo. Thus the general effect of Carnival is that, with all its skill, vivacity, and colour it is a brilliantly superficial piece of work, devoid of sincerity and depth of thought.

In Mr. Mackenzie’s astounding magnum opus, Sinister Street, the good qualities of Carnival are brought to their highest conceivable pitch, its deficiencies correspondingly exaggerated. Sinister Street has all the subsidiary qualities of a work of genius—without the genius. Everything is there, colour, vigour, detail, skill in handling a crowd. Mackenzie is all at sea, except when he is dealing with his favourite type of empty Oxford prig, who is all surface and indeed at best only a human being in embryo. Thus the general effect of Carnival is that, with all its skill, vivacity, and colour it is a brilliantly superficial piece of work, devoid of sincerity and depth of thought.

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Drake, who after four years in the city is probably doing quite well, and knows possibly more about London than Michael, has joined the music hall. If Cheyne Walk (whither the Fanes have gone to do quite well, and knows possibly more about London than Michael, has joined the music hall. If Cheyne Walk (whither the Fanes have gone to do quite well, and knows possibly more about London than Michael, has joined the music hall. If Cheyne Walk (whither the Fanes have gone to
live, and without even that saving Russian pessimism which might have spurred him to salutary self-destruction. It is a grey story, concerning itself at pointentious length with the make-believe emotions, the philanderings of two people who simply do not matter. And since there is nothing to dazzle the eye, no massing of bright colours, nothing in the way of a divertisement for the unfortunate reader, it is by far the most tedious of Mr. Mackenzie's works. There is nothing in the book to distract the attention from the inner emptiness of its author's mind. Poetic epithets, such as "nacreous," "crepuscular," "ombre," and so on—coined in the Wardour Street of 1895—glitter like glass emeralds in a sandy desert of fine writing, and serve only to emphasize the book's vacuity.

Mr. Mackenzie, at the time I write, has published nothing since Guy and Pauline. In the tragic years which have intervened his knowledge of human nature may have grown wider and deeper, so that when he publishes again his books may concern themselves with the lives and passions of men and women. Up to the present, in spite of all its cleverness, his work has shown no breadth of vision, no "beyond," and none of that reality which is by no means to be confused with realism. Prophecy is always dangerous, but I think that if the war has the effect of making the public look in their novels for something vital, fiery, and sincere—for a genuine reflection and criticism of life as it is, not of life as it appears to an opulent and priggish set—Mr. Mackenzie is not likely to retain the hold on his readers' attention, which he gained with Sinister Street, unless he himself strikes out new paths. Up to the present, by occupying himself too successfully with little things, he has bred doubts of his ultimate capacity for tackling big.

Douglas Goldring

(To be continued)

ÉLÉGIE À PAUL DROUOT

O

MON ami, vous êtes jeune,
Vous n'avez pas pleuré comme pleurent les hommes.

Laissez courir les heures,
Un jour vous les direz
Douces et bonnes
Les heures du passé.

Que ne puis-je avec vous rejouer mon enfance
Et tous ses jeux fluet,
Chanter la vieille ronde et rentrer dans la danse
Avec un cœur mué.

Ma jeunesse est partie au parfum de la robe
De mon âme,
Et comme passe au soir le vent qui se dérobe
Quand Phœbé apparaît,
Argentée et divine au milieu de nuées.

Près de vous, mon ami, laissez-moi m'en aller,
Et répérer
Qu'il est dur de savoir que l'on n'est pas aimé.

Le jour viendra peut-être où je serai plus grand ;
Mais avant de partir
Vers les horizons, plus joyeux ou plus tristes,
Que je ne puis choisir,
Ah ! laissez-moi vous rappeler qu'un soir,
Près du grand fleuve où nous penchions nos têtes,
Mon front fut rafranchi par vos mots d'amitié,
Et que vous fûtes doux
Comme un enfant très tendre auprès d'un frère aimé.

D'autres diront un jour, lorsque je serai grand,
Que j'eus un cœur comme un cratère,
Tout ruisseulant.

