PHILOSOPHY: THE SCIENCE OF SIGNS

XVII. TRUTH (continued)

II. The Processes Involved in Its Growth

By D. Marsden

I

(1) ONCE the analysis of the general action of mind has been made, the task of defining the objective of the mental product—truth—which, for instance, we undertook in our last study—does not make the same subtle demands upon the intellect as does the explaining of the method by which truth comes by its ordinary piecemeal accretions. Even prior to any such analysis, it is clear that the minds of men in the mass actually made an instinctive leap forward, and in their religious conceptions gave account of this objective with such precision and accuracy as, in default of adequate explanation, inspires a later age with feelings nothing short of amazement. The explanation seems to be that the mode of intellectual action in bulk is so heavily characterized with its own unique tendencies that men have become saturated with them, and in consequence sufficiently sensitive as regards their type and direction at least as to be able to enunciate certain big phrases expressive of the one big central fact. In respect, however, of the question of the step-by-step movement whereby each fresh intellectual advance is made, the appeal has been too subtle to command the curiosity of any save picked minds, and even for these, and notwithstanding their efforts, the matter has been allowed to remain a mystery.

(2) The usual explanation of the process—which does not strike deep enough to satisfy any one who is genuinely curious regarding the matter—is that knowledge advances by continuous association of hitherto non-associated terms by way of their mutual identity with a third term. The question is not, therefore, primarily one of alliance, but of what to ally with what. It is the selection of the premises to be juxtaposed which constitutes what is significant in the syllogistic process. A significant juxtaposition once made, the essential part of the labour has been done and a child almost might be left to follow up the sequence: to draw the conclusion: to make the formal enunciation of the new truth; and what amazes one in the premises brought together by genius is the latter's apparently uncanny power of scenting, often from among forms which seem widely dissimilar, just those identities which are profoundly significant.

(3) The defectiveness of the theory used as an explanation of the mode of discovery of new truth is that as an analysis after the event it is not a radical one. Obviously, truths do emerge as the result of association of hitherto non-associated terms by way of their mutual identity with a third term, but out of the almost infinitely large number of possible common terms which might be impressed for purposes of new associations, it is obvious that the genius of discovery will reside precisely in the selection of this pivotal, uniting, common term. The question is therefore, primarily one of alliance, but of what to ally with what. It is the selection of the premises to be juxtaposed which constitutes what is significant in the syllogistic process. A significant juxtaposition once made, the essential part of the labour has been done and a child almost might be left to follow up the sequence: to draw the conclusion: to make the formal enunciation of the new truth; and what amazes one in the premises brought together by genius is the latter's apparently uncanny power of scenting, often from among forms which seem widely dissimilar, just those identities which are profoundly significant.

(4) The question is: What puts them wise to the existence, importance, and relevance of these truth-augmenting identities. The argument which we shall here develop seems to the effect that these strange intimations assertive of identities between significant ideas are definite physical happenings in the chemistry of the mind: that they are specific actions of alliance occurring in the same absolute manner as that in which any ordinary chemical combination might
effect itself; and the rising into prominence under the influence of this physical alliance of the common term which enables us to arrange the premises of our formal reasoning is merely the recognition of this constant after it has actually taken place among our ideas.

(5) To say that each new truth is the expression of some new physical change obtaining among our ideas is not, of course, to be blind to the fact that many truths appear to emerge as the result of observations—often accidentally directed—to occurrences in the external world. Obviously, any such attitude would fare badly, faced with the history of science. Certainly not all new ideas spring out of the stillness of one's own thoughts like a thunderbolt from a cloud; nor are they the mere sum­maries and useful classification-cadres of our sense-experiences present their known shape will be divined. It is certainly not what one would expect. Common sense seems, in fact, to assert that our formal reasoning is merely the recognition of this process involved in the recognition of the sensory facts as it actually occurred; whereby our recognizing mind had been able to cull from the fact an idea; and that the same mind was, moreover, already holding in an alert existence a companion idea which needed only to be fertilized by one bound to it by a natural affinity in order to fructify into a new idea altogether. The source, whether mental or sensory, from which the second fertilizing idea is derived is, once it has secured existence as an idea, wholly immaterial. Now it is just in reference to this process of mental fertilization: which is another way of saying mental selection: that the theories of the syllogism and the association theory in general have nothing whatever to offer.

(6) The question of the nature of the principle whereby one idea selects another to the end of beget­ting a new idea, is the first mystery which lodges in the subject of the accretion of truths. It quickly becomes obvious, however, that this first difficulty is simply a partial aspect of a more far-reaching difficulty, the exact nature of which the second fertilizing idea is the result of connexions formed between symbols (including, of course, the ideas which they generate); why it should appear as though knowledge were lodged in symbols and might by an exercise of ingenuity be wrung from them: a condition of affairs which actually exists and emphasizes itself the more as knowledge broadens. This more comprehensive diffi­culty can be indicated by inquiring why, for instance, Bacon's prognostication that the edifice of truth would be built up by the slow making of summaries of experience sensorily acquired, has been falsified by the established procedure of scientific inquiry; why his caveat against anticipating nature by means of hypothesis has been found valueless in practice. Why, for instance, Newton, in the very breath that the recognizing mind had been able to cull from the fact an idea; and that the same mind was, moreover, already holding in an alert existence a companion idea which needed only to be fertilized by one bound to it by a natural affinity in order to fructify into a new idea altogether. The source, whether mental or sensory, from which the second fertilizing idea is derived is, once it has secured existence as an idea, wholly immaterial. Now it is just in reference to this process of mental fertilization: which is another way of saying mental selection: that the theories of the syllogism and the association theory in general have nothing whatever to offer.

(7) It is useless to proceed further with this matter until we have set up definitions of certain terms which will be involved incessantly in all our subsequent argument. The need to make these preliminary definitions imperative. The subject they relate to, from the dawn of our civilization until now, has proved so seductive and so barren, so many utterances whose character is a nerve-fraying incoherence have been made upon it by wise men, and the gossamer arguments in which it is clothed show all that straining and distortion which bespeaks uncouth handling, that no modern deserves to escape the charge which embroils itself in advance of the protection of the strict definition. Hence we will make such definitions the outposts of our inquiry. They will not only be a safeguard to us and prevent us losing our own way in the mazes of the subject; they will indicate unmistakably just what the assumptions are from which we advance and show just where any invalidation will invalidate all subsequent arguments.

(8) The terms whose definitions are principally in demand are four. They are the definitions of (1) Things; (2) Ideas of Things; (3) Knowledge of Things; (4) the meaning of the word True. We proceed to define them in the order given:

(a) In defining thing, the term as we use it includes all experience, appearing primarily as movement in the surface sense-organs of sight, hearing, smell, taste and touch, whatever these organs be acting unaided or in alliance with sense-assisting instruments. A thing is the effect of the movements thus generated considered in bulk as a unit. As far as I am concerned anything—for instance, this hard, black, cold one with white dial upon which index-fingers are tracing movements, giving out a regular ticking sound, and comprehensively called a clock—is just a bundle of highly specific movements which enact them­selves—beginning primarily with those of the sense-organs—on the tissues of my own body. Similarly with every other thing. Save, therefore, as the summary of specific movements of our bodies, our experience contains and is aware of no thing. Things are the variously differentiated summaries of such movements.

(b) The idea of a thing stands in close kinship to the thing idea'd itself. Not only is the idea made of the same stuff as the thing, i.e. of organic movement, but the constitution of such movement is subject to the same incoherence, the same natural incapacity to be defined clearly. At the same time, the differences between the two are great and vastly important. First among them is the feature that the idea of a thing, unlike its sensory original, can be set moving by the mere enactment of some symbol which has previously been associated with the thing itself. Hence from the power to use a symbol in connexion with things emerges the power to create the idea of things. A symbol stands in relation to an idea in the same releasing capacity as do the keys of an organ to the sounds linked up with them. The symbol is the easily effected parent-action whose enactment begets the idea-form. In this sense of the symbol's power to exploit the essential movements constitutive of things it is to be recognized as the creator of the idea.

The second difference, which might indeed claim a first place, is the lack of fullness in the movement constituting the mental copy or idea as compared with that composing the sensory original. The degree of such faintness is, however, far from being absolute; it varies from the almost entire coincidence or idea as compared with that composing the sensory idea, to the far greater degree of such coincidence as the symbol has been used to make it. This has happened: The symbolically elicited forms might be likened to a cone of which the sense-form itself would correspond to the base, and the symbol to the mere point forming the apex. The lengths which the movement advances beyond the apex in the direction of the base is, then, a matter wholly variable with us depending upon how much we are willing to regard as permissible and effectually defined in our formal reasoning. It is certainly not what one would expect. Common sense seems, in fact, to assert that words, with the ideas they excite, are merely summaries and useful classification-cadres of our sense-experience; that they do merely classify such experience and render its ideal resurrection easy and orderly; and that the word-formulas under which sensory experiences present their known shape will have their form imposed in the wake rather than in advance of actual sensory experience.
we might call its angle of significance. That is, the symbol must release some idea-form, however faint and incipient. Otherwise, being destitute of meaning, it is not a symbol but a mere sound. On the other hand, and usually in consequence of some physical abnormality of a diseased type, the idea is able to release idea-forms whose fulness goes to the length of complete coincidence with the sensory. To such effects we give the term hallucination. Midway between the two, however, lies the power to excite forms which, failing short of hallucination, yet possess a fulness of feature which we know under the description of the vivid mental image.

