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THE CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

October 1924

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THE CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

Vol. III, No 9

OCTOBER 1924

A COMMENTARY

No periodical which professes a devotion to literature could neglect to associate itself with the general regret at the death of a writer who was beyond question a great novelist, and who possessed the modesty and the conviction which a great writer should have. Conrad's reputation is as secure as that of any writer of his time: critical analysis may adjust, but it will not diminish. He is now a permanent subject for critical study; the article in this number of *THE CRITERION* by Mr. Shand—which was written and accepted for publication while Conrad was still alive—will in time be followed by others considering various aspects of the novelist's work.

THOSE who belittle the importance of Oxford in the modern world should hesitate over the names of Arnold, Newman, Pater, and Bradley.

Francis Herbert Bradley. None of these writers has had, or could have, the prodigious popularity and apparent influence of the author of *Sartor Resartus*, or the kingdoms of this world which have been conveyed to Mr. H. G. Wells and Mr. Bernard Shaw.

They worked in comparative obscurity, or in the deceptive certainty of moderate success. But their intentions were not squandered upon their generation; and, in the gradual dissolution of nineteenth-century ideas and ideals, theirs are amongst the names which carry the most promise of future power.

Francis Herbert Bradley is dead: our contemporaries will no doubt record the fact respectfully, as the death of the last survivor of the academic race of metaphysicians, and will hurry on to the discussion of the latest scientific novelty. It is not for his achievements in his

time that I wish to honour Bradley; not even as the man who broke the authority of Mill, or as the man who restored the rank of Britain amongst philosophers. I am engaged with the future. The reserved power of Bradley's philosophy resides perhaps herein: that, with all his apparent debt to Hegel, his philosophy is quite unaffected by the emotional obliquities which render German metaphysics monstrous. His philosophy is English; but in a different style from that of the brilliant Cambridge school, which is in the tradition of Locke and of Hume, of Rousseau and of the French rationalists. Bradley was a scholar and fellow of the reputed college of a great mediæval scholastic; this is a mere anecdote, but it is true that his philosophy preserves some of the sweetness and light of the mediæval schoolmen. Who shall say that it does not draw some of its virtue from the genius of the place with which it is associated?

Few will ever take the pains to study the consummate art of Bradley's style, the finest philosophic style in our language, in which acute intellect and passionate feeling preserve a classic balance: only those who will surrender patient years to the understanding of his meaning. But upon these few, both living and unborn, his writings perform that mysterious and complete operation which transmutes not one department of thought only, but the whole intellectual and emotional tone of their being. To them, in the living generation, the news of his death has brought an intimate and private grief.

Shortly before his death Bradley received the Order of Merit: he was one of the very few who could bestow upon that order more distinction than they receive from it. There is, at this moment, one possible successor of whom we could say the same; and that is Sir James George Frazer.

THE Addresses delivered during this summer before the Meetings of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at Toronto, have recently been published. These addresses always form a document of general importance, though an uninstructed reader can hardly be expected to derive much knowledge from so technical a paper as that of Sir W. H. Bragg on Crystal Analysis. And, from the point of view of the same reader, too many of the papers this year deal with applied science instead of universal conclusions. But there are at least two which in spite of repellant titles can excite lively speculation in any intelligent mind: Professor F. W. Gamble's on "Construction and Control in Animal Life" and Sir W. Ashley's on "A Retrospect of Free Trade Doctrine." No doubt, there never was a time more

dangerous than now for the humble man of letters to paddle in the tides of science. There are so many volumes of popular science published, there are so many dubious studies calling themselves sciences—in which one active and impudent imagination is really almost as good as another—it is so easy for anyone to "talk intelligently"—that one must be very wary of making use of scientific generalisations. But Professor Gamble, who begins with the arresting observation that "zoological problems have become problems of control, and control, from implying mere restraint, has come to mean 'quickenings,'" encourages us toward the end by applying his conclusions to human civilisation, in which we feel that we have a right to be interested. Bearing in mind his first statement, we read that "life under dominance (*i.e.* highly developed control) tends to exhaustion, whereas isolation leads to the renewal of activity at a lower level of complexity," and "in so far as isolation leads to greater 'individuation,' we may look to the isolated as the source of fresh individuality and power to wield dominance, to be paid for in time, however, with the inevitable price of diminished progress." We do not know what other zoologists say to this, but it looks as if one distinguished authority thought that a uniform civilisation, in which the same films would be produced in every cinema in the world, was hardly a prospect to be desired.

I HAVE received a copy of a periodical, which, like the proceedings of the British Association, is capable of affording both pastime and profit; "Youth." and I note with regret that this is expected to be the last number. It appears to be the organ of a sect, or of a society, or of a group of sects or societies, which exults in all the activities appropriate to the dawn of a golden age. I fail to find any references to Major Douglas, but there is a great deal about the "Kibbo Kift Kindred"; it has a "clear-cut policy"—that "World Unity" which we have just learned to suspect. The Young Kibbo Kift Kinsman has much to do: for he must not only learn to light a camp-fire, and make his own Kibbo Kift costume, but must "have a sound general knowledge of comparative religion." And from *Youth* one learns also of the amazing spread of folk-dancing throughout Britain.

So far, this little paper is all that one would expect: it represents apparently an underworld of intellectuals which is perhaps no worse, but certainly no better, than the overworld of letters. Yet there are other things, absent and present, which are not quite what one expects, and are modern. Here and there one notices an absence of that humanitarian feeling which Mr. William Archer likes so much.

In particular there are two articles of interest, one by Mr. Ivor Montagu, who is not altogether an admirer of democracy, and an unexpected article by Mr. Cohen-Portheim, not altogether unfavourable, on the Vatican. Even the folk-dancing is slightly modernised; we may not desire that every boy and girl should have a "sound general knowledge of comparative religion," but this folk-dancing seems to be conducted under an influence which I always thought would become very potent—that of Sir James Frazer. And after one has eliminated all the silliness, there remains something which must be recognised. In the most boisterous storm, the ear of the practised sailor can distinguish, and at a surprising distance, the peculiar note of breakers on a reef. This note is not "the great middle-class liberalism," or the great lower-middle-class socialism; it is of authority not democracy, of dogmatism not tolerance, of the extremity and never of the mean.

THE Kibbo Kift may be what Professor Gamble calls "the renewal of life at a lower level of complexity." The true "dominant" of our time (with "the inevitable price of diminished progress")
St. Joan. is Mr. Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw stands in fact for "the great middle-class liberalism" (I am not now quoting from Professor Gamble) "as Dr. Newman saw it, and as it really broke the Oxford movement." *St. Joan* has been called his masterpiece. I should be inclined to contest this judgment in favour of *Man and Superman*, but certainly (unless we owe our clairvoyance solely to the lapse of time) *St. Joan* seems to illustrate Mr. Shaw's mind more clearly than anything he has written before. No one can grasp more firmly an idea which he does not maintain, or expound it with more cogency, than Mr. Shaw. He manipulates every idea so brilliantly that he blinds us when we attempt to look for the ideas *with which he works*. And the ideas with which he works, are they more than the residue of the great Victorian labours of Darwin, and Huxley, and Cobden? We must not be deceived by the fact that he scandalised many people of the type to which we say he belongs: he scandalised them, not because his first principles were fundamentally different, but because he was much cleverer, because his thought was more rapid, because he looked farther in the same direction. The animosity which he aroused was the animosity of the dull toward the intelligent. And we cannot forget on the other hand that Mr. Shaw was the intellectual stimulant and the dramatic delight of twenty years which had little enough of either: London owes him a twenty years' debt. Yet his Joan of Arc is perhaps the greatest sacrilege of all Joans: for instead of the saint or the strumpet of the legends to which he objects, he has turned her into

a great middle-class reformer, and her place is a little higher than Mrs. Pankhurst. If Mr. Shaw is an artist, he may contemplate his work with ecstasy.

FROM November 27 the London public is to have the inestimable privilege of a season of the Diaghilev Ballet, and will be able to see again Leonid Massine and Lydia Lopokova, as well as **The Russian Ballet.** several new acquisitions of the finest ballet in Europe.

Let us hope that Sir Oswald Stoll will be able to provide, at the Coliseum, other turns of sufficient liveliness to induce our London audiences to sit through the performance of the greatest mimetic dancer in the world—Massine—to the music of one of the greatest musicians—Stravinski. The writer of these lines recalls his efforts, several years ago, to restrain (with the point of an umbrella) the mirth of his neighbours in a "family house" which seemed united to deride Sokalova at her best in the *Sacre de Printemps*. May we at least tolerate a part of what Paris has appreciated!

CRITES.

SOME NOTES ON JOSEPH CONRAD

By JOHN SHAND

JOSEPH CONRAD was a fine writer, and, I believe, some of his books will be regarded by posterity as part of their heritage in English literature. But he had many faults, and, in the later novels, his vices began to exceed his virtues. In *The Arrow of Gold*, and in *The Rescue*, we find him ignoring and even adding to his literary sins. His prose, never very simple, became more and more ornate, and his trick of talking about his characters, instead of showing them to us directly, grew to the point of absurdity. Indeed it is noticeable that his style is most simple and direct in his epic tales of men's struggles with the sea, which are the stories most likely to last; and most clumsy and deliberately picturesque in his "psychological" novels, which will the soonest be forgotten. Yet, surprisingly, in the last volume published before Conrad's death, *The Rover*, though it cannot really be called a sea-tale, we find him throwing overboard his long, heavily-adjectived descriptions, his obscurities, his involved construction, all, in fact, that cargo of faults which was sinking him. But strictly speaking this sudden change is not surprising, for it has happened once before—in *The Shadow Line*; which, in point of time, is quite a late book, but, in point of style, belongs to an earlier period. *The Shadow Line*, in simplicity of narration and directness of construction, belongs to *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, and *The Mirror of the Sea*. Of *The Rover* this can be said also. It is tragic that we shall not be able to see now whether this time the conversion was to be lasting.

SOME NOTES ON JOSEPH CONRAD 7

Conrad's style is very characteristic. It is slow, heavy, and rather involved, especially in descriptive passages. For Conrad, always a serious artist, is most serious in his descriptions, and seems so anxious to make his readers see all the details of a setting that he often obscures the picture instead of revealing it. He is always inclined to squeeze the last possible word into a sentence, the last possible sentence into a paragraph, and when he sometimes desires to be brief he goes to the other extreme, and writes short, staccato sentences. His extreme use of the simile I shall note later, and his continual use of three adjectives to qualify one object has become obvious even to parodists.

Certainly Conrad's rather "heavy" vocabulary and, in the later psychological novels, his methods of telling the story and presenting the characters are partly due to Henry James. And if his paragraphs are not so tortuous and top-heavy as those of the later Henry James, he is often too obviously under his influence; than whom he could not have chosen a worse model. When I say this, I hope it does not read as if I despised Henry James, for, indeed, I have a great respect for him. What I am objecting to is that Conrad has copied his faults rather than improved on his virtues. For Conrad, as I have said, seems naturally inclined to verbosity; and, as verbosity is as much a vice in literature as it is in conversation, I think I am right in saying that Henry James was the last person he should have studied; and when I say that Conrad has, to a large extent, taken him as a model, I have not only the evidence of my eyes, but also Conrad's word that James is the novelist he most admires and most desires to imitate.

I sometimes imagine that I can see Conrad at his desk leaning over his blank sheets of paper, and for a long while rolling the words of a sentence, the sentences of a paragraph,

round his tongue. Remembering perhaps that certain adjectives such as "sombre," or "tropical," must not be used too often ; that certain phrases such as "impenetrable forests," or "the illimitable horizon of the sea," must not be worn to death. Then slowly, lovingly, he begins to write what he has so very carefully thought out ; using sometimes two pages to a paragraph in his endeavour to make the reader understand, with as vivid an apprehension as his own, the emotions of his characters or the unfeeling beauty of the surrounding world. For instance, the emotional state of Lord Jim after his disgrace ; or the gorgeous sunset that fades over the calm sea as Almayer, full of sorrow and despair, watches the daughter whom he loved so much being taken from him. But it is not only because he wishes the reader to feel and to understand so well that Conrad so often overloads his nouns with adjectives, and his sentences with similes : it is also because he is too much in love with the sound of words and the rhythms of his sentences. In so far as the heaviness of his prose is due to his desire to make his readers realise the tragedy, or the ironic comedy, of a situation, I can forgive it, although I do not believe his method to be the best one to obtain the effect desired ; but so far as it is merely a striving for opulent word-painting and beautifully cadenced sentences, I must, and do, dislike it.

In the preceding paragraph I remarked that Conrad overloads his descriptions with similes. Now, though nothing is more expressive than an apt simile, nothing is so annoying when unsuitable or out of place ; and as Conrad uses this device so frequently the occasional infelicity of his choice is more unpleasing than it would be if he were to use it less often. For using the simile as much as he does begins to make a reader annoyed at the appearance even of a good one ; and when the simile is unsuitable or unnecessary, annoyance becomes disgust. I do not think I exaggerate when I say that hardly a page, and never a description of any length, but will contain

at least one simile more or less apt ; but that sometimes his similes are so far-fetched and unnecessary that they serve more to irritate than to illuminate ; and a good explanation of this extravagant usage is, I think, that Conrad is a foreigner ; a fact that can never be forgotten, although he writes better English than most modern novelists. Conrad has himself remarked that if he writes in English he still thinks in his native Polish ; and it is noticeable that when one is speaking, or trying to speak, in a foreign tongue, one is as apt to use the simile in speech as to use the hands in gesture.

It once occurred to me while reading one of Conrad's books, and I have since confirmed my suspicion beyond all doubt, that the idea behind all his description of backgrounds is this : he tries to make us feel that Nature is watching the behaviour, and observing the thoughts, of his characters, even while she remains entirely indifferent to their joys and sufferings. By giving Nature a mind to reflect on the ephemeral lives of his men and women, he gives the impression that the gods themselves are watching the human comedy with ironic eyes ; and by impressing on us at the same time Nature's absolute indifference, he throws into higher relief the passions and sorrows of his characters. This method also vaguely impresses us with the idea that the author himself is something of a god ; but that is a minor effect. The great effect is, of course, that the reader is made to feel that, however important his characters may think themselves, Nature, to say nothing of Humanity as a whole, cares nothing for them or for their feelings ; and this impression induces in us that resignation to the decrees of Fate which is the essence of Conrad's philosophy ; that mood of thought in which most of his characters live, and in which most of his books are written. As we read on we begin to feel, as Conrad apparently does, that Fate is ineluctable : that that which is to be is as unalterable as that which is past, and we begin to feel that, do what we may, Death is the end of all that lives ; the sole

absolution; and the last consolation for those who find, in Captain Lingard's phrase, that "life is very long."

The following piece of prose, which I swear I have selected at random, and which is therefore perhaps not the best example that could be found to illustrate my idea, is taken from one of the earliest of his novels:

"The big sombre trees . . . condemned to look for ever at the incomprehensible afflictions or joys of mankind, assent in their aspect of cool unconcern the high dignity of lifeless matter that surrounds, incurious and removed, the restless mysteries of the ever-changing, of the never-ending life . . ."

I think this example serves as sufficient illustration of the idea which I believe lies behind all his descriptions of backgrounds, and it shows, as well, Conrad's incorrigible love of adjectives. It is simply packed with words, for he wants to get too much in. I believe he must be able to visualise quite perfectly the scene he is describing, and in his desire to make it as real to us he forgets that minute detail makes it more difficult for us to see what he intends. For instance, look at this sentence taken from *The End of the Tether*:

" . . . Captain Whalley stopped short on the apex of a small bridge spanning steeply the bed of a canalised creek with granite shores."

But of that the less said the better. He writes like that too often, however, not to irritate me sometimes into remonstrance.

Someone once told me that Conrad tried his patience too often to balance the pleasure that much of his writing gave him; he further remarked that Conrad was too laboured, did not get on with his story fast enough, and, occasionally, elaborated the obvious beyond endurance. I agree that these charges are not unjust; but I cannot help saying that, although Conrad is deliberately leisured in his prose and in the unfolding of his plot, there is nothing intrinsically wrong in being slow; it is the reader's impatience that had some-

thing to do with that criticism. It is true that he digresses too much: that is a fault; but his digressions are a necessary complement to his method of telling a story—an intensely realistic method. Conrad is very conscientious. He tries to make every situation, every chance happening, every action of his characters, seem absolutely inevitable. Another reason for his digressions and sometimes confusing involutions is that he really tells the history of a character from the "outside." He learns everything by hearsay, or by observing the movements and listening to the conversation of his characters; and the natural result of this method of telling a story is the appearance of "Marlow," who tells several of the stories in the first person singular to an invisible but appreciative audience of which, it is supposed, Conrad is a member. This method, though difficult, is a perfectly legitimate one; and when well done gives a great sensation of reality. Telling a story from "inside," as if, I mean, the author were constantly popping in and out each person's head as occasion requires, is certainly simpler but often less convincing. There is something to be said for and against both methods, but certainly Conrad's is the most boring when not well done; it therefore demands that care which he so obviously bestows on his work. It may be said, then, that it is this digressional method which gives an air of reality to his stories, though it may be added that it sometimes gives reality to what would otherwise be a bald and unconvincing narrative.

As an example of this digressional method being used to advantage, I refer to the arrival of Gentleman Jones and his gang of ruffians towards the end of *Lord Jim*. Their appearance at the very out-of-the-way Malay village where Lord Jim has fled to hide himself from the world is necessary in order to bring about his tragic end; and Conrad, in a digression showing us exactly the kind of person Gentleman Jones was, and something of what he had been doing before his arrival at Jim's refuge, makes his appearance with his set of ruffians

so natural, so inevitable, that you are not in the slightest degree disturbed by it; nor do you feel that the author is loading the dice against his character. That this appearance of reality should be produced is a tribute to Conrad's art and a justification of his digression; for it is absolutely necessary that we should feel this inevitability if the whole tragedy of Jim's failure and death is to be realised.

But a method becomes a monomania when it is carried too far, and Conrad has committed the error of exalting the part above the whole and has turned his method into a madness; and his method being what it is, it has naturally increased that prolixity and vagueness which have always been his worst faults. But to say this is to say that he can no longer write a novel; for the duty of a novelist is to please, and Conrad, though he used to make his reader feel the reality of his story, now makes him feel bored and mystified. Conrad was at first, I expect, unconscious in his choice of a method, but naturally becoming conscious of its value he deliberately cultivated it until, in his latest novels, he has carried it to such a point that it serves more to hide his story than to reveal it, and obscures his wonderful observation of character with lengthy digressions and unnecessary interpolations. His innate seriousness has also helped to bring this about, and his irony is, of course, only the other side of his seriousness. Like James, his humour is elephantine; and he only looks awkward when he tries to be funny; and when we remember, too, that Conrad has always felt so strongly the mystery of life and the incomprehensibility of men's behaviour, we have, I think, part of the secret of his degeneration as a writer. From an artistic point of view Conrad has come to puzzle too much about the profound complexities that lie behind the superficial actions and sayings of mankind, the thousand and one turns of fate that bring about a given situation. He has become too fond of gazing at the Sphinx in all its forms. In man and in matter he is always finding inscrutable intentions;

impenetrable men and impenetrable forests and impenetrable the Destiny that causes both to live and die; and Conrad seems not so much to like puzzling about the Sphinx as being puzzled by it: he is, in fact, inclined to sentimentalise about the Infinite. The only thing he seems quite certain about is the meaning of life. It has none, but is only "a mysterious arrangement of merciless logic for a futile purpose."

Now, though this attitude of stoical hopelessness is consistent throughout his books, it is no more than an attitude, though it may be a sincere one. I do not believe that at bottom Conrad thinks that life is futile and unmeaning, for I do not believe that any artist could have created such fine tales as *The Nigger of the Narcissus*, *Typhoon*, or, best of all, *The Shadow Line*, if he honestly and consistently considered that life was not worth living. And the explanation of this pessimistic pose is, I think, that Conrad is romantic. His pessimism is the intellectual reaction of a disillusioned romanticist to the realities of existence. Owing to the fact that he had to "rough it" for twenty years in that most arduous and disillusioning profession for "romantics"—a sailor's—he had to triumph over the loss of his illusions by adopting a pessimistic attitude. And he was helped to this triumph by the fact that, like everyone else, however sordid and unpleasant any particular incidents might have been, he was able to see them in retrospect behind a veil of romance; and being an artist as well as an ordinary human being, he had the consolation of being able to project in his imagination a world and people of his own creation, which by force of will he was able to translate into the comparative reality of a written story.

That Conrad is essentially romantic we have only to read his stories to see at once. Take *Lord Jim*, for example, or *Victory*, or, better still, *The Mirror of the Sea*, which is not a novel, but a collection of personal experiences and recollections. Observe how romantic is his vision of the Thames as he is towed up from the estuary to the docks for the first

time ! How very romantic, even while he remains a practical seaman at the same time. For you cannot stand star-gazing while your ship is being towed up a crowded river ! So do not think that I mean to imply that Conrad was a romantic fool ; for it is certain that he was as efficient in the discharge of his duties as he was romantic in his outlook on life, or he would not have risen to be chief mate in the British Mercantile Marine. *The Mirror of the Sea* is, by the way, Conrad's valediction to his ocean life. It is obvious that he loves the sea and the white-sailed ships which used to go from London docks to all the ports of the world ; and he will always be wishing them back again ; though to-day those ships have vanished. " Money and men's greed have conquered the sea ; the romantic but slow and uncertain, therefore unprofitable, sailing-ship has become almost extinct, and the sea, once a proud, cruel, but wonderful mistress to those who loved her, has become a worn-out drudge, bespattered with the oil, soot, and refuse of steamers that care neither for the tide, the wind, nor the waves." Which simile is surely the exaggeration of a disillusioned romanticist.

But Conrad is a poet as well as a pessimist. No one but a poet could have written some of his passages of descriptive prose ; being emotionally felt by the writer the scene is vividly realised by the reader. Some of the scenes he has described in this manner I shall not easily forget. Some of the incidents, for instance, in *The Shadow Line*, which I consider the best of all his stories. It is a prose epic of two men's struggles with a becalmed ship and a crew all stricken with malaria. The story is based on an adventure of the author's and, he says, is practically autobiography. This may or may not account for the simplicity of the diction and the directness of the narrative ; the fact remains that *The Shadow Line* is the least marred by the faults which I have noted above. Most of his other stories are more or less spoilt by his digressional methods and too deliberately elaborate prose.

JIMMY AND THE DESPERATE WOMAN

By D. H. LAWRENCE

" HE is very fine and strong somewhere, but he does need a level-headed woman to look after him."

That was the *friendly* feminine verdict upon him. It flattered him, it pleased him, it galled him.

Having divorced a very charming and clever wife, who had held this opinion for ten years, and at last had got tired of the level-headed protective game, his gall was uppermost.

" I want to throw Jimmy out on the world, but I know the poor little man will go and fall on some woman's bosom. That's the worst of him. If he could only stand alone for ten minutes. But he can't. At the same time, there *is* something fine about him, something rare."

This had been Clarissa's summing up as she floated away in the arms of the rich young American. The rich young American got rather angry when Jimmy's name was mentioned. Clarissa was now *his* wife. But she did sometimes talk as if she were still married to Jimmy.

Not in Jimmy's estimation, however. That worm had turned. Gall was uppermost. Gall and wormwood. He knew exactly what Clarissa thought—and said—about him. And the " something fine, something rare, something strong " which he was supposed to have " about him " was utterly outbalanced, in his feelings at least, by the " poor little man " nestled upon " some woman's bosom," which he was supposed to *be*.

"I am *not*," he said to himself, "a poor little man nestled upon some woman's bosom. If I could only find the right sort of woman, she should nestle on mine."

Jimmy was now thirty-five, and this point, to nestle or to be nestled, was the emotional crux and turning-point.

He imagined to himself some really *womanly* woman, to whom he should be *only* "fine and strong," and not for one moment "the poor little man." Why not some simple uneducated girl, some Tess of the D'Urbervilles, some wistful Gretchen, some humble Ruth gleaning an aftermath? Why not? Surely the world was full of such!

The trouble was he never met them. He only met sophisticated women. He really never had a chance of meeting "real" people. So few of us ever do. Only the people we *don't* meet are the "real" people, the simple, genuine, direct, spontaneous, unspoilt souls. Ah, the simple, genuine, unspoilt people we *don't* meet! What a tragedy it is!

Because, of course, they must be there! Somewhere! Only we never come across them.

Jimmy was terribly handicapped by his position. It brought him into contact with so many people. Only never the right sort. Never the "real" people: the simple, genuine, unspoilt, etc., etc.

He was editor of a high-class, rather high-brow, rather successful magazine, and his rather personal, very candid editorials brought him shoals, swarms, hosts of admiring acquaintances. Realise that he was handsome, and could be extraordinarily "nice," when he liked, and was really very clever, in his own critical way, and you see how many chances he had of being adored and protected.

In the first place his good looks: the fine, clean lines of his face, like the face of the laughing faun in one of the faun's unlaughing, moody moments. The long, clean lines of the cheeks, the strong chin and the slightly arched, full nose, the beautiful dark-grey eyes with long lashes, and the thick black brows. In his mocking moments, when he seemed most

himself, it was a pure Pan face, with thick black eyebrows cocked up, and grey eyes with a sardonic goaty gleam, and nose and mouth curling with satire. A good-looking, smooth-skinned satyr. That was Jimmy at his best. In the opinion of his men friends.

In his own opinion, he was a sort of Martyred Saint Sebastian, at whom the wicked world shot arrow after arrow—Mater Dolorosa nothing to him—and he counted the drops of blood as they fell: when he could keep count. Sometimes—as for instance when Clarissa said she was really departing with the rich young American, and should she divorce Jimmy, or was Jimmy going to divorce her?—then the arrows assailed him like a flight of starlings flying straight at him, jabbing at him, and the drops of martyred blood simply spattered down, he couldn't keep count.

So, naturally he divorced Clarissa.

In the opinion of his men friends, he was, or should be, a consistently grinning faun, satyr, or Pan-person. In his own opinion, he was a Martyred Saint Sebastian with the mind of a Plato. In the opinion of his woman friends, he was a fascinating little man with a profound understanding of life and the capacity really to understand a woman and to make a woman feel a queen; which of course was to make a woman feel her *real* self. . . .

He might, naturally, have made rich and resounding marriages, especially after the divorce. He didn't. The reason was, secretly, his resolve never to make any woman feel a queen any more. It was the turn of the woman to make him feel a king.

Some unspoilt, unsophisticated, wild-blooded woman, to whom he would be a sort of Solomon of wisdom, beauty, and wealth. She would need to be in reduced circumstances to appreciate his wealth, which amounted to the noble sum of three thousand pounds and a little week-ending cottage in Hampshire. And to be unsophisticated she would have to be a woman of the people. Absolutely.

At the same time, not just the "obscure vulgar simplician."
He received many letters, many, many, many, enclosing poems, stories, articles, or more personal unbosomings. He read them all: like a solemn rook pecking and scratching among the litter.

And one—not one letter, but one correspondent—might be *the* one—Mrs. Emilia Pinnegar, who wrote from a mining village in Yorkshire. She was, of course, unhappily married.

Now Jimmy had always had a mysterious feeling about these dark and rather dreadful mining villages in the north. He himself had scarcely set foot north of Oxford. He felt that these miners up there must be the real stuff. And Pinnegar was a name, surely! And Emilia!

She wrote a poem, with a brief little note, that, if the editor of the *Commentator* thought the verses of no value, would he simply destroy them. Jimmy, as editor of the *Commentator*, thought the verses quite good and admired the brevity of the note. But he wasn't sure about printing the poem. He wrote back, Had Mrs. Pinnegar nothing else to submit?

Then followed a correspondence. And at length, upon request, this from Mrs. Pinnegar:

"You ask me about myself, but what shall I say? I am a woman of thirty-one, with one child, a girl of eight, and I am married to a man who lives in the same house with me, but goes to another woman. I try to write poetry, if it is poetry, because I have no other way of expressing myself at all, and even if it doesn't matter to anybody besides myself, I feel I must and will express myself, if only to save myself from developing cancer or some disease that women have. I was a school-teacher before I was married, and I got my certificates at Rotherham College. If I could, I would teach again, and live alone. But married women teachers can't get jobs any more, they aren't allowed——"

THE COAL-MINER

By His Wife

The donkey-engine's beating noise
And the rattle, rattle of the sorting screens
Come down on me like the beat of his heart,
And mean the same as his breathing means.

The burning big pit-hill with fumes
Fills the air like the presence of that fair-haired man.
And the burning fire burning deeper and deeper
Is his will insisting since time began.

As he breathes the chair goes up and down
In the pit-shaft; he lusts like the wheel-fans spin
The sucking air: he lives in the coal
Underground: and his soul is a strange engine.

That is the manner of man he is.
I married him and I should know.
The mother earth from bowels of coal
Brought him forth for the overhead woe.

This was the poem that the editor of the *Commentator* hesitated about. He reflected, also, that Mrs. Pinnegar didn't sound like one of the nestling, unsophisticated rustic type. It was something else that still attracted him: something desperate in a woman, something tragic.

THE NEXT EVENT

If at evening, when the twilight comes,
You ask me what the day has been,
I shall not know. The distant drums
Of some new-comer intervene

Between me and the day that's been.
Some strange man leading long columns
Of unseen soldiers through the green
Sad twilight of these smoky slums.

And as the darkness slowly numbs
My senses, everything I've seen
Or heard the daylight through, becomes
Rubbish behind an opaque screen.

THE CRITERION

Instead, the sound of muffled drums
 Inside myself : I have to lean
 And listen as my strength succumbs,
 To hear what these oncomings mean.

Perhaps the Death-God striking his thumbs
 On the drums in a deadly rat-ta-ta-plan.
 Or a strange man marching slow as he strums
 The tune of a new weird hope in Man.

What does it matter ! The day that began
 In coal-dust is ending the same, in crumbs
 Of darkness like coal. I live if I can ;
 If I can't, then I welcome whatever comes.

This poem sounded so splendidly desperate, the editor of the *Commentator* decided to print it, and, moreover, to see the authoress. He wrote, Would she care to see him, if he happened to be in her neighbourhood ? He was going to lecture in Sheffield. She replied, Certainly.

He gave his afternoon lecture, on *Men in Books and Men in Life*. Naturally, men in books came first. Then he caught a train to reach the mining village where the Pinnegars lived.

It was February, with gruesome patches of snow. It was dark when he arrived at Mill Valley, a sort of thick, turgid darkness full of menace, where men speaking in a weird accent went past like ghosts, dragging their heavy feet and emitting the weird scent of the coal-mine underworld. Weird and a bit gruesome it was.

He knew he had to walk uphill to the little market-place. As he went, he looked back and saw the black valleys with bunches of light, like camps of demons it seemed to him. And the demonish smell of sulphur and coal in the air, in the heavy, pregnant, clammy darkness.

They directed him to New London Lane, and down he went down another hill. His skin crept a little. The place felt uncanny and hostile, hard, as if iron and minerals breathed into the black air. Thank goodness he couldn't see much,

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or be seen. When he had to ask his way the people treated him in a "heave-half-a-brick-at-him" fashion.

After much weary walking and asking, he entered a lane between trees, in the cold slushy mud of the unfrozen February. The mines, apparently, were on the outskirts of the town, in some mud-sunk country. He could see the red, sore fires of the burning pit-hill through the trees, and he smelt the sulphur. He felt like some modern Ulysses wandering in the realms of Hecate. How much more dismal and horrible, a modern Odyssey among mines and factories, than any Sirens, Scyllas or Charybdises.

So he mused to himself as he waded through icy black mud, in a black lane, under black trees that moaned an accompaniment to the sound of the coal-mine's occasional hissing and chuffing, under a black sky that quenched even the electric sparkle of the colliery. And the place seemed unhabitated like a cold black jungle.

At last he came in sight of a glimmer. Apparently, there were dwellings. Yes, a new little street, with one street-lamp, and the houses all apparently dark. He paused. Absolute desertion. Then three children.

They told him the house, and he stumbled up a dark passage. There was light on the little backyard. He knocked, in some trepidation. A rather tall woman, looking down at him with a "Who are you ?" look, from the step above.

"Mrs. Pinnegar ?"

"Oh, is it you, Mr. Frith ? Come in."

He stumbled up the step into the glaring light of the kitchen. There stood Mrs. Pinnegar, a tall woman with a face like a mask of passive anger, looking at him coldly. Immediately he felt his own shabbiness and smallness. In utter confusion, he stuck out his hand.

"I had an awful time getting here," he said. "I'm afraid I shall make a frightful mess of your house." He looked down at his boots.

"That's all right," she said. "Have you had your tea ?"

"No—but don't you bother about me."

There was a little girl with fair hair in a fringe over her forehead, troubled blue eyes under the fringe, and two dolls. He felt easier.

"Is this your little girl?" he asked. "She's awfully nice. What is her name?"

"Jane."

"How are you, Jane?" he said. But the child only stared at him with the baffled, bewildered, pained eyes of a child who lives with hostile parents.

