Philosophy: The Science of Signs

XVII Truth (continued)

IV The Measure of Authority which Egoism allows to the Science of External Nature

By D. Marsden

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man's most deep-rooted notions: those of time and those of space; and out of his own organic relations towards them. How can any balanced thinker bind himself up with the doctrine that his own organism is the indispensable nucleus of his entire universe, including substance, space and time, when he sees himself as a most insignificant speck of substance swallowed up in an illimitable space and enduring through only the briefest moment of an illimitable time. Far from viewing himself as comprehensive in himself of all time, all space and all its contents, prepared to accept the whole as caused by or at least contingent upon himself, it takes all the courage he has to prevent himself sinking into utter absurdity under the conviction of his own almost complete spatial and temporal negligibility. It is under the influence of this deflating conviction that he is prepared even to throw over his faith in logic, rather than follow it to a conclusion in an egoism which involves so monstrous an inversion of that conviction. This then is the difficulty egoism must meet to make itself acceptable. It will never be possible to overcome men's instinctive hostility by a mere insistence upon the infallible logic of egoism's base. It is necessary to write out and set up egoism's rival formula, starting out with this same equation:—

My universe = My body + My external world.

Egoism makes this important alteration upon transporting the terms:—

My universe minus My body = 0.

The scientist's universe minus His body = 0. That is, egoism denies the absolute and independent existence of the external world. The kind of question which at once confronts it is obvious. In the first place, egoism needs to say why, if a universe is the sum of two quantities, the abstraction of one should exhaust the whole. And in the second, if such abstraction does so exhaust it, what is the nature of the plus sign which is supposed to amalgamate the two? Certainly, it cannot be the innocent-seeming arithmetical sign which one at first sight assumes it to be.

Now in accordance with the theory of the vital system we have already laid down, we hold we are on the track towards an explanation of the entire matter when we fix attention upon the nature of this plus sign. For though out of the totality of our experience we can discriminate the two items of organism and its surrounding world, the nature of the relation between the two is not that of simple addition. Rather the nature of the connection between them is like that existing between the two poles of any polarised force with which we are familiar. In such a force the feature is presented of two poles constituting respectively the terminal points of a single and unbroken line of force, the nature of the scheme being such that the absence of either terminus would negate the entire scheme. In relation to such a scheme, describing the poles as north and south respectively, there would be no hesitation in accepting the following description of the relationship of the two opposite poles:

(N + S) minus S = 0.

Now this equation represents not only men's instinctive hostility but also that of the philosopher idealist too timorous to support his own logic to the lengths of egoism. It formulates the attitude of those who believe in the existence of an external world in absolute independence of the organic life which apprehends it, who believe that this world existed ages before their own particular organism was born, and that it will continue so to exist when that organism has been disintegrated and annulled. Now let us set up egoism's rival formula, starting out with this same proposition:—

My universe = My body + My external world.

Egoism makes this important alteration upon transporting the terms:—

My universe minus My body = 0.

Or, The scientist's universe minus His body = 0.

That is, egoism denies the absolute and independent existence of the external world. The kind of question which at once confronts it is obvious. In the first place, egoism needs to say why, if a universe is the sum of two quantities, the abstraction of one should exhaust the whole. And in the second, if such abstraction does so exhaust it, what is the nature of the plus sign which is supposed to amalgamate the two? Certainly, it cannot be the innocent-seeming arithmetical sign which one at first sight assumes it to be.

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entirely unitary depolarised whole. Thus would the latter—
the ego—be enabled to gather up all the spoil accruing
from its expedition into life and in some incubating medium of
timelessness, spacelessness, and utter non-differentiation which
we call nothingness, allow the unitary atomic force to
re recuperate until again it arrives at differentiation
point. The which we derive from this
type of life as a polarised force, is that it neatly gives us
our elementary vital features, i.e., those of organism, space
and the latter's content, substance. The scheme presents a
logic as follows:—

Manifested life even in the simplest form must be consti-
tuted of a polarised line of force. The positive extremity of
this line would then constitute the organic body. This being
in turn joined up with the negative extremity, a neutral field
of force is formed which appears as space. The negative
extreme on the other hand constitutes those saponity substances
which appear as occupying space. Out of the entire system,
its most obvious thing to discriminate the two ter-
minal, organic and substantial respectively, because at both
these two reciprocal but opposed ends the line of force
"materialises"; that is to say, it rises here into more highly
accentuated forms of existence or differentiation than in the
neutral spatial field.

7. As life-forms become composite owing to the egoistic
ability out of an increasing strength to create a number of
propulsive forces or these to converge in the opposite
tendency: this hostility towards organic diffusion: intensifies
when we apply the alternative terms of
north and south.
Here, however, the application of the term positive to the
organic extremity of the vital system carries an additional
meaning. The fact that it does so is born of the further fact
that in the vital scheme the organism is compelled to assume
e a nucleitic character because of the feature of concentration—
or rather of convergence of the positive organic poles. The pole
to act as a co-ordinated unit, there grows up also a corre-
sponding power to lengthen the spatial field by a strengthen-
ing of the propulsive force existing between the two polar
extremes. This strengthening amounts to nothing less than a
pushing back of the walls of the vital universe so that our
spatial world grows in an exact ratio with this propulsive
power of life. However, development is equally distributed
over the vital scheme, and together with the strengthening
of the propulsive force which expands space, there appears also
modification as well as multiplication of the positive
organic poles, which in turn entails a corresponding introd-
cution of variety into the negative contents of space, i.e., into
the forms of substance. That is to say, as the polarising
power power playing upon the basic ego increases, it manifests itself
in a growth and complexity of (1) the positive extremity of the
whole system, i.e., the organism, (2) in the fullness and
variety of its negative extreme, i.e., the forms of the external
world, and (3) in the expansion of the neutral field of influence
joining the two, i.e., space.

8. Now in cases of the polarisation of forces more sub-
stantial than the vital one, we apply the terms positive and
negative to the two extremes without intending to imply any-
thing more than the opposition of the two for instance when we apply the alternative terms of north and south.

Here, however, the application of the term positive to the
organic extremity of the vital system carries an additional
meaning. The fact that it does so is born of the further fact
that in the vital scheme the organism is compelled to assume
a nucleitic character because of the feature of concentration—
or rather of convergence of the positive organic poles, with
the corresponding diffusion of the negative substantial ones.
It is of great importance to grasp the full import of the
nucleitic character of the organism. Organic growth means
the multiplication of the number and variety of cells, each
one of which constitutes the positive pole of a polarised force
complete in itself, but with its action modified, however, by
the fact that each and all maintain connection not only with
their reciprocal negative termini in the shape of a pole of
substance in the spatial world, but also with every other
positive pole converging resident in and indeed forming the
organic whole. An organism becomes what it is: a mere
spook in space: on this principle. The polarised lines of
force, in place of running parallel with one another, tend to
converge more and more to a point, and this centralising
tendency of the organismic diffusion: intensifies with every added element of growth in the system as a whole. Hence
vital development finds itself committed to two opposed tendencies developing respectively in its opposite poles.
The tendency of the poles forming the composite
organism is to contract as regards their most vital parts to
dimensions approaching those of a point. The tendency of
the elements of the spatial world on the contrary, is to diffuse
themselves centrifugally through ever wider and wider lines
of force. Thus the latter accordingly become a diffused extended
macromere existing in contra-distinction to a concentrated
intensive microcosem formed by the organism. In the latter
the termini are all grouped compactly together and are thus
rendered capable of that swift and immediate intercommuni-
cation with one another which enables the whole to act as
a unit over against the reciprocal substantial poles scattered
throughout a whole world. The net advantage for the
organism is such a power of initiative in action as enables it
to impose its order more and more on the forms of the
world-order.

9. All the more is this the case when (to anticipate our
later argument) with the advent of mind, a higher order of
polarisation than the spatial is born: an order within an
order, more complex, subtle and powerful, and, above all,
organically self-contained, since both its poles are situated
within the organic body. In this new order space and its
contents are cut off and only re-appear again for man as the
negative elements involved in that great and artificially-
constructed organic annexe we call reality. At this juncture
for the first time, the stubborn-seeming substances filling the
spatial world reveal their character of mere negatives. The
positive activities involved in the creation of reality are both
organic, the new power of mind and the new spatialising
powers of the head, and between them the differentional
stones of these distinctive powers of man, space and its con-
 tents transform so rapidly and so obediently in the direction
of man's desires as to make us realise that they are void of
character in themselves, and owe what form they have to the
line of junction formed by organic capacity and the limits to
that capacity.

We have already shown how, in the close intimacy and high
organic heats of mind, mental forms and ideas disclose inherent
affinities for one another, sorting themselves out and
arranging themselves in those fertile combinations which
mean everything to the chemistry of truth; how also these
hitherto unsuspected affinities between ideas having an-
ounced themselves in the mind, it devolves as a task for the
hands—man's inordinately great spatialising sense of touch
whose powers have leaped to maturity alongside his creation
of mind—to construct a spatial parallel to the forms men-
tally given, out of the negative substantial elements lying at
their disposal in space. It is for this reason that the con-
struction of the great practical annexe to truth has turned
into an affair of measure and the reduction of all substantial
forms to units expressible on a quantitative basis. The
practical side of science (apart from considerations of
construction) reveals itself as an ingenious rigging up of
substantial forms not hitherto spatially experienced, but
experienced in a medium which is quite adequate for the
purpose, that of mind. It is however on the theoretical side
that science shows its deepest genius, and although we are
rightly impressed with the romance of reality created by the
power of the hands and their imitative instruments to carry
through the plan issued from the frontal pole of the mind, it is in
what happens there: in that new power to over-ride the
spatial polarisation that we have to recognise the great cosmic
revolution.

