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CONTENTS OF VOLUME II

October, 1923

February, 1924

April, 1924

July, 1924

Besides the special contributions, THE CRITERION is steadily extending its regular features :—

A Commentary : Notes on current events by "Crites"

Art Chronicle : Comments on contemporary art and architecture by Wyndham Lewis.

Music Chronicle : Comments on contemporary music by J. B. Trend.

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Amongst writers who will soon appear in THE CRITERION for the first time are Arnold Bennett, Clive Bell, Ernst Bertrand, Jean Cocteau, Aldous Huxley, Harold Joachim, James Joyce, A. B. Keith and G. Elliot Smith.

PUBLICATIONS

From time to time THE CRITERION will publish books by contributors to the review. The first volume, to appear in November, is *Le Serpent* of Paul Valery, with the translation by Mark Wardle, and an introduction by T. S. Eliot. The edition will be limited to 525 numbered copies, of which 500 are for sale, and will be sold at 10*s.* 6*d.* net. Copies may be ordered through any bookseller or direct from the publisher of THE CRITERION.

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BYRON: AN OXFORD LECTURE

By W. P. KER

BYRON'S poetry is made difficult for the critics in the same way as Pope's. It is almost impossible to get to it through the tumult of conflicting opinions. Was Byron a great poet ? The question and the doubt are obstacles in the way of the reader, just as a similar question prevents many from enjoying Pope. Colonel Newcome, we all remember, had to make what he could of the opinion that Lord Byron was not a great poet, though he was a very clever man ; and something like this judgment of the case crosses the minds of most modern readers of Byron. They take up the book in order to prove or disprove this or some other formula ; it is hard to read the poems frankly for their own sake. We read as advocates or attorneys, and we read in a restless, noisy room : the voices of competing and contradictory arguments make confusion and distraction. How can anyone read quietly and simply when he has it drummed into his ears that Byron is the voice of Revolution, or the spirit of 1848, or the one modern English poet who is recognised over all the Continent ?

Few authors have gained more apparent advantage and few

have suffered more real injustice from the Spirit of the Age and theories of representative men. Byron and Isaiah go together in a splendid stanza of Victor Hugo's ; Byron is the spokesman and champion of a new era. The orators who have to state their objections to kings, priests, and the Congress of Vienna are apt to think well of Byron. But the poet as representative man, especially as representative of political ideas, draws the votes of a reading public not wholly or mainly concerned with poetry. The representative man is an abstraction : not unreal, but abstract. Mr. John Morley many years ago, in an essay on Byron which does not neglect his poetry, was inclined to make most of him as a preacher and disputant. Incidentally, he uses the representative formula in a way that brings out the danger of the process. " Dante, the poet of Catholicism," he says : but how much do we learn of Dante through this mode of thinking ? Leaving out of account Dante's distribution of Popes in his comedy as possibly irrelevant, we cannot help asking what Catholicism has to do with the poetry of Dante as he himself explains it—with the *dolce stil nuovo* or with any particular beautiful lines that come to the memory. " Shakespeare, the poet of Feudalism " (*ibidem*) : what do we get from his representative valuation, either for Feudalism or for Shakespeare ? Except indeed, what is not to be despised, a prompting of the mind to range from *Love's Labour's Lost* to the *Tempest*, from the *Comedy of Errors* to *Antony and Cleopatra*, looking for Feudalism and finding other things by the way.

But representative is not a vain word : it is one of Byron's own terms, and it is not out of place in speaking of him. It is Goethe's way of thinking about Byron, and what Goethe thought of Byron is worth considering, in spite of Swinburne's refusal to attend. Swinburne thought that Goethe's excessive praise of Mérimée proved him a despicable judge of art. " No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about Goethe's opinions on modern poetry." But Goethe does not speak of Byron merely in passing, carelessly. He thought more about

Byron than about any contemporary poet. He made him the *representative* of modern poetry in his allegorical *Helena* ; he reviewed him, and he explained to Eckermann what he (Goethe) thought and meant when he declared deliberately that Byron was the greatest poet of his age. He did not mean that Byron was the voice of Revolution ; he was thinking of poetry, as well as of its foundation in real life. Byron, he told Eckermann, is neither antique nor romantic ; he is the present day.

More partial critics than Goethe might cavil here over " antique " and " romantic," might say that Byron is antique, or classical, in some respects as those terms are commonly used : in his admiration for Pope, and his observance of the Dramatic Unities. Goethe (to Eckermann, again) is amused over Byron's dramatic unities—to see the great Rebel entangled in that stale convention ! It makes no real difference ; only a trifling piece of vanity. To most contemporary readers of Byron he was all romance : romance in the spirit, romance in scenery and dresses ; romance in the intensive mode of passion ; romance all abroad displayed in its outward glow. *The Giaour* and *The Bride of Abydos*, *The Corsair* and *Lara*, seemed to give both aspects of romance, to be all that anyone could wish : sweet, strong, fiery, plentiful, showy, tumultuous. But Goethe, who was tired of the nickname romantic, knew that the so-called Romantic School in Germany had a spirit different from Byron's for good or evil. Byron was not attached to any school. Byron was the poetical genius of the present day : forty years younger than Goethe, and as strongly bent as Goethe on finding all possible instruments and modes of poetry, to express himself and to get what he could for poetry out of life. Goethe was not prejudiced, and he was not extravagant : he saw that some things were wrong in Byron's art ; that Byron was cramped in his dramatic unities, and that his dark misanthropy was overdone. But these defects were nothing compared with Byron's energy and variety. Goethe never cavils at Byron's choice of a theme,

never complains that his subject is not the Duke of Wellington or Lord Castlereagh, but the two Foscari and Sardanapalus. Byron for him is the great explorer, trying everything. Is Goethe wrong? However that may be, his judgment is not to be dismissed as merely a foreigner's pardonable error. At the lowest it is worth something as an offset to the political valuation of Byron as given by Mazzini and Mr. John Morley. Goethe spent his time in praising:

" To praise you search the wide world over ";

he could find riches in every region of the world (excepting, unhappily, the gods, heroes, and poets of Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Iceland), and he always knew why he praised, and always kept his sense of form and style. Success in form and style overbore all other considerations; and when he finds in Byron the perfection of comic poetry, it does not occur to him to mention that comic poetry is less noble than some other works of the Muses. What is important is that Byron's poetry is alive; so full of life indeed that it threatens other more dignified sorts of poetry: *let fire go out of the bramble and devour the cedars of Lebanon.* This is Goethe's quotation when Eckermann draws him on to Tasso—Tasso's influence on Byron, a comparison of Tasso and Byron, and so forth. Goethe, if anyone, might be expected to defend and praise Torquato Tasso; but he cannot maintain his cause against Byron. Byron is the flaming bramble who reduces the saintly cedar to ashes: *der brennande Dornstraüch, der du heilige Ceder des Libanon in Aschelegt.* One line of *Don Juan* is enough to kill the whole of *Jerusalem Delivered.*

Speaking shortly after the death of Byron with regret and admiration for his abundant versatile genius—" a great man, good at many things "—Goethe says that there was probably nothing left for Byron to invent. He had come to the height and limit of his powers in his astounding *Vision of Judgment. In dem unbegreiflichen Gedicht seines Jungsten Gerichts hat er das Aeusserste gethan was er zu thun fähig war.* The poem

had been read to him, we know, by Crabb Robinson, on the same day as *Samson Agonistes*, and Goethe was content. His critical opinions are disparaged by Swinburne; here, with regard to the *Vision of Judgment*, Swinburne and Goethe think alike. Here Byron left behind him the easier successes of romance, the cloudy ambitions of tragedy, and came out secure, triumphant, himself at last, with his proper voice and expression—

" Sharp sleet of arrowy shower against the foe."

So have I seen a hailstorm in winter going east over the sea, cracking and flashing, with a rainbow following from the low sun, and a new power of breathing in the air. But, as Goethe says, it is indescribable. The meeting of Michael and Satan is everything that Byron had aimed at in his poetical life, and much more. It is a great discovery, and words are useless to explain it.

" He and the sombre silent Spirit met—
They knew each other both for good and ill;
Such was their power that neither could forget
His former friend and future foe, but still
There was a high immortal proud regret
In either's eye, as if 'twere less their will
Than destiny to make the eternal years
Their date of war, and their *champ clos* the spheres."

I offer some remarks on the poetical forms in Byron—a subject not so imposing as the Revolution, or Byron the forerunner of 1848, but more immediately concerning the study of poetry.

There may be doubt how far we are justified in taking any poet as the representative of his age, even in poetry; but in every poet something of his age is represented: there are streams of tendency, fashions and changes of fashion independent of any one particular human mind, and in poetry they claim attention from the critic and historian. Sometimes you will find a poet attacked by a fashionable vanity, showing the symptoms for a time, then throwing it off and

going his own independent way. The most interesting case is Milton's temporary short and violent fit of conceits in his poem on the *Passion*: Milton (for example) proposing to write his poem with his tears, making white letters on a black ground, and so on—all the time more or less conscious that his "flatter'd fancy" is absurd. When Byron and Shelley began to make verses, they fell into a common bad fashion of the time which is shown in a remarkably hideous set of measures moving not happily in anapæsts. "The triplex is a good tripping measure" (Shakespeare said so), but the dancing feet of the triple cadence need the skill of a good piper to help them along; and by the end of the eighteenth century the art was not well understood. Byron achieved it later in *Sennacherib*, but first he had to take a course of couplets, to get clear of the feeble verse of *Hours of Idleness*.

> "On Marston with Rupert, 'gainst traitors contending,
> Four brothers enrich'd with their blood the bleak field,
> For the rights of a monarch their country defending
> Till death their attachment to royalty seal'd."

It was well for Byron that he should leave this tune and take to the old-established verse of Satire. *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* is a poem not now much regarded, but it is one of the last of a great family, and no discredit to the old tradition. Byron was to return to the heroic couplet later, and show in *The Corsair* and *Lara* that the measure of Dryden might be used in the nineteenth century without the satiric point of epigram, for stories of action and adventure. In *The Corsair* Byron was deliberately giving up the various measures, partly borrowed from Scott, which had helped so much in the success of *The Giaour* and the following romances. I quote from his preface: the dedication of *The Corsair*, January 2, 1814, to Thomas Moore. Byron is so often blamed for carelessness and want of art that it is a duty to remember his technical notes on versification.

"In the present composition I have attempted, not the most difficult, but perhaps the best adapted measure to our language, the good old and now neglected heroic couplet. The stanza of Spenser is perhaps too slow and dignified for narrative, though I confess it is the measure most after my own heart. Scott alone of the present generation has triumphed over the fatal facility of the octosyllabic verse, and this is not the least victory of his fertile and mighty genius; in blank verse Milton, Thomson, and our dramatists are the beacons that shine along the deep, but warn us from the rough and barren rock on which they are kindled. The heroic couplet is not the most popular measure certainly; but as I did not deviate into the other from a wish to flatter what is called public opinion, I shall quit it without further apology, and take my chance once more with that versification in which I have hitherto published nothing but compositions whose former circulation is part of my present, and will be of my future, regret."

The stanza of Spenser was to come again in the third and fourth cantos of *Childe Harold*. Most readers agree that Byron did well when he took up the Italian octave instead; that is his proper tune; his poetic life is infinitely more various in the octave than in the longer stanza of *Childe Harold* or the couplets of *Lara*. But the Spenserean stanza from the first was used by Byron in the same way as the octave. His model was not the *Faerie Queene*, but Beattie's *Minstrel* and Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*. He tells us so in his preface (February 1812), and he joins with theirs the name of Ariosto:

"The stanza of Spenser, according to one of our most successful poets, admits of every variety. Dr. Beattie makes the following observation: 'Not long ago I began a poem in the style and stanza of Spenser, in which I propose to give full scope to my inclination, and be either droll or pathetic, descriptive or sentimental, tender or satirical, as the humour strikes me; for, if I mistake not, the measure which I have adopted admits equally of all these kinds of

composition.' Strengthened in my opinion by such authority, and by some in the highest order of Italian poets, I shall make no apology for attempts at similar variations in the following composition ; satisfied that if they are unsuccessful, the failure must be in the execution rather than in the design, sanctioned by the practice of Ariosto, Thomson, and Beattie."

The Italian *ottava rima* (we gather from this) serves the same purpose as the longer stave of Beattie and Thomson. The English poets and Ariosto are alike as using stanzas for capricious and humorous poetry ; for poetry that claims the freedom of Roman satire, with larger range of poetical music than either the Roman or the English conventional form, the verse of Juvenal or of Johnson.

This early preface shows that Byron was consistent in his aim and ambition. From the start of *Childe Harold* to the last rhyme of *Don Juan* he had for his chief object a kind of poetry that would let him say anything he pleased—

> " Nella chiesa
> Coi santi, ed in taverna coi ghiottone "—

if I may apply a text of Dante thus : in church with the saints, at the wine-shop with skinkers—which by the way proves that Dante, before the octave was fashionable in Italy, knew all about the freedom of satiric verse—there is a good deal of Dionysiac old Comedy mingled in the Divine. Byron's *Vision of Judgment* is not Dante's, but it is possibly nearer Dante's spirit than the poem which Byron wrote under Dante's name.

Ottava rima, which Chaucer refused to copy in English, was frequent from the time of Daniel and Drayton, most successful in Fairfax's Tasso, but seldom so as to gain any peculiar advantage over other known types. Between the Spenserean tradition and the reforms of Waller and Denham, the octave had no special favour. Once or twice it comes out with anticipations of later melodies :

> " Art thou not Lucifer ? he to whom the droves
> Of stars that gild the morn in charge were given ?
> The noblest of the lightning-wingèd loves,
> The fairest and the first-born smile of Heaven ?
> Look in what pomp the mistress planet moves,
> Rev'rently circled by the lesser seven ;
> Such, and so rich, the flames that from thine eyes
> Oppress'd the common people of the skies."

One might ask whether this is Byron learning from Shelley, or Shelley borrowing thunder from Byron. It is Crashaw translating Marino, and there is more of it, well worth attention.

Gay had been reading Ariosto, more particularly the forty-sixth canto of *Orlando Furioso*, where the poet imagines his ship coming home to harbour, and all his friends meeting him, to the sound of bells and trumpets and general cheering. From this original Gay proceeded to invent *Mr. Pope's Welcome from Greece*. How was it that this refreshing good example was taken up by no one ? It is the only thing before Whistlecraft that is like Byron's octaves.

> " See generous Burlington with goodly Bruce
> (But Bruce comes wafted in a soft sedan)
> Dan Prior next, belov'd by every Muse ;
> And friendly Congreve, unreproachful man !
> (Oxford by Cunningham hath sent excuse ;)
> See hearty Watkins come with cap and can,
> And Lewis who has never friend forsaken ;
> And Laughton whispering asks—'Is Troy Town taken ? ' "

I say nothing now of Byron's reading in the Italian poets, or his pride in his translation from the *Morgante Maggiore* ; it is enough for the present that he found his right measure, partly through accident, but also through long-established liking for that kind of verse, and through his treatment of the Spenserean stanza.

Byron is sometimes treated as if he were no more than a rhetorical poet : *The Isles of Greece* his highest achievement in lyric, and that without attaining the true character which distinguishes song from oratory. But many readers will not

believe that lyric is a wrong name for the musical phrases that come to their minds from Byron's shorter poems :

" There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee."

" I enter thy garden of roses. . . ."

" She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies."

Those beginnings mean true poetry to many who remember little more. Therefore in justice to Byron let us take one poem which has suffered some injustice ; partly through being too well known to be thought of ; partly through a defect inherent in English verse, for which Byron is not to blame :

" The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold. . . ."

That is the beginning of a faultless poem. Before anyone rises to take up this challenge, I would ask him to be sure that he understands the scope of the poem. It is an artifice, something like the *Lays of Ancient Rome*—a ballad such as a Hebrew might have written at the time if ballads had been allowable (and I am not sure that they were not). It is a short, simple lyrical poem of a tragical time, a great deliverance. Its aim is to give the whole meaning truly, without conceit, without breaking the simple frame.

" And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

" And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail ;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

" And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal ;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord ! "

Is it not well done ? There is, as I have said, a hindrance, but it is not a real thing, and it is not Byron's fault. He has mastered the triple cadence ; but this measure does not make itself absolutely clear to all readers ; it is not certainly fixed in English. From the mere words, it might be hard to find difference of measure between the *Laird of Cockpen* and *Lochaber no more !* The slower form of the triplex is better taken not as anapæsts, but as a short syllable followed by two longs ; this is Bentley's suggestion in his preface to Terence, where he finds equivalents in English verse for the Latin varieties used by this poet. The English triplex he scans as bacchiac. Mr. Walter Leaf, in his *Hafiz*, translates the same measure from the Persian : ⏑ – – | ⏑ – – | ⏑ – – | ⏑ – |

" So prate not of wisdom : the hour comes for all.
Aristo departs like the Kurd midst the kine."

In his note Mr. Leaf says [1] : " The metre of this ode is the traditional epic measure ; that used, for instance, by Firdousi in the *Shahnamah*. . . . I must make a special appeal to the benevolent reader to do his best to prevent the metre falling into a lumbering anapæstic jingle—a tendency which I find almost incurable, to the point that I have been tempted to omit the translation altogether."

Rhythm and metre are dangerous branches of learning. Some poets and lovers of poetry refuse to think of them, and consequently live more comfortable lives, and give less anxiety to their friends. But this business of the triple cadence really needs some attention : enough, at any rate, to prevent one from reading *Sennacherib* in the same way as *Young Lochinvar*.

One of Byron's lyrical poems, seldom quoted, is a proof of what may be gained in the history of poetry and the enjoyment of verse by a study of mere metrical form :

" Could Love for ever
Run like a river,
And Time's endeavour
Be tried in vain—

[1] W. Leaf : *Versions from Hafiz*, an essay in Persian metre, 1898, Ode xlv, note, p. 74.

No other pleasure
Like this could measure ;
And like a treasure
  We'd hug the chain.
But since our sighing
Ends not in dying,
And, formed for flying,
  Love plumes his wing ;
Then for this reason
Let's love a season,
But let that season be only Spring."

The art of Byron is little admired in the finer, slighter sorts of rhyme. Swinburne never quotes this nor says a word about it either in his praise or blame of Byron. He includes it in the selection from Byron for which he wrote the better tempered of his two essays, in 1865. *Anima Anceps* was written about that time :

" Till death have broken
Sweet life's love token,
Till all be spoken
  That shall be said,
What dost thou praying,
O soul, and playing
With song and saying
  Things flown and fled ?
For this we know not—
That fresh springs flow not,
And fresh griefs grow not,
  When men are dead ;
When strange years cover
Lover and lover,
And joys are over
  And tears are shed."

It is a very old form of verse—one of those shadows of music that seem to wander all over the world till the lucky moment when they get a poet to hear them. The airy melody of Byron's verse here is translated from the Drinking Song of his friend Curran :

" If sadly thinking, with spirits sinking,
Could more than Drinking my cares compose,
A cure from sorrow for sighs I'd borrow,
And hope to-morrow would end my woes.
But as in wailing there's nought availing,
And Death unfailing will strike the blow,
Then for that reason and for a season
Let us be merry before we go ! "

The history of this metrical idea goes much farther back ; for readers of Byron it is not necessary, though it may be pleasant, to trace the whole pedigree. This lyric of Byron's is a discovery ; with admirable skill he has detected the finer shades in a riotous song. When it is observed that Byron's stanza is the same as *The Groves of Blarney* and Swinburne's *Anima Anceps*, the successful craft of Byron may be recognised.

I will add two remarks, and one, I am sure, is right : that the dealings of Scott and Byron bring out each of them at his best. Scott's review of *Childe Harold*, III, in the *Quarterly* (1816) was felt by Byron to be a very generous and well-timed act. When the fourth canto appeared Scott reviewed that also in an article which showed not only his friendship for Byron but his discriminating good sense. The passage about Venice and Italy, not often read, is a good specimen :

Byron " might have spared his regret for the loss of that freedom which Venice never possessed. . . . It is surely vain to mourn for a nation which if restored to independence could not defend or support itself, and it would be worse than vain, were it possible, to restore the Signoria with all its oligarchical terror of denunciation, and secret imprisonment, and judicial murder. What is to be wished for Italy is the amalgamation of its various petty States into one independent and well-governed kingdom, capable of asserting and maintaining her place among the nations of Europe."

Scott, writing just after Byron's death in 1824, anticipates the opinion of Mazzini that Democracy has yet to learn what it owes to Byron, and provides, in no unprejudiced way, some materials for that account. He quotes Byron : " Do

not let us suffer ourselves to be massacred by the ignoble swarms of ruffians who are endeavouring to throttle their way to power." And again, from *Don Juan*:

> "It is not that I adulate the people:
> Without *me* there are demagogues enough,
> And infidels, to pull down every steeple,
> And set up in their stead some proper stuff.
> Whether they may sow scepticism to reap hell,
> As is the Christian dogma rather rough,
> I do not know:—I wish men to be free
> As much from mobs as kings—from you as me."

About another topic I am not so certain. It has occurred to me that the resemblance between Dr. Edward Young and Lord Byron, which has often been noticed in particulars, is closer than their common taste for skulls as ornaments and for gloom as a regular habit.

There is in Young and Byron the same tendency to comply with the popular taste, and the same sort of independence. Young writes fashionable poems: his *Last Day* is in the fashion; his Satires are contemporary with Pope's, and like Pope's in form. His tragedies are not much different from usual tragedies, except for Zanga in *The Revenge*, one of the first Byronic personages. Byron was Zanga, as he tells us, one Speech Day at Harrow.

> "I once more view the room, with spectators surrounded,
> Where, as Zanga, I trod on Alonzo o'erthrown."

