PHILOSOPHY: THE SCIENCE OF SIGNS

XVII. TRUTH (continued)

III. The Meaning of Error

By D. Marsden

I

(1) WITH the classical problem of error which has been debated from Socrates and earlier down to the immediate present, we shall concern ourselves here little beyond giving the barest indication of its character and of what, in our opinion, is its solution.

The outstanding fact relative to it is, of course, that it has never advanced beyond difficulties which are purely logical. We consider that the reason for this is plain. The philosophers who have applied themselves to the problem of truth and to a problem of error so peculiarly handled as to constitute a problem of error in itself distinct from that of truth, have never applied that measure of stringent discipline to their own logical definitions which could give to these a mutual coherence sufficient to exclude contradictions from the bare enunciation. They have in consequence found their energies used up in disentangling logical knots of their own tying. It is not admissible for us, of course, even to pretend to despise logical difficulties and subtleties. Quite the contrary, since our entire conception of the nature and work of the intellect commits us to the position that logic furnishes the key which alone can open up a way into any branch of knowledge, and that only in the wake of our logical anticipations can we advance even to physical observation and experiment, and hence to any consequent confirmation of these logic-born truths. We hold that we have to apprehend mentally what we are looking for before we see it, and advance towards what we discover in the strength of a prior expectation of its existence. The very instruments we take with us and upon which we rely for the detection of the agencies we seek are conceived and given shape under the impulse of what amounts to anticipatory logical divination, and the only reason we hold it unnecessary to argue the classical problem of error at length is because out of this feature of fundamental logical coherence we have spun the entire stuff and substance of our theory as a whole.

(2) But to state the problem as it has presented itself to philosophy:

The difficulty has been to exorcise certain seemingly unavoidable contradictions which have reappeared in every attempt to express in logical form the nature of things as revealed in our experience, and what we propose to say is that instead of this being due to some melancholy inscrutability in the nature of things, it is just the commonplace outcome of a commonplace mental slovenliness on the part of the philosopher. As an actual specimen of this slovenliness we can take the assumption—which in practice carries the value of a definition—that to have existence and to be real are synonymous expressions. If any experience exists it must be real; and since we all know that error exists, error must be real; and, moreover, since that which possesses reality must be accepted as possessing truth, error itself must be possessed of truth. Hence, error must be a species of truth.

(3) Put into ordinary phraseology in this way, the whole matter sounds childish, and it is childish in the sense that it is patently inconsequent. The only reason which can account for mature intellects committing themselves to the like is that they feel antecedently committed to the logical assertion which carries them in its train. In this instance, the pernicious statement is that being is synonymous with reality, and the only means which provides an escape from the contradictions indicated lies in the contention that, for the present at least, reality is comparatively only a small department of the universe of being. The true synonyms for being we find in such phrases as existence in general; the totality of experience; the totality of all that can be felt. And since every feeling itself forms one with some form of movement in the organic tissues of the organism which feels it (and vice versa), the significa-
tion of the term being is coterminal with the totality of such organic motions, and includes therefore every form of experience created out of the organic movements of every form of life, subhuman as well as human. Feeling is not something which has relevance only in connexion with man, but reality on the contrary has precisely just this limited human reference.

(4) Reality comes into being (that universe of feeling which includes reality but is not itself co-extensive with it), only because the specific human endowment happens to be just what it is: that is to say, dual; in the first place, the power to use signs and hence to create those new conceptual forms of experience which collectively constitute mind; and in the second, the new, vastly extended power of spatial interference constituted by the possession of hands. It is the duality of man's endowment which has created a niche for reality. Were man simply, as the logician would hold, the animal whose differentiation is the possession of a mind, or were he simply what the naturalist claims, the animal possessing two hands, then even for man the notion of a world-externalized would be nothing else, but what was something else, would not and could not have arisen. The whole relevance of the real arises out of the situation created by the fact that the effects of two distinctively human powers work in contrast as well as in conjunction with one another. The power called that of mind creates a new order of mental things, which on account of their greater delicacy and fluidity, their greater ease and immunity of assembly, attract one another and combine in a readier manner than their more resistant sensory counterparts, and therefore bring about those identifications of related forces which anticipate corresponding identifications in the world of sense in a manner whereby the new, vastly extended power of our daily conduct, which have no existence in the world of sense achieve an existence in the world of mind so that the external order of things is made to appear as if it were veined through with an anticipatory scaffolding of possible combinations and identities. The meaning of realiza- tion and reality therefore resides in the fact that the hand - and even more, hand - contrived instruments constructed upon the manual model — can so interfere with the organism's existing spatial creations as to produce a sensory copy in space of the new combination which has already declared itself in mind. The hand reproduces in a sense - medium those things which the organism's powers not only in the world of externalized experience, but in the imaginative world only. And there are again members of the mind we have to add also others whose mentally created forms we make no attempt to realize even though they may be exerting an incessantly modifying influence upon our daily conduct. We are therefore enabled to let them live in the imaginative world only. And there are again other mental occupants whose form we could not realize even if we would: this, because they are not coherent in themselves, even as ideas. They embody contradictions. They assume the organism's power to enact a particular form of movement alongside a second assumption of its powerlessness in the way it is put. They therefore enabled ideas: mere confusions of what we can do and what we cannot: monstrosities of the mind misrepresenting the organ-ism's powers not only in the world of externalized action, but in the internal actions of the mind. Therefore, in view of the wide possibilities of discrepancy arising between the ideal form of movement and the real, we are forced on man merely to engender in him a sickly sentimental melancholy, but simple classification-cadres under which the great characterizing feature of the human powers can be subsumed in genuine conformity with their actual play. When a stringent definition has made the divisions sufficiently neat, all-comprehensive, and mutually exclusive, we are provided in these terms with adequate vehicles of expression whereby men can explain to themselves their own nature and the significance of their most characteristic activity: that of revising and of inter¬ nalizing the external. We have therefore enabled ideas, the terms true and erroneous, as applied to the releasing cue, the label, the sign, will be necessary. For reasons which we have already given at length, the sign, in order to fulfill its function of liberating cue, must be possessed of this dual relationship. It must label the exclusively ideal, and at the same time externalize for the organism's powers not only in the world of externalized experience, but in the imaginative world only. 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puerile sound, they have still been able to divert and monopolize the best energies of philosophy. Philosophy has had, in fact, no option but to stand to until they were settled, because otherwise no department of science could find basic security. Now it is in fact probable that the long life-term of these problems is at an end. They are done with because they can be stated coherently, and we can now push on beyond mere logical definition and classification to look for, and to devise means which, will enable us to pick up in the external world, reverberations of these personal and individual motions of the mind. The problem from being practically insoluble becomes, on the other hand, one which suggests forms of investigation sufficiently advanced to create tasks for the hands. That is: the matters of the mind promise to advance from a merely logical to a real existence in the sense in which we have defined real. For the hint as to what sort of physical form we may expect these mental forces to assume, and hence what kind of mechanical entrainment we must devise in order to pick them up and examine them in an externalized medium, we must depend upon the quality of our preliminary logic. Wherefore it, is to be argued that metaphysics, otherwise a comprehensive logic, is the necessary introductory study to mental science as it is to any ordered science whatsoever. The questions involved in metaphysics have the power to even dimly aware of the mind's bent and function. Hence philosophy's preoccupation with metaphysics: a subject in which the problems of truth and error have loomed so large; hence, too, the problem of error having the quality of our preliminary logic. Wherefore to help us in the accomplishing of our task let us examine the procedure which we adopt when we deliberately set ourselves the task of generating a new truth, and making light break in upon some given problem. In such a matter there will, no doubt, be individual idiosyncrasies, but the main lines, we think, will be common to all. In any event, if we give an account of our own procedure it will be open to each to mark what likenesses and differences it bears to his own. In the first place, we assemble all the ideas already possessed which seem germane with the subject under view. We might claim that at this stage we do not think in the higher meaning of thinking, but in the more commonplace sense of suspending thought proper: to defer the simplification desired: and be content merely to assemble just what ideas have already become associated with the question. Each one of these outstanding ideas admitting usually of description by a single term or phrase which we call a "heading," we now take each heading in turn and use it as one would a key on a keyhole, and keep it under the concentration of attention, and forthwith in connexion with each a whole chain of associated ideas runs itself into being. We do not think these chains into existence. We let them declare themselves automatically under the compulsion of their own impulse, for it is to be observed that just as the constitution of mind enables us to bring the image of some sensory object into mind by the mere enunciation of a name, so will attention fixed on the name of an idea bring into being a whole train of ideas which have become associated with the one. Obviously in these preliminary activities of the search for a new truth there is operative an economy of mental forces like that which operates in action which is more patently physical. Just as our sense of power over the forces of nature is measured by the increase in the number of complex operations which we can perform automatically, our sense of mental power increases as we find the bare mental enunciation of the symbol for a single idea, or a small group thereof, sufficient to revive and bring under the higher organic states of consciousness, i.e. attention, certain picked ideas which are already present, and where however the fact that our object is the fertilizing of some one of the revived ideas with some other so as to bring into existence a new idea, is to keep the balance of the mind even until sufficient matter has been revived as will answer our purpose. We want to revive just so much of our subject as will cover the two extremes of the problem, and which are themselves quite clear. What we shall want to cull from the associated ideas revived is a new idea which will remove the unexplained fact: the unbridged gap: lying midway between the two, so that henceforth we can envisage the whole subject as unfolding itself in unbroken expression of the self-same organic power. We therefore take pains to retain the fine edge of the mind by discouraging attempts seeking too early to establish a conclusion in order that the delicate balance may be sustained until the mental soil has been adequately turned over. When this has been done and the notes cover a sufficiently comprehensive idea area, we go back through the whole again. Then we look for fresh associations in the notes, and see what ideas may be revived in what is practically a single mental unit. Perhaps it appears bulky, and we compress it by removing any duplications; we note any contradictions and square them, then go over the whole again; then we wait for that something to happen out of which the new light dawns. If the something does not happen, again we go through the notes, and again wait. If again nothing happens, we try to unearth more ideas which are relevant; then sweep the entire stock together again, and again wait. What is the nature of the happening for which we wait we have already described in the previous chapter on Truth. It is the fusion, independent of our will or desire, of which effects itself between specific concepts in obedience to a law of unification of nature, which suggests just as it exists between things, and which declares itself somewhat more readily between the delicate organic substances which constitute thoughts than between the more sluggish organic substances which constitute matter. In saying that this fusion is beyond the control of our will as also beyond that of our industry, we need not to make a distinction as to whether our industry enter into the operation as important preliminary agencies, but they do not enter into the decisive operation. The situation runs parallel with that presented by a chemist experimenting with unfamiliar elements. His ingenuity and perseverance...
can bring about transforming discoveries in so far as
these depend upon the bringing together of hitherto
unassociated substances, or the bringing of them
together under a new set of circumstances. But
whether they combine or fail to, depends upon the
affinities residing in the assembled elements them­selves. So it is in the combinations which declare
themselves in body and mind, and in that