Mais vous avez séché les pleurs à ma paupière,
O mon ami, o mon enfant,
Et quand vous marcherez desus la route austère
Des vrais amants,
Puissez-vous retrouver un ami ou un frère
Qui, comme vous pour moi, se penche à votre front
Pour essuyer la face
Et rafraîchir le masque
De larmes et de sang,
Et de poussière obscure,
Et d'infini tourment.

Louis Thomas

[Taken by permission from the volume entitled Les Cris du Solitaire.]

TOWARDS A PEACE THEATRE

By Huntly Carter

I. THE NEED

For many years I have been devoting time and energy to work which at last is about to take the practical form of a theatre prepared for putting my ideas of a new dramatic technique in action. It will, perhaps, be remembered that in an article in The Egoist of May 1918, I said many things had brought me to the opinion that the moment had arrived for a start at a house for an intelligent form of drama. There was the reappearance of Mr. Gordon Craig's Mask, accompanied by his no less important new conception of the theatre, to prove that not only is he as keenly interested as ever in a fine work which he has always had so much at heart, but that one live mind at least is turning towards a theatrical renewal. Since then, I have found a good deal of further evidence to support my opinion.

Some of us recall that five or six months ago an article and some correspondence appeared in the Nation on the subject of an "After-War Theatre." The article was by the editor, Mr. W. H. Massingham, who, after floundering about amongst pre-war literary theatre doings, came to the conclusion that the pre-war reform theatre was dead, the war had buried it, and really there was a doubt whether it had ever existed. A clear case of injustice to Shaw, I think. Still, he felt that its bones might be disinterred, and he inquired what little worldlings are left to come to its rescue. "The State," it seems, must not be expected to do anything, for it has become so closely mixed up with the awful business of the war that some years must pass before it will recover its financial breath. Moreover, it will have cause to be terribly afraid of the after-war critical attitude of the theatre. Indeed, has it not already shown signs of this fear by forbidding the performance of certain war-time moralities? In any case it will have no money to spare for intelligent purposes after the war. So the reform theatre must wait or take its empty pockets elsewhere. Perhaps it might succeed in getting something to go on with by inviting several thousand persons to subscribe two guineas apiece. One can picture a theatre with ten thousand two-guinea controllers. It looks like England at war-time. But one ought not to laugh too much at Mr. Massingham's kind regards for a new theatre. If they embrace no hope of the resurrection of the activities of the old gang, Archer-Barker-Shaw and Co., they imply that a path of renewal is to be found in the aspirations of explorers and missionaries of another type. The humble, unobtrusive folk, "The People," will, Mr. Massingham thinks, help us through the dreadful ordeal of putting the reform theatre on its legs. But one might reasonably inquire, who on earth are "The People" ! The mention of "The People" served to bring to light a number of correspondents who are actively...
engaged forming groups in this country for the purpose of establishing new theatres on co-operative or democratic lines. I have not a file of the Nation before me, but I remember fairly well what these enthusiasts said and the impression I got that they are thoroughly in earnest about the theatre business, and really do wish to introduce us to a form of theatre that will make us less ashamed of being alive. And though their plans are far from being those with which I agree, they are so designed to make a strong appeal to a wide body of playgoers that one feels there would be no great harm if they were realized, provided they embrace a suitable form of drama. I think all these plans are concerned with a working-class theatre.

Mr. Norman Macdermott, for instance, wants a "People's" theatre. He believes that the assistance and influence of the Labour Party would be of the highest importance for the opening of a National theatre. Finally there is Mr. Miles Malleson, with a prayer for a shower of little theatres and the proposal to hook on the Workers' Educational Association and convert it into a Limited Liability Little Theatre Company. It is not clear how it is to be converted into Treasury notes.

My chief objection to all these proposals is that they do not reveal a fundamental vision of Drama. They ask for a theatre, but they do not tell us what they propose to put in the theatre. Of course it is an advantage to have a set of tools in readiness for a dramatic form which may eventually develop by their help into a perfect form. But suppose when the form comes the tools are unsuitable to develop it? Some one may say that the form is already here. It was born before the war. In that case I have nothing more to say, except that the pre-war dramatic baby was so intellectually stupid that it is a sheer waste of time to propose to make a new perambulator for it. What it requires is a Bath chair. There is, I believe, an intelligent form of drama waiting to be born which I will discuss in another article.