This, of course, is from *Hours of Idleness* in the trivial verse of that period. Zanga might be a character of Byron, or of Victor Hugo—an abstraction of the essence of Iago; pure revenge personified.

In the *Night Thoughts* Young does not follow the popular taste as he had done in the Satires; or he follows it in a more subtle manner. The *Night Thoughts* is an original poem in a blank verse which is not that of any other poet, not like the Miltonic imitators. Young, like Byron, after many

experiments found a style of his own; found also, like Byron, that the proper matter of his poetry was whatever came into his head to say.

These comparisons and resemblances are of doubtful profit. But whatever may be the correspondence and affinity between these poets, Young in his latest work, the *Conjectures on Original Composition*, in a letter addressed by the Rector of Welwyn to the author of *Sir Charles Grandison*, gave definite expression to a claim of freedom for poetry; after all his compliances, all his experiments, he comes to this conclusion: that there has been too much compliance, too much imitation; that the wide world lies open to the poets if they will only trust their own genius. Is it not something like Byron's escape from models and precedents? At any rate, it was in 1759 (the wonderful year) a remarkable prophecy of a new age coming on, and a realm of poetry about which the prophet could say nothing, except that it would have a life of its own. Is it not rather like Goethe's description of Byron, neither antique nor romantic, but simply the poet of the present day?

[*Mr. Ker did not live to correct the proofs of this article. His MS. has been faithfully followed, except that the quotations, obviously made from memory, have been altered to coincide with the standard text of Byron.*—ED.]

CONCERNING THE DEVIL

By PROFESSOR CHARLES GUIGNEBERT

I

CATHOLICS who hold in strict faith to the traditional spirit of their religion and take all the affirmations of its dogmatics according to the letter, do not contrive easily to rid themselves of intercourse with the Devil. One may say that practically he holds as great (if not a greater), place in their existence as God; for, indeed, if they did not believe in the Devil, if they did not feel him prowling around them without respite, if they did not divine him, ambushed, lying in wait patiently, shrewd and heedful, behind each one of their acts, under each one of their intentions, they would not feel the need of invoking the help of God so often; they would trust more boldly in the resources of His goodness, they would rely more surely on His indulgence. But the Devil, frightening them, arouses their scruples and revives their piety. Who would dare to maintain that the virtue of many of them does not especially depend on the dread of hell? Certainly they are unreasonable to allow so selfish an apprehension to dominate and to lead them, and they deserve the reproof of St. Augustine when he says:[1] "He who fears hell does not fear sin, but only fire"; nevertheless, their narrow simplicity is content with the positive affirmations of their common sense: to do good is to serve God and to merit His favours; a good investment! To do evil is to honour the Devil and to fall into the ranks of his slaves; bad business!

[1] *Epist.*, 145, 4.

There is, to them, no matter for lengthy philosophising in this statement of faith, but they find therein the solid foundation of a morality which leaves no room for any hesitation.

It is not only in the domain of practical piety and of moral pragmatism that the Devil thus plays a foremost part; his importance is not less from the point of view of the orthodox representation of the world, of the nature of man, of his life and destiny. For is it not enough to recall the principal amongst the diverse names describing the Devil to arrive at an idea of the variety of his functions? He is first the Tempter,[1] but he is also the Evil One, the sum-total of worst instincts, the Prince of Darkness and of wrong-doing, the *Lowest*; and again he is the Adversary, the Other, whom no one ventures to name, who through pride has become the insensate rival of God. Insensate, at least if one considers the enormity of the dream he dared, a dream no creature could realise; in short, unequal to God rather through the resources of his power than through those of his activity. War is waged between him and God from the beginning of Time, having the world of men for stake. He will not win, nor will he lose entirely, since in the course of centuries he has taken thousands of human creatures in his toils, who remain his prey through eternity. Some kind-hearted Christians,[2] revolted by the idea that a never-ending punishment might torture beings created by God, whether abominable sinners or the Devil himself, have tried to believe that hell would endure but for a time, that all sin would some day receive mercy and pardon, and that Satan, reconciled with his Creator, would become the angel of light he had been before his fall. These generous ideas did not prevail over orthodoxy, and the Devil remains the Damned, the Accursed One.

Formerly he had no objection to appearing before men.

[1] Michel Bréal has established that such was probably the sense of the Greek *diabolos*; cf. *Variétés étymologiques*, ap. *Revue bleue*, du 3 Décembre, 1910.

[2] Cf. Origen, *De Princip.*, 3, 6. Greg. de Nysse, *Oratio Catech.*, 26, 5.

In truth, he borrowed ordinarily singular shapes, and often it was necessary to wrestle craftily with him in order to recognise him. The experience of certain monks of the Middle Ages succeeded, however, in unmasking him with admirable sureness. Nowadays I think he is seen rarely; I do not know why. In any case, one seldom hears of his being seen. On the other hand, he continues to affirm himself through works, more than ever abundant. Neither his energy nor his malice has weakened; he has not aged. As good Catholics think of him now, so the earliest Christians thought of him in the past; the Church has merely guarded with care the tradition of their beliefs and experiences, these being founded solidly, moreover, on what Jesus had first believed and experienced. No sooner had the Saviour received the seal of divine consecration upon His human nature, at the edge of Jordan, than the Spirit—we read in the Gospel—led Him into the wilderness, the favourite abode of the Devil. It was necessary that He should meet and affront the Tempter, that He should suffer his attack and repulse it before he made His first step in the career opened before Him by the will of the Father. Furthermore, throughout the way He is to follow, He will clash, as with his enemies born, against demons of all kinds, the faithful of Satan; a great part of His miracles will consist in the deliverance of the possessed, in the chasing out of malignant spirits. Between the Devil and Himself there is to be a struggle merciless and incessant.

When Christ shall be glorified, the Evil One, who has never been able to divine the mystery of His coming,[1] who has been powerless to prevent the realisation of the work of salvation, should lose courage; nevertheless, he will not disarm himself. He will apply all his zealous guile to deprive the sons of Adam, already deceived by him through their ancestor, of benefit

[1] He neither divined through the Prophets the maternal virginity and the childbirth of Mary nor the death of the Lord. These three mysteries were accomplished in the *silence of God*. Cf. Ignatius, *Ad Ephes.*, 19, 1; Irenæus, *Haer.*, 5, 26, 2.

from the Lord's redemptive death. Thenceforward he is Antichrist, the constant peril, the snare always set for the unhappy Christian. Doubtless he cannot prevail against the faithful in a state of grace.[1] Be it understood he cannot prevail against his spirit, nor against his salvation, but he can molest him through his body grievously; and we know how much holy anchorites, to begin with, Father Anthony, have thus suffered. He tormented them, harassed them pitilessly, and sometimes swinged them so soundly that he left them for dead in their cells. According to the word of St. Cyprian, the Devil is for man always "the old adversary and the ancient enemy"[2]; this is why the Christian may be called the soldier of Christ (*Christi militem*). If he ceases to be upon his guard or to exert himself for a single instant he is lost. He is not even assured of finding rest in death. The early Christians believed, in effect, that the Devil yet had power over their deceased, and often they judged it necessary to protect their tombs by means of objects or signs of reputed efficacy against his malice.[3] He was called the *old adversary* because the responsibility of the temptation of Eve and the fall of Adam was attributed to him. Either he was identified with the Serpent of Genesis or conceived to have made use of the serpent, as of an instrument to obtain his detestable ends.[4] The Fathers saw his origin in the revolt of an angel created by God and lost through pride. The orthodox faith has never admitted that he might not have sprung from the hands of the Creator, but might have issued of himself, from darkness as the principle and substance of evil. All these beliefs were not of Christian origin. Jesus found them in Israel, where He saw the light, and His faithful conformed to the Jewish tradition accepted by the primitive communities. Most curious of all, however, these beliefs

[1] 1 John v. 18 *et seq.*; *Pasteur Mand.*, 12, 4–6; Tertullian, *De Fuga*, 2.
[2] *Ad Fortunatem*, 2: *Adversarius vetus est et hostis antiquus cum quo prælium gerimus.*
[3] Le Blant, *Inscrip. chrét., Nouveau recueil*, pp. 4 et seq.
[4] Augustine, *De Genesi ad litteram*, 11, 34; *De Civit. Dei.*, 14, 11, 2.

had not been formed spontaneously on the soil of Jewish piety, but had been transplanted there very tardily.

II

In ancient Judaism, imperfectly as we trace it through the holy books, there is no question of infernal powers. Properly speaking, this is a religious theme which does not exist in it. All that is, good or evil, *whatever be its nature*, is attributed to God. He is the author of all things, and these ancient Israelites do not trouble themselves to establish moral distinctions in the sum-total. In truth, a passage from Leviticus xvi. 8–10 at first makes a difficulty on this point, resolved when one studies it more closely. The ceremonial of the Day of Atonement is in question, and it is said that Aaron, having taken two goats and having placed them at the door of the tabernacle of the congregation, "*shall cast lots upon them, a lot for Jahveh and a lot for Azazel.*" He shall sacrifice to Jahveh the goat upon which the Lord's lot fell, and shall let go the other into the wilderness "*for Azazel.*" What, then, is this Azazel? A much-discussed expression, to which the following seems to be the most probable answer: Azazel is the prince of the *se'irim*, goats, or spirits of the desert,[1] to whom sacrifices were offered in the post-Exile period. In this case it is likely that the prescriptions under discussion were introduced into Leviticus at a late date; in this there is nothing extraordinary. I do not think it is impossible that at this epoch Azazel had been assimilated with Satan; but such was certainly not the first representation attached to this name, for in the Targum of Jonathan,[2] a commentary on our text of Leviticus, Azazel is considered as a *place in the desert*, an interpretation accepted by many of the Jewish commentators. I should be surprised, however, if it were the right one; I think Azazel

[1] Cf. *Encyclop. Biblica*, articles "Azazel" and "Satyrs."

[2] The *Targuman* (drogman) is a translator; a *targum* is a kind of Aramaic adaptation of the Hebrew text; the one in question is doubtless of the first half of the first century after Jesus Christ.

comes directly from folklore. He must have been the spirit, the god of the hostile wilderness, and later, when the idea of Satan had gained ground in Israel, when all that was bad had been attributed to this prince of evil, Azazel naturally became one of his aspects. If, in himself, he had been the archetype of the Devil to the ancient Jews, he would be met with elsewhere in the Law and the Prophets; but he does not appear there. The hypothesis must accordingly be abandoned.

The Serpent of Genesis (chap. iii.), considered as a form or interpreter of the Devil, holds a considerable place in the demonology, the mythology, and the ethics of Christianity. This is by no means the case in ancient Judaism, Judaism anterior to the Babylonian exile, *which never identified this serpent with the Demon*. We are certainly, and again, in presence of a story of folklore origin, ill understood and mutilated by the biblical writer.[1] In this first and authentic form, the story was intended, apparently, to explain why and how man, created immortal by God, became the prey of death. Thus it was imagined that in the Garden of Eden were two trees planted by the Creator: one bearing the *fruit of life*, the other the *fruit of death*. The serpent, "*more subtile than any beast of the field*," conceived the plan of depriving the human race of the benefits of immortality to the profit of his own race, and so he suggests to Eve, and through her to Adam, that they should eat of the fruit of the *tree of death*, which he pretends is the fruit of *the tree of knowledge*; he himself takes possession of the fruits of life. In fact, among many primitive peoples the serpent is believed to be immortal, *because it changes its skin*. Originally no moral element comes into this conflict where man is deceived by an astute animal, and the Devil has nothing whatsoever to do with the affair.

There is a curious passage in the first book of Kings xxii. 19 et seq.) Jahveh, angry with Ahab, king of Israel, seeks the means to urge him to an enterprise wherein he will perish.

[1] Frazer, *Folklore in the Old Testament* (1919), vol. i, pp. 45 et seq.

Then "*a spirit*" presents himself before the Lord and offers, in order to persuade the king, to be a *lying spirit* in the mouth of his prophets, in such manner that they will give him the fatal advice Jahveh wishes him to follow. This "*spirit*" here plays a truly diabolical part; nor is it even impossible that he may already have specialised therein, that his function may be to lie to the enemies of God and to fling them into mortal error.[1] Nevertheless, *he was one of the host of heaven*, he is a servant of Jahveh; he is no whit a demon, still less *the Demon*. We must guard against the idea that a constant struggle engaged between the powers of good and evil supposes the *dualism* of the universe; indeed, this is inconceivable outside the conviction that Good and Evil form, as it were, two distinct and opposed worlds, and that the whole of life is only the development of their conflict, in man and in Nature. But nothing, I repeat, is further from the early Judaism, while nothing is more essential in mazdaism, in the religion of Zoroaster, where *Angra Mainyu* (Ahriman), "the unfaithful," "*the Deva of Devas*," *evil and full of death, master of the creation of evil*, leads a sustained assault against the servants of *Ahura-Mazda*, the shining one, the pure, the saint, the creator of good. "*And in the beginning*," it is said in the *Avesta*, "*were the two spirits existing as twin spirits and also each one for himself.*"

The first time we meet *Satan* (that is to say, *the Adversary*, *ha Satan*), in the Bible is in the book of Job.[2] He it is who suggests to Jahveh the idea of trying the disinterestedness and the constancy of the holy man's piety (i. 6–12); he it is who receives a mission to torment him. That is no doubt an occupation by now familiar to him, since he calls himself *the Adversary*, but the word in no way implies that he must be the adversary of God. He is not a demon, he takes his place

[1] I believe this is not impossible because the Hebrew text has the article *ha rouach, the spirit*, which seems to suppose that it is not a question of any kind of spirit.

[2] This is a writing destitute of unity; as a whole it belongs to *sapiential* literature; and the oldest parts do not go farther back than the end of the sixth century B.C.

among the *sons of God* who surround the throne, and he carries out the caprices of Jahveh. Finally, he yet closely resembles the Spirit who led the prophets of Ahab astray. He plays the rôle of the *angel*, the messenger of God (*maleach Jahve*), when this angel is the instrument of the divine anger.[1] But, evidently, thenceforward there is the tendency in Israel to personify outside God the will to evil, at first, so to speak, one of the aspects of His sovereignty, eventually excluded from His character. At this point in the evolution of Jewish religious thought it would seem natural to attribute the evil in the world to the initiative of evil spirits, then to give them a leader and to imagine their band as a host ranged before the host of God.

As experience shows that evil is more often manifested here below than good and is more easily detected, one can understand how this *demonology, clearly later in Israel than angelology*, should end by holding a more prominent place. Precisely this result asserts itself at the time of the birth of Jesus; the people feel demons everywhere; they hear them roving ceaselessly about them; they attribute all the accidents of life to them and, especially, under the name of *possessions*, all the maladies that we call *nervous*. It seems probable that there were few Jews even among the instructed who, on this point, did not share the popular convictions. Thus Josephus gives a large place to demons in his writings, and, we may surmise, a still larger place in his preoccupations. In addition, he knows how to guard himself from, how to rid himself of, their spells.[2] The Apocryphal books of the Old Testament are equally full of a demonology, certainly confused, and only to be disentangled imperfectly, which at least proves what an empire all this *diablerie* exercised on the mind of the Jews at the beginning of the Christian era.

In one of these Apocryphas, Enoch[3] (vi. 3 et seq.), the idea

[1] Numbers xxii. 22 and 23.

[2] *Bel. Jud.*, 6, 3.

[3] This is a composite Apocrypha of which the most ancient parts go back to about the year 170 before Jesus Christ.

of demons being *fallen angels* appears for the first time, to our knowledge. The story of their fall is founded obviously on the passage of Genesis vi. 2–4, which recounts that the *sons of God*, seeing the *daughters of men* were fair, took them to wife and had children by them. "*The same,*" the text says, "*which were of old men of renown*"; powerful giants and in no way the enemies of God. Contrary to this, at the late period when the author of Enoch wrote, the passion of the *sons of God* for the *daughters of men* was considered a reprehensible sentiment, unworthy of the angels who suffered it, and only evil children could issue from such a strange union. This is in direct opposition to the writer's thought in the text from Genesis vi., but, since his time, the Jews had reflected upon God, the divine and the celestial powers. They have fixed an enormous distance between the world above and the things of the earth; withal they had established between this other world and humanity such a difference of nature that any confusion seemed impossible or monstrous. Thus we reach the point where it is understood that a criminal and abnormal love caused the fall of a certain number of the *sons of God* and made *demons*, or *sedim*, of them. This is one explanation of the origin of demons, found certainly after the belief in the existence of these evil spirits had been accepted by the Jews. It seems probable that other explanations were given, and that, for example, the Jews, more or less acquainted with the sayings among the Greek people, pondered, to explain their own demons, over the origin of the Hellenic *daimones*, beings intermediary between the gods and mortals, general agents of Zeus on earth and in the Cosmos,[1] capable of *possessing* men and sensitive to the magic formulas of exorcism.

In the beginning these demons, the *massikin*—that is to say, *those who do harm*—were not very numerous; two hundred divided into groups of ten, Enoch vi. 5 tells us. At the head of each half-score, a chief whose name is known by the same:

[1] This doctrine is to be found for the first time in Hesiod: it was probably of popular origin. It has been developed in the course of ages.

Enoch vi. 7. Over all a supreme head, called Satan, or Mastema, or Beliar, or Sammael, or Malkira, or Beelzebub, or Azazel—one cannot exactly tell. Moreover, since these demons are male (*sedim*) or female (*lilin*), they have united and multiplied exceedingly. They can no longer be counted. The treatise of the *Mischna* called *Beroth* (6, *a*) compares the throng pressing upon mankind to the earth surrounding the foot of a vine: each individual has 1,000 on his left and 10,000 on his right! According to Josephus, all bad men become demons after their death,[1] and this arrangement of Jahveh's, combined with the shocking fecundity of the she-devils, explains the swarm of evil spirits obstructing the universe. They are a malignant army organised before the host of God, seeking to make prevalent over humanity the law of iniquity and sin opposed by their chief to the divine Thora.

Yet these demons have not been altogether unserviceable to men; for example, they have taught them to work with metals, the fabrication of arms, the care and artifices of adornment, and, above all, magic arts under all forms. Henceforward magic, sorcery, divination, are fiefs of the Devil, detestable works accursed of pious men, Jews or Christians, for they seek to thwart the will of God or to hamper His designs.

Thus the Devil, the supreme head of this demoniac army, became the Adversary of God, *Satan*. The Apocryphal books, mentioned above, make him the origin of evil, Sin personified, and, consequently the Tempter, the Enemy of good in the world and in man. He is especially dangerous since he can disguise himself, presenting himself under innocent or even seductive appearances. In this way he deceives nations—that is, pagan nations—making them adore him under the guise of their stone and metal gods (Baruch). He is then deemed to be the author of the supreme evil ravaging the world, *of death*; because, in urging the first human couple, by a too successful temptation, to offend God, he caused the Creator to revoke His first intention, that man should be immortal.

[1] *Bel. Jud.*, 7, 6, 3.

God created man to be immortal, we read in Wisdom ii. 23, et seq., " and made him to be an image of His own eternity ; nevertheless through envy of the Devil came death into the world." Thus, in the time preceding the Christian era, the unfortunate serpent of Genesis became the *Lowest,* and a popular little story became the great myth of the Fall of Man.

III

Jewish thought had indeed, at this time, reached finally the *dualism,* which, I repeat, was foreign to ancient Israel. The idea that there were, in the universe, two contradictory principles, continuously opposed, was accepted : good and evil, two rival powers, arrayed one against the other in a desperate struggle the power of God and the power of the Devil. Satan, like the Adversary, was the perpetual opponent of God, as in the Persian belief, Ahriman was opposed to Ahura-Mazda. Experience of life proves that Satan reigns in this base world, on this earth ; he is truly the *god* of worldly life.[1] From the beginning of humanity he has sown the seed of evil in the heart of Adam, and it bears fruit in all descendants of the ancestor. Therefore, and always, Satan has power over them to work their estrangement from God.

Unfortunate man, however, is not without defence against the Evil One and his gang. A *veritable strategy* has for ages been organised against them. The Jewish Law severely prohibited magic practices, but necessity imposed a kind of " *orthodox sorcery* " to combat the demons. Formulas of exorcism were advocated, of which the all-powerful words and odd sounds terrified the evil spirits, also diverse objects disagreeable to them, or plants of an intolerable smell. Josephus knows one such plant, growing in Perea, beyond the Jordan, infallible in effect ; unfortunately, whoever plucks it

[1] *Archon, thēos, supreme head, god :* these are the words that come to the pen of the Apostle Paul and of the author of the Fourth Gospel : cf. 2 Cor. v. 4, and John xii. 31, xiv. 30.

will die immediately : therefore a dog must uproot it by means of a cord.[1] In the first century of our era these sound receipts, efficacious formulas, and irresistible words of which the most esteemed were attributed to Solomon, the pre-eminent learned man and sage, were already gathered together in collections. Their credit was prolonged far into the Middle Ages.[2] In the *Jewish Antiquities* (8, 2, 5) Josephus recounts an exorcism without doubt worthy of admiration, having for witnesses, apparently, the Emperor Vespasian, his sons, and an imposing circle of Roman officers. A Jew named Eleazar, by means of a magic ring enclosing the root of a plant discovered by Solomon, extracted, through the nose of one possessed, the demon which had taken hold upon him. Afterwards by means of a formula, also found by Solomon, he forbade it to return into the patient, and, in order plainly to manifest its departure, ordered it to overturn a jar of water placed near by ; this it did.