genius of discovery which spring from high organic
growth, they depend upon the nature of
itself will consist in a combination of
be shaped to accord with any truly coherent mental
A reality can
reality is made, but truth is discovered.
Therefore the truth which we discover and the reality
which we thereafter make are not affairs contrived
in independence of us who discover and contrive
them. They are merely the rendering explicit
through the agencies of mind and hand of what the
effort of the ages has made immanent in our
entire, because by virtue of what the flesh of man
embodies does man discover what is true and make
what is real.

III

(12) Supposing for the moment then that our
theory of truth is accurate: that the emergence of a
new truth is one with a definite "physical" union
of non-associated ideal ele­ments: that the advent of a truth differs from mere
guesswork and a hopeful questioning perhaps addressed
to our experience as a chemical compound differs
from a mechanical mixture; that the process is
accompanied by attendant features—a sense of
explosive shock as of a force escaping; a sense of
light peculiar in quality uttering the phrase
which describes it; accompanied above all by a sense
of assuredness which, like the click of a lever in some
mechanical contrivance, seems itself to declare the
rightness of the action: supposing these things to be
so, then the explanation of the problem of error
resolves itself obviously into saying why an event,
appropriated under certain conditions and
unconsciously quenched by a species of combination not of this
fundamental kind, but which none the less is so able
to impose upon us that we accept it as genuine.
Obviously, we have to square with our theory the
existence of those myths, those half-truths, and those
apparently unrelied errors which have been held as
this not merely by single minds but by entire races
of peoples.

(13) We will assemble what seem to us the main
influences tending not only to blunt the sense of
awareness of the truth-announcing conditions when
these are actually present, but also to inhibit the
expression of the discovery of them. They have been led to
culture: that the process is
from a mechanical mixture; that the process is
obtaining between hitherto non-associated ideal ele­ments
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vidual time-span; and when it is remembered how heavily cumulative is the effect of the emphasis which falls on any unit when experienced under repeated efforts of attention, it becomes obvious how intimately soldered together the parts of an incongruous unit may become. So obvious is it indeed that one can understand how the labour of truth becomes largely the attempt to dissolve the accidental assemblages which have thus coagulated as units of appearance into elements related by a connexion more causal.

The second feature of the mechanics of knowing is characteristic of association which goes far to explain the necessity for adopting an attitude of suspicion towards any too elaborate manoeuvring of the mental situation. All that it will stand, as far as association goes, is the dispassionate revival of the chain-like mental groups which appear related to the problem in question. Any other attitude not only weights the motions of the mind with the affective element, but the delicacy of the operation enacted and the sensitiveness of awareness necessary for the organism to become conscious of its enactment demands above all else the most even balance and the finest edge on the mind, but it runs the risk of bringing into being formidable entities compounded of quite incongruous associations, since pronounced and ordered structures of entities, besides frivoltly diverting the searcher's energies to themselves, continue to obsess the mind and block the action of the truth-germinating forces until, after much waste labour, the superficial character of their cohesive force is discovered and their disintegration achieved. It is on this account, as we think, that the investigator begins to experiment with ideal combinations by adopting the attitude of mind "Perhaps it will be so-and-so"—or something else. This feverish guesswork is not merely futile in itself; it is actively destructive, inasmuch as it blunts and confuses that sensitiveness whose delicacy is the means whereby we become aware of the signs of authentic fusion as well as of the absence of them.

(15) Next to the contribution to the prevalence of error made by the association-features involved in the discovery of truth, we place that contributed by the inertia of the investigator, which is the feature responsible for the human peculiarity of conduct or purposed action. Error in the case just considered we can say was, due to the fact that the greatness of the investigator's desire for truth was such that he could not wait even for the advent of truth. In this second case, however, truth is missed precisely because it does not hold to place the investigator to, and its attractions exploited in, the interest of other ends.