Mrs. Pinnegar set his tea, bread and butter, jam, and buns. Then she sat opposite him. She was handsome, dark straight brows and grey eyes with yellow grains in them, and a way of looking straight at you as if she were used to holding her own. Her eyes were the nicest part of her. They had a certain kindness, mingled, like the yellow grains among the grey, with a relentless, unyielding feminine will. Her nose and mouth were straight, like a Greek mask, and the expression was fixed. She gave him at once the impression of a woman who has made a mistake, who knows it, but who will not change: who cannot now change.

He felt very uneasy. Being a rather small, shambling man, she made him aware of his physical inconspicuousness. And she said not a word, only looked down on him, as he drank his tea, with that changeless look of a woman who is holding her own against Man and Fate. While, from the corner across the kitchen, the little girl with her fair hair and her dolls, watched him also in absolute silence, from her hot blue eyes.

"This seems a pretty awful place," he said to her.

"It is. It's absolutely awful," the woman said.

"You ought to get away from it," he said.

But she received this in dead silence.

It was exceedingly difficult to make any headway. He asked about Mr. Pinnegar. She glanced at the clock.

"He comes up at nine," she said.

"Is he down the mine?"

"Yes. He's on the afternoon shift."

There was never a sound from the little girl.

"Doesn't Jane ever talk?" he asked.

"Not much," said the mother, glancing round.

He talked a little about his lectures, about Sheffield, about London. But she was not really interested. She sat there rather distant, very laconic, looking at him with those curious unyielding eyes. She looked to him like a woman who has had her revenge, and is left stranded on the reefs where she wrecked her opponent. Still unrelenting, unregretting, unyielding, she seemed rather undecided as to what her revenge had been, and what it had all been about.

"You ought to get away from here," he said to her.

"Where to?" she asked.

"Oh"—he made a vague gesture—"anywhere, so long as it is *quite* away."

She seemed to ponder this, under her portentous brow.

"I don't see what difference it would make," she said.

Then glancing round at her child: "I don't see what difference anything would make, except getting out of the world altogether. But there's *her* to consider." And she jerked her head in the direction of the child.

Jimmy felt definitely frightened. He wasn't used to this sort of grimness. At the same time he was excited. This handsome, laconic woman, with her soft brown hair and her unflinching eyes with their gold flecks, seemed to be challenging him to something. There was a touch of challenge in her remaining gold-flecked kindness. Somewhere, she had a heart. But what had happened to it? And why?

What had gone wrong with her? In some way, she must have gone against herself.

"Why don't you come and live with me?" he said, like the little gambler he was.

The queer, conflicting smile was on his face. He had taken up her challenge, like a gambler. The very sense of a gamble,

in which he could not lose desperately, excited him. At the same time, he was scared of her, and determined to get beyond his scare.

She sat and watched him, with the faintest touch of a grim smile on her handsome mouth.

"How do you mean, live with you?" she said.

"Oh—I mean what it usually means," he said, with a little puff of self-conscious laughter.

"You're evidently not happy here. You're evidently in the wrong circumstances altogether. You're obviously *not* just an ordinary woman. Well, then, break away. When I say, Come and live with me, I mean just what I say. Come to London and live with me, as my wife, if you like, and then if we want to marry, when you get a divorce, why, we can do it."

Jimmy made this speech more to himself than to the woman. That was how he was. He worked out all his things inside himself, as if it were all merely an interior problem of his own. And while he did so, he had an odd way of squinting his left eye and wagging his head loosely, like a man talking absolutely to himself, and turning his eyes inwards.

The woman watched him in a sort of wonder. This was something she was *not* used to. His extraordinary manner, and his extraordinary bald proposition, roused her from her own tense apathy.

"Well!" she said. "That's got to be thought about. What about *her*?"—and again she jerked her head towards the round-eyed child in the corner. Jane sat with a completely expressionless face, her little red mouth fallen a little open. She seemed in a sort of trance: as if she understood like a grown-up person, but, as a child, sat in a trance, unconscious.

The mother wheeled round in her chair and stared at her child. The little girl stared back at her mother, with hot, troubled, almost guilty blue eyes. And neither said a word. Yet they seemed to exchange worlds of meaning.

"Why, of course," said Jimmy, twisting his head again; "She'd come, too."

The woman gave a last look at her child, then turned to him, and started watching *him* with that slow, straight stare.

"It's not"—he began, stuttering—"it's not anything *sudden* and unconsidered on my part. I've been considering it for quite a long time—ever since I had the first poem, and your letter."

He spoke still with his eyes turned inwards, talking to himself. And the woman watched him unflinchingly.

"Before you ever saw me?" she asked, with a queer irony.

"Oh, of course. Of course before I ever saw you. Or else I never *should* have seen you. From the very first, I had a definite feeling——"

He made odd, sharp gestures, like a drunken man, and he spoke like a drunken man, his eyes turned inward, talking to himself. The woman was no more than a ghost moving inside his own consciousness, and he was addressing her there.

The actual woman sat outside looking on in a sort of wonder. This was really something new to her.

"And now you see me, do you want me, really, to come to London?"

She spoke in a dull tone of incredulity. The thing was just a little preposterous to her. But why not? It would have to be something a little preposterous, to get her out of the tomb she was in.

"Of course I do!" he cried, with another scoop of his head and scoop of his hand. "*Now* I do *actually* want you, now I actually see you." He never looked at her. His eyes were still turned in. He was still talking to himself, in a sort of drunkenness with himself.

To her, it was something extraordinary. But it roused her from apathy.

He became aware of the hot blue eyes of the hot-cheeked little girl fixed upon him from the distant corner. And he gave a queer little giggle.

"Why, it's more than I could ever have hoped for," he said, "to have you and Jane to live with me! Why, it will mean

life to me." He spoke in an odd, strained voice, slightly delirious. And for the first time he looked up at the woman and, apparently, *straight* at her. But, even as he seemed to look straight at her, the curious cast was in his eye, and he was only looking at himself, inside himself, at the shadows inside his own consciousness.

"And when would you like me to come?" she asked, rather coldly.

"Why, as soon as possible. Come back with me to-morrow, if you will. I've got a little house in St. John's Wood, *waiting* for you. Come with me to-morrow. That's the simplest."

She watched him for some time, as he sat with ducked head. He looked like a man who is drunk—drunk with himself. He was going bald at the crown, his rather curly black hair was thin.

"I couldn't come to-morrow, I should need a few days," she said.

She wanted to see his face again. It was as if she could not remember what his face was like, this strange man who had appeared out of nowhere, with such a strange propositions.

He lifted his face, his eyes still cast in that inturned, blind look. He looked now like a Mephistopheles who has gone blind. With his black brows cocked up, Mephistopheles, Mephistopheles blind and begging in the street.

"Why, of course it's wonderful that it's happened like this for me," he said, with odd pouting emphasis, pushing out his lips. "I was finished, absolutely finished. I was finished while Clarissa was with me. But after she'd gone, I was *absolutely* finished. And I thought there was no chance for me in the world again. It seems to me perfectly marvellous that this has happened—that I've come across you—" he lifted his face sightlessly—"and Jane—Jane—why she's *really* too good to be true." He gave a slight hysterical laugh. "She really is."

The woman, and Jane, watched him with some embarrassment.

"I shall have to settle up here, with Mr. Pinnegar," she said, rather coldly musing. "Do you want to see him?"

"Oh, I—" he said, with a deprecating gesture, "I don't *care*. But if you think I'd better—why, certainly—"

"I do think you'd better," she said.

"Very well, then, I *will*. I'll see him whenever you like."

"He comes in soon after nine," she said.

"All right, I'll see him then. Much better. But I suppose I'd better see about finding a place to sleep first. Better not leave it too late."

"I'll come with you and ask for you."

"Oh, you'd better not, really. If you tell me where to go—"

He had taken on a protective tone: he was protecting her against herself and against scandal. It was his manner, his rather Oxfordy manner, more than anything else, that went beyond her. She wasn't used to it.

Jimmy plunged out into the gulping blackness of the Northern night, feeling how horrible it was, but pressing his hat on his brow in a sense of strong adventure. He was going through with it.

At the baker's shop, where she had suggested he should ask for a bed, they would have none of him. Absolutely they didn't like the looks of him. At the Pub, too, they shook their heads: didn't want to have anything to do with him. But, in a voice more expostulatingly Oxford than ever, he said:

"But look here—you can't ask a man to sleep under one of these hedges. Can't I see the landlady?"

He persuaded the landlady to promise to let him sleep on the big, soft settee in the parlour, where the fire was burning brightly. Then, saying he would be back about ten, he returned through mud and drizzle up New London Lane.

The child was in bed, a saucepan was boiling by the fire. Already the lines had softened a little in the woman's face.

She spread a cloth on the table. Jimmy sat in silence, feeling that she was hardly aware of his presence. She was absorbed, no doubt, in the coming of her husband. The stranger merely sat on the sofa, and waited. He felt himself wound up tight. And once he was really wound up, he could go through with anything.

They heard the nine-o'clock whistle at the mine. The woman then took the saucepan from the fire and went into the scullery. Jimmy could smell the smell of potatoes being strained. He sat quite still. There was nothing for him to do or to say. He was wearing his big black-rimmed spectacles, and his face, blank and expressionless in the suspense of waiting, looked like the death-mask of some sceptical philosopher, who could wait through the ages, and who could hardly distinguish life from death at any time.

Came the heavy-shod tread up the house entry, and the man entered, rather like a blast of wind. The fair moustache stuck out from the blackish, mottled face, and the fierce blue eyes rolled their whites in the coal-blackened sockets.

"This gentleman is Mr. Frith," said Emily Pinnegar.

Jimmy got up, with a bit of an Oxford wriggle, and held out his hand, saying: "How do you do?"

His grey eyes, behind the spectacles, had an uncanny whitish gleam.

"My hand's not fit to shake hands," said the miner. "Take a seat."

"Oh, nobody minds coal-dust," said Jimmy, subsiding on to the sofa. "It's clean dirt."

"They say so," said Pinnegar.

He was a man of medium height, thin, but energetic in build.

Mrs. Pinnegar was running hot water into a pail from the bright brass tap of the stove, which had a boiler to balance the oven. Pinnegar dropped heavily into a wooden armchair, and stooped to pull off his ponderous grey pit-boots. He smelled of the strange, stale underground. In silence he pulled on his slippers, then rose, taking his boots into the

scullery. His wife followed with the pail of hot water. She returned and spread a coarse roller-towel on the steel fender. The man could be heard washing in the scullery, in the semi-dark. Nobody said anything. Mrs. Pinnegar attended to her husband's dinner.

After a while, Pinnegar came running in, naked to the waist, and squatted plumb in front of the big red fire, on his heels. His head and face and the front part of his body were all wet. His back was grey and unwashed. He seized the towel from the fender and began to rub his face and head with a sort of brutal vigour, while his wife brought a bowl, and with a soapy flannel silently washed his back, right down to the loins, where the trousers were rolled back. The man was entirely oblivious of the stranger—this washing was part of the collier's ritual, and nobody existed for the moment. The woman, washing her husband's back, stooping there as he kneeled with knees wide apart, squatting on his heels on the rag hearthrug, had a peculiar look on her strong, handsome face, a look sinister and derisive. She was deriding something or somebody; but Jimmy could not make out whom or what.

It was a new experience for him to sit completely and brutally excluded, from a personal ritual. The collier vigorously rubbed his own fair, short hair, till it all stood on end, then he stared into the red-hot fire, oblivious, while the red colour burned in his cheeks. Then again he rubbed his breast and his body with the rough towel, brutally, as if his body were some machine he was cleaning, while his wife, with a peculiar slow movement, dried his back with another towel.

She took away the towel and bowl. The man was dry. He still squatted with his hands on his knees, gazing abstractedly, blankly into the fire. That, too, seemed part of his daily ritual. The colour flushed in his cheeks, his fair moustache was rubbed on end. But his hot blue eyes stared hot and vague into the red coals, while the red glare of the coal fell on his breast and naked body.

He was a man of about thirty-five, in his prime, with a pure smooth skin and no fat on his body. His muscles were not large, but quick, alive with energy. And as he squatted bathing abstractedly in the glow of the fire, he seemed like some pure-moulded engine that sleeps between its motions, with incomprehensible eyes of dark iron-blue.

He looked round, always averting his face from the stranger on the sofa, shutting him out of consciousness. The wife took out a bundle from the dresser-cupboard, and handed it to the out-stretched, work-scarred hand of the man on the hearth. Curious, that big, horny, work-battered clean hand, at the end of the suave, thin naked arm.

Pinnegar unrolled his shirt and undervest in front of the fire, warmed them for a moment in the glow, vaguely, sleepily, then pulled them over his head. And then at last he rose, with his shirt hanging over his trousers, and in the same abstract, sleepy way, shutting the world out of his consciousness, he went out again to the scullery, pausing at the same dresser-cupboard to take out his rolled-up day trousers.

Mrs. Pinnegar took away the towels and set the dinner on the table—rich, oniony stew out of a hissing brown stew-jar, boiled potatoes, and a cup of tea. The man returned from the scullery, in his clean flannelette shirt and black trousers, his fair hair neatly brushed. He planked his wooden armchair beside the table, and sat heavily down, to eat.

Then he looked at Jimmy, as one wary, probably hostile, man looks at another.

"You're a stranger in these parts, I gather?" he said. There was something slightly formal, even a bit pompous, in his speech.

"An absolute stranger," replied Jimmy, with a slight aside grin.

The man dabbed some mustard on his plate, and glanced at his food to see if he would like it.

"Come from a distance, do you?" he asked, as he began to eat. As he ate, he seemed to become oblivious again of

Jimmy, bent his head over his place, and ate. But probably he was ruminating something all the time, with barbaric wariness.

"From London," said Jimmy, warily.

"London!" said Pinnegar, without looking from his plate.

Mrs. Pinnegar came and sat, in ritualistic silence, in her tall-backed rocking-chair under the light.

"What brings you this way, then?" asked Pinnegar, stirring his tea.

"Oh!" Jimmy writhed a little on the sofa. "I came to see Mrs. Pinnegar."

The miner took a hasty gulp of tea.

"You're acquainted then, are you?" he said, still without looking round. He sat with his side-face to Jimmy.

"Yes, we are *now*," explained Jimmy. "I didn't know Mrs. Pinnegar till this evening. As a matter of fact, she sent me some poems for the *Commentator*—I'm the editor—and I thought they were good, so I wrote and told her so. Then I felt I wanted to come and see her, and she was willing, so I came."

The man reached out, cut himself a piece of bread, and swallowed a large mouthful.

"You thought her poetry was good?" he said, turning at last to Jimmy and looking straight at him, with a stare something like the child's, but aggressive. "Are you going to put it in your magazine?"

"Yes, I think I am," said Jimmy.

"I never read but one of her poems—something about a collier she knew all about, because she'd married him," he said, in his peculiar harsh voice, that had a certain jeering clang in it, and a certain indomitableness.

Jimmy was silent. The other man's harsh fighting-voice made him shrink.

"I could never get on with the *Commentator* myself," said Pinnegar, looking round for his pudding, pushing his meat-plate aside. "Seems to me to go a long way round to get nowhere."

"Well, probably it *does*," said Jimmy, squirming a little. "But so long as the *way* is interesting! I don't see that anything gets anywhere at present—certainly no periodical."

"I don't know," said Pinnegar. "There's some facts in the *Liberator*—and there's some ideas in the *Janus*. I can't see the use, myself, of all these feelings folk say they have. They get you nowhere."

"But," said Jimmy, with a slight pouf of laughter, where do you *want* to get? It's all very well talking about getting somewhere, but where, where in the world to-day do you *want* to get? In general, I mean. If you want a better job in the mine—all right, go ahead and get it. But when you begin to talk about getting somewhere, in *life*—why, you've got to know what you're talking about."

"I'm a man, aren't I?" said the miner, going very still and hard.

"But what do you *mean*, when you say you're a man?" snarled Jimmy, really exasperated. "What do you mean? Yes, you *are* a man. But what about it?"

"Haven't I the right to say I won't be made use of?" said the collier, slow, harsh, and heavy.

"You've got a right to *say* it," retorted Jimmy, with a pouf of laughter. "But it doesn't *mean* anything. We're all made use of, from King George downwards. We have to be. When you eat your pudding you're making use of hundreds of people—including your wife."

"I know it. I know it. It makes no difference, though. I'm not going to be made use of."

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders.

"Oh, all right!" he said. "That's just a phrase, like any other."

The miner sat very still in his chair, his face going hard and remote. He was evidently thinking over something that was stuck like a barb in his consciousness, something he was trying to harden over, as the skin sometimes hardens over a steel splinter in the flesh.

"I'm nothing but made use of," he said, now talking hard and final, to himself, and staring out into space. "Down the pit, I'm made use of, and they give me a wage, such as it is. At the house, I'm made use of, and my wife sets the dinner on the table as if I was a customer in a shop."

"But what do you *expect*?" cried Jimmy, writhing in his chair.

"Me? What do I expect? I expect nothing. But I tell you what——" he returned, and looked straight and hard into Jimmy's eyes—"I'm not going to put up with anything, either."

Jimmy saw the hard finality in the other man's eyes, and squirmed away from it.

"If you *know* what you're not going to put up with——" he said.

"I don't want my wife writing poetry! And sending it to a parcel of men she's never seen. I don't want my wife sitting like Queen Boadicea, when I come home, and a face like a stone wall with holes in it. I don't know what's wrong with her. She doesn't know herself. But she does as she likes. Only, mark you, I do the same."

"Of course!" cried Jimmy, though there was no of course about it.

"She's told you I've got another woman?"

"Yes."

"And I'll tell you for why. If I give in to the coal face, and go down the mine every day to eight hours' slavery, more or less, somebody's got to give in to me."

"Then," said Jimmy, after a pause, "if you mean you want your wife to submit to you—well, that's the problem. You have to marry the woman who *will* submit."

It was amazing, this from Jimmy. He sat there and lectured the collier like a Puritan Father, completely forgetting the disintegrating flutter of Clarissa, in his own background.

"I want a wife who'll please me, who'll want to please me," said the collier.

"Why should *you* be pleased, any more than anybody else?" asked the wife coldly.

"My child, my little girl wants to please me—if her mother would let her. But the women hang together. I tell you"—and here he turned to Jimmy, with a blaze in his dark blue eyes—"I want a woman to please me, a woman who's anxious to please me. And if I can't find her in my own home, I'll find her out of it."

"I hope she pleases you," said the wife, rocking slightly.

"Well," said the man, "she does."

"Then why don't you go and live with her altogether?" she said.

He turned and looked at her.

"Why don't I?" he said. "Because I've got my home. I've got my house, I've got my wife, let her be what she may, as a woman to live with. And I've got my child. Why should I break it all up?"

"And what about me?" she asked, coldly and fiercely.

"You? You've got a home. You've got a child. You've got a man who works for you. You've got what you want. You do as you like——"

"Do I?" she asked, with intolerable sarcasm.

"Yes. Apart from the bit of work in the house, you do as you like. If you want to go, you can go. But while you live in my house, you must respect it. You bring no men here, you see."

"Do *you* respect your home?" she said.

"Yes! I do! If I get another woman—who pleases me—I deprive you of nothing. All I ask of you is to do your duty as a housewife."

"Down to washing your back!" she said, heavily sarcastic; and, Jimmy thought, a trifle vulgar.

"Down to washing my back, since it's got to be washed," he said.

"What about the other woman? Let her do it."

"This is my home."

The wife gave a strange movement, like a mad woman.

Jimmy sat rather pale and frightened. Behind the collier's quietness he felt the concentration of almost cold anger and an unchanging will. In the man's lean face he could see the bones, the fixity of the male bones, and it was as if the human soul, or spirit, had gone into the living skull and skeleton, almost invulnerable.

Jimmy, for some strange reason, felt a wild anger against this bony and logical man. It was the hard-driven coldness, fixity, that he could not bear.

"Look here!" he cried, in a resonant Oxford voice, his eyes glaring and casting inwards behind his spectacles. "You say Mrs. Pinnegar is *free*—free to do as she pleases. In that case, you have no objection if she comes with *me* right away from here."

The collier looked at the pale, strange face of the editor in wonder. Jimmy kept his face slightly averted, and sightless, seeing nobody. There was a Mephistophelian tilt about the eyebrows, and a Martyred Sebastian straightness about the mouth.

"Does she *want* to?" asked Pinnegar, with devastating incredulity. The wife smiled faintly, grimly. She could see the vanity of her husband in his utter inability to believe that she could prefer the other man to him.

"That," said Jimmy "you must ask her yourself. But it's what I came here for: to ask her to come and live with me, and bring the child."

"You came without having seen her, to ask her that?" said the husband, in growing wonder.

"Yes," said Jimmy, vehemently, nodding his head with drunken emphasis. "Yes! Without ever having seen her!"

"You've caught a funny fish this time, with your poetry," he said, turning with curious husband-familiarity to his wife. She hated this off-hand husband-familiarity.

"What sort of fish have *you* caught?" she retorted. "And what did you catch *her* with?"

"Bird-lime!" he said, with a faint, quick grin.

Jimmy was sitting in suspense. They all three sat in suspense, for some time.

"And what are you saying to him?" said the collier at length.

Jimmy looked up, and the malevolent half-smile on his face made him look rather handsome again, a mixture of faun and Mephisto. He glanced curiously, invitingly, at the woman who was watching him from afar.

"I say yes!" she replied, in a cool voice.

The husband became very still, sitting erect in his wooden armchair and staring into space. It was as if he were fixedly watching something fly away from him, out of his own soul. But he was not going to yield at all, to any emotion.

He could not now believe that this woman should *want* to leave him. Yet she did.

"I'm sure it's all for the best," said Jimmy, in his Puritan-Father voice. "You don't mind, really"—he drawled uneasily—"if she brings the child. I give you my word I'll do my very best for it."

The collier looked at him as if he were very far away. Jimmy quailed under the look. He could see that the other man was relentlessly killing the emotion in himself, stripping himself, as it were, of his own flesh, stripping himself to the hard unemotional bone of the human male.

"I give her a blank cheque," said Pinnegar, with numb lips. "She does as she pleases."

"So much for fatherly love, compared with selfishness," she said.

He turned and looked at her with that curious power of remote anger. And immediately she became still, quenched.

"I give you a blank cheque, as far as I'm concerned," he repeated abstractedly.

"It is blank indeed!" she said, with her first touch of bitterness.

Jimmy looked at the clock. It was growing late: he might

be shut out of the public-house. He rose to go, saying he would return in the morning. He was leaving the next day, at noon, for London.

He plunged into the darkness and mud of that black, night-ridden country. There was a curious elation in his spirits, mingled with fear. But then he always needed an element of fear, really, to elate him. He thought with terror of those two human beings left in that house together. The frightening state of tension! He himself could never bear an extreme tension. He always had to compromise, to become apologetic and pathetic. He would be able to manage Mrs. Pinnegar that way. Emily! He must get used to saying it. Emily! The Emilia was absurd. He had never known an Emily.

He felt really scared, and really elated. He was doing something big. It was not that he was *in love* with the woman. But, my God, he wanted to take her away from that man. And he wanted the adventure of her. Absolutely the adventure of her. He felt really elated, really himself, really manly.

But in the morning he returned rather sheepishly to the collier's house. It was another dark, drizzling day, with black trees, black road, black hedges, blackish brick houses, and the smell and the sound of collieries under a skyless day. Like living in some weird underground.

Unwillingly he went up that passage-entry again, and knocked at the back door, glancing at the miserable little back garden with its cabbage-stalks and its ugly sanitary arrangements.

The child opened the door to him: with her fair hair, flushed cheeks, and hot, dark-blue eyes.

"Hello, Jane!" he said.

The mother stood tall and square, by the table, watching him with portentous eyes, as he entered. She was handsome, but her skin was not very good: as if the battle had been too much for her health. Jimmy glanced up at her smiling his slow, ingratiating smile, that always brought a glow of success into a woman's spirit. And as he saw her gold-flecked eyes

searching in his eyes, without a bit of kindness, he thought to himself: "My God, however am I going to sleep with that woman!" His will was ready, however, and he would manage it somehow.

And when he glanced at the motionless, bony head and lean figure of the collier seated in the wooden armchair by the fire, he was the more ready. He must triumph over that man.

"What train are you going by?" asked Mrs. Pinnegar.

"By the twelve-thirty." He looked up at her as he spoke, with the wide, shining, childlike, almost coy eyes that were his peculiar asset. She looked down at him in a sort of interested wonder. She seemed almost fascinated by his childlike, shining, inviting dark-grey eyes, with their long lashes: such an absolute change from that dangerous unyielding that looked out always from the back of her husband's blue eyes. Her husband always seemed like a menace to her, in his thinness, his concentration, his eternal unyielding. And this man looked at one with the wide, shining, fascinating eyes of a young Persian kitten, something at once bold and shy and coy and strangely inviting. She fell at once under their spell.

"You'll have dinner before you go," she said.

"No!" he cried in panic, unwilling indeed to eat before that other man. "No, I ate a fabulous breakfast. I will get a sandwich when I change in Sheffield: *really!*"

She had to go out shopping. She said she would go out to the station with him when she got back. It was just after eleven.

"But look here," he said, addressing also the thin abstracted man who sat unnoticed, with a newspaper, "we've got to get this thing settled. I *want* Mrs. Pinnegar to come and live with me, her and the child. And she's coming! So don't you think, now, it would be better if she came right along with me to-day! Just put a few things in a bag and come along. Why drag the thing out?"

"I tell you," replied the husband, "she has a blank cheque from me to do as she likes."

"All right, then! Won't you do that? Won't you come along with me now?" said Jimmy, looking up at her exposedly, but casting his eyes a bit inwards. Throwing himself with deliberate impulsiveness on her mercy.

"I can't!" she said decisively. "I can't come to-day."

"But why not—really? Why not, while I'm here? You have that blank cheque, you can do as you please——"

"The blank cheque won't get me far," she said rudely; "I can't come to-day, anyhow."

"When can you come, then?" he said, with that queer, petulant pleading. "The sooner the better, surely."

"I can come on Monday," she said abruptly.

"Monday!" He gazed up at her in a kind of panic, through his spectacles. Then he set his teeth again, and nodded his head up and down. "All right, then! To-day is Saturday. Then Monday!"

"If you'll excuse me," she said, "I've got to go out for a few things. I'll walk to the station with you when I get back."

She bundled Jane into a little sky-blue coat and bonnet, put on a heavy black coat and black hat herself, and went out.

Jimmy sat very uneasily opposite the collier, who also wore spectacles to read. Pinnegar put down the newspaper and pulled the spectacles off his nose, saying something about a Labour Government.

"Yes," said Jimmy. "After all, best be logical. If you *are* democratic, the only logical thing is a Labour Government. Though, personally, one Government is as good as another, to me."

"Maybe so!" said the collier. "But *something's* got to come to an end, sooner or later."

"Oh, a great deal!" said Jimmy, and they lapsed into silence.

"Have you been married before?" asked Pinnegar, at length.

"Yes. My wife and I are divorced."

"I suppose you want me to divorce *my* wife?" said the collier.

"Why—yes!—that would be best——"

"It's the same to me," said Pinnegar; "divorce or no divorce, I'll *live* with another woman, but I'll never *marry* another. Enough is as good as a feast. But if she wants a divorce, she can have it."

"It would certainly be best," said Jimmy.

There was a long pause. Jimmy wished the woman would come back.

"I look on you as an instrument," said the miner. "Something had to break. You are the instrument that breaks it."

It was strange to sit in the room with this thin, remote, wilful man. Jimmy was a bit fascinated by him. But, at the same time, he hated him because he could not be in the same room with him without being under his spell. He felt himself dominated. And he hated it.

"My wife," said Pinnegar, looking up at Jimmy with a peculiar, almost merry, teasing smile, "expects to see me go to pieces when she leaves me. It is her last hope."

Jimmy ducked his head and was silent, not knowing what to say. The other man sat still in his chair, like a sort of infinitely patient prisoner, looking away out of the window and waiting.

"She thinks," he said again, "that she has some wonderful future awaiting her somewhere, and you're going to open the door."

And again the same amused smile was in his eyes.

And again Jimmy was fascinated by the man. And again he hated the spell of this fascination. For Jimmy wanted to be, in his own mind, the strongest man among men, but particularly among women. And this thin, peculiar man could dominate him. He knew it. The very silent unconsciousness of Pinnegar dominated the room, wherever he was. Jimmy hated this.

At last Mrs. Pinnegar came back, and Jimmy set off with her. He shook hands with the collier.

"Good-bye!" he said.

"Good-bye!" said Pinnegar, looking down at him with those amused blue eyes, which Jimmy knew he would never be able to get beyond.

And the walk to the station was almost a walk of conspiracy against the man left behind, between the man in spectacles and the tall woman. They arranged the details for Monday. Emily was to come by the nine o'clock train: Jimmy would meet her at Marylebone, and instal her in his house in St. John's Wood. Then, with the child, they would begin a new life. Pinnegar would divorce his wife, or she would divorce him: and then, another marriage.

Jimmy got a tremendous kick out of it all on the journey home. He felt he had really done something desperate and adventurous. But he was in too wild a flutter to analyse any results. Only, as he drew near London, a sinking feeling came over him. He was desperately tired after it all, almost too tired to keep up.

Nevertheless, he went after dinner and sprang it all on Severn.

"You damn fool!" said Severn, in consternation. "What did you do it for?"

"Well," said Jimmy, writhing. "Because *I wanted to*."

"Good God! The woman sounds like the head of Medusa. You're a hero of some stomach, I must say! Remember Clarissa?"

"Oh," writhed Jimmy. "But this is different."

"Ay, her name's Emma, or something of that sort, isn't it?"

"Emily!" said Jimmy briefly.

"Well, you're a fool, anyway, so you may as well keep on acting in character. I've no doubt, by playing weeping-willow, you'll outlive all the female storms you ever prepare for yourself. I never yet did see a weeping-willow uprooted by a gale, so keep on hanging your harp on it, and you'll be all right. Here's luck! But for a man who was looking for a little Gretchen to adore him, you're a corker!"

Which was all that Severn had to say. But Jimmy went home with his knees shaking. On Sunday morning he wrote

an anxious letter. He didn't know how to begin it: *Dear Mrs. Pinnegar* and *Dear Emily* seemed either too late in the day or too early. So he just plunged in, without dear anything.

"I want you to have this before you come. Perhaps we have been precipitate. I only beg you to decide *finally*, for yourself, before you come. Don't come, please, unless you are absolutely sure of yourself. If you are *in the least* unsure, wait a while, wait till you are quite certain, one way or the other.

"For myself, if you don't come I shall understand. But please send me a telegram. If you do come, I shall welcome both you and the child. Yours ever—J.F."

He paid a man his return fare, and three pounds extra, to go on the Sunday and deliver this letter.

The man came back in the evening. He had delivered the letter. There was no answer.

Awful Sunday night: tense Monday morning!

A telegram: "*Arrive Marylebone 12.50 with Jane. Yours ever. Emily.*"

Jimmy set his teeth and went to the station. But when he felt her looking at him, and so met her eyes: and after that saw her coming slowly down the platform, holding the child by the hand, her slow cat's eyes smouldering under her straight brows, smouldering at him: he almost swooned. A sickly grin came over him as he held out his hand. Nevertheless he said:

"I'm *awfully* glad you came."

And as he sat in the taxi, a perverse but intense desire for her came over him, making him almost helpless. He could feel, so strongly, the presence of that other man about her, and this went to his head like neat spirits. That other man! In some subtle, inexplicable way, he was actually bodily present, the husband. The woman moved in his aura. She was hopelessly married to him.

And this went to Jimmy's head like neat whisky. Which of the two would fall before him with a greater fall—the woman, or the man, her husband?

1789

By F. W. BAIN

Est et fidei tuta silentio merces

IN 1889, the year of Jubilee, in honour of the Great Event a hundred years before, a strolling Peripatetic came unexpectedly "somewhere in France" upon a fine old castle, "standing stately," like Barnard, on a hill: and they told him that it had been sold, at the Revolution, for—100 francs! Whereupon the Peripatetic, *ébahi*, ejaculated: *Ciel! Quelle aubaine que la Révolution—pour les acheteurs!* a sentiment favourably received. And years afterwards he came, somewhere in Mercier, to the well-known story, how Mercier saw an Assignat of 100 francs lying on the ground, and overheard "a man of the Temple" say disdainfully, '*Tis not worth the picking up*. Who knows? it may be, it was that very Assignat that bought that fine old castle on the hill!—or "if not Bran, it was Bran's brother." What bargains were going, when you come to think of it, *at the Revolution!* A castle for a song! the thought keeps coming back—it haunts you like a ghost. And just as the story of St. Denis, picking up his own head, kissing it, and walking on (*ce n'est que le premier pas qui coûte*, as the witty du Deffand said *apropos*, to the Cardinal de Polignac) upset the orthodoxy of the man in Dostoyeffsky, so did that Assignat gradually undermine an orthodoxy of another kind. The Peripatetic aforesaid burrowed for long years—poor bookworm!—through miles of interminable tomes, from Rabaut Saint-Étienne and other actors in the Drama to the very last "authorities" of yesterday—and finally emerged with his faith shattered—even in "archives." "You may read," says M. Lenotre, in one of his incomparable prefaces, "in the original text,

the entire correspondence of Carrier with the central power, without therein discovering any mention of the *Noyades* of Nantes." A very singular *oversight*! But for an accident, those unsavoury *Noyades* had been a myth, to be disdained and rejected as "unhistorical" by the critical historian.