In the little tale of Tobit mention is also found of a very good receipt. The angel Azarias says to Tobias (vi. 7) : " *The heart and the liver* [of a fish] *are useful to one tormented of a devil, or an evil spirit. We must make a smoke thereof before the man or the woman. The party shall be no more vexed.*" And indeed, as soon as the demon, who loves the young Sara and causes the seven husbands she has taken successively to perish on their wedding-night, smells this fumigation in the nuptial chamber, he flies to the utmost part of Egypt. As a rule, it is enough to threaten the evil ones with the name of God, a powerful angel, or of a patriarch, and to speak to them *with authority,* to frighten them. " *Thus shall ye say unto them,* counsels Jeremiah x. 11, *The gods that have not made the heavens and the earth, even they shall perish from the earth, and from under these heavens.*" The verse is in *Aramaic* in the middle of the Hebrew text and probably cites a formula, or the fragment of a formula, of exorcism. In truth, there were certain demons

[1] *Bel. Jud.,* 7, 6, 3.
[2] Schürer, *Gesch. des jüdischen Volkes* (3), vol. iii, p. 299.

more tenacious than others and difficult to identify; against them great means and sovereign receipts, more complicated than this threatening objurgation, were used.

Men who knew the best procedure for shaking off the Enemy and his people thereby gained reputation and profit. The Jewish exorcists had, from the beginning of our era, acquired an unmatched renown as specialists in *diableries* throughout the Græco-Roman world, infested by devils equally with Israel. The Christian exorcists have merely followed their example and taken their traditions. When in Acts (x. 38) Peter wishes to characterise the activity of Jesus, he says of Him: "[He] *went about doing good, and healing all that were oppressed of the devil.*" The great work of every man of God was indeed the fight without respite against the Other.

Notwithstanding, a day is to come when the struggle shall end, since the Devil will be dispossessed of his earthly kingdom. God will definitely establish the exercise of His direct authority over the whole of creation and all creatures, revoking the licences he gave to the Contradictor, annihilating with one blow the power of evil and that of the Evil One. The domination of Satan will show a vast increase of splendour at the approach of the Kingdom which comes, but will fall away into eternal darkness when the Messiah manifests His divine power. Such was the conviction of the contemporaries of Jesus in His own country.

This great drama, unrolled through time with the whole world for theatre and ending on the threshold of the Kingdom of God, was not conceived by the Jews. We find it fully organised in Persian mazdaism,[2] much earlier than it appears in Israel; and thence it has come. The whole Jewish demonology in the aggregate is essentially the result of a contamination suffered by Jahvehism, whilst the Persian domination was extended over his faithful, between 536 and 330 or thereabout. The Grecian elements, clearly visible in the Judo-Alexandrian demonology, only concern details or complements. It is indeed worthy of remark that the first Jewish writing giving a suggestive picture of the *diablerie* in Israel should be precisely the book of Tobit, the connection of which with Mesopotamia can hardly be doubted; nor is it less curious that the fearful demon, amorous of Sara, the daughter of Raguel, and who caused all her successive husbands to perish, was called Asmodeus,[1] for Asmodeus is the Persian *Eshem-der* and the zend *Aêshêna daêva*, the demon of concupiscence, the most dangerous of all the Evil Ones, according to the *Avesta*. Are we not faced, as it were, with one of the bridgeheads which the Mesopotamian and Iranian influences passed, to penetrate into Jewish religious thought?

The beliefs and superstitions that either they introduced or largely developed quickly took on practical importance of the first order. The Jews of the time of Jesus live in the midst of an immense population of spirits, good or bad; they hear them and brush against them constantly, often they see them, and, on every occasion, report the effects of their fatal activity. The *mark of Jahveh* on a man who aspires to speak in His name and prepare His ways is the familiarity with angels, and, yet more, the *authority* over devils and their works.[2] Jesus was born, grew up, and lived in the midst of a cloud of adverse spirits, whose existence only a few aristocrats of Jerusalem, a few Sadducees of doubtful or suspected piety, refused to admit. The belief particularly attached by Jesus to the Devil, to his acolytes, and his power over men, must be considered as one of the essential elements of His religious life. Furthermore, since Christianity was built up in the Judo-Hellenistic world, also imbued throughout with these terrify-

[1] Lucian, *Philopsendés*, 17; Tamborino, *De Antiquorum Dæmonismo* (Giessen, 1909); Wendland, *Die hellenistisch-romische Kultur* 2, p. 215, et seq.

[2] *Mara*, in Buddhism, shows much resemblance with Angra Mainyu: he too is the master of evil, and an immense army of demons obey him. He appears in the life of Buddha, as Angra does in that of Zoroaster, as the Tempter and the Adversary.

[1] Tobit iii. 7–8.

[2] Cf. Luke ix. 1.

ing appearances, since St. Paul, for example, and the Hellenising faithful who formulated the dogma of the redemption, did not believe any the less firmly in the Devil than Christ Himself, all the soteriology, all the ethic of the new religion, was founded on the Jewish *dualism*. The perpetual presence of inevitable and eternal contest in the world, and within mankind, between the grace of God and the malice of the Tempter, will remain the essential part of the Christian life. During the ancient period of the existence of Christianity no influence in an opposite sense is to be found, nothing to contend with a conception rooted everywhere ; on the contrary, persecutions, so easy to represent as an effort of the Devil against the saints of God, helped to fortify the Scriptures by the added witness of martyrs.

When Jesus came into the world, the Devil had become a thoroughly naturalised Jew, although not born in Israel. The Mosaic Thora did not know him, India, Persia, and Babylon were the lands that bore him, nourished him, and imposed him on Judaism. With him, in truth, it is the case of an Indo-Iranian myth established in Christianity.

(*Translated by Sylvia Mills Whitham*)

THE FUNCTION OF CRITICISM

By T. S. ELIOT

I

WRITING several years ago on the subject of the relation of the new to the old in art, I formulated a view to which I still adhere, in sentences which I take the liberty of quoting, because the present paper is an application of the principle they express :

" The existing monuments form an ideal order among themselves, which is modified by the introduction of the new (the really new) work of art among them. The existing order is complete before the new work arrives ; for order to persist after the supervention of novelty, the *whole* existing order must be, if ever so slightly, altered ; and so the relations, proportions, values of each work of art toward the whole are readjusted ; and this is conformity between the old and the new. Whoever has approved this idea of order, of the form of European, of English literature, will not find it preposterous that the past should be altered by the present as much as the present is directed by the past."

I was dealing then with the artist, and the sense of tradition which, it seemed to me, the artist should have ; but it was generally a problem of order ; and the function of criticism seems to be essentially a problem of order too. I thought of literature then, as I think of it now, of the literature of the world, of the literature of Europe, of the literature of a single country, not as a collection of the writings of individuals, but as " organic wholes," as systems in relation to which, and only in relation to which, individual works of literary art, and the

works of individual artists, have their significance. There is accordingly something outside of the artist to which he owes allegiance, a devotion to which he must surrender and sacrifice himself in order to earn and to obtain his unique position. A common inheritance and a common cause unite artists consciously or unconsciously: it must be admitted that the union is mostly unconscious. Between the true artists of any time there is, I believe, an unconscious community. And, as our instincts of tidiness imperatively command us not to leave to the haphazard of unconsciousness what we can attempt to do consciously, we are forced to conclude that what happens unconsciously we could bring about, and form into a purpose, if we made a conscious attempt. The second-rate artist, of course, cannot afford to surrender himself to any common action; for his chief task is the assertion of all the trifling differences which are his distinction: only the man who has so much to give that he can forget himself in his work can afford to collaborate, to exchange, to contribute.

If such views are held about art, it follows that *a fortiori* whoever holds them must hold similar views about criticism. When I say criticism, I mean of course in this place the commentation and exposition of works of art by means of written words; for of the general use of the word "criticism" to mean such writings, as Matthew Arnold uses it in his essay, I shall presently make several qualifications. No exponent of criticism (in this limited sense) has, I presume, ever made the preposterous assumption that criticism is an autonomous activity. I do not deny that art may be affirmed to serve ends beyond itself; but art is not required to be aware of these ends, and indeed performs its function, whatever that may be, according to various theories of value, much better by indifference to them. Criticism, on the other hand, must always profess an end in view, which, roughly speaking, appears to be the elucidation of works of art and the correction of taste. The critic's task, therefore, appears to be quite clearly cut out for him; and it ought to be comparatively

easy to decide whether he performs it satisfactorily, and in general, what kinds of criticism are useful and what are otiose. But on giving the matter a little attention, we perceive that criticism, far from being a simple and orderly field of beneficent activity, from which impostors can be readily ejected, is no better than a Sunday park of contending and contentious orators, who have not even arrived at the articulation of their differences. Here, one would suppose, was a place for quiet co-operative labour. The critic, one would suppose, if he is to justify his existence, should endeavour to discipline his personal prejudices and cranks—tares to which we are all subject—and compose his differences with as many of his fellows as possible, in the common pursuit of true judgment. When we find that quite the contrary prevails, we begin to suspect that the critic owes his livelihood to the violence and extremity of his opposition to other critics, or else to some trifling oddities of his own with which he contrives to season the opinions which men already hold, and which out of vanity or sloth they prefer to maintain. We are tempted to expel the lot.

Immediately after such an eviction, or as soon as relief has abated our rage, we are compelled to admit that there remain certain books, certain essays, certain sentences, certain men, who have been "useful" to us. And our next step is to attempt to classify these, and find out whether we establish any principles for deciding what kinds of book should be preserved, and what aims and methods of criticism should be followed.

II

The view of the relation of the work of art to art, of the work of literature to literature, of "criticism" to criticism, which I have outlined above, seemed to me natural and (I am afraid) self-evident. I owe to Mr. Middleton Murry my perception of the contentious character of the problem; or rather, my perception that there is a definite and final choice

involved. To Mr. Murry I feel an increasing debt of gratitude. Most of our critics are occupied in labour of obnubilation ; in reconciling, in hushing up, in patting down, in squeezing in, in glozing over, in concocting pleasant sedatives, in pretending that the only difference between themselves and others is that they are nice men and the others of very doubtful repute. Mr. Murry is not one of these. He is aware that there are definite positions to be taken, and that now and then one must actually reject something and select something else. He is not the anonymous writer who in a literary paper several years ago asserted that Romanticism and Classicism are much the same thing, and that the true Classical Age in France was the Age which produced the Gothic cathedrals and—Jeanne d'Arc. With Mr. Murry's recent formulation of Classicism and Romanticism I cannot agree ; the difference seems to me rather the difference between the complete and the fragmentary, the adult and the immature, the orderly and the chaotic. But what Mr. Murry does show is that there are at least two attitudes toward literature and toward everything, and that you cannot hold both. And the attitude which he professes appears to imply that the other has no standing in England whatever. For it is made a national, a racial issue.

Mr. Murry makes his issue perfectly clear. " Catholicism," he says, " stands for the principle of unquestioned spiritual authority outside the individual ; that is also the principle of Classicism in literature." Within the orbit within which Mr. Murry's discussion moves, this seems to me an unimpeachable definition, though it is of course not all that there is to be said about either Catholicism or Classicism. Those of us who find ourselves supporting what Mr. Murry calls Classicism believe that men cannot get on without giving allegiance to something outside themselves. I am aware that " outside " and " inside " are terms which provide unlimited opportunity for quibbling, and that no psychologist would tolerate a discussion which shuffled such base coinage ; but I will presume

that Mr. Murry and myself can agree that for our purpose these counters are adequate, and concur in disregarding the admonitions of our psychological friends. If you find that you have to imagine it as outside, then it is outside. If, then, a man's interest is political, he must, I presume, profess an allegiance to principles, or to a form of government, or to a monarch ; and if he is interested in religion, and has one, to a Church ; and if he happens to be interested in literature, he must acknowledge, it seems to me, just that sort of allegiance which I endeavoured to put forth in the preceding capital. There is, nevertheless, an alternative, which Mr. Murry has expressed. " The English writer, the English divine, the English statesman, inherit no rules from their forbears ; they inherit only this : a sense that in the last resort they must depend upon the inner voice." This statement does, I admit, appear to cover certain cases ; it throws a flood of light upon Mr. Lloyd George. But why " *in the last resort* " ? Do they, then, avoid the dictates of the inner voice up to the last extremity ? My belief is that those who possess this inner voice are ready enough to hearken to it, and will hear no other. The inner voice, in fact, sounds remarkably like an old principle which has been formulated by an elder critic in the now familiar phrase of " doing as one likes." The possessors of the inner voice ride ten in a compartment to a football match at Swansea, listening to the inner voice, which breathes the eternal message of vanity, fear, and lust.

Mr. Murry will say, with some show of justice, that this is a wilful misrepresentation. He says : " If they (the English writer, divine, statesman) dig *deep enough* in their pursuit of self-knowledge—a piece of mining done not with the intellect alone, but with the whole man—they will come upon a self that is universal "—an exercise far beyond the strength of our football enthusiasts. It is an exercise, however, which I believe was of enough interest to Catholicism for several handbooks to be written on its practice. But the Catholic practitioners were, I believe, with the possible exception of

heretical experts who were often Teutonic, not palpitating Narcissi; the Catholic did not believe that God and himself were identical. "The man who truly interrogates himself will ultimately hear the voice of God," Mr. Murry says. In theory, this leads to a form of pantheism which I maintain is not European—just as Mr. Murry maintains that "Classicism" is not English; but for its practical results, one may refer to the verses of *Hudibras*.

I did not realise that Mr. Murry was the spokesman for a considerable sect, until I read in the editorial columns of a dignified daily that "magnificent as the representatives of the classical genius have been in England, they are not the sole expressions of the English character, which remains at bottom obstinately 'humorous' and nonconformist." This writer is moderate in using the qualification *sole*, and brutally frank in attributing this "humorousness" to "the unreclaimed Teutonic element in us." But it strikes me that Mr. Murry, and this other voice, are either too obstinate or too tolerant. The question is, the first question, *not* what comes natural or what comes *easy* to us, but what is right? Either one attitude is better than the other, or else it is indifferent. But how can such a choice be indifferent? Surely the reference to racial origins, or the mere statement that the French are thus, and the English otherwise, is not expected to settle the question: which, of two antithetical views, is *right*? And I cannot understand why the opposition between Classicism and Romanticism should be profound enough in Latin countries (Mr. Murry says it is) and yet of no significance among ourselves. For if the French are *naturally* classical, why should there be any "opposition" in France, any more than there is here? And if Classicism is not natural to them, but something acquired, why not acquire it here? Were the French in the year 1600 classical, and the English in the same year romantic? A more important difference, to my mind, is that the French in the year 1600 *had already a more mature prose.*

III

This discussion may seem to have led us a long way from the subject of this paper. But it was worth my while to follow Mr. Murry's comparison of Outside Authority with the Inner Voice. For to those who obey the inner voice (perhaps "obey" is not the word) nothing that I can say about criticism will have the slightest value. For they will not be interested in the attempt to find any common principles for the pursuit of criticism. Why have principles, when one has the inner voice? If I like a thing, that is all I want; and if enough of us, shouting all together, like it, that should be all that *you* (who don't like it) ought to want. The law of art, says Mr. Clutton Brock (I do not pretend to quote exactly, being separated from his book) is all case law. And we can not only like whatever we like to like but we can like it for any reason we choose. We are not, in fact, concerned with literary *perfection* at all—the search for perfection is a sign of pettiness, for it shows that the writer has admitted the existence of an unquestioned spiritual authority outside himself, to which he has attempted to *conform*. We are not in fact interested in art. We will not worship Baal. "The principle of classical leadership is that obeisance is made to the office or to the tradition, never to the man." And we want, not principles, but men.

Thus speaks the Inner Voice. It is a voice to which, for convenience, we may give a name: and the name I suggest is Whiggery.

IV

Leaving, then, those whose calling and election are sure, and returning to those who shamefully depend upon tradition and the accumulated wisdom of time, and restricting the discussion to those who sympathise with each other in this frailty, we may comment for a moment upon the use of the

terms " critical " and " creative " by one whose place, on the whole, is with the weaker brethren. Matthew Arnold distinguishes far too bluntly, it seems to me, between the two activities: he overlooks the capital importance of criticism in the work of creation itself. Probably, indeed, the larger part of the labour of an author in composing his work is critical labour; the labour of sifting, combining, constructing, expunging, correcting, testing: this frightful toil is as much critical as creative. I maintain even that the criticism employed by a trained and skilled writer on his own work is the most vital, the highest kind of criticism; and (as I think I have said before) that some creative writers are superior to others solely because their critical faculty is superior. There is a tendency, and I think it is a whiggery tendency, to decry this critical toil of the artist; to propound the thesis that the great artist is an unconscious artist, unconsciously inscribing on his banner the words Muddle Through. Those of us who are Inner Deaf Mutes are, however, sometimes compensated by a humble conscience, which, though without oracular expertness, counsels us to do the best we can, reminds us that our compositions ought to be as free from defects as possible (to atone for their lack of inspiration), and, in short, makes us waste a good deal of time. We are aware, too, that the critical discrimination which comes so hardly to us has in more fortunate men flashed in the very heat of creation; and we do not assume that because works have been composed without apparent critical labour, no critical labour has been done. We do not know what previous labours have prepared, or what goes on, in the way of criticism, all the time in the minds of the creators.

But this affirmation recoils upon us. If so large a part of creation is really criticism, is not a large part of what is called " critical writing " really creative? If so, is there not creative criticism in the ordinary sense? The answer seems to be, that there is no equation. I have assumed as axiomatic that a creation, a work of art, is autonomous; and that criticism,

by definition, is *about* something other than itself. Hence you cannot fuse creation with criticism as you can fuse criticism with creation. The critical activity finds its highest, its true fulfilment in a kind of union with creation in the labour of the artist.

But no writer is completely self-sufficient, and many creative writers have a critical activity which is not all discharged into their work. Some seem to require to keep their critical powers in condition for the real work by exercising them miscellaneously; others, on completing a work, need to continue the critical activity by commenting on it. Coleridge (if you like it) had to write about others; Dryden had to write about his own occupations. I do not suppose Mr. Joyce has to do either. There is no general rule. And as men can learn from each other, so some of these treatises have been useful to other writers. And some of them have been useful to those who were not writers.

At one time I was inclined to take the extreme position that the *only* critics worth reading were the critics who practised, and practised well, the art of which they wrote. But I had to stretch this frame to make some important inclusions; and I have since been in search of a formula which should cover everything I wished to include, even if it included more than I wanted. And the most important qualification which I have been able to find, which accounts for the peculiar importance of the criticism of practitioners, is that a critic must have a very highly developed sense of fact. This is by no means a trifling or frequent gift. And it is not one which easily wins popular commendations. So important it seems to me, that I am inclined to make one distinction between Classicism and Romanticism of this, that the romantic is deficient or undeveloped in his ability to distinguish between fact and fancy, whereas the classicist, or adult mind, is thoroughly realist—without illusions, without day-dreams, without hope, without bitterness, and with an abundant resignation. But this would be really a digres-

sion. At all events, the sense of fact is something very slow to develop, and its complete development means perhaps the very pinnacle, or (as American newspapers say) "peak quotation" of civilisation. For there are so many spheres of fact to be mastered, and our outermost sphere of fact, of knowledge, of control, will be ringed with narcotic fancies in the sphere beyond. To the member of the Browning Study Circle, the discussion of poets about poetry may seem arid, technical, and limited. It is merely that the practitioners have clarified and reduced to a state of fact all the feelings that the member can only enjoy in the most nebulous form; the dry technique implies, for those who have mastered it, all that the member thrills to; only that has been made into something precise, tractable, under control. That, at all events, is one reason for the value of the practitioner's criticism—he is dealing with his facts, and he can help us to do the same.

And at every level of criticism I find the same necessity regnant. There is a large part of critical writing which consists in "interpreting" an author, a work. This is not on the level of the Study Circle either; it occasionally happens that one person obtains an understanding of another, or a creative writer, which he can partially communicate, and which we feel to be true and illuminating. It is difficult to confirm the "interpretation" by external evidence. To anyone who is skilled in fact on this level there will be evidence enough. But who is to prove his own skill? And for every success in this type of writing there are thousands of impostures. Instead of insight, you get a fiction. Your test is to apply it again and again to the original, with your view of the original to guide you. But there is no one to guarantee your competence, and once again we find ourselves in a dilemma.

We must ourselves decide what is useful to us and what is not; and it is quite likely that we are not competent to decide. But it is fairly certain that "interpretation" (I am not touching upon the acrostic element in literature) is only

legitimate when it is not interpretation at all, but merely putting the reader in possession of facts which he would otherwise have missed. I have had some experience of Extension lecturing, and I have found only two ways of leading any pupils to like anything with the right liking: to present them with a selection of the simpler kind of facts about a work—its conditions, its setting, its genesis—or else to spring the work on them in such a way that they were not prepared to be prejudiced against it. There were many facts to help them with Elizabethan drama: the poems of T. E. Hulme only needed to be read aloud to have immediate effect.

Comparison and analysis, I have said before, and Remy de Gourmont has said before me (a real master of fact—sometimes, I am afraid, when he moved outside of literature, a master illusionist of fact), are the chief tools of the critic. It is obvious indeed that they *are* tools, to be handled with care, and not employed in an inquiry into the number of times giraffes are mentioned in the English novel. They are not used with conspicuous success by many contemporary writers. You must know what to compare and what to analyse. The late Professor Ker had skill in the use of these tools. Comparison and analysis need only the cadavers on the table; but interpretation is always producing parts of the body from its pockets, and fixing them in place. And any book, any essay, any note in *Notes and Queries*, which produces a fact even of the lowest order about a work of art is a better piece of work than nine-tenths of the most pretentious critical journalism, in journals or in books. We assume, of course, that we are masters and not servants of facts, and that we know that the discovery of Shakespeare's laundry bills would not be of much use to us; but we must always reserve final judgment as to the futility of the research which has discovered them, in the possibility that some genius will appear who will know of a use to which to put them. Scholarship, even in its humblest forms, has its rights; we assume that we know how to use it, and how to neglect it. Of course the multiplica-

tion of critical books and essays may create, and I have seen it create, a vicious taste for reading about works of art instead of reading the works themselves, it may supply opinion instead of educating taste. But *fact* cannot corrupt taste; it can at worst gratify one taste—a taste for history, let us say, or antiquities, or biography—under the illusion that it is assisting another. The real corruptors are those who supply opinion or fancy; and Goethe and Coleridge are not guiltless—for what is Coleridge's *Hamlet*: is it an honest inquiry as far as the data permit, or is it an attempt to present Coleridge in an attractive costume?