In our theory of what knowledge is, the action of intellect is to effect a divorce between totalized appearances which instinct views as indivisible units. These apparent units we regard, however, as having been built up in the slow evolution of life-forms and verbal expressions as responses of the organism's externally acting members to the substantial actions produced by the internally acting movements of the organism's sensory mechanism. The action of intellect—whose products are truth—is to reverse this evolutionary trend; that is, to set up the spatial action as the decisive initiating partner in the process, in response to which the substantial or sensory movement becomes the reaction; that is, again, intellectual action views the universe as the coiled-up products of two arms of activity: one voluntary, the other involuntary; and of the two it seeks to make the voluntary or spatial arm competent to dictate the pace and fashion to the involuntary one. It seeks to place the initiative of our power to do while our power to sense is made to follow in its wake. For since we have to conceive life itself as the polarization of a single force into the substantial and spatial power-arms respectively, it is obvious that action originating in either pole will lead to corresponding reaction in the other. The crucial matter will be as to which of our two arms is made to follow in its wake. During the long instinctive life period, the initiative resided in the sensory arm, while the spatial adjustments, though obligatory, were essentially reactions. Now, however, when the intellect has placed the initiative with the spatial arm, the substantial world has no option save to run down in obedience to measures taken by its spatial partner. Hence, intellect has made man the animal which does things: the animal which can devise a scheme of conduct. Thus man is moral by virtue of his intellectual endowment; his moral activity is a by-product of his power of intellect with its complementary manual power; and this fact that he can be inspired to do things and shape and reshape the concrete action produced by the intellectual activity is an essential aspect in the life of those who issue words. It tends to make the latter issue words conducive to a desired line of conduct rather than just those words which give expression to the events of mind. It tends to make authority propagandist, not to say charlatan. It pities the attractions of interested error against those of disinterested truth, and of the un-wittedness: the mental inertia: of the mass of mankind allows to the interested error of its sharper members a very long run indeed.

(16) Especially so when the error is allied with an element of truth, as it usually is. Usually even the grossest doctrine is built up round some nucleus in regard to which the generality of men feel that assuredness of truth of which we have spoken. The exactions in the way of patience, restraint, and
hard labour made by the effort to remain quite honest materially over a long-sustained mental labour are exceedingly heavy. This is especially so when one is concerned with the practical problems which involves a vast number of lesser but still important truths, since, while the central truth may be, and may ultimately prove itself to be, altogether sound, the interpretations of the related matter in which it is embedded may be in need of so much additional incubation that we shirk it and pad it together in a makeshift way and so cause the whole to proceed with an appearance of error. In the flash of illumination already to hand, truths are run down one more rung towards simplicity, but has dragged much related material down with it; and to give the right interpretation to the latter the same generative process may have to repeat itself in respect of each lesser problem involved in it. Obviously this is likely to be a very slow business, and during all the time when one is blindly feeling for more light one is merely mumbling around and about the central idea. One may grasp a leading idea and have an unassailable conviction of its truth and proclaim it, and yet be aware of a deafening buzz of confusion arising from the disturbed mental matter about whose definite hang one has to say, to be stated: and the reason why it is impossible to construct a tale which seems likely and feasible and true to the quality of the initial truth to carry off the whole with an air of verisimilitude for the time being is great. Particularly is this so when the formulation has to do with subjects which, like existing philosophy, are not yet in a sufficiently developed grade to admit of step-by-step appeals for corroboration. So we get myths: popular quick-culled versions of truths. To compel the brain to suffer perhaps over an extended period of years that irritating sough of confusion; to make the heart continue to maintain its strongest drive with seeming impotence against mere nebulousness; to prepare the expeditor in a physical medium, we can arrange preliminaries, but when all that has been put through for the purpose to simplify and run down an additional rung but to simplify and run down an additional rung but this confusion clears itself at its own rate, a flash at a time demands a soundness of nervous organization which is none too common. Hence, notwithstanding the toillessness of the actual birth of truths, the labour of developing and placing any new truth of wide significance is a heavy one. Bacon might very well complain of the heavy contrast between the royal ease with which we come into possession of single truths and play with thoughts, and the arduous toil which, in addition to the strain involving a certain additional pressure upon the heart, is borne of despair. The influence of the cold sick depression of failure reacts upon the surcharge of fear and pressure, however, actually reverses these conditions, and the blood becomes relatively calmed; whereupon the brain becomes—relatively speaking—a passive block. Insistent demands for a solution under these circumstances results in a reaction usually in keeping with our general temperament. Either we accept the situation and stoically acknowledge defeat for the moment, or we beat about with the rate of flow of blood cause patently different fluidity and hence of speed of flow. Now the blood-stream in general: this entailing an increased fluidity and hence of speed of flow. Now the brain and the chemistry of ideas. There is, however, a happy cross between the two in which a courage: an accession of strength to the heart; and in this happy condition we find ourselves surprised at the ease with which the simplifying ideas distil themselves out and present themselves to us. The intensifying beyond a point of this element of fear and pressure, however, actually reverses these conditions, and the blood becomes relatively con-
**POEMS***

By RICHARD ALDINGTON

**DISDAIN**

HAVE the gods then left us in our need
Like base and common men?
Were even the sweet grey eyes
Of Artemis a lie,
The speech of Hermes but a trick,
The glory of Apollonian hair deceit?
Desolate we move across a desolate land,
The high gates closed,
No answer to our prayer;
Naught left save our integrity,
No murmur against Fate
Save that we are juster than the unjust gods,
More pitiful than they.

**PROEM**

OUT of this turmoil and passion,
This implacable contest,
This vast sea of effort,
I would gather something of repose,
Some intuition of the inalterable gods,
Some Attic gesture.
Each day I grow more restless,
See the austere shape elude me,
Gaze impotently upon a thousand miseries
And still am dumb.

**BOMBARDMENT**

*(Near Lens, 1917)*

FOUR days the earth was rent and torn
By bursting steel,
The houses fell about us;
Three nights we dared not sleep,
Sweating, and listening for the imminent crash
Which meant our death.

The fourth night every man,
Nerve-tortured, racked to exhaustion,
Slept, muttering and twitching,
While the shells crashed overhead.

The fifth day there came a hush;
We left our holes
And looked above the wreckage of the earth
To where the white clouds moved in silent lines
Across the untroubled blue.

**DOUBT**

I

CAN we, by any strength of ours,
Thrust back this hostile world
That tears us from ourselves,
As a child from the womb,
A weak lover from light breasts?

Is there any hope?
Can we believe
That not in wild perversity,
In blinding cruelty,
Has flesh torn flesh,
Has soul been torn from soul?

Must we despair?
Throw back upon the gods this taunt
That even their loveliest is at best
Some ineffectual He?

* These poems are from two books which will appear in May: *Images of War* (12s. net), Beaumont Press, Charing Cross Road; and *Images of Desire* (2s. 6d. net), Elkin Mathews, Cork Street.

II

Sand in the gale whirls up,
Pricks and stifles our flesh,
Blinds and deafens our sense
So that we cannot hear
The crumbling downfall of the waves
Nor see the limpid sunlight any more.

But could we thrust from us
This threat, this misery,
Borrow the mountain’s strength
As now its loneliness,
Hurl back this menace on itself,
Crush bronze with bronze—
Why, it would be as if some tall slim god,

Unburdened of his age-long apathy,
Took in his hand the thin horn of the moon
And set it to his lips
And blew sharp wild shrill notes
Such as our hearts, our lonely hearts,
Have yearned for in the dumb bleak silences.

III

Ah! Weak as wax against their bronze are we,
Ah! Faint as reed-pipes by the waters’ roar,
And driven as land-birds by the vast sea-wind.

**EPIGRAMS**

I

YOUR mouth is fragrant as an orange-grove
In April, and your lips are hyacinths,
Dark, dew-wet, folded, petalled hyacinths
Which my tongue pierces like an amorous bee.

II

Your body is whiter than the moon-white sea,
More white than foam upon a rocky shore,
Whiter than that white goddess born of foam.

**POSSESSION**

I MUST possess you utterly
And utterly must you possess me;
So even if that dreamer’s tale
Of heaven and hell be true
There shall be two spirits rived together
Either in whatever peace be heaven
Or in the icy whirlwind that is hell
For those who loved each other more than God—
So that the other spirits shall cry out:
“Ah! Look how the ancient love yet holds to them
That these two ghosts are never driven apart
But kiss with shadowy kisses and still take
Joy from the mingling of their misty limbs!”

