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THE CRITERION

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FOUR ELIZABETHAN DRAMATISTS

I. A PREFACE

By T. S. ELIOT

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

influence on the future of drama. Contemporary literature, like contemporary politics, is confused by the moment-to-moment struggle for existence; but the time arrives when an examination of principles is necessary. I believe that the theatre has reached a point at which a revolution in principles should take place.

The accepted attitude toward Elizabethan drama was established on the publication of Charles Lamb's *Selections*. By publishing these selections, Lamb set in motion the enthusiasm for poetic drama which still persists, and at the same time encouraged the formation of a distinction which is, I believe, the ruin of modern drama—the distinction between drama and literature. For the *Selections* made it possible to read the plays as poetry while neglecting their function on the stage. It is for this reason that all modern opinion of the Elizabethans springs from Lamb, for all modern opinion rests upon the admission that poetry and drama are two separate things, which can only be *combined* by a writer of exceptional genius. The difference between the people who prefer Elizabethan drama, in spite of what they admit to be its dramatic defects, and the people who prefer modern drama although acknowledging that it is never good poetry, is comparatively unimportant. For in either case, you are committed to the opinion that a play can be good literature but a bad play and that it may be a good play and bad literature—or else that it may be outside of literature altogether.

On the one hand we have Swinburne, representative of the opinion that plays exist as literature, and on the other hand Mr. William Archer, who with great lucidity and consistency maintains the view that a play need not be literature at all. No two critics of Elizabethan drama could appear to be more opposed than Swinburne and Mr. William Archer; yet their assumptions are fundamentally the same, for the distinction between poetry and drama, which Mr. Archer makes explicit, is implicit in the view of Swinburne; and Swinburne as well as Mr. Archer allows us to entertain the belief that the difference

between modern drama and Elizabethan drama is represented by a gain of dramatic technique and the loss of poetry.

Mr. Archer in his brilliant and stimulating book,¹ has succeeded in making quite clear all of the dramatic faults of Elizabethan drama. What vitiates his analysis is his failure to see why these faults are faults, and not simply different conventions. And he gains his apparent victory over the Elizabethans for this reason, that the Elizabethans themselves admit the same criteria of realism that Mr. Archer asserts. The great vice of English drama from Kyd to Galsworthy has been that its aim of realism was unlimited. In one play, *Everyman*, and perhaps in that one play only, we have a drama within the limitations of art; since Kyd, since Arden of Feversham, since *The Yorkshire Tragedy*, there has been no form to arrest, so to speak, the flow of spirit at any particular point before it expands and ends its course in the desert of exact likeness to the reality which is perceived by the most commonplace mind. Mr. Archer confuses faults with conventions; the Elizabethans committed faults and muddled their conventions. In their plays there are faults of inconsistency, faults of incoherency, faults of taste, there are nearly everywhere faults of carelessness. But their great weakness is the same weakness as that of modern drama, it is the lack of a convention. Mr. Archer facilitates his own task of destruction, and avoids offending popular opinion, by making an exception of Shakespeare: but Shakespeare, like all his contemporaries, was aiming in more than one direction. In a play of Æschylus, we do not find that certain passages are literature and other passages drama; every style of utterance in the play bears a relation to the whole and because of this relation is dramatic in itself. The imitation of life is circumscribed, and the approaches to ordinary speech and withdrawals from ordinary speech are not without relation and effect upon each other. It is essential that a work of art should be self-consistent, that an artist should consciously or

¹ *The Old Drama and the New.* (Heinemann, 1923.)

unconsciously draw a circle beyond which he does not trespass: on the one hand actual life is always the material, and on the other hand an abstraction from actual life is a necessary condition to the creation of the work of art.

Let us try to conceive how the Elizabethan drama would appear to us if we had in existence what has never existed in the English language: a drama formed within a conventional scheme—the convention of an individual dramatist, or of a number of dramatists working in the same form at the same time. And when I say convention, I do not necessarily mean any particular convention of subject matter, of treatment, of verse or of dramatic form, of general philosophy of life or any other convention which has already been used. It may be some quite new selection or structure or distortion in subject matter or technique; any form or rhythm imposed upon the world of action. We will take the point of view of persons accustomed to this convention and finding the expression of their dramatic impulses in it. From this point of view such performances as those of the Phoenix Society are most illuminating. For the drama, the existence of which I suppose, will have its special conventions of the stage and the actor as well as of the play itself. It is impossible for any Elizabethan drama to be performed in a satisfactory way. An actor in an Elizabethan play is either too realistic or too abstract in his treatment; whatever system of speech, of expression and of movement he adopts. The play is for ever betraying him. An Elizabethan play was in some ways as different from a modern play, its performance is almost as much a lost art, as if it were a drama of Æschylus or Sophocles. And in some ways it is more difficult to reproduce. For it is easier to present the effect of something in a firm convention, than the effect of something which was aiming, blindly enough, at something else. The difficulty in presenting Elizabethan plays is that they are liable to be made too modern, or falsely archaic. Why are the asides ridiculous, which Mr. Archer reprehends in *A Woman Killed with Kindness*? Because they are

not a convention, but a subterfuge; it is not Heywood who assumes that asides are inaudible, it is Mrs. Frankford who *pretends* not to hear Wendoll. A convention is not ridiculous: a subterfuge makes us extremely uncomfortable. The weakness of the Elizabethan drama is not its defect of realism, but its attempt at realism; not its conventions, but its lack of conventions.

In order to make an Elizabethan drama give a satisfactory effect as a work of art, we should have to find a method of acting different from that of contemporary social drama, and at the same time to attempt to express all the emotions of actual life in the way in which they actually would be expressed: the result would be something like a performance of *Agamemnon* by the Guitrys. The effect upon actors who attempt to specialise in Shakespearean or other seventeenth-century revivals is unfortunate. The actor is called upon for a great deal that is not his business, and is left to his own devices for things in which he should be trained. His stage personality has to be supplied from and confounded with his real personality. Anyone who has observed one of the great dancers of the Russian school will have observed that the man or the woman whom we admire is a being who exists only during the performances, that it is a personality, a vital flame which appears from nowhere, disappears into nothing and is complete and sufficient in its appearance. It is a conventional being, a being which exists only in and for the work of art which is the ballet. A great actor on the ordinary stage is a person who also exists off it and who supplies the rôle which he performs with the person which he is. A ballet is apparently a thing which exists only as acted and would appear to be a creation much more of the dancer than of the choreographer. This is not quite true. It is a development of several centuries into a strict form. In the ballet only that is left to the actor which is properly the actor's part. The general movements are set for him. There are only limited movements that he can make, only a limited degree of emotion that he can express.

He is not called upon for his personality. The differences between a great dancer and a merely competent dancer is in the vital flame, that impersonal, and, if you like, inhuman force which transpires through each of the great dancer's movements. So it would be in a strict form of drama; but in realistic drama, which is drama striving steadily to escape the conditions of art, the human being intrudes. Without the human being and without this intrusion, the drama cannot be performed, and this is as true of Shakespeare as it is of Henry Arthur Jones. A play of Shakespeare's and a play of Henry Arthur Jones's are essentially of the same type, the difference being that Shakespeare is very much greater and Mr. Jones very much more skilful. They are both dramatists to be read rather than seen because it is precisely in that drama which depends upon the interpretation of an actor of genius, that we ought to be on our guard against the actor. The difference is, of course, that without the actor of genius the plays of Mr. Jones are nothing and the plays of Shakespeare are still to be read. But a true acting play is surely a play which does not depend upon the actor for anything but acting, in the sense in which a ballet depends upon the dancer for dancing. Lest anyone should fall into a contrary misunderstanding, I will explain that I do not by any means intend the actor to be an automaton, nor would I admit that the human actor can be replaced by a marionette. A great dancer, whose attention is set upon carrying out an appointed task, provides the life of the ballet through his movements; in the same way the drama would depend upon a great trained actor. The advantages of convention for the actor are precisely similar to its advantages for the author. No artist produces great art by a deliberate attempt to express his personality. He expresses his personality indirectly through concentrating upon a task which is a task in the same sense as the making of an efficient engine or the turning of a jug or a table-leg.

The art of the Elizabethans is an impure art. If it be objected that this is a prejudice of the case, I can only reply

that one must criticise from some point of view and that it is better to know what one's point of view is. I know that I rebel against performances of Shakespeare's plays because I want a direct relationship between the work of art and myself, and I want the performance to be such as will not interrupt or alter this relationship any more than it is an alteration or interruption for me to superpose a second inspection of a picture or building upon the first. I object, in other words, to the interpretation, and I would have a work of art such that it needs only to be completed and cannot be altered by each interpretation. Now it is obvious that in realistic drama you become more and more dependent upon the actor. And this is another reason why the drama which Mr. Archer desires, as the photographic and gramophonic record of its time, can never exist. The closer a play is built upon real life, the more the performance by one actor will differ from another, and the more the performances of one generation of actors will differ from those of the next. It is furthermore obvious that what we ask involves a considerable sacrifice of a certain kind of interest. A character in the conventional play can never be as real as is the character in a realistic play while the rôle is being enacted by a great actor who has made the part his own. I can only say that wherever you have a form you make some sacrifice against some gain.