(c) Knowledge of a thing is a dual experience of forms secured when we have the power to excite the above two differentiated forms of idea: the latter experimental form—one of the vivid mental image, the other of the idea-form which will represent not so much ideas effect themselves, and this on a basis of an inherent eclectic affinity comparable to that familiarly obtaining among the constituent items of the sensory world. If, as the definition asserts, the nature of ideas is founded upon that of things, its differences being confined chiefly to the features of completeness and mode of origination, it is only to be expected that the specific affinities existing in the nature of things should find themselves repeated in their ideal replicas. The symbolically generated idea can be expected, in short, to be weighted with the same kind of affinities as those infecting the nature of things. For this reason, therefore, such expectation as a clue at least worth working upon we find it offers certain suggestions.

(10) Our answer to this question is that the combinations between ideas effect themselves, and this on a basis of an inherent eclectic affinity comparable to that familiarly obtaining among the constituent items of the sensory world. If, as the definition asserts, the nature of ideas is founded upon that of things, its differences being confined chiefly to the features of completeness and mode of origination, it is only to be expected that the specific affinities existing in the nature of things should find themselves repeated in their ideal replicas. The symbolically generated idea can be expected, in short, to be weighted with the same kind of affinities as those infecting the nature of things. For this reason, therefore, such expectation as a clue at least worth working upon we find it offers certain suggestions.

(II) It seems obvious, for instance, that the attractions thus supposedly existing between ideas would present vastly more delicate effects than those obtaining in their sensory counterparts: this being in keeping with the more delicate stuff in which they would be cast. Hence the idea-effect is a far more delicate affair devolving upon the hands: to test the identities thus suggested in the laboratory of the mind by assembling things under an arrangement corresponding to the ideally moulded pattern. In this way he is able to find out whether the apparent convergence of his ideas was a genuine coalescence or that misleading counterfeit of coalescence we call error. The way of experiment would thus be ancillary to those of the formation of hypotheses. Designed as they are to extend the domain of the real, they remain, of course, of supreme importance; supremely important also because they furnish that sense of assured confidence which encourages ideas further to branch and mount; but experiment would not represent the basis of the truth-finding process.

(12) Now supposing the contention to be true that there exist between ideas affinities to match those existing between things, there would remain two features requiring to be taken note of. In the first place, the contention would necessitate a restatement, within limits, of the "copy" theory of ideas; and in the second, a reason would be demanded why the new affinities should prefer to declare themselves initially in the sphere of ideas rather than in that of external sense. As far as the modification of the "copy" theory goes, it seems we should be able to retain the fundamentals of the theory, i.e. that basically ideas are fainter replicas struck off the original sense-forms, as their offspring, new shoots springing from the union of two or more copy-elements. In fact, in the propagation of the material of mind: in the growth of truth, that is: a method would thus seem to not dissimilar from that obtaining in the more comprehensive domain of life itself. One copy-form fructifies by combination with another, and a new form born of the two is the
result. Now the forms which embody these offshoots of ideas are plainly just those pioneering word-scaffoldings or hypotheses which have shown and are increasingly showing themselves competent to anticipate our findings in the sensory world, whilst experimenting and the entire labour of proof and realization is merely a following of the lead of hypotheses, confirming discoveries already made of a more permanent character. The experimenter, with the help of that power for spatial interference which he possesses in his hands, materializes the Ideal scheme simply by copying it in an arrangement in which he substitutes sensory elements for ideal ones. He thus renders the pioneering productions of ideal action to the rank of ordinary copies of a type, so that for all minds making acquaintance with it later, the original and the real sensory forms from a very different angle of approach, and with a very different sense of their relation to corresponding realities from that, let us say, in which the ideas of those realities dawned in the minds of a Clerk Maxwell or a Hertz, and a like inversion of the relation of the idea to the real holds good in respect of the greater part of the items of our complex realized world. Obviously, therefore, the "ideal copies" are not copies in the ordinary sense. To indicate in what sense they are copies we can again employ the figure we used in our opening and tentative definition: that in which all forms of experience, inclusive of ideas as well as of the phenomena of movement and nerve-motions, are merely the offspring, and such movement fructifies into fullness and substantiality of form as it travels from apex to base, but that it increases the intensity and intimacy of kinship with its generative core as it travels from base to apex. The working out of this one illustration will, as we see, serve to furnish the answer to the question: What is the ambit of the ideal? To say that such movement fructifies into fullness and substantiality of form as it travels from apex to base, but that it increases the intensity and intimacy of kinship with its generative core as it travels from base to apex. The refractive action of this apparatus is its first function. It is this action which creates the effect and quality of externality. The sense-organs bend back with irresistible sweep from the organic nucleus, and project and prolong across his peripheral sensory apparatus as the objects and events of ideal action it was the spatial movement alone which made its entry into experience undisguisedly in the ideal rather than the sensory sphere. In this case we will adapt the illustration and make the apex of the cone stand for the core of life itself generative of all experience, while the base will represent all objects of sense existing on the far side of the organic nucleus. Between these two, acting as a great and transforming apparatus, the peripheral sensory apparatus of the mind, which gives to the latter, frail as they are, the advantage in power to make the primary assertions and the exhibition of his creative relationship to congeal and become heavily resistant. It is the same feature, moreover, leads to that kinship in a common organic mobility with the fluid forces of ideas, embarks successfully upon the reduction of substance to a subordinate position. The resisting stubbornness of substance acts as a challenge which the organism's power of spatial interference, in alliance with the force of mind, has to bring to account. The freedom and causal character when it exists in the more substantial world, and the exhibition of his creative relationship towards them plainer. The identities which his science proclaims to be existent among things are, therefore, ultimately the identifying in a common organic mobility with the fluid forces of ideas, embarks successfully upon the reduction of substance to a subordinate position. Prior to the entrance of ideal action it was the spatial movement alone which made its entry into experience undisguisedly in this relationship. The sensory movements, static and alien-seeming, were experienced as of a world apart; and the ideal replicas of these born of them and after them, and modelled upon them, appeared as their ideal copies. Their appearance of alienness and externality in respect of that nucleus; while the degree and angle of projection, greater and less, gives them their position in the external world. One might put it that the first effect of sensory action is to make the long arm of the latter operative against a sense of identical relations with the organism's nucleus, and hence against that sense of intimate first-hand acquaintance with their generative source which forms mentally experienced have, because they can be readily conceived in direct relationship towards it. The items filling the world of ideas escape the heavy weighting in the anti-intimate direction characteristic of sense-forms, and therefore, save in abnormal cases or those great gaps which separate the perceptions and dreams, their movements retain and exhibit themselves under the truer and more fundamental character of the fluid forces of the organism.

(13) It is to be emphasized that it is the prime function of the substantial, i.e. sensory, activity to show a stubborn, exclusive quality: a character of comparative staticality, as though the externalizing influence of the sense-organs, in the act of estranging their products from their organic source, had caused them to congeal and become heavily resistant. It is in this rôle that substance acts as a resistant base to contrasting so heavily with the fluid forces of the mind, which gives to the latter, frail as they are, the advantage in power to make the primary assertions concerning the affinities and sequences pervading all nature inclusive of those of matter as well as of mind.

(14) The same feature, moreover, leads to that kinship in a common organic mobility with the fluid forces of ideas, embarks successfully upon the reduction of substance to a subordinate position. The resisting stubbornness of substance acts as a challenge which the organism's power of spatial interference, in alliance with the forces of mind, has to bring to account. The free and causal character when it exists in the more substantial world, and the exhibition of his creative relationship towards them plainer. The identities which his science proclaims to be existent among things are, therefore, ultimately the identifying in a common organic mobility with the fluid forces of ideas, embarks successfully upon the reduction of substance to a subordinate position. Prior to the entrance of ideal action it was the spatial movement alone which made its entry into experience undisguisedly in this relationship. The sensory movements, static and alien-seeming, were experienced as of a world apart; and the ideal replicas of these born of them and after them, and modelled upon them, appeared as their ideal copies. Their appearance of alienness and externality in respect of that nucleus; while the degree and angle of projection, greater and less, gives them their position in the external world. One might put it that the first effect of sensory action is to make the long arm of the latter operative against a sense of identical relations with the organism's nucleus, and hence against that sense of intimate first-hand acquaintance with their generative source which forms mentally experienced have, because they can be readily conceived in direct relationship towards it. The items filling the world of ideas escape the heavy weighting in the anti-intimate direction characteristic of sense-forms, and therefore, save in abnormal cases or those great gaps which separate the perceptions and dreams, their movements retain and exhibit themselves under the truer and more fundamental character of the fluid forces of the organism.
announcing themselves first as those of ideas. What is called the evidence of law in the external world is therefore simply an extension outwards of identities "sensed" in the closer vital intimacy of ideas, and the sequences which we recognize as constituting the elementary causal nexus are based upon identities which betray themselves in the first instance as a feature of ideas.