DEATH OF GUILLAUME APOLLINAIRE

Mr. HUNTLY CARTER sends the following note received by him from M. Gino Severini:

"J'ai la douleur de vous annoncer la mort de not. de Guillaume Apollinaire. Vous me ferez le plus grand plaisir en la faisant connaitre aux lecteurs de la belle revue L'Egoïst en lui rendant honneur, ainsi que sa grande valeur lui en donne le droit. Nous perdons un grand poète, et notre défenseur le plus averti et le plus autorisé. Aussi les artistes d'avant-garde à Paris sont en deuil profond."

"Paris: le 12 novembre."

AN UNACADEMIC ACADEMICIAN

FRANCOIS DE CUREL

II

THE savant has become a stock figure in the French theatre, where his literary or scientific attainments serve to enhance the attractions of the sympathetic hero. In La Nouvelle Idole, François de Curel has portrayed the savant pure and simple; not the familiar cabotin de la science, engaged forming groups in this country for the advancement of ideas. In the course of his researches, he has attained to a form of drama on the modern stage; an attempt to express in dramatic form the clash of faith and science as it appears to be taking place in our time. De Curel's work is like a study of a thesis, as witness the long speeches in which Antoinette and Donnat explain their respective philosophies.

I am impressed by the form as a whole, and by the part that is attributed to the author of La Nouvelle Idole. In the dramatist returns to the subject of the conflict between feudal ideals and the conditions of modern democracy. Jean de Sancy's solitary youth has been spent on the family estates, whose very earth seems a sacred inheritance. With dismay he sees this seduction invaded by the progress of modern industrialism. Georgeous Boussard, his brother-in-law, is an engineer, a capitalist who has no sympathy with the tradesman. Jean regards his proposal to work for minerals on the de Sancy estate as a violation of tradition, and one night he floods the mines, unwittingly drowning a miner. Full of remorse, he resolves to consecrate his life to the working classes, and in time he becomes a famous socialist orator. But he feels there is something unreal in his eloquence, which he enjoys like an actor playing a successful part. His doubts are confirmed by Boussard, who points out that the only way to help the miners is "to open up new fields to human activity." De Sancy is convinced that his efforts at reparation have been of no avail, that modern feudalism is the exploitation of labour by capital, and that the feudalism which is at work in the mines is a more powerful faith than any other. De Sancy resolves to consecrate his life to the working classes, and in time he becomes a famous socialist orator. But he feels there is something unreal in his eloquence, which he enjoys like an actor playing a successful part.
brought in a cage to France by Pierre Moncel, the explorer who has undertaken to civilize her. Placed in a convent, she is educated as a Christian. Then Moncel takes her in his charge, familiarizes her with the art, literature, and philosophy of modern Europe, but gradually destroys her faith in the supernatural. The only thing that still upholds Marie is her love for Moncel, and this is taken from her when he urges her to return to Africa. Hence it seems she is nothing more to him than the subject of an interesting experiment, whose complete success demands that she shall sacrifice herself to the spread of civilization in Africa. She returns and becomes Queen of the tribe that first captured her, gradually reverting to the natural barbarism rendered a thousand times more fierce by the disappointed hunger of her newly awakened intellect. There is a poignancy in Le Fille Sauvage, where the absence of action and the evident abstractions which the characters represent, throw into relief the dramatic evolution of the human soul. It is with a sense of tragedy that we realize that Marie’s noble ideals have been destroyed and her illusions shattered.