If we examine the faults which Mr. Archer finds in Elizabethan drama, it is possible to come to the conclusion (already indicated) that these faults are due to its tendencies rather than what are ordinarily called its conventions. I mean that no single convention of Elizabethan drama, however ridiculous it may be made to appear, is essentially bad. Neither the soliloquy, nor the aside, nor the ghost, nor the blood-and-thunder, nor absurdity of place or time is in itself absurd. There are, of course, definite faults of bad writing, careless writing, and bad taste. A line-by-line examination of almost any Elizabethan play, including those of Shakespeare, would be a fruitful exercise. But these are not the faults which

weaken the foundations. What is fundamentally objectionable is that in the Elizabethan drama there has been no firm principle of what is to be postulated as a convention and what is not. The fault is not with the ghost but with the presentation of a ghost on a plane on which he is inappropriate, and with the constant confusion between one kind of ghost and another. The three witches are a distinguished example of correct supernaturalism amongst a race of ghosts who are too frequently equivocations. It seems to me strictly an error, although an error which is condoned by the success of each passage in itself, that Shakespeare should have introduced into the same play ghosts belonging to such different categories as the three sisters and the ghost of Banquo.¹ The aim of the Elizabethans was to attain complete realism without surrendering any of the advantages which as artists they observed in unrealistic conventions.

We shall take up the work of four Elizabethan dramatists and attempt to subject them to an analysis from the point of view which I have indicated. We shall take the objections of Mr. Archer to each one of these dramatists and see if the difficulty does not reside in this confusion of convention and realism, and we must make some attempt also to illustrate the faults as distinguished from the conventions. There were, of course, tendencies toward form. There was a general philosophy of life, if it may be called such, based on Seneca and other influences which we find in Shakespeare as in the others. It is a philosophy which, as Mr. Santayana observed in an essay which passed almost unheeded, may be summarised in the statement that Duncan is in his grave. Even the philosophical basis, the general attitude toward life of the Elizabethans, is one of anarchism, of dissolution, of decay. It is in fact exactly parallel and indeed one and the same thing with their artistic greediness, their desire for every sort of effect together, their unwillingness to accept any limitation

¹ This will appear to be an objection as pedantic as that of Thomas Rymer to *Othello*. But Rymer makes out a very good case,

and abide by it. The Elizabethans are in fact a part of the movement of progress or deterioration which has culminated in Sir Arthur Pinero and in the present regiment of Europe.¹

The case of John Webster, and in particular *The Duchess of Malfi*, will provide an interesting example of a very great literary and dramatic genius directed toward chaos. The case of Middleton is an interesting one, because we have from the same hand plays so different as *The Changeling*, *Women beware Women*, *The Roaring Girl*, and *A Game of Chess*.² In the one great play of Tourneur's, the discord is less apparent, but not less real. Chapman appears to have been potentially perhaps the greatest artist of all these men: his was the mind which was the most classical, his was the drama which is the most independent in its tendency toward a dramatic form—although it may seem the most formless and the most indifferent to dramatic necessities. If we can establish the same consequence independently by an examination of the Elizabethan philosophy, the Elizabethan dramatic form, and the variations in the rhythms of Elizabethan blank verse as employed by several of the greatest dramatists, we may come to conclusions which will enable us to understand why Mr. Archer, who is the opponent of the Elizabethans, should also be unconsciously their last champion, and why he should be a believer in progress, in the growth of humanitarian feeling, and in the superiority and efficiency of the present age.

¹ Mr. Archer calls it progress. He has certain predispositions. "Shakespeare," he says, "was not alive to the great idea which differentiates the present age from all that have gone before—the idea of progress." And he admits speaking of Elizabethan drama in general, that "here and there a certain glimmer of humanitarian feeling is perceptible."

² I agree with Mr. Dugdale Sykes, to whose acute observations I am under a great debt, that certain work attributed to Middleton is not Middleton's, but there appears to be no reason for questioning the authorship of the plays I have just mentioned.

MR. ZAGREUS AND THE SPLIT-MAN

By WYNDHAM LEWIS

These few pages with the title "Mr. Zagreus and the Split-man" belong to a book which will be finished I hope by next autumn. Mr. Zagreus is an important ghost; he, however, remains attached to his disguises, a central myth. Krang is a subordinate character, but given more development in the book than can be seen in this fragment.—WYNDHAM LEWIS.

I

SLIDING along the hedgerows, a new figure approached the cottage. A profile with an edge, it cut its way warily through the twilight. The cross eye, with its lids like films, fine frowning scroll of hair hooked to the apex of the hooked nose, examined the gate. With an impatient slothfulness a hand snatched from a pocket shook it, wrenched at the jamming latch. At the doorway a felt hat was removed, fingers pushing the reddish hair. The nails softly guided the cold hair, collecting it as though familiar with each bristle, smoothing it so as to cloak a slight calvity in the centre.

Butting upwards, like an animal constrained to an evolution not proper to it, the Asiatic profile with the frowning eye forced its way stealthily up the stairs, the head skimming the damp soffit, which led, a gothic trail, to the bedroom.

At the door he stopped, knocked twice softly. The vegetative eye fixed on the handle. Had his thoughts possessed a material projection, a dense cluster most like a museum specimen of polypifers, would have been swelling round the metal knob.

He could not have knocked more softly or looked with a darker spite, if he had been some priggish Mephisto drawn

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there, disturbed in the abstractions of his predilection. The figure magnetically reconstructed through the tympanum was attacked by his mind. The filmed eagle-eye of the snake stabbed out towards its unseen adversary.

The mind reached (its memory ached): a sickly venom was pumped up.

The consciousness flashed here and there, lighting it.

As it flashed he thought. He thought PRETENCE. STUPID. But pretence was always stupid. So only pretence was left. Always pretence.

The door became part of the man inside. He had allied himself with it, *in order to pretend*. Wood. Stupid. Pretence. This stupid concrete thing, a *door*, was naturally an ally of—. (As though a shield of wood would help anyone against the mind, and so forth, paper against a dagger.)

"Always same: here I have to stand. He inside, I outside. *Outside!* As though that matters to anyone but—. Who is he? He's thinking about me in there. He heard me cough then."

(He sees a grinning face.)

(As he sees the grinning face he shows his fangs and fawns back fixedly at it, a mask of impassioned ill-augury.)

"Why do I stand—" (come in?) "it? He knows. Oh. I'm sick. Always—!"

(He gives two distinct taps, a little louder than the first. He is knocking on a heart or an ear-drum, he knows. *Almost* louder that time: but to strike is stupid. He strikes best who strikes last—and *softest*.)

(He tries the handle: locked.)

"I'm sick."

(The reaching of his mind had affected his stomach. A slight freak of wind escaped from his throat. He cleared his throat and swallowed. The cough was like a dog's voice, drawing his master's attention—.)

"Not *sick* of this pretence —? How long will he be

amused—? Dirty humbug. What is pretence? It is stupid. What a bore! Anyone would think we couldn't see through each other."

(He would say to him—something. He grinned as he manipulated the poisoned words on his tongue.)

"I know him, the swine. I know you, you swine." His precious shell! Why do I have to stand outside it like a servant, tap and wait?

"Tap and wait. Tap and wait."

(He drummed softly on the door with the soft parts of his fingers. He thought he heard a soft response.)

"Oh —."

(He threw a spasm into his body, and it reversed the disposition of its muscles, his shoes scraping the floor.)

He heard the key being turned.

He knocked twice again, angrily and sharply.

At once a COME-IN sounded, very near, with a wounding composure.

He turned the handle: he was at the bottom of a bed. On this a masked figure lay.

"Well, milord!" the visitor said and veiled his sickly smile beneath his lids and lips, letting it shine bashfully towards the bed. He worked his neck like a chicken, throwing his eyes to this side and that to see where he could deposit his hat.

"I'm not Lord Rochester. I am Mr. Zagreus. Close the door," the masked figure said.

He closed the door: as he stepped forward again, Mr. Zagreus beat him back with his hand.

"Back! back! There—at your elbow, Krang. Dip your fingers in that stoup. A simple lustration. Forgive me—. You understand. Just dip. A little domestic perirranterion."

"Is it necessary?" the mincing guttural and croaking voice sneered, while obediently, placing his hat on the foot of the bed, he dipped his fingers in a grey ewer placed on a chair beside the door.

"It's always as well, Krang. One can't be too particular. You will feel better after it yourself."

"I see," Krang drawled, holding his wet hands limply towards the floor. He became astatic. His uneasiness was localised to hip-movements of a graceful type, which threw his head into opposition on each occasion, so that first it dwelt on the ground with the contemplative eye to one side, then to the other, the eye-beam always aimed over the projection of the unflexed hip.

"Do you want a towel, Joeie? There is one."

"Ought I to wipe it off?"

"I think you might now." The masked Mr. Zagreus had not moved, except for wavings of the hand and arm. He lay sprawled in shirt and trousers. The russet half-mask, in the feeble light, gave him a personality of the *commedia del arte*; and the little room, with clothes flung about, the yellow light of the candles, helped the suggestion that this was a resting acrobat. Krang, with the movement evidently characteristic with him of sluggish deliberation, or that of a circumspect *machine*, with a veneer of feminine grace, went to the washing-stand. His fingers were dabbed on the towel, and then drawn up and down over its rough surface.

He then turned, the eyebrow crossly hooked, the eye abstracted. "Sit down," Mr. Zagreus said again. He held out to him the obtruding member of the phallic hand. Krang took it for a moment as he sat down.

"I'm having a hundred winks, before setting out for the party. We may be late. We shall have to tell all their fortunes. That fool Cookson has told them that, like Simon Magus, I can walk through walls, and that Helen of Troy is my mistress."

"What a fool!"

"Yes, Cookson is a terrible fool. He is a terrible, terrible fool! He trespasses on the best side of one's nature—the whole time. He treads it down. He seems to think it's there for him. All that expense. He will not understand it is there for—oneself. Cookson—"

"What *are* you doing?" Krang sneered sheepishly. For while he had been talking Mr. Zagreus had been licking his improper digit and sticking it up his nose. Subsequently Krang had seen him boring into his ears with the same spittle-anointed finger.

"Disinfecting Cookson."