10. It is on account of this accentuatedly positive aspect
which the human organism is empowered to adopt under
the newer polarity, that we come to look upon the organism as
almost identified with the ego itself, acting certainly as its
proxy, expressing its very bent and intention, and counting
space and substance as merely anvil to the hammer by which
the organism beats out the distinctive egoistic forms. Thus
it is too that the organism produces the illusion of exhausting
the egoistic universe and appears capable of existing and of
being annulled in its own right so to speak independently of
the surrounding world. The error of thinking that the
birth and decease of the organism can have place while the
external world pursues its permanent way unaffected by both,
becomes one very difficult indeed to avoid. Hence our
temerarious realisms and our weak-kneed idealisms!
II

11. Let us, however, for the moment hang up the egoistic interpretation of space and substance, observing in doing so that the best that can be said for it is that it is logical whereas the "independence" theory of space and substance has abandoned logic; also that it yields a theory of reality which rescues that subject from the morass of contradictions into which realistic independence has plunged it, while the worst that can be said of it is that it continues to repel men's minds on account of an adverse-seeming light which certain notions deriving not so much from space and substance themselves as from time throw upon it. We do it not for our idea of time and for the fact that the external world appears to persist in time, and beyond all comparison with the organism, the mind might accommodate itself to this disconcerting egoistic view of space, but until some explanation of time can be given which will support egoism in place of undermining it, independent "realisms" and half-hearted "idealisms" will continue to bar the way against egoism notwithstanding their total logical destitution. It is an interpretation of time parallel to the one we have given of space, that we here shall endeavour to propound. Be it noted, however, the time with which we shall deal is not perfected time: not that complete time structure synonymous with life which is the work of science to create for us, and in which our knowledge being complete, we are able to find at a glance the antecedents and consequences of an event as of the event itself, and in which our knowledge being complete, we are able to find at a glance the antecedents and consequences of an event as of the event itself, so that the mode of action of the entire vital mechanism is self-evident throughout its cause. The time we speak of is rather an aspect of the knowledge-creating activity as we know it here and now, the process of "resurrection" proceeding slowly with the ordering in consciousness of a recurrent past," and the arduous forshadings in a like manner of the "future." It is with our present human time representing an instrument still in the making and with its full work indicated and suggested rather than accomplished, that we propose now to deal.

12. This imperfect time is our new man-devised instrument for arranging into a new kind of order all the spatially arranged items which man finds lying higgledy-piggledy about his universe. Just as space serves as a sort of liberating egoistic theory of time parallel to the one we have given of space, that we here shall endeavour to propound. Be it noted, however, the time with which we shall deal is not perfected time: not that complete time structure synonymous with life which is the work of science to create for us, and in which our knowledge being complete, we are able to find at a glance the antecedents and consequences of an event as of the event itself, so that the mode of action of the entire vital mechanism is self-evident throughout its cause. The time we speak of is rather an aspect of the knowledge-creating activity as we know it here and now, the process of "resurrection" proceeding slowly with the ordering in consciousness of a recurrent past," and the arduous forshadings in a like manner of the "future." It is with our present human time representing an instrument still in the making and with its full work indicated and suggested rather than accomplished, that we propose now to deal.

13. The high significance of the human instrument of time becomes apparent when we look to the origins of the phase, but identical throughout. The construction of the substantial items lying on that bench to assume a new order is shown when we assert that it involves an innovation of an elementary spatial scheme of polarisation we saw that as the nothing less than a second vital order of polarisation. In this new order of polarisation the negative rôle of the sign is one which exactly parallels that of substance in the older. The positive rôle of the organism is identical in both; while the earlier neutral field of space is matched by a new feature: a neutral field of force which is nothing other than time itself. Hence, in the older spatial order the eyes were made to wear the appearance of an arrangement "in" space, in the new temporal, causal order the concepts called into being by signs are made to take the appearance of being arranged "in" time.

Time and space alike represent the maintaining of lines of force, and in this sense both represent the output of vital effort and force. Of this output and expenditure of egoistic energy we appear little conscious as regards space, although the fact that half our days are spent in sleep in an effort to recuperate from the spatialising effort by cutting off the greater part of our spatial world, shows that the organism is not unconscious of the strain. The cost of the temporal effort is much more patent to our consciousness. The effort required for a rigorously employed sign of this sort is thought and particularly for sustained thought having a fundamentally the entire vital economy. As we have seen, the elementary vital universe comes to be only as a product of a species of polarisation which flings the organic nucleus to one end of a neutral field of force (which is space) and to the other the forms of external substance. Organism, space and substance are the direct fruits of that basic disintegrating effort of life. How great we conceive to be the human innovation of time is shown when we assert that it involves nothing less than a second vital order of polarisation. In the elementary spatial scheme of polarisation we saw that as the life-force intensities, the value and function of spatial substances come to be merely as to releasing cues capable of setting the positive organic poles into the various modes of motion which constitute the different modes of feeling. We have only just now been speaking of the advantage accruing to the positive organic poles in the matter of initiating, and swift co-ordination of all feelings, by the fact that these various poles are all crowded thickly together. This concentration and inter-relating of organic poles increases, we come to a point of development (in man) where the power of grip unifying the whole reaches a climax, and many suddenly exhibits a power within himself of determining an entire feeling-circuit. By this means:—The general strength of the whole system becomes increased to such a degree that it is possible to exert pressures and throw these in a single assault into one item of external feeling. Hence world-items can be emphasised one at a time, so that the external world as a whole becomes cut up into highly intensified units: separate objects: one that plus that plus that. With this change showing itself the spatial aspect of things alongside an increased organic mobility appearing in the human throat which renders with differing sounds and words, the main external objects and throw these in a single assault into one item of external feeling. 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universal bearing, is so great that very few persons attempt it. It is all an affair governed by egoistic stamina.

15. To summarise these facts, we can say that with the advent of the sign-power or mind, the organic vital pole has once more taken on a new and a second form of sense. It is the sense of truth. It is a sense of the temporal, otherwise the causation of spatial things dawning in connection with their conceptual replicas. With its help man is able to set in motion a complete circuit of feeling within the orbit of his own body. He begins to feel directly with his internal apparatus instead of having the latter limited to actions made in response to stimuli acting on the outer organic periphery. The whole system comes into being as a polarisation of forces when we were considering the nature of space and accounting for the specklike or nucleitic character of the organism in relation to space and its contents. And since, as we hold, the creation of time is nothing other than a transposition of the spatial elements from a spatial order into a temporal one, it is obvious that we must expect to find in the newer order a riddle corresponding to the spatial, if again we endeavour to solve the situation by the application of the cruder arithmetical processes. Arithmetic, the yardstick and the rule of three, are as forceful, sound, and applicable as ever, but it is essential to understand the nature of the situations into which we may introduce them.

16. There could be small reluctance in accepting this theory of the meaning and origin of time if it met all the difficulties in the case. The scientist's chief difficulty in respect to time however still remains to be faced. This difficulty has to do with the notion of rate as applied to time: a notion now inalienably mixed up with the fundation of a "real" world. The introduction of the second temporal order resolved the confusion arising from the fact that the introduction of the positive organic nucleus as far as the latter's power to cause the spatial world to dance in correct measure to that tune. The dance is the progressive creation of a "real" world.

17. This is the realist stronghold and its strength seems sufficiently patent. What argument is there that egoism can finally oppose to it? There are certain complex situations where obviously the simple arithmetical operations of addition and subtraction are inapplicable. We saw how they failed to apply to the facts of the polarisation of forces when we were considering the nature of space and accounting for the specklike or nucleitic character of the organism in relation to space and its contents. And since, as we hold, the creation of time is nothing other than a transposition of the spatial elements from a spatial order into a temporal one, it is obvious that we must expect to find in the newer order a riddle corresponding to the spatial, if again we endeavour to solve the situation by the application of the cruder arithmetical processes. Arithmetic, the yardstick and the rule of three, are as forceful, sound, and applicable as ever, but it is essential to understand the nature of the situations into which we may introduce them. The temporal lines we may measure are those which radiate from the positive organic nucleus as far as the latter's power to bring the negative poles, i.e., the signs, carries them. These lines may stretch into the past, or they may infiltrate into the future, and in either case they are equally measurable; also the distances between the items so arranged are subordinable to standard measures. The one "item" which may not be strung on the time-string as of equal status with the negative items already strung there is the nucleotic organism itself: since its presence in the world of things is itself into an effort to transpose these horizontally-placed signs in graphic form. At the outset let us remind ourselves that in that case the "item" becomes a scheme of polarisation which is involved: from this fixed temporal standpoint it will then proceed to propel its new negative arms constituted by the signs, carrying them. These events flow upwards in and through and out of one another. Now, it may help us to get a more solid grasp of what is meant by this transposition if we try to conceive it under a graphic form. At the outset let us remind ourselves that in both orders it is a scheme of polarisation which is involved: that is, it is a scheme designed to bring the spatial elements together, for the line which unites them, and the measure which measures them. The yardstick is not allowed, in short, to confound extension with intensity, or to confuse measurement among items whose basic feature is spread-outness with measurement of their reciprocal poles whose basic feature, on the contrary, is convergence. Addition, subtraction, and the rule of three must continue to have regard to the fundamental rule governing their use, i.e., that they are to be applied only after or when all the quantities concerned have been reduced to a uniform nature: to a common denomination. However, the situation was complex enough to confuse the mind when the latter had to account for facts based upon one order of polarisation only. The confusion becomes correspondingly increased when it has to account for them as they appear as the effects of a second and higher: an order within an order. Still, that's our task, and we must face it.