Nous avons évoqué l'histoire, moaned Michelet in 1855, *et la voici partout : nous en sommes assiégés, étouffés, écrasés : nous marchons tout courbés sous ce bagage*. Ah! beloved poet, (historian, where poetry, not politics, is the matter) we might submit, *quand même*, to stagger on under the load, but for one little thing you do not add—that about nine-tenths of all this "history"—your own included—is not history at all. Take, for instance, your friend, Edgar Quinet. When, in his *Révolutions d'Italie*, he arrives at the Great Event—*enfin, la Révolution Française éclate!*—he finds, that these perverse Italians, far from welcoming the military evangelists of the New Gospel, most strenuously object to them: and he accounts for this incomprehensible behaviour by solemnly explaining *that the soul of Italy had been deadened by the Jesuits*. This is superb! What! the ragged brigands of the execrable Directory swoop upon Italy, devouring like a swarm of locusts, robbing, murdering, raping, stripping the helpless Italians of their very skins and souls, leaving them only eyes to weep with—and when the outraged populations turn, as even a worm would turn, on their assassins—M. Edgar Quinet sorrowfully moralises over the deadening influence of the Church of Rome, which had blinded the Italians to the beauty of liberty! And M. Edgar Quinet is a "great historian." No! it is really hardly worth our while, poor patient asses! to groan under loads of such "history" as this.

The wise, says an old Hindoo poet, know everything by intuitive divination, from hints that are lost upon the blind; or, as Dumas Père puts it, *beaucoup regardent : bien peu voient*. There is an admirable page in J. J. Weiss, on the extraordinary power possessed by Dumas of "lying in the spirit of truth": of being utterly wrong in every particular,

and yet absolutely true on the whole. And this power he displays, not only in his account of the capture of Soissons, but in those of his romances that, so to say, "film" for us the French Revolution: for all his errors and extravagances, the dramatic instinct of Dumas discerned "the plot of the play" better than all the historians put together. Any one of them could "give him points" on the details; but in insight he leaves them all behind. And yet, for all that, he saw only half—not the whole.

In 1789, certain things happened: in 1799, the curtain suddenly fell over it all. For about fifteen years, dead silence as to those happenings: the whole subject was *taboo*: the policy, *hush! hush!* Napoleon, who had his own reasons for it (as Courtois, for instance, knew) wanted all bygones buried in oblivion: so did a good many other "honest fellows" whose origins would ill bear close investigation. Silence! In 1811, Chateaubriand had a brilliant idea—he was at the moment making *une opposition assez vive à Napoléon*—he proposed to deliver an oration at the Institute on Chénier—Marie-Joseph. But the oration never was delivered. "Lucky for him!" said Napoleon grimly: "if it had been, *I would have thrown him into a dungeon for the rest of his life.*" Mercy on us! *Avis au lecteur!* Clearly, an inopportune moment for an *opposition*, even *assez vive*, to let its tongue run away with it. No "despotism" *à la Louis Seize*, here! quite another kind! no joke at all! And if Napoleon, who held every card in his own hand, had played those cards well: if, instead of making light of Fouché, and the silent, imperturbable, high-caste Brahmin, Talleyrand, both of whom understood, what he did not, the nature of his tenure, he had established his dynasty—it would have been very easy—the history of the Revolution would have come down to us very differently told. But when he made a mess of his affairs, by what the old Greeks called *atasthalia*, and fell, laying the blame, *more suo*, on everybody but himself—*then*, the Opposition being at last, like Mr. Gladstone, "unmuzzled," the Revolu-

tion rose up out of its tomb, transfigured: and the hagiology began. Then came, one after another, the long procession of Revolutionary whitewashers, from Mignet to Aulard: from Mignet, who never names the guillotine, to Aulard, in whose Temple of austere Republicanism your Jacobin appears like nothing so much as a saint in a stained-glass window. The Revolution, in all these "processionaries," resembles the skin of a tiger, with the flesh, blood, bones, soul, and ferocity carefully scooped out and replaced by a uniform "constitutional" sawdust: its glare, by dexterous manipulation, converted into an oleaginous philanthropical smile: you could almost believe, as you gaze at the animal (labelled *the Friend of the People*), that it fed, when alive, on turnips and cabbages: a graminivorous innocent. But this sort of "history" is being rapidly relegated to where it belongs, the Museum of Historical Curiosities: there are too many indefatigable explorers about, who show us photographs of the original Bengal man-eater, taken "red-handed" at his work, his jaws dripping with blood. Blood! faugh! do not talk of it: hide it away, as we do. Ah! yes! so you do. But what if the Blood, instead of being a non-essential accessory, should turn out to have been, in fact, the Essence of the whole Revolution?

When you examine the various historians of the French Revolution you are struck, among other things, with this, above all. Each in turn comes up inevitably against one Irreducible Surd, a thing gross as a mountain, open, palpable, past all denial—the TERROR. What is the meaning of it? They all have, by hook or crook, to get over it, or around it: to dovetail it, somehow or other, on to their "system," their theory of the Revolution. And they fail. The Terror remains for them all an insoluble enigma, a "regrettable incident," very! Charged, now on the external enemies who endangered "the Revolution," now on the wicked "counter-revolutionaries" who wanted to crush "the Revolution"—thus making the victims the criminals; explained as one of the "deplorable necessities" of a "period of transition";

(so the admirers of the Bolsheviks) put down, when all else fails, to the psychological atmosphere of the revolutionary crisis—a mighty convenient hypothesis to absolve the real culprits, and lay the load of guilt on the very broad shoulders of "the Revolution," an abstract concept which apparently did everything automatically, quite beautifully distinct from the "heroic" protagonists. But, in fact, the Terror remains unaccounted for: a thing neither to be explained nor denied. And necessarily: for you cannot *explain* the Terror, unless you *understand* the Revolution. The two things are inseparable. The Terror was the Means to the End. What was the End? You may denounce the Revolution as "Satanic," like de Maistre; you may make out of it a kind of half eulogistic epic poem, like Carlyle; you may turn it into an ordered march to Reason and the Republic, like Aulard; you may extol it as an Avatar of everlasting democratic righteousness against secular Iniquity, like Michelet; or as an *alma mater* beneficent and adorable, like Robespierre's devotee, Ernest Hamel; you may even call it a "useless cataclysm," like Forneron (and others before him, such as Montalembert), or a Jacobin conquest, like Taine; but none of these things explain, *why* there was a Terror. Quite recently Mrs. Webster would ask us to ascribe it to a Malthusian scheme for minimising the population; but this will not do: quite apart from its impotence to that end, the Terror long preceded such theories on the point as were undoubtedly cherished by some of the leading Revolutionaries. The Terror was born with the birth of the Revolution, and died with its triumph. The Terror *was* the Revolution. Those historians who endeavour to give us a Revolution on which the Terror was a stain, a blot, are giving us a *Hamlet* without Hamlet, a Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Revolution, mere Bowdlerism, pap for babes. Who does not see that this is only a *reductio ad absurdum* of the whole sanguinary struggle? What on earth was the matter with them all? What were they trying to do? Why were Frenchmen suddenly all falling to, to cut each other's

throats? Were they all bitten by a snake? Was it all mere sound and fury, signifying nothing?

No, not at all. There was method in the madness. The Terror was no by-product, something thrown up accidentally by the Revolution; it was absolutely necessary, essential to the Revolution; the *sine qua non*, the only Means to the End. No Terror, no Revolution. *Qui veut la fin veut les moyens*. Something there was, not to be achieved without it. What was it? Reform? If so, then why the Terror? It was superfluous. Nobody opposed Reform; all were in its favour; there was a literally idiotic enthusiasm for Reform, in every Order in the State. You do not spur a willing horse, says the adage: why should you? he goes of himself. It is the *unwilling* horse that you must spur. What was it that people were so unwilling to do, in 1789, which called for compulsion in the extreme degree?

Something was bound to happen, in 1789: and something did happen: paradoxically; as if, for instance, a swan's egg were to produce, not a swan, but a vulture. Why? In attempting to solve the problem, the historians have inverted the truth by a confusion, arising—quite apart from all *parti pris*—from a radically false conception of revolution in general. Pundits fill libraries with ponderous—and interesting—tomes, reducing the feudal curiosities of the *Ancien Régime* to twenty places of decimals, *because* they imagine the Revolution to have been caused by the “iniquities” of the *Ancien Régime*: they all take this for granted, never question it; it is the unconscious assumption of everybody: the background, e.g. of Carlyle's revolutionary rhapsody. It is a huge mistake: *communis error*. The books that explain the Revolution are, on the contrary, the books written not to blame, but to praise the Old Regime. Why? Because the Revolution was not caused—and Revolutions are not caused, by bad government. It is good government that causes revolutions. The paradox vanishes, on consideration: it was completely explained long ago, in his own short, inimitable way, by Aristotle.

The violence of revolutions, says Macaulay, is generally proportioned to the degree of maladministration that has produced them. That sounds incontrovertible: most people would accept it without hesitation. It is the exact reverse of the truth, founded on ignorance of human nature. Macaulay, like many lesser writers, spent his life reading books, but he could not read man. It is not maladministration, but prosperity, that leads to revolution, and if historians had Aristotle's insight, or could profit by it, they would recognise that a revolution is generally the greatest compliment to the regime it displaces. And the reason has only to be stated, to be seen and accepted. Downtrodden populations *never* make revolutions: the cause is not in them. Little by little, in a prosperous State, there arises a new class which formerly counted for nothing, not merely in other people's opinion, *but in its own*. But whenever any class in a State finds itself in a position which does not correspond with *its own* conception of the place it should occupy, it becomes the author of sedition. The cause of revolution is the change in a psychological attitude, due to a better condition. So teaches the Master of the Wise, and every important revolution in history exemplifies and confirms his analysis—including the French Revolution. That came about, not because France *was* downtrodden, but precisely because she was *not*—because she was flourishing, because there was a class in the State whose position no longer corresponded with its ambitions: because, in Aristotle's language, *being equal in some respects*, it claimed to be equal *in all*. That was the case in 1789—and it is stated in a nutshell in the celebrated pamphlet of Siéyès. The Revolution was caused not by the bad, but the good, in the *Ancien Régime*: more exactly, by this, that the good was not considered good enough by certain elements in the State. And that is the secret that not a single historian has seen. The old Regime was in many ways very good—as, for instance, Arthur Young proves unintentionally, blessing where he curses: he was a miraculously stupid man, damning every-

thing that was not *grande culture*: it is ludicrous to see how he takes people in, such as John Morley, who finds in his book the complete condemnation of the *Ancien Régime*. The truth as to the cause of the Revolution is not there. It can be read between the lines of all the leading Revolutionaries' writings and speeches; it is the "colour" of all the utterances of Chamfort and Camille Desmoulins, Mme Roland and Robespierre, and the rest: it was expressed by Rivarol in a well-known judgment, and, better still, in a later day, by P. J. Proudhon: *la démocratie, c'est l'envie*. That was the driving power of the Revolution.

But, good heavens! exclaims the reader: do you mean to assert that there was no need for Reform in 1789? Why, of course there was, in abundance. There always is. You could make out just as good a case for Reform, in any State, anywhere, anywhen. *But the Revolution was not a Reform*. That is the snare. That is where historians all go astray, by confounding Reform, and the need for it, with the Revolution that actually came about. There *might have been* a Revolution—many people hoped for it—quite other than the one that emerged. There *might have been* exactly that beneficial movement of Reform—the substitution of a better for the Old Regime, which so many historians would persuade us that the Revolution actually was, but which on the contrary it eclipsed, eliminated, and indefinitely postponed. Such a beneficent National Betterment, desired by no man more sincerely than the unfortunate King who had done more than anybody else to promote it—*before the Revolution began*—was precisely what the Revolutionaries did NOT want. They wanted some thing MORE. No mere Reforms could ever attain the thing they had in view.

What was it? Some people in France are beginning dimly to catch sight of it: for murder will out: and, after all, it is a *French* Revolution. And though the truth has been artistically smothered for a century, lynx-eyed French detectives have long been busy on the case. But in the great English-

speaking world, where till yesterday Liberals have had things all their own way, Stygian darkness still obtains: people are still gulping down Linguet and Latude (liar and lunatic) and, above all "the Bastille"; still believing Robespierre and Barère, the black sheep, the only two "really bad people" in an unfortunately rather violent, but on the whole beneficent Revolution, of which the *motif* was the good of the People, which People unanimously rose against Despotism, and after desperate struggles (the Terror), always against Despotism, succeeded by heroic exertions (here Danton comes in) in substituting for an altogether abominable Old Regime an admirable New One, in which the poor man was *par excellence* the gainer: pleasing imaginations founded mainly on dim reminiscences of Carlyle and Dumas, scraps of Macaulay, and one or two things out of Morley about Burke, Rousseau, and Arthur Young. Until you reach Mrs. Webster, whose book is not so much a History of the Revolution as a study—and a very good one—of the "days," you can find nothing but the Jacobin view diluted with a little watery disagreement: for Croker's old admirable *Essays* are forgotten and unknown. There you will find the sinister quality of 1789, which nineteenth-century Liberalism has studiously disguised, just as the sentimental democratic idealism of to-day turns a blind eye on the Bolshevik atrocities in Russia. Reform was not the motive of the Revolution of 1789. It was not made by the People, nor for the People: it did not benefit, and never was intended to benefit, the People. If was not made against despotism, but by it. It substituted for the Old Regime something infinitely worse. It was not made by the Duke of Orleans, nor by the Freemasons, though both of these contributed to promote its initial stages. It was made by the ANONYMOUS; it was, as Shakespeare says, a deed without a name, concocted in a witches' cauldron by the secret black and midnight hag, Conspiracy, and rendered possible, as M. Funck Brentano has indirectly proved, by a condition very different indeed from those literary influences on which such stress has been unduly

laid, *le Mandrinisme*. The ghost of Mandrin was ubiquitous in the France of 1789. That was the soul of the Revolution, and the Instrument of the Anonymous: the discontent that supplied them with material and opportunity.

And who, then, were the Anonymous? In accurately analysing and defining these, and their *modus operandi*, and the accidental factor that ensured their success, the whole Revolution will reveal itself, as it actually was—*sans phrases*.

I. It was not Justice, not Equity—it was Envy, Hatred, Malice, and Cupidity that made the Revolution. There were many true Reformers in 1789. But the men who ran the Revolution wanted, not to reform the State, but to *oust the Aristocracy and the Church*, and take their place. Under cover of the People, whose name they took in vain, their object was to drive out, eliminate, and supplant the two Estates in possession. For this it was necessary to employ Violence and Intimidation: *hence the Terror*. By this means alone could the thing be done: it was difficult: men are not easily driven from ancestral homes. *Chassez les aristocrates, chassez les prêtres*, was the cry of the mob on September 20. Not a single historian has seen that the Terror was *the* essential, the core, of the whole Revolution. Nothing else, nothing less, could eliminate the Old Orders. The *raison d'être* of the Terror was to make a clean slate, a clean sweep of the Nobles and the Church, massacre or force them to clear out, be off—the Emigration: then to declare them deserters, their lands *National Property*—and buy it, depreciated by all being thrown at once upon the market, for Assignats printed by the billion, not by “Pitt,” but by themselves—systematically rendered worthless. That was the Way: that was the Revolution. (Oh that old castle on the hill, bought for a scrap of paper!—as who should say, for a handful of German marks—another similar means for a different end.)

And consequently, this happened. The word “aristocrat” suddenly, chameleon-like, lost its old meaning and took

another. Everybody, aristocrat or not, speedily became an *aristocrate*, in Revolutionary eyes, who stood for the Old Order. That was the “crime” for which “Madame Guillotine” provided: the pretext did not matter: any stick was good enough to beat the dog with. Soon, almost every Frenchman was an *aristocrate*. That was why. It is very funny to see how it puzzles the historians, to find every class in France victim of the guillotine. It is as simple as daylight—if you understand the Terror. For “France” was *not* for the Revolution: “France” was *against* it: “France” was pro-monarchy, pro-aristocracy, pro-church, pro-tradition, pro-country, pro-home. “France” had to be dragooned into the Revolution—by the Revolutionaries. They, the anti-French, anti-patriotic party, arrogated to themselves alone the name of “Patriots.” All others were traitors—to the Revolution. Just so, every party disappeared, the moment it showed any symptoms of casting sneaking glances back to the Old Order. To be “suspect” was quite enough to be damned beyond redemption. “Traitors” above all were the King, and the Queen—the *Autrichienne*—for they were the very incarnation of the Old Regime; will they, nill they, their original sin is indelible—except by blood. They were the holocaust: *Opfer fallen hier, weder Lamm noch Stier, aber Menschen-opfer, unerhört*. But it was not the King, not the Queen, not the Church, not the Nobles, not even “the People”—it was the Revolutionaries that were the real traitors. But their cause had behind it the *Anonymous*—the *avocats*, the *robins*, the *folliculaires*, the low-caste knaves who stood to gain by it, the aliens, the *novi homines*, the intellectual proletariat, the ubiquitous agents that flashed out into Jacobin clubs all over France; ubiquitous as their instrument, the Brigands, forming a party solid instinctively not for the good, but for the goods, of France; all inspired by the aphorism of Brissot—*la propriété c'est le vol*: which Proudhon afterwards illustrated, by claiming it for his own. These were the men who made “the Revolution.” They sprang up like mush-

rooms in a night in every hole and corner, and the details of their operations may be studied by the curious in the pages of Taine and Forneron, Camperdon and Wallon, Adolphe Schmidt, Lenotre and other microscopic and exact observers of the hideous reality obscured by the romance. For the romance of the Revolution has passed all this while for its reality. The writings and the speeches, the Tennis-court oaths and Bastille "captures," the guillotine and the tumbrils, the hero-phantoms of Carlyle stalking about in a blood-shot mist, the "days," from October 5 and 6 to Brumaire 18, the *carmagnoles*, the Marseillaise, *ça-ira* and *ci-devant*, Charlotte Corday, Fouquier Tinville, Vendée, the *Noyades*, and all the rest of it—all this is not the Revolution: it is only the spectacle, the panorama, the *façade*. The Revolution was the dry, prosaic, ugly, dirty, sordid, ignoble, shameful, uninteresting "business" Thing that went on in the dingy back parlour behind all the brilliant shop-window dressing: the Thing that lay hidden like a bloated spider under the web of sublime, disinterested perorations that it wove about itself to conceal its real doings and entrap silly flies. "The People" fell into the trap; so do the historians, still.

When a society of clever Frenchmen shall prepare two maps: one, of all the landed property in France, with its owners, in 1789: and one, of all the landed property in France, *with its owners*, in 1799: and thirdly, a bald exact catalogue or dictionary, enumerating the exact steps and prices, by and at which each several item passed from its '89 owner to its '99 owner—then, and not till then, we shall have a *History of the French Revolution*. All the rest is nothing but the successive shocks of the metempsychosis. That is the plot of the play. It was, in the phraseology of St. Augustine, a *grande latrocinium*, masked under the forms of law. There is nothing on the same scale—not even the Reformation—in all human history. That is why 1789 stands alone as "the" Revolution.

And that was the reason for the wild enthusiasm, the

roars of delight, the thunders of applause, wherewith the audience in Paris at the *Théâtre de la Cité-Variétés*, on the 8th Floreal, year 3 of Liberty, greeted *Les Aristides Modernes, comédie en trois actes, par le citoyen Ducancel*. There was the truth as to all these Scævolas and Catos and "virtuous" Republicans before their enraptured eyes: that truth which Napoleon would have buried out of remembrance for ever: which will emerge from its tomb—the whited sepulchre raised over it by a conspiracy of silence, panegyric, apology, party spirit and stupidity—when we get the Domesday Book of 1789.

II. But, as Lacretelle said, *les conspirations ne s'écrivent pas*: conspiracies are never written down: *il y a des motifs inavouables*. You will never find the secret spring of action in any documents or archives, but only in the issue: a man may give, for example, a hundred reasons for his refusal—all false—but the refusal remains. That is why pundits often make such miserable historians: they take letter for spirit, the word for the thing, the body for the soul. Would you understand the difference, read, for example, the *Memoirs of the Cardinal de Retz* (by the way, he was a "cause" of the Revolution: the Bastille was "taken" out of his book, though historians never see it: the Palais Royal party modelled themselves on his example), or the notes scribbled by Napoleon or Christina of Sweden on the margin of their copies of Macchiavelli. Elizabeth and Cecil, Moray and Morton never believed themselves in the charges they brought against Mary, Queen of Scots: they all understood: it was all part of the game, the Macchiavellian "statecraft" to which all high caste people were brought up. Could they read in the Shades the Motleys and Macaulays, the Mignets and the Froudes—they would smile at each other, with a shrug of the shoulders: Lord! Lord! what simpletons "great clerks" not brought up in the mysteries can be! No party can come out into the open with sheer robbery written on its banner,

cynically proclaiming the brutal programme : *Ote toi, que je m'y mette!* Hypocrisy owes its homage to virtue. Hence the Second Cause of the Revolution, which most people mistake for its essence : the programme, derived from Rousseau : the Utopian Lure, one of those *Sophismata* noted by Aristotle as tubs for the whale, thistles for the People, like the Big Loaf and the Little Loaf of the honest Free Traders in 1846. The People were to be Free, the People were to be Equal, the People were to be Brothers, even All Peoples, Brothers! (what an invaluable fellow, the Prussian Baron, Anacharsis Clootz, so admirably depicted for us by Avenel!) nay, the Sublime People was even to throw off all its burdens, and never pay taxes any more. An irresistible bait! that last : no arguing against that, in comparison with the Old Regime : and yet, no honest statesman ever put that on his banner : it is fraud, humbug ; it gives him away, for fool or knave. With these glorious lures held out before it, the People, like a bull maddened by a red flag, charged everybody with its head down, goring and tossing blindly : the *avocat* standing by, biding his time, to "net the swag." Those "brigands," so adroitly employed, turned almost everybody for the moment into a brigand, a "free trader," a smuggler, a *faux saulnier* : when everybody is robbing, says the *rusé paysan* (like the dog in the fable) why oneself lose the chance of picking up anything lying about without an owner? The People, even if Brigands, were now to be All : only, *bien entendu*, the King, Nobles, and Clergy form no part of the People (that made the peasant scratch his head a little—it was *drôle* :) nay, even the People themselves ceased to be the People, unless they were *à la hauteur*—for the Revolution. A very singular state of affairs, unintelligible above all to the People! All "counter revolutionaries" to be exterminated without benefit of clergy like mad dogs : they were *aristocrates*.

But presently, perplexed and excited, the unhappy People began to observe that their happiness took a long time coming. Who was to blame? Why, of course, the *aristocrates*. Plots!

plots! everywhere! but where? Down with them, man, woman, and child! The People went mad with rage. How the always demure and debonair *aristocrates* managed it, they could not conceive : but somehow, the "Patriot" did not seem to get along, he was always just where he was before. The thing stuck. "Get on with the Revolution!" And then another thing happened, which the cunning Revolutionaries had not anticipated—it is so difficult to foresee everything : some incomprehensible persons—Robespierre, for example—were inconvenient enough to believe—actually believe—in the possibility and desirability of turning the utopian programme into a fact—of "making good." A pure, sublime People, all equal, all free, all brothers, and especially, all virtuous. That was Robespierre's idea, he meant it ; and nobody ever understands either the man or his fall, for want of understanding the Revolution. It was just Robespierre's absolute sincerity, his horrible *bonne foi*, as Nodier calls it, that ruined him. There was no room for such a man. It is extraordinarily interesting. Robespierre was absolutely sincere, really meant it all, would bring his Ideal about at all costs—only, unfortunately, it was necessary to eliminate the Impure. More unfortunately still, the Impure saw what he was about, and what he had in store for them—they were many—they banded together and upset him—thereby ending the Ideal Revolution, and securing the Real One. Robespierre's friends—and M. Ernest Hamel, his devout biographer—are perfectly right : Robespierre was the honest man, and his undoers were the rascals, and the "Sublime Revolution" disappeared with him—only M. Hamel and his friends do not see that even rascals are less disastrous to an imperfect world than such terrible "whole-hoggers" as Robespierre and his kind, who would without a tremor sacrifice that same world wholesale rather than abate a jot of their idea : even such rascals as Fouché, the incarnation of the real Revolution, and the real antagonist of Robespierre—he did it all : it was the Duke of Otranto (that was to be) that threw Robespierre

overboard, and subsequently made (and unmade) Napoleon: a point to which we shall return. With the sea-green In-corrutable fell the last vestige of honesty on the Revolutionary banner. The Tricolor, Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity now became the Black Flag of the Buccaneer: Brigandage abroad, after the Brigandage at home: and Bonaparte was the Ideal Brigand: he stood for the system far better than the Directory, and kept them going till he ousted them, for that reason. His secret is written for ever in that monument of roguery, the Italian correspondence. Bonaparte was never really anything but a brigand: the Imperial tinsel and trappings were only a veneer. A statesman he never was, even for an instant: he was simply Mandrin *in excelsis*, the Revolution itself in flesh and blood. Historians dispute as to whether he was the completion of the Revolution, or its abolition. It all depends which Revolution you mean.

III. Last, and yet chief of all the contributory causes, for without it they would all have come to nothing, was, *the absence of the policeman*: the absolute impunity afforded to the criminals by the nullity of the King, which gave them a clear field. *Punishment*, said old Manu, *is the first duty of a King: if he failed to punish wrongdoers, the stronger would roast the weaker like fish on a spit*. And that is exactly what happened in 1789. And though it might seem that the importance of this factor has been fully appreciated, since almost everybody has noticed it (especially Dumont, Théroigne de Méricourt, Frenilly, Thiébault, Goguelat, Weber, and Napoleon, who all had their eyes on him at critical conjunctures) yet, in fact, the overwhelming influence of this item has never been adequately realised by any historian, principally because its recognition would destroy their thesis—due to a kind of Fatalism—that the Revolution *must* have come about, no matter what the King might or might not do. No! not *this* Revolution: not the thing that did actually occur. Neither the Greeks, nor the Romans, nor the Renaissance, whatever

else they put into French heads, put wholesale expropriation there. Mademoiselle Théroigne and her friends knew better: but for the *poltronnerie du tyran*, as she put it, their cause had been lost. It never could have won, except with just this very King and no other. Therein lies the grotesque irony of it all. Even a weak King could have stopped it: let alone a strong one. To succeed, "the Revolution" required a King weak beyond all possibility of imagination—and it got him. All the Revolutionaries knew it beforehand: that was why they were so "brave": it was a very safe thing, taking liberties with poor Louis: he never hit back, he was passive, like a picture on a wall—except in one remarkable particular: in every inconceivable humiliation, he remained perfectly unruffled, so long as he got—*food*! It is literally heartrending to observe how, when any other human being would have died of rage, or shame, or grief—he just ate! Who could possibly feel anything for such a man but contempt? (Poor Queen!) And yet the faintest spark of energy, at some critical moments, would have recovered all. Consider, for example, what occurred when—the one and only time—the Revolutionary "braves" were sharply called to order by Lafayette and the National Guard in the "massacre" of the Champ de Mars. Instantly, these valiant Revolutionary leaders simply faded away: Robespierre and Marat hid: Danton lurked in the country: Camille Desmoulins—*stopped his journal*. Or again, even at the fifty-ninth minute of the eleventh hour, August 10—the Swiss had actually won the King's battle—the band of hired cowardly cut-throats (M. Aulard's "people of Paris"—a poor compliment to the *ville-Lumière*!) had bolted: then—when, even by going to sleep, Louis would have regained all, with France behind him—what did he do? Actually sent orders to the Swiss to cease firing! thereby, says Thiébault, who was there, dooming himself and all his devoted friends to extermination. All was over. "If," said Napoleon, in after-years, "I had been King of France on August 10, I should be King of France still." Why, of course;

so would anybody else—*le premier caporal venu*—except just Louis XVI. As if by a miracle, "the Revolution" had *him* to deal with: he was the one thing needful, the apparently impossible *desideratum*, for their success—and there he was! Had he wished them to succeed, he could not possibly have done better than he did: he played into their hands, as if on purpose to oblige them, and went out of his way to save the situation for them, when their cowardice and incapacity had lost it for themselves. But alas for Marie Antoinette! she was the victim: the concentrated quintessence of indescribable humiliation was the liquor in the cup which this fatal King handed her to drink. Her end is like a nightmare. How insignificant seem the tribulations of any other martyr in history, compared with hers! they take you by the throat. Well, there you have the truth, brought to a focus: only with just this King could such things be. Change the King—and neither Marie Antoinette, nor the Revolution, could have ended as they did.

Soon after Robespierre's fall, came the Directory: that Government *légal et modéré*, as Thiers, the *épicier*, the little *gabacho*, as the Spaniards called him, describes it, a lie for which he ought to have been shot: but Thiers was the very stuff of which all the Revolutionaries themselves were made. The Directory was established *against* the People, by brute force and Bonaparte: a case foreseen by Aristotle: sometimes, he says, men establish a new political system, by deceiving the people, with their assistance: and then, later, maintain it by force against their will. Now it is this Directory above all on which a man should fix his eyes, if he wishes fully to understand either the Revolution which led into it, or Bonaparte in whom it ended: for it is the key to both: and never have such lies been told as about this villainous Directory, because, forsooth! it called itself a Republic. That word has been the cloak to cover all its sins. In 1795, France was a ruin. All that was France had disap-

peared. Monarchy, Aristocracy, Church, down to the very monuments of their history, were gone. Starvation was universal, the People were eating grass. But the New Proprietors were in possession: the Ouvrards, Talliens, and Barras were lords of all. To keep this New Regime exactly as it was, by any means whatever, was the policy of the Directory: *parta tueri*. On this turns the history of France for the next half-century. Every Government, call it what you like, Monarchy or anything, that succeeded the Directory had to fall into line: to make the first clause in its "Constitution," in plain English, *No disgorging of ill-gotten goods*. That is why the *novi homines* could never trust the Bourbons: not because there was anything wrong with the Bourbons, but because there was everything wrong with the New Proprietors. *Ob metum ex flagitiis maxima peccandi necessitudo*: are the words of Tacitus which Barante placed on his old history of the Directory: they accurately describe the Directorial psychology. This was the secret: to keep ill-gotten gains and add to them: hence Bonaparte. He was exactly what Louis XVI had been in the diametrically opposite way, the ideal man for the end required: to acquire, by brigandage abroad: to keep out the Bourbons *per fas et nefas* (*teste* the Duc d'Enghien—that was why he died, which even M. Welschinger does not see—no awkward scruples here:) and lastly, solve the appalling People problem, in the very simplest way: not *à la* Babœuf (a most objectionable person, *who did not think the People had gained anything but starvation from the Revolution*: a man to eliminate!) but by everlasting War. It was magnificently simple! it gave "the People" continuous "employment," and left their bones to whiten all the battlefields in Europe—*et au delà*. Yes! Bonaparte was the man: a man to rub your hands over: a god! a very *deus ex machinâ*—he cut the Gordian knot with his sword. And more—wait a little! and this little Corsican brigand will not only secure the New Proprietors, but actually make them Dukes and even Princes! Could anything be more delightful?

We discern already in the future the "Comte de Morcerf" and the "Baron Danglars" of that psychological photograph of pinchbeck aristocracy—*The Count of Monte Cristo*.