He lay with his hands on his chest, and the wedge of the right thumb protruded from between the fingers of the left hand.

"Is that for Cookson too?" Krang croaked. "Is it necessary to *far la fica*? Am I so dangerous?"

"No one is dangerous if properly handled. Those of us who are bad managers have to resort to magic."

"I see. Have you got my costume, Mr. Zagreus? I'm sorry I was a little late——"

"Yes. I hope you will like it. Everybody wouldn't. But you are a peculiar fellow. I wish I could have found a *beau rôle* for you——"

"There can be only one *beau rôle*!"

"I don't see that. It is your vanity that teaches you to think that."

"Not at all!" Krang retorted, polite and spirited.

"I should have liked, Joeie, to have fitted you out as a homunculus, a disembodied mind: or as the Holy Ghost, the most tremendous of all the feminine rôles. You might, for that matter, have gone to the party as the Paraclete."

Krang, his legs crossed, had his eye fixed on the mask, which continued:

"You remember in the Symposium the account of the creation in which the eight-limbed cylinder is severed, and as man and woman we make our first dramatic appearance?"

"I can't say I do. But go on."

"That's a pity. In any case there is a distinct threat contained in the prophetic mind of the son of Sophroniskos that if we go from bad to worse we may be subjected to a

further slicing up, and find ourselves with only ONE leg, eye, arm, and so forth, instead of the present more ample symmetrical arrangement."

Krang kept silence.

"But that, my dear fellow, is neither here nor there. It has nothing more than a bearing on what I have to suggest."

Krang buried his thoughts in his silence, and hooked his eye high on his forehead.

"I have not been able to dispose of an impression of you; or rather I have relied on that impression to work out the make-up. I think it points to a very good disguise. I have fitted you out with the few necessary things—there they are, in that brown paper there." He paused, recommencing with conventional seductiveness, as though on the threshold of an argument: "*Suppose* that you have lain so long in the depths, at the foundation of the world (if it does not make you giddy or uncomfortable to contemplate such a spot); and that, like the PLEURONECTIDÆ, you have grown facially all on one side. I hope it is not asking you too much to imagine that? Anyhow, by that road we shall get at the idea. For you are to be something that this figure will help you to realise. You are the terrible Barin Mutum, or African Half-man. What is that? Nothing to do with the Socratic variety. Forget the great deeps, too. I've just been reading about this creature. He must be one of the most formidable demons in the world at his weight. The Arabs call him Split-man, it seems. It is a being split down longitudinally: he has therefore one eye, one arm, leg, hand and foot.

"There is the Persian Nimcharah, or Half-face you may have heard of? The Zulus even believed in a whole tribe of such Split-men. They tell how one day these half-people came across a Zulu girl. They examined her. 'The thing is pretty,' they said. 'But oh the *two legs*!'—You get the idea of this being?"

"I think I see what you mean," Krang said as darkly as though a door separated them, and the filmed eagle-eye of

the snake were stabbing at the obstruction. He was beginning to feel that the mask was the same as a door, and that it was retained to insult him.

"The Barin Mutum is as swift as the ostrich. He is also reputed to be as cruel and dangerous as the snake."

Krang sneered, the colour very slightly mantling his sallow skin.

"So the impression I give is that of a Half-man?"

"Exteriorly I always think of you in profile; like a bas-relief, you know. You always seem to me to be looking at me sideways, like a bird."

"Really! I never knew I was so interesting as that," Krang croaked, his assumed worldliness breaking and cracking, the primitive gutturals getting the upper hand.

"I know, Joeie. I know that's true. You bore yourself terribly. But you were made for *me*, not for yourself. But there's another point or two. Do you happen to have read any of the Phan-Khoa-Tou—the Taoist book of esoteric doctrine? No? That now supplies us with the *side*. The Taoist recommends you to LOVE your left side, where the heart is kept, and to despise your right, the side of energy."

"So I am a left——?"

"No. (Don't let's run before we can walk.) No, Joeie, it appears to me to be the other way round. You are a *right-sided* split-man, with the liver in place of the heart. I suggest this because otherwise the dragon is liable to bite you. Although the Taoist regards this as a favourable accident, I don't feel myself justified in laying you open to that."

"You are very kind. I'm sorry, though, that you won't let me have a heart." A strained, cowed smile was fixed on the face of the weaker vessel.

"I only want you to be right. The Half-man is evidently a right-hand man. I am afraid all half-men are right-hand men. The heart is a superfluity. The whole left side is useless, embarrassing and really far beyond our human means.

Our purse is not long enough. I can barely afford it myself. My left side is a façade, but of course it is there."

Krang rose and picked up the parcel.

"Very well, I will be your right-hand man for to-night."

"You are my Jinn, my dear Joeie: you are in my power. I elect you to be my servant: as you say, *for to-night*. Not for a permanency, Joeie. I wish I could! But you would be a very thieving servant, and I can't afford such parasites as you. Some day, perhaps; not now! Don't worry about the side, Joeie. There *is* an alternative. According to Taoist theory by turning my back to the audience, and calling you my brother, I could supply you with the missing heart—though the wrong way round. But I don't see how you'd benefit by that."

"That wouldn't matter at all, so long as you could supply my deficiency." Krang looked indifferently into the opening in the parcel. "Well, I'll go and put this on."

Watched out in silence, he closed the door quietly. He stood a moment at the stairhead, his thin bow-legs arched carefully in the dark, examining with their extremities, through the thin leather of his shoes, the foothold.

His journey to his inn appeared to him in its totality, as though it were a rope he had to pull in, or a drugget to roll up. He addressed himself to this, a ruffled mechanism. But the same split-man as arrived returned once more lightly and swiftly out of the gate, along the hedgerows.

II

The masked figure has lain laughing at the split-man, and has addressed himself to his own disguise: in a half-hour the heavy toilet may be said to be complete, precoc in his literary kitchen. "Aah-Tehuti!" he cried, "seed-moon, grain-moon, great arithmetical wanderer, water-wizard, shower-bath, shaman of the sky, shechinah of our halting judgments, god of

lunatics, tell me where my cob and wand has got to. Flash down your roving light ! ”

He grovelled beneath the bed, and found what he had been looking for.

Upright once more, glancing out of the window, he said, “ Pardon. I did not notice you were so small ” ; as though, having been exhorting to love an exhausted man, he had suddenly observed the malapropos.

There in the thrilling chasm of the sky the ever-vivid meniscus was visible.

The masked figure kissed his hand to it as an Attic husband-man would to the new sun, and turned the little silver coins in his pocket. He wished. His wish was a child’s prayer, monotonous with happiness. This tsabian gesture exposed a large white hand, which he now began to bronze with sunburn powder, purchased in Zurich.

The low window, over whose sashes he looked, allowed the mild tranquillity of the night to flow in. The candle in front of the mirror, only disturbed by the maternal pressures of the atmosphere or the more eccentric movements of the man, shed its light on the small room. It made arbitrary graded zones of the accidental scene with its position, colour and particular incandescence as the eye of the painter does with the objects of his world. A small iron bedstead, a table beside it, with a cloth of dyed lockram, a chair, a stool, clothes hanging like a carcass in a stall gaping and sagging, handleless, footless, and without head ; two shelves of books ; an open creel which had contained his disguise and the material of Krang’s, a mat of stained hemp bristles.

A pergamene mask of coarse malignity through the eye-holes in the tawny canvas fixed fiery eyes on the mirror, or that speck on it representing a comedo imbedded in his jaw which his fingers were removing. He snipped the last tell-tale vibrissa.

Sputum gathered on the brutal lips, cracks represented with darker paint, manufactured for this masquerade. He tugged

the black lambskin of the beard to the left, stepped back examining again the symmetry of his composite clown.

Six feet from head to foot he was composed as follows, like a Mexiths renowned statue bristling with emblems :

A large hat, the crown of which was the mask, representing, in a projecting horn, pointing upward, the beak of the IBIS : a miniature representation of the Atef crown of Thoth.

A pearl on the front of the hat, beneath the beak or horn, the URNA or third eye of Siva.

A pearl at the back of the hat to stand for the pineal eye.

A green feather at the side from the crest of Huitzilpochtli.

The mask was a canvas vizard stopping at the nostrils.

Inside the eye-sockets a film of white rose from the lower lid.

Very long, coarse lashes, formed fans above and below the opening.

Small ears, like a goat’s, displayed their pointed conches high up among the discreet tufts of black hair.

The forehead drove its centripetal furrows to the apex of the nasal bones.

On his breast was pinned a bunch of forget-me-nots.

Round the neck hung an Anguinum, egg composed of saliva from the jaws, and froth from the bodies of snakes, produced in their knotted summer sleep, propelled upwards by their hissing and caught by the Druid in his apron.

Below this came a gilt necklace of twenty hearts.

Below this hung the disk of a monstrance, only in place of the cross was a thermuthis.

The mantle of Graziano, corrugated like a peplum, fell from the shoulders and swept the ground.

A black fustian jerkin, with large silk buttons like plovers’ eggs.

A belt on which hung a Harlequin’s pouch of red leather. The pouch contained an EASTER EGG. THE MUNDANE EGG in

uncial characters appeared on one side. On the other was the figure of a bull, representing the Tauric constellation. The capsule was made of paste and hair, coloured like chocolate. Inside, one extremity was painted yellow for the animal pole or male principle, the other red for the vegetative pole. A marsh-mallow cube lay there, for a pierrot sweet, or a moonlit Nirvana.

There were also a few palmers' shells in the pouch and a tooth brush (in case he should get on tooth brush terms at all).

A very small ovular pebble. Sesamum, grains of salt and buttemah, made a debris in the bottom.

A dozen spilikins. A BEZOAR STONE.