18. We allowed ourselves to call the spatial order a horizontal one, and in it we claimed that the organism held a place that could be likened to the central nucleus of a circle. The introduction of the second temporal order resolved the confusion arising from the fact that the "item" becomes a scheme of polarisation which is involved: they fail to apply to the facts of the spatial order into a causal one, it is obvious that we must expect to find in the newer order a riddle corresponding to the spatial, if again we endeavour to solve the situation by the application of the cruder arithmetical processes. Arithmetic, the yardstick and the rule of three, are as forceful, sound, and applicable as ever, but it is essential to understand the nature of the situations into which we may introduce them. The temporal lines we may measure are those which radiate from the positive organic nucleus as far as the latter's power to bring the negative poles, i.e., the signs, carries them. These lines may stretch into the past, or they may infiltrate into the future, and in either case they are equally measurable; also the distances between the items so arranged are subordinable to standard measures. The one "item" which may not be strung on the time-string as of equal status with the negative items already strung there is the nucleotic organism itself: since its presence in the world of things is itself into an effort to transpose these horizontally-placed signs in graphic form. At the outset let us remind ourselves that in both orders it is a scheme of polarisation which is involved: that is, it is a scheme designed to bring the spatial elements together, for the line which unites them, and the measure which measures them. The yardstick is not allowed, in short, to confound extension with intensity, or to confuse measurement among items whose basic feature is spread-outness with measurement of their reciprocal poles whose basic feature, on the contrary, is convergence. Addition, subtraction, and the rule of three must continue to have regard to the fundamental rule governing their use, i.e., that they are to be applied only after or when all the quantities concerned have been reduced to a uniform nature: to a common denomination. However, the situation was complex enough to confuse the mind when the latter had to account for facts based upon one order of polarisation only. The confusion becomes correspondingly increased when it has to account for them as they appear as the effects of a second and higher: an order within an order. Still, that's our task, and we must face it.
corresponding place in the higher longitudinal one. And
even more, since the second time-finding arm of the sign
which scales into the future is giving place and full though
shadowy form to features which never existed save as germ in
the spatial world. Thus is the temporal world vastly richer
i.e.,
sign is prophetic as well as resurrective: can make as well as
than the spatial, because its negative poles—signs are far more
apprehend.

19. Moreover, since no item is sacred to the sign, and we
presume to lay our signs on the time-making activity itself,
we here receive a very remarkable revelation. It is this. The
very meaning of that activity is that it asks tirelessly: "And
before that, and before that, and before that?" always and
for ever, and without end. Also that it asks: "And after
that, and after, and after?" again, for ever and without end.
And when we have scooped off that attribute by means of a
sign and thought what the meaning of it can be, we realise
that it means, in our science, we are ascending and descending
a track which sets no term to that backward descent to a nadir
or that upward ascent to a zenith. This is, the causal, i.e.,
scientific, activity is traversing a track which is a circle; that
the search for origins and the pursuing of scientific ends must
culminate in a common goal at a point where ends and origins
meet. Hence we are informed that the two arms of the sign
power reaching out into the past and the future respec-
tively, and which we deemed to issue particularly beneficial
and above the organism, are actually impressed with a curve.

From the organism they spread out, then in, and must finally
unite, knitting together in that last full knowledge of our
life's beginning and end to form a closed ring : a true unit :
the fundamental atom on which the vital scheme is based:
the ego : world and organism linked as one.

We should have no difficulty now in answering the
question: What is the measure of authoritativeness resting
with our science of external nature? We know that knowing
means the applying of signs to forms to the end that concep-
tual visions of these forms may be begotten in the intra-
organic medium which we call mind; and that immediately
these are born they display peculiar selective affinities for
one another, so providing man with a base from which he
finds himself empowered to effect the transposition of forms
from a spatial order to a temporal—otherwise a causal—
one. To effect this transposition is the theoretical part of
science: that is, it is the work of the scientist to create a time-
chain. And since it is the scientist who creates time, one
might conclude that the scientist is before all the fit and
proper person to use time as an arguementative weapon. If,
that is to say, the scientist is himself committed to the idea of
the dualistic or causal (temporal) order, the scientist might be regarded as the very authority
who may declare that theory null and void. This is the attitude which our science of external nature has been
permitted to adopt.

21. The situation, however, is not quite so simple and
straightforward. The task of science certainly is to call into
being the time-order, but the scientist as such is not in any
special degree aware of that fact. He creates science which
it asking other than the time-order—under the same impulse
that which impels all mankind, as the users of signs, to
create science. Man, because he can use a true sign, is willy-
nilly scientist: the scientist so-called being merely one who
devotes a rather larger proportion of his energies to linking-
up the time-connections existent between the items of the external world. Science; therefore, is not a task which the
scientist enters upon knowing what he is about. Without
any willed intention of his own he finds himself delivered
over to it. Under compulsion of a force within himself, he
applies himself to the task and shapes himself to it as ably
as he can. But at the outset he does not understand—he
does not know—what he is doing. Only afterwards, when
his hand-to-mouth activity has gone very far indeed, does he
become aware that the activity as a whole—knowing in
general—is beginning to show distinctive features which he
may signalise if he chooses and turn into forms of thought.

22. Now from this fact we may derive the means which
will enable us to differentiate philosopher from scientist.

The philosopher, a scientist even as are all men, is one who
has allowed his attention to be caught by these features
emerging from the knowing activity considered as a whole.
He has been interested to fasten signs on them, to begot the
conceptual forms therefrom accruing, and to wait for still
deeper relationships to assert themselves in the quietness of
mind. It is a natural and inevitable development of the
scientific spirit. To stand out against it—to discourage and
belittle it—is a denial of that spirit of science. Not all
persons, however, are equally sensitive to the growing trend
of an activity and, with good enough intentions, continue to
linger over the forms of activity with which they have become
familiar, especially when, as is the case with natural science,
there remains a vast amount of work of that class still to be
done. This is the position occupied by the scientist who
limits himself to considering the forms of thought emerg-
ing from his activity in shaping the external world. He began with
that—found himself committed to it by his human endow-
ment, and still continues with it.

23. What the causal (temporal) order is existing between
himself and all the external items combined is a question
which would face him immediately were he to allow himself
to consider the nature of knowledge as a whole, but from
this he has decided impatiently to consider himself cut
off. From the meaning of knowledge therefore he holds
aloof and concerns himself exclusively with the adding of
item to item—t0 the lengthening of the thread, unmindful of
its nature and direction. This limited task gives him
plenty to do, particularly as he has, with great appropriaten-
ness considering its nature, given himself the task of creating
a new external reality as far as the limited scope of his
activity will allow. His activity is very great, and the volume of his productions enormous, but they are
superficial and without scientific basis. This last criticism is
the justest that can be made against our science of external
things. The whole tendency of science is to show how incidental are the multitudinous forms of things: to see
things as the same force transmuting under given conditions
into other forms equally fleeting. Its constant endeavour is
to reduce known items to a range as nearly approaching the
basic as its powers will allow. Now the basic relationship of
any and every known thing is its relation to the knowing-
power lodged in the organism. Hence the ascertaining of
the nature of the relationship between the organism and the
external world is, scientifically considered, the first question
of science. If the scientist chooses not to proceed to the deter-
mning of the details of inter-external relationships, without
supplying his own solution to that question—that is, without
providing himself with a metaphysics: without becoming a
philosopher—he has to recognise he does so at the cost of
condemning himself to silence whenever the first principles
of science can be applied to them. His pseudo-scientific know-
edge has no bearing when the science of "all-knowledge"
is at issue. He essays to use time as an argument, but because
of his neglect of the science of knowing he has robbed himself
of the competence to understand time. On the other hand,
the philosophy which has forged a coherent theory of the
activity of knowing is rewarded with a coherent theory of
Ancestry and egoism yield one another
a mutual support.

THE LATE SINGER

HERE it is spring again
And I still a young man,
I am late at my singing.
The sparrow with black rain on his breast
has been at his cadenzas for two weeks past;
what is it that is dragging at my heart?
The grass by the back door is stiff with sap.
The old maples are opening
their branches of brown and yellow moth-flowers.
A moon floats in the blue
in the early afternoons over the marshes.
I am late at my singing.