For—here is the core of the whole mystery of hypocritical iniquity—gazing at the Directory and its doings, we realise that a new Right of Man—and of Woman—has been acquired which is never mentioned by historians: *the Right to Dishonour*. Never in human history has Dishonour come out into the light of day with such effrontery as here, open, naked, and not ashamed. There was not a blush left on the cheek of man or woman. Honour was dead, buried in the grave of the Old Regime: gone with the *Fleur-de-Lys*. That was the thing that France had lost—her soul. This was the New Republic, dear to the Lanfreys and Aulards. But had you told King Barras I, or any of his friends, that France had lost her honour, you would have amused him for a week: he would have chuckled over the idea with that lady of many husbands, *Notre Dame de Thermidor*, or Joséphine, two *Reines* of the New Regime who actually were what the murdered Queen of France had been foully charged with being, like the bread in a tavern, *pain à discrétion*, to anybody who could PAY. Yes, the Revolutionary achievement is worthy of meditation. The Government such a state of things imposes—that Napoleon embodied—is described in a single word—*Police*. And Fouché was its soul. No man in all the Revolution so admirably symbolises the whole movement as that enigmatical Oratorian, of whom Charles Nodier, who knew him well, observes, that the peculiarity of his face, with its deadly pallor, lay in the strange and never-varying *absence of expression* in the still green eyes, "which suggested to you the retractile claws of the cat"—something formidable that was never permitted to appear. Would you understand the moral bog of France in which Fouché was at home, like an anaconda in a swamp, examine the police reports edited by Hauterive, or certain special studies of police cases, such as those of MM. Daudet, Lenotre, Thierry or Penanster. They

throw exactly the same light upon the *character* of post-Revolutionary France as do others (such as Mr. Phipson's recent volume on Marat) on that of the *personnel* of the Revolution. For it never seems to strike the partisans of the Revolution that their favourable view does not square with the moral quality of the leading actors. Robespierre alone excepted—whose private life was unimpeachable—all the Revolutionary protagonists might figure in the Newgate Calendar: a thing placed beyond all possibility of denial by a score of exact and irrefutable writers, amongst whom Edmond Biré, G. Lenotre, Cuvillier Fleury, Émile Dard, Dauban, Adolphe Schmidt, Mortimer Ternaux, Funck Brentano, Vatel, are pre-eminent. Against their revelations those who do not like them can only close their eyes: there is nothing else to do. But it will not serve: you cannot get away from the conclusion: the Revolution was run by a moral *canaille*: and the gem of the whole collection is the man whom all historians most delight to honour—Mirabeau.

Look hard at this man: it is well worth while. Historical disingenuity has touched bottom in the absolution of Mirabeau, as to whom our information is singularly ample: Dumont, Bacourt (Lamarck), Lucas-Montigny, and the two Loménie, with his own letters and writings, place the whole man before us: the *dossier* is full. Now, had the States-General never met, in 1789, Mirabeau's career was closed: he was *un homme fini*. Everybody knew him for what he was, a moral leper: gangrened with vices: a man, to put it shortly, who would have been turned out of any decent club in England: one who did things no gentleman would do: that simply are not done, except by blackguards. He was an outcast, a pariah, and he knew it: any good criminal psychologist would know how to interpret his constant attitude: he had reached the significant stage of *defiance*. And when he took his seat in the Assembly, he was hissed: people moved away from his vicinity. But the Revolution gave him another chance: mark how he made use of it! Observe that he was now forty

years of age. Do people change their *characters* at forty? above all, characters as strong as his? No! he remains exactly what he was before, and even improves on it. But there was this important and decisive difference: *before*, he was only a private individual: *now*, he belongs to a party. Now a party will forgive a man absolutely *anything*—provided that his services are such as to make him indispensable. And, at the very start, Mirabeau did his party a service such that it instantly obliterated all his sins. He had thrown in his lot with the Third Estate simply because his own Order would not touch him with a stick—and, but for politics, everybody now would still agree with them. He chose his party from necessity, spite, and revenge: and, by the way, it is curious to note that the only two statesmen in the whole Revolution, Talleyrand and himself, had each his own personal reasons for the course that he took. So then, when the Third Estate were faltering—for all their bravery, still half cowed by the old Monarchy, which most of them saw at close quarters for the first time in their lives—confronted with an order to disperse, *de par le Roy*—it was Mirabeau (the aristocrat *quand même*) whose courage saved the situation: he “belled the cat”—and never did the Third Estate forget it! as indeed it was not a thing to be readily forgotten: it saved their face before all France, and placed them at one bound in the saddle to ride—to the devil! This man, they felt, could bring them through. Mirabeau suddenly became a hero. *That was why.*

Almost immediately after comes the very vilest action of all the vile actions even of Mirabeau's career. The Terror played its first open card, by the attack on Versailles, on October 5 and 6: of which, for the present purpose, it is sufficient to say, that one of its principal objects was to assassinate the Queen. One of its principal contrivers was Mirabeau.

To this day, his whitewashers ignore or deny it: as indeed they are obliged to do, to save “the Revolution”: for this

diabolical outrage damns it altogether: the frivolous excuses advanced to justify it are simply an insult to the intelligence of the reader. The truth is as patent as the sun at noon. But it is really embarrassing to argue with people who will look you in the face and tell you that ink is white. When, a year later, the Assembly, in the teeth of the evidence, exonerated the criminals by a party vote that deceived nobody and dishonoured itself—M. Cabet says, with truth, that at the moment they would have voted absolutely *anything* to checkmate the “counter-revolution”—it unfortunately forgot that no party vote could obliterate the *Procédure Criminelle du Châtelet*. That is what they should have destroyed. It nails both the Duke of Orleans and Mirabeau to the counter. And yet—it is incredible!—except Louis Blanc—not a single “great historian” even so much as alludes to it, in his account of the event. Why? It is only too obvious, why. *For them, it is destroyed*: they will not see it. But there is something better still: something else that is discreetly never mentioned by anybody. Dealing with Mirabeau's dishonourable lying in the Assembly, and after bewailing the deplorable weakness of the King in allowing the criminals to escape with impunity, that sturdy old Royalist, M. de Goguelat, goes on thus:

“Had justice pursued its course, the criminals would have cut a sorry figure in the dock (*sellette*), for the proofs would have been many, and strong enough to disconcert the effrontery of even the most impudent. To speak of one fact as to which I was in a position to testify: Mirabeau, whom I had seen, noted, and listened to on the evening of the 5th, the while, sabre in hand, he was going up and down the ranks of the Flanders regiment, haranguing the soldiers, would hardly have told *me*, that I had mistaken M. de Gamache, who was something like him, for himself. ‘M. le Comte,’ I should have replied, ‘would you like me to tell you how many minutes you stood talking to the Comte de Lusignan? After going up to the artillery captain, Choderlos de Laclos, didn't you

say to him, pointing with a smile to a gun: "Between us, I hope, there are no *liaisons dangereuses*, for this metal to terminate"? To which, M. Choderlos de Laclos pleasantly replied: "Faithful to my Mæcenas, M. le Comte." Whereupon you recited to him, with emphasis moderated by your powerful lungs, the *Mæcenas atavis edite regibus*, and went away throwing out the quotation. Will you dare to maintain it was not you, and that I mistook for you M. de Gamache, whom I had just seen a moment before? Oh no! M. le Comte, it was indubitably yourself: nobody could ever make any mistake about it who had seen you even once only. M. de Gamache has, it is true, your large *coiffeur*, your large face, your large presence, your short neck, and your apoplectic constitution. But M. de Gamache has not your disdainful expression, so full of cynical effrontery; he has not your *orbites de bœuf*, his face is not, like yours, pitted with small-pox, and he is at least two good inches taller than you. Nor is that all: there is, in his physiognomy *un peu moutonne*, an *air de bonté* which, do what you will, you will never get into your own. Finally, ask the soldiers of the Flanders regiment, and they will confound you."

Here is a tough nut for Mirabeau's apologists to crack: if that does not settle the question against him, there is no such thing as evidence. And why did Mirabeau attempt to deny he was there? Why did he lie? Why, because he could do nothing else: he was cornered: he had his back against the wall. *For what was he doing there*—if he was there? If the Queen was not assassinated, it was no fault of his: she owed her escape, in that hour of need, to gentlemen of a species very different indeed from that to which Mirabeau belonged. Yet this is the man, this man who betrayed his own Order and set brigands on his Queen in her home, who soon afterwards betrayed his own party—too late! and turned Queen's man, to pose as a saviour and get his debts paid, not to mention that the glamour of a woman, and that woman a Queen, had always with Mirabeau its weight in the scale. Well might

the "patriots" hawk "the great Treason" about the streets of Paris. But really, his apologists cannot have it both ways. Which Mirabeau would they have us admire: the "patriot" who tried to assassinate the Queen, or the turncoat that licked her hand when she very reluctantly extended it—*filled with money*? If he was right when he ratted to royalism, what are we to say of his behaviour before? And this miscreant is *the* Revolutionary "hero"! Dishonour! dishonour! it is all the same tale—the badge of the tribe. Macaulay was grossly unjust to Barère, not for what he said of him, but for singling him out from the rest: they were all of a piece. And was it worth while to throw the fine old French Monarchy into the furnace, to found a Republic composed of *canaille* such as this?

Republic? When Paris woke on the morning of the Flight to Varennes, to find its King gone, crowds stood around the Hôtel de Ville, lamenting, "The King is gone." They felt themselves orphaned. "Then," says M. Lenotre, Lafayette, who had just dismounted from his famous white horse, "had an inspiration. '*Mes enfants*,' he said, 'the civil list of Louis XVI was 25 millions. To-day, every Frenchman inherits a franc.' Some cried 'Bravo!' others added: 'No more King!' And, as the General found himself in the vein, he concluded: 'You call this a misfortune? What would you call a counter-revolution which would deprive you of Liberty?' This time he was applauded."

Ah! M. de Lafayette, how sweet is applause—while it lasts! But if some prophet could have suddenly lifted the veil that concealed the future, possibly, instead of applauding, they might even have stoned you. Certainly, 25 millions seems a good deal to pay for a King, though on your own showing, it only cost Frenchmen just one franc apiece every year. But what was Liberty to cost—this great experiment of trying to govern *without a King*? Something a good deal more formidable than one franc a head. Poor deluded People! maybe, after all, your instinct of lamentation was deeper by

far than the smart witticisms of a dapper General on a white horse. Many of you were to discover in the near future that Liberty was to cost you, not a franc per head, but the head itself. Bitter experience was to convince you that the "counter-revolution" would have been the better alternative, after all, Lafayette notwithstanding: and time would show you the wisdom of the witty old cynic of Ferney, when he gave it as his opinion: That it was better to be governed by one noble lion than by a hundred rats. Homer thought so, too. And there were people even on the "popular" side, in 1789, who understood the true interest of France far better than the vain incapable who could not keep awake even on October 5. As, for example, Adrien Duquesnay, the Deputy for Bar-le-Duc, who notes in his sagacious Journal on September 13 of that year: "This fear of the royal power is, in my judgment, the bugbear of a child. When men shall be sufficiently enlightened, they will see that, far from fearing the royal power, they ought rather to love and respect it as the Guardian of the rights of all against all." The Deputy for Bar-le-Duc lays his shrewd finger here on the very core of all political wisdom: unfortunately, the Revolutionaries had other ideas. They had their own good reasons for wishing to abolish "despotism," and make the water muddy that they might fish in it. They did not want, just at the moment, any power to protect property (that want would come in 1795) they wanted "civism," Greek and Roman college-imbibed idiotic twaddle such as poured from Loustallot, or Camille Desmoulins, or the orators, Jacobin and others, in Clubs and Assemblies, whose everlasting verbiage historians take to be the essence of the Revolution, of which it was only the disguise. Under the Scipios and Catos, Brutus and Anaxagoras, lay Mandrin, whom nobody ever mentioned: he was not a classic, not named in Tacitus or Plutarch's *Lives*, not even in Vertot or Anacharsis. For the Revolutionary leaders succeeded not only in hoodwinking "the People" at the time; they have turned "History" into an accomplice after the

fact: and the Jacobin phraseology is taken *au pied de la lettre*. History has made "heroes" out of the miserable garret-hiding *avocats* and *rhéteurs* who falsified the intellectual standards till, as that ideal Spectator, Mallet du Pan, said shortly before he died: *Il n'y a plus que les esprits faux qui aient raison*. The French intellect and taste were murdered at the Revolution, not by the guillotine. If, says M. Edmond Fleury, you want an explanation of the Revolution overlooked by the historians, it was the Freedom of the Press. In the hands of the incompetent, the finest flower of France, its literary style, vanished for ever: that unattainable simplicity, that *clarté*, which so peculiarly distinguishes pre-revolutionary French, has never been recovered, not even by Merimée or Renan. Its age, like that of chivalry, is dead: slain, like the old gaiety, the old honour, by the Republic that had no need of chemists, and desecrated the very tombs of the makers of Old France.

Is History never to be anything but superficial scene painting and disingenuous apology for crime? *Les rois pardonnent: la politique pardonne: les hommes pardonnent: Dieu pardonne: mais l'histoire ne pardonne pas*. *Il serait étonnant, certes, que des hommes qui ont jugés, condamnés, exécutés, massacrés des milliers de leurs frères ne pussent pas être jugés, eux aussi, condamnés et exécutés au pilori de l'histoire*. What! Shall "the Revolution" butcher you by thousands innocent and inoffensive men, women, and children, all to rob them of their property, and shall you not even be allowed so much as to breathe a word against them? Shall a Henri Martin, for example, pronounce that disgusting, offensive, ferocious little female cad, Manon Phlipon, "the noblest woman in all history since Joan of Arc," and not a Frenchman smite him on the mouth for the historical atrocity? The Revolutionaries are to be sacrosanct, like the old Tribunes: *si quis malum carmen incantassit—sacer esto!* away with him! The one and only man whom it is permissible to damn beyond redemption is Robespierre—the Scapegoat—you

may charge him with the sins of all. Fouché was a clever man.

That grossly calumniated minister, Calonne, who was overthrown by an intrigue—just like Robespierre: who has been made the scapegoat of the Old Regime, as Robespierre of the Terror: and, also like Robespierre, by the people really responsible, the fatuous and imbecile Necker and his partisans, published in 1790 a prophetic and unanswerable criticism of the blundering National Assembly which historians never mention and very likely never saw. Therein, among other things, he says this also worthy of consideration: "The Noblesse is, in a moral sense, an economical resource. It is the only recompense of services rendered to the State which lays no burden on it: the only one able to maintain emulation in a great people without either degrading or corrupting it: it is in a generous nation the most powerful instrument, the most certain incentive to inspire great actions and enjoin the greatest sacrifices."

Aye! so had it been, in the old French monarchy. *Noblesse oblige* was the unwritten law. That was the thing—one of the imponderables—that France lost, in the tohu-bohu of 1789. A little loss? How runs the old adage—out of Goethe's *Faust* or somebody else?—about the three *verloren*? Money lost, little lost: Honour lost, much lost: Pluck lost, all lost! The Rulers of New France, in 1795, might say with Molière's doctor: *Ah! oui! cela était autrefois ainsi—mais nous avons changé tout cela.* We read it somewhat otherwise: Honour lost, nothing lost: Money lost—all lost: Pluck—why, they are actually blushing! *Nous étions des lâches*, said one of them in after-years. And that was true. The world has never seen such cowardice as was exhibited by the three Assemblies, who did their miserable work with bowed heads and lowered eyes, under the knife of the cut-throats and *Tapedurs* of the galleries and the streets of Paris. There was but one brave man among them all: Lanjuinais, not, as M. Biré has taught us, to be counted among the Girondins, the

greatest talkers and the greatest cowards of all the talking, cowardly crew, from the beginning to the end. Take, for example, Barbaroux, the man who summoned, from Marseilles, the gang of skulking money-grubbing brigands used for August 10, whom Carlyle has converted into a phalanx of elemental Fire Giants—the Marseillais! *the men who knew how to die!* as they did not. Take Barbaroux, their figure-head. Says M. Madelin: "His beautiful, inspired face" (Antinous, Madame Roland called him) "looked like a martyr's. 'I have sworn to die at my post. I will keep my word.'"

Ah! M. Madelin, M. Madelin! Only three pages later, we look for this young Antinous, and we find him—*gone!* HE HAD FLED FOR HIS LIFE!

But should any scandalised and startled reader object to M. Madelin, that, in view of this deplorable finale, he should hardly have held up the beautiful Barbaroux to our admiration on the previous page, seeing that "handsome is as handsome does," and that "martyr" is hardly the word required, M. Madelin would very properly reply, *that if the historian is to judge the Revolutionary heroes not by the things they said, but the things they did, he will have to take to pieces the whole history of the Revolution and rewrite it, from the first page to the last.* Which is the exact state of the case.

THÉ DANSANT

(A fragment).

By FEIRON MORRIS.

SIBYLLA and Felice came and sat down at the tea-table after their dance together.

"I suppose you realise," said Felice, "that we did exactly seventeen reverse turns straight off."

"Rather, of course," said Sibylla, although she had been unaware of it. "Do you hear that, Mike?" she said eagerly; "we did seventeen reverse turns straight off."

"Yes," added Felice, "and against the crowd, too; that's what made it so extraordinary, against the crowd and in the middle of the floor."

"You *can* steer, you know," said Sibylla to Felice, with a rapid side glance at Mike, who sat all this time smiling feebly and uncomfortably. "I don't know how you do it. Needs a bit of doing here, too." Again she shot a lightning side glance at Mike and then looked fully and blankly into Felice's eyes.

Mike lit a cigarette.

"I say, *do* you mind if I have one of yours?" said Felice, and snatched one out of the packet. Sibylla seized the teapot, poured out a little tea to warm up her half empty cup, drank one sip and put it down.

"Listen, you two," she said, "should I look perfectly ghastly if I took off my coat and danced in this jumper-thing?" She opened her jacket and showed a much mended jumper-thing, made out of a piece of an antique Indian shawl.

"*Perfectly* all right," said Felice heartily, but Mike said, "Oh no dear, there's a hole right in the middle of the back."

"What! a hole in the back!" shrieked Sibylla, "I thought I had darned it all over, O hell."

"Nonsense, excuse me it's *perfectly* all right, there isn't a hole," said Felice.

"Yes there is" said Mike with heavy eagerness; "look I'll show you." He began to fumble at the back of Sibylla's jumper under her jacket, anxiously trying to find the hole and prove himself right.

"Here, look out" said Sibylla, "that seafaring man there's speering at us, you poking your hand up under my coat." She indicated with her head an elderly grizzled man in a yachting cap and a shabby suit who was sitting alone on a bench not far from their table, and who appeared to be watching them with quizzical eyes. Sibylla would have said more on this subject if she had not at this moment discovered that she had no belt on.

"Is there a belt on the floor?" she asked wildly, staring about her and feeling at herself round the waist. "I made *sure* I put a belt on—could I have dropped it? How awful!"

"Sib, you did not put a belt on," Felice declared so positively that after a few more wild passes and searchings Sibylla gave it up and sank into a state of deep depression. She ate a piece of bread and butter, tearing at it absentmindedly with her teeth.

"Why don't you two dance?" she said, "this is a nice tune."

Mike and Felice looked doubtful.

"Oh *go* on" said Sibylla, "why waste a good tune? Personally," she added, "I shan't dance any more. This jumper hangs down three inches below my jacket without a belt. I shouldn't have danced at all if I'd known I had not got a belt on." As she spoke she pushed up her jumper and made reefs in it round her chest, then buttoned her jacket firmly and held it tightly to her.

The other two stood up slowly and doubtfully, and casting troubled glances toward Sibylla they finally moved away on to the dancing-floor.

Sibylla immediately forgot her belt. She watched Felice and Mike as far round the room as she could, decided they

looked very dull, shabby and boring, felt a little disgusted, and then fell to watching the other dancers. Soon she discovered, in her own language, "a dancer."

A tall man, fair, dressed in rather an un-English fashion, with a thin keen face. "Argentine" said Sibylla to herself, then reflected that she had never seen or heard of a fair or tall Argentine. "American" she next remarked. She observed that this man was the only person in the room who was really dancing. He made all the rest look like clumsy wooden figures pushing their legs in and out and getting over the floor as fast as they could. Some hunched their shoulders, or one shoulder, some clutched their partners in a stranglehold, others held them away as though they were a bad smell, some lurched, some bolted, but they one and all stampeded over the floor: "covering the ground," thought Sibylla bitterly. The "Argentine" or "dancer"—to Sibylla the two terms were synonymous—covered very little ground and took a long time about it.

At this point the music stopped. Felice and Mike returned and sat down. Bending towards Felice, Sibylla said "I have bad news for you!"

"What, what!" said Felice worried.

"There is a Dancer here," replied Sibylla solemnly and portentously.

"No" wailed Felice, "don't tell me, don't show him to me, promise you won't. I couldn't bear it."

"All right, I won't, but he's torn it for me. Everything's torn."

They sat in gloom. Mike looked more uncomfortable than ever, and in fact quite chagrined, as Sibylla intended. After some unhappy moments the music started again.

"Dance this with me" said Felice to Sibylla.

"No no, I couldn't—not possibly. It's hopeless. Of course," she remarked reflectively, "if anyone was at all decent and wanted me to enjoy the rest of the time they would nip home and fetch my belt. It wouldn't take five minutes," she added in a resigned tone.

"I'll fetch your belt" said Mike triumphantly and patronisingly. He rose to his feet in relief, having seen at last.

"Will you really—thanks most awfully" said Sibylla.

"It's only about two minutes' walk" Felice remarked, scornfully. Mike gathered his hat and stick.

"It's a narrow black suede belt, in the left-hand corner drawer——"

"—of the chest of drawers?" asked Mike intensely. Sibylla looked at him for several seconds in silence—"in the left-hand corner drawer" she then repeated firmly. Mike turned to go.

"It's rolled up," Sibylla called after him: "a narrow black belt rolled up."

Directly Mike had gone they both forgot him. "Let's dance this" said Felice.

Sibylla agreeably got up. "But *do* you think that our bags are *absolutely* safe here, for I don't, if you want to know."

"Oh yes, let's put them under this coat" said Felice. They rolled up their bags securely in a woollen coat on a chair, and after looking suspiciously round they went off to dance. "It's that seafaring man I'm thinking of," murmured Sibylla, "I've got simply pounds and pounds in my bag." She envisaged two pounds ten in notes.

"I'll put the money in my pocket if you like."

"Oh no, come on," said Sibylla impatiently; "only every time we pass this corner just cast an eye——"

They danced. When they returned to the table Mike was there, with the belt. Sibylla hastily put it on. But she did not take off her jacket after all. However, she felt better with her belt on.

The next tune was a One Step. "You two dance this" said Sibylla, who hated the rhythm. Left alone she glanced over the remains of the tea. A little cold black tea in the pot, which she poured out, no water, some milk, which she added. She drank one sip, tore at a piece of cake, but left half of it.

At that moment she became aware of a young man who

had entered the hall from the tennis lawns outside and was moving towards her on her left. She saw him, very slight and small and dark, silhouetted against the wide open entrance. Subconsciously she composed her attitude, looked away towards the dancers, and leaned her head gracefully on her hand. The next moment a voice spoke close to her right ear—"May I dance with you?"

Sibylla had expected it—but from the left—and was very genuinely startled. She turned her head round so sharply that she wrenched a tendon at the back of her neck. For an instant the pain was so intense that she lost control. "Oh," she exclaimed loudly and abruptly, "Oh, good heavens, you did startle me! You've made me crick my neck! You gave me quite a fright!" She rubbed the back of her neck and head violently, rumpling up her short hair, and was in too much pain for some seconds to observe her admirer, who apologised adequately, but was alarmed and embarrassed at her outcry. Sibylla, however, gathered her wits sufficiently to walk towards the dancing-floor, for a respectable-looking pick up when one had only Mike was not on any account to be repulsed.

"I don't suppose I shall be able to dance properly with you now," she said, turning round to him, "I've given my neck such a frightful crick; but I'll try." But during most of the dance she was unable to collect herself or very much information about her partner: only that he was foreign—yes—oh French (fancy) and in a family in Greathampton to learn English (*I wonder*)—and lived in Paris (might be useful). "Oh yes, I know Paris very well. What part?" "Near the—grave—you understand?" "Grave?" said Sibylla stupidly, still numb from her wrench and thinking somehow of the "*accent grave*" and supposing he was pronouncing it "grave" because she was English. "Grave?" "Grave—tomb—monument, you say?" "Oh yes yes Lonely Soldier." "No no, ah no, Napoleon." "Oh, *Napoleon's grave*—oh, how stupid of me, of course, yes I know, I know it *well*, of course. A *very* nice part to live in, yes." "You speak French?" "Oh no,

not well (not me!) but I have a friend here. She will speak French to you—and she dances better than I do (let Felice have him). Oh yes she does I assure you. I will introduce you." By this time she had grasped that he was a good dancer, and she hoped desperately that Felice and Mike would see her with him. How surprised, and O how *furious* they would be! But it was such a huge place—perhaps they would not see her. She looked anxiously about as they danced, paying very little heed to what was said.

Directly the music stopped Sibylla saw Felice and Mike standing near the band, looking so little and insignificant that she had another shock, but instantly suppressing it she dragged her partner across the floor, almost shouting to Felice when she got near enough "Look, here's somebody who can't speak English—at least he says he can't—and you've got to speak French to him!" Felice, Mike and the young Frenchman all looked quite stunned for a moment by this, but Felice quickly pulled herself together. Arranging her face into a polite smile she addressed Sibylla's partner in rather heavy French. Without waiting to listen Sibylla hastened away with Mike, but was pursued for a little distance by the voice of the Frenchman singing again his plaintive song: "Yes, I am alone—I do not speak English well—it is sad to be alone—I find it sad—to be alone is sad——"

Finally they all sat down at the dishevelled tea-table. A stilted conversation, partly in French and partly in English, bored Sibylla so profoundly that she leaned as far back in her chair as she could and gazed persistently into the distance. Just twice she rested her eyes full on the Frenchman, and found him looking at her.

"It's all right," she thought, "he likes me best. Felice is boring him."

She then dismissed the whole matter, and immediately the music started again she hurried Mike away to dance without one glance at the other two.

This was the last dance; a horrid One Step. Sibylla gave

Mike a good deal of harsh instruction. "Now *dance*, for a change," she said. "Don't spring and leap, for God's sake! Glide, don't lurch. Lean *over* me—don't drag at me. That's better. Now you're dancing, for a change—you never *do* dance, you know, you simply march about. Come on, let's get a move on—you've got no energy, that's what's the matter with you. *Dance*, I say."

The music turned into God Save the King. Sibylla moved off quickly.

"Don't hang about, for Heaven's sake" she urged Mike. "Come on, I want to get my things before they get back to the table, and get off. That Frenchman bores me to tears, *bores me to tears.*"

"Of course he does" said Mike complacently, and they threaded their way as fast as they could through the crowd and the emptying tables. Arrived, Sibylla seized a very small black hat and dashed her head into it, poking at the side-pieces of her hair with impatient fingers; snatched bag, gloves, stumpy umbrella and was just going to rush off with a thank God when Felice appeared, Frenchman in tow. However, Felice could always be relied upon to size up a situation and with no loss of time she also rammed on her hat and gathered up her traps. Sibylla swung round and grasping the surprised Frenchman by the hand she shook it violently. "Good-bye," she said, and was gone. Mike and Felice caught her up.

On the way back along the Front they discussed their find. "Not bad for a pick up" was the verdict. "And I'd rather have a French pick up than an English one any day" added Felice. "So would anyone in their senses," Sibylla said. "But I wanted to get out of it quickly. I don't mind a pick up in the right place, but not marching home with you and finding out where you live and so on." The others most heartily agreed. After she had looked over her shoulder some dozen times, and hurried her companions along, Sibylla's suspicions became finally allayed, and they all three walked home amicably enough.

PSYCHOMACHIA

By CONRAD AIKEN

I

TENT-CATERPILLARS, as you see (he said)
Have nested in these cherry-trees, and stripped
All sound of leaves from them. You see their webs
Like broken harp-strings, of a fairy kind,
Shine in the moonlight.

And then I to him :

But is this why, when all the houses sleep,
You meet me here—to tell me only this,
That caterpillars weave their webs in trees?
This road I know. I have walked many times
These sandy ruts. I know these starveling trees—
Their gestures of stiff agony in winter,
And the sharp conscious pain that gnaws them now.
But there is mystery, a message learned,
A word flung down from nowhere, caught by you,
And hither brought for me. How shines that word,
From what star comes it? . . . This is what I seek.

And he in answer : Can you hear the blood
Cry out like jangled bells from all these twigs?
Or feel the ghosts of blossom touch your face?
Walk you amid these trees as one who walks
Upon a field where lie the newly slain
And those who darkly die? And hear you crying?
Flesh here is torn from flesh. The tongue's plucked out.
What speech then would you have, where speech is tongueless,
And nothing, nothing, but a welling up of pain?

I answered : You may say these smitten trees
 Being leafless have no tongues and cannot speak.
 How comforts that my question ? . . . You have come,
 I know, as you come always, with a meaning.
 What, then, is in your darkness of hurt trees ;
 What bird, sequestered in that wilderness
 Of inarticulate pain, wrong ill-endured,
 And death not understood, but bides his time
 To sing a piercing phrase ? Why sings he not ?
 I am familiar, long, with pain and death,
 Endure as all do, lift dumb eyes to question
 Uncomprehended wounds ; I have my forest
 Of injured trees, whose bare twigs show the moon
 Their shameful floating webs ; and I have walked,
 As now we walk, to listen there to bells
 Of pain, bubbles of blood, and ached to feel
 The ghosts of blossom pass. But is there not
 The mystery, the fugitive shape that sings
 A sudden beauty there that comes like peace ?

You know this road, he said, and how it leads
 Beyond starved trees to bare grey poverty grass ;
 Then lies the marsh beyond, and then the beach,
 With dry curled waves of sea-weed, and the sea.
 There, in the fog, you hear the row-locks thump ;
 And there you've seen the fisherman come in,
 From insubstantial nothing, to a shore
 As dim and insubstantial. He is old,
 His boat is old and grey, the oars are worn.
 You know this ? You have seen this ?

And then I :

I know, have seen this, and have felt the shore
 As dim and thin as mist ; and I have wondered
 That it upheld me, did not let me fall
 Through nothing into nothing. . . . And the oars,
 Worn down like human nerves against the world ;

And the worn road that leads to sleeping houses
 And weeping trees. But is this all you say ?
 For there is mystery, a word you have
 That shines within your mind. Now speak that word.

And he in answer : So you have the landscape
 With all its nerves and voices. It is yours.
 Do with it what you will. But never try
 To go away from it, for that is death.
 Dwell in it, know its houses and cursed trees,
 And call it sorrow. Is this not enough ?
 Love you not shameful webs ? It is enough.
 There is no need for bird, or sudden peace.

II

The plain no herbage had, but all was bare
 And swollen livid sand in ridges heaped,
 And in the sharp cold light that filled the east
 Beneath one cloud that was a bird with wings
 I saw a figure shape itself, as whirling
 It took up sand and moved across the sand.
 A man it was, and here and there he ran
 Beating his arms, now falling, rising now,
 Struggling, for so it seemed, against the air.
 But as I watched, the cloud that was a bird
 Lifted its wings, and the white light intense
 Poured down upon him. Then I saw him, naked,
 Amid that waste at war with a strange beast
 Or monster, many-armed and ever-changing,
 That now was like an octopus of air
 Now like a spider with a woman's hair
 And woman's hands, and now was like a vine
 That wrapped him round with leaves and sudden flowers,
 And now was like a huge white thistledown
 Floating ; and with this changing shape he fought

Furious and exhausted, till at length
 I saw him fall upon it on the sand
 And strangle it. Its tentacles of leaves
 Fell weakly downward from his back, its flowers
 Turned black. And then as he had whirled at first,
 So whirled he now again, and with his feet
 Drew out the sand, and made a pit, and flung
 The scorpion-woman-vine therein ; and heaped
 The sand above.

And then I heard him sing
 And saw him dance ; and all that swollen plain
 Where no herb grew became a paradise
 Of flowers, and smoking grass, and blowing trees
 That shook out birds and song of birds. And he
 In power and beauty shining like a demon
 Danced there, until that cloud that was a bird
 Let fall its wings and darkened him, and hid
 The shining fields. But still for long I heard
 His voice, and bird-song bells about him chiming,
 And knew him dancing there above that grave.

III

Said he : Thus draw your secret sorrow forth,
 Whether it wear a woman's face or not ;
 Walk there at dusk beside that grove of trees,
 And sing, and she will come. For while she haunts
 Your shameful wood with all its webs and wounds
 And darkly broods and works her mischief there,
 No peace you'll have, but snares and poisonous flowers
 And trees in lamentation. Call her out
 As memory cries the white ghost from the tomb.
 Play the sharp lyric flute, for that she loves,
 With topaz phrases for her vanity.

And I in answer : She is dear to me,
 Dearer that in my mind she makes a dark
 Of woods and rocks and thorns and venomous flowers.
 What matter that I seldom see her face,
 Or have her beauty never ? She is there,
 It is her voice I hear in cries of trees.
 This may be misery, but it is blest.

Then he : And when you have her, strongly take
 Her protean fiery body and lithe arms
 And wailing mouth and growing vines of hair
 And leaves that turn to hands, and bear her forth
 Into that landscape that is rightly yours
 And dig a grave for her and thrust her in
 All writhing, and so cover her with earth.
 Then will the two, as should be, fuse in one.
 The landscape, that was dead, will straightway shine
 And sing and flower about you, trees will grow
 Where desert was, water will flash from dust,
 And rocks grow out in leaves. And you, this grief
 Torn from your heart and planted in your world,
 Will know yourself at peace.

But will it be—
 I asked—as bright a joy to see that landscape
 Put on diffused her wonder, sing her name,
 Burn with the vital secret of her body
 There locked in earth like fire, as now to have
 Her single beauty fugitive in my mind ?
 If she is lost, will flowering rocks give peace ?