We have not succeeded in finding such a test as anyone can apply; we have been forced to allow ingress to innumerable dull and tedious books; but we have, I think, found a test which, for those who are able to apply it, will dispose of the really vicious ones. And with this test we may return to the preliminary statement of the polity of literature and of criticism. For the kinds of critical work which we have admitted, there is the possibility of co-operative activity, with the further possibility of arriving at something outside of ourselves, which may provisionally be called truth. But if anyone complains that I have not defined truth, or fact, or reality, I can only say apologetically that it was no part of my purpose to do so, but only to find a scheme into which, whatever they are, they will fit, if they exist.

JONES'S KARMA

By MAY SINCLAIR

I

THE Mahatma was sitting on the divan in Grigley's studio, cross-legged, like a Buddha. He meditated.

I was playing Debussy on Grigley's piano. Yes, of course I asked the Mahatma whether he minded my playing the piano while he meditated, and he had replied that it was indifferent to him whether I played the piano or did not play the piano. But when I left off, he came up, pop, out of his meditation. And as he was always particularly bright at these moments of emergence, Grigley tackled him.

"You say the will is free, Guru. How do you reconcile that with your theory of Karma? You can't escape your Karma."

"You cannot escape it, Bikkhu," said the Mahatma; "but you made it for yourself in your last life and you were free to make it different."

"Not if your last life was made by the Karma of your life before."

"That also you made, and the Karma before it."

"Oh, if you go back and back to the beginning——"

"If you go back and back to the beginning you start free."

"Still, it comes to this," I said: "if you could live your life again in the same circumstances, I take it you would do the same things. Nothing would be different. And you would not be free."

"You would be free," the Mahatma said, "to do the same things."

"But each thing would be predictable."

" Predictable, yes. But that is not your concern. It is not you who predict."

I persisted. " No ; but the possibility of prediction would mean that I was doomed, not free."

" There you are again," said the Mahatma, " with your pairs of opposites. It would mean that you were doomed *and* free. You come to the cross-roads. *I* know which turn you are going to take. You take it. But you were free to take the other."

" Not if you knew, Guru."

" Why not ? My knowledge has no hold on you. There is no path from my knowledge to your action, Bikkhu."

" Talk about living your life again," said Grigley, " who *would* live it, if they knew ? "

" I would," I said, " if I were free to live it differently ; if when the wrong turn came I could take the right one."

" Then," said Grigley, with an air of saying something important, " it wouldn't be the same life."

" No. I stipulated for the power to live it differently."

I happened just then to think of two or three things I would very gladly have had different if I could.

Grigley's little wife heaved up a stifled sigh out of the sofa cushions. " If only one *could* live one's life again, on those terms," she said.

We all laughed, for Grigley's wife was a notoriously innocent and happy person.

" Why, what would you have different ? " I said.

" Me, probably," said Grigley.

" Good thing it was impossible."

" It is not impossible," the Mahatma said. " Time is nothing. Or it is everything. You can go forward or you can return on the path of time. You have only to will it so in the moment of dying. For, as the wish formed at the moment before sleeping is powerful in the waking life of the next day, so the wish formed in the moment before dying is all-powerful in the next life. People do not know how important that moment is, so they do not will."

He had one of his fruitful pauses.

" There was a man who knew ; for a Mahatma had told him. He came back to the same time-space, to the same womb. His name," said the Mahatma, " was Jones. I will tell you the story of Jones's Karma."

II

" The family of Jones was exceedingly particular about its caste. If it had lived in India, where the laws of caste are laid down precisely, so that mistakes are not possible, it would have been safe. But it lived in Europe, where there are no rigid laws, where the castes mix among themselves, and caste itself is a flexible thing, a thing of each man's interpretation, and each man is a law to himself in this thing.

" So that at every turn the family of Jones was liable to contamination.

" We of the faith of Buddha do not, as you know, believe in caste, and for us there is no such thing as contamination from mixing. But for those who believe, these things are so ; and he who is deceived by the illusion of contamination is contaminated.

" In the house next to Jones's house in the suburb of Putney there lived a little boy—Jones was about eleven years old at this time—a little boy whose caste was many degrees lower than the caste of the Joneses. Jones was brought up to believe that his caste was higher and holier than the caste of the families round about him and would be contaminated by mixing. It was even, they said, higher and holier than the caste of the other Joneses, for his family was distinguished by the name of Uppingham. Uppingham Jones. The Uppingham was not joined firmly on to the Jones with a stroke, as your custom is, for it was indeed but the second name of Jones's father : Albert Uppingham Jones ; but it seemed to exalt these Joneses above all others. So much

so that there was nobody in the suburb of Putney who was judged fit to be the companion of Jones. And thereby Jones suffered from an exceeding loneliness.

"And when he saw the little boy, whose name was Peter Hawkins, playing by himself in the next garden, a great longing came upon Jones either to go into the garden of the Hawkinses and play with him there, or else persuade him to come into his own garden. And Peter Hawkins had the same longing when he looked through the hedge and saw Jones looking in at him. So that nothing would appease him but that he must have Jones for his playmate.

"At the bottom of the gardens there was a gap in the hedge of which the two, by agreement, tearing down the bushes and parting them asunder, made so large an opening that each could creep through to the other. It was generally Jones who went through into Peter's garden, for Peter's garden had in it a swing and a summer-house and a pond with a row-boat; and Peter had there also a great store of your European toys, steam-engines, sailing-ships, velocipedes, and the like, costly things which Jones's parents could not be prevailed on to give him. All these things were now at his disposal through the generosity of Peter.

"I should tell you that these gardens of the Joneses and the Hawkinses were long and wide and ended each in a wild grass-place set about with many tall and thick bushes, so that the children playing there were concealed from the rest of the gardens and the houses. The swing, the summer-house, and the pond were likewise hidden. And on the far side of the Hawkinses' garden there was a high wall and behind it a lane leading to a side-door in the Hawkinses' house. And there Jones was led, secretly, by Peter into his house and played with him there in his play-room. And Peter's father and mother had compassion upon Jones because he was kept so close and strict in the solitude of his caste, and they rejoiced in his great friendship with Peter and helped him to keep it secret.

"This hidden communion lasted for three years. Then Jones was sent away to a public school; and three years later Peter followed him there. They had continued to meet, furtively, in the holidays, more by the desire of Peter than of Jones, for Peter loved Jones with a love that was greater than Jones's love for him.

"At this school—it is your strange English custom—Peter Hawkins was assigned to Jones in some sort as his servant; not because his caste was lower—for I am told that a great lord may be thus servant to a common boy—but because, being two years younger than Jones, he stood many degrees below him in the school.

"And because there were many patricians at this school the low caste of Peter became manifest to Jones, so that secretly in his heart he felt ashamed of his love for Peter and of Peter's love for him. Nevertheless, he did not break with Peter, but used their relation of servant and master as a cloak for his curious friendship. Indeed, he had no desire to break with Peter, for Peter had much money and was in many ways of great use to him over and above his appointed service. For example, Jones had much talent for the learning of languages, but he was but a poor mathematician, while Peter, who was backward in Greek and Latin, had much skill in numbers and in geometry. And when he rose rapidly in the school, and was no longer the servant of Jones, he proved his great love by helping him with his mathematics, so much so that there was hardly a problem that Jones would have attempted to solve without him. Moreover he had, with great courage, saved Jones's life when bathing.

"All these things Jones could bring forward as his excuse when he was mocked at by the young patricians for his attachment to a fellow of low caste. I am telling you all this that you may understand how many were the obligations that bound Jones to Peter and what reasons he had to love him.

"Now, in Jones's class in school there was a certain young lord who had his seat not far from the suburb of Putney,

and he had attached himself to Jones so firmly that when the time came for Jones to leave that school he invited him most earnestly to visit him at his seat. At the same time he pointed out to him that he would suffer much disadvantage if, at the outset of his career, he continued to be seen with such a one as Peter Hawkins. For Jones and the young lord were to finish their studies together at the University of Oxford, while Peter, in accordance with his caste, went down into the city to serve in the shop of his father Hawkins, who was a draper.

" Jones understood that this was the turning of the ways, that the hour had struck when he must choose between Peter and the young lord.

" So it happened that on one of your great national festivals, which you call cricket-matches, at a certain public place the name of which I have forgotten——"

" Lord's ? "

" Yes, that is so," said the Mahatma, " the place of the Lord. And Jones, on his way to the pavilion, with that great one who was his friend and with his friend's sister, a high lady in her own right, did to his horror observe Peter and his father and mother coming towards him with the palms of their hands extended and a loud salutation, your ' Hullo ! ' in which it was discernible that the initial letter was not sounded. And this I understand is, in your country, one of the most grievous signs of a dishonourable birth. I speak according to the tradition and not as a Buddhist.

" And Jones, trembling with the shock of the encounter, turned his head somewhat to one side and made as though he had not seen the hands of the Hawkinses nor heard their salutation, and so passed them by.

" And it happened thus on more than one occasion when Jones met Peter while in the company of the lord and his sister. And from that time onward he ceased altogether from his former communication with Peter, as if he had not so much as known his name. And Peter, perceiving that he

was repudiated, ceased altogether from communication with Jones.

" Thus did Jones betray the friend to whom he owed so many and so great debts.

" That was the first turning of his roads.

" The next was when he had made, secretly, the acquaintance of a certain young girl who came many times to play ball " (he meant tennis) " in the garden of the Hawkinses.

" Her name was Sarah Bunning.

" And it so happened that many times the ball would fly over the hedge into the garden of Jones, and that Sarah Bunning would be sent to fetch it ; for it was not possible for Peter to pass any more into Jones's place, because of the betrayal and his great and sore pride. And Jones would come out and aid her in her search. I think," said the Mahatma with a look of subtlety, " that in consequence of these meetings the ball was sent flying abroad more often than there was necessity, and that so dexterously as to lodge it in the thick places of the jungle which was at the bottom of the Jones's compound, where the search for it would take much time and keep those two long in each other's company.

" And when the season of this ball-play was over, Jones planned to meet the girl, secretly, one night after dark in a certain grove of birch-trees on Putney Heath.

" And here appears Jones's freedom. For that evening he received a message from a friend asking him to dine with him at his club in Piccadilly at the very hour which he had appointed to meet Sarah Bunning. So that assuredly a choice of ways was given him. And Jones wavered, perceiving that here was his chance to escape, if he would, that great temptation. He went to the telephone that was set up in his father's house and summoned a hansom to take him into Piccadilly. But at the last moment the thought of Sarah Bunning so overcame him that he drove instead to about a stone's-throw of the place of assignation ; and, having the conveyance there

ready, he persuaded her to enter it and so took her to a certain hidden place that he knew of in Soho. And afterwards they met many times in that place.

" For the young girl was of an exceedingly fine and perfect beauty ; but she had not the bearing nor yet the speech of Jones's caste ; her caste indeed was lower even than that of the Hawkinses. So that, while Jones did excessively love her, he could not stoop from the noble state of Jones so far as to marry her. Nevertheless, he promised her that if she should find herself with child by him he would marry her.

" But presently a time came when he thought to marry a high friend of that young lord for whom he betrayed Peter. And for that lady he betrayed Sarah Bunning.

" She died in child-birth in the hospital of Queen Charlotte which is set apart for women of low caste.

" And in the end the high lady refused, for reasons of caste, to marry Jones.

" Jones was so greatly smitten with grief for the loss of that lady, and with remorse for the death of Sarah Bunning, that, though his disposition was by no means warlike, he volunteered with your army in South Africa, where at that time you were fighting the Boers.

" And it was there that he came to the third turning.

" It was on the open veld. Jones and his comrade, a young captain whose name was George Denby, were flying on horseback from a Boer ambush, when Denby, who rode somewhat in front, had his horse shot under him, he himself being severely wounded in the groin, so that he lay like a dead man with his foot held fast in his stirrup. He cried out to Jones with a great cry to help him. And Jones saw that he had but to dismount and cut away the stirrup leather and set him on his own horse in front of him, and with the start they had they might get away safe to the British lines. At that moment, while he yet planned the rescue, a bullet sounded past Jones's head, and another, and yet another ; and his courage so forsook him that he put spurs into his horse and

galloped away, leaving that young captain to die there on the veld.

" The thought of how he had betrayed his comrade was a punishment almost too great for Jones to bear. And many years after, being in India, he happened to meet one of my friends, the Mahatma who told me this story. They began talking, even as we were talking just now, about free will and destiny and the turning of the ways and whether a man would or would not live his life again. And Jones confessed to my friend that he had done three things in his life that he would gladly return and undo. He had betrayed the friend who trusted him ; he had seduced his sweetheart ; and he had deserted his captain on the field of battle.

" And the Mahatma told him, as I have told you, that if he would live his life again he had only to will it so in the moment of dying. And if he would take the other turn, he had only to will it. So when he came to die, Jones uttered the wish that he should come back and live his life again as it had been, and that when he came to those three turnings he should remember and each time take the right one.

" And he was brought back into that same space-time and into the same mother's womb. And from his birth-hour his life unrolled itself in every particular exactly as it had been before up to the first turning.

" Jones was crossing in front of the pavilion at— at ——"

" Lord's——"

" Lord's, with the young lord and his sister, and Peter and his father were coming towards him as before, with outstretched palms and saluting him loudly after their manner. And Jones remembered his former base betrayal, and instead of passing by and looking the other way, he came forward and grasped Peter by the hand and also his father and mother. And he reminded the young lord that he had known Peter beforetime at their school, and he presented him to the young lord's sister.

" And, except that his communion with Peter remained now

unbroken, Jones's life went on as it had gone before up to the moment when the hansom came to his summons. But when he thought of Sarah Bunning he remembered his second betrayal and her death in shameful child-birth, and, turning his back on the birch grove, he ordered the driver of the hansom to go furiously towards Piccadilly and to the club of his friend there.

" Now, men do not encounter lightly and to no purpose; and it happened that at that club Jones made acquaintance with a certain Colonel Rivers, and this had afterwards, as you shall see, a great working on his Karma.

" And so when the nine months were up which had formerly unrolled the pregnancy and death of Sarah Bunning, and now brought instead her betrothal and marriage to Peter Hawkins, Jones volunteered with your army in Africa as before, yet not as flying from his shame, but in the quest of glory. And the ambush happened as before. But when Jones came upon the dead horse and his wounded comrade, George Denby, lying in that place on the veld, he remembered that third and last betrayal. And he dismounted and cut the stirrup-strap that bound Denby to his horse, and lifted him up and set him on his own saddle, while the bullets sounded past him; and so brought him alive and safe into the camp of the British.

" You would have thought that Jones had now worked out his Karma and accomplished his redemption. But no. In taking each time another turning he had started another chain of events, so that his life could not unroll itself altogether in the same pattern as before. Moreover, when he came back from South Africa, he was still but a young man, not thirty.

" And soon after his return from the war the lord his friend gave a banquet at your Criterion hall in honour of Jones's General, and Jones also was invited. Now, at this banquet there were many lords of caste even more exalted than that of his friend. And as he went up the principal staircase between two of these very great ones, he saw Peter Hawkins, who stood above him on the landing looking down at him,

having come there to see the General pass. And when he saw him he came forward with his hand outstretched and with the same cry as before.

" Mark, that on the last repetition of his Karma Jones's memory gave him warning and support; but he had made no provision for this third encounter. Occurring at another time and in a place where he least expected it, catching him thus unaware, it overcame him even as at the beginning, so that he turned his head aside and made as though he had not seen Peter. And when the very great ones, laughing, inquired who his friend was, he answered that he did not know the man, thus for the second time betraying him.

" Further, because of the slight change in his record which was set up in that moment when he had acknowledged Peter and renewed their communion, Jones had been compelled, unwillingly, to meet again that girl whose fascination he had run from. For she was now Peter Hawkins's wife. So that at an hour when, again, he was unprepared, he was caught a third time in the snare of her great beauty. And, taking occasion of Peter's absence for three months on business in the United States, he again tempted her so that she fell. And she bore a child that by all reckoning was manifestly not her husband's, and died, as she had died beforetime, at its birth.

" Thus their Karma was repeated.

" You will remember that I told you how, on that evening when he had fled from the second temptation of Sarah Bunning, he had become acquainted with one Colonel Rivers. And so great was the friendship which thereafter sprang up between them that Jones went out to stay with Colonel Rivers at Jabalpur in Central India.

" Now, the regiment of George Denby, who was by this time Major, was stationed at Jabalpur; and it happened that he had three days' leave from his service. And he asked Jones to come to him to a place about twenty miles up-country near the jungle, where he had a bungalow and there was much

sambhar. And when Jones arrived at the bungalow he was told that cholera had broken out in the village and that the Major had gone there to aid the police in isolating the sick people.

"And at this news the joints of Jones became as if they had been water, and he said to himself that truly he had come at an inconvenient season, and that the best thing he could do would be to depart instantly as he had come. But when he looked for the tonga that had brought him thither, it had departed. And at that moment the Major arrived at the bungalow. He pressed Jones to stay, making light of the cholera and saying that there were but two cases in all, and they had them so well in hand that the doctor who had come up from Jabalpur had returned there, and how there was more cholera in Jabalpur than there was in this village.

"And when the Major had stripped and bathed himself and put on clean clothes that had not been near the cholera, they dined together; and in the cool of the evening they went up into the jungle to shoot sambhar, returning about ten at night.

"At midnight they went to bed.

"Towards morning Jones was wakened by a noise of groaning and of retching in the Major's room. And it seemed to him that between the groaning and the retching he could hear his name called, although but faintly. He got up and went into the Major's room and found him doubled up, with his knees drawn even to his chest, leaning his head out of bed and sore retching.

"And at that sight and that sound the bones of Jones became again as water, and his stomach sank towards the ground. And when he had given Denby a little brandy he made an excuse that he would go into Jabalpur and bring back a doctor.

"He dressed in great haste, and having summoned the Major's tonga, he departed to Jabalpur. And there he found that the doctor he knew of had gone to a far place beyond the

town. It was the same wherever he called, for the cholera was by this time raging, and all the doctors were scattered abroad. He left a message at the house of one and set his face to return, as he believed, to the bungalow; though at the thought of the cholera his flesh and his bones melted.

"And it may be that he would indeed have returned there but that as they passed the railway station he saw the train standing ready to go to Bombay. It wanted but a minute to its starting. And at the sight of the train, Jones jumped out of the tonga and ran to it. In his haste to catch it—for it was now moving—he climbed into the nearest wagon which was full of natives flying from Jabalpur. There was cholera on that train.

"Jones died on it an hour before it reache d Bombay."

III

"And you expect me to believe, Guru," said Grigley, "that that man's will was free."

"Most certainly, Bikkhu, it was free. No will but his own compelled him to betray Peter, and seduce Sarah, and leave Denby to die. In these three deeds he had made his own Karma. And though his free will refused those deeds the second time, yet at the third time his Karma compelled him to their accomplishment."

"How do you make that out?"

"Because in dying he had willed only to undo the actual deeds done in one place and one time; not to resist the same temptation at all times and all places. And those final turning-points he neither remembered nor had forsaken, so that his Karma had power to repeat itself.

"You will observe," said the Mahatma, "the concatenations of Jones's Karma. If he had not overcome the temptation to desert his comrade, he would have been disgraced, and there would have been no reception in his honour, and he would not have betrayed Peter a second time. If he had not

overcome the temptation to betray Peter, he would not have met Sarah again, and seduced her a second time. And if he had not overcome the temptation to seduce Sarah, he would not have met Colonel Rivers, and gone out to Jabalpur, and found Denby sick with cholera, and deserted him a second time.

"Yet when you talk of free-will and bondage you talk of the pairs of opposites. You are free and you are bound also. It is according. But so long as you affirm the reality of the pairs of opposites you are subject to illusion."

He paused.

"Notwithstanding, there is a path of perfect freedom. When it is indifferent to a man whether he is himself or not himself, whether he lives or dies, whether he catches the cholera or does not catch the cholera. Thus he escapes from desiring and undesiring, from the pairs of opposites, and from the chain of happenings and the round of births."

At this point Mrs. Grigley interrupted the Mahatma to tell us that dinner was getting cold. We went into the dining-room.

On the table there was the Grigleys' delicious dinner and there was a bowl of boiled rice for the Mahatma. To these Grigley pointed.

"Which is it to be, Guru? There's no compulsion."

The Mahatma spread out his brown palms. "Truly, there is no compulsion. For it is indifferent to me, Bikkhu, whether I eat my rice or your dinner."

He ate Grigley's dinner.

FROM THE GREY STONE

By FORD MADOX FORD

LET us sit down upon this rock, a thousand feet up, nearly perpendicular, above the Mediterranean. Here once passed Hannibal, Cæsar, the Saracens, and Napoleon, going south-eastward. Let us contemplate the inevitable blue of the sea over which have sailed such unnumbered admirals and argosies. Let us attempt to consider the world solely from the point of view of pure thought—and the Arts; around us the rocks with their tufts of rosemary, wood-spurge, thyme, a little lavender, and, above all, with their olive trees. Far below are the inevitable white marble and suburban palm trees of the water's edge.