William Carlos Williams
REFLECTIONS ON CONTEMPORARY POETRY

It is not true that the development of a writer is a function of his development as a man, but it is possible to say that there is a close analogy between the sort of experience which develops a man and the sort of experience which develops a writer. Experience in living may leave the literary embryo still dormant, and the progress of literary development may to a considerable extent take place in a soul left immature in living. But similar types of experience form the nourishment of both. There is a kind of stimulus for a writer which is more important than the stimulus of admiring another writer. Admiration leads most often to imitation; we can seldom remain long unconscious of our imitating another, and the awareness of our debt naturally leads us to hatred of the object imitated. If we stand toward a writer, in this other relation of which I speak we do not imitate him, and though we are quite as likely to be accused of it, we are quite unperturbed by the charge. This relation is a feeling of profound kinship, or rather of a peculiar personal intimacy, with another, probably a dead author. It may overcome us suddenly, on first or after long acquaintance; it is certainly a crisis; and when a young writer is seized with his first passion of this sort he may be changed, metamorphosed almost, within a few weeks even, from a bundle of second-hand sentiments into a person. The imperative intimacy arouses for the first time a real, an unshakeable confidence. That you possess this secret knowledge, this intimacy, with the dead man, that after few or many years or centuries you should have appeared, with this indubitable claim to distinction; who can penetrate at once the thick and dusty circumlocutions about his reputation, can call yourself alone his friend: it is something more than encouragement to you. It is a cause of development, like personal relations in life. Like personal intimacies in life, it may and probably will pass, but it will be irreproachable.

The usefulness of such a passion is various. For one thing it secures us against forced admiration, from attending to writers simply because they are great. We are never at ease with people who, to us, are merely great. We are not ourselves great enough for that: probably not one man in each generation is great enough to be intimate with Shakespeare. Admiration for the great is only a sort of discipline to keep us in order, a necessary snobbism to make us aware of our places. We may not be great lovers; but if we had a genuine affair with a real poet of any degree we have acquired a monitor to avert us when we are not in love. Indirectly, there are other acquisitions: our friendship gives us an introduction to the society in which our friend moved; we learn its origins and its endings; we are broadened. We do not imitate, we are changed; and our work is the work of the changed man; we have not borrowed, we have been quickened, and we become bearers of a tradition.

I feel that the traces of this sort of experience are conspicuously lacking from contemporary poetry, and that contemporary poetry is deficient in tradition. We can raise no objection to "experiments" if the experimenters are qualified; but we can object that almost none of the experimenters hold fast to anything permanent under the varied phenomena of experiment. Shakespeare was one of the slowest, if one of the most persistent, of experimenters; even Rimbaud shows process. And one never has the tremendous satisfaction of meeting a writer who is more original, more independent, than he himself knows. No dead voices speak through the living voice; no reincarnation, no re-creation. Not even the saturation which sometimescombusts spontaneously into originality.

By where men feel
The cunning axtaxers: and those that suffer
Beneath the chariot of the snowy Bear

is beautiful; and the beauty only appears more substantial if we conjecture that Chapman may have absorbed the recurring phrase of Seneca in

signum celi glaciale poli
septem stellaris Arcadus urae
locum vero termine vacat.

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"Naked Warriors." By Herbert Read. Art and Letters, 9 Duke Street Adelphi. 3s. nett.

poem; we infer from this that he has perceived that the older

"Seniš: a biography" can be read carefully and advan-
tageously to see what Mr Aiken is attempting at his
borderline of the subliminal. It cannot be said quite to
succeed, and its Condor twilight is unsatisfying after the
sharper outlines of Mr Read's vision. Mr Aiken has gone
in for psycho-analysis with a Swinburnian equipment; and
he does not escape the fatal American introspectiveness; he
is oversensitive and worried. He is tangled in himself. The

AFTER the morbid groveling among musical mauso-
leums which has characterised the past musical season, and which reaches its
apotheosis of monotony and boredom with the
Henry J. Wood " Parsifal" Concerts, and the
Robert Newman Beethoven Festival Concerts, it is
pleas;ant to have fresh air let in upon musical functions with the
advent of the Daghialiev Russian Ballet Season at the
Alhambra. As I write only three of the twelve weeks of the
complete ballet season have been given, yet these three
weeks stand out above all the other musical performances,
with perhaps the exception of the Scriabine performances
under Albert Coates, and this despite the fact that all the
works presented by the ballet to date are revivals of things
with which we are already familiar.

THE STRAVINSKY BALLETs

If Daghialiev had done nothing more than revive
the two Stravinsky ballets, "PETROUSHKA" and "THE
FIRE BIRD," we would have been greatly in his debt.
For not only is STRAVINSKY, as Granville Bantock
says, "the outstanding figure in Russian music to-day"; he
is, as a creative force, something of an entirely new musical
order. With the advent of Stravinsky, music attains not
only a development in the commonly-accepted sense, but a
new direction evincing entirely new creative possibilities.

Stravinsky is the first great creative musician to recognise, employ, and
poulate consistently, a direct objective treatment of sound, apart from all in-
tellectual premise, or abstract theory. He is never hindered in his Daniel's speculation
or prejudiced dogsma, but uses his acute mentality to investigate and co-ordinate
the musical facts made apparent by his ever-active and subtle sensibility and his
intuitive and direct apprehension of sound. He, in fact, does what the
direct treaters of media do in painting. In all creative directions he maintains his
reason free from prejudice, "feeling-bias," and sterile habit, and works by direct
scientific experiment and verification alone.

As a natural result of his objective treatment of sound, it follows that
Stravinsky has no artificial technical limitations or conventions. The restrictions of
model melody and harmony-themselves entirely arbitrary—which
appear in the works of the diatonically-writing Classics, the tonic-central
chromaticism of the Romantics, and of composers of the immediately pre-

dio-temporale stage of musical development, such as Strauss, Elgar, d'Indy, and
others, or the more popularised whole-tone specialisations of Debussy, and the
scale-chord formula of Scriabine, have all equally no part in his work. Still
further does he flound from the mathematical theoretical methods of the
academic school, and from the strictly logical system, through which
Straus, Pfitzner, Mahler, and Bruckner, to Schonberg, as evinced in his com-
positions, and in such peculiarities as the Quartett-Akkorde, and other con-
ductions postulated in his "Harmonielehre." Stravinsky is naturally too ob-
jective to set his face prejudicedly against such devices, but he is never obsessed
by them, and only utilises them particularly, and for occasional purposes, after experiment which shows them to be the most exact means for the
expression of that which he desires in given instances of its concrete objective.
He devotes his music in substance, not according to mode; his compositions are written
to express the idea of model melody and harmony-without the limitations of that
pre-fixed system. His musical values are intrinsically those of sound utilised as a "thing-in-itself." By this means he seeks to convey, not abstract philosophical literary, or symbolic, meanings, but to evoke what
JACQUES COPEAU has indicated as the primary essential of art-comprehension, "un
etat de sensibilité," in which his conceptions may be directly, sensitively
apprehended and comprehended. But no pre-fixed system. His musical values are intrinsically those of sound utilised as a "thing-in-itself." By this means he seeks to convey, not abstract philosophical literary, or symbolic, meanings, but to evoke what
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It is difficult for a writer to mature in America. This is a

effect is of immaturity of feeling, not at all of any lack of it.

THE EGOIST

T. S. ELIOT.

July 1919
mood-content of the successive situations comparatively, as 
acutely and concisely as possible, bringing out their most 
decorative aspects in such way as to emphasise sharply their 
sensatory appeal. The music of the elusive Bird Woman 
has nothing of the tedium and mechanical absurdity of the 
Wagnerian “Leit-motif”; its plastic musical phrases of a tonal-
color quality only describable as luminous are used inter-
actively, building up a cumulative complex in which the 
figurative beauty of the legendary figure derives from the 
mood-content of her dancing and its effect on the other 
dramatic characters. This method of presentation by means 
of complete, comparative impressions is the essence of 
Stravinsky’s synthetic methods which have been developed in 
“The Consecration of Spring” (which one cannot excultate Daghailief for omitting in his present season), “The Nightingale,” and the 
“Liturgy.”