III

(16) After laying so much stress upon the fact that truth emerges in the sphere of ideas rather than in the sensory, and emphasizing the leading rôle which ideas play in the ascertaining of the nature of things, it appears rather ironical when we attempt the account of the nature of ideas and endeavour to say just what it is which happens to ideas when a new truth is born among them, that we have to confess that the inadequacy of our information is due to the non-existence of a mechanism so devised that it furnishes sensory forms which are exact correspondences and functions of the ideal activities. The irony, however, does not cut so deep as at first glance it seems to. The superiority we have claimed for the idea is that it gives a hint or a sort of indication of all that we shall find—if we proceed to look—physical forces strung together. Obviously the worth of such a hint can be appraised only if we can test it by arranging spatially the sensory factors involved, on the line suggested in thought. Only so can we confirm the ground under our feet and make the hint more than a hint, or discard it as valueless and misleading altogether. Let us consider in account of certain difficulties, certain kinds of phenomena remain in a position where either they are inaccessible to or can elude the experimenting activity of our hands and instruments, our knowledge necessarily remains speculative, cloudy, and insecure. And this is the actual position in which psychological inquiry at present gropes and hesitates. We have supposed the existence of identities which can render ideal existences and their characteristic spatially demonstrable to independently acting minds. Physical facts as they are, in the sense that they are definite movements recording themselves in substantial tissues, they are so inferiorly placed that means of submitting them to conditions yielding evidence corroboratable because measurable by standard units has not yet been devised, and we are therefore dependent upon that misty evidence which is proffered by the individual mind concerning its "feel" of its own movements: a very unsatisfactory state of affairs, of course, which can only be remedied with the devising of the mechanism furnishing evidence which will override the "introspective" version. Meanwhile it is upon this latter that, for lack of a better, we have mainly to rely.

(17) The evidence so yielded is frail, meagre and unprecise, but, taken in consideration with what seems to me an unescapable logical basis, sufficient to give some sense of direction to the inquiry. In conformity with this basis we have advanced a conception of life which sees the latter as the result of the development of certain actions: as the polarizing of some force into two equal and opposite organic arms or modes of force, these being responsible for the creation of the experience of substance and space respectively. Or we can use terms in more current use, and say they constitute the organism's sensory actions and spatial reactions. It is not necessary to regard as long as life remained on the subhuman level these two forms of action existed only as indivisible units, forming an unbroken sweep of movement from the one to the other; whilst the effects they produce as felt-experience represented the product of the two poles of action inextricably bound together into a unitary whole. The most salient feature of the period of instinctive action is the steady intensive elaboration of the sensory apparatus, and consequently of the powers of sensory creation. Obviously, the organism's power of spatial adjustment must have developed in equal step with it, but as the latter power is of a uniform type the qualitative differences developing in the sensory arm, compared with the merely quantitative development in the spatial, is the more impressive, and we tend rather to see the dual products which constitute our external effects as the intricate coiling-up of sense effects, as though obviously, but into such effect whether taken as a whole or in part, the spatial reaction which formed part and parcel with the sensory action must be bound up with it.

(18) At the human level, where the vital force has increased until it is capable of effecting, as it were, an additional turn of the screw, so that the organic nucleus of life tightens on itself and increases the tension both of its sensory and its spatial modes of effect, we find that quality of saliency invasion, with all experience which renders it possible to create a sign, and consequently a mental form or idea which ushers in with itself the entire effects we call intellectual. Now the rôle of intellectual action in respect of the two other modes is precisely to uncoil their intricately interlaced effects and to segregate as a free and relatively independent effect the purely sensory factor had entered into alliance as resistant base to form any given effect. This action of withdrawing the unobtrusive sensory factor embodied in effects is, because of its comparative simplicity, like that of unravelling the simple thread in a complicated double stitch. Whereas tugging at the thread which the mechanism has thrown into a complicated pattern would merely tighten the whole, the withdrawing of the simple one unravels the entire arrangement with comparative ease. Its own simplicity makes its own unravelling easy, while its more complex partner, deprived of its necessary co-operating element, has to run down its complexity notwithstanding.

(19) Let us indicate how, according to our conception, the effect of this concentration of energy is working with the effects of the spatial and substantial actions existing in intimate union in the external world, we get with the arrival of the power to create experience in the ideal medium, copies or continuations of these same actions in ideal equivalents. In addition to the features belonging uniquely to ideas which we have already noted, it is necessary to note of another feature elsewhere considered, i.e. that in virtue of that high tension which is the initial agency operative in the very creation of ideas, the items of ideal experience are cut up into detached objects or units, upon any one of which the organism can concentrate its entire available force at one throw. The effects of that concentration can be multiplied in intensity with every added impulse of concentration in a given direction, and it seems that this concentration thus intensively applied upon a single idea acts as a species of incubating heat under which the idea of its own nature begins to disintegrate, with the comparative ease. Its own simplicity makes its own unravelling easy, while its more complex partner, deprived of its necessary co-operating element, has to run down its complexity notwithstanding. Just as in the external world we find material bodies in a condition in which a disintegrating influence is breaking down their atomic structure, so there seems to obtain among ideas conditions in which that high intensification of energies which has made their existence possible is not only maintained by the withdrawing of multiple concentrations of mental energy, causes a complex idea to undergo disintegration, with the result that a total effect breaks down into its constituent elements of a simpler sensory base united with a spatial "causal" action. The two parts into which the effect breaks down represent (1) an action: something we have to do (and to which we propose to give the description "positive" cause), and (2) some-
thing (which we will call the cause's "negative" sensory base) which allows the action to have play upon itself. When the disrupting heat has done its work upon any effect, that effect will emerge in a new relationship between these two agents of positive cause plus a contributory to the effect in the shape of a negative sensory base.

(20) It soon becomes patent, however, that this latter element it does not remain long in a state which is entirely simple: positive, and sensory. On the contrary, the direct concentration of energy is made in respect of it, a like process repeats itself: the simple form develops complex features; positive causal elements begin to manifest themselves; and the mere "contributory to an effect" matures to the status of an effect in itself from which a positive spatial cause requires to be analysed out. Thus it is we get the causal chain, every effect assuming to be an effectant, while, concentrated upon, in turn itself becomes an effect capable of releasing a cause. So just as in the play of electrical forces we find positive and negative elements marshalling up in an orderly arrangement of poles, north and south, here in the play of ideas we find analogous elements sorting themselves out on which prong the principle of their "charge", positive and negative, becomes the "mover" of an unbroken chain of cause and effect.

(21) We have here assumed that the disintegration process was the automatic and inevitable outcome of the new power of grip and consequent concentration which is the basic human differentiation. We concede this assumption to be an extreme and, while, and consider that all man's earliest disintegrations of experiences into causal sequences must have been arrived at in this automatic way. Later, however, as the human mind became more aware of the nature of its own tendencies, and as the mind itself became stocked with ideas of action as well as of ideas of sensory base, the search for a like process repeats itself: the simple form develops complex features; positive causal elements begin to manifest themselves; and the mere "contributory to an effect" matures to the status of an effect in itself from which a positive spatial cause requires to be analysed out. Thus it is we get the causal chain, every effect assuming to be an effectant, while, concentrated upon, in turn itself becomes an effect capable of releasing a cause. So just as in the play of electrical forces we find positive and negative elements marshalling up in an orderly arrangement of poles, north and south, here in the play of ideas we find analogous elements sorting themselves out on which prong the principle of their "charge", positive and negative, becomes the "mover" of an unbroken chain of cause and effect.

(22) This maturing of the idea for dissolution is the essential part of the business, and makes all the difference in the world in the matter of an accurate alliance proves their instinctive attraction for each other element, north and south, here in the play of ideas we find analogous elements sorting themselves out on which prong the principle of their "charge", positive and negative, becomes the "mover" of an unbroken chain of cause and effect.
He is reasonable about the Greek spelling. He points out that γόνον ήταν κάλλιστον ἀνδρὸν sounds very poorly as “Seeing her son the fairest of men,” but is outshouted in “Remirando il figliuolo belli­smo degli uomini,” and protests his fidelity to the meaning of Aeschylus.