The Le Coup d’Aile has been the subject of much embarrassed commentary, for it could not be described as patriotic, while the author's reputation made the accusation of anti-militarism ridiculous. It is, in fact, an impartial analysis of the motives of those who seem stirred to great enterprises by the sentiment of patriotism. Michel Prinson, an officer in the Colonial army, has done great work on behalf of his country. The official and almost national recognition of his services has infected him with the mal de la gloire, and he does not scruple to fire on the French flag when its authority interferes with his adventures abroad. As a result of the ensuing scandal Prinson disappears. It is popularly believed that he has been massacred in a native rising, whereas he has really been living as a social outcast, at the expense of his brother Bernard. He subsequently returns to France and urges his brother to enable him to set out again for Africa, where he hopes to redeem his former disgrace. At the time of the manoeuvres the Tricolour is the symbol of France. To Michel, on the other hand, it is a symbol of glory. He argues that it is absurd to pretend that native troops, or the outcasts of the Foreign Legion, have any sense of military honour or devotion to France. They act from a sense of necessity, or out of a mechanical obedience. When they do experience any personal emotion it is merely the consciousness that in the flag they have a chance of achieving fame for themselves. This is sufficient to spur to action men who care nothing for all that a flag represents. Prinson admits that never once was patriotism the motive of his actions: all that he did “for France” was the outcome of a purely personal desire for glory. When the interests of his country were incidentally served, his actions were patriotic, when both his own and his country’s interests clashed he was a traitor. In Arnaud and the Man Bernard Shaw has analysed the conception of military glory and discovered that it does not exist, but the French dramatist is more subtle. For Shaw's logic, de Curel is grave, and restrained aristocrat in his sympathies and incapable of paradox, while Shaw never fails to treat serious subjects with becoming levity.

Ernest A. Boyd

**HYMN TO DEATH, 1914 AND ON**

"DANSE MACABRE" death—
"Dried-guts" death.

They clatter, ginn, mow—
Jaw—
epiphyses shriek, grate—
Brain
a shrunk pea,

O the "bones," the wonderful "bones" (Gods the "darkey").

Toes out, click heels—March!

Evert backbone—March!
Breast-bone out—March!
Shoulder-blades well drawn back—

Thumbs to trouser-seams—
hold chins firm—March!
March! March! March!

"Dauce macabre" death—
"Dried-guts" death.

"Hi there—
take your wired toes out o' me ribs."

They clatter, ginn, mow—
pea-brains rattle,
rattle, rattle,
rattle.

My sweetheart's bouquet at this ball
the sweet skull of this lover (he went to the war).

John Rodker

**THE GATE**

He leaned on the gate, smoking. On one side of the gate was the main road, and on the other side was a cart-track leading down the hill to a square, unbeautiful farmhouse in the valley. It was a bright, dry Sunday of April.
Suddenly the idea came to him that she was walking across the fields and would be at the gate in five minutes. And then he made haste to cover up on the sand of thought the traces of where this hope had passed. For he had a supernstitious belief that nothing happens unless it is unexpected. If he wanted a thing to happen very much, he made elaborate plans of what to do if it did not happen, and tried to create in himself an expectation that it would not happen.

And so now he straightened himself away from the gate, and knocked out his pipe ... and could not resist looking hard and long into the distance. An obstinate hope would survive. . . .

And then she came, just as he had imagined, except that she grew with the greater grace of Lent lilies.

He could not say anything, but smiled stupidly and looked for the latch of the gate. But the latch was broken and the gate had been nailed up. "I am afraid," said he, "that you'll have to climb." "Oh, I can get over a gate," said she, "if you'll hold these. . . ."

"I'm going to jump," said she. "Wait," said he with unusual presence of mind, "your dress has caught on this nail. Sit still a minute; I'll undo it."

She gave her rather deep laugh. She laughed from her lungs, not with a silly little head-laugh. "All right, I'll sit here"; and she sat on the top bar of the gate while he fumbled with the dress caught on the nail.

"Now jump!" said he, and held out his hand to steady her. She took his hand, and then, thinking that his shoulder would be steadier, put a hand on it and stood on the third bar above the ground.

Then he looked up at her. She was looking down at him and smiling; and he dropped the Lent lilies and put his right hand on her left hand—the one that rested on his shoulder—and his left arm round her, drew her to him and kissed her again and again. She slipped down to the ground, with his arm still round her. "That was not at all . . . a good . . . jump!" she said, flushed and panting a little and laughing a little. . . .