**RESERVE**

THOUGH you desire me I will still feign sleep
And check my eyes from opening to the day
For as I lie, thrilled by your gold-dark flesh,
I think of how the dead, my dead, once lay.

**PERFORMANCES OF OLD MUSIC**

Mr. ARNOLD DOLMETSCH announces two performances of Old Music and Dances to be given at 6 Queen Square, Bloomsbury, on Wednesday afternoons, April 16 and 30, 1919, at 5.15 o’clock.

Mr. Dolmetsch having left London, such performances will be rare in future.

The price of subscriptions is One Guinea for the two concerts. Single Tickets, 10s. 6d. each. Applications to be sent in advance to Mr. Arnold Dolmetsch, “Jesses,” Haslemere, Surrey. Tickets will not be sold at the door.
THE FRENCH IDEA

BETWEEN October 1913 and October 1914 M. Paul Claudel wrote a drama in three acts. When an author adopts the form of expression suited to stage-interpretation you suppose his intention was to be interpreted. Nevertheless, four years have passed, the theatres have been working almost without interruption, and the managers are making, as we are informed, more money than before in their careers, the programmes they display seem to suggest that good new plays are as rare as butter, yet Paul Claudel’s three acts * appear in book form, which is not the proper form in which their novelty should reach the public.

This is one of the riddles one has to fight with every day God brings. I want to know why, the surprise of a new work written by Paul Claudel for the stage is not reserved for the stage? I want to know why Paul Claudel does not personify, at the Comédie Française, the present as in that same house Corneille and Racine personify the past? I do not even ask that his work should be substituted for that of MM. Bernard and de Croisset. I only ask why, if these latter are esteemed the modern equivalents of Molière and Marivaux, Claudel cannot balance Corneille and Racine?

And if the Comédie Française—where Mme. Lara, that beautiful artist, and beautiful woman, has just been discharged, and whose doors are more or less closed to M. de Max and to M. Moreno—has its reasons for excluding from its repertory so eminently "stage-able" a play as is *Le Pain Dur*, then why is no other hospitality available? *L’Oeige*, when given at the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier some years ago, was a vast success, and it cannot be contended that Claudel is expressive of anything particularly "anti," except anti-vulgar and anti-commonplace. I do not see that he can mean a danger to anybody. He is not personally associated with any obtrusive sect or party, and his convictions are neither revolutionary nor reactionary in any very special sense. Every one may assume Claudel for one reason or another.

The three acts of *Le Pain Dur* answer to the most conventional demands that can be made upon a theatrical performance; that is to say, its performance would be as exactly justified as a work written for the stage can be.

The five characters composing the *dramatis personœ* of *Le Pain Dur* call for actors as imperatively as the characters in *Hamlet*; the *acteurs de scène* (which again is going to be given in the Parisianized version by M. Nepoty, God permitting). Nothing vaporous here. They are types at once general and particular. They are as unambiguous as Claudel the writer is unambiguous. This is Claudel’s great virtue in an age of literary deceptions. He is as unambiguous as the great ones in the past whose words ring true. It is the full sound of metal without alloy.

The brevity of these chronicles and the long intervals at which they appear make it advisable to review some sources of information. I would quite particularly counsel subscription to *L’Art*, published at 5 bis Rue Schœlcher, Paris, XIV*, the annual foreign subscription price being 3 fr. 50. Its four pages accomplish what it is quite vain even to attempt in this short column, that is, to be at once a calendar and a comment of the latest achievements and of those unimaginably busy, effervescent, and mobile energies, both individual and collective.


The December number of *L’Art*, for instance, would have told you about the last, the last but one—there is always another (the Puriste, for example)—school in painting, *L’Ecole de Triel*; about the performances of the Art de Liberté dramatic group; about Paul Meral’s play at the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier, *Les Dits Des Jeux Du Monde*, with music by A. Honegger, costumes and dances by A. Fauconnet; about the interesting matinées due to the perseverance of M. E. Figuière, given by the Comité d’Initiative Artistique at the Odéon; in fact, would keep you versed in the campaign against officialism.

A metaphysical essay by O. W. de Lubisz-Milosz, an article on the Berrichon sculptor, Jean Baffier, and various prose and poetry contributions were important original features. An earlier issue in honour of Henry de Greoux was an excellent barometrical indication, as the influence of M. Carlos Larronde, the editor, has been from the outset. Those who understand, understood what to expect. (For we are growing more and more suspicious of deceptive nomenclature and eupheth.) I am glad to say that that most artful and misleading of terms, “sincere,” used and abused in art and literature of late years, is not hawked about until its very sound makes you blush.) The first number gave confidence. This confidence has been encouraged by the last issue to hand.

It should be noted also that a new monthly, *Le Monde Nouveau*, edited by MM. Paul Fort and Charles Danielou, will be published in French and English by Figuière, 7 Rue Corneille, Paris. The annual subscription price is 18s. or $4. Messrs. H. Wickham Steed and Herbert Adams Gibbons will be responsible for the British and American sections.

MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA

Hellenist Series

By Ezra Pound

VI

A LL the Greek tragedians hover on the borders of rhetoric, even *Eschylus*; Pindar is a *pompiere*, and his *Ἀγαθομορφίωρες ἤμοι* etc., ought to be sung to the dust-bin along with Shelley’s *Sophistic Plants*. The harm done by lumping about the glory that was this and the grandeur that was the other; telling impressionable small boys that all Greek is literature and all Latin is jurisprudential, is incalculable. The classics which are deathless, which are freedom, in which are the perfect models, have done more since as many facsimists, because of this indiscriminate attitude. I know as the merest of minor details that my prose was held back three years because I had read some gush of MacKail’s over Tacitus.

There is no hint, suspicion, implication, glimmer, in the works of any of the “scholars” that a language without case-inflections and complicated verbal-endings cannot, cannot be handled as one handles, should handle, a language furnished with these tabs and labels.

Even *Eschylus* is, in places, rhetorical, as I do not think Homer is rhetorical. Aristophanes was needed as an acid for Euripides. Sappho’s “Παιδόλογος,” made of peopled, and exceeding passion, is the unsurpassable melody, but is not handled as one handles, should handle, a language furnished with these tabs and labels.

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is perhaps the best piece of sustained narration, or narrative imagery, in all Latin.

Horace is a peculiarity, Ἀεικοσ μοδος perhaps, but the more Greek a man knows the less he is apt to like Horace; technique in abundance, but can we honestly glow with pleasure on reading:

"Meeceas sprung from a line of (highly questionable) kings"

Horace was "the first Parnassian," or the first Royal Academy. He is better than Samain and Havelock, and perhaps, economically, he is not so good as Gautier. He was as good as Lionel Johnson. Yet he is unique in Latin poetry, where only Catullus has surpassed him in metric—Propertius excelling in only one metre.

However, there will be no end of people writing about "Theban eagles" and perverting the taste of small boys.

It may be argued, though not quite fairly or conclusively, that the Greek dramatists are a decadence from Homer. But the plainer passages of Ἀeschylus are untonchal, even as writing, and he obviously knew certain things about his art which were unknown to Homer (or to Peisistratus).

There is nothing in these hatchings inconsistent with a recent theory that Ovid is so uneven, so facile that a reader coming first upon the wrong pages might easily be put off altogether. There is in him an art of writing which does not, or let us say qualities which do not appear in the Greek—doubtless of slow growth; but the qualities "appear" in Ovid, perhaps because he is the first enjoyable and readable writer who possessed them.