And he in answer : So you have the landscape
 With all her nerves and voices. She is yours.

THE EXPERIENCE OF NEWMAN

By RAMON FERNANDEZ

(To FELIX THUMEN)

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."—HEB. xi, 1.

"I cannot avoid being sufficient for myself, for I cannot make myself anything else, and to change me is to destroy me. If I do not use myself, I have no other self to use. My only business is to ascertain what I am in order to put it to use."—JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL NEWMAN.

I SHOULD like the reader to look upon this imperfect study as an invitation to commune with himself, to forget for a moment the immediate solicitations of his life, in order to consider the two or three principles I shall borrow from Cardinal Newman. In these pages will be found neither an analysis of his genius nor a criticism of his work. The first would demand a lot of time, the second requires a competence I do not possess¹; but I think it within my capacity to affirm that Newman is one of the most authentic and (without doubt) most inexhaustible among the thinkers capable of furnishing solutions to modern problems. This semi-mediæval priest is, above all, we can even say uniquely, modern, owing to the ways he chooses and the angle from which he considers things, the kind of difficulties he feels and the manner in which he is perplexed. Certainly, the religious problem (I mean the dogmatic problem) remains sufficiently aside from what

¹ The Abbé Brémond wrote before the war a remarkable work on Newman (*Newman: Essai de biographie psychologique*. Paris, Librairie Bloud). I greatly wish he would republish his now unobtainable book with the additions he would wish to attach to it to-day. (See farther on, a criticism of some of M. Brémond's ideas.)

might be called the dramatic zone of modern French thought¹; beneath or beyond that thought it is looked upon either as a stage already passed or as a still distant goal. But just because he thinks as we think something different from what we think, Newman makes plainer to us a resemblance which in these conditions takes on an impressive character of necessity.

No man chooses his mystery, and we cannot make our mystery his. But is it not singular that his attempt to define his mystery shows us that we too have one to clear up? Reading him, we feel that we are wandering in the best-known regions of our ego. If I had to point out the dominant trait of his genius I should, I think, stress his faculty of obscuring things by the very excess of his clarity. His light multiplies shadows, and the shadows bring into relief the asperities, the clefts, the mazes of a surface which at first appeared flat and pure. The truth which seemed near through the mist of common opinion recedes the farther from us as he makes us see it better. But, in this art of creating the unintelligible with the intelligence—which is the art of the great sceptics—Newman far surpasses us because this scepticism is only a transition for him, and is, therefore, much more perceptible than ours, without being co-extensive with human reality. If Newman, apropos some idea, scrupulously enumerates the most opposite points of view, if he points out and thoroughly examines the divergent paths of the mind, his purpose is to insist upon the optical defect which prevents us from perceiving the place where these points of view harmonise, where these paths meet and disappear in one another. And how great is our surprise when we at last discover that this place of meeting is ourselves, that it depends upon us to dominate

¹ Some agreement must be come to about this word "modern," which is used rather at random. I am now alluding to the position of the religious debate among contemporary Frenchmen. Most often, in the course of this essay, I mean by "modern" a certain agnostic subjectivism which yet does not renounce the efficaciousness of faith and moral values. Modern, like ancient, is always relative. The realists of to-day are indeed modern, but only to the extent that they criticise modern subjectivity.

an anarchy whose inevitable principle we thought was in ourselves! By completely drawing the ideas I have only sketched and by going, so to speak, to the end of the journey, Newman gives us a feeling that we have not yet explored ourselves and that we have not yet been able to reach our full height. A difficult problem then arises: Was Newman's certitude, which is born like a spark from all doubts and sophisms, due to the particular nature of his faith, or, on the contrary, did the impulse of his faith cause him to discover in man a point of unconditional and unshakable certitude? Did his God save him from ruin, or did he save himself by seeking his God? On the answer to these questions depends, in my opinion, the degree of our ideal, the legitimate compass of its claims; and I should think myself happy if, in the following pages, I were able to seize it correctly. For I think it is quite time to emerge from our confusion, to try to take in at a glance the shape of our destiny and the extent of our abilities.

I. MYSTERY AND THE INDIVIDUAL

The individual isolated in the presence of a mystery—a mystery accepted as such and piously preserved as such without the individual's renouncing the exercise of his thought—that, according to Newman, is the highest state of spiritual life. Note the two superficially contradictory conditions: The mystery is complete and authentic, the natural result of an incommensurability with the human mind; but the latter does not cease to exert all its power and subtlety in the very act which convinces it of its limits. At the summit of thought are things we cannot think with our abilities; but these abilities are indispensable in order to limit and affirm what we cannot conceive. The intelligence does not penetrate mystery, but leads to it, and leads by ways which testify to an untiring activity. The difference between religious instinct and religious thought consists in this—that the former believes without understanding, while the latter understands that

belief is necessary. This fundamental relation of thought to mystery may be found everywhere in Newman's work. He ensures a full yield from both the power of belief and the will to understand, without every dreading the meeting and the fatal collision. A frank acceptance of the intelligence which plunges into the depths of a moral atmosphere and is not afraid to direct its rays there, which struggles for a faith communicated in the profound regions of the spirit while reserving the absolute exercise of its rights, which baffles all the snares on one side and multiplies them on the other, guided by a consciousness and a prescience which become more and more sharpened and scrupulous—such is the rare, the sublime, spectacle offered to us by Newman's work. In him intelligence and faith mutually check each other, and yet an attentive reader cannot accuse him of the least artifice.¹

The recognition of mystery is to some extent religion of an inferior potentiality; it presupposes a reflection upon a spontaneous, or at least instinctive, spiritual state which is the basis and matter of all belief. The simple and categorical truths of Revelation, considered one by one, are perfectly suited to this first state of religious life; they are the object of a real assent—that is to say, they lend themselves to the imagination and have an immediate affective influence upon our conduct. But the difficulty begins when we link these truths together. It is easy to retain by a real assent each of the propositions which compose the doctrine of the Holy Trinity, but it is impossible to conceive these propositions as a whole and as forming a system. Yet we cannot prevent ourselves from attempting the impossible; the intellect is

¹ I know the rationalist prejudice is so firmly rooted in us that it is difficult for us not to attribute a gratuitous character to the proceedings of an intelligence which allows itself to be checked by a spiritual activity different from itself. But it is better to think correctly than to obey Rationalism when Rationalism is not correct. Let us not forget that we are treating here of problems of concrete philosophy, which interest the religious man, the moralist, the artist, the political man, all who think more or less aside from logical reason.

there, urging us and insisting upon its rights: "It is ever active, inquisitive, penetrating; it examines doctrine and dogma; it compares, contrasts, and frames them into a science; that science is theology."¹ It is especially when he accepts this tendency of the intelligence, when he observes it, directs and dominates it, that Newman's marvellous precision of mind appears—and also, perhaps, his incomparable guile.

His great enemy is also ours, although we do not share his beliefs; I mean Rationalism. With his admirable discernment he insists upon the essential objection, assuredly more essential than that which occupies the centre of Bergsonian criticism. Intelligence is narrow and restricted, less restricted than narrow. It is like a myopic eye whose retina is in addition filled with blind spots. It sees badly and sees incompletely. What, then, is a revelation? It is the partial elucidation of something. Spiritual realities form a whole, a system, a living total which we cannot take in at a glance. We only know fragments of them, like a cipher message in which we only understand certain signs: "Thus Religious Truth is neither light nor darkness, but both together; it is like the dim view of a country seen in the twilight, with forms half extricated from the darkness, with broken lines and isolated masses."² We lack the lines binding the forms together, the regions between the lighted masses, the translation of the signs to reconstruct the text. But Rationalism goes on; it is a connecting agent, an incorrigible mechanic, and it fills up the voids, arranges a system, so that it can think a mystery according to its own norm; and yet it suppresses the mystery without elucidating it, in order to resolve so-called contradictions which are only optical errors. In the same way certain men of letters draw human nature with a ruler instead of expressing the ineffable mystery pierced by revelations.

Thus, not only does the intelligence lead up to mystery,

¹ *Grammar of Assent*, p. 147.

² *Essays Critical and Historical*, vol. i, p. 42.

but to some extent creates it; since, if it be true that without revelation there would be no mystery, neither would there be without the effort of the mind to understand revelation. Now I shall ask those who may object to me that this theory can only interest those philosophers who are concerned with the Beyond, to do what we have rarely the time and the courage to do—that is to say, to question themselves upon the degree of coherence and intelligibility of the wholly human beliefs of a modern man. To take an example among a hundred, there are the moral beliefs relative to man in society, to the lot of our fellow-creatures, to our conception of happiness, as we have received them from our ancestors in the state of instincts. In any case, for my own part, when I catch myself in full activity and, as it were, in flight, when I commune with myself and collect myself as I am without allowing time for me to arrange myself, I observe in myself two forces, equally original, equally imperious, and apparently incompatible: A personality which tends to spread itself indefinitely, with which no one has the theoretical right to contest expansion; and a sensibility which has incorporated with itself the sensibility of others, which reacts to their sufferings, sympathises with their efforts, and in my smallest deliberations takes into account the fate of human beings, however humble, about me. Certainly I could escape by the rationalist conjuring trick, compose an intellectually satisfactory system, follow Nietzsche or follow Proudhon, or think myself satisfied by the Declaration of the Rights of Man and of the Citizen. I could ingeniously conjugate these two forces, either by sacrificing one to the other or by analysing them in such a way that they appeared to be two aspects of the same spiritual state. I could even imitate certain modern revolutionaries who pretend to have absorbed the old humanitarianism in a practical despotism or in a peremptory scientism. But by acting in this way I should only substitute an artificial and non-efficacious system, a string of words, for the living whole, the spiritual landscape whose unity I have a presentiment of

without being able to conceive, some "isolated masses" of which alone rise up in my consciousness. Instead of this I prefer—and Newman's meditation incites me to prefer—to accept the illogicality of my experience and to believe firmly in the coherence of an ideal whose links and details escape me, not because they do not exist, but because my mind is not equal to them.¹ One sees here the subtle junction of faith with intelligence. By yielding to its necessity for combining, the latter most often only achieves a trick of skill, and, as its over-large meshes allow a portion of reality to escape, everything happens as if that portion did not exist. For faith, on the contrary, reality is a living whole given to consciousness, propounded by tradition, foreseen by experience, approached by hope and will; and this it is which holds together by a blind and creative effort all the spiritual data which the intellect dissociates by examining them. "Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen."

In my opinion, it is a great error on the part of a large number of eminent minds to consider Newman as an anti-intellectualist, or at least as a thinker rather indifferent to the essential value of the intelligence. How can we describe thus a philosopher who makes the recognition and creation of mystery one of the highest functions of that intelligence, who sees in it the evident signs of its most excellent "form"? For by suspending its comprehension it gives evidence of that suppleness, that liberty, that omnipotence over itself which are only met with in the supreme degrees of a physical or

¹ Certainly, wholly terrestrial aspirations can ill be compared with divine realities. But it is none the less true that we must accept as a whole these aspirations, not as fantasies, but as parts of a spiritual total which we perceive incompletely. The difference between this point of view and Newman's is that we believe that this mystery, our mystery, will some day be cleared up, precisely because it is relative to the things of this world. In fact it will probably never be quite that, but—and here is where we come upon Newman again—we shall indefinitely approach clarity without ever reaching it. Our desires are messengers which bring us the order to act.

moral training. It truly surpasses itself when it thus allows itself to be superseded. Newman is an anti-rationalist, that is all we can assert, and it is very far from meaning the same thing. It means precisely that for him the intelligence is only valid when it faithfully and continually represents in its proceedings not only its own aspirations *but also all the other aspirations of the mind*.

We touch here upon the second point of Newman's teaching which I desire to bring out. I believe that the most repugnant thing in the world to him was the ideal and impersonal place, dear to the rationalists, where truths are born from the application of logical, fixed, and peremptory rules. Here is an admirable passage where he comments upon Paley's arguments relative to the evidences of Christianity: "I confess to much suspicion of legal proceedings and legal arguments, when used in questions whether of history or of philosophy. Rules of court are dictated by what is expedient on the whole and in the long run; but they incur the risk of being unjust to the claims of particular cases. Why am I to begin with taking up a position not my own, *and unclothing my mind of that large outfit of existing thoughts, principles, likings, desires, and hopes, which make me what I am*? If I am asked to use Paley's argument for my own conversion, I say plainly *I do not want to be converted by a smart syllogism*; if I am asked to convert others by it, I say plainly *I do not want to overcome their reason without touching their heart*."¹ And this is how Newman replies to those who try to compare a living idea with rationalization: "An idea under one or other of its aspects grows in the mind by remaining there; it becomes familiar and distinct, and is viewed in its relations; it leads to other aspects, and these again to others, subtle, recondite, original, *according to the character, intellectual and moral, of the recipient*; and thus a body of thoughts is gradually formed *without his recognising what is going on within him*. And all this while, or at least from time to time, *external circumstances elicit into*

¹ *Grammar of Assent*, pp. 424-5.

formal statement the thoughts which are coming into being in the depths of his mind; *and soon he has to begin to defend them*; and then again a further process must take place, of analysing his statements and ascertaining their dependence one on another. *And thus he is led to regard as consequences, and to trace as principles, what hitherto he has discerned by a moral perception, and adopted by sympathy; and logic is brought in to arrange and inculcate what no science was employed in gaining.*"¹ In the first of these significant passages Newman affirms his intellectual courage, his will to employ all the values of the human being in the search for truth. In the second he shows, with his gift of elucidating the slightest distinctions of his inner experience, to what extent the birth and development of ideas, of what is most intellectual in us, are independent of pure reason. And passages like these, hastily read, have caused Newman to be placed among the adversaries of the intelligence. But what does he maintain in reality? To bring to the light of consciousness the totality, one and indivisible, of his spiritual being. For him, to think is to express himself, to reason is to bind together the data of consciousness, to argue is to defend the riches discovered in himself. And what is to be said of the wholly modern spirit—I was about to write wholly recent—of these lines which Pareto would have signed,² which seem to inspire Sorel when he denounces "the claim so often advanced by men of talent to submit what belongs to historical development to the orders of their intelligence?"³ For those whom Newman has convinced it becomes impossible to combine ready-made

¹ *Development of Christian Doctrine*, p. 190.

² Criticising them the moment afterwards, naturally. Pareto, placing himself at the view-point of positive science, cannot recognise a logical value in the theories elaborated according to the process described by Newman. But he attacks especially those who think in this way without having the courage or the intelligence to admit it. He has, therefore, no hold upon Newman. It can be seen here—be it said for the benefit of the detractors of "moralism"—how an intense "moral" preoccupation can become an intellectual factor of the first order.

³ Georges Sorel, *De l'utilité du Pragmatisme*, p. 144.

ideas more or less successfully by skilful conceptual doses. They relate the proceedings of their thought to the half-conscious, affective, moral, intellectual complex which has slowly formed in them in the course of their growth and experience. They understand that every reasoning depends upon a history, is the arrangement of that history, but that by itself it creates nothing.

And, moreover, they understand all the consequences of this spiritual design—consequences whose range cannot be over-stressed. Reflect upon it indeed, the decision is a grave one, and those who follow Newman here set out upon a dangerous path. For, from the moment you refuse to obey impersonal reason, that you give up thinking outside of yourself, if I may so put it, from the moment you mean to enclose all your aspirations in your thought, to answer all the appeals of your spirit, you have no other support than yourself; and your personality, in its unity and its originality, becomes the unique and irreplaceable judge of error and of truth. And more: it becomes the unique means of attaining to the true, since it alone is in a position to reduce the imaginary to the real. Such, in my opinion, is Newman's greatest lesson, a lesson at first surprising, but established upon such just and profound views that very soon it convinces us irresistibly.

"There is no medium between using my faculties, as I have them, and flinging myself upon the external world according to the random impulse of the moment, as spray upon the surface of the waves, and simply forgetting that I am."¹ I can only think through myself and for myself, I cannot make a judgment without starting from the point which I desire to reach. I cannot remove myself, change myself, substitute another ego for my ego. From this it follows that the principles of a doctrine, the premises of a reasoning, the roots of a belief represent what is most individual in each of us, what is least communicable. The principles of thought

¹ *Grammar of Assent*, p. 347.

being "of a personal character . . . where there is no common measure of minds there is no common measure of arguments, and . . . the validity of proof is determined, not by any scientific test, but by the illative sense."¹ At the period of the Oxford Movement, apropos the system of committees proposed by Rose and Palmer, he proclaimed his preference for personal action, and we see him inclined to introduce into the judgment of truth the energy and faith of the person who affirms, as constitutive elements of that judgment. It can be said that every page of his work tends to establish that in the last resort judgment is guaranteed by the person, since the mental act by which we affirm something adds to the conclusion a certitude which it does not contain, and that this act is inspired by our personal beliefs. It would not be correct, then, to say that for Newman the first duty of the thinker is to know himself. There is more in his doctrine: *The first duty of the thinker is to affirm himself, with his beliefs and his personal differences, as place, measure, and instrument of all concrete certitude.* The knowledge of truth isolates each man from all other men, *for he can only attain it at the moment when he is nothing but himself.* There are few spectacles more moving than that of Newman revealing to us the principles of his thought. In grave and limpid phrases he declares his powerlessness to render them evident, he returns to himself, brushes the crowd away from him, his thought unfolds itself in solitude; and the tone of his words, which seem not so much written as pronounced by a voice whose modulations add to the thought they express, transmits to us an indemonstrable truth by a mysterious sympathy.

Consider where he takes us: If at the beginning and the end of concrete knowledge we find the isolated individual, the reason is that certitude requires beliefs and judgments which only the individual can supply. Logical reasoning

¹ "It is the mind that reasons, and that controls its own reasonings, not any technical apparatus of words and propositions. This power of judging and concluding, when in its perfection, I call the 'Illative Sense'" (*Grammar of Assent*, p. 353).

leads the mind short of certitude, like a road which comes out on one side of a chasm when the goal is on the other side: The space which remains to be crossed can only be crossed by the individual and with the abilities which are proper to him. Concrete assent, which attaches us by the imagination to particular realities, hence indemonstrable; faith which supports, limits, and corrects the mechanical play of the intelligence; the mental act which adds the certitude of conclusion to the probability of reasoning; depend upon the nature of each person. Discursive knowledge is valid to the extent that it *expresses* us; but it always stops short on the edge of the chasm. And here is the severe and magnificent conclusion which naturally flows from this thought: If the individual is the essential instrument of certitude, if the first and last words are reserved for him, we learn from this that the essence of the individual is belief and judgment. To be, is to believe and to conclude; if I neither believe nor conclude I am not, for it is not being to follow the impulses of the moment, "simply forgetting that I am." Such a thought at once consolidates and ennobles individualism. It allows us to see in individualism precisely the opposite of what we thought we saw in it. It turns the problem round and discovers an inevitable moral obligation in the very essence of individualism.¹ With a boldness which reveals the extraordinary religiousness of his nature, Newman, after having

¹ Newman turns his back on Kant, though arriving at conclusions which superficially resemble his. The German philosopher, Simmel, has shown that the Kantian liberty was balanced, and, as it were, compensated by the essential identity of individuals. The concrete, qualitative, variable ego depends upon the pure ego, stripped of all individual content. When truth is attained, man can no longer be in contradiction with himself, and he can no longer be contradicted by another. For Newman, on the contrary, it is the concrete qualified individual who is the pivot of moral knowledge, and his individualism more nearly resembles, *mutatis mutandis*, that of Nietzsche than that of Kant. But, in spite of the isolation of moral knowledge, Newman's thought is turned towards the idea of communion. In barbarous terms: It tends towards an ideal coincidence of the instinct of knowledge and of the instinct of individualisation. In this way Newman is more modern, not only than Kant, but than Nietzsche himself.

led us to the extreme limits of anarchy, there unveils the principles of a living, supple, infinitely fertile, creative order. At the point where the shapeless monotony of the desert began to overwhelm us he makes the promised land arise.

II. NULLITY AND FAITH

A severe and magnificent conclusion, no doubt, but perhaps an illusory one. For, after all, it might be objected to me, this is all very well, but it is all an artifice. What do we find behind this astounding philosophy? A believer, a Cardinal: A man who, rightly or wrongly, considered himself in relation with a supernatural world, for whom our slightest terrestrial realities were transparent and revealed a Beyond; a priest, who came to Catholicism from love of coherent systems and of hierarchies, of unity in historical becoming and of submission to the dogmatic discipline of the Church. After that, his conception of mystery and his theory of assent matter little to us; it is a case in which to say that he was waging a battle already won in heaven. Certainly, his anti-rationalism and his individualism reveal an unequalled probity and intellectual acuteness; but what do they prove, except the excess of his confidence in that Beyond which guided and protected him? This terrible child of religious thought lived the religious life intensely. What would you think of the acrobat who carries out a thousand dizzy tricks in the air if you learned that he was supported by an invisible rope? And what would you think of the unfortunate person who hastened to imitate him without making use of his artifice? Does not the criticism of Newman deliver up to nullity those who do not share his beliefs?

Before replying to this objection, by which this essay will be concluded, I should like first of all to put aside another which is of no small weight. Instead of attributing a positive value to Newman's philosophy, it might be considered as the hazardous, always provisional, and, on the whole, rather

gratuitous interpretation of a religious experience which called for a very different solution. In that case, Newman would have analysed, discussed, elaborated doctrines because he possessed an exceptional intelligence and remarkable faculty as a logician; but he was not himself unaware of the vanity of his reasonings, of all reasoning. In short, the only natural solution of Newman's difficulties would be the mystic solution. Mystic experience would be the only thing that could legitimately be opposed to rational experience.¹

It may be of great interest to a Catholic to bend Newman's thought in the direction of mysticism, and on the whole he has a perfect right to do so. I merely point out that his thought, as it is offered to us in its complexity and admirable suppleness, would be misrepresented by such an interpretation. The mystic's perception of God resembles the perception each one of us has of himself—the perception of a complete and unique being, as indefinable as recognisable. When the perception of God does not exhibit these characteristics, exclusive of all relation, as a result entirely abstract, there is no mystic experience; but there may be a religious experience. I shall define this, in so far as it is distinguished from mystic experience, as the perception of our own person as maintaining or being able to maintain certain relations with God. Plainly there is a difference of centre and starting-point: In the first case it is God, in the second case the person; we must choose between

¹ This is practically M. Brémond's thesis, without the thousand subtle and precise distinctions I am unfortunately compelled to omit. I think I remain more faithful than he to the "literal spirit" of Newman, if I may so express it, but the interest of his thesis cannot be over-stressed. My justification lies in the fact that Newman's philosophy, subjectively interpreted, shows itself to be singularly original and admirably fertile. Moreover, as he himself recognised, Newman was only an apprentice philosopher, and on principle not at all systematic, so that his thought can be prolonged in several different directions. One word more: Let us not misuse mysticism. We shall end up by building a sort of concept of the mystic which will be the sign of a distorted Rationalism. By faithfully expressing his inner experience Newman remained more faithful to the true mystic tradition than he would have if he had bent his thought artificially in the direction of mysticism.

God and the person. Now, Newman's belief is relative to religious experience, not to mystic experience.¹ It supposes a deviation, however slight, between the mind and its object. It is an attitude, a guidance of the person apprehending itself as distinct from God at the moment it affirms His existence. In religious experience we have the perception of a being which grows; in mystic experience we have the perception of a being which is. Newman is the philosopher of religious experience: All his strokes, all his judgments, aim at the person who believes in God, not at the person who lives in Him. While the mystic tends to forget himself, Newman, on the contrary, never desists until he comes back to himself, until he descends and burrows into himself, since it is in himself that he deciphers the message of his God. But belief implies by its mere existence a deviation of the whole being which inevitably takes thought with it, so that faith, experienced in this way, leads away from mysticism rather than to it. True, Newman could believe without thinking; but it is also true that he spontaneously undergoes the imperious necessity of thinking his belief.

"Now, if this be Reason, an act or process of Faith, simply considered, is certainly an exercise of Reason. . . . It is an acceptance of things as real, which the senses do not convey, upon certain previous grounds; it is an instrument of indirect knowledge concerning things external to us. . . ." Thus faith itself is also an authentic act of the mind. Reason starts from the fact, establishes proof of it, deduces the consequences; faith goes *towards* the fact, *towards* the truth, with all the abilities at its disposal, without ever attaining it. "Faith advances and decides upon antecedent probabilities—that is, on grounds which do not reach so far as to *touch* precisely the desired conclusion, though they tend towards it, and may come

¹ Naturally I here accentuate the differences. However, all critics familiar with religious writings will recognise a difference in kind between those of a Saint John of the Cross or a Marie de l'Incarnation and those of a Newman or a Pascal.

very near it."¹ Religious thought is marching by a star, but by an invisible star. "They go out themselves to meet Him who is unseen." And then comes in his leitmotiv: "They believe on grounds within themselves. . . ." Always the individual, the person with his own riches, his abilities, his original contribution. To believe is therefore to think well but to think rapidly, in the fire and haste of action; and analysis, which applies itself afterwards to discovering the reasons and perceptions contained in the act of faith, must proceed with extreme prudence. Hence a precaution, a sort of voluntary timidity in religious thought: "This is the true office of a writer, to excite and direct trains of thoughts." It affirms and restrains itself at the same time, but it only restrains itself because it affirms itself. All these passages, and very many others which there is no space to quote, I think, testify to two things: That Newman insists on the subjective factors of belief, on the mental act which affirms the invisible reality; *and that, on the other hand, the believing mind apprehends itself in reflection as indefinitely approaching this reality without ever reaching it. That is to say, certitude is nothing but the mental act itself by which a creative decision passes beyond the limit of probability.*

But, by replying to the second objection, we have at the same time replied to the first. If we have followed Newman's thought to the end a metaphysical nullity will not disconcert us, so long as we still feel the necessity for believing in something. I will even admit that Newman's realism hinders rather than enlightens me. His doctrine of faith will appear paradoxical to many modern minds precisely because it stops short and refuses to develop its true consequence. Newman starts from himself and returns to himself; he seizes the infinitely fertile idea that faith is a mode of thought, an act

¹ *Oxford University Sermons*, p. 224. It is interesting to compare this view with the celebrated theory expounded by Bergson in his *Introduction à la Métaphysique*. Let the reader recollect the converging conceptual rays and the leap in the void which constitute intuition.

of the mind; the very strokes by which he defines it make it appear more or less as a *creator* of its object. Now, this object is already created, already believed, already thought, and the believer can only reconstruct it for himself by casting frequent glances at the picture he has before him, in order to observe that he does not err. I know that these rectifications and these glances are the essence of faith; but then, why so many efforts and subtleties and all this beautiful philosophical work? Above all, why this theory of the believer who can so easily be rendered independent of all orthodoxy, which is even not really comprehensible unless it adds something to orthodoxy? M. Brémond has noticed that Newman could not remain halfway between Catholic Realism and the more or less conscious Idealism of his doctrine. Realist thought cannot avoid the problem of evidence, and it seems plain that all the ingenuity in the world cannot find a third evidence between rational evidence and mystic evidence. Hence the paradoxical spectacle Newman provides us with, that of a thought which organises itself about a truth with which it keeps up no necessary relation; and more, which is forced to rediscover that truth as it is imposed upon the thought by revelation and history. Here faith is clearly in opposition to thought, which could only claim a part, however modest or moderated, by a pure artifice. For Newman's mystery is only so to the intelligence; it is not one for cognition. It is given us like those natural facts which we understand but the less since we cannot deny them. Every theory of belief relative to a given object—that is to say, already *past*, ends in a dilemma. Either one must simply double rational thought and therefore depend upon it, or one must justify the acceptance of an order and simply translate that order into deliberate terms. Now read these last lines of Newman's: "Faith is a process of Reason, in which so much of the grounds of inference cannot be exhibited, so much lies in the character of the mind itself, in its general view of things, in its estimate of the probable and the improbable, its impressions concerning God's will, and its antici-

pations derived from its own inbred wishes, that it will ever seem to the world irrational and despicable; till, that is, the event confirms it."¹ Do you not see, do you not feel, that these lines only acquire their full significance when they mean that belief adds to cognition, passes beyond experience, invents, creates? Why cannot the "grounds of inference" be "exhibited"? *Because they do not yet exist.* Why do they not yet exist? *Because "so much lies in the character of the mind itself."* What is the event which faith confirms? *It is faith itself realised, made actual, become that past which reason can define and judge.* In this case, but only in this case, belief is the mother of thought. In all other cases belief is only a guide and thought an accomplice.

It seems to me that everything becomes clear if we make belief the sign of a disposition to create that which does not yet exist. We are so weak, so imperfectly weaned from Christianity, that we find it hard to conceive a belief which would not put us in relation with an actual, protecting reality; and in order to merit this protection we are always ready to humiliate ourselves, to empty ourselves of all our substance, to attribute the merit of our own effort to invisible hands. Let us for once have the courage to put nullity in its true place, reality in its true place, to make fulness within us and void around us. Let us examine our scepticism until we discover the root of our faith. What! As soon as I touch the depth of myself I feel myself urged to hope, to will, to believe in a world different from that which surrounds me, in a being different from myself. But does this world not already exist in my hope, in my will, in my faith? Do not these aspirations which I find only in myself reveal something beyond me, whether it is my ego of to-morrow or the world in which my fellow-creatures will live to-morrow? Are they not bearers of messages, these perceptions which assail me from all sides like the perfumes of a wood in the depth of night? Have not others already been tempted to translate

¹ *Oxford University Sermons*, p. 218

these perceptions more or less effectively into ideas, can I not discover traces of them everywhere in the books, the acts of men, in their desires? And can I not, in my turn, and within the limits of my abilities, make a scrupulous set-off of probabilities, thanks to the attentive study of myself and the objective traces of the past? There obviously the objective trajectory of my flight will stop, and the remaining space must be traversed by myself, in my own name, under my own responsibility: In the domain of concrete things, to know is to be, to be is to create, to be certain is to accomplish. Doubtless a dramatic philosophy, an unremitting tension, a progress without rest; but a philosophy traced upon our actual experience faithfully interpreted. Those idols our fathers sought so far up, with which they fought battles of love or hatred, are shown to us by modern reflection prefigured unsubstantially in our spiritual nature; and our action alone can give them the volume and independence of real beings. Is it not strange and admirable that Newman's voice, as it recedes farther from us, should make itself heard more and more clearly, and should enjoin upon us, in more and more familiar language, "that trial of Faith, which alone overcomes the world"?

AIX-EN-PROVENCE,
August 13, 1924.

(Translated by RICHARD ALDINGTON)

MRS. PILKINGTON

By FELIX MORRISON

MY dear Hugh,
Thank you for sending me *The Mast*. I want to tell you that it has given me great pleasure and has become a part of my life. I should like very much to keep the copy you sent me.

About the Maillavin party, it is good of you to say you will take me. I do appreciate your goodness to me. Without you and all you stand for where should I be?

Yours,

M. D. K.

P.S.—I met Mrs. Pilkington yesterday—an unfortunate meeting—I thought I had got rid of her for ever. She was genuinely delighted to see me, I am sorry to say. Other people escape from their pasts, why can't I?

Marion read her letter through slowly, folded it with care, and put it in an envelope. After sealing it, she held the seal against her cheek for a moment and then took it out and posted it.

Returning to her room, she opened a book and began to read. After an hour had passed she got up and moved slowly about the room, altering the positions of some of her things. She looked at the closed book on the table: "After all, it has come," she said.

She went to bed and lay tranquilly awake for several hours.

"Though a glass darkly; but *not* blind," she murmured from time to time with great self-satisfaction.

The next morning she awoke late to a feeling of quiet ecstasy.

She was reaching out for a writing-pad when someone knocked at her door.

"Entrez," she said.

"Good morning, dear child; what, still in bed?" cried Mrs. Pilkington, walking briskly into the room. "It's a perfectly glorious day. So warm, you ought to be out in the sunshine. I came to find out what your plans are for to-day."

"I haven't made any plans," said Marion.

Mrs. Pilkington sat down energetically on the bed: Marion shuddered slightly and drew up her feet.

"I was going to do Versailles to-day—I can't go home without having seen Versailles—and to-morrow I hope to fit in Fontainebleau. You know them both, of course."

"No," said Marion.

"Not been to either? Good heavens! well, you'd better come with me."

"Thank you, I don't think I will."

"Oh, do come; it would do you good. Take you out of yourself a bit. You must get very broody and moody here all alone. I say, can you tell me if there's an English library anywhere near here? I feel, you know, that I must read an English book or die."

"I believe there's one in the rue des Champs."

"I thought you'd know for certain, as you're such a book-worm. I want an ordinary English novel; you know what I mean. I shan't know a bit what to get, as a matter of fact—I left my list with Smith's at home. Such a nice little girl in our branch—she always knows just what to recommend me and never gives me tosh."

"Tosh?" asked Marion.

Mrs. Pilkington ignored the question.

"I see you've got a French novel over there. Naughty! Fancy reading it *in* French too. But then you always were a bit of a highbrow."

"I hope not," said Marion.