They say that the olive is not indigenous to Provence: that the Phoceans brought, centuries before the birth of Christ, this grey and drily whispering symbol of the world's agonies and contemplations. They say, indeed, that of all the catalogue of vegetable luxuries—

"*Parmi la végétation la plus luxuriante: pins, oliviers, poivriers, caroubiers, agaves, mimosas, orangers, citronniers, d'où surgissent de coquettes villas et de somptueux hôtels.*" [1]

—of all the fashionable horticulturist's catalogue the mandarine orange tree alone is here indigenous. Even the vine was brought by the Romans in the first century—or rather it was smuggled in in defiance of the laws of the Romans, who desired to limit wine-growing to Italy proper. I do not know how people know these things about the indigenousnesses of trees, and usually it is better to disbelieve them. It seems absurd to say that the elm is not indigenous to the British Midlands or the thorn tree to Kent. But for the marine

[1] NOTE.—*House-agents' guide to Villefranche.* Le Syndicat d'Initiative, p. 5.

borders of Provence one may believe it; there is the gum tree, the omnipresent eucalyptus, with its pallid, improbable trunk, its distracted, blue-grey foliage, and its flowers smelling of Sundays in church in influenza time—to prove it. For this is the country into which pushes all the world—to find sunshine and utter leisure, or to forget the wonders of wireless telephony. And, coming so, down all the ages, all the peoples, meaning their sojourns to be eternal and their plunderings without end, brought with them the herb with which each could least dispense. So that, here, in gardens, or straggling beyond the borders of gardens, as is the habit of Northern flora, you find not only the gum, the pepper tree, the banana, and the date-palm, but the wall-flower, the polyanthus, the stock, and, above all, the common marigold with its orange-daisy head that with us is almost a weed. We have come here to plunder and to settle, but we cannot live without—*calendula officinalis*.

At the bottom of the hill stands a "coquette villa." On its façade its owner caused to be painted Latin words—*inveni portum: Spes et Fortuna valete*. . . . And so on: as who should say: "Hope and Fortune, farewell. I have had dealings with you. Deal now with others, for here I have found a safe harbour. From these moorings I will never more be torn."

Alas! He had those words painted up in mid-fourteen. He brought with him a large supply of *his* indispensable herb. He had made a fortune; but not, so one may gather from the inscription, so large a fortune as he had once hoped—from coal-mines, or from cotton-gins, rigging the market, brothels. . . . How is it that fortunes are made? And, under his rose pergola he was to pass the rest of his days, eating his sauerkraut in the sun. Now, in the deserted garden the sauerkraut cabbage runs wild, but the foot of the owner no longer walks the tangled paths and the pious aspiration fades on the sun-baked plaster of the façade.

Nor does his shade languish alone: for that is the epitome

of the life of conquerors here. And, sitting on the grey stone once brushed by the feet of Hannibal, of Cæsar, of the Saracens, we look out to sea and, on the purple horizon, like pink clouds seeking to form a pyramid, rises Corsica! Another symbol. But, indeed, everything that here exists is a symbol! You pass and conquer here—with your artillery on sledges or with your elephants; beneath the thin silver crescent you ride on your Barbary coursers; in your elegant landau of the last lot of forties, or in your automobile. With the scimitar you conquer and enslave, or with your mere bank-book; for Peace has her atrocities! But you pass: and of you remain only the gum, the pepper tree, the date palm, the polyanthus—and the pot marigold.

But above all remains the olive tree—the symbol of thought, of passionless contemplation, of the agony of God, of Pallas Athene, of peace, of the Arts—the one symbol of permanence, perhaps because it asks so little. It is a good tree near which to sit and regard the world merely from the standpoint of thought and of the Arts. It is good, in short, because it has no monomania; its branches push in no one direction; it has no haste; it has reduced its necessities to a mere minimum. You might call it listless were it not so persistent; being so persistent it must be styled contemplative. It asks for no attention, no prunings, no waterings, no enrichment of the soil; its roots take from the interstices of rocky hill-sides all that it needs, and at the due season it lets drop its fruits that supply to the world the most beneficent of all fluids. Think of the trees of our damp woodlands, pushing, strangling, like the denizens of some Black Hole of Calcutta, trampling down the one the other in the mad effort to get to the light. There is no spot in which Nature seems more cruel than in a Northern copse, that place of butcheries, strangulation, secret burials, and remorseless survivals. And without the attentions of armies of wood-reeves, drain-makers, land-stewards, keepers, earth-stoppers, drive-cutters, and the rest—without the scientific cares of a whole Ministry of Woods

per nation, these woods become mere swamps and no tree survives to be a forest giant!

And even at that, in those dank glades, you must run, hurry, ride hallooing, or tramp, gun on shoulder, for three hundred and sixty days out of the year—just to keep flesh-warm. I suppose that for five days of an average twelve-month, and maybe for six in a leap year, you may comfortably sit and think in our Northern woods—say for three hours of five days per year. Well, fifteen hours per year is not enough to give to thought. Yet how can we give more? We must retire into our houses and devote our minds to getting coal with which to keep going our open fire-places. So we are styled barbarians.

Things that spell death to Thought and to the Arts are discomfort, cold, rain, hunger, poverty, and care—or, in the alternative, over-comfort, repletion, wealth, waste, display, and absence of care. Moderation and modesty are bad too, but not so bad as immoderation and immodesty. It is, in short, bad to be brought up as the careful child of an impoverished widow; but far worse to be son of the automobile owner whose chariot swings along the corniche, the owner being owner because of his talent for robbing the widow, the orphan—and the thinker.

Let us, then, sit here and imagine a world in which reign only Thought and the Arts. The air is exactly flesh heat and still; as far as Corsica there is no sail upon the Mediterranean; round us those ceaseless whisperers, the olive trees, and those incomparable sieves for the wind, the tufts of rosemary, thyme, and lavender, are for once silent and a flat rock with another for back makes an admirable seat. And, indeed, to call up such a world needs no feat of the imagination, since that world exists. It would be absurd to say that the world of Catullus, Heine, Shakespeare, Corneille, Newton, Descartes, and Renan is not as real—and as regnant!—as the world of casinos and Promenades des Anglais for whose bloomings the manure is the sweat of mines, factories, offices, and brothels.

It is real enough, though you cannot reach it in a Rolls-Royce along any corniche of this world.

Astonishingly real—yet amazingly elusive! When we were young, amidst simple problems as plain as the nose on your face, we trod the earth with buoyancy; greeted fearlessly all the doubts of mankind. And the solution of the Riddle of the Universe seemed always just round the corner, just on the tip of the tongue. The next five minutes was to bring us to it. I don't know how we lost the illusion, but at some point it was gone—as if at the end of some long stage of railway journey we had found that we no longer held the copy of yesterday's paper that we had meant to keep. Its place is taken by another illusion—the illusion that somewhere there is a region where the clearnesses of Thought and the exactitudes of Art are honoured: a region where we might find refuge and peace.

You would say it must be somewhere, in some fourth or fifth dimension. You can almost see its landscapes, certainly its atmosphere, blue-grey, still, like horizontal wraiths of blue smoke across the mellow gilt of calf-backed books. And in that region neither wealth nor prestige are desired; neither medals nor cups; no gold, no banquets; no carbuncles, ermine, or crowns; only clear thought, beautiful images, peace, and the whisper of olive leaves. There the poor dare plead!

Well, let us sit upon our rock and think. Far away to the right, like a thin water-beetle letting run out behind it spinnings of pale silk, something hastens from the horizon: the evening boat from Corsica to Nice, I daresay.

And what stands out in our world of Thought and the Arts is this: It is only England and France that matter—England for all the finenesses that she has produced and ignored; France for all the glories that would have been for ever hers had she not owned Provence. On the fate of England, trembling in the balance, and on the destinies of France, hang the hopes of all the world.

Let us, for heaven's sake, be insular and—as long as we

include France—bold, bad, remorselessly exclusive. We are not now in a world that concerns itself with international commerce, sham diplomacies, politico-economics; hardly even with military good-fellowship. We are not here to lick-spittle to the United States for the sake of a few dollars; to prop up Prussia so that midland chimneys may smoke; to carney to Japan; or to interfere with Soviets, like the fools that we are. These are not the concern of Thought or of the Arts: they are the games of savages who out of ham-bones, skins, beef-tins, and dyed potato sacks make gods for themselves. Did you ever talk to a diplomat? I have talked with one, almost omnipotent, about international affairs when he happened to be rather drunk and I very angry. If you had heard that conversation you would know why the world of great industries is staggering to its ruin amidst imprecations.

So let us, for heaven's sake, say that it is only these two countries that matter. Imagine the bottom of the sea falling out and, into the cavity, England going down. There would be a considerable whirlpool. Imagine France to follow: there would be no more world—not any world of Thought and the Arts. Its backbone would be gone.

For professional or personal reasons you may dislike, or profess to dislike, the French spirit; you may deny merit to every French masterpiece, but you cannot get away from the fact that French Art and French Thought form the touchstone for the Art and Thought of the world. The line Diderot-Chateaubriand-Stendhal-Flaubert in pure expression with the Renan-Taine-France strand for analytic-propagandist expression is our standard as far as method is concerned. Ignore for the moment the artistic side; you may reproach Renan for his anti-Christism, Taine as a reactionary, or France as an unscrupulous, Left-Propagandist; but, whether you be left or right by temperament or for profit, you cannot get away from it that the Renan-Taine-France method in controversy is *the* method in controversy. There is no other for you if you wish to destroy an opponent.

Hannibal, the annalist tells us, made his road smooth over the rocks where we are sitting—*aceto infuso*—by pouring warm vinegar upon them. These words have puzzled me ever since, with a beswinged breach, I sat upon the hard bench of the little schoolboy and dropped round tears upon the words. For I could not believe our form master's gloss to the effect that Hannibal's pouring warm vinegar on the troglodytic heaps above Roquebrune dissolved the great stones so that they crumbled into a road soft for the feet of his elephants. I not only couldn't believe it, but I could not even profess to believe it. So it was: "Boy! Down with your small clothes!"

But I believe it to-day. Renan, up against an impregnable rock of Gallican-Papistry, poured out the warm vinegar of his style; Taine, courteous reactionary, *his*; in the Bergeret series M. France poured out *his*: and convents and monasteries vanished from the soil of France; the Revolution was discredited; the Dreyfusards triumphed. . . . These triumphs were only temporary. But there is no lasting triumph. Look at Corsica out there, the purple pyramid with, against it, on the warm-coloured sea, one triangular, lonely, pink sail!

Controversy, of course, is of small value in the world of Thought; of none in the world of the Arts. But it is for ever confusing the issues. It is obvious that a Proper Man should pay some attention to such subjects as religion, politics, patriotism, and philosophy as it is practised. Then, the popular mouthings of a Huxley or a Haeckel, the pompous acridities of a Herbert Spencer; the incisive blood-savageries of a Nietzsche are a nuisance to a quiet world. Even Schopenhauer, with his terrific sentences and his, at bottom, misty sentimentalism of the North, causes on our still mirror a blur of half-thought, and even Darwin a mist.

Darwin, obviously, is different: a great, courteously absent figure, regretful if his movements knock off the tea-table a whole dozen of priceless porcelain vessels, but still inexorable. That makes it all the more lamentable that he wrote so

dullingly. For such a book as the *Descent of Man* is not dull, but it *abruti*'s the reader. The endless, undistinguished paragraphs; the absolute incapacity of the writer to put any fact dramatically; the stream of words inserted to make up a pedestrian cadence so that the pregnant fact strikes hardly any note at all in the reader's mind—all these things create an atmosphere of intense regret. For obviously every child should read Darwin—whereas only very stupid men *can* read him without effort. That is a great pity.

No doubt the tempestuous atmosphere of controversy in which this great man lived, Huxley & Co. bludgeoning Gladstone, Wilberforce & Co., induced a certain timidity in his actual writing, and he was unfortunate to be born in an era of moralising. Think how differently he might have written had his contemporaries been Hume and Fontenelle instead of Soapy Sam and Monsignor Dupanloup! Then we should not have had this sad, this intolerably sad, passage in the general summary of the *Descent of Man*:

"The moral faculties are generally *and justly* [italics not in original] esteemed as of higher value than the intellectual powers. But we should bear in mind that the activity of the mind in vividly recalling past impressions is one of the fundamental though secondary bases of conscience. This affords the strongest possible argument for educating and stimulating in all possible ways the intellectual faculties of every human being. No doubt a man with a vapid mind, if his social affections and sympathies are well developed, will be led to good actions and may have a fairly sensitive conscience. But whatever renders the imagination more vivid and strengthens the habit of recalling and comparing first impressions, will make conscience more sensitive and may even somewhat compensate for weak social affections and sympathies."

What a chloroform of a style; but for the Victorians, what an electric thought! And what a waste!

The function of the *Descent of Man* was to perform for

Protestantism almost exactly what *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse* did for papistry of the Archbishop Dupanloup type. I say *Souvenirs d'Enfance et de Jeunesse* rather than any other work of Renan quite advisedly. For, when he came to write that, almost, most wonderful of all volumes of reminiscences and to *poétiser un peu*, Renan had done his job. The facile papistry, the lace trimmings of the Third Empire were by that time gone, and Renan could afford, with tender and reminiscent cat's paws, the claws drawn in, to put together a poetised image of old Breton cathedral cities, of seminaries, of ancient peasant nobility; could afford to remember tenderly the faith of his mother.

The task for Darwin was by no means so finally accomplished when, in 1871, he published the *Descent of Man*; yet he knew it to be accomplished as far as it ever would be. He had knocked out of existence the seven-day creation—but Protestantism, unlike Catholicism, which is merely long-lived and Protean, is immortal, simply because it is not a faith but a frame of mind. But, allowing for that immense difference, the tempers of Renan and of Darwin when they were writing these two books were much the same. For each of them the hard fighting was over and, benevolently, they could employ themselves in getting together a few more instances.

Yet the one did no more than add another to the immense list of *biblia abiblia*; the other produced one of the classic masterpieces, one of the "type" books of the world. Why?

The answer is probably to be found in the "*and justly*" of the passage quoted from the *Descent of Man*—is to be found foreshadowed in these two words. For what business was it of Darwin's to take sides in a matter that could not concern him? Or, having taken sides, how could he devote himself, in the rest of the paragraph, to destroying the position thus once endorsed? For either morality is of more service to the community than intellect or it is not. It does not matter which way you answer, but the answer must be a "yes" or a "no."

Darwin, in fact, was either temporising or merely lazy in face of a department of thought that was none of his. And that probably is the reason why French thought is so much more keen than is our thought. We can afford to be lazy or to temporise in matters of thought that do not concern us: we may, as individuals, have to be exact about biology, but we can afford to be merely visionary or deferentially official when it comes to Life. For we do not need to live by thought alone. This the Frenchman must: he is too poor not to. He must have a clear vision of a whole cosmogony, or he must leave lacunæ. He cannot be clear as to critical evidence and write hazily or without brave vision about biology: he must leave biology out.

This difference between the two peoples may be temperamental, but I hope it is not. It may be due to climate, to relative standards of comfort; but I have gradually come to believe that it is due to the geographical pressure of life—to the fact that France is the road to here—to the Mediterranean, with its sun, its olives, and its illusion of easy wealth. It is only an illusion, but in the minds of all non-Mediterranean races it is an illusion stronger than the dream that the streets of London are paved with gold.

I became converted to this idea whilst writing an anecdote. As on that occasion I was writing in French, I will recapitulate it here since it struck me very much.

In another landscape then, with an outfield of thistles and a ground of dust, we were playing cricket, with axe-handles for bats, beef-boxes for wickets, and a tennis-ball. We were jumping about and making a good deal of noise: the ball ran in among the feet of picketed mules. The battalion had just come out from a nasty place.

I perceived, standing twenty yards off, a Frenchman that I knew—a man of very good, serious, high-bourgeois family, very tall, unbending, and unexhilarated. A pillar of blue-grey, with a blue-grey helmet, he was very lightly bending back so as almost to sit on his walking-stick and, quite motionless, he thus resembled a metal tripod. Through his monocle he was regarding my men, and he bit his moustache, which was cropped to resemble exactly that of the late Lord Kitchener. As I approached he said, in English:

"I find that very shocking! To jump about and cry out amongst the dust where have fallen so many men!"

I said:

"Mais M. le Capitaine! Nous venons de sortir des tranchées et cela remonte le moral des hommes!"

He repeated expressionlessly:

"All the same, I find that very shocking. When one comes out of the trenches one should think. Perhaps one should even pray a little: but certainly one should think."

I may point out that my friend was not only, like most of the French high-bourgeoisie, a Positivist, which is the same thing as an agnostic, but also an admirable performer with the football—of international rank if I am not greatly mistaken. At any rate, I remember that before the era of those troubles I had argued stiffly with him—against his devotion to football, which I foresaw becoming as much a nuisance in France as it is in England. I had indeed also argued with him, but more mildly, in favour of the Church of Rome and so, by implication, in favour of prayer during times of stress. That had been two years before and had taken place in the Citadelle of Carcassonne—in the barracks where, on a vast whitewashed wall, in red letters, in the dining-hall stood the legend: "*Soldats du —e! Deux étendards de votre régiment sont dans le musée de Potsdam. N'oubliez jamais.*" They had not forgotten, and so the chance of those times had thrown us together.

Well, then, in face of that crude realism our positions completely reversed themselves, and he stood, not so much grim as with the silent intentness of a cold duellist putting aside my arguments with his one statement. From time to time he would look up in the course of a monstrous shell going overhead to fall far behind us, then he would repeat

that in the intervals of desperate days perhaps one should pray a little. Certainly one should think. And that is the real lesson of France to the world of abstract thought and of the Arts.

As for me, I was furious—properly enough, considering the time and the place and the natures and vicissitudes of my comrades. I never looked up at any shell: I was too heated. And when—as was inevitable—he made his speech to the effect that no doubt I should look at things differently had we a devastating foe astride our islands from Manchester to York, I fair let him have it, as we used to say.

But I think he was right—if, for the occasion, grudging. The truth is that the French cannot afford to be thought-free—not ever! They never could, and, make what military dispositions they may, they never will be able to. As long as they possess Provence or one inch of the shores of the Mediterranean they will always have, stretched from Manchester to York, as it were, potentially devastating foes. Centuries ago it was us with our Black Princes *chevauché*ing from Calais to Bordeaux; and four centuries later it was all Northern Europe from Dutch William's days to Marlborough's, to Frederick the Great's, to the days of the world alliances against the French Republic. Yesterday we know of: to-morrow we do not. It may well be us once more, should we grow poor again and the Mediterranean shores retain their illusion of easy wealth. These are, indeed, the tears of things: it is well to think about them.

I will permit myself another military anecdote. It was my sad fate towards the end of the late occurrences to be ordered to lecture on history and the like to several thousand Other Ranks—and twice a day! And twice a day I used to ask the question—it was in our border country of raids and forays, a very northerly north!—

"If you had lashings of money: all the money you could ask for, and if you had lashings of leave: all the leave in the world! what would you do?"

According to the official records of attendance, before completing that tour of duty I must have asked that question of over 210,000 men and of several thousand officers. I never but once got an answer beyond a usual gasp of agony at the image I had raised. But, happening to lecture to my own regiment, which regarded me, I suppose, as more amiable and less formidably highbrow—for to other units I was generally introduced by a regimental sergeant-major, or sometimes even by a general!—I asked that usual question. From the back of the dining-hall, 09 Evans, Pte. D., the licensed humorist of the battalion, answered my "What would you do?" He called out bravely but with immense feeling:

"*Go mad!*"

It gave me the chance to answer myself better than usual, for after many orderly rooms I knew 09 Evans as well as I knew any man. And:

"Oh no, you would not," I answered. "With a white waistcoat and a Panama hat, with a fat cigar in your lips, three dozen of Veuve Clicquot in the rumble, a tart in your arms, and a gramophone braying beside the chauffeur, you'd be running down through the South of France to make a hog of yourself in a white-and-gilt hotel at Monte Carlo."

And a dozen awestruck voices whispered: "Gawd! Old 'Oof's struck it!"

They called me "Old 'Oof" in that unit. But whether they were disclosing their own secret thoughts or merely referring to the known proclivities of 09 Evans, I don't know. A little of both, I daresay.

Now, supposing I had asked the whole quarter million of All Ranks at once, not in detail: What would they do if they were down and out, homeless men, but with small arms, Lewis guns, ammunition, Mills bombs, side arms, gas cylinders, transport, officers—but no rations?

It is really that possibility that makes the French think when they come out of the offices of daily life. For it is that question that gets itself asked in the hearts of men, down all

the centuries, not merely in Yorkshire or Pomerania, but in Bokhara and Bagdad and Samarcand. They would march towards the Mediterranean, and the peoples that lay in their path might well pray. In the meantime they think!

And that "Gawd! Old 'Oof's struck it!" deeply uttered, gives the measure of our disservice to the world. Our Thought, heaven help us, is apt to seem the product of brains filled with greenish porridge; but that is rather our own affair. If we do not choose to cultivate our grey matter; if we choose to let it become an obsolete organ we miss the highest of pleasures. We substituted for it—in the last century—Victorian morality! That also does no harm in the world save to ourselves alone, and possibly to America. And it is a mistake too violently to undervalue Victorian morality in its aspect as a material safeguard.

A morality is a race-era protective device: as thy day, says the most gracious of all promises, so shall thy strength be. So, for the nineteenth century, Victoria, Queen, aided by Samuel Smiles, hack-moralist, produced the type-proverb: Honesty is the best policy! From that arose the monstrous comfort-legend—the monstrous legend of over-eating, over-drinking (which is quite different from "drinking"), over-cushioning, over-pigskin-leather furnishing, over-servanting, and the whole tale of the Late Victorian "Establishment." All that was the product of Victorian morality, and the great white Queen saw to it that no one got on, at least socially, who did not subscribe to the morality of Mr. Smiles. It was a pretty complete affair—that life over which Mr. Galsworthy is now shedding tears.