If we do not read the classics in the same spirit of "readiness to judge" wherein we read Rimbaud and Corbière, they become mere Nelson Columns, mere monuments in the landscape—deader, indeed, than stone columns.

Golding's English of the Metamorphoses is on the whole, I think, quite as good as the Latin; some passages, naturally, being better in the original, some not so pleasing. I am not sure that Golding gives, in fact I am fairly sure that he does not give, the sense of skilled joinery which one gets from Ovid's Latin.

But there is no surer way of burying the classics, of driving them out of currency, than by maintaining the pedagogues' pretence that ALL Greek and Latin is untouchable, even as writing, and he obviously knew certain things about his art which were unknown to Homer (or to Peisistratus).

The golden labour of barbarian hands
(Medea to Jason, i. 73)

is worth the shilling it cost me.

Among the translations of Ἀeschylus's Prometheus Bound find nothing in English which greatly improves on the hack-work in Bohn; the Italian scholar is perhaps a better reader, as rendered by the version of Felice Bellotti published in 1821. The stupendous opening is not utterly ruined by him.

AESCHYLUS

(Translation by Felice Bellotti)

PROMETEO LEGATO

Il Potere
Giunti siam della terra alle remote Contrade estreme, alle inaccesse vie Della Scizia deserta. A te, Vulcano, Sta l'eseguir ciò che ti impose il padre: Questo audace malvagio ad estra rupe Stringer con saldi adamantini ceppi; Che'l furor la tua dote, il radiante Foco, di tutte arti ministro, e un doni A mortali ne fece. Or de la pena Scontarne ai numi, onde acquietarsi apprenda All' impero di Giove, e dal soverchio Amor ritirasi dell' umana schiatta.

VULCANO

Per voi, Forza e Potere, di Giove il cenn Compiuto è gia, nè che più far vi resta: Ma io saldo leggo su procellosso Scoscesa balza un consangunio nume, Ah! non ni regge il core. E cor che basti, Necessario ni è pur ; poi che del padre Trasandar la parola è grave cosa.— O' di Temi filigoli, pieno la mente D'alto saper, mal mio grado io t'affliggo A nodi indissolubili di ferro Qui su questo dirupo inospitale Ove nè umana udrai voce, nè umano Volto vedrai. Dalla fiammante lampa Del Sole arso, abbronzato, andrai cangiando Il foro dell' sembianze Sospirata Sempre la notte occulterà la luce Con lo stellato annuante, e il Sol di nuovo Dissiperà dell' alba la ruggiada ; E tu d'affanno ognor ti struggeri, Nè sarà chi t'allevii. E questo il frutto Dell' amor de' mortali, a qui volesti : Senza ne al sonno dechinar palpebra, Inesorato è il cor di Giove; e sempre dissipar del 'alma l' assenza, E il potere di Dio, e del suo pensiero.

Aspro è colui che di récente impero, Cercando di sovvenire ai numi, d' alto saper, mal mio grado io t'affliggo A nodi indissolubili di ferro Qui su questo dirupo inospitale Ove nè umana udrai voce, nè umano Volto vedrai. Dalla fiammante lampa Del Sole arso, abbronzato, andrai cangiando Il foro dell' sembianze Sospirata Sempre la notte occulterà la luce Con lo stellato annuante, e il Sol di nuovo Dissiperà dell' alba la ruggiada ; E tu d'affanno ognor ti struggeri, Nè sarà chi t'allevii. E questo il frutto Dell' amor de' mortali, a qui volesti : Senza ne al sonno dechinar palpebra, Inesorato è il cor di Giove; e sempre dissipar del 'alma l' assenza, E il potere di Dio, e del suo pensiero.

Il Potere
Sia : ma che indulgi, è pietà vana accogli? Che non odii tu pur questo avido Odiosissimo dio, che lo tuo pregio Diede agli umani a tradimento ?

VULCANO

E il comun sangue forte e l'amistà

Il Potere
Nol nego.

Ma sordo rimaner di Giove ai detti,
Come si può? Non hai di lui più tema?
VULCAN
Sempre tu dispetato, e fero sempre!

IL POTERE
Non è rimedio il piangere. Non darti
In far ciò che non giova. Intuitì pen.

VULCANO
Oh ministro mio, quanto ti abborro!

ULYSSES
BY JAMES JOYCE

EPISODE III

INEELUCTABLE modality of the visible: at least that if no more, thought through my eyes. Signatures of all things I am here to read, seaspawn and seawrack, the nearing tide, that rusty boot. Snotgreen, bluesilver, rust: coloured signs. Them, sure. Go easy. Bald he was and a millionaire, Limits of the diaphane. But he adds: in bodies. Then he was aware of them, bodies, before of them coloured. How? By knocking his scence against them, sure. Go easy. Bald he was and a millionaire, maestro di color che sanno. Limit of the diaphane in.

So my two feet in his boots are at the end of my two legs, ineluctably I am getting on nicely in the dark. My eyes. No. Jesus! If I fell over a cliff that beetles short space of time through very short times of space. Crackling wrack and shells. You are walking through the mare.

Stephen closed his eyes to hear his boots crush crackling wrack and shells. You are walking through it howsoever. I am, a stride at a time. A very short space of time through very short times of space. Five, six: the Nacheimander. Exactly: and that is Nacheimander. No. Jesus! If I fell over a cliff that beetles over his base, fell through the Nebeneimander ineluctably I am getting on nicely in the dark. My ash sword hangs at my side. Tap with it: they do. My two feet in his boots are at the end of my two legs, nebeneimander. Sounds solid: made by the mallet of Los demiurgos. Am I walking into eternity it is a gate, if not a door. Shut your eyes and see.

Bald he was and a millionaire, bald he was and a millionaire, maestro di color che sanno. Limit of the diaphane in.

My five fingers through it it is a gate, if not a door. Open your eyes now. I will. One moment. Has all vanished since? If I open and am for ever shall be, world without end. Yes, sir. No, sir. Jesus wept: and no wonder, skeweyed Walter sirring his father, no less! Sir. Yes, sir. No, sir. Jesus wept: and no wonder, by Christ!

I pull the wheezy bell of their shuttered cottage: and wait. They take me for a dun, peer out from a coign of vantage.

—It's Stephen, sir.
—Let him in. Let Stephen in.
A bolt drawn back and Walter welcomes me.

—We thought you were someone else.

In his broad bed uncle Richie, pillowed and blanketed, extends over the hillock of his knees a sturdy forearm. Cleanchested. He has washed the upper moity.

—Morrow, nephew.
He lays aside the lapboard whereon he drafts his bills of costs for the eyes of Master Goff and Master Tandy, filing complaints and common searches and a writ of Duces Tecum. A boggo frame over his bald head: Wilde's Reqüiescat. The drone of his misleading whistle brings Walter back.

—Yes, sir?
—Malt for Richie and Stephen, tell mother. Where is she?
—Batting Crissie, sir.
Papa's little lump of love.

—No, uncle Richie.
—Call me Richie. Whisky!

—Uncle Richie, really...
—Sit down or by the law Harry I'll knock you down. Walter squints vainly for a chair.

—He has nothing to sit down on, sir.

—He has nowhere to put it, you mug. Bring in our Chippendale chair. Would you like a bite of something? None of your damned lawdeedaw airs here; a rasher fried with a herring? Sure? So much the better. We have nothing in the house but backache pills.

All'erta!

He drones bars of Ferrando's aria di sortita. The grandest number Stephen, in the whole opera. Listen. His tuneful whistle sounds again, finely shaded, with rushes of air, his fists bigdrumming on his padded knees. This wind is sweeter.