A milfoil wrapped in tissue paper.

Thoth's reed and palette of the scribe.

A snuff-box alongside the Easter egg, to help simulate the gesture of dharma-chakra.

A leaden box full of small grains like barley-meal, and in their midst the mighty SCHAMIR.

The waist was lion-like and ritualistic, resembling that of a Minoan nut, or a kalakhanya.

Or the wasp-like billowing of the thighs and sylph's flat haunch seemed framed for the stampeding of a Jota.

The jerkin bristled with coarse black hairs: these were the kaohuang, or famous hair-rays of the Buddha.

On the right side a tortoiseshell was attached to his belt ready to crack in the fire like the face of an old man (the disposition of whose yellow map spelt a more general destiny) and so compete with the yarrow.

A calumet with rattan stem, feathered, and with a filigreed beading on the bowl of soap-stone.

He would hold a six-foot long, yellow cane-wand, representing a corn stalk, surmounted by a gigantic ear of wheat: a relic of Quetzalcoatl's millennium, rescued by a Spanish priest from the destruction of the temple at Cholula.

For him to carry there was a black-filled follicle at the end

of a string. It now clung to the ceiling gently, the string dangling to a few feet from the floor. A tawny serpent painted spirally on it indicated this as a further emblem of the Orphic egg.

A short sling attached to it made of painted cloth, he was further provided with the lotus stool of the "divine magician."

Staring at this personal pageantry, he became lost in its distant allusions. In the starry valley before him he thought he saw the shadow of the roc.

Out of the shell-face of his disguise he stared as we do out of the protoplasmic mask of flesh, his vision seeming to swim out on the flood-tide of the night. The sympathetic starching of his features recalled him to his unreal personality.

"I am a moonraker. I am a moonrake," he thought, thrusting the word out, croupier-like, as though it were some celestial implement, into the night. Remembering the tread of the Venus d'Isle, he heard his right-hand man on the stairs coming to claim him. "He weighs more now I've cut him in half than he did before," he thought as he listened.

Marvellously disguised, Krang stood with malicious diffidence near the door.

"I thought that would suit you! You have successfully blotted out the left side. Turn round. Perfect."

"I thought it was rather good," Krang said with gentleman-like modesty.

"How do you like my disguise now you see it completed?" Mr. Zagreus asked.

He swept his hand over his intellectual accoutrements.

"I think I have really found the costume of my time! It was originally contrived for a party given by the intellectuals. I have improved it since then. I am as florid as Boro-Badur. My very fly-buttons are allusive."

He took the mislaid wand from the corner.

"You see my fairy wand, witnessing the harvest of a hero. What agriculture!"

He removed the gilded cob.

"So it can become the rod of MOSES. *Ab ovo* it is always a rod in any event. I have merely removed the egg from which it is issuing, or the egg which has issued from it. I have two wings of an air-pilot's jacket in my pocket, wired and united in a socket which fits on the end of this. So I get roughly my caduceous, if necessary, if Hermes Trismegistus is in the wind, and you have enough fancy to see the gilded olive wood in place of calamus."

Replacing the staff in the corner, he picked up from the table a small beam and scales, its brass dishes suspended from chains. "Thoth. It is a small balance, but too large for the hearts that we shall be called upon to weigh."

He took from his pouch the small white pebble.

"The egg of the cirrus cloud! Bundle of icy needles floating just beneath the advective floor. Why should not this lovely fleece have its egg as well as the constipated eagle of Zeus?"

He touched the wiry growth on his jerkin, raising one of the hairs from beneath with his finger-tips, which he drew along to its limp extremity, when hand and tip nervelessly fell.

"Medusa's locks! Kaohuang, the electrical radiations of the Buddha."

From his pouch he drew the leaden box, and opening it pointed to the stone, of the size of a barleycorn.

"The most powerful of the Yidgod's creations ever spat in the hey-day of his hexaameron! The ass which spoke to Balaam was pupped at the same time. *And* Rebecca's well. What a day! Yes: the electrical stone-worm, my boy, the unscientific radium of the mittel-alter's fancy: the creature who can break up the atom: for his size more remarkable—or who knows!—than your ganglia or mine, for example. You call him a devil or the opposite according to the estimate

you form of his intentions; whether you regard him as a responsible power; able to break you up, when he might not be able to put you together again. No Harlequin's pouch complete without it! See that you get one the next time you go prospecting with Fortunatus into Purgatory, or Mr. Zagreus, something. You know how to get it? Usual trick: hard-boil the woodpecker's egg while he's not looking—no, I'm sorry that's the test. Cover his nest with glass. He fetches the worm to break it. Worm and egg—sun-myth—all for tuppence.

"SHAMIR!" he bellowed as he finished.

He replaced it in the box. Pointing to the forget-me-nots he said:

"*Vergessen Sie nicht das Beste!* Do not mistake and fill your pockets with gold, or you will be caught in the thunder of the mountain. That is not a Talmudic exhortation."

Pointing to a smear on his cloak.

"Singed by a meteorite, aimed at Melkart, enemy of the Zodiac! My aquinum?" touching his necklace. "Shall I be impeached for employing snake's spittle?"

Withdrawing from a pocket in his hose twisted tissue paper, he displayed two red and wrinkled filberts.

"The testicles of the archigallus!"

Krang leered appreciatively.

Withdrawing the spilikins from the pouch, he said, "This for MIRAMORO: sown on the ground by a duly sensitive hand, they arrange themselves like a child's alphabet of fate." Replacing the spilikins, he produced a few berries which he set rolling in the damp furrows of his gowpen.

"These float on the water, delivering similar messages. There are 365 buttons on my coat. On its lapel" (he turns up the lapel to the light showing a metal disk sewn on) "the Abraxas."

Turning inside out a pocket, he shows a swelling along the horizontal seam, "Sewn in here is the NEST OF THE MANTIS, gathered beneath an auspicious moon."

His left side being a blank, the Split-man kept his lively right side correctly in position to follow this inventory.

Mr. Zagreus drew a handkerchief from his waist-belt, flowered saffron and white. Pointing to one corner he announced, "DENDAM TA' SUDAH: endless love! You see, though, the work is unfinished. Were it finished, the world would have ended!"

Raising his cloak, swinging forward a cable of pendulous cloth. "The scorpion-tail—the winged feet too—of the everlasting sun."

Raising the mask suddenly, his whitened face appeared beneath. "The child's face of SHUDENDOZI, of the neighbourhood of Kyoto—protected therefore, I need hardly say, by Fascinus."

He had banished from his eyes so completely all but the attributes of SHUDENDOZI, that Krang was almost alarmed at last. "These two horns sprouting on my forehead are *not* cuckoldic, but a symbol of my undying creative energy. At my belt on this bootlace you see a phallus, such as was worn by the phallophoroi at the Dionysias. You can address me as MFUMO, BASSAR, TABIB, BOMOR, MGANGA = Red-water: SAUCY-WATER or BITTER-WATER, in this flask: in case I should have to officiate where I am going at EL HALAF."

He lifted a charm hanging on a cord around his neck.

"There are three names on it, you see: SENOI, SANSENOI, SAMMANGELOF. It is a charm against our bad mother, Lillith: the three names are the three protecting angels who flew with her in conversation as she hovered with her illicit wings over the red sea."

He fished out in succession a variety of objects, announcing their significance.

"The Album Græcium of the Hyena.

"A saphie, a shell with one golden lock from the gentle head of Mutter Rosa. I would not exchange this periapt against the biggest EYE in the world. *Jettatura* differs, however, and one cannot be variously enough protected. There are seeds

in the body of the cock inimical to the lion. There are seeds in EVERY BODY inimical to another. You cannot be too well stocked."

Fingering the cloth of his tunic:

"This is a funny cloth. A simple dewdrop posed on it will tangle the thread for a cubit's length. The breath of the South wind, the Auster, will disentangle it."

Mr. Zagreus stuck his index and *digitus infamis* right into his breast, and lugged out a heart-shaped locket from its nest of savoury hair.

"I've put on my BULLA, too, boy, for the occasion. (*Toga virilis?*)"

(He directed the question with his free hand, to his costume.)

"Yes?"—I'm glad—I need not show you my little phallus, need I? They are all the same. Mine is a child's—and it has been locked away for so long."

"Has it?" Krang set going the grating music of his sneer.

"Oh! la! la! Ever since last autumn, when it found an EDEN on a moor. A real moor though. Open my heart—when I'm dead, not before—and there you'll find it nestling!"

The SPLIT-MAN swallowed the little filbert-shaped bait and went on croaking harshly and merrily. His face was lighted with the sultry covetousness of the dung-fly.

"Are you putting that on? Or are you *really* interested?" Mr. Zagreus affected surprise.

"I don't know. No. I think it very interesting, like everything about you, Zagreus!" (The name gritted out of the coffee-machine of his throat, an intended caress). "It's a new eclecticism I had not suspected!"

"Well, if you are really interested, I will show you."

Mr. Zagreus opened the locket, Krang peered in: it was empty.

"Poor Krang!" he laughed. "Nothing doing!—I'll make up for it one of these days, and open my heart to you. I have a SEX-MORSEL there, yum-yum!—certainly I

have! I've been keeping it especially for you: if you will stand up on your hind-legs and beg nicely. But not now, Joeie. At the Pyanepsia—when as a child I used to play with and sometimes eat the beans meant for the altar of the autumnal Apollo, I used to call them each by a girl's name: Syrinx, Astræa, Agave, Nephele, Hesione, Thisbe, Echo, Maia. I wonder if Apollo ate them all—that is, those I left?"

"I shouldn't be surprised."

"Why was I named Zagreus?"