From this hard grey stone, 900 feet above the Mediterranean, it may well seem a fairly loathsome one. In this France, from the south to the far north of the Pas de Calais, every man, from the railway porter to the legitimist Prince de So and So, eats every day the same sort of fare, and no man, not an Englishly corrupted millionaire, eats more than one meat meal a day. Nor, with the same reservation, in any

French home will you find the English club armchair—and some of us content ourselves with the grey stone that was once brushed by the feet of Hannibal, of Cæsar, of the Saracens. Here—or hereabouts—in this South Country of the olive trees Epictetus once wrote the greatest of all counsels to humanity: "*Non dux, sed comes, voluptas.*" Let Victorian comfort be, not your commander, but your comrade in the ranks.

But if Victorian comfort, establishments, and club armchairs have ruined the world—as we may hope to prove—we may as well speculate for a moment as to whether the world might not have been much worse without them. Victorianism came at a time of immense, of incredible, material development. Supposing the court of Victoria had been as corrupt as the court of Napoleon III! I do not mean that England would have been as poor as France: she would have had her immense resources and would have exploited them. But she would have been immeasurably more trying. As it is, Victorian standards lasted for just long enough to let us have to our credit the only noble, the only fine national action that recorded history can show the world. We ourselves have forgotten that; but when we are legends and one with Leonidas, the world will not forget that last aftermath of the Victorians. Perhaps we have even two fine gestures to our credit; perhaps the freeing of Ireland was the second. Or perhaps Ireland is not really free and it was not. At any rate we have the one. No other nation can show the like. One may remember that whilst pouring warmed vinegar upon most of our other achievements. With our naïve morality and the greenish porridge of our brain-pans we saved for the world the Thought of France.

Nevertheless, in a changed era that particular protective morality, conducing as it did to that gross standard of comfort, had already become the flail of the world—since it had come to typify the lowest common denominator of humanity. The Late Victorian Englishman had, heaven knows, every right to call himself God's Englishman; to regard himself as being,

he alone, *Homo Europæus Sapiens:* his clothes, manners, habits, fare, trappings, vehicles, sports—his establishment! had become, in each direction, the type for the comfortable of all the world—for the Japanese as for the inhabitant of Berlin, for the buck negro as for the Turkish revolutionist. This the world cannot afford. Only one race at a time can get as much out of the earth of the globe. And that is the tragedy.

Below the grey stone on which we sit, below the belt of rocks, lavender, and olive trees runs a white ribbon of life of an intense vulgarity. It is the expressed ideal of 09 Evans, a tragedy of waste, of brayings, of pimpings, marbles, cheap gildings. It is what *we* have given to the world—a product of peace more terrible than the product of any wars. And, indeed, of such peace products wars are the inevitable consequences. We fought lately—and the best of us died—in order to decide which overfed women-folk of which pot-bellied group of men should hang more costly skins of wild beasts, eat, make one braying noise or another and more luxuriantly commit fornications along that white ribbon. It is we Anglo-Saxons who are now enjoying these pleasures here. It would be better if we didn't: better for us and better for all the world.

What we need is a line of devastating foes, stretched always from York to Manchester. Then, when we came home from our offices we might sit and think. We should have to—as down the centuries the French have had to.

It is dangerous to write in that way—to have the air of making concessions to Puritanism, Puritanism being worse for Thought and the Arts than a wilderness of 09 Evanses. The Proper Man would be better engaged riding, drunk with that latter hero and his female companions, than in sitting with the late Mr. Comstock in heaven or with the English official critic in his study. To sit drunk in a motor-car is merely not to think. The other two gentlemen employ themselves in murdering thought and the expression of thought.

All the same, an impoverished England would be a better England; a sempiternally threatened England, a better England still. For then we should discover not merely the necessity, but also the pleasure, the glory, of Thought.

In the end, a civilisation is measured by the proportion of its citizens that can sit still on grey rocks and think. There is no higher pleasure; there is no other pleasure absolutely unharmful to the republic or to the world. Nor is there any other occupation that so leads to Empire. Obviously there must also be Saturnalia—but they must be reasonably limited in duration and not held up as the sole idea, for an imperial race. *Non dux, sed comes, voluptas.* . . . It is true that the Athenians went to war with the inhabitants of Megara because these latter would, continuously and without consideration, trample over, make paths through, and destroy the Athenian garlic fields. In spite of that, those Greeks, of all peoples the most frugal and uncushioned, seated on the rocks above the Mediterranean—still these Greeks rule in the world of Thought or of the Arts. You may write what you like to disprove the glories of the Age of Pericles—or of the Age of Flaubert!—but still, with Gladstone, Soapy Sam, and the Duke of Argyle, you must be Platonian teleologist; or, with Darwin, the biologists, and him of Croisset, be Aristotelian-empiric. That is because so large a proportion of the Hellenic citizens could take pleasure in sitting on the grey rocks amongst the olive trunks, and because the highest crown to which they could aspire was fashioned not of gold, but of parsley.

On these heights the darkness falls very quickly, and then there are said to be Presences. Do you, beside me, remember the story we heard the other day—about the charming young couple who . . . "broke it off" is, I believe, the phrase? I have been thinking about it.

"There was never," you remember one of them said, "such a place for sunsets, and the sea below the lighthouse, the Mediterranean!" A great sea you may voyage ten years upon if you do not know it to be a lake to cross in a day.

Julian, then, of Birmingham, and Maid Marjorie, coming, I believe, from Leamington, went walking round the Cape. There were olive branches dry above their heads. There were marble clinkers, crushed, beneath their feet. Round them the trunks of pines trod a bewildering sarabande—slow! You could see no foot move: grey, gliding as they walked.

They carried between them an inclination born of country Sundays in summer, of duck-ponds, pink clouds, the showers of April, Midland hundred-acre grass fields, Birmingham chimneys, spring exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and a million snapshots of the daily papers. So flesh yearned to flesh as chastely as it might through Harris homespuns which are non-conductors. And the night fell. But they were both—both English to the backbone.

They were inarticulate: he with a slowly bovine, tranquil glance, honest as mutton; she, with summer-sky eyes and quickly flushing cheeks, all peach down—twenty-three and twenty-nine. Far below them on extravagantly artificial grass, fantastic under light bulbs, beneath palm trees sat their careful, hoping mothers over the coffee-cups, after dinner. On the lawns of the *Hotel Splendide* they discussed—as they discuss who are expecting shortly to become "connections"—the disillusionments, the long strain, of life. There are, of course, "prices"; there are, of course, the *famulae*—those who should sweep the hearth and more usually neglect the duty. These are the tears of things! . . . But, with astonishment, each lady, agreeing that the disillusionment, the long strain of each came from a not impossible, but still sufficiently trying and disillusioning He—each lady discovered to the other that their two males, each, had in them a delicate spot, a not usually alluded to flaw. English to the backbone though both of the children were, Julian père had, as you might say, a touch of the tar-brush, and the father of blushing Maid Marjorie, with her summer-sky eyes and peach-bloom cheeks —as again you might say, a yellow streak. . . . Possibly a Huguenot great-grandmother, something of Castilian in the

ancestry—or Armenian, Aramaic, Circassian, Palestinian, Romany, Roumanian. Neither, at any rate, was pure Birmingham or pure Leamington. And both ladies sighed—for from such blots on the scutcheon comes undependability that gives rise to the disillusionment, the long strain, of life.

The night fell; the arms of the lighthouse whirled; the two ladies drew together their wraps. Up on the dark foreland were their two children: it was fortunate that they were both English to the backbone. Julian mère, gathering her sewing together, would depart to the *Hôtel Albion Excelsior et de la Grande Brétagne*—for, naturally, in the circumstances the two families could not sleep in the *Hôtel Splendide*. There are the *convenances!*

What had happened, then, up amongst the trunks of the tall pines and of the distracted olive trees? There was a stone seat there, more ancient than the Phoceans, dating from before the days of the Etruscans. But you would say that the whirling arms of the lighthouse would have kept away all evil influences! At any rate that young, marriageable pair appear to have sat there all night. Perhaps they thought; perhaps even they prayed a little.

A little after dawn they emerged from the pine and olive wood, walking down-hill towards the marble and gilt hotels—marriageable still, obviously, but determined not to marry the one the other. And this resoluteness neither the pleadings of Maid Marjorie mère nor those of the wife of Julian père could at all shake. The one used the word "compromising"; the other foreshadowed what would—what *could*—be asked round the hearths of the residential districts that encircle the city of Birmingham. Their arguments were unavailing. Marry the one the other the young people would not!

What peeping, prying, embracing, interlacing, stately moving, Divine featured and bosomed beings pervade these rocky hill-sides after dark? What happened there on that cliff with the old rock seat? For to you, as I understand, Maid Marjorie has confided that she would bear children to

no man that could not come to her in the guise of Hermes Trisme . . . Trisme. . . . She was not certain of the rest. To me Julian has confided that no woman should share his bed, to bear him children, who was not the living image of Astarte of the Syrians. And, both, they sighed deeply.

The two mothers declare in unison that that is what it is to have in you a touch of the tar-brush, a yellow streak. But the reason seems insufficient. For who of us that is British to the backbone hasn't? Not you! Not I! Hardly one. It may be the saving of us yet. . . .

But over Mont Albon, with its Saracen towers, the crescent moon is declining; the constellations are appearing in the dusky purple of the heavens; mists arise on all the headlands; the Mediterranean is a darker purple than that of wine. What is that that rustled in the rosemary? "Did you see that? Peeping out beside that gnarled olive trunk?" . . . "Yes! I saw it!"

I think we had better go down the hill before it grows too dark and take the tram to Monte Carlo.

A NEW SHAKESPEAREAN TEST

By W. J. LAWRENCE

ALREADY the establishment and collation of the considerable number of important new facts elicited by the widespread investigation that has been diligently pursued during the past twenty years of the physical conditions of the old platform stage and the conventions to which it gave rise have proved fruitful of good results. If only because of the alteration it has caused in the prescribed attitude towards the entire corpus of the Elizabethan drama—an attitude of mild contempt mitigated by a narrow admiration—this work, so long looked on askance as mere idle antiquarianism, has fully justified itself. Order has been evolved out of seeming chaos. It has at last become apparent that dramaturgy existed in Shakespeare's day, a dramaturgy, with all its faults, more individual and more racial than our own, and, checked by this knowledge, we are ceasing to judge the seventeenth-century dramatist by our own standards and beginning to estimate him by his own. His technique, so far from being inferior to ours, was merely different. Look at his work through his own glasses and you will find few ragged ends.

Sanity is returning. Even Shakespearolatry itself under pressure of the new knowledge is suffering a sea-change. The rare and radiant genius of the clarion-voiced broadcaster of the eternal verities no longer appears unrelated, phenomenal, anarchic; though aloof and solitary, Shakespeare is to be observed following the band, though occasionally quickening his step. We recognise now that he was the product of his environment, if rising superior to it, and some day we shall

cease to view him as that hopeless, unaspiring thing called a god, and see in him that entity of infinitely greater potentialities—a man. When that day comes no one will dispute the patent fact that Shakespeare the player was Shakespeare the poet any more than he would question the capacity of a hen to rear a duckling because the duckling is of another species and has powers denied to the hen.

Assuredly we have as yet hardly penetrated beyond the vestibule of our knowledge of the great Elizabethan age. Manifold are the possibilities of scientific investigation. If, like Glauber, we seek the philosopher's stone, we shall probably be rewarded by finding something as useful as Glauber's salts. It has been given to me, after many castings of a wide drag-net in Elizabethan waters, to land a moderate-sized fish. While pursuing an agreeable study of platform-stage music—not so much of its music perhaps as of the methods of its employment—I stumbled across certain facts which prove on examination to constitute a new Shakespearean test. Since it is seriously disturbing to be compelled to keep readjusting one's historical perspective this find, I am thankful to say, is not gravely revolutionary, though possessed of a certain serviceableness. Narrow in its application, it has bearing only on the accepted chronology of divers of the plays first published in the Folio. Within that limitation it enables us to verify or discard existing theories and to establish the earliest possible date for the stage use of these particular texts. The test itself lies in the mention of certain musical instruments in directions for incidental music, and demonstration of its validity calls for some discussion of the nice distinctions of early playhouse routine.

Emphasis must be laid at the outset on the dividing line between the two kinds of theatres flourishing in Shakespeare's prime. These were known distinctively as the public and the private, but since both were equally public in the latter-day sense, they will be better identified now as the common and the select. Architecturally, artistically, and economically

they were widely disparate. Fundamentally, however, the difference was one of prices of admission. The select theatre charged more and gave more. It provided less homely fare, better comfort. Its supporters were protected from the elements; in the open-roofed common theatres the groundlings often suffered from the pelting rain. Smaller in dimension, the so-called private house had some of the qualities of the *théâtre intime*: there the broad or noisy effect jarred. Excessive robustiousness, however, was precluded by the fact that, during the first thirty years of its history, its occupancy remained the prerogative of boy-players. It is marvellous how the weakness of these little eyases eventually proved to be their strength. Devoid of passion and power, unable to try a fall with their mature rivals on their own ground, they made skilful resort to the intellectual charm of artificial comedy, excelled in the rapier-play of neatly-turned dialectics, risked the dangers of juggling with the flaming torches of personal caricature, and, above all, availed of their training as church-choristers to exert an irresistible attractiveness by the superior beauty of their music and song.

In the early select theatre, since the audience was fastidious and the house small, everything tending to create disturbing noise was carefully eliminated. Hence, not only do we remark the avoidance of certain kinds of plays, but striking differences from common-theatre routine in the methods of performance. It is easy to divine why the Chronicle Play, with its alarums and excursions, its drummings and trumpeting, had no place in the boys' repertory. We know from an alternative instruction in one of William Percy's quaint manuscript plays that the firing of chambers—perhaps the most popular of Bankside stage effects, and, because of that popularity, destined to prove disastrous to Shakespeare's Globe—would have been viewed as a rank offence by the select-theatre audience at the dawn of the new century. It was due to this sensitiveness that the boy-players sedulously avoided the use of the trumpet in the traffic of the scene. That, no doubt, was

a remarkable abstention, viewing the gratefulness of trumpet flourishes as an aid to stage illusion and the frequency of their use elsewhere. It was not as if there had been distinguished precedent: there was no taboo of the trumpet in court performances. But, as it happened, its employment in the select theatre could be evaded without difficulty. One must recall that, both on the stage and off, the trumpet in those days was nothing more than a military and ceremonial instrument. Not until means were devised of mitigating its blaring and correcting its out-of-tuneness in Purcell's closing years was it possible to use it for vocal accompaniment or as an orchestral constituent. In the select theatre, thanks to the eschewal of the Chronicle Play, there was little call for it save in the necessary heralding of royal approaches and departures, soundings of no great frequency which could be otherwise (i.e. conventionally) conveyed. In a word, where trumpets were demanded, the boy-players substituted cornets.

To the latter-day mind this will appear a distinction without any particular difference: only musical antiquaries know how little resemblance exists between the sixteenth-century cornet (or zinke) and the instrument that now bears its name. Ranking in the category of wood-wind, the old cornet, so far from possessing trumpet-like tones, was merely used as a substitute because it was ready to hand, the boys being accustomed to sing to it. It has been graphically described as "a kind of flute with a tone larger and coarser than that of the oboe." Commonly it was a horn-shaped, leather-covered, wooden instrument with finger-and-thumb holes (after the manner of the recorder) and a cup mouthpiece. But there was also a straight cornet, known indifferently as still, mute, or flat, milder in tone and generally resorted to for playing in a minor key. A set or "nest" of cornets (as the phrase went) consisted of three, the High Treble, with a compass of two octaves from D^1, the Ordinary, a fifth lower, and the Great Cornet, an octave lower in pitch.

If the boy-players shunned the trumpet, there was equally

good reason why the men-players should have shunned the cornet. To the musician it was the bow of Ulysses: unless played well it sounded badly. In the select theatre, the musician and the actor were identical, the boys having all received a strict musical training; in the common theatres, where few of the men-players had sound musical knowledge, the offices were kept separate. Since luxury of music in the Shoreditch and Bankside houses would have meant a serious extra expense, the men made no attempt to compete with the boys on lines where their superiority was incontestable. In the select theatre the play was an excuse for the music; in the common theatre it had to stand on its merits. The men accustomed their public to certain musical abstentions and did not even vouchsafe it music between the acts.

The boys made use of a great variety of musical instruments—lutes, bandorins, viols, cornets, regals, and recorders. Of the regals and cornets they had practically a stage monopoly. Occasionally, in the act-intervals they were played together, but, as a rule, the cornets were heard alone. And, as much owing to their prime adaptability as to their likeableness, they were heard frequently. Some illustration of their use in three of the early select theatres will establish their gratefulness. In several of Marston's plays their substitution for trumpets is marked, particularly in *Antonio and Mellida*, a Paul's production of 1601. In this, just as the action is about to begin, "the cornets sound a battle within," and all through the first act they are kept busy executing sennets and flourishes. In the same author's *Wonder of Women, or the Tragedie of Sophonisba*, brought out at the Blackfriars a year or two later, they were perpetually in evidence and fulfilled a multiplicity of offices. We find them announcing the arrival and departure of the prologue, beguiling the time (in conjunction with the regals) in the first interval, accompanying the boys when they sing and when they dance, bringing the play to a close with a flourish. In an earlier Blackfriars play of Marston's, *The Malcontent*, where their employment

is equally various, they are to be noted at one juncture doing duty for hunting horns.[1] Letting another year or two elapse and turning to a third theatre, the ill-fated Whitefriars, we discover the cornets in 1607 in *The Dumb Knight* still doing active service for the trumpets, and, in this particular case, doing little else. But here, as elsewhere, there was no pretence at imitation: the thing was frank substitution. Florio could openly command, "Sound cornets, princes respect your guards." There is equal straightforwardness in *The Malcontent*.

In the solution of a problem arising out of this differentiation lies the new Shakespearean test. The point is this. No extant common theatre play of the period anterior to the second decade of the seventeenth century presents any indication of the use of cornets by the adult players, and no select-theatre play of the same period gives any clue to the use of trumpets by the boys. Subsequently, however, we find both kinds of instruments employed occasionally in the one play, sometimes separately, more often in conjunction. What is the secret of this change?

The explanation does not wholly lie in the tendency towards standardisation in matters of theatrical routine, since there was no complete standardisation while the platform-stage lasted. Other factors came into play. The private theatre, as originally constituted, had within it the germs of its own inevitable dissolution. It was diametrically opposed to fundamental principles. The theatre is essentially a socialistic institution and depends for its permanence on its universality of appeal. Sooner or later, exclusiveness makes for preciosity, that fen-fire whose fleeting gleams are but the phosphorescence of decay. The children's playhouse could not avoid this danger, but it survived it, having in its music and song an antiseptic which put off the evil day. Even as

[1] This explains the curious direction "Winde hornes of Cornets" (elliptically given a little later as "Winde hornes") in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, Act III, sc. 1, a forest scene.

it was, spice had eventually to be found at all costs for the jaded palate. Resort was made to topicalities seasoned with outrageous personal caricature, what, in medical jargon, proved an heroic remedy: it only served to precipitate the end.

Though a few details are vital, it is unnecessary now to give a full account of the collapse. Within a period of twelve months, in 1607–1608, circumstances of various kinds brought about the dissolution of the three existing children-companies. Over-supply, spelling diminished profits, grave personal offence, and the severities of the plague—all played their part in the general downfall. It is hardly conceivable that the Blackfriars boys had ridden for a fall, but it is certain that they had essayed foolhardily to take an impossible fence. Silenced in the spring of 1608 for audaciously satirising both King and Court, but the King especially, they went into voluntary liquidation shortly after. In August, while plague of more than ordinary virulence was raging (it was to last another fourteen months, much to the discomfiture of the players), the lease of the Blackfriars was surrendered to Burbage, who made it over to the Globe sharers. Consequently, what was experienced late in November 1609, when theatrical activities were renewed, might almost be characterised as epoch-marking. Doubtless that would be exaggerated language to apply to the occupation of the Blackfriars by the King's Men, though their coming meant the first appearance of an adult company in a select theatre.

It was then that standardisation of method first set in; but, though some uniformity was at once attained, wholesale revolution was checked by the trend of events. Armed with a new patent, Philip Rosseter, the court lutenist and composer, resuscitated the Children of the Queen's Revels for a few years at the Whitefriars and with them the old select-theatre principles. The opposition thus set up to the King's Men was not of any particular importance, but it was serious enough to prevent any material diminution of the conven-

tional provision of music and song. But there were curious compromises: for one thing, though the old cornets were retained, the men brought over their trumpets from the Bankside. So rigorously was the pristine musical standard maintained that Whitelock, in writing in after-years of "the Blackefryars Musicke," as he knew them in 1634, says they "were then esteemed the best of common musitians in London."

If we seek evidence of the persistence of the cornets in the select theatre we shall find it in H. Fitzjeffrey's *Notes from Blackfryers*, a quaint poem issued in 1620 describing the assembling of a typical Blackfriars audience. Notable in the motley procession is an affected creature, a sort of Miss Nancy, much in demand among the ladies as a dancer of jigs and galliards. He pretends to despise the only accomplishment he possesses:

> "Yet marke! No sooner shall the Cornets blow
> But ye shall have him skipping too and fro."