In “Petrushka” Stravinsky treats his theme more consis-
tently choreographically by the employment of group-
action, as in the scenes of the fair. And here all his charac-
teristic methods are brilliantly vindicated. One is amazed 
by the clarity, concision, and synthetic quality of the music. 
Not a superfluous note, not an atom of that labored in-
terstitial thinking so palpable in Wagner Brevity, and a 
羡慕 precision of musical imagery, which has all the delicate 
quality of arabesque art, carries us through a kaleidoscopic 
pagament of dance-drama. There is nothing pretentious, 
nothing of that architeconic ostentation which seeks to 
impress by mere massive proportions. Stravinsky never 
approaches the vulgarity which renders Wagner so popular. 
And here he has a theme which offers full scope for these 
qualities which render his music so refreshing: humor and 
satire. For Petrushka is the direct line descendant of the 
earlier Polichinella in whom was embodied the mockery of 
that which is called of superficial paths of the Commedia dell’ Arte; in his pitiful inarticiency and futility are 
pilloried the vagaries of the dreamer and the abstræt senti-
mentalism. The other characters, also, the Moor who is the 
old, crude, sensual creature whom we have known earlier as 
Arlechino of the blackened, or masked, face, or the Moor 
of the Venetian comedies, and the Ballerina who is true 
daughter of that Colombina in whom were epitomised the 
voluptuousness and the frail caprices of the essential 
feminine, all partake of the same whimsical fantasy, and 
point Stravinsky’s shrewd insight, wit, and satire. And if 
one have any doubt of the underlying mockery of hy-
crisies, vague superstition, and abstræt ideas, then one has 
only to look at the drop-curtain of Benois, whereon the 
Great Magician poses upon his bed of clouds amid a vista of 
stars, and descendingly contemplates the world to which he 
gives muddled, inarticulate, ineffectual aspiration, and 
passion, or pay heed to the scene where Petrouchka fruit-
lessly apostrophises his image in the absurd dark chamber 
guarded by ridiculous painted devils, or that in which the 
childish, animistic Moor, failing to sever his cokernut, 
with which he so lovingly plays ball, kneels down and wor-
ships it.

Yes, certainly here Stravinsky has not only extended the 
scope of the ballet; he has also made of the figures of the old 
Commedia something not merely traditionally resuscitated, 
but has restored to them something of that older, original 
illuminative quality which made the Italian masks symbols 
of that greater comedy which we call life.

THE OTHER BALLETs

Of the other ballets that which stands out most is 
“CHILDREN’S TALES.” Here one has all the 
sense of wonder, of virginial experience which permeates all 
tales created when the world still felt sincerely enough to 
express itself in young, direct, and enthusiastic terms. And 
this delightful little cycle of fantastic dance-scenes has 
something of that essential postulated by Guyau as impera-
tive for all true art-work, “l’inconsciente naïveté de l’enfant.” Miassine in this ballet has given us something full of 
the real, delightful child-spirit—that not of our wrong-
headed educational faddists, who are still endeavouring to 
 impose on the child from without—but something educed 
from the child within. The action flows with a spontaneous 
humor and a whimsical sense of fantasy which comes as a 
new thing in choreographic work. It is a thing full of the 
first sense of beauty and poetry, unsoiled by intellectual 
superimpositions; it is permeated with unsullied happiness 
and youth—and it has a throat-catching tenderness, even 
into it which owes nothing to sentiment. The whole produc-
tion is distinguished by a fine unity of purpose and 
execution. Larionof is to be congratulated on his designs 
and costumes; they have all the child’s virile, unaffected 
sense of clear vivid color, and all its sense of the intrinsic 
beauty of shapes and form-contrasts. The dances are per-
haps the most intrinsically expressive of all the ballets, and 
Miassine redeems himself by them from the banalities of 
such things as “THE GOOD HUMORED LADIES.” 
Arnold Bax, one of the few composers with a really per-
sonal idiom, and original expression in England, has 
orchestrated the Prelude, and it is an exciting introduction 
informing with a deep sense of the beauty of the little cycle 
which follows it. Musically, the “NARCISSE” of 
TCHEREPRINN stands next to the Stravinsky ballets 
among the works as yet given. But, delicate and subtle 
though it is, it yet has something of the sentimentality and 
artificiality, the rather sloppy emotionalism of its text.

Doubtless no composer selects a theme for treatment with 
whom he has no sympathy. Somehow, one feels here a 
certain hot-blooded commonplace and a certain mental paralysis 
akin to the affected culture of the Petrograd “intelligentsia” 
under the old régime. Its apparent naïveté is really as far 
apart from the free, natural impulses of simple things as is 
the vigorously propagated folk-outs of the English faddists, 
with its monotonous repetitiveness, and its desire to force 
the clock-hand of the world backwards. My ultimate con-

tection is that he is not so far removed from 
Tchaikowsky; there is a lot of limelight and tinsel in his 
summer sunshine.

“PRINCE IGOR” is a good thing, in that it is the 
complete presentation of an episode, presented directly, 
and with a unity of movement, color-design, blend, and contræst, 
and dynamic music. A good many operas would benefit by 
being so dissected, and subdivided. It is strong, straight-
forward music, in which the vital impulse dominates any 
tendency to mere musical ostentation.

“SCHERERAZADE” and “THAMAR” have the 
quality of being frank sensualism, directly stated, and with 
a fierce impulse which robs them of any stiffness. These 
works are no mere dressing-room scenes; they are unashed animal impulse and passion, and are ex-
pessed, musically and in color and movement, with a real 
sense of vivid contrast and sheer sensuous abandon, the 
surges of which, more than any regularity of action, give 
them their balance, like the riotous color-orgies, and the 
sensuous imagery in Persian design and poetry.

“CARNIVAL” and “PAPILLONS” are sentimental 
things, pretences on which to hang mechanical posturings, 
and rather naifster things veiled by thick, Munich-beer “temperamentvoll” smooze. They give occasional pretty 
pictures of a chocolate box order; they mean nothing; they 
sloppy, and very pretentious. It is extraordinarily sickly, 
from the Chopin music, which, orchestrated, sounds like
weak music-hall jingle after Stravinsky; it evinces a sort of mental masturbation current with the back-boneless voluptuary, the senile type of person who disgusts us in most art-coteries.

"THE GOOD-HUMORED LADIES" is like nothing on earth except the dream of a German artist after a visit to Moscow, and a mixed diet of Verlaine, Kunst und Dekoration, and some essays on Russian art by an American living in Paris. It is a sort of amorous General Post, in which everyone gets as hopelessly mixed up as the various couples in a Hampstead "rag." It is supposed to be founded on a theme by Goldoni; it has nothing to do with Goldoni, choreography, or anything but slavery chiare di luna. One would expect the characters to drink wine, being in Venice; they ostentatiously display their cosmopolitanism by imbibing vodka, with consequent effect on the dances, which are all rather unkind to the Dolmetschyan crowd, who have tried to convince us that Scarlatti and the clavicord masters are all purity, innocence, simplicity, and what-not. One is glad when one gets out of the theatre to even the foggy London air. The people in the stalls about me were naturally very comfortable. Contostan gives us a very nice imitation, as a dying duck, of Pavlova's Dying Swan; but I think it would be really more interesting to a gathering of physicians than a general audience; it is so very palpable what is the matter with her. In fact the whole of the "Carnival spirit" incorporated in this "ballet" offers food for physiological investigation and thought. But there are better things to come, and at least (or rather most, proportionately) we have had therare stimulus of the music of Stravinsky.

ULYSSES

By James Joyce

VI

MARTIN CUNNINGHAM, first, poked his silk-hatted head into the creaking carriage and, entering deftly, seated himself. Mr Power stepped in after him, curving his height with care.
— Come on, Simon.
— After you, Mr Bloom said.
Mr Dedalus covered himself quickly and got in, saying:
— Yes, yes.
— Are we all here now? Martin Cunningham asked. Come along, Bloom.
Mr Bloom entered and sat in the vacant place. He pulled the door to after him and slammed it tight till it shut tight. He passed an arm through the arm-strap and looked seriously from the open carriage window at the lowered blinds of the avenue. One dragged aside: an old woman peeping. Thanking her stars she was passed over. Extraordinary the interest they take in a corpse. Job seems to suit them. Huggermugger in corners. Then getting it ready. Wash and shampoo. I believe they clip the nails and the hair. Grow all the same after.
All waited. Nothing was said. Stowing in the wreaths probably. I am sitting on something hard. Ah, that soap: in my hip pocket. Better shift it out of that. Wait for an opportunity.
All waited. Then wheels were heard from in front, turning then nearer: then horses' hoofs. A jolt. Their carriage began to move, creaking and swaying. Other hoofs and creaking wheels started behind. The blinds of the avenue passed and number ten with its craped knocker, door ajar. At walking pace.
They waited still, their knees jogging, till they had turned and were passing along the tramtracks. Tritonville road. Quicker. The wheels rattled rolling over the cobbled causeway and the crazy glasses shook rattling in the door-frames.
— What way is he taking us? Mr Power asked of both windows.
his aunt or whatever she is that will open her eye as wide as a gate. I'll tickle his catastrophe, believe you me.

He cried above the clatter of the wheels.

—I won't have her bastard of a nephew ruin my son. A counter jumper's son. Selling tapes in my cousin, Peter Paul M'Swiney's. Not likely.

He ceased. Mr Bloom glanced from his angry moustache to Mr Power's mild face and Martin Cunningham's eyes and beard, gravely shaking. Noisy selfwilled man. Full of his son. He is right. Something to hand on. If little Rudy had lived. See him grow up. Hear his voice in the house. Walking beside Molly. My son. In his eyes. Strange feeling it would be. From me. Just a chance. Must have been that morning she was at the window, watching the two dogs at it by the wall of the cease to do evil. And the warder grinning up. She had that cream gown on with the rip she never stitched. Give us a touch, Poldy. God, I'm dying for it. How life begins.

Got big then. Had to refuse the Greystones concert. My son inside her. I could have helped him on in life. I could. Make him independent. Learn German too.

—Are we late? Mr Power asked.

—Ten minutes, Martin Cunningham said, looking at his watch.


The carriage heeled over and back, their four trunks swaying.