Krang, substituting for his natural resentment at this mocking vitality dancing in front of him a sickly-shy, slow-moving smile, grated:

"I didn't think you were. I thought you were called——"

Mr. Zagreus stopped him with a menacing hand.

"Never mind! NEVER MIND!" Joint's incantation stung the air with the spanking N. ANDMINDER of its vibrating gut.

He stepped back and began counting on his fingers:

"ACE, DEUCE, TRAY, CATER, CINQUE, SIZE. How many letters are there in my name? Are there enough to fill the points of space? You *can* say that! Numbers don't matter. You don't know? Go to Bath, Mr. Krang! You're never there when you're wanted! But now listen to me a moment, Mr. Joseph.

"Never change the barbarous names given by god to each and all," you read in the spurious AVESTA compiled at Alexandria;

"Because there are names possessing an unutterable efficacy! . . .

"Beginning with the stock-in-trade of the Phap: the name you utter is not the name. The UNNAMED is the principle of heaven and of earth. But the name is an abortion and a tyranny: and you do not have to ascend into the sky, with the TAO, or allege anything more than a common cat, for that. Name a cat and you destroy it! 'Not knowing his name I call him TAO.'

"My name for to-day, Krang, as I have told you, will be Zagreus, and no other. It is a most miserable travesty, is it not? Our names are our slave-marks: we should *name*; not *be named*. Yahveh 'putting his name on' the people of Israel was branding them like sheep, was he not? We shall never be anything much, we men, so long as we have names. Have you ever tried to think of a name for yourself? Of course Krang is *not* your name at all, I suppose. So you are all right, in that respect. I have never been able to imagine a name abstract enough for myself. Maimonides disgraces his god by saying that the tetragram IEVE (YAH HE-VOH HE) is worthy of him. SCHEM HA-MEPHORASCH! I wish I could see it! It would not satisfy a very particular man. But in any case the Hebrew god would keep his real schem up his sleeve. He would be afraid to leave that lying about where anyone could get hold of it. I prefer some of his Shoan names to the tetragram: Ililfarsangana-el for example: Telk-el: Walib-el: Bel: Mel: or his secret ones: COLTEKOLCOL (like a Mexican god): GOHATJIR is a good one. HAJIRJI: GORGOVAJIR: COROOKING—A people, however, that would officially reduce one face to an ovoid, with seven holes, would be quite likely to find YAHVEH very unique."

He raised his hands, palm outwards, the two first fingers and thumb extended.

"MANO PANTEA," he said, fixing Krang in the eye. He then suddenly spat three times in his face, shouting,

"*Despuere malum*. That's for luck!"

"Luck for whom?" Krang asked, in a piping and vibrating voice, wiping off the saliva.

"You may be annoyed at me for spitting in your face. That would be a mistake. I have to do that to be on the safe side with you. You can't help yourself any more than a person with a squint. It is on record that two women once lived together in a London suburb on the best of terms. Only as one of them had a squint, the other was forced to spit in her face three times a day to be on the safe side, like me. It

must have been unpleasant for both of them. But they appear to have got quite used to it."

All this having passed off pleasantly, Mr. Zagreus looked out of the window and said :

" You know Daniel is coming with us."

" Dan Bull ? "

" None other——"

" No, I didn't know that. How old is Dan now ? "

" Daniel's as old as stone-boiling ! He still thinks in terms of the age of flint."

" Has he left school yet ? "

" No. Come on or he won't wait for us, the savage child." Mr. Zagreus began gathering together all the objects that composed his costume.

" Here : carry this ; " he handed Krang the lotus throne.

At the door he stopped, catching sight of the many gaping life-like garments. He returned and battered them out of human shape as far as he could. Some were recalcitrant and seemed to cling to their second-hand life. At last he thought he had subdued them. The bed, too, had his imprint removed from it, and presented no longer a surface on which magic could be exercised. He then rejoined Krang.

DISRAELI

By F. W. BAIN

" The Prince of Darkness is a gentleman "

THOSE great Twin Brethren, the Castor and Pollux of Greek subtlety, Protagoras and Gorgias, have left us each an aphorism that flashes like a jewel on the stretched forefinger of all time : the first, that man is the standard that measures all things ; the second, that nothing exists ; that, even if anything does exist, it never can be known : that, even if anyone could know it, he could not communicate his knowledge to anybody else. Admirable Brothers ! with what inimitable pith do they between them expose to us the reason, why a real historian is so rare. Facts, even if there are any facts, are not history, which is the interpretation of the facts : and, even if a man can see, how shall he make others see, the truth, with his eyes ? What men take for history, and offer, is almost always only legend : misinterpretation. Misinterpretation—that is the soul of legend.

It is marvellously difficult to kill a legend : even though you should chance to be, as is unlikely, as great a legend-slayer as, for example, M. Edmond Biré, or M. Gosselin Lenotre. Riddled with bullets, honeycombed with mortal wounds, eviscerated of its heart, it will not die : just when you flatter yourself that you have slain it, buried it, and stamped upon its grave—suddenly you come upon it again, " still going strong," like everlasting Johnnie Walker. When you are weeding, as our French friends say, some root is sure to escape. One of these death-defying legends is the legend of Disraeli-Satanas, as we may call it, which, in spite of all spade-work, still appears evergreen and ineradicable in certain soils : partly because it is embalmed in classic literature, but chiefly because the

misunderstandings in which it is rooted, and out of which it originally sprang, are still generally prevalent: misunderstandings that were common to almost everybody in Disraeli's day, except himself. He alone escaped the epidemic; the state of the rest was as the Indian proverb describes it: "One snake had bitten them all." Hence that myth of a Tory Mephistopheles and Hebrew Jackpudding so delectably presented to us by Mr. T. P. O'Connor: a figment of the imagination that never existed outside the talented author's pages, as he would probably be the first to admit, to-day. We all live and learn. Even Buchanan is said to have regretted his *Detectio* on his death-bed, and yet it was written, and lives in the repetition of Froude and other moderns. But Time, like a continually dropping rain, is slowly washing off the mud that was so plentifully cast at Disraeli all his life long. The mud that will stick for ever is the mud on the hands that threw.

The House of Commons, as all the Whigs in chorus have dinned in our ears for a century, is the House of the People. It never was, and was never meant to be, anything of the kind. The House of Commons is the theatre, the parade-ground, the career of the middle classes: it is exactly what Disraeli called it, "the Equestrian Chamber." A seat in the House of Commons is the first rung in the ladder of ambition, and, as he said himself, with equal wit and truth, the first qualification for success in the House of Commons is, to be there. And many are the things that will put a man in, or keep him out—and thereby hangs a sinister democratic tale, not to be unfolded here. But now, if the House of Commons really be the House of the People, what is the House of Lords? Obviously, something without a *raison d'être*, and logically absurd: useless, if its opinion coincides with that of the People's House; noxious, if it disagrees. To eliminate "the Lords" is accordingly the fixed idea of all good leaders of "the People." *Ducunt volentem fata, nolentem trahunt*: every Liberal must, *nolens volens*, put this upon his programme: it is forced; it is the necessary corollary of the Whig theory of the Lower House.

This theory is not of British birth. It arose out of the French Revolution, and the demagogic double meaning of the word "people" which played so large a part in bringing about that "useless cataclysm," as it is well termed by M. Forneron. The Revolution, in so far as beneficial, was really all achieved and over, as soon as the States-General met in 1789: a point most admirably demonstrated by M. Charles Aubertin. There was no opposition; from the King down, all classes were unanimous in its favour. Immediately afterwards, supervened the "cataclysm," "the Revolution," the Carlylean thunder and lightning so much to everybody's taste; a thing that nobody wanted or expected, unnecessary, accidental, uncalled for, and above all, a very curse to "the People," due entirely to the heart-rending and corpse-like futility of a thoroughly well-meaning King, who had not in him, and could not be brought to understand, the first duty of all Government, the punishment of evil-doers. He positively refused to defend himself, or take any step whatever that might involve the shedding of blood, like some more recent politicians, only thereby forcing all France, and Europe, to wade knee-deep in it for years. It was not Despotism, it was Impunity for every crime, that caused "the Revolution," as it always will, for, as Disraeli says, "a weak government resolves society into its original elements," which is just what it did in France, in 1789. The old French monarchy foundered in a slough of blood, mud, and crime, and Louis XVI was the reason why, as Catherine of Russia saw and said, at the time. Dumont positively asserts, that the Revolution would never have come about, but for the feeble character of the King, the cause of all. And "Théroutanne de Méricourt," that light lady behind all the scenes, "repeatedly told me," says Henry Redhead Yorke, that "*c'était la poltronnerie du tyran qui sauva la France.*" Louis allowed "the People," i.e. the scum of Paris, to pull his nose till his head came off, and everybody else's too. His passivity, incomprehensible even in a sheep, was the stock-in-trade of the Revolutionaries: it was their trump card; whatever they did,

he would do nothing. It ruined all. Brutalised, decimated, and starving, the French people drifted in 1795 into the grip of the most dishonourable brigands that ever called themselves a government, till Napoleon ejected them in 1799 and restored France by giving her exactly that strong government whose absence had been the cause of all her woe. But, a little later, he spoiled all, by fatuously pursuing a policy that ran counter to the true and permanent interest of France. And, with Napoleon's fall, the sun of Liberalism rose. From that hour dates the Revolutionary legend set forth in the pages of Louis Blanc, Michelet, and so many others. The reality that it was, the hand-to-mouth and terror-goaded blundering of an accidental *canaille*, now becomes a struggle of Titans for the emancipation of Humanity. The Revolution is now a metaphysical entity to be adored and swallowed whole, hagiologised by all devout Liberals as a solid lump of righteous uprising against "despotism": the despotism of Louis XVI! And from 1815 on, Friends of the People ran all over Europe denouncing all kings as despots, and clamouring for paper "constitutions," in which they saw the panacea for all human ills—because of the despotism of Louis XVI. When Siéyès called Louis XVI a tyrant: "No," said Napoleon, "he was not a tyrant: had he been, I should be a captain of artillery, and you would be saying mass." Yet on this misinterpretation is founded all the nineteenth-century abuse of kings.