It is a nice question, a question having important bearings on the matter in hand, whether musical supply and routine at the Globe were in anywise affected by its interlinkment with the Blackfriars. Since the King's Men made the latter their winter resort and returned to the Bankside in the summer, there is just a possibility that little by little the Globe became influenced by the higher musical standard of the Blackfriars and the great prominence given there to music and song. But it is a possibility and nothing more: no positive evidence exists to give weight to the likelihood. With the foothold so uncertain it will probably be deemed an impertinence for me to express an opinion; but, fortified by certain intuitional assurances, I take my courage in both hands. Viewing the conditions, it is gravely to be doubted if standardisation of musical supply and musical routine were effected at the two theatres. Uniformity on all lines would have meant uniformity in the prices of admission, and we know that the

King's Men maintained the old superior rates at the Blackfriars. To continue to charge more meant continuing to give more. It must be remembered also that control of this matter lay in the hands of the principal players, and not of the capitalists of the concern. It was they who paid the musicians, and, as their profits were less at the Globe, there was need to economise. Since these considerations would operate against complete standardisation, I am forced to believe that evidence of musical routine at the Blackfriars during the long period of its occupation by the King's Men is not evidence for the Globe during the same period.

All that can be seriously advanced against this inference I shall advance myself, but, leaving speculation on one side for the time being, so as not to confuse the issue, it is vital to inquire what conclusions can be safely arrived at from the plain facts. According to my reasoning, they are two in number, and both valuable as tests.

(1) All play-texts specifically the property of the King's Players and indicating the use of cornets were prepared for stage service after October 1609.

(2) All pre-Restoration texts whatsoever (whether of new and original or old revised plays) calling for the concurrent or separate employment of cornets and trumpets were texts made for use not earlier than the close of 1609.

My first conclusion has particular bearing on the Folio text of *The Merchant of Venice*. The direct source of this has been hitherto lacking, since it agrees wholly neither with Q. 1 nor Q. 2, though presenting similarities to both. Thanks to the test, it can now be shown that the Folio reproduced a prompt copy made in the middle or perhaps late Jacobean period. The evidence lies in certain stage directions in the second act not to be found in either quarto. In the opening scene of the act the entry and exit of Morocco are marked, not by a flourish of trumpets (as they certainly would have been *ca.* 1600), but by a flourish of cornets. Beyond doubt, in this particular version the princely suitor's

coming and going were always likewise distinguished, but it is to be noted that in his second (or casket) scene the direction which should follow his departure has unaccountably lagged. We find the missing "Flo. Cornets" after "Enter Salarino and Solanio," where, of a surety, it has no *raison d'être*, since only persons of high rank were honoured with trumpet- or cornet-heralding. It requires further to be remarked that although at a later juncture a cornet-flourish announces the approach of Arragon, the direction for his departure and the accompanying flourish are missing. It would appear from this —other evidence to the same effect could be advanced—that the Folio reproduced recently made prompt copies when such were available: a conclusion which, viewing the extreme likelihood of revision by another hand on revival, is rather disturbing to belief in the Folio's complete authenticity. Happily *The Merchant of Venice* escaped serious tinkering.

My second conclusion deals with two kinds of plays: (*a*) those in which, for some inexplicable reason, trumpets and cornets were indifferently resorted to for the execution of flourishes; (*b*) those in which, for reasons equally incomprehensible, trumpet flourishes were followed by the music of cornets. In this connection, I may say that after an exhaustive study of early dramatic texts extending over a score of years, I know of no play falling within either classification with one possible exception, that mysterious piece of disputed authorship and unknown history, *The Thracian Wonder*, which cannot be definitely recognised as the property of the King's Players. Not only that, but three of the discriminated plays, Beaumont and Fletcher's *The Double Marriage*, the so-called Chapman tragedy, *Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany*, and *The Two Noble Kinsmen* were distinctively Blackfriars plays. It would seem that these new methods of stage routine originated with and were long pursued by the King's Players, even if it cannot be claimed that they were allowed to remain wholly peculiar to them.

Of the Folio plays two, *All's Well that Ends Well* and *Coriolanus*, belong to class (*a*), and one, *Henry VIII*, to both classes. Examination of the evidence adds considerably to our knowledge regarding them and suggests the lines of future inquiry.

Regarding *All's Well that Ends Well*, what has long been surmised, viz. that only a rehandling of the original has come down to us, can now be substantiated. Sundry directions show that so far from slavishly reproducing the early Globe text, the Folio derives its inspiration from the latest prompt copy. Not only have we in Act I (at the opening of sc. 2 in the later divided versions) "Flourish Cornets | Enter the King of France with Letters and divers attendants," but at the opening of the succeeding act the King's coming is again so heralded. Possibly the Duke of Florence's arrival and departure in Act III were distinguished in precisely the same way, but there is no certainty about the matter since the accompanying instruction in both cases is for an undefined "flourish." Positive inconsistency, however, reveals itself in Act V, sc. 2, with Lafeu's comment, "The King's coming, I know by his trumpets," an undoubted relic of the original play. Here it might be argued (since a parallel case can be advanced) that the discrepancy was purely one of oversight in revision, and, that although a flourish was heard, it was not necessarily a trumpet-flourish. In *Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany*, a "flourish of cornets" is given in Act III when the Emperor retires to rest, and at the close of the play trumpets are bidden to sound and proclaim Richard's accession to the throne, though the accompanying stage direction is missing. But, as in the case of *All's Well*, *Alphonsus, Emperor of Germany*, was an old play refurbished. Although in the Blackfriars repertory in 1636 and played then before Queen Henrietta and the Elector Palatine, it dated back (as Fleay points out) to the end of the sixteenth century. To advance this argument seriously, however, would be to menace truth with plausibility. There are other plays in which revision

cannot be suspected, notably *Coriolanus* and *The Thracian Wonder*, where the same discrepancy is to be found.

If there be validity in the new test, *Coriolanus* cannot have been produced before the end of November 1609, and seems more likely to have seen the light a month or two later. In either case it would have been a Blackfriars play. Though distinctly of the drum-and-trumpet order, a greater variety of incidental music was vouchsafed in this production than in any of the old Chronicle Histories. By adroit, persistent use of this expedient the martial atmosphere was curiously intensified. There was, indeed, a remarkable foreshadowing of modern melodramatic methods. The trumpets began to blare early in the first act, but it was not until the taking of the town in the seventh scene that the cornets gave a flourish. In Act II, sc. 1, the trumpets sounded again three several times, after which, at the close of the scene, the cornets had another brief innings. The same order with better balance prevailed in sc. 3. Afterwards, though there was a considerable variety of music, including a united burst of trumpets and hautboys accompanied by the beating of drums and a dead march, the cornets were heard only once again, in a flourish at the opening of the third act. One cannot discern the glimmer of a system here, yet, if analogies go for anything, some sort of system there undoubtedly was. The difficulty is to determine why cornets should have been provided solely (as it appears) for occasional flourishes when trumpets could have done all the work.

It needs no ghost from the grave to tell us that *Henry VIII* was written after 1609, and, on that score, my second conclusion is of little practical value. But there is another point demanding consideration, a point which necessitates a close examination of the internal evidence and some little soaring into the regions of conjecture. What we have to ask ourselves is, Have we solid reason to believe that *Henry VIII* was a new play in June 1613, at the time the Globe was burnt down during its performance there? Doubt has been long cast

on this common acceptation. Arising out of this question comes another for subsequent consideration: Have we any reason to suppose that the text of the play preserved in the Folio is not the original text?

Whether or not he was the first to combat the opinion that the play had been originally produced at the Globe, Fleay was one of the earliest. Writing in his *Life and Work of Shakespeare*, he says:

"The prologue shows that the extant play was performed as a new one at Blackfriars, for the price of entrance (?) a shilling, l. 12, and the address to 'the first and happiest hearers of the town,' l. 24, are only applicable to the 'private house' in Blackfriars; the entrance to the Globe was twopence, and the audience at this 'public house' a much lower class."

All this is so speciously put that it is only after one has made full and careful examination of the prologue the fallacy becomes apparent. Since there are lines in it which could not possibly have been addressed to a private-audience audience, the points singled out by Fleay must be otherwise interpreted. The initial mistake is in taking a shilling to be a distinctive Blackfriars price. It was nothing of the kind: the allusion has equal application to the common theatres. For proof we have not to seek beyond Webster's induction to the new version of *The Malcontent* played at the Globe in 1604, wherein we find the remark, "I say, any man that hath wit may censure, if he sit in the twelve-penny room." According to Dekker, the twelve-penny room was as much resorted to by the gull as by the critic, and it is certainly to the gull rather than the critic the gird in the prologue applies.

It is true that, strictly viewed, the frequenters of the Globe, though made up of all classes, were not "the first and happiest hearers of the town," but prologues were not sworn testimony and compliments were cheap. Moreover, it must be borne in mind that if the Globe was a common theatre, it was the premier common theatre. It was probably in that sense

that the compliment was intended. There is, however, no need to labour the point. No scholar will pretend that the following passage from the prologue was addressed to a Blackfriars audience :

> " Only they
> That come to hear a merry bawdy play,
> A noise of targets, or to see a fellow
> In a long motley coat guarded with yellow
> Will be deceiv'd."

The objection here is not alone that " the fool and fight " were wholly uncharacteristic of select-theatre plays : there is distinct allusion to the plebeian taste of the Globe audience. Now that the gallants were all for rapier-and-dagger play, the good old sword-and-buckler (or target) fighting had become out-moded ; but it still remained the delight of the populace. We have evidence of this at a much later period. Although originally intended for the Blackfriars, Shirley's tragi-comedy, *The Doubtful Heir*, was first brought out at the Globe in June 1640. The prologue warned the audience that the play had been designed for a different public and presented little appealing to its particular taste :

> " No shews, no dance, and what you most delight in
> Grave understanders, here's no target-fighting."

Truth cannot be ignored, but, unfortunately, in refuting Fleay I make matters worse for myself. If the text of *Henry VIII*, as it has come down to us, represents the text of the original Globe production and faithfully reports the musical routine followed in that production, then my belief that cornets were only used in the select theatres and that there was no standardisation of musical methods has no foundation in fact. But that belief is so strong in me that I am forced to seek some escape from the dilemma. If cornets were indifferently employed at both kinds of theatres before 1623, it is curious that we find no trace of their

use in certain of Shakespeare's later plays, notably *Antony and Cleopatra* and *Cymbeline*. (I recognise, of course, that many musical directions are missing : but the fact remains.) Shakespeare apart, it is seldom save in avouched select-theatre plays one gets as full musical instruction as in *Henry VIII*. And just here it is essential to give a partial summary of its incidental music, omitting nothing having bearing on the present inquiry.

Cornets, not the conventional trumpet-flourish, herald the coming of the King in Act I, sc. 2. It is noteworthy, however, that when he enters later on with his masquers, hautboys usher him in, precisely the instruments employed when the Queen makes her appearance in the fourth act. In Act II, sc. 4, the scene opens with, " Trumpet, Sennet, and Cornets," a curious but not altogether rare combination whose necessity it is difficult to fathom. Afterwards we hear no more of the cornets, though it is possible they were used as an accompaniment to the choral singing or to the dancing. The coronation procession was precluded by " a lively Flourish of Trumpets " and brought to a close with a " Great Flourish " of the same instruments.

The fact that in the original Blackfriars version of *The Malcontent* the prologue marched on and off to the music of cornets suggests that at a later period the custom of combining trumpets with cornets began by heralding the characters with a flourish and bringing them on processionally to a cornet accompaniment. Something similar was often done very effectively in the Shakespearean representations of forty years ago. But if this was the origin of the custom, it was subsequently given other application. A considerable number of stage directions combining trumpets and cornets cannot be explained in this way. Either they are not associated with processional entries or (more rarely) the order of the instruments is reversed. An example illustrative of both exceptions occurs in *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, Act V, sc. 2, where, the scene being a place near the lists, we get " Cornets. Trompets

sound as to a charge." Later on, during the unseen combat, the cornets alone were used six times for flourishes. More puzzling still is the system followed—if it can be so styled—in *The Double Marriage*. In Act II, sc. 2, while a sea-fight is going on in the distance, we get "Flourish trumpets, cornets," though in the previous scene at the opening of the encounter we get only "Charge, trumpets and shot within." Elsewhere in the play trumpets and cornets are used indifferently for flourishes, cornets being solely employed for the purpose in Act III and trumpets solely in Act V.

Struggle as we may, the flood of facts carries us swiftly towards the conclusion that in the middle Jacobean period the coarser feeding public of the Globe was regaled with as rich and dainty a musical feast as the fastidious public of the Blackfriars. In the circumstances it is natural for those who resent the activity of mere blind force to glance ahead for some low-hanging tree-branch on which to cling. It may be that the impact of passing fellow-creatures will eventually break my hold, but at present I am hanging on tenaciously to a slender clue. Sir Henry Wotton, in his urbane, historic letter detailing the circumstances of the destruction of the Globe, states that "the King's Players had a new play called *All is True*, representing some principal pieces of the reign of Henry VIII, which was set forth with many extraordinary circumstances of pomp and majesty, even to the matting of the stage." Now, there is cogent reason to believe that *All is True* was the title, not the sub-title of the play: the prologue harps on the truth of the incidents about to be portrayed (possibly because much that was in Rowley's earlier Henry VIII play, *When You See Me, You Know Me*, was not true). How came it then, when the play was first printed in the Folio, the original title was ignored? Does not the substitution point to a revival at some subsequent period when the old title had lost its significance? With a decade intervening there was abundance of time for revival; as a matter of fact most plays which won any acceptance were

generally resuscitated after a lapse of some five years. Moreover, the trick of altering titles was extensively practised. Three several items of evidence prove that after 1618 *Twelfth Night* was known as *Malvolio*.

So far as the seasoned playgoer was concerned, a spice of speculation was added to his interest in old plays by a practice which might be characterised as wholly peculiar to the times, were it not that some slight traces of it are to be found in Restoration days. Let the piece be strong or weak, whether it called for amendment or not, it was usually revised before reproduction by a second hand. Lucky indeed was the masterpiece that escaped maltreatment. Shakespeare suffered equally with Marlowe. In this connection it is curious to note how long Davenant has been unjustly execrated as the premier perverter of our great national dramatist. At least one of the masterpieces he tinkered had been tinkered already. No doubt his conduct was reprehensible; but let us not forget the school in which he was reared and how difficult it was for one of that school not to be blinded by precedent. Here and there in the Folio traces are to be found of the early poisoning of the wells. *Troilus and Cressida*, *Macbeth*, *The Tempest*, none is free from suspicion of impurity.

Owing possibly to a lack of grasp of the conditions of the times, no one hitherto has expressed any doubts as to the authenticity of *Henry VIII*. It has been taken for granted that the Folio text is thoroughly representative of the original Globe play. Yet, when one comes to think of it, nothing can be advanced against the supposition that the source was a later Blackfriars prompt-book and something can be said in its favour. The internal evidence gives strong support to that theory. So far as any sort of system can be determined, the promoters of the First Folio seem to have preferred the latest text to the purest or best. Suspicion has been lulled as to the prime authenticity of *Henry VIII* by the presence of the original prologue, but the anomaly of the publication of the original prologue in conjunction with a later text is not

without parallel. We find it exemplified in the first quarto of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*.[1]

Revival practically spelled revisal, and it is less difficult to assume a revival of *Henry VIII* before 1623 than it is to assume the contrary. Admit the probabilities and the text takes on a new aspect. On the whole, are we not warranted in believing that the play, so far from being the results of collaboration, was written by Shakespeare alone and revised subsequently by Fletcher or another? The circumstances of the authorship were too recent to be lost sight of, and on this ground only could the inclusion of the play in the Folio have been justified.

[1] For details see my article, "New Light on *The Two Noble Kinsmen*," in *The Times Literary Supplement* for July 14, 1921.

GREECE

By HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL

THE voyage to Greece is, of all the voyages that we undertake, the most intellectual. Half-sensual curiosity, ever the hidden background of so many voyages, sends us hither least of all, and it almost seems strange to us that Greece should receive us, already before we land, with something least now in our thoughts: an enchanting, altogether Eastern perfume mixed of orange-blossom, acacias, laurel, and thyme.

We had undertaken an intellectual pilgrimage and had forgotten that this landscape could breathe a fragrance other than that of memories. We are too intellectually impatient towards the things we have come to see. We carry too many souls in us, that mingle with ours their aspiration after these hills and temple ruins. We arrive, lost in a sheaf of shade-like companions. But the moment we land, feel the real rock beneath our feet, take in the fresh and sunny air, they all desert us. We are at the vestibule of our heart's desire and feel that we have lost our guides. Until a short while ago, when the ship was still in Sicilian, "Greater-Grecian" waters, Goethe was with us. He remains behind as the Italian shore stays behind us. We feel all at once that he is a Roman. Between us and him is the wonderful head of Juno Ludovisi. We recall that he had never seen a real antique, a sculpture of the fifth century; and the serenity with which he, with Winckelmann, invested his antiquity is for us but a momentary phase of the German soul, nothing more. But the great intellectuals of last century, who have revealed to us a darker, ruder antique—their intuition, too, has suddenly no longer the same luminous power. Burckhardt, his fellow-countryman

Bachofen, Rohde, Fustel de Coulanges—incomparable interpreters of the dark background of the Greek soul, strong torchlights on a sepulchral world—but here is something different. Here is no tomb ; here is so much light, and in this light they have not dwelt. In its brilliancy their visions all take on a leaden hue ; we leave them behind.

The first impression of the landscape on setting foot here is a stern one. It dismisses all reveries, historical as well. It is dry and meagre, expressive and striking as a terribly haggard face ; but above it is a light the eye has never seen before, which gladdens it as though it had just awakened to the sense of sight. This light is unspeakably clear and at the same time unspeakably mild. It brings out the finest detail with a distinctness, a mild distinctness, that raises the heart's beat, and it bathes the surroundings in a—I can only express it in paradox—transfiguring haziness. It can be compared to nothing but spirit. Things could be lying there in some wonderful intellect, so alert and so becalmed, so separate and so united—united by what ? Not by the mood, for nothing is here remoter than that swimming, sensual, and intellectual dream-element—no : but by spirit itself. This light is bold, and it is young. It is the emblem of youth and goes to the very core of the soul. Till now I regarded water as the wonderful expression of that which never grows old ; but this light is young in a more penetrating manner.

They tell me this is the light of Asia, the light of Palestine, of Persia, of Egypt ; and I realise the unity of history that for thousands of years past shapes our inner destiny. Troy—the Ten Thousand under Xenophon—Cleopatra—Theodora of Byzantium, too—all these adventures become, through the chiliads, as intelligible and united as the parts of a single melody. The ruses of Odysseus, Plato's irony, the impudence of Aristophanes : there is a wonderful likeness in them all, and the formula for such identity is the light.

Whatever lives in this light really lives ; without hope or longing, without pomp : it lives. " Live in light " ; it is

that. To go out of this light, to become a shade—that was dreadful ; against it there was no consolation. " Rather a slave above than Achilles here "—none can understand such a remark without having seen this light. . . . From a hilltop I see a few goats on any craggy slope. Their leaping, the poise of the head, this is all real, yet like the most idealistic sketch. Besides their animal nature these creatures have something divine about them, from the air : this light is the never-ceasing nuptial of spirit with the world. A precipitous peak, a stone-pine or two—a little field of wheat—the old roots of a tree clinging to the fissured rock—a cistern, an evergreen shrub, a flower : these have no aspiration to mingle with the whole, each lives for itself ; but for-itselfness in this light is not the same as isolation. Here or nowhere individuality was born ; but to a divine and companionable destiny. In this air one is splendidly individuated—but one is not forsaken ; as little forsaken as one of the gods wherever he appeared or rode the air. And here all beings are gods. That stone-pine, as beautiful as a Phidias statue, is a goddess. Those spring flowers, diffusing fragrance and brilliancy down a meadow slope—it has been said, and rightly said : they stand there like little gods.

Here was the birthplace of man, as we understand him : for measure had here its origin. The remains of a temple—three columns with a fragment of pediment—and their proportions to a solitary oak standing near, with its leafy crown set against the sky, is so beautiful that it almost rends the soul as do the profoundest harmonies of music ; even the seemingly firm dome of the sky is brought somehow into the beautiful scheme ; a person stepping between the columns, a peasant seeking a little shade in which to take a meal from his fist, a goatherd with his dog, makes the beauty so perfect that the breast swells over the heart. Nothing that we know of their cultus appeals immediately to our imagination ; their ceremonies, so far as archæology has disclosed them, are as objectionable to us as the sight of dancers to one who cannot

hear the music. Nothing of their mysteries is comprehensible to us but this : the relationship of the human form to the stone-built sacred temple.

The view from Acrocorinthus includes two seas with numerous islands, the snow-clad summit of Parnassus, the mountains of Achaia : the light brings into it all a kind of order that gladdens the heart—we have no better word for it than music : but it is more than music. What a lesson this light is to the thoughtful beholder ! No exaggeration, no blending —view everything singly, but view it in its native clearness. Do not discriminate, or force one to the other : it is all separate, all united ; remain composed : breathe, drink it in, and live.

Nothing is more difficult in this landscape than to say whether a figure is near or distant. The light renders it distinct and at the same time spiritualises it, transmutes it to a haze. But the power of a gesture at a hundred and fifty paces is great ; a sign from the agogiates suffices to call the shepherd to us with his waterskin from out of a distant cleft of rock. Wonderful to reflect how in this light the ships' captains at the battle of Salamis gave down their orders from the coloured wooden bridges, though no human voice could have made itself heard in the crash and roar of the battle ; and how towards evening, in this atmosphere of vibrating silver, Greek eyes, intent on the outstretched hand of Themistocles, decided the fate of the world.