"Oh, it doesn't hurt you," said Mrs. Pilkington forgivingly.

Marion made an effort to attack in self-protection.

"What have you done since I saw you last?"

"Oh, my dear, last night I had such a nice little dinner at Pétot's with the Jenkynses."

"Little?" asked Marion.

"Well, you know what I mean: select and that. I had a lovely time. I had never been to the great Pétot's before."

"Why 'great'?" asked Marion.

"Oh, you exasperating child. Pétot's is *the* place; surely you've heard of it."

"Yes, I have heard of it."

"You must come there with me one day; only it's rather poor fun without a man. You remember Mrs. Jenkyns?"

"No, I don't think I've met her."

"Oh, she's such a dear—rolling in money, and yet so simple and unaffected. You'd never imagine she really was somebody. Good heavens, there's one of those dreadful Russian novels. You have got morbid tastes, Marion."

"Hugh," said Marion under her breath.

There was a pause. Marion lay quite still, her hands pressed tight together under the sheet, her eyes wild. Mrs. Pilkington began to roam about the room.

"Doing any writing?" she asked with elaborate carelessness.

"Writing?" asked Marion.

"Ah, don't try to put me off. I know, my dear, I'm pretty sharp, you know. Well, I'll be getting along. I wish you'd come to Versailles. You'd love it once you got there. Good-bye. Ring me up to-morrow, will you? Good-bye-ee."

Mrs. Pilkington went out and Marion sprang up from the bed trembling. Gone was the peace, the feeling of security, the sense of confidence. She left her breakfast untasted and dressed hurriedly, throwing clothes about and leaving drawers, cupboards, and boxes open. There was another knock at the door.

"Entrez," said Marion, fastening her dress with uncontrolled fingers.

A young man entered.

"Hugh," cried Marion, "oh Hugh, I am so glad to see you. What are your plans for to-day? Can you take me to see the sights? It's poor fun going about without a man."

"I'm very busy to-day," said Hugh dully, after a moment's hesitation.

"That Mrs. Pilkington woman has just been here. She had such a nice little dinner at Pétot's last night with the Jenkynses. I've never been there, but I hear it's *the* place to go."

"I came to thank you for your letter," said Hugh deliberately.

"Oh, that?" said Marion, "that was nothing. I'm afraid I get a bit morbid at times, and need taking out of myself a bit."

Hugh looked at the writing-pad: "Are you writing now?" he asked, determined to stand his ground.

"Writing? On a day like this? Good heavens, no; it would be a sin to stay in and write. Look at the sunshine."

"I am going away," said Hugh, after a terrible silence.

"Away?" she said, standing quite still, her voice dropping to its normal pitch.

"Yes."

"For a long time?"

"Probably."

"When did you decide?"

He did not answer. He picked up his hat from the table where it had lain by the Russian novel and *The Mast*.

"Good-bye," he said.

"Good-bye," said Marion faintly, holding his hand. He relinquished hers and went out.

ART CHRONICLE

1. *Living Art*. Folio: printed for *The Dial* by the Ganymed Press in Berlin. 1923. (Limited to 500 numbered copies.) Sold at 60 dollars.
2. *Raymond Duchamp Villon: Sculpteur* (1876-1918). Paris. 1924.

THE first of these publications is a portfolio consisting of twenty large facsimile reproductions of contemporary paintings, drawings, and engravings, and ten photographs after sculpture by contemporary artists. They are as nearly *facsimile* as possible. Each individual artist, in looking at one of these reproductions of his work, would no doubt notice some flaw; in the sense of a slight displacement of emphasis here or there, perhaps. But, on the whole, the rendering of the original is mechanically perfect.

As to the selection of the works, that is a thing on which, as an artist, I am not competent to decide. The less a person knows about a thing the "wider" his "sympathies" theoretically should be. And such a collection as this is designed to meet the requirements of five hundred people who might hope, by the possession and constant observation of this small gallery of pictures (or so I imagine was the intention of the editors), to learn more about pictorial expression, and come to discriminate between the different varieties of modernist work. So no dogmatism would have been becoming in their selection, as no uncontrollable passion would be looked for in those designed to receive them.—*Passion* would come afterwards. This portfolio (if I am right) would be intended merely to sow its seeds.

There are a half-dozen Picassos, all of which well represent that very wonderful artist. The rubrical, earth-coloured drawing of boys and horses by the sea is an example of a

happy phase of his pre-cubist work ; in which pale boys, on bare hill-sides, usually associated with horses, figured. "Le Ménage des Pauvres," a famous etching of his (a very large plate), belongs to what, to my idea, is a less lucky phase. It is the euthanasia of a very composed and elegant misery. It is one of a long series of literary drawings and paintings. They were at once exercises in grief of a very theatrical and unnecessary description, and exercises (equally unnecessary, seeing what Picasso has proved since that he is able to do) that are a technical homologue of this academic discouragement.

Picasso's later work is represented by a beautiful line-drawing of his recent big-footed, big-handed tribe, the limbs and trunks rhythmically dispersed in cow-like contemplation. This tribe, which has migrated from his brain into the Paris dealer's shops since the war, is ethnically and in every other way very curious and impressive. Its origins (which are evidently mixed) are hidden in the mists of classical antiquity. It is a pity, perhaps, that it is not more heavily represented in this portfolio.

Paul Signac's view of La Rochelle is a pretty effect ; there is a fishing-boat in the centre, and there are two towers, placed, I suppose, at the extremity of some waterway, making it like a gate. The tissue of this picture is a beggar's rags, and conveys in its *sans gêne* the romantic side of nineteenth-century science. The ragged (and it is true not in detail very sensitive) reflections of the fishing-boat, towers, and clouds make a very agreeable picture ; though not, I think, as agreeable as an old print would be of the same scene. The pretentious tinsel of its sunlight would be no equivalent for the "classical" untidiness you would obtain in the print.

The "Rue à Nesles," by Maurice de Vlaminck, is a very brilliant affair indeed. It is particularly well suited for reproduction, with its glare of white, sepia, and orange. Its appearance is that of a world as seen by the head-lights of a motor-car ; if you imagine the head-lights provided with

sphincter muscles, and connected with a qualified seat of æsthetic sensibility, registering its detached inhuman impressions on a brilliant disc, for the information of the god in the car, side by side with the time and speed-recording instruments. It is butterfly-shaped in its composition. Most of the pictures recorded by the car in the way indicated above would be of that description, of course. That is to say, that the norman village depicted descends from the four corners of the picture and meets at its vanishing point, more or less, in the centre. It is what could be termed in composition a species of *radiata* that all the more lifeless forms of composition tend to be ; though never mechanically centripetal, of course, but elegantly lop-sided. The visualisation of a motor-car is suggested not only by the *glare* of the painting, by the way it is hung on to the spectator's eye, stretched down to a vanishing centre, but even by a certain turning movement, as though revolving on parallel axes. The "Rue à Nesles" is, in short, a street seen by a fairly sensitive, very powerful, motor-car, at five o'clock on a March evening ; seen of course, in a flash or a wink. It is the gulf (which its inhabitants—who are invisible—would name a street) into which, with a screaming bark, the car is about to plunge.

Among the drawings there is a fine line-drawing by Dunoyer de Segonzac of a stream and trees. The faggots or bundles of sticks (that is, the bushes or trees on the shallow banks, devaricating from a knot of scratches at the point at which they respectively come in contact with the ground) come perhaps from the Musée Cézanne, where so many other things come from ; but Segonzac is always an interesting draughtsman.

The Matisse—"La Dame aux Capucines"—suggests to me—and whenever I see anything by Matisse I am forced to the same conclusion—that the contemporary world of art has in the case of Matisse gone very far wrong in according him the great place that it has. The reasons for that, seeing the dimensions of the mistake, would require an analysis that I

cannot offer here. They can, however, be very roughly indicated.

The summary and superficial *chic* of his work makes it, I think, the natural ideal of the dilettante. Most of his well-known paintings have been posters, to begin with, scrawled and distempered thinly on a uniform ground. They have been specifically *caricatures* in the sense that they resemble—allowing for their difference of scale—a quantity of very entertaining and dexterous little drawings that you can see any day of the week in a French comic paper. In a deviation from the normal—of which *caricature* is an example—it is not possibly so easy, but it is as natural, to distort or rearrange in the direction of a *heightening* of effect, as of a *lowering*. It is unnecessary to say that all the art that we have up to the present agreed to admire has tended rather to the former deviation than to the latter. Of course, it is not a simple matter to agree on this question of direction; and the sculpture of Matisse—which invariably shows you some pathological distortion or variety of imbecility—could be defended against the superior assault of, say, the head of Colleoni at Venice on the ground that the latter is that of an *energumene*, demented in its martial energy. I must content myself here with saying that: (1) The people in the work of Matisse are arbitrarily distorted to satisfy a human predilection of the painter, rather than to satisfy the magnetic behests of neighbouring objects; (2) the predilection seems to me to be a mean, ridiculous, and empty one; (3) the effect has been to degrade the human accompaniment of his pots, furniture, and screens not only in significance, but also in beauty; (4) and that even from the coarse, summary treatment—showing an apt, but thin and slovenly, intelligence—this result could be anticipated.

Matisse is best at a very circumscribed, thin, gay, and pretty cleverly arranged effect; and many small canvasses of his for what they set out to be, are good enough. They especially have the merit of providing a fairly palatable, "sketchy"

article for the amateur who feels the absence in his life of intellectual excitement, but does not want *too much*. And (as remarked above) they also meet the dilettante painter half-way—providing him with a common ground of "work"—half-way between the playful immaturity of his daubing and dabbing, and the forbidden regions of great achievement. This, in an age when the spectators have revolted, and insist on participating in the performance, and refuse to take an interest in anything that cannot be easily imitated—has taken Matisse a long way, too.

These notes, I am aware, are not detailed enough. But I hope to return to the subject shortly in these pages, and this statement can then be amplified.

"La Dame aux Capucines" is a good specimen of his work. The two human figures are unstrung streams of paint, rather *sarcoid* than *living*, like distended toffee-sticks rather than anything else. It is a well-arranged, tasteful decoration, the colouring of which is certainly no better than you usually get in any Japanese print of however degenerate and coarse a type. Indeed, the harshness and crudity of some of the late bad prints are usually much more pleasantly irritant than the merely sweet, "tasteful," and pleasant colouring of Matisse.

The "Maltese Family of Pascin" is a delicate little abortion, more literary, of course, than Matisse; but since it labels itself *caricature*, and allows us to be disgusted or amused without a treacherous pretence of an alliance with beauty, it is a better food for the five hundred—or is it the four hundred? Marc Chagall's picture of an old Jew in a skull-cap, mephistophelian, and lemon-finger-nailed, is not a very good specimen of his work, which is often impressive.

The sculpture includes an interesting piece (or what looks like one) by Brancusi: a long and unmistakably female buttock. There is a "mountain" by Gaston Lachaise. Its back view is the best, as its peak is too "ideal" for its flanks and the various massive tornulations of its trunk and limbs. (For the "mountain," as often happens, is a woman.) "British

sculpture" is represented, but without Epstein. There is a first-rate specimen of Maillol ("Femme accroupie").

On the whole, the portfolio, which is a superb example of contemporary German work in the reproduction of works of art, can be said to offer to the people for whom it is destined characteristic modern work, without any passionate bias, that I can discover. The set of Picasso drawings, alone, make it worth purchasing.

Duchamp Villon, the subject of the other publication, died in 1918, and was a contemporary of the Fauves and Cubists. The pieces of sculpture and details of architecture, twenty-six photographs of which are given, along with extracts of letters and an essay found among his papers, do not suggest great originality or enterprise. They belong to that class of contemporary work which seems lost in the uncertainties of our time, afraid to go too far, or not disposed to do so, even; but equally afraid of the past. He had the preoccupations of his time, the anxiety to dispose of the grosser anachronisms.

"De nos jours," he writes, "qu'y a-t-il de plus disparate, de plus anachronique qu'un habit noir dans un boudoir Louis XV, ou qu'un tramway électrique sur la place du château de Versailles; si, dans certains cas, ces rencontres sont inévitables, elles doivent rester l'exception et disparaître, pour ainsi dire, dans une ambiance normale—l'habit noir et le tramway sont de notre temps, eux, et nous leur devons un cadre approprié."

This appropriate architectural "cadre" for black clothes and tramways was the object of his intelligent solicitude. However, "Nos mouvements sont saccadés, nos gestes involontaires, sans emphase; les spectacles que nos yeux recherchent sont tous d'action et les mots que notre esprit préfère expriment le mieux dans le moins de temps." In spite of his resolve to find a formula agreeable to the tramway, he felt that all was not quite as it should be. In *simplicity* he felt that the artist could find the formula that would regenerate his parvenu

time. "... Par réaction contre notre époque d'affaires, où l'argent est souverain maître, il m'apparaît que la simplicité, l'austérité même sont des vertus indispensables, et que notre idée du beau doit s'en revêtir." He thought we should even go as far as *austerity*, not even stopping at *simplicity*, in our effort to counteract the vulgarity of our time. In seeing how the *simplicity*, that is perhaps the prime characteristic of art and that which marks it off more surely than anything else from the confusion of undisciplined life, could be used he possessed no doubt a valuable secret.

WYNDHAM LEWIS.

MUSIC

"HUGH THE DROVER"

THE British National Opera Company seems to be in the unfortunate position of always missing the point and yet always able to say that its shortcomings are inevitable. It still performs the *Magic Flute*, for instance, with the spoken dialogue set to a recitative which is nothing but a parody of Mozart, and excuses itself by saying that the dialogue, when spoken, is unsatisfactory. Other companies have shown that it has been possible to translate the dialogue so that it makes sense and to speak it so that it sounds like English; but the B.N.O.C. prefers to go on as it has begun, completely destroying the effect which Mozart intended and spoiling the balance of the whole opera. Neither was *Hugh the Drover* sung as the composer wrote it, although the "dress rehearsals" given by students of the Royal College of Music demonstrated quite clearly that it was possible to do so. Hugh, having won his Mary against all odds, tells the smug and sensible townspeople what he thinks of them. They are left (as an English crowd naturally would be left) looking sheepishly at one another, feeling hot and uncomfortable and standing first on one leg and then on the other. Hugh has proved that he was right, but as he goes away with Mary in the opposite direction from the church, he shows that he is not really respectable, so that the townspeople were right after all. "My decency it shocks, To think such trulls can be," as John the Butcher puts it.

Now Hugh's abuse of the townspeople makes an admirable ending—on paper. In the theatre, however, as the Royal College performances showed, there is something wrong with it. It is not dramatically convincing; it does not express

MUSIC

"in the language of the theatre" what the composer meant to convey. The B.N.O.C. tackled the problem by leaving the passage out; and as it is marked in the printed libretto as an "optional cut," there was a certain amount of justification for doing so. But problems are not solved by shirking them. It is not the passage itself that is wrong; on the contrary, anyone who reads the libretto carefully will see that it is essential; and the producer might have tried to liven up the crowd and make them show plainly that they either agreed with Hugh or protested against him—instead of reverently taking off their hats and looking at their toes, as if Hugh and Mary were going to their funeral. The one thing to be borne in mind is that by this time Dr. Vaughan Williams knows what he is about. The idea is all right; what is uncertain is the way to bring it out. This passage is important, for it is the key to the whole opera. But is it, perhaps, a key which is more difficult to turn now than it was when the opera was written? *Hugh the Drover* has been written for ten years. The joy of it is that it triumphantly belongs to the days before the war; the trouble of it is that we are all of us older than we were then, and some who once delighted to tramp the "Unknown Regions" of the world, with "the heaven above and the road below," nowadays may prefer to travel by *Le train bleu*, and not even be surprised when people dress for dinner and *Salade* in the restaurant-car.

The great tunes remain; but even here the B.N.O.C. was apt to fail. Only a few of the themes in *Hugh the Drover* are genuine folk-songs; but they are all genuine Vaughan Williams, and that comes to very much the same thing. Folk-song melodies, like the pure and simple truth, are seldom pure and never simple. Neither are they as impersonal as some singers pretend. They may be communal in origin; but they express the complex emotions of living men and women, and must be sung with the whole heart and soul—and every other part of the body as well. In this respect the young

and untried singers at the Royal College could have given points to some of the more experienced singers of the B.N.O.C.; the former sang, as a rule, as if that kind of music were their natural form of expression, while the latter gave the impression of having had to learn a new style and not being altogether at home in it. The climax of the opera is a climax of melody: the greatest tune comes at the greatest dramatic moment, which, needless to say, is not the prize-fight, but that when Mary stands beside Hugh in the stocks.

Mary is like the castle in a game of chess. She becomes more powerful as play goes on, until at last, when her mind is made up and the board is clear, she can move straight from one end to the other. In the first act it is Hugh who dominates; he convinces Mary of the poetry of his existence in a song about "Horse-hoofs," which would convince anyone of the poetry even of horse-lines—indeed, the sense of poetry in the whole opera, both words and music, is very remarkable. Mary becomes the stake in the prize-fight; but Hugh, after knocking the butcher out (within sight of the audience), is arrested as a French spy in the pay of Buonaparte. In the second act the leadership passes to Mary; and her development, expressed by the music she has to sing, is the great and inspiring moment of the whole opera. It needs more tenseness of emotion, more real singing, and a voice which will carry farther than the B.N.O.C. could produce; for Mary has become the central figure and must hold the audience by her unaided efforts. The B.N.O.C. had one great advantage over the Royal College. It had a theatre large enough for the real beauties of the orchestration and choral singing to come out clearly; and in Dr. Malcolm Sargent it had a conductor who not only can pull a thing through, but make players and singers work until they do it properly. The opera will certainly have to be performed again; for if the B.N.O.C. cannot see its way to putting *Hugh* into its repertory, it will have no right to call itself either British, national, or an opera.

A LEAGUE OF MUSICAL NATIONS

Bayreuth has been revived, and a number of not altogether first-rate performances of Mozart and Wagner have been given at a summer festival in Munich. Yet wise travellers will follow the advice of Mr. Osbert Sitwell and choose the autumn for Bayreuth, when the festival is comfortably over, and they can enjoy the baroque architecture in peace. Bayreuth in August is no longer a musical festival, but a political one. There were plenty of old flags and plenty of retired generals, but no young German musicians were present; while sensible musicians from other countries avoided Bayreuth and went to the chamber-music festivals at Donaueschingen and Salzburg instead.

The International Society for Contemporary Music, which arranged the festival at Salzburg, is now in the third year of its existence. It is a league of about twenty musical nations of which Germany and the United States are original members. Each country has one vote on the Council and no more; the Chairman is an Englishman—Mr. Edward J. Dent. The music for performance is sent in by the various national sections of the Society (in England by the British Music Society); the final selection and arrangement of the programmes are in the hands of an international jury, elected from year to year by the votes of the Council. The Jury for next year's festival, which is to be held at Venice, consists of Egon Wellesz (Austria), Alfredo Casella (Italy), and André Caplet (France); the next on the list, if any of these should be unable to serve, is Zoltán Kodály (Hungary). No two jurymen may belong to the same country. A musical league of nations, of course, is no more free from the attacks of nationalistic mischief-makers than the other League of Nations at Geneva. The intrigues, however, have been so adroitly handled by the Chairman that the Italian section, for instance, which protested last year that Italian music was not sufficiently well represented, has now become one of the strongest supporters

of the Society, while the French, who complained this year that they were represented only by the "clowns," will no doubt soon follow the Italian example. The point of the Society is that it does not try to "represent" the music of any country as a national entity. It is by no means an international musical Wembley where each dominion has its more or less grotesque pavilion in competition with all the others. It provides an opportunity for hearing some of the newest music in tranquil surroundings; it also gives musicians from different countries the chance of making each other's personal acquaintance, and of joining in the performance of each other's works.

The audiences had been refreshed by wandering in the Salzburg hills or strolling in the baroque gardens of Hellbrunn or the Mirabell, while their minds had been cleared by open-air performances of Mozart serenades and Goethe's *Iphigenie*, with the marionette theatre as a stand-by for a rainy day. They found that new music can be serious without being dull, and that it was precisely the "clowns" (Milhaud, Poulenc and Co.) whose efforts seemed to be tiresome and unnecessary. The outstanding performance of the whole festival was the string quartet by Philipp Jarnach, who is probably the most significant figure in contemporary music; while Egon Wellesz and Igor Stravinsky have never sounded better. Wellesz's suite for violin and six other instruments is full of melody, and is unusual in modern music for being written with a real sense of what the violin can do; while Stravinsky's octet for wind instruments, superbly played by musicians from Frankfurt and conducted by Hermann Scherchen, suggested that the answer to the stupid question, "What's wrong with modern music?" is that it is not usually played well enough. The trio by Paul Hindemith, which attracted a great deal of attention, was vastly accomplished and incredibly difficult to play, but rather failed when it came to real musical thinking. The English music chosen by the Jury consisted of Bax's viola-sonata, Ireland's 'cello-sonata and two song-cycles:

"The Curlew" by "Peter Warlock" and Vaughan Williams's "Wenlock Edge." It was a curious experience to hear this old acquaintance sung by an American tenor and played by a Swiss quartet; yet there were moments, *e.g.* the first few bars of "Bredon," which sounded better than ever before; and the work, old as it is, made a profound impression on all the foreign musicians who were present. It is a pity that none of the English composers was able to come: for the social side of the festival is perhaps the side which matters most; and musicians, who after all are human beings, get to know one another better in a café than in a concert-room, while differences of musical idiom as well as of spoken language fade away in a land which has once more begun to flow with coffee and whipped cream, white wine and *Salzburger Nockerl*.

J. B. TREND.

THE FOREIGN THEATRE

THE SOIRÉE DE PARIS

FROM the point of view of promise as well as of achievement, the most important event of the past season in Paris was the seven weeks of the Soirée de Paris organised by the Comte Etienne de Beaumont at the Théâtre de la Cigale. The Soirée de Paris is unique in the annals of the theatre; unique in its conception as well as in its organisation. With the aim of producing the experiments as well as the achievements of the innovators in the arts, without making any attempt at pleasing the ordinary theatre-going public, but rather with the idea of setting a standard which will ultimately have its influence on the contemporary theatre, has been gathered a sort of repertory theatre, composed not only of the most intelligent young actors in Paris, headed by Marcel Herrand, but also the best dancers and choreographers of the Ballet Russe—Massine, Lopokowa, and Idzikowski.

The programme offered by the Soirée de Paris for its inaugural season consisted of five ballets and two dramas: *Salade*, music by Darius Milhaud, *décor* and costumes by Braque, choreography by Massine; *Mercure*, by Eric Satie, Picasso, and Massine; *Gigue*, music of Bach, costumes and *décor* by Derain, and choreography by Massine; *Les Roses*, by Henri Sauguet, Marie Laurencin, and Massine; *Le Beau Danube*, music after Johann Strauss, *décor* and costumes after Constantin Guys, choreography by Massine; and *Romeo and Juliet*, adapted and directed by Jean Cocteau; and *Mouchoir de Nuage*, a fifteen-act tragedy by Tristan Tzara.

To write an analysis of this epoch-making season at the Cigale, with all that it implies, its roots, its prophecies would be to write a history of modern art. One would need to begin

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with Guillaume Apollinaire's magazine, from which this new organisation wisely took its name, Soirée de Paris, founded in 1908, in which the whole modern movement in painting was first presented to the public; then one would have to write of Gordon Craig, Max Reinhardt, Diaghileff's Ballet Russe from its inception, as well as the Kamerny Theatre of Moscow and the whole French literary movement from Rimbaud to Dada.

But before even attempting this, one must realise the genesis of this amazing organisation, because it gives the keynote to its present and future policies. The animating spirit, the Comte de Beaumont, is, artistically speaking, somewhat the Louis the Fourteenth of contemporary Paris. His patronage of the arts is phenomenal in that its impetus has no connection with that deadly instinct of collectors, whose ambition is a dusty memorial museum to modern art. His interest, on the contrary, is a living personal enjoyment of the art of his epoch in relation to his own life. Because of his genius for arranging fêtes, the costume ball and theatrical entertainment which the Comte de Beaumont gives each year in the magnificent gardens adjoining his hotel has been the sensation of the Paris season for many years. His taste and discernment is that of a grand *seigneur* of a great epoch. For these fêtes the Comte de Beaumont commands a ballet from Satie or Strawinsky for which Picasso or Derain design the *décor* and costumes as one number of the evening and Jean Cocteau or Paul Morand write a sketch to be acted by Marcel Herrand and his company as another number. These private theatricals attained such a beauty that their importance as social functions was overshadowed by their importance as part of the artistic life of Paris; these fêtes at the Comte de Beaumont's became too important to be private: they were the talk of artistic Paris. Finally the Comte de Beaumont was prevailed upon to transfer his entertainments from his garden to a theatre, enlarge his programme, and become the impresario of the moderns. Thus the Soirée de Paris was born.

In providing a stage for the Jean Cocteau production of *Romeo and Juliet*, which Cocteau has had ready for the last four years awaiting a suitable opportunity to present it entirely as he conceived it, the Soirée de Paris has already justified itself. This production adapted, directed and acted in by Cocteau was the dramatic revelation not only of the Soirée de Paris, but of the entire Paris season. With *Romeo and Juliet*, Cocteau has fulfilled his promise made in *Parade*, *Le Bœuf sur le Toit*, *Les Mariées de la Tour Eiffel* and *Antigone*: he has become the most important man in the contemporary French theatre. And because he has discovered what is really theatric in the theatre, what the theatre is that the cinema is not, what can be done in the theatre that cannot be done in pageants, his influence on the European is certain to be profound. He has left behind the influence of both the German school, with its ponderous pageantry, as well as the untheatrical Moscow Art Theatre. He has given the theatre back to herself.

Those whose interest in Shakespeare is purely literary may well be annoyed and shocked at Cocteau's production of *Romeo and Juliet*. André Gide expressed the literary mind when, after seeing the final dress rehearsal, he said to Cocteau, "C'est magnifique, mais bien entendu, les acteurs sont fatigués, on va donner tout ce soir." Cocteau's triumph is that he saw *Romeo and Juliet* as first of all a drama, and allowed nothing to interfere with its success as a drama. When the *tempo* which he conceived for the drama was interfered with by long poetical or philosophical passages, he cut them ruthlessly.

Scenically and emotionally Cocteau worked on a flat surface. He made his production in two dimensions, a line-drawing, instead of the usual three-dimensional conception of *Romeo and Juliet*. To accomplish this line-drawing, every gesture, every movement, every tone of the voice was indicated by Cocteau. The gestures, movements, voice were stylised into two dimensions, as well as the *décor* and costumes, by Jean Victor Hugo, so that every moment the spectator saw and

"heard" a line-drawing. It is for that reason that many of the critics thought the production was a ballet! The scenery in itself made no attempt at realism. The entire stage was done in black with blue stars painted here and there, against which the scenery was changed before the audience by men in masks, who moved screens to show the change of place.

The acting was excellent. The Romeo of Marcel Herrand was admirably done; he was exactly the Romeo that Cocteau had conceived, which is not amazing when one remembers that it was for Herrand that *Romeo and Juliet* was adapted by Cocteau in the first place. Since Herrand's first appearance on the stage, when at the age of seventeen he was chosen by Guillaume Apollinaire to create the title-rôle of his *Les Mamelles de Tiresias*, he has devoted himself entirely to interpreting the works of the *avant-garde*, and in the Romeo of Cocteau he has had his deserved triumph.

The Juliet of Mlle Andrée Pascal was at moments too influenced by the Sarah Bernhardt tradition, but on the whole she was excellent. Yvonne George was well chosen by Cocteau to play the nurse, which she did to perfection, perhaps a bit too grossly from the English point of view, but well within the Shakespearian tradition. Jean Cocteau himself played Mercutio, thereby adding another profession to his long list of accomplishments.

Mouchoir de Nuage, the fifteen-act tragedy by Tristan Tzara, disappointed both Dadaists and anti-Dadaists. The Dadaists expected their leader to carry on the campaign of Dada and write a Dada play in the vein of his first play, *Le Cœur à Gaz*, with its negation of logic and buffoonery; the anti-Dadaists expected to have the opportunity to make a demonstration against Dada. Tzara gave neither what they wanted. He wrote a psychological problem play, around the eternal triangle: a banker's wife in love with a poet for whom she leaves her husband only to find that the poet is a poet, and incapable of her conception of love; she returns to her husband and later discovers that the poet has been murdered, perhaps

by her husband ; in any case the last act of the fifteen sees the poet actually ascending to heaven : the *Mouchoir de Nuage*. The play contained four deviations from the conventional stage-craft. The action takes place on a small raised platform in the centre of the stage, the actors ranged along both sides of the stage at their make-up tables, explaining the psychological problems of characters in the manner of the ancient Greek chorus. The scenery consisted of enlarged post-cards which were changed for each of the acts. The characters in the play were called by the names of the actors playing the rôle. Except for several passages of remarkable poetry, *Mouchoir de Nuage* offered little besides a faint amusement, and the proof that Tzara's talent does not lie in the theatre.

For Massine's first appearance in Paris since he left the Ballet Russe four years ago, he wisely chose *Salade*, a contrapuntal ballet. The abstraction of movement which is Massine's contribution to the dance, first introduced by him in his choreography for the *Sacre du Printemps*, reached its greatest development in this new ballet. Primarily an intellectual in his art, Massine has so translated the ordinary gestures and movements of the dance into their barest, most essential movements that *Salade* is more an abstract moving composition than a dance. Unlike Isadora Duncan's latest development of movement, which is built entirely on the circle or the curved line, Massine has worked on the rectangle, the straight as his basis and has squared the movements. The costumes by Braque, in themselves beautiful, were not successful—they were much too realistic for the choreography. In many movements they broke the line and composition of the dance. *Salade* introduced a new dancer of the first rank, Mlle Marra, an English girl who may easily become the successor of Lopokowa. The music of Darius Milhaud was successful in its use of a mixed chorus to augment the orchestra.

*Mercur*e left one uncertain. The effect produced on the first-night audience was indicative. The younger generation lead by Louis Aragon became so excited that they leapt from

their seats, running through the theatre to the *loge* of the Comte de Beaumont, screaming in menacing tones, "Vive Picasso ! Vive Picasso !" as if uncertain whether to thank or damn him for presenting anything so thrilling. The truth is that neither the music of Satie nor the choreography of Massine approaches the magnificent *décor* and costumes of Picasso. The failure of Massine to do this ballet justice was felt even by himself ; he is already working on a new choreography for the presentation next season. There can be no question but that the *décor* and costumes were shocking. They are new, they are an innovation. They are as new as was *Parade* and the *Sacre du Printemps* : a triumph for Picasso. The curtain rose on a tableau representing Night in a manner entirely new to Picasso, an abstract composition made of canvas and wire. The three graces were done by three mechanical figures which were many times as large as the dancers who carried them across the stage. The dance of Chaos was executed by a group of dancers entirely covered by different coloured tights, reaching even over their faces, crawling across the stage supporting other dancers on their heads and backs. When Massine has completed his new choreography and *Mercur*e is presented again next season, one will be able to judge of the ballet as a whole. At present one can only say, "Vive Picasso !"

The *Beau Danube* was in the best sense of the word "charming." The music of Strauss is pure and blended perfectly with the *décor* of Constantin Guys, but the theme of the ballet was banal.

Les Roses proved again that a good painter can fail to be a good stage artist. The delicate blue and cerise of Marie Laurencin lost in being enlarged : it is too delicate to carry in the theatre.

In *Gigue* Derain gave us some beautiful costumes, but his *décor* was much too compact for the music of Bach.

With such a record for its first season, the *Soirée de Paris* is likely to achieve the aim of the Comte de Beaumont : "A révéler la nouvelle âme et le plus jeune visage de notre France."

WALTER HANKS SHAW.

"CELUI QUI REÇOIT LES GIFLES"

THERE was to be seen in Paris, during the past season, at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, a little drama played with rare subtlety and distinction, "*Celui qui reçoit les gifles*," by L. Andréieff. The plot is one of the simplest and oldest—a variation of Pierrot and Columbine—here, the tragic clown. A circus, where an unknown *homme du beau monde*, strange and distinguished, presents himself and begs to be enrolled as one of the company. He confesses that he knows nothing of the life, has no qualifications, but is so insistent, and his charm and humour are such that finally he is allowed to remain and chooses his own rôle, "*Celui qui reçoit les gifles*"—his name to be "Celui."

Little by little, "Celui" establishes himself in his new life and becomes an excellent clown. He loves the beautiful *écuyère*, Consuelo, who represents for him the Ideal—and knowing that she will never love him, for he is neither handsome nor young, he plans that she shall marry Besano, the good-looking young jockey of the circus.

At this moment there arrives a man whom "Celui" has known in his former life, and he is plunged back in that past which he hates, and which he wishes to forget. This new arrival, one gathers, is the creature who, without knowing how to profit by it, stole all that "Celui" the artist had created. "Monsieur," as he is called, is the thief who has edited and vulgarised "Celui's" books, stolen his wife, and who has soiled all that he has touched, yet in so doing has always realised his own inferiority; and it is the haunting fear that the man whom he has ruined might one day reappear that has forced "Monsieur" to seek out "Celui" and try to extract a promise that he will never come back into the fashionable world again. "Celui" mocks at him, and contrasts the good-will and happiness he has found in his present life with the avarice and hatred of his life in society.