—Corny might have given us a more commodious yoke, Mr Power said.

—He might, Mr Dedalus said, if he hadn't that squint troubling him. Do you follow me?

He closed his left eye. Martin Cunningham began to brush away crustcrumbs from under his thighs.

—What is this? he said, in the name of God? Crumbs?

—Someone seems to have been making a picnic party here lately, Mr Power said.

All raised their thighs, eyed with disfavour the mildewed buttonless leather of the seats. Mr Dedalus, twisting his nose, frowned downward and said:

—Unless I'm greatly mistaken. What do you think, Martin?

—It struck me too, Martin Cunningham said. Mr Bloom set his thigh down. Glad I took that bath. Feel my feet quite clean.

Mr Dedalus sighed resignedly.

—After all, he said, it's the most natural thing in the world.

—Did Tom Kernan turn up? Martin Cunningham asked, twirling the peak of his beard gently.

—Yes, Mr Bloom answered, He's behind with Ned Lambert and Hynes.

—And Corny Kelleher himself? Mr Power asked.

—At the cemetery, Martin Cunningham said.

—I met M'Coy this morning, Mr Bloom said. He said he'd try to come.

The carriage halted short.

—What's wrong?

—We're stopped.

—Where are we?

Mr Bloom put his head out of the window.

—The grand canal, he said.

Gasworks. Whooping cough they say it cures. Good job Milly never got it. Poor children! Doubles them up black and blue. Shame really. Dogs' home over there. Poor old Athos! Be good to Athos, Leopold, is my last wish. He took it to heart, pined away. Quiet brute. Old men's dogs usually are.

A raindrop spat on his hat. He drew back and saw an instant of shower spray dots over the grey flags. Apart. Curious. Like through a colander. I thought it would. My boots were creaking. I remember now.

—The weather is changing, he said quietly.

—A pity it did not keep up fine, Martin Cunningham said.

—Wanted for the country, Mr Power said. There's the sun again coming out.

Mr Dedalus, peering through his glasses towards the veiled sun, hurled a mute curse at the sky.

—It's as uncertain as a child's bottom, he said.

—We're off again.

The carriage turned again its stiff wheels and their trunks swayed gently. Martin Cunningham twirled more quickly the peak of his beard.

—Tom Kernan was immense last night, he said.

—O draw him out, Martin, Mr Power said eagerly. Wait till you hear him, Simon, on Ben Dollard's singing of the Croppy Boy.

—Immense, Martin Cunningham said pompously. His singing of that simple ballad, Martin, is the most trenchant rendering I ever heard in the whole course of my experience.

—Trenchant, Mr Power said laughing. He's dead nuts on that. And the retrospective arrangement.

—Did you read Dan Dawson's speech? Martin Cunningham asked.

—I did not then, Mr Dedalus said. Where is it?

—In the paper this morning.

Mr Bloom took the paper from his inside pocket. That book I must change for her.

—No, no, Mr Dedalus said quickly. Later on, please.

Mr Bloom's glance travelled down the edge paper scanning the deaths. Callan, Coleman, Dignam, Fawcett, Lowry, Naumann, Peake, what Peake is that is it the chap was in Crosbie and Alleyne's? no, Sexton, Urbright. Inked characters fast fading on the frayed breaking paper. Thanks to the little flowers of Mary. Month's mind Quinlan.
It is now a month since dear Henry fled
To his home up above in the sky,
While his family weeps and mourns his loss
Hoping some day to meet him on high.

I tore up the envelope? Yes. Where did I put her letter after I read it in the bath? He patted his waistcoat pocket. There all right. Dear Henry fled. Before my patience are exhausted.

National school. Meade’s yard. The hazard. Only two there now. Nodding. Full as a tick. Too much bone in their skulls. The other trotting round with a fare. An hour ago I was passing there. The jarvies raised their hats.

A pointsman’s back straightened itself upright suddenly by Mr Bloom’s window. Couldn’t they invent something automatic so that the wheel itself: much handier? Well but that fellow would lose his job then? Well but then another fellow would get a job making the new invention?


They went past the bleak pulpit of saint Mark’s, under the railway bridge, past the Queen’s theatre: in silence. Hoardings. Eugene Stratton. Mrs Bandmann Palmer. Could I go to see Leah tonight, I wonder. Or the Lily of Killarney? Wet bright bills for next week. Fun on the Bristol. Martin Cunningham could work a pass for the Gaiety. Have to stand a drink or two. As broad as it’s long. He’s coming in the afternoon. Her songs. Plasño’s.

— How do you do? Martin Cunningham said, raising his palm to his brow in salute.
— He doesn’t see us, Mr Power said. Yes, he does. How do you do?
— Who? Mr Dedalus asked.
— Blazes Boylan, Mr Power said. There he is airing his quiff.

Just that moment I was thinking.
Mr Dedalus bent across to salute. From the door of the Red Bank the white disc of a straw hat flashed reply: passed.

Mr Bloom reviewed the nails of his left hand, then those of his right hand. The nails, yes. Is there anything more in him that she sees? That keeps him alive. They sometimes feel what a person is. Instinct. But a type like that. My nails.

A tall blackbearded figure, bent on a stick, stumping round the corner of Elvery’s elephant house showed them a curved hand open on his spine.

— In all his pristine beauty, Mr Power said. The best, in fact.
— Louis Werner is touring her, Mr Bloom said. O yes, we have all top-nobbers. J. C. Doyle and John MacCormack and. The best, in fact.
— And madame, Mr Power said, smiling. Last but not least.

Mr Bloom unclasped his hands in a gesture of soft politeness and clasped them. The carriage wheels by Smith O’Brien’s statue united noiselessly their unresisting knees.

Oot: a dullgarbed old man from the curbstone tendered his wares, his mouth opening: oot.
— Four bootlaces for a penny.

Wonder why he was struck off the rolls. Has that silk hat ever since. Mourning too. Terrible comedown, poor wretch! Relics of old decency.

And madame. Twenty past eleven. Up. Mrs Fleming is in to clean. Doing her hair, humming: voglio e non vorrei. No: vorrei e non. Looking at the tips of her hairs to see if they are split. Mi trena un poco il. Beautiful on that tre her voice is: weeping tone. A thrush. A thr throttle. There is a word thr throttle that expresses that.

His eyes passed lightly over Mr Power’s good-looking face: greyish over the ears, Madame: smiling, I smiled back. Only politeness perhaps. Nice fellow. Who knows is that true about the woman he keeps? Not pleasant for the wife. Yet they say, who was it told me, there is no carnal. You would imagine that would get played out pretty quick. Yes, it was Crofton met him one evening bringing her a pound of rumpsteak. What is this she was? Barmaid in Jury’s. Or the Moira, was it?

Martin Cunningham nudged Mr Power.
— Of the tribe of Reuben, he said.
A tall blackbearded figure, bent on a stick, stumping round the corner of Elvery’s elephant house showed them a curved hand open on his spine.

— The devil break the hasp of your back!
— In all his pristine beauty, Mr Power said. The best, in fact.
— The devil break the hasp of your back!

Mr Power, collapsing in laughter, shaded his face from the carriage window.
— We have all been there, Martin Cunningham said broadly.
His eyes met Mr Bloom’s eyes. He caressed his beard, adding:
— Well, nearly all of us.

Mr Bloom began to speak with sudden eagerness to his companions’ faces.
— That’s an awfully good one that’s going the rounds about Reuben J and the son.
— About the boatman? Mr Power asked.
— Yes. Isn’t it awfully good?
— What is that? Mr Dedalus asked. I didn’t hear it.

There was a girl in the case, Mr Bloom began, and he determined to send him to the isle of Man out of harm’s way but when they were both...
— What? Mr Dedalus asked. That hobbledehoy is it?

— Yes, Mr Bloom said. They were both on the way to the boat and he tried to drown...

— Drown Barabbas! Mr Dedalus cried. I wish to Christ he did!

Mr Power sent a long laugh down his shaded nostrils.

— No, Mr Bloom said, the son himself...

Martin Cunningham thwarted his speech rudely.

— Reuben J and the son were piking it down the quay next the river on their way to the isle of Man boat and the young chisell suddenly got loose and over the wall with him into the Liffey.

— For God's sake! Mr Dedalus exclaimed in fright. Is he dead?

— Dead! Martin Cunningham cried. Not he!

A boatman got a pole and fished him out by the slack of the breeches and he was landed up to the father on the quay. Half the town was there.

— Yes, Mr Bloom said. But the funny part is...

— And Reuben J, Martin Cunningham said, gave the boatman a florin for saving his son's life.

A stifled sigh came from under Mr Power's hand.

— O, he did, Martin Cunningham affirmed. Like a hero. A silver florin.

— Isn't it awfully good? Mr Bloom said eagerly.

— One and eightpence too much, Mr Dedalus said drily.

Mr Power's choked laugh burst quietly in the carriage.

Nelson's pillar.

— Eight plums a penny. Eight for a penny.

— We had better look a little serious, Martin Cunningham said.

Mr Dedalus sighed.

— Ah the indeed, he said, poor little Paddy wouldn't grudge us a laugh. Many a good one he told himself.