It is at this point that the Whigs on one side, and Disraeli on the other, come upon the scene. It was his fortune, or misfortune, to coincide with the swell of the Liberal tide. He swam *against* it all his life.

The Whigs, an aristocratic oligarchy originating in the seventeenth century, secured arbitrary power under a constitutional mask in 1688-1715, by "making an insincere use of the language of democracy." Aided by a phenomenal succession of good harvests, they ruled England in the eighteenth century, till George III, inspired by Bolingbroke's *Patriot King*, displaced them by turning against them their

own governmental method, bribery and corruption, of which then, and not till then, they suddenly discovered the enormity. They were further discredited by the French Revolution, with whose worst excesses they ostentatiously sympathised. But, after Napoleon's fall, they saw their opportunity. The people were in extreme distress, due chiefly to the factory system and the displacement of their labour by new machinery. The Whigs, by draping themselves in virtue as Friends of the People, and leading the Liberals, who wanted seats in the House, hoisted themselves back into power in 1832 on the shoulders of the unhappy "people," for whom the hypocritical movement did absolutely nothing. Neither Whigs nor Liberals, whose motto was *laissez faire*, cared anything for the people, whom they used and left to starve, with this reflection to console them, that they were dying in strict conformity with the "principles of political economy." The House of the People closed its doors upon the people, and the Friends of the People, when the people asked them for bread, gave them stones, in the shape of the Workhouse—another House for the People!—and a few members for the manufacturing towns. "*Curia pauperibus clausa est: dat census honores*," says Ovid. He was only anticipating 1832.

To the young Disraeli, all this was anathema. He looked on at the Whig manœuvres with the aversion of a philanthropist and the disgust of a statesman. In his eyes, "the rights of labour were no less sacred than the rights of property." A damnable heresy, then, above all to the Whigs. Yet people will tell you even now that he began his career as a Whig. Disraeli a Whig! He not only abhorred the Whigs, but he did something far more objectionable to them—he saw through them. This over-dressed, curly-haired Jew, with a very grey head on his green shoulders, was the only man who understood the situation on the threshold of his career. Disraeli began neither as a Whig nor a Tory; there was only one man in his party, which consisted of himself: a thing "no feller could understand." What is he? asked everybody in perplexity.

Obviously, an impudent political adventurer, without principle, and a Jew into the bargain. According to this enigmatical Jew, the people were in difficulties because they had been deserted by their natural leaders, the gentlemen of England, who had forgotten their duties and gone to sleep: their only idea, of curt Wellingtonian abruptness, doggedly to resist not only the pseudo-reforms of the Whigs, but all reform whatsoever. The true reform needed was moral and economic; that of the Whigs, humbug, a political remedy for a social disease, drawn in the interest of the great Whig families, of which an immortal specimen is the Marquis of Monmouth in *Coningsby*: a portrait which both Thackeray and Anthony Trollope tried to draw, and failed, because the essence of English life is politics, which Disraeli understood, and they did not. Equal was his antipathy to the Liberal receipt, the unrestricted competition of isolated atoms, the devil to take the hindmost. From the very beginning, Disraeli's idea was to remake the Tory party ("I had to educate my party," he said in 1867, and it was true) by rousing it to its duties, on the principle that *noblesse oblige*, and to attack the condition of the poor, not after the manner of the Whigs, by spurious political agitation, but by social sympathy and economic analysis, as he explained at length in *Coningsby* and *Sybil*, later on. "Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious." Was this ambition? Why, it ran straight in the teeth of his own advancement: it secured for him lifelong vituperation and abuse. Over and over again, he risked his career, with magnificent courage and independence, by openly championing causes that stank in the nostrils of both Whigs and Tories of the day: as, for example, when he spoke for the Chartists in the House of the People that refused even to listen to their petition. "Look at him," whispered Lord John Russell to Gladstone, when Disraeli was speaking in the House for the Jews, "how manfully he sticks to it, knowing all the while that all he says is gall and wormwood to every man that sits around him and behind him." It was more than intelligence, it was courage that was

needed, of no common order, to oppose both Whig and Tory, and withstand them to their face, like Paul, "because they were to be blamed." And this is the man accused of sycophancy, and taxed to this day, even by those more or less well disposed to him, with "telling a lie" to save his face, in the matter of the letter to Peel. No, he told no lie: that "interpretation" misconceives not only the character of the man, but the details of the incident. Not here alone, but many times in his career did he display the finest of all his great qualities, the power of keeping silent under suspicion, and taking upon his own shoulders odium that belonged to others. His mind was as broad as his shoulders: he was content to be misunderstood—for a time. As a boy at school, he was sitting side by side with another boy, both reading one book. Disraeli always arrived at the bottom of the second page long before his companion, and then sat waiting till the page should be turned. Somebody asked him how he could endure to do it. He answered quietly: "I can wait." That was the man. *Patiens quia æternus*. He could wait.

There is nothing in the story of this "ugly duckling" quite so wonderful as the way he counted his chickens before they were hatched—correctly! Few men would coolly announce beforehand what they were going to do in the Lords before they had even a seat in the Commons, which Disraeli attained only at his fifth attempt. Meanwhile, leaving his tongue to bide its time, he used his pen—and he could use his pen! Much must be passed over here. But in one of the ablest of his many pamphlets—the *Spirit of Whiggism*, published in 1836—he analysed the expectations of English democracy, and drew its limits with far-sighted precision. He showed—refuting by anticipation one of P. J. Proudhon's celebrated paradoxes—that equalitarian democracy is incompatible with the tenure of property and the character of Englishmen; that it had therefore no possible future, and that Whigs and Liberals were pursuing a phantom in sheer ignorance of where they were going, and hanging out false lights that would lure the English

people into a bog. Nobody ever answered him, for he was right, and here, as so often, a true prophet, a head and shoulders above his age. It is just the pursuit of this phantom that has caused most of the disastrous upheavals of the last hundred years; that gave us 1848 and 1871; that has convulsed France and ruined Russia; that has come within an ace of wrecking Italy, and menaces civilisation in every country in the world. *Egalité* is Death; only there can it be found; the one involves the other, as Philippe of Orleans discovered in the end. Inequality, of one kind or another, is essential to a living State. All endeavours to realise the impossible must end either in the death of the State, or merely in the substitution of one kind of aristocracy for another, a change for the worse. That is the meaning of Disraeli's cryptic utterance: "Aristocracy is democracy in disguise, and democracy aristocracy in disguise"; which sounds nonsensical, and is profoundly true. The true democracy is aristocratic. If you want *arithmetical* equality, you must have an iron despotism to keep it going. Robespierre, or Lenin and Trotsky. That is the consummation of the Whigs.

Montesquieu observes: "*Il n'appartient de proposer des changements qu'à ceux qui sont assez heureusement nés pour pénétrer d'un coup de génie toute la constitution d'un Etat.*" Disraeli was of those. The constitution he supported was the historical reality, not a Whig figment. And if England has escaped the decomposition which the pursuit of phantoms has produced elsewhere, it is largely owing to him. He kept the wheels running on the old lines as far as in him lay: it was not in his power to prevent the lamentable blunder of 1846, which ruined English agriculture, and but for a miracle, had ended England for ever in 1914. Germany picked up the policy which England threw away, jeopardising her national existence for the sake of momentary gain. But for a miracle, it would have cost her dear: collapse abroad, a base oligarchy at home, and a starving proletariat. That, according to Disraeli, the Daniel who could interpret hieroglyph, was the writing on the

wall: the necessary result of living by consuming foreign commodities, till you depend for your very existence on your enemies, instead of organising your own producing power, and depending on yourself. But England went on her way, relying on the guides who assured her that now all men were brothers, and paid no attention to the warnings of the man who was not quite so sure. Perhaps, he was right after all. Free Trade may be an excellent thing; but if hostile tariffs and free imports deprive you of markets and kill all your producers, you will end, by having not Free Trade, but No Trade, which is not quite the same thing.

Disraeli had an unconscionable habit of calling things by their right names. Nothing annoyed the devotees of Free Trade so much as his name for their fetish, which he always denominated "unrestricted competition." That did not sound nearly so pretty. He and his opponents saw things from a different angle. Their aim was to eliminate government from all interference. He thought that government was the first of all causes of welfare and wealth. We hear much in these days of the wonderful things that science is going to do for the human race in the future. But it appears to escape the attention of scientific enthusiasts that science is impossible if the State goes to pieces, which it does when its government ceases to guide it with foresight and prudence. The political economists always took for granted that condition of things which depends upon Government, without ever counting government as part of the "capital" of the country. It is *the* capital, *par excellence*, to which everything else is secondary; it is governance, good or bad, that makes or mars every country in the world. That is the reason for Disraeli's profound aphorism, "Expenditure depends upon policy." It wants other qualities to make a good Chancellor of the Exchequer than the power of rhetorically manipulating figures; and the most extravagant of all economies is the economy of the "statesmen" who cannot foresee. All history is there to prove it, but we need not go further than 1914 for a crucial instance. Posterity may

kick at the load under which the nation now staggers, laid on her back by Friends of the People, whose idealism tumbled us all into the pit while they were gazing at the stars. But as the old Schoolmen said : *nemo potest supra seipsum*. A perception such as Disraeli's was above the reach of the Manchester School.