Yet once again "Celui" is challenged by Fate. For the charming Consuelo, childish and unawakened, is going to marry "the Baron," a tottering old *roué*, but madly in love with her. She will marry him, not because she wishes to be rich, but quite simply to obey her father, the Conte Mancini, a *débauché*, noble and ruined, who has always exploited her. (The basis of the situation is that it is very uncertain whether she really is his daughter.) "Celui" uses all his wits to prevent this marriage, but fails. In despair, and to save Consuelo, to save his ideal, the eternal value of life, he poisons her and himself.

This plot is treated by Andréieff subtly and yet simply. Pitoëff has

given it an extremely modern *mise-en-scène*, a background of black velvet curtains, a garish circus poster, a pair of steps, a table, a bench. The scene remains unaltered throughout the play. Some of the dresses are conventional and modern, others are wildly fantastic, with the strange disquieting colours and unexpected combinations so characteristic of Russian art. The sense of struggle and opposition within each character is suggested in the setting.

And the actors, the Pitoëffs: if one had heard no words one would still have followed breathlessly, so perfectly did they play. Georges Pitoëff, who designed the scenery and translated the play, and who took the principal part, held one fascinated by the deliberate use of his hands. In the first act, when he ("Celui") appears in an ordinary morning-suit to ask to be taken on at the circus, his white-gloved hands make a strange, *macabre* dance against the dense black background; they give at once a suggestion of the fantastic, elusive, imaginative quality in that apparently ordinary young man. In Act II, as the clown, he is clad in tights of gold-coloured silk, his face is entirely gilt, his head wrapt round tightly with gold tissue; and here his hands are black, sinister in appearance, playing all the time with the odd, long black cloth fringes that hang from one sleeve. A small thing, yet adding to the sense of contradiction, almost of irresponsibility. In Act III his costume is outrageously absurd, like a student in a cabaret; a loud-checked tunic, belted tightly at the waist with leather, skin-tight, light-spotted trousers, a pale-coloured bowler hat; and yet, despite this comic costume, the inevitable tragedy of the temperament is stronger, more moving, in this act than in any. Here the hands are bare, and, during some of the most poignant moments of the play, Pitoëff, seated astride a chair and facing the audience, seems entirely absorbed in making those strange, sinuous hands form themselves into intricate patterns and figures, as though to hide his white mask-like face, of which one has glimpses only at intervals, seen as it were through a cage. In the fourth and final act the costume is more like a clown *en fête*—orange, black, and green, in a pattern somewhat like flames; the hands again are bare, but quieter now, less insistent; the struggle is over. Yet all this is mere description, and conveys nothing of the personality. The voice and its timbre, in turns gay, laughing, *débonnaire*, and again a fury of denunciation, a torrent of words, the cynicism of a *déclassé*, an exquisite caress—"Ma petite reine, ma petite reine"—the child he adores. And the movements of Pitoëff! Almost those of a dancer, so lithe, so quick! That rapid soft pad-pad-pad round and round the stage, quicker and quicker, yet rhythmical, in ever-narrowing circles round the man he hates—all the lust of cruelty is in that sound. Then, at the very last, the gesture, as

he falls across the dead Consuelo's ballet skirts, and slips, slips to her feet. . . .

What can one say that shall convey even a suggestion of the freshness and spontaneity of Judmilla Pitoëff's Consuelo? Her absolute sincerity, added to a perfect technique, make Judmilla Pitoëff an unique artist.

When will Georges and Judmilla Pitoëff be seen in London?

ZOË HAWLEY.

BOOKS OF THE QUARTER

Democracy and Leadership. By Irving Babbitt. (Constable.)
15s. net.

THE first thing to note about this book is that it constitutes one of those rare applications of a general intelligence to the sphere of politics. Whether we think of the typical examples of Aristotle and Leibniz, or of the more homely ones of Milton and Ruskin, it may fairly be asserted that all essential contributions to this supremely important subject (which is nothing but the science of practical life) have been the work not of the narrow mind, whether deriving from active affairs or from theoretical economics, but precisely of the universal mind—the mind of the complete philosopher, critic or poet. No amount of practical experience, and no amount of departmental reasoning, can compensate for the lack of the wisdom which is only derived from the history of states, the evolution of thought and the reflection of these processes in literature and art. Mr. Babbitt in this book merely continues a critical survey of the various phases of the modern spirit which he has already effected in other directions—notably in literature and education. His motive in every case is the same—the re-establishment of humanistic standards in place of the utilitarian, humanitarian or romantic confusions so prevalent everywhere to-day. In his historical review of these developments he is uniformly percipient and discriminating. He starts from the axiom that man is the measure of all things, and is thus led to reject all deterministic philosophies of history

"whether it be the older type found in Saint Augustine or Bossuet, which tends to make of man the puppet of God, or the newer type which tends in all its varieties to make of man the puppet of nature." He then passes to a critical summary of the principal types of political thinking, beginning with Plato and Aristotle, following with Machiavelli, Hobbes, Locke, Shaftesbury, Mandeville, Bossuet, Montesquieu, and coming finally to Burke and Rousseau, and to these two devoting a fuller treatment. He sees in them an opposition between two different types of imagination—Rousseau being identified with the idyllic imagination and Burke with the moral imagination. He recognises that Rousseau had many precursors (though he does not perhaps emphasise sufficiently the more contemporary influence of Diderot and the Encyclopædists), yet he observes very acutely that it was Rousseau more than any other one person who "put behind the doctrine of the rights of man the imaginative and emotional driving power it still lacked, and at the same time supplied the missing elements to the religion of humanity." In another place he observes that Rousseau created "a new set of myths that have, in their control of the human imagination, succeeded in no small measure to the old theology. Just as in the old theology everything hinged on man's fall from God, so in Rousseau everything hinges on man's fall from nature." In Burke Mr. Babbitt finds the attainment of a "profound perception of true liberty in which he surpasses perhaps any other political thinker, ancient or modern." This is a liberty depending on order. "Society (writes Burke) cannot exist unless a controlling power upon will and appetite be placed somewhere, and the less of it there is within, the more there must be without." That sentiment rightly stands as an epigraph to Mr. Babbitt's book: for it is to the elucidation of the nature that this control must assume in modern life that the most significant part of his argument is devoted. It is impossible to follow in a short space this argument as it proceeds from the criticism of imperialism (not the imperialism of

the *Morning Post*, but the insidious quest for power in its many manifestations) to the lessons he draws from "the Asiatic experience"—the Asia of Buddha and Confucius—and then to his more actual discrimination between true and false liberals and his culminating analysis of the standards of democracy. Democracy he finds incompatible with disinterested leadership; good example is the chief need of man with his imitative instincts, but can it ever be expected under a political doctrine that implies rights rather than duties? Even under the more plausible theory of service democracy merely revives the old error of the Stoics. "It is pleasant to think one may dispense with awe and reverence and the inner obeisance of the spirit to standards, provided one be eager to do something for humanity."

Perhaps the fault of Mr. Babbitt's dialectic is the one he honestly acknowledges in his master Burke—an excess of political prejudice. His condemning references to the present Russian Government do not seem to be based on any exact knowledge of the facts; and certainly his scorn of psychoanalysis is indiscriminating and therefore misleading. To write as he does of "the Freudian corruption of ethics" is to betray a very superficial knowledge of a practical psychology which has some claim to be regarded as the only ethical substitute for religious control yet offered by the critical spirit, and which even implies as an alternative to outer mechanical control the very centripetal subordination that in other contexts Mr. Babbitt so ardently pleads for. But these are small points. On the larger issue of the book we may direct one or two criticisms which are meant to elucidate a general thesis with which we have every sympathy. Mr. Babbitt's philosophy is, as may be evident from our brief account, based on two main concepts. The first he calls "the sense of the inner life," by which he means "the recognition in some form or other of a force in man that moves in an opposite direction from the outer impressions and expansive desires that together make up his ordinary or temperamental self."

Elsewhere he identifies the inner life with "the truth that man needs in his natural self (which includes the intellect) to look up to some higher will in awe and humility": the inner life, in fact, is that sector of our mental make-up which man has rescued, by what Mr. Babbitt would call the force of his will, from the chaos of uncontrolled desires and instincts. Any reasonable man must recognise the existence of such an achieved orderliness, in the individual and in society; he must recognise, too, that it is precisely such orderliness, and the activities involved in its maintenance, that, as the useful phrase has it, make life worth living. "The inner life" may therefore pass as a convenient though somewhat compromised term to summarise this aspect of things. But the "will," upon which, in Mr. Babbitt's conception, this structure rests, is a more dangerous term because it has no precise definition; and though Mr. Babbitt devotes a special appendix to "Theories of the Will," we are not very much wiser at the end of it. The will is not an entity. It cannot be disentangled from the primal energies of desire and instinct; and even if we qualify these energies in some way and reserve the will as a concept for those directed towards standards of good discovered by experience and formulated in tradition, can we exclude intellect or reason as an agent in the establishment of such distinctions? In short, is the will anything but desire directed by reason? Mr. Babbitt does not discuss these psychological problems, which are, however, essential to his theme; and he has a righteous horror of this same reason, knowing that it cannot control mankind in general, which is more readily swayed by emotion, and can only, in fact, lead to an individual pride of intellect. He seems to fall back on the Christian solution. "Christianity (he says) supplied what was lacking in Greek philosophy. It set up doctrines that humbled reason and at the same time it created symbols that controlled man's imagination and through the imagination his will." He goes on to admit that the regeneration wrought by this faith was accomplished in no small degree

at the expense of the critical spirit. What he does not make explicit is that, with the recovery of the critical spirit in recent times, the symbols of Christianity have lost their power and cannot, in this civilisation, ever be reinstated. Though Mr. Babbitt is an exponent of long-range views he is not in this respect long-ranged enough: he does not see Christianity relatively enough. The most vital part of any religion resides in its doctrine of immortality. It would not be going too far to assert that, historically, religions come into being to satisfy man's need for a solution of the unknown quality of death. The difficulty with Christianity is that its doctrine of immortality has always been in conflict with social and political energies. The earlier religions imagined an *earthly* paradise, and in the search for it religion and politics had an identical objective. But with a heavenly paradise beyond the grave, conditional on certain religious observances, and with a priesthood divorced from the exercise of political control, you get a disastrous dichotomy, a perverse ethos. Christianity, in fact, implies theocracy—an identity of religious and political authority. But that is the one form of government which the critical spirit will not for a moment tolerate; and for the very good reason that our proper instincts are worldly. We conclude, therefore, that though Mr. Babbitt's diagnosis of our evils is masterly—by far the sanest and most perspicacious that has been made in modern times; and though he knows the characteristics of the ideal man—he does not succeed in envisaging a means whereby the controls which are operative in the individual can be made valid for social organisation. In all likelihood the problem is insoluble on evolutionary lines: it waits for the solution it has always found before in the history of civilisation: a specific event—the emergence of an individual capable of creating new concepts and new symbols, appealing freshly to our minds.

HERBERT READ.

Greek Historical Thought. Arnold J. Toynbee. (Dent.) 5s.

Greek Civilisation and Character. Arnold J. Toynbee. (Dent.)

5s.

Greek Literary Criticism. T. D. Denniston. (Dent.) 5s.

We were told, only a few months ago, that with every increase of knowledge ignorance increases proportionately; and the statement was made, not to illustrate any doctrine of "progression by opposites," but to remind us, quite simply, of the interval separating the scholar or the scientist from the average man. The volumes, mentioned at the head of this notice, from the Library of Greek Thought, remind us of the same interval. Each consists of a short introduction followed by select passages translated from various Greek authors. It is evident that such books are profitable, or they would not be published; but their value is less obvious. Translation deforms thought; selection mutilates it. Any passage when torn from its context, however splendid its language, loses in beauty, in character, and in strength. We do not know its origin, its movement, its direction; it is only an incomplete phase of what was, in the whole, a continuous experience. As the plan of this series, presumably, was imposed on him, we cannot hold the editor of any particular volume responsible for what are its necessary defects. We do not blame Mr. Denniston because he shows us Socrates arguing that, "as a matter of fact, the same persons are not successful even in the two forms of imitation that seem very closely allied, in writing tragedy and comedy, for example"; and does not show us the same Socrates, at the end of the *Symposium*, compelling Aristophanes and Agathon "to acknowledge that the genius of comedy was the same as that of tragedy, and that the true artist in tragedy was an artist in comedy also." Even though the two statements are not mutually exclusive, they are difficult to reconcile until we have related them again to the dramatic action and irony of Plato's method. But Mr. Denniston, with a definite and limited

field before him, has given us a quiet and unobtrusive book; he has used approved translations, and acknowledges the guidance of Egger's admirable *Histoire de La Critique chez les Grecs*; while we like to think that the discreet malice, which prompted him to open his selections with a parody and to close them with a satire, expresses the spirit in which he approached his business. Professor Toynbee has neither his diffidence nor his wit; but the absence of these qualities from his equipment is balanced by a certain ingenuousness. In acknowledging the use which he has made of various translations he tells us: "My method has been to keep them at my elbow while working upon the original Greek, but not to consult them except when I found myself at a loss for phraseology or interpretation. In turning to them on these occasions, I have freely incorporated their English in my own whenever they have seemed to me to have hit upon a felicitous or inevitable turn of expression. It would be a mistaken homage to originality to do again badly what one feels to have been done better already. Obviously the right course in such cases is to plagiarise with acknowledgments." The method recalls that of a Neapolitan who, having picked the present writer's pocket of a handkerchief, blew his nose in it to complete possession. Surely it is advisable that a translator from Greek into English should know at least one of the languages with which he deals, and should not be driven to such felicitous and inevitable turns of expression as *tour de force*, *genus homo*, *dissecta membra*, *dénouement*, *entente*, *démarche*, *à propos*, *élan*, and *empressement*. *Piazza*, for the home-spun "market-place," is another barbarism in which Professor Toynbee delights; and such tricks, being merely vulgar, would deserve only our neglect, were it not for a rather impudent reflection on his predecessors. He tells us that "we cannot attempt to appreciate Plutarch so long as we insist upon reading him in Langhorne's translation, or to reproduce him to our own satisfaction, so long as we interlard our modern translation with Elizabethan tags until we have compounded a hotch-

potch of 'translationese' unlike any living piece of literature of our own age or any other." The "parallel chronology" on which this passage is based considers the life of Plutarch as equivalent to the period between 1846 and 1925 in our own era. Such fanciful devices may amuse an idle mind, but are entirely valueless in the serious study of history. So far as Professor Toynbee's argument is true it is a mere truism; and apart from the truism it is simply not true. Every translation is necessarily characteristic of the age producing it; but the obvious fact that we look at Greek literature from our own point of view is not sufficient to make Herodotus one of our contemporaries. One might as well pretend to recognise the teaching of Einstein in the paradoxes of Zeno. After all, what do we know of Greek life and character? Take almost any Greek text, and you will find that successive generations of scholars have worked upon it until it has come to us almost in the form of a palimpsest, scrawled over with glosses and emendations. Even the most rigorous critical method will not dissolve these accretions entirely. What do we know of Socrates? Are we to go to Aristophanes, or to Plato, or to Xenophon for his portrait? And if we take from these three witnesses only those points on which they coincide, have we any character left before us, or only a generalised type?

What Professor Toynbee has done is this: he has fastened upon a generalisation, "Hellas," and injected into it his own value and his own truth, or what he accepts as equivalents for truth and value. This subjective method, a characteristic defect in Professor Gilbert Murray, Mr. Zimmern and Mr. Livingstone, becomes in Professor Toynbee almost a vice. They each present us with an ideal Hellas in which there is no time. "After all," Professor Toynbee asks us, "are any products of Hellenic literature immature or primitive or naïve or archaic when regarded as they really are, without the qualifying and distorting consciousness that they were brought into existence so many hundreds of years ago?" Yes: they

are. There are a hundred *naïvetés* in Herodotus alone. The story of Gyges and the King Candaules is one, and the statement that the Lydians invented games to pass the time during a famine is another. Again, what precisely does Professor Toynbee mean when he speaks of "the gargoyle element," which he professes to find in the *Divina Commedia* and *Hamlet*, and not, for instance, in the *Odyssey*? Who can close Sir James Frazer's introduction to Pausanias, to go no farther, without having been impressed by what Professor Toynbee would call, perhaps, the *medievalism* of the Greek mind. Finally there is the statement, concerning the Greek historian, that "his approach to historical writing lay through politics and not through theology." In the simple and primitive Greek city-state religion and politics were not separate, or clearly distinguished from each other: the crime of impiety, with which Socrates and so many others were charged, was as much a crime against the state as against the gods. The difference is in the absence at that time of any religious authority distinct and separate from the state; but is there not a theological touch in the accusation brought against Peisistratus of falsifying Homer in support of a territorial claim?

FREDERIC MANNING.

A Passage to India. By E. M. Forster. (Arnold.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. Forster has asked himself the questions: What is essential India? Why is she esteemed so great? What can be done to help her to express herself? What, indeed, is her message? And in his honesty he has not been able to find a really satisfying answer to any of his queries; nor does he believe that they can be answered in our time. He points to the Marabar Caves that lie under the Marabar Hills (described as a group of fists and fingers), and we take them for a symbol representing present-day India.

The caves consist of a number of small tunnels leading each one into a small circular chamber. They have no sculpture, no ornament, no stalactites even. When you scratch the walls there is an echo, and that is all. And the caves are held in unquestioned and unexplained reverence by all white men and all Indians.

Why do we have to remind ourselves so incessantly that Mr. Forster's work is admirable? In this book he responds to a call to write about India. He has worked in the full power of a clear-thinking, well-informed mind; therefore he has produced a logical book. The individual points of view of the various characters could only have been determined by a man of great sensibility. The subject matter is handled so competently that nothing is superfluous or out of place. Mr. Forster is so very clever—what is it that his work lacks? What is it that we miss in *A Passage to India*? Something that could lift it above the level of Sound Contemporary Fiction where it must inevitably lie.

Is it possible that Mr. Forster has tried to supply this something in Mrs. Moore, that sinister, obscure, horrible woman whom he persists in twining so tightly into the thread of his story? I have said that there is nothing superfluous in *A Passage to India*, but I confess that it *would* be nice not to have to bother with Mrs. Moore. In her Mr. Forster has not given us one of his clear, clean-cut figures. He has been very subtle. He throws out suggestions here and there as to the key to her nature. He surrounds her in mystery. Psychic influences play about her. It is all very vague.

The development of the book hangs on the visit to India of Miss Questead, an intelligent young woman, who, although she becomes engaged to an English civil servant of some importance, wishes to investigate the life and the point of view of the Indian: an impossible combination of purposes. She manages to become acquainted with Doctor Aziz, assistant to the English doctor at Chandrapore, a Moslem of high type with an English education. In spite of a strong English opposition, she accepts the invitation of Aziz to be the guest of honour at a picnic in the Marabar Caves. A scandal ensues. Miss Questead returns from the picnic ahead of the others in a state of collapse, and the news spreads rapidly that Aziz has insulted her in one of the Marabar Caves. So Miss Questead and Doctor Aziz, two earnest workers for a mutual understanding between English and Indians, find themselves the chief figures in a more than usually violent white men-versus-Indian disturbance. A temporary illusion of imminent co-operation and good feeling is of course dispelled. There is a fantastic trial, at the crisis of which Miss Questead states that she can make no accusation against Aziz: the man who insulted her may have been someone else, or the whole episode may have been an hallucination. After the excitement caused by the trial has died down, the Public School Englishmen sink back into complacency and condemn the Indians as—well—niggers, and the educated Indians see the English more clearly than ever as double-faced tyrants, the instigators of vile

and complicated plots. Doctor Aziz and a certain Mr. Fielding, the best of the Englishmen, find that their personal friendship which they had prized so highly, and for which they had worked so hard, is irrevocably destroyed. Aziz retreats into unanglicised India, where Brahmanism flourishes and the schools are used as store-houses for grain. India is his country, and India shall one day be united as one nation and throw off the English yoke. "We may hate one another," he tells Fielding, "but we hate you most . . . we shall drive every blasted Englishman into the sea . . . and then you and I shall be friends."

Mr. Forster's main argument is so sound, and he brings so much relevant matter to bear upon his point, that he does succeed in convincing us that he is right—an unusual achievement. It is chiefly by his clear exposure of conflicting points of view that he proves to us why, in Miss Questead's words, India is not a promise, only an appeal.

I. P. FASSETT.

Literary Studies and Reviews. By Richard Aldington. (George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.) 7s. 6d. net.

It is Mr. Richard Aldington's misfortune that, on the publication of his first book of essays, he has been met with what is almost an accusation of "learning" and "erudition"—which a discriminating critic would have put as the last of the book's qualities—and has had its essential characteristic misrepresented: a "lack of unifying nexus," a "lack of consistency," is a charge brought against a series of studies in which unifying nexus and consistency form the most prominent feature. A character in one of Mr. Pinero's plays described England as the suburb of the world. It must be confessed that our critics are for the most part suburban, with the astonishing myopia that can only see things near at hand, and is unaware of the perhaps worldwide connection and continuity of events whose local aspect is before them. Superficialities and puerile profundities pass as ultimate verdicts, when they are no more than tap-room judgments, given without knowledge and uttered with the emphasis of parochial pettiness.

The first and final thing to be said about Mr. Aldington's book is that it is an attempt to escape from this attitude. His concern with literature and the criticism of literature is not to take one department of it, and to attempt to arrange what he finds there in an order of merit, but to survey the whole organisation, to discover the relationships that exist between one department and another, and thus to create a critical standard that will be a common measure in all. It is an

accident that most of the essays in this book are about French writers ; but it is a lucky accident, that placed Mr. Aldington midway between Italy and England, between the country of origin of the Renaissance and the country of its final and in some ways its fairest florescence. Mr. Aldington has taken advantage of this accidental and privileged position, and has played it both ways, using his French authors as a pretext to go back to Italian innovators, and as an excuse to go forward to English rejuvenators. In doing this, he necessarily displays wide reading ; but he will probably agree that wide reading is not erudition, which must be both wide and deep. Erudition will come to him, if he pursues his present course ; it will, however, be the erudition of a poetical and creative mind, not of a collector of facts. Meanwhile, it is amusing to see the wonder of the yokels that one small head should know so much, especially when you turn to Mr. Aldington's pages, and find him consulting Bayle and Sainte-Beuve so often, setting off one against the other, that it becomes with him almost a *procédé*. Every essayist has his method, just as every vertebrate has a skeleton ; but the bones should not poke out visibly. This, however, is a fault that Mr. Aldington will easily and soon correct. The heartening thing about his book, its attitude to literature and its real accomplishment, is that it comes from a mind that has the capacity to take in many tributary streams, and the skill and will to direct them to some significant end.

If it is asked what that end may be in this particular book—apart altogether from the incidental light thrown upon literary relationships, parentage and pedigrees—the answer almost certainly—and none of Mr. Aldington's critics appears aware of this—is the illumination of the epicurean philosophy in literature. It is not that Mr. Aldington deliberately set out to study this aspect of the art, but that the habit of his mind led him, perhaps only half consciously, to select that aspect as affording the greatest tranquillity and contrast to the horrors of the years of war. This preference appears most plainly in an essay on "Cowley and the French Epicureans," in the middle of the book ; it finds its most delightful expression in "Theocritus in Capri," at the end—a piece of prose that does honour to its author, and should earn for him the gratitude of many readers. I may perhaps quote one passage :

How much to be learned of truth and beauty from that first idyll alone where Thyrsis and the Goatherd sing ! True, the poet spoke of the murmur of falling waters, and there are no streams in Capri, but he taught us to hear and to understand the incommunicable song of the pine, to fear Pan, and to be hushed for his noon sleep when even the cicadas are silent ; to feel the beauty of the crisp, carved wine cups, the

gold tendrils of the ivy about the rim, the lovers embossed on its inner curve, and the old man who "seemed to fish with all the strength of his limbs," and the vineyard with the grapes and the little foxes. Then he saw Daphnis dying, visited by the gods, and heard the farewell to Arethusa and the prayer to Pan. And with the Goatherd we prayed that the mouth of Thyrsis might be filled with honey, for his song was sweeter than that of the cicadas. All that the poet spoke of we saw about us. There were wild pear-trees in blossom, the green-silver olive gardens, the bees murmuring in the ivy and fern as once by the cave of Amaryllis, rock-cistus and asphodel, white violets or stars of Bethlehem (whichever were *Leukoia*), from which the shepherds wove their flower-crowns. In the damp recesses of the rocks were scented wild narcissus and sometimes little cyclamen flowers. There were purple anemones, the flower perhaps which sprang from the blood of Adonis. The gold and green lizards darted over the sunny rocks, the cicadas were seldom silent, the goats clambered on the rough walls and on peaks of rock, the grasshopper whirled up ; the air was scented with honey. Strangest of all came from close at hand the shrill, clear, pure note of a reed-pipe, made by one of the boys who guard the goats, who had been sitting silent in a little grove for hours. It was as if Lacon and Daphnis were not dead, but still making music for Pan. Two thousand years slipped from the world—"and to me there piped two shepherd lads"—beauty was truth, truth beauty.

Indeed, it is not claiming too much for these essays—it is, in fact, the plain statement of a simple truth—to say that none of the thousand-odd people in England—if there are as many as that—who find in literature a solace for existence, or even an encouragement to live, can afford to pass the book by ; for, if they do, they will deny themselves a pleasure ; and it is absurd to forgo a legitimate pleasure. When a second edition is called for, Mr. Aldington might remember that many of these people do not read French, Italian and Latin ; and that a translation, in the style of the originals, of the passages he quotes from these tongues—and for this kind of work he has shown himself to possess a peculiar competence—will add to his public a number of readers who are none the less desirable because they are not linguists. He might also, at the same time, take occasion to correct the misprints that have crept into his French and once or twice into his Latin and Italian.

F. S. FLINT.

Triple Fugue. By Osbert Sitwell. (Grant Richards.) 7s. 6d. net.

"He is an imaginative commentator, often of a very splendid kind, but he is never a real interpreter and rarely a trustworthy guide. He is a writer, and a writer in constant quest of a theme. He has an inordinate sense of the picturesque, and he finds his theme in those

subjects and those writers which gratify it. . . . His imagination kindles, he abounds in their own sense, when they give him an inch he takes an ell, and quite loses sight of the subject in the entertainment he finds in his own word-spinning. In this respect he is extraordinarily accomplished: he very narrowly misses having a magnificent style. On the imaginative side, his style is almost complete, and seems capable of doing everything that picturesqueness demands. . . . His style is without measure, without discretion, without sense of what to take and what to leave; after a few pages, it becomes intolerably fatiguing. It is always listening to itself—always turning its head over its shoulders to see its train flowing behind it. . . . A sense of the picturesque so refined . . . will take one a great way, but it will by no means, in dealing with things whose great value is in what they tell us of human character, take one all the way. One breaks down with it (if one treats it as one's sole support) sooner or later in aesthetics; one breaks down with it very soon indeed in psychology."

It is an interesting commentary on what might be called the essential failure of all criticism to be essential (to extract the essence) that these remarks, made by Henry James in the course of a review of Swinburne's *Essays and Studies* (1875) fit Mr. Osbert Sitwell's case as precisely as they did Swinburne's. If one reads them with Swinburne's criticism in mind, one has for the moment the sense of seeing the thing-in-itself completely and neatly caught. James appears to have apprehended his subject elaborately and exactly, and to have found the most succinct and appropriate way of saying so: one would think that he has diagnosed Swinburne, and nothing but Swinburne. It is a little disconcerting, therefore, to read them a second time, with Mr. Sitwell in mind, and to see Mr. Sitwell—a bird so different—just as dexterously, and quite as visibly, enticed and trapped: scarcely a flutter, not a feather displaced. In this predicament, as one cannot assume that Swinburne and Mr. Sitwell are identical, one is led toward the dangerous assumption that criticism, the more it attempts to be merely analytical and to deal with principles, the more it is likely to leave aside what is most definitely (indefinably?) individual in the subject under discussion: its general applicability increases, it becomes the criticism of a "type." Is this a reason for preferring a critical method more descriptive or impressionistic? Or should one, after all, be satisfied with the "generally applicable," and simply, as occasion requires, take out from one's files the appropriate passage from Arnold or James? Or is it, again, merely that the analytical method has seldom been carried far enough?

In the present instance, one can indeed pretend a little that if these remarks of James apply equally to two apparently different cases,

then these two cases must belong somewhat themselves to a "type," and be perhaps less "individual" than one at first thinks they are. Certainly there is a good deal that is typical (in that and in another sense) in Mr. Sitwell's volume of tales—typical, that is, of something more than "the Sitwells," or the momentary appetite for hard, bright colours and irony, for disillusionment that tries to laugh and satire which tries to injure. In *His Ship Comes Home* and *The Machine Breaks Down* and *Friendship's Due* one can trace this general resemblance more exactly to that sort of colouristic satire, polite and sharp and with an apologetic twist of pathos, which Mr. Beerbohm has developed out of the queer bohemianism of the nineties. Mr. Sitwell does not do it so well—and it is, of course, not so original of him to have done it at all. "He is a writer, and a writer in constant quest of a theme." Isn't that Mr. Sitwell's chief difficulty? One can see him casting about, a good deal too self-consciously, in quest of themes, and finding no object, and no method, quite worth his constancy. A theme found, he seems to regard it rather as affording an occasion for the display of his talents than as providing the matrix for a work of art. Certainly, the display is sometimes remarkable. Mr. Sitwell is an exceptionally keen observer of manners, particularly the manners of the "literary," the "bohemian" and the "upper" classes; and he is also exceptionally aware of the changes which time effects in them. He notes sharply and inquisitively and often wittily the amusing or picturesque on the surface of this stream, and he finds a picturesqueness of style which admirably suits such notation: amusingly exaggerative, as good gossip is exaggerative, prolix, ornate, baroque. Once in a while he achieves a quite perfect bit of baroque description, as in his account of "Lord Richard plunging headforemost into his white shirt. There is a rattle of white spray, and he comes up to the surface, his head showing again at the crest of this foaming, flashing wave, like the moustached countenance of a seal revealed from some breaker. As if he had really just returned from the salty depths rewarded with precious trophies of his skill in that other element, the reflection presents to us a pearl, round, fair and velvet-soft, being secured by red fingers, like crustacean pincers, in the centre of a flat surface of white foam." That, in spite of its syneresis of seal and crustacean, and the romantic vagueness (perhaps appropriate) in the phrase "some breaker," is excellent.

Unfortunately, Mr. Sitwell is not often as good as this, and even more unfortunately, it is this sort of "goodness" at which he most persistently aims. One cannot make a story, or even a satire, entirely of clever description and smart observation. One cannot redeem, by immense accumulations of bright detail (pleasant but otiose) or by (sometimes)

amusingly insolent caricatures of living persons, the triviality of a theme or the exiguity of a "plot"; nor, as Henry James observed, will the picturesque take one very far in the matter of psychology. *Triple Fugue*, Mr. Sitwell's title story, is, for all these reasons, a disastrous failure. It does not come off as extravaganza, or as satire, or as anything else. One's chief feeling about it is a wonder that Mr. Sitwell should have found it necessary to betray, over things so unimportant, an excitement so uncontrolled.

In the murder story, *The Greeting* (based on a well-known case), and even more markedly in *Low Tide*, however, Mr. Sitwell comes close to doing something first-rate; close enough to make one inquisitive as to the cause of partial failure. One leaves aside, in regard to the murder story, the "trick" ending, in which one does not believe. What interests one more is the fact that while Mr. Sitwell has gone so far, here and in *Low Tide*, he has nevertheless stopped so short. He gives us in both stories what seems a satisfactory "saturation" in the actual, both of scene and person. As a piece of documentation, *Low Tide* is quite extraordinary. Isn't the trouble, here, that Mr. Sitwell gives us, not a story, but a magnificently full scenario? He gives us his case with overwhelming richness, and often enough presents it with great beauty. But he seems always to see it from the outside, to see it from a distance and with a generalising eye, not with that sort of understanding of form which makes a narrative move of its own weight, nor again with that sort of understanding of character which avoids the general or descriptive and flowers directly into "dialogue" and "scene." He leaves too much for his reader to do, and his reader wearies. If Mr. Sitwell cannot be sufficiently moved by his theme to come to grips with it and give it shape, then his reader, alas, cannot sufficiently come to grips with it to be moved by it.

CONRAD AIKEN.

The Dark Night. By May Sinclair. (Jonathan Cape.) 7s. 6d.

The Flaming Terrapin. By Roy Campbell. (Jonathan Cape.) 4s. 6d.