Houses of decay, mine, his and all. You told the Clongowes gentry you had an uncle a judge and an uncle a general in the army. Come out of them, Stephen. Beauty is not there. Nor in the stagnant bay of Marsh's library where you read the fading prophecies of Joachim Abbas. For whom? The hundredheaded rabble of the cathedral close. A hater of his kind ran from them to the wood of madness, his mane foaming in the moon, his eyeballs stars. Houyhnhnm, horsenostrilled. The oval equine faces, Temple, Buck Mulligan, Foxy Campbell, Lanternjaws. Abbas father, furious dean, what licence laid there?各自的 han, A garland of grey hair on his comminated head see him now clambering down to the footpace, (descende), clutching a monstrance, basiliskeyed. Get down, baldpoll! A choir gives back menace and echo, assisting about the altar's horns, the snorted Latin of jackpriests moving burly in their albs, tensured and oiled and gilded, with fat with the fat of the kidneys of wheat. And in a ladychapel another taking housel all to his host down and kneeling he heard twine with his) and, rising, heard (now I am lifting) their two bells (he is kneeling) twang in diphthong. Second bell the first bell in the transept (he is lifting his) and, rising, heard (now I am lifting) their two bells (he is kneeling) twang in diphthong. And in a ladychapel another taking housel all to his

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Serpentine avenue that the broxun widow in front might lift her clothes still more from the wet street. O si, certo! Sell your soul for that, do, dyed rags pinned round a squaw. More tell me, more still! On the top of the Hewth tram alone crying to the rain: naked women! naked women? What about that, eh?

What about what? what else were they invented for?

Reading two pages apiece of seven books every night eh? I was young. You bowed to yourself in the mirror, stepping forward to applaudenance earnestly, striking face. Hurray for the Goddamned idiot! Hray! No-one saw: tell no-one. Books you were going to write with letters for titles. Have you read his F? O yes, but I prefer Q. Yes, but W is wonderful. Wonderful memory. You can see your epitaphs on green oval leaves, deeply deep, copies to be sent if you died to all the great libraries of the world, including Alexandria? Someone was to read them there after a few thousand years, a mahamantvarna. Pico della Mirandola like. Ay, very like a whale. When one reads these strange pages of one long gone one is surprised with the fatuousness.

The grizzly sand had gone from under his feet. His boots trod again a damp crackling mast, razorshells, squeaking pebbles, that on the unnumbered pebbles beats, wood sieved by the shipworm, lost armada. Unwholesome sandflats waited to suck his treading soles, breathing upward sewage breath. He coated them, walking warily. A Porterbeer bottle, stove, pitted to its waist, in the cakey sand dough. A sentinel: isle of dreadful thirst. Broken hoons on the shore; at the land a maze of dark cunning nuts; farther away chalkerawled backdoors and on the higher beach a dryingline with two crucified shirts. Kingsend: wigwams of brown steersmen and master mariners. Human shells.

It's tordant: we sanser. Moi, je suis socialiste. Je ne crois, pas à l'existence de Dieu. Faut pas le dire à mon pére.

Patrice, home on furlough, lapped warm milk with his Latin quarter hat. God, we simply must dress—Mon pére, oui.

—Il croit?

—C'est tordant, vous savez. Moi, je suis socialiste.

—C'est le pigeon, Joseph.

—Qui vous a mis dans cette fichue position?

—C'est la Patrie, Gonne, la Patrie, famous journalist, Drumont, know what he said: Tous les messieurs. Most licentious thing. Green eyes, I see you. Fang, I let my brother, not even my own brother, most lascivious thing. Green eyes, I see you. Fang, I feel. Lascivious people.

The blue fuc burns deadly between hands and burns clear. Loose tobaccoreds catch fire: a flame and acrid smoke lights our corner. Raw facebones under the burnished caldron. She serves me at his beck. Ink, sipping his green fairy as Patrice his white. About us gobblers fork spiced beans down their gullets. Un demi setier! Un demi setier! A jet of coffee steam from the burnished caldron. She serves me at his beck. Your postprandial, do you know that word? Postprandial. There was a fellow I knew once in Barcelona, queer fellow, used to call it his postprandial. He called it: a clean round gob of coined wine, some wine of woned breaths and grumbling gorges. His breath hangs over our saucesteamed plates, the green fairy's fav thumbusting between his lips. Of Íreland, the Dalcassians, of hopes, conspiracies, of Arthur Griffith now. To yoke me as his yokefellow, our crimes our common cause. His fustian shirt, sanguineflowered, trembles its Spanish tassels at his secrets. Mr Drumont, famous journalist, Drumont, know what he called queen Victoria? Old hag with the yellow teeth. Vieille ogresse avec les dents jaunes. Maud Gonne, la Patrie, Mr Millevoye, Felix Faure, know how he died? Licentious men. The froomen who rubbed his nakedness in the bath at Upsala. Moi froom, she says it: Tous les messieurs. Most licentious custom. Bath a most private thing. I wouldn't let my brother, not even my own brother, most lascivious thing. Green eyes, I see you. Fang, I feel. Lascivious people.

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glass and toppling masonry. In gay Paree he hides, Egan of Paris, unsought by any save by me. Making his day's stations, the dingy printcase, his three taverns, the lair in Butte Montmartre he sleeps short night in rue de la Goutte d'Or, damascened with fly-blown faces of the gone. Loveless, landless, wretched. She is quite nicely comely without her outcast man, madame, in rue Git-le-Cœur, canary and two buck lodgers. Peachy cheeks, a zebra skirt, frisky as a young thing! Spurned and undespairing. Old Kilkenny: saint young thing! Spurned and undespairing. She is quite nicey comfy without her outcast man, my obelisk valise, around a board of abandoned chairs, my prole valise, resting his hand.

—O. O the boys of Kilkenny . . .

Weak wasting hand on mine. They have forgotten Kevin Egan, not he them. Remembering thee, O Sion.

He had come nearer the edge of the sea and wet sand slapped his boots. The new air greeted him, harping in wild nerves, wind of wild air of scents of heavy heads, the mair of Butte Montmartre in out as short night in rue de la Goutte d'Or, damascened with fly-blown faces of the gone. Loveless, landless, wretched. She is quite nicely comely without her outcast man, madame, in rue Git-le-Cœur, canary and two buck lodgers. Peachy cheeks, a zebra skirt, frisky as a young thing! Spurned and undespairing. Old Kilkenny: saint young thing! Spurned and undespairing. She is quite nicey comfy without her outcast man, my obelisk valise, around a board of abandoned chairs, my prole valise, resting his hand.

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March—April 1919

**THE EGOIST**

29

After he woke me up last night same dream or was it? Wait. Open hallway. Street of harlots. Remember. I am almosting it. That man led me, spoke. I was not afraid. The melod he had he held against my face. Smiled: creamfruit smell. That was the rule said. In. Come. Red carpet spread behind.

Shouldering their bags they passed. His blued feet out of turned-up trousers slapped the clammy sand, a dull red muffer straining his unshaven neck. With woman steps she followed: the ruffian and his strolling mort, spoils at her back. Loose sand and shellgrit crusted her bare feet. About her windraw face her hair trailed. Behind her lord his hair bound. His nose, lithe but short hides her body's flaws calling under her brown shawl from an archway where dogs have mired. Her fancyman is treating two Royal Dublins in O'Loughlin's of Blackpitts. Buss her, yap in rogues' rum lingo, for, O, my dimber wapping dell. A shefinds' whiteness under her rancid rags. Fumbally's lane that night: the tanyard smells.

**White thy fambles, red thy gan**

*And thy quarrons dainty is*

*Couch a boghead with me then :*

*In the darkmans epil and kiss.*

Morose decaluation Aquinas tumbelly calls this, *frate porcospisco.* Call away let him: thy quarmons dainty is. Language no whith worse than his. Monk-words, marybeads jabber on their girdles: rogue-words, tough nuggets patter in their pockets.

Passing now.