— The Lord forgive me! Mr Power said, wiping his wet eyes with his fingers. Poor Paddy! I little thought a week ago when I saw him last that I'd be driving after him like this.

— As decent a little man as ever wore a hat, Mr Dedalus said. He went very suddenly.

— Breakdown, Martin Cunningham said. Heart.

He tapped his chest sadly. Blazing face: redhot.

Mr Power gazed at the passing houses with rueful apprehension.

— He had a sudden death, poor fellow, he said. The best death, Mr Bloom said. Their wide-open eyes looked at him. Sympathetic human man he is. Intelligent. Like Shakespeare's face. Always a good word to say. And that awful drunkard of a wife of his. Setting up house for her time after time and then pawning the furniture on him. Wear out a man's heart. Lord, she must have looked a sight that night Dedalus told me he was in there. Drunk about the place and capering with Martin's umbrella.

— And they call me the jewel of Asia,
       Of Asia
       The geisha.

He looked away from me. He knows.

That afternoon of the inquest. The relabelled bottle on the table. The room in the hotel with hunting pictures. Stuffy it was. Sunlight through the slats of the Venetian blinds. The coroner's ears, big and hairy. Boots giving evidence. Thought he was asleep first. Then saw like yellow streaks on his face. Verdict: overdose. The letter. For my son Leopold. No more pain. Wake no more.

The carriage rattled swiftly along Berkeley road.

— We are going the pace, I think, Martin Cunningham said.

— God grant he doesn't upset us on the road, Mr Power said.

— I hope not, Martin Cunningham said. That will be a great race to-morrow in Germany. The Gordon Bennett.

— Yes, by Jove, Mr Dedalus said. That will be worth seeing, faith.

The carriage galloped round a corner: stopped.

A dwarf's face mauve and wrinkled like little Rudy's was. Dwarf's body, weak as putty, in a whitelined box. Meant nothing. Mistake of nature.

— Poor little thing, Mr Dedalus said. It's well out of it.

The carriage climbed more slowly the hill of Rutland square.

— In the midst of life, Martin Cunningham said.

— But the worst of all, Mr Power said, is the suicide.

Martin Cunningham drew out his watch briskly, coughed and put it back.

— The greatest disgrace to have in the family, Mr Power added.

— Temporary insanity, of course, Martin Cunningham said decisively. We must take a charitable view of it.

— They say a man who does it is a coward, Mr Dedalus said.

— It is not for us to judge, Martin Cunningham said.

Mr Bloom, about to speak, closed his lips again.

Martin Cunningham's large eyes. Looking away now. Sympathetic human man he is. Intelligent. Like Shakespeare's face. Always a good word to say. And that awful drunkard of a wife of his. Setting up house for her time after time and then pawning the furniture on him. Wear out a man's heart. Lord, she must have looked a sight that night Dedalus told me he was in there. Drunk about the place and capering with Martin's umbrella.

— And they call me the jewel of Asia,
— Huuu! the drover’s voice cried, his switch sounding on their flanks. Huuu! out of that!

Thursday of course. Springers. Cuffe sold them about twenty-seven quid each. For Liverpool probably. Roast beef for old England. They buy up all the juicy ones. And then the fifth quarter lost: all that raw stuff, hide, hair, horns. Comes to a big thing in a year. Wonder if that dodge works now getting dicky meat off the train at Clonsilla.

The carriage moved on through the drove.
— I can’t make out why the corporation doesn’t run a tramline from the parkgate to the quays, Mr. Bloom said. All those animals could be taken in trucks down to the boats.
— Instead of blocking up the thoroughfare, Martin Cunningham said. Quite right. They ought to.
— Yes, Mr Bloom said, and another thing I often thought is to have funeral trams like they have in Milan. You know. Run the line out to the cemetery gates and have special trams, hearse and carriage and all. Don’t you see what I mean?
— O that be damned for a story, Mr Dedalus said.
— A poor lookout for Corny, Mr Power added.
— Why? Mr Bloom asked, turning to Mr Dedalus. Wouldn’t it be more decent than galloping two abreast?
— Well, there’s something in that, Mr Dedalus granted.
— And, Martin Cunningham said, we wouldn’t have scenes like that when the hearse capsized round Dunphy’s and upset the coffin on to the road.
— That was terrible, Mr Power’s shocked face said, and the corpse fell about the road. Terrible!
— First round Dunphy’s, Mr Dedalus said nodding.
— Praises be to God! Martin Cunningham said piously.

Bom! Upset. A coffin bumped out on to the road. Burs’d open. Paddy Dignam shot out and rolling over stiff in the dust in a brown habit too crowded on the spit of land silent shapes appeared saluting Paddy Dignam.

In silence they drove along Phibsborough road.
— That was terrible, Mr Power’s shocked face said. That’s the maxim of the law. Better for one innocent person to be wrongfully condemned than for ninety-nine guilty to escape than for one innocent person to be wrongfully condemned.

They looked. Murderer’s ground. It passed darkly. Wrongfully condemned.


Passed.

Gloomy gardens then went by, one by one: gloomy houses.

Mr Power pointed.
— That is where Childs was murdered, he said.

The last house.
— So it is, Mr Dedalus said. A queer case. Seymour Bushe got him off. Murdered his brother. Or so they said.
— The crown had no evidence, Mr Power said. Only circumstantial, Martin Cunningham said. That’s the maxim of the law. Better for ninety-nine guilty to escape than for one innocent person to be wrongfully condemned.

They looked. Murderer’s ground. It passed darkly. Wrongfully condemned.

Crammed in this carriage. She mightn’t like me to come that way without letting her know. Must be careful about women. Fifteen.

The high railings of Prospect rippled past their gaze. Dark poplars, rare white forms. Forms more frequent, white shapes thronged amid the trees, white forms and fragments streaming by mutely, sustaining vain gestures on the air.

The felly harshed against the curbstone: stopped. Martin Cunningham put out his arm and, wrenching back the handle, shoved the door open with his knee. He stepped out. Mr Power and Mr Dedalus followed.

Change that soap now. Mr Bloom’s hand unbuttoned his hip pocket swiftly and transferred the paperstuck soap to his inner handkerchief pocket. He stepped out of the carriage, replacing the newspaper his other hand still held.

Paltry funeral: coach and three carriages. Beyond the hind carriage a hawker stood by his barrow of cakes and fruit. Simnel cakes those are, stuck together: cakes for the dead. Who ate them? Mourners coming out.

(To be continued)
WHEN Carl Spitteler sacrificed his German public in the winter of 1914 by his declaration of sympathy for the cause of the Allies he was practically unknown outside his own country and Germany. Since then his fame has been slowly spreading in France where, in the space of three years, five of his books have been translated and critical estimates of his work have begun to appear in the reviews. On the 24th of April, 1915, Spitteler's countrymen held a public celebration of the 70th birthday of the great poet and patriot, whose appeal for unity at the beginning of the war so largely contributed to the mutual understanding of the French and German cantons. On that occasion he was the recipient of "fraternal greetings" from the French Academy, and it seems as if France were to be the channel of communication between the Swiss writer and that public amongst the Allies upon which his own merits and the circumstances of the war have given him a claim, which has hitherto been unheard in this country.

Carl Spitteler was born at Liestal, near Basle, in 1845. He spent his youth in Switzerland, and studied at the Universities of Basle and Heidelberg prior to his departure for Russia as a tutor, at the close of the Franco-Prussian war. In 1879 he returned to Switzerland and earned a livelihood as a teacher and journalist. It was not until 1892 that he enjoyed any degree of leisure and independence. His earliest attempts at composition were, he tells us, submitted to the Swiss poet, Gottfried Keller, who found them "lamentable as to form, but unusual in content," and so long did Spitteler strive to perfect his work that he was 36 years old before he ventured to publish his first book. The two volumes of Prometheus und Epimetheus appeared in 1880 and 1881, over the expressive pseudonym, "Felix Tandem," and a quarter of a century was to elapse before a second edition was issued in the author's own name. Meanwhile, he had written a number of books, both verse and prose, which had failed to make him known beyond the borders of his own country. When the German musician, Felix Weingartner, wrote his enthusiastic pamphlet, Carl Spitteler, ein künstlerisches Erlebnis, in 1904, his admiration was aroused by the poet's last, and finest, work, Olympischer Frühling. Only then did German criticism begin to "discover" the remarkable writer of the intervening years, between 1880 and 1900, when the first book of Olympischer Frühling appeared.

It is a strange coincidence that the war should have brought Nietzsche into universal discussion and, at the same time, the writer whose whole career was thwarted by the publication of Also sprach Zarathustra. That famous evangel followed by a few years the publication of Spitteler's Prometheus und Epimetheus, but owing to a certain fundamental identity of spirit, and some analogies of form, the unknown poet was ignored and the philosopher gained the credit which priority should have given Spitteler. Indeed, so long did the latter suffer from this almost simultaneous expression of a similar doctrine that he was obliged to publish in 1908 a pamphlet entitled "My Relations with Nietzsche." At the time Prometheus und Epimetheus appeared, Spitteler had not read a line of Nietzsche's work, and, although subsequently the two writers corresponded, there could be no question of borrowing. In the case of the Swiss, whose book was conceived during his stay in Russia, and existed in draft during the long years of preparation that preceded its much-delayed appearance, his originality is beyond doubt. Moreover, we know that Nietzsche was one of the few who had read and appreciated Prometheus und Epimetheus, and all his life he expressed his esteem for Spitteler whom he mentions with gratitude in Ecce Homo.