His weakness in this work is where it essentially lay in all of his expression, it rests in the term “ideas” — “Thought” as Browning understood it— “ideas” as the term is current, are poor two-dimensional stuff, a scant, scratch covering. “Damn ideas any­how.” An idea is only an imperfect induction from fact.

The solid, the “last atom of force verging off into the first atom of matter” is the force, the emotion, the objective sight of the poet. In the Agamemnon it is the whole rush of the action, the whole wildness of Kassandra’s continual shrieking, the flash of the beacon fires burning unsoftened wood, the outburst of the solid, the “last atom of force verging off into the first atom of matter” is the force, the emotion, the objective sight of the poet. In the Agamemnon it is the whole rush of the action, the whole wildness of Kassandra’s continual shrieking, the flash of the beacon fires burning unsoftened wood, the outburst of the

or the later

The first day’s search at the Museum reveals “Aeschylus” printed by Aldus in 1518; by Stephanus in 1557, an English translation before 1777, a couple in the 1820’s, more in the middle of the century, since 1880 past counting, and no promising names in the list. Sophocles falls to Jebb and does not appear satisfactory.

From which wether one returns thankfully to the Thomas Stanley Greek and Latin edition, with Saml. Butler notes, Cambridge, “typis ac sumptibus academicis.” 1811—once a guinea or half a guinea per volume, half leather, but now mercifully, since people no longer read Latin, picked up at 2s. for the set (eight volumes in all), rather less than the price of their posture. Quartos in excellent type.

Browning shows himself poet in such phrases as “dust, mud’s thirsty brother,” which is easy, perhaps, back English, even Browning’s own particular English, as “dust, of mud brother thirsty,” would not be English at all; and if I have been extremely harsh in dealing with the first passage quoted it is still indisputable that I have read Browning off and on for seventeen years with no small pleasure and admiration, and am one of the few people who know anything about his Sordello, and have never read his Agamemnon, have not even now when it falls into a special study been able to get through his Agamemnon.

Take another test passage:

And it does not end here. In fact it reaches the nadir of its bathos in a later speech of Klutaimnestra in the line “This is Agamemnon, maritus Meus, hac dextra mortuus, Facinus justae artifìcis. Haece ita se habent.” 1415

We turn to Browning and find:

—this man is Agamemnon,
My husband, dead, the work of this right hand here, Aye, of a just artificer: so things are.

To the infinite advantage of the Latin, and the complete explanation of why Browning’s Aeschylus, to say nothing of forty other translations of Aeschylus, are unreadable.

Any bungling translation:

This is Agamemnon, My husband, Dead by this hand, And a good job. These, gentlemen, are the facts.”

No, that is extreme, but the point is that any natural wording, anything which keeps the mind off theog­nics and the metamorphic actual, dealing with an actual situation, and not pester the reader with frills and festoons of language, is worth all the convo­luted tushery that the Victorians can heap together.

I can conceive no improvement on the Latin, it saves by dextra for deo χρώ, it loses a few letters in se habent, but it has the same drive as the greek.

The Latin can be a whole commentary on the greek, or at least it can give one the whole parsing and order, and let one proceed at a comfortable rate with the most rudimentary knowledge of the original language. And I do not think this a trifle; it would be an ill day if men again let the classics go by the
board; we should fall into something worse than, or as bad as, the counter-reformation: a welter of gum-shoes, and cocoa, and Y.M.C.A. and Webbs, and social theorizing committees, and the general hell of a groggy doctrinaire obfuscation; and the very disagreeabilizing of the classics, every pedagogy which puts the masterwork further from us, either by a groggy doctrinaire obfuscation; and the very disagreeabilizing of the classics, every pedagogy which obstructing the schoolboy, or breeding affectation in the matter, or that I can formulate anything beyond end. I do not know that strict logic will cover all of particularly by the feel of being in contact with the a belief that we test a translation by the feel, and that one can open this latin text of the Agamemnon without getting such sense of contact:

"Mox sciemus lampadum luciferarum Signorumque per facies et ignis vices, An vere sint, an somniorum instar, 500 Gratum veni vi suillum lumen eluserit animum nostrum."

"Heu, heu, argutae lusciniae fatum"

"Swift the shields on your track, Oars on the unseen traces, And leafy Simois Gone red with blood."

"War-wed, contested, (Fitly) Helen, destroyer of ships; of men; Destroyer of cities, "From the delicate-curtained room Sped by land breezes."

"Swift on the shields on your track, Oars on the unseen traces."

"Red leaves in Simois!"

"Rank flower of love, for Troy."

"Quipe leonem educa vit . . ."

"Nequaquam mortis sortem exopta"

"Ω iniquam Helenam, una quae multas,"

"Ohimè ! lethali intus percussus sum vulnere."

"Eris viri domitrix aerumna."
Clytemnestra:
"Mortem haud indignam arbitrar
Huic contigisse;
Neque enim ille insidiosam cladem
Anditi tumultu; sed meum ex ipso
Germen sublatum, mutum defletam
Iphigeniam cum indigne affercit.
Digna passus est, nihil in inferno
Glorietur, gladio inficta
Morte luens quae prior perpetravit."

"Death not unearned, nor yet a novelty in this house;
Let him make talk in hell concerning Iphigenia."

(If we allow the last as ironic equivalent of the literal
"let him not boast in hell.")"

"He gets but a thrust once given (by him)
Back-pay, for Iphigenia"

One can further condense the English but at the cost of obscurity:
Morshhead is bearable in Clytemnestra's description of the beacons.

"From Ida's top Hephaestes, Lord of fire
Sent forth his sign, and on, and ever on.
Beacon to beacon sped the courier-flame
From Ida to the crag, that Hermes loves
On Lemnos; thence into the steep sublime
Of Athos, throne of Zeus, the broad blaze flared.
Thence, raised aloft to shoot across the sea
The moving light, rejoicing in its strength
Sped from the pyre of pine, and urged its way,
In golden glory, like some strange new sun,
Outward and reached Macistus' watching heights."

THE FRENCH IDEA

A change in the calendar means more this year than merely a change in the calendar. With other changes the decentralization of the French intellectual activity, so often appealed for, seems at last to be approaching realization. However advanced or not the extension of the Parisian monopoly may be, the attribution of the national thought to the capital alone becomes too narrow— indeed a misnomer. A chronicle claiming to keep, be it ever so slightly, in touch with the various manifestations of the French genius would err henceforth too grossly were it, by its definition, to insist upon a specialization whose very sound now verges on the trivial.

I will not here dwell upon the scope and limitations of the French quality in expressions having their origin and their diffusion in France; for this circumstance explains the very reason for this column, while the wider aspect has already been copiously set forth by a Belgian writer enthusiastically in favour, as Swiss and Belgians can so generously and justly be, of the theory that the French in its ensemble is the only esprit of influence in Europe. Taking, for example, certain important social personalities in the past, the Prince de Ligne for one, their cosmopolitanism was, in his opinion, a French naturalization, for the French view of life alone can travel round the globe with or without a strangle or provincial figure. Indeed, wherever it predominates it dominates, invariably prevailing, following none. It has ever been a maste, never a disciple.

Despite the non-existence nowadays of the society which in the eighteenth century gave the world its social cue, its intellectual characteristics it embodied have been handed down to its present-day intellectual representatives, and M. Dumont-Wilden specifies these characteristics while naming the men who, each in his way (André Gide, Maurice Barrès, etc.), most completely give reality to the term "Esprit Européen" in its modern definition—that critical attitude, that searching unrest, that lack of discipline—"culture," as Goethe understood the term.

And in 1914, M. Dumont-Wilden wrote, or, more precisely, published (it may have been written earlier) that the Germans had confounded moral influence with political influence ("La science allemande, la littérature allemande, l'art allemand, la civilisation allemande toute entière sont des instruments de la politique allemande"), while French civilization has always been, and is still, independent of politics—therefore whatever its political stability or unrest, prestige an denomination, its moral supremacy remains intact: "C'est parce la France, la civilisation française, est supérieure à ces divisions." Failure to discern this has led foreigners into frequent misapprehension. Many of them went so far as to commit the somewhat injurious mistake of allowing themselves to be surprised by qualities which the war did not provoke, but merely brought into closer proximity to their short-sighted view.

In 1914 also, M. Dumont-Wilden, Belgian, published the opinion that the intellect of France needed the support of the soldiers of France:

Plus la France se voudra Française avec frémissée, plus elle rendra de services à l'Europe.

. . . de l'urgence qu'il y a, pour elle, à défendre cette liberté d'esprit, cette humanité. Le meilleur moyen de se défendre, pour la race gauloise, c'est toujours de prendre l'offensive. Quand la France se défend, elle défend l'Europe.

Perhaps a compromising touch, but less so from a Belgian than it might be from a Frenchman. By all means let foreigners be chauvinistic—for the countries of their admiration. The more so the better.