A side-eye at my Hamlet hat. If I were suddenly naked here as I sit? I am not. Across the sands of all the world, followed by the sun's flaming sword, to the sun's mind's end we went bare, salt seas, trains, drags, trascines her load. A tide westering, moondrawn, in her wake. Tides, myriadslanded, within her, blood not mine, *oinopa ponlon,* a winedark sea. Behold the handmaid of the moon. In sleep the wet sign calls her hour, bids her rise. Bridebed, childbed, bed of death, ghostcandled. *Omnis caro ad te veniet.* He comes, pale vampire, through storm his eyes, his bat sails bloodying the sea, mouth to her kiss. No. Must be two of em. Glue em well. Mouth to her mouth's kiss. *Tiens, quel petit pied!* Saintuch friend, a brother soul: Wilde's love that dare not speak its name. He now will leave me. And the blame? As I am. All or not at all.

In long lassoss from the Cock lake the water flowed full, covering greengoldenly lagoons of sand, rising, flowing. My ashplant will float away. I shall wait. No, they will pass on, passing chafing against the low rocks, swirling, passing. Better get this job over quick. *Listen :* a fourworded wavespeech: *secusoo,* *hrss,* *rsseecis coos.* Vehement breath of waters amid seafoams, rearing horses, rocks. In cups of rocks it slops: *flop,* *slope,* *slap :* bounded in barrels. And, spent, its speech ceases. It flows purling, widely flowing, floating foampool, flower unfurling.

Under the upsweeling tide he saw the writhing weeds lift languidly and sway reluctant arms, hising up their petticoats, in whispering water swaying and upturning coy silver fronds. Day by day: night by night, sigh of leaves and waves, waiting, awaiting they, and, whispered to, they sigh. Saint Ambrose heard it, sigh of leaves and waves, waiting, awaiting the fulness of their times, *diebus ac noctibus iniurias patiens ingemiscit.* To no end gathered: vainly then released, forthflowing, wending back: loom of the moon. Weary too in sight of lovers, lascivious men, a naked woman shining in her court, she draws a toil of waters.

Five fathoms out there. Full fathoms five thy father lies. At one he said. High water at Dublin bar. Driving before it a loose drift of rubble, fan-shoals of fishes, silly shells. A corpse rising salt-white from the undertow, bobbing landward. There he is. *Hook it quick.* Pull. We have him. Easy now.

Taking of corpsegaps sopping in foul brine. A quiver of minnows, fat of a spongy titbit, flash through the slits of his buttoned trousery. God becomes man becomes fish becomes barnacle goose becomes feather-bed mountain. Dead breaths I live breathing, tread dead dust, devour a urinous offal from all dead.

She trusts me, her hand gentle, the longfleshed eyes.

Now where the blue hell am I bringing her beyond the veil? Into the ineluctable modality of the ineluctable visuality. She, she. What she? The virgin at Hodges Figgis' window on Monday looking in for one of the alphabet books you were going to write. Keen glance you gave her. Wrist through the braided jesse of her sunshade. She lives in Leeson park, a lady of letters. Talk that to someone else, Stevie: a pickmeup. Bet she wears those curse of God stays suspenders and yellow stockings, darned with lumpy wing. Turned that apple dumpling, *piututost.* Where are your wits?

Touch me. Soft eyes. Soft soft soft hand. I am lonely here. O, touch me soon, now. What is that word known to all men? I am quiet here alone. Sad too. Touch, touch me.

He lay back at full stretch over the sharp rocks, cramming the scribbled note and pencil into a pocket, his hat that does its job on his eyes. That hat is Kevin Egan's. movement I made, nodding for his nap. *Hlo! Bonjour.* Under its leaf he watched through peacock-twigging lashes the southing sun. I am caught in this burning scene. Pan's hour, the faunal moon. Among gum-heavy serpentine plants, milkcozing fruits, where on the tawny waters leaves lie wide. Pain is far.

*And no more tura aside and brood.*

His gaze brooded on his broadtoothed boots, a buck's castoffs, *nebeinander.* He counted the creases of rucked leather wherein another's foot had nested warm. The foot that beat the ground in tripudium, foot I dissolve. But you were delighted when Esther's of her sunshade. She lives in Leeson park, a lady of letters. Talk that to someone else, Stevie: a pickmeup. Bet she wears those curse of God stays suspenders and yellow stockings, darned with lumpy wing. Turned that apple dumpling, *piututost.* Where are your wits?

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Hauled stork over the gunwale he breathes upward the stench of his green grave, his leprous nosehole snoring to the sun.

A seachange this. Seadeth, mildest of all death's known to man. *Frie de Paris*: beware of imitations. Just you give it a fair trial. We enjoyed ourselves immensely.


He took the hilt of his ashplant, lunging with it softly, dallying still. Yes, evening will find itself in me, without me. All days make their end. By the next day when is Tuesday will be the longest day. Of all the glad new year, mother, the rum tuddlely tum. Lawn Tennyson, gentleman poet. *Già*. For the old hag with the yellow teeth. And Monsieur Drumont, gentleman journalist. *Già.* My teeth are very bad. Why, I wonder? Feel. That one is going to. Shells. Ought I go to a dentist, I wonder, with that money? That one. This. Toothless Kinch, the superman. Why is that, I wonder, or does it mean something perhaps? My handkerchief. He threw it. I remember. Did I not take it up? Behind. Perhaps there is someone.

He turned his face over a shoulder, rere regardant. Meanwhile the high spars of the threemaster, her sails brailing up on the crossstreets, homing, silently moving, a silent ship.—

*(To be continued)*

### THREE GEORGIAN NOVELISTS

**III**

The literary career of Mr. Gilbert Cannan, the bad boy of the Georgian novelists, has so far been much more exciting than that of either Mr. Walpole or Mr. Mackenzie, though perhaps less successful commercially. It has in many ways been an adventurous career, full of experiment and variety of endeavour—a tentative, groping, dissatisfied kind of career. Throughout it Mr. Cannan's worst enemy has been his own cleverness. In his life as an artist this cleverness has been his greatest danger; it has constantly tripped him up, interposed itself between him and his inspiration; at times lured him into an arid climate, an arid display of mental gymnastics. . . .

Where Messrs. Mackenzie and Walpole have applied themselves assiduously to the business of producing fiction, Mr. Cannan has had a shot at almost everything. He has taken up the art of satire, written a treatise on it, and produced a brilliant book called *Windmills* which will be more heard of two years hence than it is to-day. Then, in a moment of aberration, he has published a volume of unreadable love poems, now, happily, all sunk beneath the wave. Aberration, he has published a volume of unreadable aberration, he has published a volume of unreadable love poems, now, happily, all sunk beneath the wave.

He has written, with much gusto, an appreciation of his inspiration, and at times lured him into an arid climate, an arid display of mental gymnastics. . . .

As early as 1915 Mr. Cannan's worst enemy has been his own cleverness. In his life as an artist this cleverness has been his greatest danger; it has constantly tripped him up, interposed itself between him and his inspiration; at times lured him into a barren landscape.
if the cause be a creative one, the unified effect must be creative also; otherwise it is a counterfeit.