In this pellucid air the Homeric gods and goddesses are constantly appearing ; nothing seems more natural as soon as one has become accustomed to this light. We come from a northern clime and our imaginative powers have been moulded in its northern semi-darkness. Although possessing a sense of the mystery of space we thought it not possible to glorify it in any other manner than that of Rembrandt : by means of darkness and light. But here we realise that there is mystery in a fullness of light. This light invests figures with mystery and at the same time with intimacy. They

are only trees and pillars that our glances embrace in this light : at the utmost the mute forms of the caryatids at the Erechtheion, half virgins and half pillars still ; yet in this light their physical beauty is overpowering. But the gods and goddesses were living statues, in whose eyes beneath the heavy, almost stern brow there burnt the fire of passion ; and in this air, which gives to each form, even to a blossoming branch, at once a haze of reverence and desire, we can divine the look with which Paris, the solitary shepherd, measured the three goddesses as they came to him through the sparkling air, swollen with pride and jealousy of one another, willing to stake all to gain the award of victory.

What a situation ! And does it not support, like a diamond that no weight can crush, the whole of the momentous, obscure action of the *Iliad* ? Yes, these myths are true in yet another sense, other than we thought. We loved them because they are the products of the most harmonious imaginative power ; but there is in them more of the magic that penetrates man immediately from the real than we were aware of. Before the first sunbeam strikes Parnassus something with the colour of a rose is actually laid on its highest peak—exactly the colour of a living rose, and no more than the breadth of two fingers, two fingers of a woman's hand put lightly on the edge of a ship, and with as delicate a movement as that of the hand of a woman ; and here it costs the fancy less effort to see Eos with fingers of roses flying westward away with the swiftness of a dove, than to call up in the semi-darkness of our eternal winter afternoons the image of a blossoming hedge.

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But it is not in search of the picturesque that we have undertaken our journey. Here we are seeking a highest crest of humanity. We wish to comprehend the sacred edifice ; join in festivals that verge on the sublime for austerity and beauty. The things we had more guessed than experienced when deciphering our Æschylus—we will participate in them directly, bodily. Impatience rises within us, unmanageable,

to discover in forms and figures some highest intellectual achievement; an impatience that is the consolidated impulse of how many ages—and is it not Schiller's intrepid, great soul above all that rises in us? His visions of the antique, the continually recurring passionate postulate that the idea of beauty, which his inner eye understood so well, must be found incorporated somewhere on earth—least of all must these things be confounded with the irresponsible "writings" of the average literati: Schiller believed what he wrote, and he hurled his whole personality like a flag far away from himself in the turmoil of an eternal spiritual battle in which the future mingles with the past, and in which we too occupy a place.

The discovery of highest intellect in corporeal vestiges—here on Greek soil the postulate loses its extravagance, which amounts almost to brazenness. In this light spirit is actually body and body is spirit more than anywhere else on earth. An ode of Pindar which glorifies boxing matches—looking over its pages in this light, the actual contest—the mighty wrestling and striking, body against body—seems to come of itself to the very midst of the silvery fire of this poem. The place of the Olympic festivals, where Athens, of which we believe we know so much, met Sparta, of which we know so little, brings them both nearer together. We realise that both were Greeks and that it was Greek life in the highest sense which embroiled them and made them grip each other to the death of both. Our etiolated Winckelmann ideal, which had brought beauty too near to the graceful, and to an enervated gracefulness—too near to Canova!—and still lurks somewhere within us, had made us forget how closely related beauty is with strength, and strength with everything terrible and menacing in life—how else could it bring life to its knees!

But here, before these mighty remains, we are reminded that Castor and Pollux were Helena's brothers, and that they were robbers of guests, woman-stealers, and powerful boxers. When we recall the Antigone we swear: she was a sister of Achilles, and her defiance of the king is not of less primordial

power than that of the son of Thetis when refusing to leave his tent in the teeth of the supreme commander and the hundred chiefs. These ephebes without names, these "dew sisters" of the Acropolis, these korai, young virgin priestesses, recovered from the ruins after the Persian destruction—they are splendid beings, powerful above all. There is something unattainable in them, something more incomprehensible than in the most beautiful Gothic figures—but also something more complete: we scarcely understand them—but physical sight never before so stirred the spiritual and bodily in us at their deepest foundation, there where they are one. This completeness is the last word of the culture in which we root: here is neither occident alone nor orient alone; and we belong to both these worlds.

A whole figure in marble, standing before us, we still see, perhaps, with a romantic eye. Perhaps we lend it too much of our consciousness, our "soul." Let us be careful not to mingle the infinitely different spheres. But even a composed and very attentive glance fixed upon one of these fragments: an arm with its hand, a half-uncovered shoulder, a knee of a goddess underneath the flowing drapery; in a few seconds this glance too, while dismissing every accessory influence, is inevitably overcome with the feeling of complete perfection, in which intellect and sense equally take a wonderfully balanced share. These hands, as beautiful as they are strong and without ostentation of strength or beauty, how well they justify the saying of Anaxagoras: man is the cleverest of animals because he possesses hands. How the νοῦς of Anaxagoras has its free play in these wonderful organs of the body! Organs, implements they are, but no duller, no less spiritual than words. At the sight of these expressive, clever, stately members, pregnant with strength, the philosophic language of the Greeks becomes revealed to us like a chain of mountain peaks in a flash of light. Here the tracks of body and spirit lead in one direction: and they all lead to the Lion's den.

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The Grecian landscape as it is to-day is likely to disappoint at first sight, but only at first. Present-day Greece is a deforested country, with a certain hardness in its contours which is nevertheless enlivened by the spiritual, delicate light that plays around them. But we look in vain for the " rising hills " which so fascinated Fallmerayer from the shore, or the thicket of chestnut-trees, plane-trees, and oaks, with a thousand bushes between, through which he descended from a mountain cliff. But the rising hills were in the neighbourhood of Trebizond; in the thicket of trees he was looking down from the Athos ridge: the Volo peninsula, for centuries a preserve belonging to the sultaness-mother, still has its famous chestnut woods: this all lies outside Greece proper. Attica, however, had only one forest remaining, and that was set on fire during the war in order to remove the king, whose country residence stood in the midst of it; the " leafy Bœotia " of former times is now a stony hollow, with a wheatfield, an olive grove here and there. But this hard and arid landscape possesses elements of beauty which never fade from the memory.

In the September number M. Valery Larbaud begins a sort of fiction-journal, " Mon Plus Secret Conseil," which is international and self-analytical, very much in the manner of the inimitable " Barnabooth," which is the begetter of many of these recent books of cosmopolitan psychology.

Mercure de France, June 15 to August 15.—There are no symptoms that the *Mercure de France* is making any effort to adapt itself to the views of the new generation or to recruit fresh talent; it is an excellent miscellany with no particular aim and no originality. Its Chauvinism is no great compensation for the mediocrity of its fiction and poetry. The contributions to the " Revue de la Quinzaine " are of very unequal merit. Yet there are several articles in these numbers from which something can be learned; among them M. Brunet's article on Pascal; M. Chestoff on Descartes and Spinoza; M. Mélia on Stendhal; Dr. Maurice Benoit on colour audition; M. Auguste Lumière on " La Prémonition dans le Rêve "; M. Léonce de Grandmaison, " Jésus dans l'Histoire." There are two poems by Natalie Clifford Barney in the number for August 15; and a long, tedious article on the American novel by Professor Villard, who sketches the early history of the American novel—Fenimore Cooper, Hawthorne, to Henry James—mentions Mr. Dreiser and Mr. Cabell, and devotes an inordinate amount of space to Mr. Sinclair Lewis.

Les Marges, July 15.—" La Publication de *Salammbô*," by M. René Descharmes, author of " Autour de *Bouvard et Pécuchet*," a learned Flaubert commentator; " Les Courtisanes," by Louis Coupérus; translations of several of Mr. Hardy's innumerable poems.

August 15.—End of M. Descharmes's article. A parody of the Comtesse de Noailles.

Europe, June 15, July 15, August 15.—Poems by Constantin Balmont, translated by Mlle Ludmila Savitzky; " Un Vagabond joue en Sourdine," by Knut Hamsun, translated by G. Sautreau; Élie Faure's " Rythme de l'Art "; an article on the Florentine fêtes of the fifteenth century by M. J. Mesnil; " La Chronique de Chennebuchet " by Léon Werth.

La Revue de Genève, June, July.—Ivan Bounine contributes a short story, Lord Dunsany a " conte," Mr. George Moore an article on Pater; M. Marcel Dunan writes on the " Nuits " of M. Paul Morand.

R. A.

GERMAN PERIODICALS

One could scarcely conceive of a time less favourable to intellectual and imaginative activity than that through which Germany has

passed during the past twelve or eighteen months. Yet at least three important German literary reviews have been established in this period—a hopeful sign amid much that is disturbing and depressing. They are the *Neue deutsche Beiträge*, which is apparently to be published in February and July of each year; *Faust*, which is monthly, and the *Deutsche Vierteljahrsschrift für Literaturwissenschaft und Geistesgeschichte*, which, of course, is quarterly.

The first of these, which began in July 1922, is the most attractive, both in regard to *format*, which might have been expected from its publishers, the Bremer Presse, of Munich, and in regard to its contents, which might have been expected from its editor, Hugo von Hofmannsthal. In a short and dignified introduction to the first number Hofmannsthal recalls the foundation, more than thirty years ago, of Stefan George's *Blätter für die Kunst*, which still appears now and again when George or his disciples have anything to say. Further, Hofmannsthal recommends to intellectual Germany, in this dark hour, a "discreet respect" towards intellectual Europe, combined with sincere respect towards herself. And finally, after recalling the instruction and inspiration to be drawn from ancient Greece and Italy of the sixteenth century, he appeals to the names of Goethe, Novalis and Kleist.

The first contribution is by Hofmannsthal, his play *Das Salzburger grosse Welttheater*, which was performed successfully at the Salzburg Music Festival last year, and is recognised, even by those who are inclined to criticise a modernisation—as it is—of one of Calderon's best-known *autós*, as a remarkable attempt at establishing a modern religious drama. Certainly it alone gives unusual distinction to this first number of the new review. It is followed by a poem by Rudolf Borchardt, a member of the George and Hofmannsthal group, who deserves not to be hidden from foreign students of German literature by the better-known poets. In the July 1923 number there is an extract from Borchardt's new translation of the *Divina Commedia*. A third notable contribution to the first number is an essay on the madness of Hölderlin, an interesting and moving study of a poet who means a great deal to Germany to-day, by Norbert von Hellingrath, a young poet and critic, destined, it may be suggested, to have written the best appreciation of Hölderlin's genius had he not fallen in the war.

The February 1923 number of the *Neue deutsche Beiträge* also contains a play by Hofmannsthal, *Der Turm*, an impressive prose-drama of royal tyranny, against a conventional seventeenth-century background. It has so far not been published separately. In the third number the most notable contribution is an essay on Sappho by J. J. Bachofen, the Swiss philologist and sociologist whom Nietzsche knew

and to a certain extent was influenced by. The study is written from the religious and social rather than from the literary point of view. It is taken from the writer's work, which is well known to legal students, *Mutterrecht*, but deserved a wider audience. A play, *Da Apostelspiel*, by Max Mell, in the same number, is a sign that Hofmannsthal is going to allow his younger contemporaries to find expression through his review. A regular feature is the pages of "Miscellen" at the conclusion of each number. Sometimes these are slighter essays by living writers, but most frequently they are reprints of less well-known pages of criticism from the German classics —above all Goethe, Novalis, Kleist, Grillparzer, Hölderlin, and Lessing.

Faust (Berlin: Erich Reiss) is an art-review, with a regular illustrated supplement for collectors. Its literary contributions so far do not seem to be of special distinction, but its book-notes should interest bibliophiles.

The *Deutsche Vierteljahrsschrift für Literaturwissenschaft und Geistesgeschichte* (Halle: Max Niemeyer) is a strictly critical, literary-scientific, and philosophical review, solid and authoritative. In its first number a prominent living philosopher, Konrad Burdach, discusses the classical personification "Cura" and its appearance in Goethe's *Faust*. Other essays deal with the verse-forms of the Minnesingers and the question of historic objectivity in German philosophy as far as Hegel. The motto Hofmannsthal takes—quite appropriately—for his *Beiträge*, "res severa verum gaudium," would not entirely fit the *Vierteljahrsschrift*, but "res severa" is accurate enough.

A. W. G. R.

SPANISH PERIODICALS

Revista de Occidente, July. This is the first number of a new review. Its aims, by a coincidence which, if we have any faith at all, we must accept as significant of the present direction or tendency of intelligence in the older European nations, appear to be much the same as those of THE CRITERION, and there is no doubt its editor, José Ortega y Gasset, would subscribe to the two notes on "The Function of a Literary Review" and "Literature and the 'Honnête Homme'" that appeared in our last number. In fact, a preface to the number makes this clear enough. It appeals to the "happy few" who seek to keep their minds free of the froth of newspapers, and their gaze directed towards significant events, whether in art, science, or life. It will be cosmopolitan in the sense that it does not consider wisdom to have national boundaries, and, for this reason, its pages will be open to foreign writers on an equal footing with those of Spain. Finally, it hopes in time to become the meeting-ground of all those who are resolved to see clearly.

This first number is attractive. It opens—after the preface—with a vivid account, half *conte* and half poetical description, by Pio Baroja, of a fair at Marseilles. I may perhaps be allowed to quote an amusing anecdote of a vessel approaching the port :

" Se contaba que una vez iban [*in a fog, I should explain*] el capitán y el piloto de un barco haciendo sondajes.

— Capitán—decía el piloto—, tenemos cincuenta brazos de fondo: Roca.

— Estamos lejos aún—murmuraba el capitán.

Seguían navegando. Poco después el piloto volvía a sondar y decía.

— Capitán, veinte brazos. Arena.

— Bueno, ya estamos cerca.

Al cabo de algun tiempo, el piloto exclamaba :

— Capitaine, quinze brasses de fond. Merde.

— Alors, nous sommes à Marseille—decía el capitán con seguridad."

The editor contributes an article on the poetry of the Comtesse de Noailles, and draws a parallel with Sappho. George Simmel, a Professor of Philosophy at Berlin who died recently, discusses the philosophy of fashion. Adolph Schulten, Professor of Classical Archæology at Erlangen, writes of Tartessos, the most ancient city of the west, now buried at the mouth of the Guadalquivir, and identified with the Biblical Tarshish. Notes on Biology (by Fernando Velo), French Nationalism (by Corpus Barga), and on Spanish and French books and personalities terminate the number.

F. S. F.

ITALIAN PERIODICALS

Il Convegno. Founded, after the war, by a group of writers at Milan. Editor : Enzo Ferrieri. Programme : selection, discipline, and order. It has a library, concert-, lecture-, and reading-rooms. We notice that F. T. Marinetti has been lecturing on Baudelaire, Verlaine, Mallarmé, Rimbaud, Laforgue, and other French poets, who, whatever else they were, were certainly not futurists. Alas, we had lost sight of M. Marinetti, since the day when he sought to initiate a Neapolitan audience in his new art of touch, " tattilismo," and the audience, whether spontaneously or of malice prepense, introduced M. Marinetti to an unexpected branch of the art, expressed in flying eggs and vegetables. M. Marinetti did not wait to be touched. He seems to have retired to some secret place, where he could savour in peace the exquisite, æsthetic " tactilism " of . . . treacle trickling down his back.

January–February. *Pensieri ai Pittori,* by Ugo Bernasconi. Some sound sense in these *pensées.* Notes on modern French books by Giuseppe Prezzolini.

March. *La letteratura olandese del tempo presente,* by Hermann Robbers. Notes on Italian literature (Adolfo Albertazzi) by Cesare Angelini, French literature (Marcel Proust) by Giuseppe Prezzoline, and English literature (David Garnett, *Lady into Fox,* and Katherine Mansfield) by Emilio Cecchi.

April—May—June. Number devoted wholly to the theatre, an exploration preliminary to an attempt to renovate Italian dramaturgy. Enzo Ferrieri writes an introductory article on theatrical art, Eugenio Levi and Emilio Cecchi on the history of the Italian theatre until the present day, Lorenzo Montano on Gordon Craig, Gio Ponti on Appia, Enzo Ferrieri on Jacques Copeau, Max Pirker on Max Reinhardt (these three articles with illustrations), Giovanni Grandi on Russian scenography, and Cesare Padovani a review of a book, *La décoration théatrale,* by Léon Moussinec. An amusing note on Gordon Craig and one on how W. B. Yeats picked his actors out of the streets—did he ?—by C. L.

F. S. F.

AMERICAN PERIODICALS

The Dial, June–August 1923.—The *Dial* remains what it has now been for two or three years—one of the best literary miscellanies. " Miscellany " is, of course, a derogatory word ; a unity of aim, or the service of some definite critical standpoint, is a more difficult and a more adventurous course to pursue, implying greater possibilities ; but within the limits of its category the *Dial* is unrivalled. A good few contributions, such as George Moore's play *The Apostles,* may be already familiar to English readers, but there is plenty of original material besides. In the July number there is an important and not quite despairing estimate of modern German painting by Julius Meier-Graefe, the conclusion of which is, that " the earnestness of these days has not done harm to German art. After the parroting of the last generation, it is trying to get into its own sphere. The road there leads through labyrinths. Discipline—a too facile concept with us Germans—is not an absolute protection. Success depends upon more elementary conditions. We shall gain an art if we succeed in rescuing our humanity from the ruins of Europe." In the August number Mr. Bertrand Russell discusses the four ingredients of a good community—namely, instinctive happiness, friendly feeling, enjoyment of beauty, and love of knowledge. The best American contribution to these three numbers are continuations of the critical studies mentioned previously in this review : that of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks on " Henry James," and that of Mr. Thomas Craven on " The Progress of Painting." There are interesting poems by Alfred Kreymborg and William

Carlos Williams. And, finally, there are the excellent foreign letters of Thomas Mann (Germany) in the June number, and of Paul Morand (France) in the August number. From the latter may be quoted " a little-known anecdote which Proust told me less than a year ago and which is pretty because it marks the malice of Montesquiou as worthy of Saint-Simon. Montesquiou was related to the Marquise de B., who for years surrounded him with admiration and solicitude. Every day she wrote to him, opening her heart and seeking for affection and spiritual aid. The day after the death of the poet his secretary presented himself before the marquise and told her that, in accordance with the last wishes of the deceased, he was handing over a package to Madame la Marquise. . . . And this packet contained, carefully filed, all the letters written in many years by her to Montesquiou, *and not a single one of them had ever been opened by him.* I can still see my poor Marcel Proust, in the depths of his copper bed, transported with admiration for this posthumous malice."

Secession, No. 6, July 1923 :

Contact, No. 5, June 1923 :

These two magazines represent the " left " wing of modern American literature—and by " left " is to be understood something decidedly more individual than the *Dial*, against whose rather marked dependence on European reputations they protest. The considerable amount of experimental work in their pages should not be ignored. The result is generally one of ineffectual artifice, or merely of bad crudity ; but what matters is the seriousness of the pursuit, and the *possibility* of an original thing. This number of *Secession* is mainly devoted to a critical estimate of the work of E. E. Cummings, an original who at any rate has received the homage of his associates. But his originality is too evidently a question of punctuation and typography. To quote Shakespeare's dramatic punctuation in what was primarily an acting version of his plays is beside the point. You can, it must be admitted, punctuate and arrange your words on the page solely with regard to their quantity and tempo ; and Mr. Cummings does this with effect. But the first use of words is logical : they must be arranged and punctuated to express exact meaning. And really all that Mr. Cummings's experiments show is the possibility of two printed versions of every poem : one version arranged according to meaning and the other according to cadence. In England we should never find a publisher to appreciate these niceties ; in America they might.

The best thing in *Secession* is a quotation from Poe, which cannot be too often requoted :

" My first object (as usual) was originality. The extent to which

this has been neglected in versification is one of the most unaccountable things in the world. Admitting that there is little possibility of variety in mere *rhythm*, it is still clear that the possible varieties of metre and stanza are absolutely infinite, and yet, *for centuries, no man in verse has ever done, or ever seemed to think of doing, an original thing.* The fact is, that originality (unless in minds of very unusual force) is by no means a matter, as some suppose, of impulse or intuition. In general, to be found, it must be elaborately sought, and although a positive merit of the highest class, demands in its attainment less of invention than negation."

Contact has poems by Robert McAlmon, John Rodker, Glenway Westcott, Kay Boyle, and William Carlos Williams. The most successful of these is by Kay Boyle ; it might have been completely successful but for too many sentimental words of colour.

Rhythmus, June–July, 1923, is rather betrayed by its sub-title—" A Magazine of the Poetry of the Arts." But this number contains a story by Isidor Schneider that is virile enough, though rather poor in conception. There is also a poem by H. D., definite and graceful.

Poetry, June and July, 1923.—The number for June is a " lyric number." The July number has two long poems by women. One of these, " The Miller's Youngest Daughter," by Grace Fallow Norton, is perhaps only an extended imitation of Blake's " Little Girl Lost," but that does not matter very much, for it is as pleasant as a nursery rhyme, though not so nonsensical.

H. R.

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THE CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

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FOUR ELIZABETHAN DRAMATISTS

I. A PREFACE

By T. S. ELIOT

TO attempt to supplement the criticism of Lamb, Coleridge, and Swinburne on these four Elizabethan dramatists —Webster, Tourneur, Middleton, and Chapman—is a task for which I now believe the time has gone by. What I wish to do is to define and illustrate a point of view toward the Elizabethan drama, which is different from that of the nineteenth century tradition. There are two accepted and apparently opposed critical attitudes toward Elizabethan drama, and what I shall endeavour to show is that these attitudes are identical, and that another attitude is possible. Furthermore, I believe that this alternative critical attitude is not merely a possible difference of personal bias, but that it is the inevitable attitude for our time. The statement and explication of a conviction about such an important body of dramatic literature, toward what is in fact the only distinct form of dramatic literature that England has produced, should be something more than an exercise in mental ingenuity or in refinement of taste : it should be something of revolutionary