M. Dumont-Wilden's identification of the French and the European spirit—his synthesis which is attained through a penetrating analysis, and his analysis which is ever dominated by the synthetical grasp—is subtle, skilful, and more opportune even than when first published.

* * *

The previous chronicle had occasion to deplore the loss of two women—writers of quality. The current one also mourns the loss of two men, not even one of whom, though his reputation was extensive, and the newspapers defined him as typically French (but they knew what they meant and so do we), would be invited into his European circle by M. Dumont-Wilden. I speak of Edmond Rostand, who, like so many, fell to the influenza epidemic, sorrowfully mourned as a man by his friends and as poet by the public. The popularity of this versifier, whose early work was not without merit, was, and will continue for some time, in France to be equivalent to that of Kipling in England—mais quelle différence d'envergure between the two men! And like Kipling he was the people's Laureate.

Guillaume Apollinaire's hybrid extraction is not exact. I trust the letter wanting to give carte blanche into M. Dumont-Wilden's rarefied milieu. Mixed blood does not make the ideal cosmopolitan, nor genuine admiration for France, any more than clattering patriotism, the complete Frenchman. It was a sad little funeral. Only a few weeks before M. Apollinaire had the complexion of a man in good health. But the different operations which a head had undergone involving a curious medieval aspect to his rubicund abbot-like features, was the constant reminder—without doubt provided an easy hold to the ailment—influence also—which had him in its grip but a couple of days.

It was a sad little funeral: a quite recently wedded girl grief-possessed; flowers and the national colours—he was buried with the military honours due to him—
hiding thirty-eight years of a serene, good-humoured, good-natured, successful, popular and original life, concluded more than estimably in the practical proof of love for the spirit of France by helping her "to keep her rank among the strong nations," and "to enable her to continue to represent gloriously the most refined culture, the most aristocratic and most humane in Europe." * For if Alexandre was very often a humorist who could not resist exercising a form of humour somewhat misleading he was unmistakably serious when the hour of his well-loved country's great doom sounded, serious beyond obligation.

For the book M. George Duhamel published under a pseudonym, the Académie Goncourt has somewhat shamefacedly awarded to him its annual prize, patently to compensate for having failed to distinguish the one he published under his own and better-known name. This prize, when it comes, never gives complete satisfaction, yet the list of winners cannot, looked back upon, be considered quite defective. These are some of the principal names it has distinguished: John-Antoine Nau, Claude Farrère, the Thaurauds, Francis de Miomandre, the Leblonds, Louis Pergaud, Marc Elder, René Benjamin, Barbuse (shared), Duhamel-Thévenin. Not such a bad show when all is said. The wrong is perhaps not so much in the manner of the attribution, but in the attribution at all.

THREE GEORGIAN NOVELISTS

II

There are certain points of similarity between Mr. Hugh Walpole and Mr. Compton Mackenzie, but where Mr. Walpole has the advantage over the author of *Sinister Street* is, first, that he has a spontaneous, if limited, sense of humour; and second, that he has succeeded in forgetting a few details about undergraduates. The kind of life he has chosen chiefly to explore is narrow and restricted, but it is at least of a sort. And he is capable now and then of seeing beyond it, and therefore of seeing it in perspective. Like Mr. Henry James, whom he has taken as his master, Mr. Walpole has an instinctive fondness for that select enclave, now gradually being left stranded because of its reduced circumstances and its obstinacy, which contains "the best people." He is charmingly old-fashioned enough to have a liking for duchesses; they really thrill him. And his books appeal to all the novel-readers who also have a liking for duchesses. (The people who are interested in titles are not housemaids, as it is a popular fallacy to believe. Mr. Walpole's books are not so gorgeous or splashed on with so much vigour as Mr. Mackenzie's, but the tapestry into which he weaves them has usually more distinction of design. Where Mr. Mackenzie favours the chronicle and is forced to leave it fragmentary because he can neither suggest nor select, Mr. Walpole favours the "theme." The simile of tapestry is not apt for Mr. Walpole's "theme," but when the same figures are reproduced again and again the tapestry degenerates into figured wall-paper and his procession of elegant figures suggests the stage arm which multiplies itself indefinitely. It is really little to be wondered at that when, for the purposes of his plots, Mr. Walpole brings ordinary men and women from the romantic, complex outside world into the prim cage in which hisBeamisters and Trenchards strut, they seem immediately to become asphyxiated. For example, when Philip Mark, who leaves behind him a mistress and all sorts of highly coloured experiences in Russia, is brought within the purview of *The Green Mirror* he at once becomes a West End gentleman and disappears from the scene. This may be true to life—but indeed we all know how often it happens that when a man strays from the outer world into Mr. Walpole's favourite enclosure he loses his identity and all that made him lovable or vital—but by making the less devour the greater it undoubtedly damps down the reader's interest and gives him a feeling of oppression. Whether, as the result of the war, Mr. Walpole will arise, gird up his loins, and heave a portion of rock through the Green Mirror which has till now enchanted him remains to be seen. Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill, that memorable human drama, revealed in him potentialities of which he has never since made use. It is a pity, for the Yorke and the Blunt name is associated with studies only in stagnation. They introduce us to charming, limited, well-bred men and women with delightful manners who have inherited a point of view they are not strong enough sincerely to disown. To read one of them is to go through the sensation of putting on one's high hat and grandpapa's Sunday trousers and paying a call in Rutland Gate! But Mr. Walpole is capable of higher things than being a fashionable novelist. And he is not capable of being another Henry James. 

DOUGLAS GOLDRING

(To be continued)

THE "LAMENT FOR ADONIS"

It is a pleasure to note that the principles of translating laid down in the prospectus of the Poets' Translation Series are being followed by other translators. That this "literary-literal" method has a distinct advantage over all others is proved by a very sensitive version of Bion's *Lament for Adonis* recently published by Miss Winifred Bryher. The ideal of such translations comes, of course, from France; any one familiar with the translations of Leconte de Lisle, Loujis, Quillard, and Dr. Mardrus shades, do not palpitate, and suffer from lack of sunlight, like the colours of the academic painters of the early nineteenth century. Mr. Walpole, perhaps more than any of his distinguished contemporaries, is at pains to keep in the forefront of fashion. He has a sharp eye for the latest literary modes, for the correct political, moral, or aesthetic opinions; and he is not above taking notice of the way other fellows do things. Any small innovation in the way of description which strikes him as being new or smart he is apt, subconsciously, to assimilate and reproduce. He will describe the raising of a woman's arm, the feeling of opening your napkin at dinner in a strange house, the look of Piccadilly Circus on an evening in the Season, just as one or other of his contemporaries may do, with his own rather too much air of genius omitted.

From my point of view, since I do not belong to the "best people" and thus have no intense personal interest in their doings, what is most tedious about Mr. Walpole's later books is their lack of variety in characterization. The family likeness between all his people is too strongly marked. The Beamisters in *The Duchesse of Wrexoe* have a kind of innoviveness in the old-time quality which is doubtless true to life; but when the same figures are reproduced again and again the tapestry degenerates into figured wall-paper and his procession of elegant figures suggests the stage arm which multiplies itself indefinitely. It is really little to be wondered at that when, for the purposes of his plots, Mr. Walpole brings ordinary men and women from the romantic, complex outside world into the prim cage in which his Beamisters and Trenchards strut, they seem immediately to become asphyxiated. For example, when Philip Mark, who leaves behind him a mistress and all sorts of highly coloured experiences in Russia, is brought within the purview of *The Green Mirror* he at once becomes a West End gentleman and disappears from the scene. This may be true to life—but indeed we all know how often it happens that when a man strays from the outer world into Mr. Walpole's favourite enclosure he loses his identity and all that made him lovable or vital—but by making the less devour the greater it undoubtedly damps down the reader's interest and gives him a feeling of oppression. Whether, as the result of the war, Mr. Walpole will arise, gird up his loins, and heave a portion of rock through the Green Mirror which has till now enchanted him remains to be seen. Mr. Perrin and Mr. Traill, that memorable human drama, revealed in him potentialities of which he has never since made use. It is a pity, for the Yorke and the Blunt name is associated with studies only in stagnation. They introduce us to charming, limited, well-bred men and women with delightful manners who have inherited a point of view they are not strong enough sincerely to disown. To read one of them is to go through the sensation of putting on one's high hat and grandpapa's Sunday trousers and paying a call in Rutland Gate! But Mr. Walpole is capable of higher things than being a fashionable novelist. And he is not capable of being another Henry James.

THE EGOIST

Jan.—Feb. 1919

* L. Dumont-Wilden.
**Ulysses**

**By James Joyce**

**Episode II**

"**YOU,** Cochrane, what city sent for him?" **"Tarentum, sir.**"

"Very good. Well?"