What is Drama? Of what actively is it an activity? Do we use the word in a proper or improper sense? I am inclined to think in the latter only. I have very good reason for thinking so. Since I last wrote in these columns a book has come to me from the publishing house of Stewart and Kidd, Cincinnati, U.S.A. It is a very good book, and I am not going to quarrel with the publisher's attempt to glorify it by calling it "Of Paramount Importance." In any case, an anthology of *European Theories of the Drama* is much wanted just now. Mr. Barrett H. Clark gives us the big theorists, from Professor Aristotle to Mr. Bernard Shaw, and allows them to have their say and the loss of endless convention, and ad hominem together as persons who have advanced views, but have not reached the advanced stage of airing their eloquence and the fatness of their ideas. I do not propose in this place to examine Mr. Barrett's excellent book. It may come up for trial later. Meanwhile, for the encouragement of others I may say that all the need do is buy it. If they study it also I feel they will find that I am not in saying that men use the word Drama in an improper sense. Mr. Barrett's title leads one to believe that his theoretical contributors are defining "the drama" when, as a matter of fact, they are defining all sorts of things called variously Art, Drama, Poetry, Tragedy, Comedy, Farce, and Lord knows what else. Here is it is impossible to escape the feeling that they alone were born to attain, while their writings deny this by revealing a rooted horror of the use of words to mean truth. The fact of the matter is that ever since words began to replace action as the most valued asset of mankind, men have gradually lost perception of the feelings and experiences that called them into existence. So, instead of continuing to respond to their inner feelings and inventing peculiar terms to suit the real character of the facts of each great emotional period of history, such, for instance, as those of the immense economic wave now sweeping over the earth, men have fallen into the wicked habit of perversely taking words from their true significations for the purpose of expressing the facts of current experience. So, when men refer to Art, Drama, Poetry, and Religion, they do not refer to the permanent truth in them. They refer to a sense that has been attached to them by current superstition, ignorance, or folly. In view of the mania for persuasive words to tell lies it is no wonder that we find our own pernicious period of science (now happily passing for ever one sincerely trusts) full of the grounding of theories of Art, Drama, Poetry, and Religion on the superstitious belief in science as a sort of super-god. Look how Art and Art-expression have hopelessly been mixed by muddled minds. And it is no wonder that it is almost a superhuman task trying to convince the motley army of mis-handlers that each of these terms encloses a spiritual activity which demands to be released before its eternal constructive law or principle can be set in action. It would be easier to convince them that you can make a motor go before you stir up the propellers. Regarding the definition of Drama it might be objected that men are largely the victims of a convention, and that when everything is said, Aristotle is the author of that convention. I quite agree. If the nature of the convention had been different, if the term Drama had been given a spiritual instead of a material import, and this import had been solemnly and strictly asserted and taught by each succeeding generation of theoreticians (as men of the theatre might be called), there would be no room for tears and jeers. Drama bears within itself a power of spiritual conversion which is the sign that enables us to recognize it. The drama is a form assumed by Drama for the purpose of asserting its power of spiritual conversion. A definition of this convention has become a convention, what would it have yielded? Precisely the same result as Civilization will yield when the word is given a spiritual in place of a material import. Drama would then set men in the infinitude of space and time, and the drama would reveal them unfolding beneath the touch of Bible verity, and in such a way as to inaugurate the epoch of the conversion. Besides this, it would place Comedy on its right as its chief unfolder, and kick Tragedy out as a very debased form of comedy indeed. I dare say this will shock the reason of the material-minded. But I will not apologize, for there are more shocks coming with the practical proposals which are due next.

**THE ITALIAN IDEA**

**A NEWSPAPER**, published monthly, for the diffusion of the Italian idea abroad has just made its appearance in Florence. *La vraie Italie, organe de liaison intellectuelle entre l'Italie et les autres Pays* (8 Via Ricasoli, Florence; 6 fr. per annum), declaring itself "tout à fait (absolument) indépendante," and that it receives encouragement neither from the Italian nor from any other government or official source, is written in French for the given reason that this language will convey the purpose of the paper most readily, Italian being little familiar, especially in France, where it has been completely neglected, disdained even, since the seventeenth century, up to which time it was every one's natural accomplishment. The editor, Mr. Giovanni Verga, has things to say, practical things, which it is urgent should be said and understood quickly. He does not aim at "high literature" but to communicate facts, thoughts, information. "We reserve the mastery of style and the purity of language to our Italian works," he says, adding: "Our friends will, perhaps, be shocked by our mistakes, but never so much as we are shocked by the erroneous ideas their country entertains about ours. They may teach us the proper use of the French language, but we can furnish them with good hints about the Italian soul."

The contents of the first number:

- Declarations (exhilarating);
- Notre mauvais français (bravo);
- Les Nations Sœurs (it was time);
- Wilson et l'Italie (sense);
- Littérature Wilsonienne;
- Bandeauleur en Italie;
- Apollinaire Italienisant;
- Le Problème Yougo-Slave et l'Italie;
- De la Dalmatie et du Tact;
- Les Ploutocrates Italiens;
- M. Giovanni Amendola;
- Le Nouveau Cabinet;
- Giovanni Verga.

Toute la Guerre (about an Italian anthology of war literature);

Les Italiens ont gouverné la France (historical);

Les Jeunes Revues;

Le " Studio Italiano de Moscou ";

Le Trittico de M. Puccini;

Vilfredo Pareto.

If it is propaganda it is wonderfully clever; if it is not, then it makes the best propaganda I have come across yet. Clear-thinking, pucky acting. And, as poetry and competence are never one-sided, and intelligence is not intelligence if it is not so all-round, the paper is as well compiled and printed as it is edited; the form is equal to the spirit thereof. It is as much one's duty to refer to it as it is one's duty to have read Dante.

M. C.
"THE ANGLO-FRENCH REVIEW"

We have been asked to insert the following notice:

All those who have at heart the development, in all its branches, of the intellectual and economic entente between England and France will be interested to learn that a new organ of opinion, entitled The Anglo-French Review, dealing with literature, economics, politics, science, and art, made its debut on February 21, under the editorship of M. Henry D. Davray and Mr. J. Lewis May. Though founded in the belief that a complete and permanent intellectual alliance between the two countries is the best guarantee for the future peace and happiness of the world, The Anglo-French Review will be conducted in no narrow partisan or propagandist spirit, as is evidenced by the fact that the list of its contributors includes writers so diverse in opinion and intellectual outlook as M. Anatole France and Mr. Edmund Gosse, Mr. A. J. Balfour and Mr. W. A. Appleton, M. Léon Bourgeois and Sir A. Chiozza Money, M. Albert Thomas and Viscount Grey. Contributions will be in English or in French, according to the nationality of the writer.

"QUIA PAUPER AMAVI"

The Egoist has pleasure in adding to its list a new volume of poems by Mr. Ezra Pound, entitled Quia Pauper Amavi.* This will be the most important and best-formed book by Mr. Pound since Personae. It is made up of four groups of poems; his Provençal type, his modern type, three cantos of a long poem, and “Homage to Sextus Propertius.” None of these poems has appeared in a book with the exception of the three cantos, which are found in the American Lastra. The “Homage to Sextus Propertius” does for Augustan Rome what “Cathay” did for China of Rihaku’s time, and is probably a more important contribution to European civilization.

* Quia Pauper Amavi. To be ready at end of May. The Egoist, Ltd. 6s. net. A special limited edition, 100 copies (90 for sale) numbered and sealed, hand-made paper, 10s. 6d.

The Adelphi Gallery opened at 9 Duke Street, Adelphi, W.C.2, on March 8 with an Exhibition of Woodcuts by Edward Wadsworth. The object of the Gallery is to give each month a one-man show of work by a modern artist, and to provide the public with the chance of exercising their discretion and buying modern pictures before a wider fame gives a scarcity value to them. Prices are as far as possible kept within a range from half a guinea to ten guineas.

The following exhibitions have been arranged for the immediate future:

1. Twenty Drawings from the note-books of H. GAUDIER-BRZESKA
   By JAMES JOYCE (Second edition, 4s. 6d. net ; by post, 4s. 9d.)
   TARR
   By P. WYNDHAM LEWIS (6s. net; by post, 6s. 4d.)
   PRUFROCK
   By T. S. ELIOT (1s. 6d. net; by post, 1s. 7½d.)

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