He stood in the line of the old tradition which Peel and his successors broke. He was the last great Tory, this Israelite, *plus royaliste que le roi*. The Tory party is the stupid party, said John Stuart Mill. But did not Roscher say of Mill : "*Ein historischer Kopf war er nicht!*" That was where Disraeli differed from the dead divinity of the Liberals. He was not a "stupid" Tory—but he had an historical head : he was a Tory not by heredity, but conviction ; the result, as he said himself, "of my own unprejudiced meditation." History had taught him something that poor Mill's thin philosophy left unrevealed to the worshippers of Mill—the principle of monarchy, and what it means in England's life. We read in the newspapers nowadays of "Big Fours" who run Empires, not always so Big as they seem at the time. But there was a Big Four : four men to whom above all others England owes it that she has not sunk long ago into a third-rate republic, a Samson shorn by the Whig Delilah of his hair : four deadly foes of Whiggery, whom all good little English boys and girls are taught accordingly by Whig "interpreters" to abominate and despise : Charles II, Bolingbroke, George III, and this Jew. The policy of all four was the same—the maintenance of the Crown against the great Disrupters : the Whigs, who lost America, and charged it falsely on the Crown, and were willing to see the colonies all go the same way. If the Prince of Wales is still what the Mayor of Gravesend lately called him, "the Empire's liaison officer," it is not owing to the Whigs, but those great anti-Whigs who checkmated all their machinations each in his own day and his own way. That was why Queen Victoria preferred Disraeli to Mr. Gladstone, to whom voters at the poll were of more importance than Chinese Gordon. There was something deeper in that Whig-scandalising, extra con-

stitutional intimacy of the old Queen and her favourite Prime Minister than is visible in the pleasant banter of Mr. Lytton Strachey : it was not only vanity on the one side and adulation on the other : it was the principle of monarchy, the sheet-anchor of the Crown, that keeps Britannia off the rocks on which Whig navigators would periodically wreck her by cutting it away.

Disraeli and his ideas were, and still are, a stone of offence, and an exasperating, unintelligible enigma to the men of the Manchester School, as he baptized them : ("I gave them the name," he said himself in the House). He was constantly treading on the toes of their exultant, cocksure, optimistic belief in their own economical creed. They could not make head nor tail of him. That any *rational* being could possibly differ from them was to them incomprehensible. If a Duke stood by his order—that they could understand ; if a country gentleman—well, after all, country gentlemen were fools. But Disraeli was obviously no fool : that was visible even to the naked eye. *Ergo*—he must be a knave. That was the conclusion most Liberals—even the leaders, drew. It is really curious to see how they all seem to have taken it for granted, as a thing that went without saying. John Bright, a very blunt exponent of dislike, was constantly telling him he was not honest. Disraeli only laughed : he could make allowances. But really, it must, after a while, get just a little *irksome*, as Lord Westbury would say, to be everlastingly called knave by extremely stupid people, only because they cannot understand. The wonderful thing is, that he never lost his temper. He waited ; he knew that his justification would ultimately come ; time was the only argument. He saw, what they did not see, where they were all going : he discerned the vice in their system, while it was still only in the germ, and invisible to almost everybody but himself. It is not just anybody, says Aristotle, who can see evil in its germ : that wants the statesman's eye. Disraeli had that eye. He foresaw the developments that time would bring about, in their Liberal

principles; and the subsequent history has vindicated his insight: the evils he predicted are just what he said that they would be. The people who considered him a knave, fifty years ago, had this justification: they did not dream that they were wrong. But those who do so still are unpardonable. All their Liberal predictions have been falsified, all their principles thrown overboard, their "legend" is exploded: yet there they are, still keeping the same names, for their own party, and for him. They are apparently unconscious of the fact that his discredit had its origin in their own imbecility. All the time they were calling him Mephistopheles, he was only a Cassandra. The present position of Europe is the proof. It was, after all, not Disraeli who put his money on "the wrong horse."

In 1870, two books appeared. One was Dostoeffsky's *Unclean Spirits*; the other Disraeli's *Lothair*. Two books, two authors, more unlike, could not be found: they differed as night from day: *Unclean Spirits* has the gloom of Dante: *Lothair*, the gaiety of a burlesque; yet the two had this in common—each was a study in national psychology by an imaginative seer. Holy Russia, says Dostoeffsky, is rushing violently down the steep place into the sea: his book, as Mr. E. J. Dillon says, is an exact forecast of the coming Bolshevism, which all came about, fifty years later, just as he said it would. As M. Serge Chassin has shown, there is something apocalyptic in Bolshevist Russia. That is Dostoeffsky: his book is a sort of Apocalypse. Now Disraeli was a Jew, and what he says in *Lothair* is this: Here is Europe still hanging together by virtue of old institutions which the Liberals are moving heaven and earth to do away with. The real struggle lies between the secret societies and the Catholic Church. Your Englishman, who understands neither, wavers irresolute between the two: between seductive "Miss Arundel" and fascinating "Mrs. Champion," *Lothair*, like Buridan's ass, is torn divergent ways. While all the time his real salvation awaits him in "Corisande": that is, in plain English, the old aristocratic constitution of his own England. "With all its

faults, we love our House of Peers." That is *Lothair's* conclusion. Dearistocratise your Old England, says the disinterested Jew, and its fate will be either Great Anarch, or the Pope. It is not the House of the People that will inherit, as the Friends of the People fondly dream. You may still find, in the Lords, sturdy independent "St. Aldegondes," who will speak out their mind, regardless of all consequences; but in the House of the People no honourable member dares to say anything that will lose him a vote, jeopardise his party, or cost him his seat. Wait a little, and Prime Ministers themselves will tell us: "Any government which had dared to speak the truth before 1914 would only have committed suicide." What! The House of the People afraid of the People? Does the English People really like to have cowards for its rulers? At least, James II was no coward: he gave his vote though it cost him his seat. Clearly, such Houses of the People should be promoted in all other countries too. Only this question still remains: is this the sort of Government that makes nations? When Liberalism collapsed in 1914, what took its place? Can it be that the Spirit of the Nation is not to be found in the House of the People, whose docile party black and white sheep, dare not call their souls their own? Possibly *Lothair*—on which all good Liberal critics fell tooth and nail, was right after all.

It is a very remarkable thing, though nobody hitherto has noticed it, that although, to reach his goal, this wonderful swimmer had to surmount wave after wave of the bitterest odium, prejudice, calumny, misunderstanding, and, worst of all, ridicule, that would have overwhelmed and annihilated even an ichthyosaurus, he never complained. He never alludes to it; there is not in all his writings so much as a hint of resentment, not a scrap of self-pity, not a word of lament, far less a whine, to be found. Nature, which writes the record of their lives on old men's faces, registered the battle of his life on his wonderful aged mask: but there only will you find any trace of it: he never said anything about it in his works.

Many were the things that stood in his way when he started in the race; above all, his birth. He was a Jew. There are even now plenty of people to whom that alone is final. It was a terrible handicap. And the gentlemen of England could hardly be expected to like being told by this curious Jew that they did not know their own business. They resented the intrusion of this outsider into their charmed political circle, much as a great lady might, if some utterly "impossible" person should insist on pushing into her drawing-room. Disraeli understood. "An aristocracy," he said, "hesitates, before it gives its confidence." And it did, till he was nearing the sunset of life. For Englishmen are very shy, especially of anything bizarre or extravagant. Yet perhaps of all things that which most hampered his rise was his humour—though afterwards, it gave him his popularity, and its hall mark, the nickname, "Dizzy." Dizzy became an English institution in the end. But a strong sense of humour is a very dangerous quality in a candidate for honours in English public life: he is apt to be taken for a buffoon, and never taken seriously. "It is a great obstacle to public business," Disraeli once observed, "that Mr. Gladstone has no sense of humour." That might be so: and yet this defect was one of Mr. Gladstone's greatest assets with the British middle class. This earnest man, with the "pulpit strain" in his prodigious eloquence, who left upon all his hearers, even in discussing the Income Tax, the impression that his political antagonists were transgressors of great moral laws, was the man for their money. But Disraeli, unfortunately, had wit and humour in every drop of his blood, like Talleyrand, Christina of Sweden, or Charles II. If you spoke to him, a repartee came back at you like a pistol-shot: you cannot run your eye down a page of him without lighting on an aphorism epitomising life that sticks in your memory like a burr. Whereas Mr. Gladstone, who spoke on like a river for half a century, never uttered a single sentence that anyone can recollect. The reason is, that Rhetoric is concerned not with the essence, but the form. It

is instrumental: it holds a brief; it may appear in absolute perfection on every side of any question. Rhetoric's aim is completely achieved, in the persuasion of the listener: rightly or wrongly, no matter. But Politics, like seamanship, has failed, if the course taken is the wrong one. That depends, as Disraeli said, on the right appreciation of details, a thing which is not reached by Rhetoric upon others, but by analysis and meditation for oneself. Now Gladstone was an orator. Disraeli never was an orator at all.