"There was a battle, sir."

"Very good. Where?"

"The boy's blank face asked the blank window."

Fabled by the daughters of memory. And yet it was in some way if not as memory fabled it. A phrase, then, of impatience, thud of Blake's wings of excess. I hear the ruin of all space, shattered glass and toppling masonry, and time one livid final flame. What's left us then?"

"I forget the place, sir. 279 B.C." **"Asculum,"** Stephen said, glancing at the name and year in the gorescarred book.

"Yes, sir. And he said: 'Another victory like that and we are done for.'"

That phrase the world had remembered. A dull ease of the mind. From a hill above a corpse-strewn plain a general, speaking to his officers, leaned upon his spear. Any general to any officers. They lend ear.

"You, Armstrong," Stephen said. "What was the end of Pyrrhus?"

"End of Pyrrhus, sir?"

"I know, sir. Ask me, sir," Comyn said.

"Wait. You, Armstrong. Do you know anything about Pyrrhus?"

A bag of figrolls lay snugly in Armstrong's satchel. He curled them between his palms at whiles and swallowed them softly. Crumbs adhered to the tissues of his lips. A sweetened boy's breath. Well off people, proud that their eldest son was in the navy. Vico Road, Dalkey.
"Yes, sir. Hockey at ten, sir."
"Half day, sir. Thursday."
"Who can answer a riddle?" Stephen asked. They bundled their books away, pencils clacking, pages rustling. Crowding together they strapped and buckled their satchels, all gabbling gaily:

"A riddle. Ask me, sir."
"O, ask me, sir."
"A hard one, sir."
"This is the riddle," Stephen said:

The cock crew,
The sky was blue:
The bells in heaven
Were striding eleven.
This time for this poor soul
To go to heaven.

"What is that?"
"What, sir?"
"Again, sir. We didn't hear."
Their eyes grew bigger as the lines were repeated. After a silence Cochrane said:

"What is it, sir? We give it up."
Stephen, his throat itching, answered:

The fox burying his grandfather under a holly-bush.
He stood up and gave a shout of nervous laughter to which their cries echoed dismay.
A stick struck the door and a voice in the corridor called:

"Hockey."
They broke asunder, sidling out of their benches, leaping them. Quickly they were gone and from the lumber room came the rattle of sticks and clamour of their boots and tongues.
Sargent who alone had lingered came forward slowly showing an open copybook. His thick hair and scraggy neck gave witness of unreadiness and through his misty glasses weak eyes looked up pleading. On his cheek, dull and bloodless, a soft stain of ink lay written on the headline. Beneath were sloping date-shaped, recent and damp as a snail's bed.

"Numbers eleven to fifteen," Sargent answered.
"Can you do them yourself?" Stephen asked.
"No, sir."

Sums was written on the headline. Beneath were sloping figures and at the foot a crooked signature with blind loops and a blot. Cyril Sargent: his name and seal.
He held out his copybook. The word sums was written on the headline. Stephen solved out the problem. Across the page the symbols moved in grave morrice figures and at the foot a sheet of thin blotting paper and carried his copybook back to his desk.

"Yes sir."
"Do you understand now? Can you work the second for yourself?"
"Yes sir."

In long shaky strokes Sargent copied the data. Waiting always for a word to help his hand moved faultlessly the unsteady symbols, a faint hue of shame flickering behind his dull skin. Amor mortis: subjective and objective genitive. With her weak blood and wheyous milk she fed him and hid from sight of others his swaddlingbands.
Like him was I, these sloping shoulders, this gracelessness. My childhood bends beside me. Too far for me to lay a hand of comfort there, too light. Mine is far and his secret as our eyes. Secrets, silent, stony, sit in the dark palaces of both our hearts; secrets weary of their tyranny: tyrants willing to be dethroned.

The sum was done.
"It is very simple," Stephen said as he stood up.
"Yes, sir. Thanks," Sargent answered.
He dried the page with a sheet of thin blotting paper. As it was in the beginning, is now. On the sideboard the tray of money cowries and whelks and leopard shells: and this, whorled as an emir's secret weary of its tyranny: tyrants willing to be dethroned.

A hasty step over the stone porch and in the playfield. When he had reached the schoolhouse voices again contending called to him. He turned his angry white moustache.

"What is it now?" he cried continually without listening.
"Cochrane and Halliday are on the same side, sir."
Stephen cried.
"Will you wait in my study for a moment, sir."
Stephen said, "till I restore order here."
And as he stepped fussily back across the field his old man's voice cried sternly:

"What is the matter? What is it now?"
Their sharp voices cried about him on all sides: their many forms closed round him, garish sunshine bleaching the honey of his illydied head.
Stale smoky air hung in the study with the smell of drab abraded leather of its chairs. As on the first day he bargained with me here. As it was in the beginning, is now. On the sideboard the tray of Stuart coins, base treasure of a bog; and ever shall be. And its edges worn in by the imprint of purple pluch, faded, the twelve apostles having preached to all the gentiles: world without end.
A hasty step over the stone porch and in the corridor. Blowing out his rare moustache Mr Deasy halted at the table.

"First, our little financial settlement," he said.
He brought out of his coat a pocketbook bound by a rubber thong. It slapped open and he took from it two notes, one of joined halves, and laid them carefully on the table.
"Two," he said, strapping and stowing his pocketbook away.
And now his strongroom for the gold. Stephen's embarrassed hand moved over the shells heaped in the cold stone mortar: whelks and money cowries and leopard shells: and this, whorled as an emir's partner: so: imps of fancy of the Moors. Gone too from the world, Averroes and Moses Maimonides, dark men in pursuit of the ancient movement, flashing in their mocking mirrors the obscure soul of the world, a darkness shining in brightness which brightness could not comprehend.

"Do you understand now? Can you work the second for yourself?"
"Yes sir."
He proved by algebra that Shakespeare's ghost is Hamlet's grandfather. Sargent peered askance, through his slanted glasses. Hockeysticks rattled in the lumberroom: the hollow knock of a ball and calls from the field.

Across the page the symbols moved in grave morrice in the mummery of their letters, wearing quaint caps and of squares and cubes. Give hands, traverse, bow to
turban, and this, the scallop of saint James. An old pilgrim's board, dead treasure, hollow shells. A sovereign fell, bright and new, on the soft pile of the tablecloth.

"Three," Mr Deasy said, turning his little savings box about in his hand. "These are handy things to have. See. This is for sovereigns. This is for shillings, sixpences, halfcrowns. And here crowns. See."

He shot from it two crowns and two shillings.

"Three twelve," he said. "I think you'll find that's right."

"Thank you, sir," Stephen said, gathering the money together with shy haste and putting it all in a pocket of his trousers.

His hand, free again, went back to the hollow shells, symbols too of beauty and of power. A lump in my pocket. Symbols soiled by greed and misery.

"Don't carry it like that," Mr Deasy said. "You'll pull it out somewhere and lose it. You just buy one of these machines. You'll find them very handy."

Answer something.

"Mine would be often empty," Stephen said.

That same room and hour, the same wisdom: and I the same. Three times now. Three nooses round my finger. "You don't know yet what money is. Money is power, when you have lived as long as I have. I know, I know. If youth but knew. But what's money but "Put money in thy purse.""


He lifted his gaze from the idle shells to the old man's stare.

"He knew what money was," Mr Deasy said. "He made money. A poet, yes, but an Englishman too. Do you know what is the pride of the English? Do you know what is the proudest word you will ever hear from an Englishman's mouth?"

The seas' ruler. His seacold eyes looked on the empty bay; it seems history is to blame: on me and on my words, unhating.

"That on his empire," Stephen said. "the sun never sets."

"But how, Mr Deasy cried. "That's not English. A French Celt said that."

He tapped his savings box against his thumb nail. "I will tell you," he said solemnly, "what is his proudest boast. I paid my way."

"Good man, good man."

"I paid my way. I never borrowed a shilling in my life. Can you feel that? I owe nothing. Can you?"

"Mulligan, nine pounds, three pairs of socks, ties. Curran, ten guineas. McCann, one guinea. Fred Ryan, two shillings. Temple, two lunches, Russell, one guinea, Cousins, ten shillings, Bob Reynolds, half a guinea, Köhler, three guineas, Mrs McKernan, five weeks' board. The lump I have is useless."

"For the moment, no," Stephen answered. Mr Deasy stared sternly for some moments over the machine box.

"I knew you couldn't," he said joyously. "But one day you must feel it. We are a generous people but we must also be just."

"I fear those big words," Stephen said. "which make us so unhappy."

Mr Deasy stared sternly for some moments over the machine at the shapely bulk of a man in tartan fillibegs: Albert Edward, Prince of Wales.

"You think me an old fogey and an old tory," his face free now. Three nooses round my finger. "I have rebel blood in me too," Mr Deasy said. "On the spindle side. I am descended from sir John Blackwood who voted against the union. We are all Irish, all kings' sons."