The contrast between these two books is illuminating and capable of various interpretations. *The Flaming Terrapin* is the epic of a young man, obviously young, for whom there may or may not be future laurels. It has the flavour of to-day—not the smell; some of the manner of our time: yet, on the whole, the style of any time.

Miss Sinclair's *The Dark Night* is the novel in verse (free of a kind)

of an accomplished novelist who has already expressed herself again and again in her natural medium, and is now trying an experiment in a medium not naturally her own. The flavour of her poem is what might be known as *modern*, though the word has a shifting value, and perhaps a more fitting expression is *up to date*.

Mr. Campbell is the type: poet. His imagination moves in terms of symbols, metaphors, images, analogies, contrasts, epithets, rhythmical patterns and metrical groups of words; he has the poet's sense of economy and concentration; this work is conceived as a poem and could not have been executed in any other manner. Whatever its merit as such, undebatably there can be no other standards of criticism for it than those universally applied to epic poetry.

Miss Sinclair, on the other hand, has, as her primary consideration, a story to tell. Her imagination moves in terms of personality, temperament, idiosyncrasy, type, situation, atmosphere, action and reaction, plot, the interplay of character upon character. *The Dark Night* is conceived primarily as a story, and could have been told, without any loss of interest, in the usual manner of the novel. Most readers will be instinctively disposed to judge it by the standards of criticism usually applied to the superior novel. Her motive, therefore, in substituting free verse for her excellent prose is open to conjecture. The most natural supposition is that this particular story appeared to her one that should be told in the most concentrated and rhythmical form she could command, and she chose that of a sequence of short poems, interconnected, yet each, in some degree, an entity.

None of Miss Sinclair's skill as a novelist is absent—and she is very skilful. The sexual interest is as keen as usual.

There is no more fitting standard by which to judge her than that established by her own powerful novels. Thus we are at a disadvantage. *Aurora Leigh* and *Maud* might have been thought of as suitable touchstones, and they were both quite *modern* in their time. However, this *Maud de nos jours* has not the ambitious tone, nor indeed the discipline of either, and the test is hardly fair. But it has psychological intuition. And there is this great difference between it and most of the long love-poems that might be mentioned. Generally the man woos, but here the woman is the wooer. It is a feminist poem. Elizabeth, the heroine, is a headstrong woman of the managing type. On this account her humiliation is all the more affecting. Miss Sinclair has perhaps more psychological insight and grasp of the reactions of temperament than many poets; but these qualities serve her best when she is telling a good story in her own prose.

Elizabeth, the heroine, loves the poet, Victor Rendal. She first

loved him through his works. Now she watches him playing tennis:

"His body is beautiful, and swift, and strong,
His face is beautiful,
His hands and feet are beautiful,
When he stands up on the green grass,
Among the tennis players.
He is dressed all in white——"

Such a poem necessarily suffers through the circumstance that its bad are bound to be more noticeable than its good qualities. She writes:

"In July the betrothal,
The wedding will be in October,
It is September now."

The anxiety that such lines cause us is in undue preponderance to the pleasure given us by the more poetically beautiful passages. There is a disposition to neglect the rhythm typographically implied, and to avoid having one's preconceptions disturbed by reading the whole (particularly if one be reading aloud) as though it were prose pure and simple. And experiment proves that there are certain advantages in this procedure.

It is one of the main contrasts between *The Dark Night* and *The Flaming Terrapin* that the latter actually cannot anywhere be read as prose; not even at its most prosaic (or bathetic) moments, as when (to exemplify the latter) the sun rewards the earth:

"The sun's fair bride, as bright and pure as he!
Fleeced like a god in rosy curls of fire,
With massive limbs, stiffened by fierce desire,
He leaps, and as she yields her golden thigh,
Gigantic copulations shake the sky!"

But it is for reasons outside the sphere of contrast that we approach *The Flaming Terrapin* with a feeling of what in other centuries than the twentieth might have been termed Awe. Here is a poem of the true epic type, which, however, is not (according to the general practice) written to model, but establishes and conforms to its own standard. There are few more pathetic objects in the whole of literature than the average mediocre long poem: the pigmy posing as a giant. And there are only occasional writers in whom intelligence, imagination, and patience are combined in such a manner as to enable them to produce a work of this kind sufficiently brilliant to render it worthy of the attention of a serious reader.

In spite of those two great works of our own time, *The Dawn in Britain* and *The Dynasts*, we so often hear, and from people whose judgment we may have cause to respect, that the long poem has definitely and finally been superseded by other forms of literature more expressive of the new world, and more adapted to the mental habits of civilised man. And it is true that the poet of to-day tends to become a prosaist directly he finds himself obliged to grapple with some really important subject.

The Flaming Terrapin is actually condensed into the small compass of about 1,300 lines; yet, as type, it has most of the general characteristics of the successful long poem, and it is natural therefore that the appreciators of this form of literature should experience a feeling of satisfaction in the fact that Mr. Campbell has successfully negotiated many of the difficulties and obstructions that confront any ambitious individual who may seek thus to express himself.

As to the style, it may be said that, in common with other young poets, he is prone to spoil some of his best effects by over-weighting the emphasis. He has a new series of complicated and highly coloured images to present, and one upon the other he flings them before the reader with an impetuous lavishness that is almost profligate. His vocabulary is large, and nearly on every page new combinations of words may be found. Few lend themselves to extraction from their context: phthisic pallor—gurly sea—pillared thunder—red stitches of lightning—tigers scribbled with flame—huge carrion crows came rasping rusty jaws. A fair number have a colonial flavour, and, in fact, he opens his fourth part with a denunciation of the "bookish Muses," and an appeal to the "Muse of the Berg":

"You who have heard with me, when daylight drops,
Those gaunt muezzins of the mountain-tops,
The grey baboons, salute the rising moon
And watched with me the long horizons swoon
In twilight, when the lorn hyæna's strain
Reared to the clouds its lonely tower of pain.
Now while across the night with dismal hum
The hurricanes, your meistersingers, come,
Choose me some lonely hill-top in the range
To be my Helicon, and let me change
This too-frequented Hippocrene for one
That thunders flashing to my native sun
Or in the night hushes his waves to hear
How, armed and crested with a sable plume,
Like a dark cloud, clashing a ghostly spear,
The shade of Tchaka strides across the gloom."

In order fittingly to illustrate the style and scope of Mr. Campbell's poem it would be necessary to quote three or four passages; moreover the selection is difficult. His worst fault is an excessive elaboration, and, in this respect, he may be compared to such artists as Alan Odle, John Austin, or Syme. He is precocious and unweariedly exuberant, but he has sufficient restraint not to become tiresome or dull. Whatever his future, there is no doubt he is a poet.

HAROLD MONRO.

The Seven Lively Arts. By Gilbert Seldes. (Harper & Brothers.) \$4.

"The author"—so we are informed on the jacket of Mr. Seldes' book—"has long been identified with intelligent modernity in the serious arts, and has written about books and music and the theatre and painting. With the authority of a critic who knows the major arts as well as the minor, and who has always opposed the bogus, he comes out boldly here in defence of his belief that the popular arts are a genuine and valuable expression of American life." Also, of the "lively arts": "Nearly everybody really likes one or two of them, but their art as a whole has not become fashionable because it is not 'genteel.' This book is an open attack on that kind of 'gentility.'" . . . These sentences indicate fairly the virtues and faults of Mr. Seldes' very entertaining book. Mr. Seldes is remarkably well-informed as regards the "lively arts" of contemporary America—he knows, apparently, everything there is to be known about Charlie Chaplin (and the movie in general); ragtime and jazz (and Mr. Berlin in particular); musical comedy (with emphasis on Mr. Ziegfeld's "Follies"); the comic strips of Mr. Herriman and Mr. Goldberg (the palm going to the inventor of Krazy Kat); and sundry vaudevillians and dancers and clowns and newspaper wits whose names are better known in America than in Europe. When Mr. Seldes is telling us about these people, or racily and sympathetically describing their achievements, he is admirable. He writes with gusto, and with considerable understanding, of Charlie Chaplin and Krazy Kat, of Ring Lardner and Jim Europe, of Irene Castle and Al Jolson and Bert Savoy. Naturally, one does not always agree with him. He underestimates by a good deal (because of his own excellent *idée fixe* as to what is the province of the movie) the delicate comedy of Sidney Drew, who contributed something quite individual to the screen comedy, and who must at the very least be credited with an "influence." Even more, perhaps, he underestimates the fantastically violent and grotesque talent of Mr. Goldberg's cartoons and comic strips—if Mr. Goldberg lacks the more poetic and more humanitarian "phansies" which Mr. Herriman

gives us in his history of the Immitagable Kat, he makes up for the lack in his tremendous satiric power, his savage wit both of drawing and caption. Again, one would like a little more space given to Jim Europe, by whose death American music suffered a tragic loss. To hear Europe conducting his negro band was a revelation; conducting can seldom have been so richly and tropically, and yet so delicately and surely, creative as his.

But these are the exceptions. On the whole, Mr. Seldes selects his heroes with excellent judgment, and writes of them amusingly and discriminatingly. If one must quarrel with him, it is on grounds more general—it is when Mr. Seldes indulges in theory and propaganda that one wants to take one's leave; it is when he rides his hobby of the "vulgar" versus the "genteel" that one gladly permits him to ride out of sight. Like a good many contemporary critics, he is obsessed with the horribleness of what he calls the *faux bon*, or "bogus," in art. The bogus, or *faux bon*, appears to Mr. Seldes to be a dreadful menace—a kind of monster which must be slain; he seems to know exactly and shudderingly what it is; but what it is he never makes quite clear. One suspects him, here, of over-simplification; and one suspects him also of having, towards his "bogus" or "pretentious" or *faux bon* art, what a psychiatrist would describe as an "over-determined" feeling: for some reason, this vague nightmare excites him too much. Mr. Seldes is all for the rank, rich vulgarity of the American vaudeville stage, for example, and prefers it to the works of Mr. Hergesheimer and Mr. Cabell. Krazy Kat is better, and better for America, than *Linda Condon* or *Jurgen*. But is there a real anti-thesis, or a necessarily exclusive choice, here? Isn't it that Mr. Seldes is indulging in a slight looseness of thought? Krazy Kat is admirable, he argues, because it is subtle and imaginative; but he finds that in the "major" arts no American achieves these qualities without also being "pretentious." What does he mean by pretentious? Does he mean that Mr. Hergesheimer and Mr. Cabell (for whom the present critic holds no brief) attempt something a little too difficult or large for their powers? It appears that Mr. Seldes would prefer that Americans should not attempt the difficult or large; for he reproaches those vaudeville performers who try to take a step towards a more "refined" art. Let them, he says, stick to jazz, burlesque, and the stunt-dance. Well, these are excellent things. But who is to draw the line? Mr. Seldes has his own idea of the point at which "refinement" goes too far and renders vaudeville "anæmic"; he also invokes, as criterion, the judgment of "good honest people," an invocation which gives him the embarrassing problem of such popular successes as "The Rosary" or "The End of a Perfect Day."

But what about the next *lower* level in vaudeville? Mr. Seldes finds burlesque genius at its richest and liveliest in the *Keith* circuit. The present critic, however, has always found the *Keith* circuit quite depressingly anæmic and refined, and prefers (since one seeks the autochthonous) the far racier, far more vulgar, and infinitely livelier and more tropically American vaudeville of the *Loew* circuit. If Mr. Seldes wants the merely lively, how is it that he has not quarried here?

One perceives that Mr. Seldes has involved himself in a contradiction. The lively arts must be lively, he says, but they must also, to give (*him*) complete satisfaction, have the maximum of intellectual content and be perfectly *done*. This granted, he cannot possibly object to precisely the process of growth and change which has produced the sort of thing he likes. From the "ten-twenty-thirty" to the *Loew* circuit: from the *Loew* circuit to the *Keith* circuit: from the *Keith* circuit to—what? The *faux bon*? Probably not. In this connection, it is amusing to note that Mr. Seldes is upset by the degree to which negro musical shows—"barbaric" is his epithet for them—have threatened with ruin the more "refined" and "artistic" musical shows of Broadway. Surprisingly, he dismisses the negro influence as "unimportant." . . .

The trouble is that Mr. Seldes is a little too arbitrary and self-conscious and perverse in his theorising (perhaps influenced by the contemporary French admiration for American liveliness), and also he is very superficial. He has not been at sufficient pains in grasping the psychological factors of the relation of artist to art, or art to audience. To maintain that the "bogus" arts spring from "longing, weakness and depression," while the "major" and "lively" arts spring from "gaiety" and "strength," strikes one as remarkably naïve. In its false contrast, its failure of understanding, and its ignorance of facts, it suggests a critical bankruptcy almost complete.

CONRAD AIKEN.

FOREIGN REVIEWS

AMERICAN PERIODICALS

The Yale Review, July.—Katharine Fullerton Gerould writes on "The American Short Story" with independent judgment and with a clear perception of the necessities of that difficult medium. She has exhumed a pleasant metaphor which Henry James once used for the short story: "the silver-shod, sober-paced, short-stepping, but oh, so hugely nosing, so tenderly and yearningly and ruefully sniffing, gray mule of the 'few thousand words.'" In the course of her essay she deals with many reputations unfamiliar to a mere Englishman, and to one of these, Mr. Wilbur Daniel Steele, she awards the palm. "Germany's New Prophet" is a comprehensive account by a Belgian writer. Henry de Man, of the fashionable theories of Keyserling and Spengler. Miss Clemence Dane writes briefly on "The Feminine of Genius," which she defines as "the unique quality, the supreme something, out of which, when it meets and marries genius in a man, the work of art is born." Max Meyerfeld publishes several letters of J. M. Synge; they are mostly concerned with the difficulties of rendering Irish dialect into German, and are really rather dull. Professor T. H. Morgan summarises the present position (a negative one) of the problem of the inheritance of acquired characters. He finds the "will to believe" in such inheritance a "widespread and interesting feature of human behaviour," its only motive "a human longing to pass on to our offspring the fruits of our bodily gains and mental accumulations." "Captain Marryat," by Michael Sadleir, is an attempt to embellish the reputation of a quite insignificant Victorian yarn-spinner.

The Modern Quarterly, Summer 1924.—"Sociological Criticism of Literature" is a carefully developed essay by the editor, Mr. V. F. Calverton, on a theme of much importance. That "the tendencies of art, religion and science are but the interwoven threads of the social texture" is a truth that for some years has been growing into our critical awareness, but it has never before been traced with such thoroughness in the sphere of literature. Mr. Calverton draws his evidence from the consideration of three main periods with their parallel types of literature: the Middle Ages and the aristocratic concept of tragedy, the bourgeois tragedy originating in England with the success of Lillo's *London Merchant*, but more definitely fixed by the theories of Diderot and Lessing, and lastly the proletarian trend intro-

duced by Walt Whitman and still in evidence. His conclusion is that "although revolutions in esthetics are due to revolutions in ideas, every revolution in ideas is a consequence of a revolution in the social structure that the prevailing material conditions have produced." As a broad truth this will do, but we offer two observations: firstly, that an historical conception of literature, such as this, should not be confused with the *criticism* of literature, which is an act of judgment that takes little account of the temporal conditions in which any literature originated, but conceives all things from one immutable standpoint; secondly, that a deterministic method like this is apt to underrate the individual quality of art. Mr. Calverton's thesis may be true of the content of literature, and even of the formal organisation of literature, but it is not true of the surface quality of expression, which is an essential element in the esthetics of the subject; in this respect the constituents of genius have been fairly constant through many economic variations.

The Little Review, Spring-Summer 1924.—There is a good poem by Glenway Wescott, and a short story by Robert McAlmon. The rest is mostly imported from Dadaland, and is fairly tedious.

S4N, Issues 30, 31 and 32.—We cannot illuminate the title of this review, which is directed by Norman Fitts from Northampton, Mass., with the aid of an associate director, an *active* editorial board of seven, and seven advisory editors. It is, however, quite an entertaining publication. A whole issue is devoted to the art of Waldo Frank. Pierre Sayn, a professor at the University of Rouen, writes on "Waldo Frank and Unanimism"; Gorham B. Munson writes "A Note on the Language of Waldo Frank."

1924, July.—The first number of a new magazine. 1924, we are informed, has no policy. With Trotsky it believes in perpetual and dynamic revolution. It opens, however, with a good definition of aristocracy, in an essay on "The Esotericism of T. S. Eliot," by Gorham B. Munson: "Our ideas of aristocracy have become sentimentalised. In its healthy state, the idea of aristocracy is a union of some idea of what is best in human nature with the idea of rule or control. . . . We can agree that the highest value is intelligence, so I can be more precise and say that the union of the ideas of intelligence and control constitutes the idea of aristocracy." His argument then proceeds that, since power is to-day divorced from intelligence, many men of creative intelligence have become depressed at the odds against them and have "pinned the insignia of an aloof defeat upon their work." "It is a sentimentality of which I suspect Mr. Eliot guilty to believe that

depression is a symptom of aristocracy. For the aristocrat cannot take pride in a dandyism of defeat, he cannot relinquish the effort of control. With the whole force of his being he seeks to understand: to understand the forces in himself, the forces of his age. With the whole force of his being he seeks to externalise his knowledge of these so lucidly and powerfully that it wins a place as leaven in the general cultural experience." All this, and much more in Mr. Munson's essay, strikes us as extremely able and comprehending criticism. We do not, however, assent to his reasoning when, in seeking to identify Mr. Eliot's point of view with the fatalism of Spengler (*The Waste Land*, he says, is the poetic equivalent to *Der Untergang des Abendlandes*), he draws a distinction between a sterile decayed Europe and an America of abounding energies and high spiritual potentiality. If European civilisation is sick of a disease (and it is difficult to avoid that conclusion) then it is certain that America is equally stricken. For the disease is just that imperialism of mechanical powers—power without vision, intelligence or moral design—which rules America more exclusively than any other country. The boasted energy of America seems to a distant spectator more in the nature of an expansive fever. And when this imperialism has destroyed Western civilisation (if it does, which is not admitted) then America will be in the sorrier condition. Europe has deep roots in tradition. America has only a gesture.

The Century Magazine, July, August and September 1924.—"When I left Business for Literature," by Sherwood Anderson in the August number, is an interesting confession. In August and September we are given a series of portraits of English literary celebrities drawn by Walter Tittle. The portraits are accompanied by press-matter which we must not hesitate to describe as Mr. Tittle's tattle. We sympathise with a serious fault of vision which afflicts Mr. Edmund Gosse—"a distressing tendency to see objects in multiple." "Less dangerous" (than crossing the street), said Mr. Gosse to Mr. Tittle, "is the problem that confronts me when I see four or more girls, arm-in-arm, approaching me on the pavement, and I find myself unable to pass, though I know that at most there are only two!" Mr. Tittle had a great time with Mr. Alfred Noyes. "I found our host tall, of broad athletic build, his face suggesting the capable man of business rather than the poet. . . . we proceeded to the drawing-room, where Mrs. Noyes awaited us. She was rather small, of bright blonde colour, and exceedingly pretty. . . . excellent dinner. . . . animated conversation. . . . prevailing gaiety," etc. Later in the evening "the latest product of a famous contemporary bard became the target for their excess of spirits and they vied each other in finding passages to blast with their ridicule." The name of this slaughtered bard is not revealed, but it

is pleasant to think of Mr. Noyes getting, as they say, a bit of his own back. "The Decline of Western Civilisation," by W. K. Stewart in the September number, is another explanation of Spengler's *Downfall of Western Civilisation*, but from a more critical standpoint this time. Romanticism is diagnosed as the true key-word for Spengler's ideas.

Scribner's Magazine, August and September. The August number is devoted to fiction. In September Harry B. Smith writes on "Byron: his Books and Autographs." "On a Soviet Trans-Siberian," by Kermit Roosevelt, is the record of an interesting experience in modern Russia. William Lyon Phelps, inevitably a professor and the most quotable reviewer in America, conducts a monthly causerie on new books.

The American Mercury, August and September 1924.—These are the eighth and ninth numbers of the new magazine conducted by H. L. Mencken and George Jean Nathan. Mencken and Nathan are the great vaudeville artists in modern literary journalism and their heavenly messenger appears in pink tights. If you like that kind of thing you will like their magazine entirely; in any case it is difficult to disentangle their defects from corresponding virtues. *The American Mercury* is vulgar, but it is vivid; it is undignified, but it is downright; and its ideals are roughly identical with those that any liberal mind might clothe in a more highbrow phraseology. The contributions are very varied; they include (in August) a merciless analysis of "a passive and pallid little man"—President Coolidge—and an exposure of the press methods by means of which his fictitious reputation was created; an account of "Godey's Lady's Book," a defunct magazine in which a large slice of nineteenth-century America lies enshrined; "The Trial of the Dead Cleopatra," a long, dull poem by Vachel Lindsay; "A Note on Tights" by Carl van Vechten; "The Mercy of God," a psychological study by Theodore Dreiser (in September); "The Anglo-Saxon Myth" by Henry J. Ford, the emeritus professor of politics at Princeton; a short story by Ruth Suckow; "Morals in the Two-a-day," an account of censorship in the American variety theatre from which we wish we had space to quote; "Architecture and the Machine," by Lewis Mumford, a forceful attack on engineering ideals in architecture; and many other readable articles. There are also regular features by the editors, in their characteristic manners; and, as valuable as anything in the magazine, a section entitled "Americana," being illustrative excerpts from the American press, which throw light on the terrible backwaters of American mentality.

The Literary Review.—Weekly documentation of new publications. On July 12th reminiscences of Stephen Crane by Ford Madox Ford.

H. R.

GERMAN PERIODICALS

Die Literatur. (Berlin: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt). This monthly review, well-known as a fortnightly periodical under its former title of *Das literarische Echo*, has much increased its size since it changed its name. For completeness of information regarding German literary activities, it is probably without an equal, and its short reviews, literary news-notes, lists of books published during the month, foreign chronicles, reports of the most important stage-productions, must be rather overwhelming to many readers. But it can at least be said that anyone who consults it is never likely to miss any literary event of consequence in Germany or, for that matter, anywhere else. On its critical, as distinct from the purely journalistic side, the review is moderately conservative and sometimes inclined to solemnity, but every number has something worth looking at. In the June number a comprehensive critical survey of contemporary Swiss literature and, in the course of a French Chronicle, a good brief estimate of Valéry Larbaud, by Otto Grautoff. The July number has an account of modern German verse, by Ernst Lissauer, in which attention is deservedly called to a neglected poet and dramatist, Hermann Burte. Stefan Zweig has an essay on Kleist as a story-writer, extracted from his larger essay on that once-more fashionable classic. In the August issue Hans Franck discusses contemporary German drama, in particular the "Neo-Romantics," that is, Hugo von Hofmannsthal and his school. A rather terrifying essay entitled "Frauen-Romane," that is, novels written by women, seems to show that in Germany even more women than here are writing fiction, or that German publishers are easier to please. The September number has a breathless summary of some thirty-odd recent German books on Goethe. In short, this review is not so much literature as about literature, but within those limits it is first-class.

Der neue Merkur. (Berlin: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt). This monthly review is not so unremittingly informative as its fellow, but its critical, philosophical and political articles are occasionally intermixed with facts and documents. The June number, for example, has a number of letters, published for the first time, from Dostoevski to his wife. The correspondence is mostly of the "newsy" kind, but it clearly has great biographical value as showing Dostoevski's "reaction" to popularity and the estimate formed of him by his contemporaries. In the July number Alfred Weber has a denunciation of Oswald Spengler's political writings. That popular philosopher, his prophecy of the downfall of Western civilisation having been pushed

a little into the background, has recently published a number of essays, strongly criticising the present Parliamentary régime in Germany. His critic answers him from the orthodox democratic point of view. The August and September numbers are worth noting for art-essays—the first, Wilhelm Hausenstein's impressionistic appreciation of Carpaccio; the second, a pessimistic estimate of German painting in the last fifty years.

Vers und Prosa (Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt). Ten numbers of this periodical have now appeared. A new poet, Richard Billinger, has poems in the March and April numbers which seem promising. The July number has a biography, by Albert Ehrenstein, of the eighth-century Chinese poet, Po Chü-i, followed by a large number of translations which at least read very well.

Die Neue Rundschau (Berlin: S. Fischer) is publishing a German version of Mr. Bernard Shaw's *Saint Joan*. The August number has a remarkable estimate of Lenin by Maxim Gorki, who admired the man but did not get on with the politician. The following judgment is typical:

I do not know which Lenin has called forth more—love or hatred. The hatred is clear and obvious . . . but I fear that the love for him was largely nothing but a dim belief of tortured and desperate men in a miracle-worker.

Of the purely literary side the only important item is a short story by Remisov. Rudolf Kayser does a useful "Europäische Rundschau." He is obsessed—and in Berlin who wouldn't be?—by what he calls "Americanism," "the most powerful phenomenon of our modern life," the basis of which he finds is a "körperlich-seelische Energie."

Das Inselsschiff (Leipzig: Insel-Verlag). This is really the "house-magazine" of the well-known publishing firm, designed to advertise the firm's publications. But it often has original literary contributions, and the July number is worth noting for an essay on Ricarda Huch, Germany's most important woman-writer, author of an authoritative study of the German Romantic Movement, a long novel on the Thirty Years' War, and, most recently, a remarkable essay on the founder of Anarchism, Michael Bakunin. In the same number a centenary appreciation of Byron by Stefan Zweig, who says in conclusion: Byron . . . to us is more a figure than a genius, more a hero than an artist. . . . He himself is a poem, his death a magnificent strophe in the eternal heroic ode of mankind.

Die Weltbühne (Charlottenburg). Almost entirely political—of a "Left" complexion. But note article by Max Brod in the issue for July 17th on Franz Kafka, the poet and dramatist who died the previous month, aged only forty-one. In the four June numbers there were

interesting and optimistic "Kunst-Berichte" from Russia. Serious scientific work is said to be in full swing once more in the art-galleries and museums.

A. W. G. R.

FRENCH PERIODICALS

Les Feuilles Libres. January-February. The most remarkable contributions to this number are by lunatics—poems and drawings. M. Paul Eluard, Dadaist, or ex-Dadaist, whose competence in the matter no one will wish to deny, introduces and defends them: *Le privilège le plus enviable des fous est de poétiser les plus ingrates besognes*, he says. One could name some French writers of the last two years who have coveted and usurped that privilege. It is gratifying to note that the lunatics at least who are quoted and reproduced here are trying to be sane. M. Drien La Rochelle has a *conte*, in which he develops a mastery over his material that we had long suspected him of. I repeat: M. Drien La Rochelle is a man to watch.

March-June. This number is distinguished by some poems and drawings—by children this time. One drawing in colour of a restaurant, by a child of eleven, is extraordinary. Lunatics and children. It is obvious that those who are behind *Les Feuilles Libres* are endeavouring to re-create a world they feel they are too sophisticated to see. They will fail; but from their failure may emerge a new *pathétique*, just as the walls of London at the present moment are covered with designs that owe their existence, ultimately, to cubism. M. Pierre Reverdy, in some quarters, is called *un grand poète*. He contributes the first instalment of a *roman populaire*, *La Peau de l'Homme*. *Populaire! Heu! Heu! Mais, décidément, il faut lire Les Feuilles Libres.*

Europe. June. Mme Jeanne Lichnerowicz has an article on William Butler Yeats, the poet, not the senator, followed by a translation, *La Terre du désir du cœur*.

July. M. Georges Duhamel reflects on the anniversary of the war. He decides that war is not a conflict of races, but a personal affair to be settled by the person. He has one fixed design: *refuser à la guerre, en toutes circonstances, mon assentiment et ma collaboration*. A conscientious objector? *Nous verrons!* A translation of a story by a Russian, Ivan Chmelov, suggests that here is a writer who might be worth investigation. An article on architecture by Henry van de Velde, a Dutchman, opens up new perspectives in a very real sense. There is still a new city to be created. *Etonnement! Et nous qui nous sommes accoutumés à marcher entre les murailles sans les regarder, de peur de nous en pourfendre l'âme.* Henry van de Velde, *il faut se rappeler ce nom.*

Les Marges. I do not know whether any one in England reads *Les Marges*. It is a small review, seven inches by five, in an orange-coloured cover, conducted by the novelist, Eugène de Montfort. M. de Montfort may not be a great man, but his review is always interesting, sane, witty and dans la bonne tradition. It deserves to be better known in England. The June number is mainly devoted to the memory of Louis Codet, a poet who died of his wounds in December 1914—one of those minor French writers who are yet the salt of French literature. One of his friends wrote of him: *Louis Codet fut l'esprit le plus fin, le plus profond et le plus séduisant que j'ai rencontré sur cette terre. Des petites choses aux grandes il comprenait tout avec intensité*. Perhaps not so minor after all. Read *La Fortune de Bécot*, a fantastic novel. The July number contains two letters by Tristan Corbière, who, apparently, left very few, and hardly any prose at all.

La Revue Musicale. June, July, August. I am incompetent to do more than acknowledge these numbers, and recommend them to those whose music se double de littérature. There are some *Souvenirs sur Chabrier* by Willy in the June number: Willy the witty and malicious, his name in a review is one not to miss.

Mercure de France. June to August. Once again the sheer bulk of the *Mercure* prevents me from giving any adequate account of its contents. It is always full of interest, and it remains the review où l'on peut toujours se renseigner sans trop se renfrogner. June 1: *Notes sur Rodin*, by Gustave Kahn, *Du Pastiche et des Influences Littéraires*: *Laurent Tailhade*, by Léon Deffoux et Pierre Dufay: June 15: *Sur Henri de Régnier*, by Pierre Vignié, *L'Exil d'Ovide*, by Daniel Massé; July 1: *Le Système du Docteur Freud*, by Marcel Ball, *La vivante continuité du Symbolisme*, by Edouard Dujardin; July 15: *Un Psychologue du Pêché*: *Marcel Proust*, by Bergotte, *Le Gagne-pain de Stendhal*, by Ferdinand Boyer; August 1: *Les Tendances actuelles de la Littérature turque*, by Ahmed Hachim; August 18: *Georges Duhamel*, a lengthy study by César Sautelli. This last number also contains *Les Méthodes de Cryptographie de Francis Bacon*, by a Dutch writer, Dr. H. A. W. Speckman, who proves, by an elaborate cryptographic analysis, that Bacon wrote the sonnets and dedicated them to his friend, the Earl of Southampton, and who concludes: *il en est de même de toutes les œuvres de Shakespeare*. The *Mercure*, of late years, has apparently been unable to defend its doors from these cryptomaniacs. A thick book might be made of their contributions.

La Nouvelle Revue Française. August. *Les Cinq Sens*, by Joseph Delteil; a study of Ramon Gomez de la Serna, by Jean Casson; *La Psychologie romanesque*, by Albert Thiboudet.

September. *Alfred Jarry, Ubu Roi et les Professeurs*, by Henri

Hertz. This is the most interesting contribution to the study of Jarry I have read. It is by an old schoolfellow, himself a poet. M. Hertz's thesis is that Jarry created Ubu out of his hatred for professors as they were; that Ubu then recreated his creator, who was himself a professor (of the right kind) by natural instinct; and that the effect of Jarry's attack has been to rescue ancient literature from the dry-asdusts. The number also contains a curious correspondence between a poet and the editor, and a note on Joseph Conrad. F. S. F.

ITALIAN PERIODICALS

Il Convegno. May. The most important contribution to this number is an article by Eugenio Levi on *La Realtà Poetica del Teatro Goldoniano*, which is the preface to a series of Goldoni's comedies to be published by the Casa Sonzogno, with critical commentaries by M. Levi. M. Levi analyses the characters in Goldoni's plays, or rather he gives their general characteristic, the result of his analysis, drawing on Molière and Aristophanes for contrasts. For he shows that there is a wide difference between the "reality" of Molière and Aristophanes and that of Goldoni, and he traces back this difference to the character of Goldoni himself. His argument is too close and too long to summarise here. The essay seems important, however, and may be commended to Goldonians. The number also contains a translation of Lamb's essay on convalescence, poems by Eugenio Montale, and an article by G. B. Angioletti on Riccardo Bacchelli, one of the younger Italian writers of to-day—poet, dramatist, *prosateur*. *È dunque tempo che il pubblico lo conosca*, concludes M. Angioletti.

July. Double Number. A note on Adolfo Albertazzi, who died recently; *Araby*, by James Joyce, translated; *L'Elogio del "Bugiardo" di Goldoni*, by Eugenio Levi; notes on Italian literature by E. C. Linati, on Dutch literature by H. Robbers, on French literature by G. B. Angioletti, on Art by G. Raimondi, and on the theatre (Fritz von Unruh) by M. Lindauer. F. S. F.

DANISH PERIODICALS

Tilskueren.—August. Professor Vald-Vedal contributes an essay on Ronsard to this number. There is perhaps nothing new in it—no new point of view; but it is well and sympathetically done.

September number. Mostly political and technical. An article on Norse-Icelandic books by Niels Møller. Mr. A. S. M. Hutchinson's *This Freedom* has been translated into Danish. Hartvig Frisch says that "Mr. Hutchinson is not always so funny as he himself thinks."

F. S. F.