It is, perhaps, unfair to a work of extraordinary richness and beauty to attempt a summary of its contents, but in order that the points of contact between Nietzsche and Spitteler may be established, we must have an outline of the latter's conception before us. Prometheus is the superman of Spitteler's prose poem, who knows no law but that of his own soul, and will suffer every indignity rather than be false to himself. His fate is to see his brother, Epimetheus, rise to power and honour while he himself is rejected and insulted by men. Epimetheus does not possess wisdom, but a cleverness which enables him to barter his free soul in exchange for a comfortable and useful conscience. Thus equipped, he can live in accordance with the common laws of man, and he is chosen, instead of Prometheus, to be lord of the World. Prometheus wanders off into slavery and exile, followed by two animals, a lion and a dog, as Zarathustra was accompanied by an eagle and a serpent, and there he submits to humiliation and grief, rather than sacrifice his spiritual freedom.

Epimetheus reigns, meanwhile, wisely and successfully according to his lights. His conscience keeps him within the straight path, and mechanically operates to the disadvantage of any promptings of "master morality," as Nietzsche would have termed it. One day, however, peasants bring him the secret gift of Pandora, and Epimetheus is in doubt as to the value of this offering. Neither the priest nor the goldsmith can estimate Pandora's gift, and Epimetheus appeals in vain to his conscience for enlightenment. That acquired and artificial sense of values is powerless to judge of Eternal Beauty. The disappointed peasants cast the treasure from them: it is found by a Jew, who hides it hastily beneath his dress and disappears for ever with the unappreciated gift. Thus, Epimetheus learnt the first of his limitations, but was powerless to profit by the experience. Consequently he is betrayed into even greater difficulties.

As King of Man his most sacred office was the care of the three children of deity, Mythos, Hiero and Messias. When a grave sickness fell upon them, hope dawned upon the powers of darkness. King Behemoth is advised by his cunning servant, Leviathan, in the art of cheating Epimetheus, so that the three children may fall into his satanic power. Leviathan explains how easily the conscience of man may be circumvented by the virtuous professions of the wicked. It is only necessary to give a religious tone to one's actions, to disguise one's movements in a cloak of sanctity, in order to get the better of the common people. The scheme is put into practice and works so successfully that humanity, including the "sharp and highly cultivated Athenians," is caught in the trap of the devil, who seizes the divine offspring, killing Hiero and Mythos. The same fate awaits Messias, whose death would mean the disappearance of divinity for all eternity, but fortunately the despised Prometheus is remembered by his brother. Epimetheus sees now that in driving Prometheus into banishment he has punished only himself, and, through the intermediary of the goddess, Doxa, he recalls the wanderer. Prometheus defeats the forces of evil with their own weapons, not being bound by any conventional weaknesses. But he no longer covets his legitimate reward, the lordship of the world. He prefers rather to reveal his nobility and strength of soul by a supreme act of courage, when he embraces his brother, and lifts him up out of the depths where shame and despair had plunged him. Epimetheus, having strained the conscience which played him false, is now fit to soar above the earth with his brother soul Prometheus.
Such, briefly summarised, is the action of Carl Spitteler's prose epic, which lay forgotten during the twenty-five years that saw the rise to fame of the author of Zarathustra. No résumé can give an adequate idea of the beauty and profundity of this work, in which the transvaluation of all values was preached to a generation as yet unfamiliar with the Nietzschean doctrine. From the beginning we find that extraordinary faculty which has enabled the poet to clothe the most abstract ideas in a garment of delicate imagery, and to breathe life into the teachings of an abstruse mysticism. Where Nietzsche is the poetic philosopher, Spitteler is the philosophical poet, in the best sense of the word. The former was the evangelist of a new gospel, the latter has aimed solely at the creation of beauty, without a thought for his didactic mission. Spitteler is content to please, while Nietzsche's purpose was to convince, and herein lies the fundamental difference between Zarathustra and Prometheus. The one announces a potential superman, the other represented man at his highest and best, when his actions accord with the dictates of a noble soul. Yet Spitteler's offering, like the gift of Pandora, was unrecognised by more than a discerning handful, which included Boecklin, Brahms, Conrad Ferdinand Meyer, and Gottfried Keller.

The approval and encouragement of the few, while it strengthened the poet's faith in himself, did not obtain for him a hearing in Germany, so Spitteler was compelled to earn his living, as "a schoolmaster in a small town, burdened with 30 hours of teaching in the week." In these circumstances, the greater part of his maturity was passed, until a measure of recognition for the work so produced brought release from such drudgery. A couple of years after the publication of Prometheus und Epimetheus his second book followed, under the title Extramundana. The writing of the earlier book had developed in Spitteler a sense of mythology which was not part of his original epic genius: "Even as a 22 years old student I was convinced that epic poetry was to be my life work," he said once, in reply to those who had argued that the epic quality of Prometheus und Epimetheus indicated it as the work of mature age. But the 13 years devoted to its composition brought with them an expansion of his talent which was expressed in his second volume. Extramundana was nothing less than an attempt to re-write the story of the creation in verse. The author has since dismissed the experiment with a contemptuous reference which does not altogether do justice to its many fine pages. Nevertheless, his criticism of the too elaborate allegory, "cold and rhetorical," refers to much that will drive away all but his more enthusiastic admirers. There is a banality of thought, and a carelessness of form, which partly confirm Spitteler's description of the book as a piece of "hasty botch work."

For six years, from 1883 to 1889, no publisher could be found to accept the manuscripts of a poet who refused to write for the age of realism in which he lived. Finally, however, Spitteler persuaded his original publisher in Jena to issue Schmetterlings, his first essay in rhyming verse. The transition to this form from the beautiful rhymic prose of Prometheus und Epimetheus was the blank verse of Extramundana. So uncertain was Spitteler of his power of versification that he struggled for a long time with a rhyming dictionary; yet no trace of such labour will be found in these graceful poems, whose actual subjects are the butterflies of Switzerland. They have more, however, than an appeal to the poetic entomologist, for they give us the first of those memories of childhood and youth which Spitteler later developed in his prose stories. As soon as the poet sought his themes in his own country the Swiss element, as distinct from the German, became noticeable in his work, and Schmetterlings served as a natural prelude to the four volumes of prose which now followed. The national characteristics are as unmistakable in Carl Spitteler as in Gottfried Keller, whose Züricher Novellen und Leute von Seldwyla could not have been written by a German.

In their order of publication these four works are—Friedli der Kolderi, Gustav, Conrad der Leutnant and Die Mädchenträine. Although not published until 1907, the last-mentioned belongs to the same period as its predecessors, all having been written between 1890 and 1900. Spitteler has modestly termed them "experiments," made in pursuit of his plan to leave no field of literature untouched, but their success justifies what must seem to be a rather doubtful form of literary ambition. The author urges the example of the painters of the Renaissance in support of his theory that the artist should learn by experimentation. "Development comes through essaying and mastering precisely those domains of art which lie farthest from one's talent." As he thus states it, the theory is open to obvious objections, which are not answered by the undeniable fortunate results of Spitteler's own efforts. If the prose form of these stories was not akin to the mood of the epic poet, their content responded to a natural impulse toward self-expression. Their composition may have imposed the discipline of an apprenticeship, but their inspiration was wholly personal and national.

Friedli der Kolderi, his first work to be published in Switzerland, consisted of seven of the most varied examples of prose narrative, four "feuilletons," two fairy tales, and the "study," which gives its title to the book. This last is by far the most remarkable, being an interpretation of Swiss character after the manner of the modern Russians. As a sketch of folk life it may rank with the best that Keller has written. It is composed of the simplest elements, yet, in its own way, it leaves an impression as lasting as any of the Russian storytellers. The idyllic little tale, Gustav, is both charming elaborations of autobiographical material. It was characteristic of Spitteler that the nouvelle should have suggested to him this exposition of the psychology of childhood. Experimenting with a new genre, he succeeded in achieving the maximum of external dissimilarity, while preserving the fundamental identity of method employed by its recognised exponents.

(To be continued) — ERNEST A. BOYD.

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E regret that on account of printing delays, Mr Ezra Pound's new book of poems, Quo Vadis Amori, announced in our last issue, will not be obtainable till the middle of July. (Ordinary edition, 6s. net; special limited edition on handmade paper, numbered and sealed, 1os. 6d. net.)

Later in July we are publishing, under the title Images, a collection of poems by our former assistant editor, Mr Richard Aldington. The book will include the poems printed in Images (published in 1915 by the Poetry Bookshop, and now out of print), and in four Imagist anthologies (1914, 1915, 1916 and 1917), and a few not yet published in any book. The price will be 3s. 6d. net (by post 3s. 9d.).

We are also issuing a new set of the "Poets' Translation Series." A leaflet enclosed contains particulars.

Letters from Miss Harriet Monroe and Mr. Conrad Aiken on "United States Poetry" are held over to the next issue.

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