"Alas," Stephen said. "Per vias rectas," Mr Deasy said firmly, "was his motto. He voted against it; and put on his topboots to ride to Dublin from the Ards of Down to do so."


"That reminds me," Mr Deasy said. "You can do me a favour, Mr Dedalus, with some of your literary friends. I have a letter here for the press. Sit down a moment. I have just to copy the end."

He went to the desk near the window, pulled in his chair twice and read off some words from the sheet on the drum of his typewriter.

"Sit down. Excuse me," he said over the shoulder, "the dictates of common sense. Just a moment."

With the feather pen he covered the manuscript by his elbow and, muttering, began to prod the stiff buttons of the keyboard slowly, sometimes blowing as he screwed up the drum to erase an error.

Stephen seated himself noiselessly before the primely presence. Framed around the walls images of vanished horses. Photographs of horses, their raggy brows in air: lord Hastings' Repulse, the duke of Westminster's Shotover, the duke of Beaufort's Ceylon, prix de Paris, 1866. Elin riders sat them, watchful of a sign. He saw their speeds and shouted with the shouts of vanished crowds.

"Full stop," Mr Deasy bade his keys. "But prompt ventilation of this all important question . . . ."

"I have rebel blood in me too," Mr Deasy said.

He paid his way.

"I have put the matter into a nutshell," Mr Deasy said. "It's about the foot and mouth disease. Just look through it. There can be no two opinions on the matter."

May I trespass on your valuable space. That doctrine of laissez faire which so often in our history. Our cattle trade. The way of all our old industries. Liverpool ring which jockeyed the Galway harbour scheme. European conflagration. Grain supplies through the narrow waters of the channel. The plump perfect imprimiturability of the department of agriculture. Purdoned a classical allusion. Casandra. By a woman who was no better than she should be. To come to the point at issue.

"I don't mince words, do I?" Mr Deasy asked as Stephen read on.

Foot and mouth disease. Known as Koch's preparation. Serum and virus. Percentage of salted horses. Rinderpest. Emperor's horses at Mährsteg,
lower Austria. Veterinary surgeons. Mr Henry Blackwood Price. Courteous offer a fair trial. Dictates of common sense. All important question. In every sense of the word take the bull by the horns. Thanking you for the hospitality of your columns. "I want that to be printed and read," Mr Deasy said. "You will see at the next outbreak they will put an embargo on Irish cattle. And it can be cured. It is cured. My cousin, Blackwood Price, writes to me it is regularly treated and cured in Austria by cattle doctors there. They offer to come over here. I am trying to work up influence with the department.

"As regards these," he began.

"That will do," Mr Deasy said. "There is no time to lose to the Mr Field, M.P. There is a meeting of the cattle trade association today at the City Arms Hotel. I asked him to lay my letter before the meeting. You see if you can get it into your two papers. What are they?"

"The Evening Telegraph. . . ."

"That will do," Mr Deasy said. "There is no time to lose. Now I have to answer that letter from my cousin."

"Good morning, sir," Stephen said putting the sheets in his pocket. "Thank you."

"Not at all," Mr Deasy said as he searched the papers on his desk. "I like to break a lance with you, old as I am."

"Good morning, sir," Stephen said again, bowing again to his bent back. He went out by the open porch and down the gravel path under the trees, hearing the cries of the birds and the wind howling his breath.

"That is God."

"Hooray! Ay! Whrrwhee!

"What?" Mr Deasy asked.

"A shout in the street," Stephen answered, shrugging his shoulders.

Mr Deasy looked down and held for a while the sheets in his pocket. "As regards these, we are standing here the jew merchants are already at their work of destruction. Old England is dying."

He stepped swiftly off, his eyes coming to blue life as they passed a broad sunbeam. He faced about and back again.

"Dying," he said, "if not dead by now."

The harlot's cry from street to street Shall weave old England's windingsheet.

His eyes open wide in vision stared sternly across the sunbeam in which he halted.

"A merchant," Stephen said, "is one who buys and sells dear, jew or gentle, is he not?"

"They sided against the light," Mr Deasy said gravely. "And can you see the darkness in their eyes. And that is why they are wanderers on the earth to this day."

On the steps of the Paris stock exchange the gold-skinned men quoting prices on their gemmed fingers. Gabble of geese. They swarmed loud, uncouth, about the temple their heads thick plotting under making silk hats. Not theirs: these clothes, this speech, these gestures. Their full slow eyes belied the words, the gestures eager and unoffending, but knew the rancours massed about them and knew their zeal was vain. Vain patience to heap and hoard. Time suredly would scatter all. A hoard heaped by these years. As sure as we are standing here the jew merchants are already at their work of destruction.

"Who has not?" Stephen said.

"What do you mean?" Mr Deasy asked.

He came forward a pace and stood by the table. His under jaw fell sideways open uncertainly. Is this old wisdom? He waits to hear from me.

"History," Stephen said, "is a nightmare from which I am trying to awake."

From the playfield the boys raised a shout. A whirring whistle: goal.

"The ways of the Creator are not our ways," Mr Deasy said. All history moves towards one goal, the manifestation of God."

Stephen jerked his thumb towards the window, saying:

"That is God."

"Hooray! Ay! Whrrwhee!

"What?" Mr Deasy asked.

"A shout in the street," Stephen answered, shrugging his shoulders.

Mr Deasy looked down and held for a while the wings of his nose tweaked between his fingers. Looking up again he set them free.

"I am happier than you are," he said. "We have committed many errors and many sins. A woman brought sin into the world. For a woman who was no better than she should be, Helen, the runaway wife of Menelaus, ten years the Greeks made war on Troy. A faithless wife first brought the strangers to our shore here, O'Rourke's wife, Prince of Brefni. A woman too brought Parnell low. Many errors, many failures but not the one sin. I am a struggler now at the end of my days. But I will fight for the right till the end."

For Ulster will fight.

And Ulster will be right.

Stephen raised the sheets in his hand.

"Well, sir," he began.

"I foresee," Mr Deasy said, "that you will not remain here very long at this work. You were not born to be a teacher, I think. Perhaps I am wrong."


And here what will you learn more? Mr Deasy shook his head.

"Who knows?" he said. "To learn one must be humble. But life is the great teacher."

Stephen rustled the sheets again.

"As regards these," he began.

"Yes," Mr Deasy said. "You have two copies there. If you can have them published at once."

"Telegraph. Irish Homestead."

"I will try," Stephen said, "and let you know tomorrow. I know two editors slightly."

"That will do," Mr Deasy said. "There is no time to lose. Now I have to answer that letter from my cousin."

"Good morning, sir," Stephen said putting the sheets in his pocket. "Thank you."

"Not at all," Mr Deasy said as he searched the papers on his desk. "I like to break a lance with you, old as I am."

"Good morning, sir," Stephen said again, bowing again to his bent back.

He went out by the open porch and down the gravel path under the trees, hearing the cries of voices and crack of sticks from the playfield. The lions couchant on the pillars as he passed out through the gate; toothless terrors. Still I will help him in his fight. Mulligan will dub me a new name: the bullockbefriending bard.

"Mr Deasy!"

Running after me. No more letters I hope.

"Just one moment."

"Yes, sir," Stephen said, turning hard and swallowing his breath.

"I just wanted to say," he said. "Ireland, they say, has the honour of being the only country which never persecuted the jews. Do you know that? No. And do you know why?"

He frowned sternly on the bright air.

"Why, sir?" Stephen asked, beginning to smile.

"Because she never let them in," Mr Deasy said solemnly.

A coughball of laughter leaped from his throat dragging after it a rattling chain of phlegm. He turned back quickly, coughing, laughing, his lifted arms waving to the air.

"She never let them in," he cried again through his lifted arms, "she never let them in."

"She never let them in," Mr Deasy said solemnly.

As announced in our last issue the price of THE EGOST, on account of heavily increased printing expenses, is raised this year to ninepence. The new subscription rates appear on page 16.

NOTICE
TOWARDS A PEACE THEATRE
By HUNTY CARTER

II. THE ELEMENTS

In my last article I showed that an editor and some young enthusiasts had expressed the need, and were making proposals, for an early start at a new theatre. But it was clear that they were not concerned with anything new except the word itself. Every one of the avant-garde who touch upon a form of talkable play which would be better left in its grave. Not that it will be left undisturbed.

On the contrary there will be a full resumption of noise in the theatre as soon as the newly fledged discussionist playwrights are permitted by the censor to flap their wings and quack. This aside, I think the important thing expressed by the said enthusiasts is the one, single, and unified creative effect, that is meant to be transmitted as a whole, full and proper expression is quite impossible when the word itself. They were, in fact, bent on exhuming a form of talkable play which would be better left in its grave. Not that it will be left undisturbed.