He remembered exactly where her left foot had rested as she sat on the gate ... and he felt a wish, which he saw at once was both foolish and uncontrollable, that no other foot should ever tread where hers had been. He would feel a pain of sad anger go over him when he saw the practical change of face of a wall or gate in some things in nature looking with the unseen eyes and passive countenance of a dead person on things that would never happen again. . . . And he tried to break away that bar from the gate. It seemed necessary to him just then to put out all his strength to break something. And so he strained at the bar, without moving it at first, and then the breaking of it loomed up as the most important thing in life, and he shut his eyes and held his breath, and the hot blood sang in his ears, and then there was a sudden loud crack. . . . Then he came back to normal life again, and stretched out his numbed fingers, and twisted off the broken bar rather carelessly, and got a splinter in his hand, and pulled the splinter out, and came back to the gate and leaned on it, and filled his pipe and smoked.

Then he saw the old farmer who lived in the valley slowly mounting the hill and coming towards him. "Been doing damage to your gate, I'm afraid ... for . . . for fun," he called out to the farmer; "I'll have to buy you a new gate now!"

The farmer looked long at him, smiling curiously, "Us farmers don't want that," he said.

"That's true!" with a burst of laughter.

The farmer slowly came a little nearer. "Nice weather," he said after a time. Then he paused again and said: "My missus, her've been watching you; and her told I to come out to zee. Her thought you was off."

"Off?" queried the other.

The farmer smiled and tapped his head: "Off!" he repeated.

J.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Egoist has pleasure in printing the following letter from Miss Harriet Monroe, the distinguished editor of Poetry. The Egoist offers no opinion on the merits of the controversy, but readers who are interested may refer to the original article by Mr. Jepson in the English Review for May, which has been reprinted in condensed form in the September issue of the Little Review. Correspondence on the subject is invited from Mr. Jepson, Mr. Harrison, or the editors of the Little Review.

To the Editor of The Egoist

Madam,—I am left in a painfully unresponsive attitude toward the readers of the English Review by my enforced silence after Mr. Edgar Jepson's onslaught of last May upon Poetry and some of its prize-winners. So perhaps you will be interested to learn, through the following correspondence, that I made a humble effort to reply to him, to "demonstrate"—"if I may quote from one of his letters"—that the punk [he] said was punk is not punk."—Yours sincerely,

Chicago, September 12, 1918.

Harriet Monroe

Austin Harrison, Esquire, to Miss Harriet Monroe, enclosing the latter's article, "Mr. Jepson and United States Poetry," offered to the English Review.

Dear Miss Monroe,—I really think it is hardly necessary to enter into a controversy over Jepson's article. We are very full at this moment and I could not in any case find room now.—Yours sincerely,

July 9, 1918.

(Signed) Austin Harrison, Editor.

Miss Harriet Monroe to Austin Harrison, Esquire.

My dear Mr. Harrison,—Your letter of July 9, returning my comments on Mr. Jepson, reminds me of the Kaiser's reply to Belgium. You invade our province, quite uninvited and undesired, and kill off its most prominent citizens. Then, when I protest, you inform me that "it is hardly necessary to enter into a controversy."

It would have been more in accordance with the British tradition of fair play if this consideration had caused you to decline Mr. Jepson's article.—Yours sincerely,

September 12, 1918.

(Signed) Harriet Monroe

NOTICE

In this joint November-December issue The Egoist regrets to report its sixteen-page size. This size will be maintained, but on account of heavily increased printing expenses the price per issue in 1919 will be 9d. and the subscription for twelve numbers, post free, 10s. (foreign subscription, 11s.).

As our efforts to find a British printer willing to print the complete text of Mr. James Joyce's new novel Ulysses have been unsuccessful, we regrettably abandon the proposal to bring out that work as a separately printed supplement.

In February the series "Philosophy: the Science of Signs" will terminate. During the time these articles are being remodelled for publication in book form Miss Marsden will contribute to The Egoist a short series of articles aiming at the analysis of the factors in the existing social situation. Later, she will begin a new philosophic series: "The Logic of Morals."

"THE WORK OF MISS REBECCA WEST": CORRECTION

Miss West writes to say that the pseudonym "Regina Block"—rather doubtfully ascribed to her in the above-named article in our last issue—is an error. The writer of the article offers very sincere apologies, and begs to withdraw the name.—Editor.
T A R R

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