Reconstruct the theatre as a noble institution charged with the care of the drama in its high and west and truest with the promotion of the public creative taste, and the present offensive form will disappear as a matter of course. The duty of the new structure should be to foster and stimulate creative expression by every possible means as the primary function of the English people, and to promote the exercise of creativeness in all depart­ments of the human spirit, and to be in a position to encourage and co-operate with organizations which exist, outside itself, for the promotion of its object, and to repudiate and destroy those that oppose it. But I will return to this question of expansion later.

The first thing necessary is to unite everything of which Drama effectively manifests itself. This would give us a Temple of Creative Effect.

What, it may be asked, are the foundation-stones of this unified Temple of Creative Effect? Properly speaking there are three. These in order are Art, Science, and Economics. I use these words not in the Greek sense of housekeeping, but in that of security of essential requirements. The theatre I have in mind should exist to express eternal truths in a score of distracting agencies in a score of different ways. The Master Builder of the new expression, if there be one, must be endowed with the promotion of its object, and to repudiate and destroy those that oppose it. But I will return to this question of expansion later.

In addition to a projected theatre, Messrs. Macdermott, Ould, and Shipp proposed a new periodical dealing with the theatre, and asked me for an article on Mimodrama. This was then returned as unsuitable, in these terms: “We have sat in solemn conclave on your article . . . and as our purpose is to interest returned as unsuitable, in these terms: “We have sat in solemn conclave on your article . . . and as our purpose is to interest


correspondence

MIMODRAMA

To the Editor of THE EGOIST

Mr. John Rodker

MIMODRAMA IN A REFORMED THEATRE

Mimodrama will, I hope, absorb all the energies of a reformed theatre. The psychologis of Shakespeare tends to become more and more literature as has that of Aeschylus and Sophocles. “By their works shall ye know them.” The very worthy words of fittings and trimmings the Drama was overlooked altogether, and the theatre became a studio for the application of the new principles of painting.

If they reflect they will see that there certainly is something, and that something is, oddly enough, the theatre itself.

In the theatre as soon as the newly fledged discussionist playwrights are permitted by the censor to flap their wings and quack. This aside, I think the important thing expressed by the said enthusiasts is the one, single, and unified creative effect, that is meant to be transmitted as a whole, full and proper expression is quite impossible when the word itself. They were, in fact, bent on exhuming a form of talkable play which would be better left in its grave. Not that it will be left undisturbed.

Reconstruct the theatre as a noble institution charged with the care of the drama in its high and west and truest with the promotion of the public creative taste, and the present offensive form will disappear as a matter of course. The duty of the new structure should be to foster and stimulate creative expression by every possible means as the primary function of the English people, and to promote the exercise of creativeness in all depart­ments of the human spirit, and to be in a position to encourage and co-operate with organizations which exist, outside itself, for the promotion of its object, and to repudiate and destroy those that oppose it. But I will return to this question of expansion later.

The first thing necessary is to unite everything of which Drama effectively manifests itself. This would give us a Temple of Creative Effect.

What, it may be asked, are the foundation-stones of this unified Temple of Creative Effect? Properly speaking there are three. These in order are Art, Science, and Economics. I use these words not in the Greek sense of housekeeping, but in that of security of essential requirements. The theatre I have in mind should exist to express eternal truths in a score of distracting agencies in a score of different ways. The Master Builder of the new expression, if there be one, must be endowed with the promotion of its object, and to repudiate and destroy those that oppose it. But I will return to this question of expansion later.

In addition to a projected theatre, Messrs. Macdermott, Ould, and Shipp proposed a new periodical dealing with the theatre, and asked me for an article on Mimodrama. This was then returned as unsuitable, in these terms: “We have sat in solemn conclave on your article . . . and as our purpose is to interest
contemporary German attempts at architectonic—dramaturgie—will also persist as literature, since the effects of dramatic masses in relation is one hardly amenable to the car, an organ which appears to have a less stable relation to the brain than the eye. Economy of presentation too through the eye, as in literature, is an important factor for the familiarization with certain kinds of play. Even lyrical saturation found in Hamlet as anything in Antony and Cleopatra, The Seagull, Exiles, is diminished in value by theatrical presentation. Nevertheless the instinct to go to a theatre, a reading; to congregate where one can see and be seen is very primitive and strong, so strong that the production hardly matters. For this reason audiences will put up with anything, however daring, provided of course that other managers will refrain from giving them what they want. The simplest way of reforming the theatre, therefore, is to dispose of existing managers.

A play of ideas tends always to decline to the intelligence of the lowest member of the audience, but the variations in miming remain always stable, with comedy and tragedy ultimate points; with perhaps a bias in favour of tragedy since its comprehension is more simple. Great passion rarely finds expression in speech—action being its only relief; comedy has not the same emotional—therefore physical—explosion—no sudden liberation—speech (wit, intellectual incongruity) is its content. As effective as anything in Hamlet is the "Dumb Show."

At the moment the theatre seems to me entirely supererogatory. I am amazed that intelligent people should bother about it. Revivals of Roman holidays—gladiatorial shows—occasional martyrdoms—bull-fights—would I think be more grateful to the public mind. (Modern substitution of emotional martyrdom is a disgusting refinement of cruelty.) But if blood offends there are always "Prince Igor" and the "Midnight Sun."

JOHN RODKER

UNITED STATES POETRY

To the Editor of The Egoist

MADAM—With regard to the letters of Miss Harriet Monroe, the editoress of Poetry, I wrote to her at the end of 1917 to ask her if she would like an appreciation of recent United States poetry. She wrote that she would, sent me twenty-five numbers of her magazine, ranging over three years, and in those numbers marked the typically United States poems. So much for the "uninvited and undesired" invasion. I read those marked poems, and taking three of them to which Poetry had awarded a prize in each of those three years, as typical of the typical, I dealt chiefly with them. I said, as politely as my outraged aesthetic sensibilities would allow, that they were punk; I quoted enough of them to demonstrate that they were punk; and punk they are.

Neither Miss Harriet Monroe nor any of her Chicago supporters made any attempt whatever to counter a single one of my criticisms, to demonstrate that the punk I said was punk was not punk. They burst into a storm of irrelevant abuse of me. Miss Harriet Monroe's article in Poetry was just abuse of me. Mr. Austin Harrison told me that the article she sent to the English Review was just abuse of me. A Mr. Burton Roscoe's article in the Chicago Tribune was just abuse of me. That is merely silly. All they had to do was to demonstrate that such lines as: "Then Uncle Tom to Eva flew."

"Lurching braves from the ditches dank,"

"His hair was black as a sheep's wool that is black."

"She knew you had the madness for Arabel,"

are poetry. Why didn't they do it?

In the same article I wrote, quite fairly, that in Mr. T. S. Eliot the United States has a great poet. I quoted enough of his work, the whole of "La Figlia Che Piangue" among it, to demonstrate that he is the greatest master of emotion, intensity, and the beautiful music of words the United States has produced since Poe. Miss Monroe archly wrote that Mr. Eliot must have winked when he read it. Impayable!

By the way, I did not write that Mr. Edgar Frost's "Snow" was a "maundering burble"; I wrote that it was "maundering dribble." It is. I am your obedient servant.

EDGAR JENSON

* From Prufrock and Other Poems, The Egoist, Is. 6d. net.

### Advertisement

**Peasant Pottery Shop**

41 Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.

(Close to Southampton Row)

Interesting British and Continental

: Peasant Pottery on sale:

Embroidered jerkins and dalmatics

### EDITORIAL

Letters, etc., intended for the Editor of The Egoist should be addressed to 23 Adelphi Terrace House, Robert Street, London, W.C.2.

### TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION

Twelve numbers, post free 10/-; U.S.A. $2.50

Six numbers, 5/-

Three numbers, 2/6

Single copies 10d., post free to all countries.

Cheques, postal and money orders, etc., should be payable to The Egoist, Limited, and crossed "Parr's Bank, Bloomsbury Branch."

### ADVERTISEMENT RATES.

Per page 4/- Quarter page £1 1s. 6d. Per inch single column, 4s.

### A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN

By JAMES JOYCE (Second edition, 4s. 6d. net; by post, 4s. 9d.)

**TARR**

BY P. WYNDHAM LEWIS

Price 6/- net; by post, 6/4

"A work of art of power and distinction."—Nation.

"A book of great importance."—New Witness.

"Advancedly modern."—Glasgow Herald.

"A blow struck for seriousness in art and life."—Manchester Guardian.

"Clever, distinguished even, extremely personal."—English Review.

"One of the most enlightened renderings of the German and his characteristics."—Outlook.

THE EGOIST, LIMITED

Printed at THE COMPLETE PRESS, West Norwood, and published by the Proprietors, THE EGOIST, LIMITED, at 23 Adelphi Terrace House, 2 Robert Street, Adelphi, London, W.C.2