That sounds paradoxical, and yet it is the truth. Examine his speeches: there is no rhetoric, no appeal to the emotions. Always you find him analytical, dialectical, satirical, addressing the understanding of his audience, like Thucydides, never their hearts: epigrammatic, but his winged words never disturb his balance, never carry him away. He is always in control; always treating even his opponents with (the greatest of all compliments) studious respect, as if their opinion deserved consideration: never behaving, to use his own expression, "as if everybody who did not agree with somebody was a fool." "Of all the chivalrously fair speakers I have heard," says Fraser, "Disraeli was the most so. I never knew him misrepresent his opponent in any case, small or great." His speech is always, first and before all things, an argument. That is not the manner of an orator. His tongue did wonders, but it was the tongue, not of an orator, but of an oracle—it was the thought that hit the mark, never the torrent that swept away. Nothing, be it noted by the way, is so noteworthy as the intellectual background of all Disraeli's speeches in the House of Commons: his constant preoccupation is to preserve the dignity of the House, and prevent it from sinking from a Senate into a mere debating society. Nothing, in his opinion, could be more injurious to the country than that the House of Commons should cease to command the respect of the people outside it. That is a thing beginning to be realised now. If the House has lost authority, it is not the fault of Disraeli. Gladstone said of him, that he had lowered the tone of public

life. He was mistaken : it was he himself that had done it, and precisely for this reason, that he, more than any other man, set the fashion of passionately appealing for the settlement of great questions from the cool reasoned judgment of responsible senators to the excitement of emotional crowds. That is demagoguery ; what Disraeli apprehended and foresaw, what he never practised and never would : it was foreign to the intellectual nature of the man, who never lost his head, no, not even in the tumult of his maiden speech. Pause, for a moment, over that, for it is well worth while. Take the oldest Parliamentary hand—say a Chamberlain or a Gladstone : when he rises to speak, howl him down, drown his every sentence, never let him finish or even begin one—and you will disconcert, confuse, and confound him. But look at Disraeli, standing for the very first time before a hostile House of Commons—hostile to a new member ! An ordeal to make most men quail. He never, in all the riot, so much as loses the thread of his ideas ; keeps his temper ; convinced, at last, that he is not to be allowed to speak, what does he do ? It does not seem credible, but there it is : *he makes a philosophical reflection*. “ Now, Mr. Speaker, we see the philosophical prejudices of man.” (It is these words that are the wonder, not those that immediately follow them, which everybody quotes.) He stands in the hurly-burly, the only cool man among them, looking at it all as it were from the outside, and admiring the philosophical prejudices of man ! And they said that his speech was a failure. Failure ! it is the most extraordinary failure in all Parliamentary history. It was the attempt to make him fail, that was the failure : it succeeded, as Sheil saw, only in making his capacity as conspicuous as the sun.

Turn from his speeches to his novels : you are in another world ; a world, to borrow an expression from himself, wherein “ the Saturnalia of diplomacy mix with the orgies of politics.” In his novels Disraeli lets himself go ; he allows his imagination to run riot, which he never did in the House. His novels were his playground, out of school. Yet observe, that just as, for

all his power of speech, he never was an orator, so, for all his imagination, he never was a poet. He tried, once or twice, in his youth, to write poetry, and this is where he really did fail : he could not do it. Many other imaginative men have discovered, as he did, by experiment, that something more than imagination is needed to make a poet, though exactly what that something is, it is hard to say. A certain “ Doric delicacy ” of taste, a sense of musical expression, an emotional susceptibility to Nature’s haunting, baffling, inexplicable beauty, a thirst for solitude—these things that make a poet disqualify for the business of life, and Disraeli had not got them. The sphere in which his imagination moved was history and the world. There it was at home. And his novels let us in, to watch its operation : they are, so to say, little chunks of autobiographical psychology : some of them are indispensable to the understanding of the man. They show us his inside. Like Bacon, Disraeli lived a double life, and, as in Bacon’s case, his public life—the life on which the limelight played—was not the real Disraeli. His life was in his dreams. Those who daily looked at him, sitting motionless as a statue in the House, hour after hour, with that strange, inscrutable expression which Millais has preserved for us, were only looking at his shell. We catch glimpses, in the novels, of the other side of the moon. Marvellously clever as they are, they must always be caviare to the general, presupposing as they do, like allegories, a reader who brings with him the knowledge that is the key to their enigma. They are like the robbers’ cave in the story of Ali Baba : if you come to it without the “ Open Sesamé,” you will never reach the treasures inside. To the uninitiated, even the existence of a cave is unsuspected : there is nothing to be seen but a bare hillside.

Vivian Grey—in which, be it observed in passing, we first meet with the Superman, about a century before his time—is like a hasty sketch of all that was to come after : we discern the old politician already in the boy, who with such precocious *savoir faire* makes a fatuous old Marquis the instrument

of his own ambition. The witty little volume contained a new idea—the comedy of politics: it made its juvenile author famous at the time of its publication, and will endure, for that reason. Even Mr. Gladstone has pronounced “the first quarter very clever; the rest trash.” Well, trash, if you like; but such trash as only a Cardinal de Retz in embryo could have written. The picture of little Lilliput and its court intrigues is phenomenally clever: the author moves in diplomacy like a fish in water; he is at home in his own element: he has withal a lightness of touch and dexterity that you will find elsewhere only in Alexandre Dumas. We recognise in its pages that amazing *subtilité pratique* that has been pronounced to be the special characteristic of the Jew. It was in Disraeli’s blood, and it runs out into his ink. But you will not find it in *Daniel Deronda*, or *Hypatia*. Dostoeffsky is the only Aryan who could give you a Jew: his Piotr Stepanovitch is the real thing. He ought to have been a Jew.

Vivian Grey was followed by a crowd of witty little books, some of which Lucian might have written, but one only must detain us here, for a very good reason: *Alroy*. In this extraordinary rhapsody, Disraeli gives us a peep into his own soul. You must read it, to appreciate it: like the dialogues of Plato, it loses all its essence at second-hand: the spirit evaporates, decanted. Imagine the dream of a drunken calender, “the son of a King,” lying asleep at midnight in the streets of Bagdad, and raving in his sleep of adventures combining the gorgeous wonders of *The Arabian Nights* with apocalyptic visions of Jerusalem and the Jews—and you can form some notion of *Alroy*. It is Disraeli’s real epic (very different indeed from the false one, *The Revolutionary Epic*), half nonsense, half deadly earnest: a kind of grotesque prose-poem; something that you laugh at—and yet, somehow, not perhaps laughable after all: full of real imagination, and a kind of sardonic derision, with a weird intensity of genuine feeling running through it all. It is all about the sudden and momentary triumph of a despised Jew. Away down in the core of Disraeli lay a passion-

ate belief in his own race. Others might be ashamed of it: not he. He gloried in the fact that he was a Jew: it was his boast, in or out of season; in all his life, in all his works, he stood up for the Jews. It was very brave. And as he mused in his youth over the miraculous indestructibility and appalling tribulations of his extraordinary people, which might say with the poet, “I pass like night from land to land, I have strange power of speech”—which comes wandering down the ages like a trickling stream of blood linking the Pyramids and the Pharaohs and the sepulchres of the East with modern London and Paris and Vienna—compared with which the Papacy is a mushroom and modern States mere upstart gourds, *the fire kindled, and he spake with his tongue*. He broke out into a kind of lyric frenzy and historical reminiscence—which is *Alroy*. It is not literature, but it is something more: the ebullition of a soul. Universal history, he seems to say to us, is but a shifting scene of passing clouds: the one undying element in it all is the presence of the Jew. Thence came the grit in the character of Disraeli; he is like a flint among bricks. The *Alroy* of his youth became the *Sidonia* of his age. “What is character but the personification of race, its perfection and choice exemplar?” There could not be a better illustration of *Sidonia*’s query than Disraeli himself.

After dreams, realities. The world caught hold of him, leaving him but little time for dreaming; and yet in the midst of all his doing, he was ever dreaming, living a lonely esoteric life, with one eye on Windsor Castle, and the other on Jerusalem. But Westminster perforce eclipsed Jerusalem, as the glare of day effaces the nocturnal moon. He looked on at English life, with strange detachment, surveying, like a disinterested spectator, the vortex in which he was himself the leading actor, like Plato, “as from a high rock.” And after a while came the four masterpieces: the *Life of Bentinck*, and the celebrated trilogy, *Coningsby*, *Sybil*, and *Tancred*. In these we have the Parliamentary tournament “filmed” for us, by one who saw its ins and outs from behind the scenes: one

not taken in like the spectators by the footlights and the make-up—with its Tapers and its Tadpoles, its tinsel and its snobbery, its wirepulling, log-rolling and intrigue. Nowhere else can you find such biting sarcasm, such scorn of shams, such sympathy with the victims, “the People,” underneath it all. And yet that dismal Jeremiah, Carlyle, could find nothing better to say of the man who was actually doing before his eyes the very work he was always crying for than to call him “a superlative Hebrew conjurer”—only to discover later, possibly not without a blush, that the conjurer was too magnanimous to bear him malice for the gibe. In all these books, Disraeli’s message was the same, and very simple. You Gentlemen of England, let me put it to you: what is the use of gentlemen of England, if they do not do their duty? Buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest is no gospel for the poor. They are sick of all this Parliamentary comedy, where “Wishy is down, and Washy is up,” and the protagonists bow and scrape to one another, destitute all the while of a political idea. Houses of the People should be something more than this. Straight talk, this, from a mountebank and a charlatan—in reality the only man among them all who was neither. Had he really been the thing they thought him, his course would have been very easy: he had only to take the path that Gladstone took, to be wafted to the skies by the angels of the Manchester School. Disraeli would not take that broad and easy path, bestrewn with flowers. He knew the map of England as well as anybody else, and deliberately chose the road along which he was pelted all his life with mud and stones.

One man knew Disraeli: it was Lord George Bentinck. “I don’t know much,” said Bentinck, “but I do know something about horses and men.” And in Bentinck’s opinion, Disraeli was a man. That certificate of character is well worth thinking over. Bentinck was not a genius, but he was something far better here: he was a great specimen of the shrewd English gentleman. Bentinck counted for more than a little on the Turf. Well, you don’t take in a man like that. Your

“adventurer” might impose on a good many people, but he won’t pass muster here. Therefore it was, that Bentinck’s sudden death was probably the greatest blow that ever fell upon Disraeli, out of a clear sky. Nothing is more simply tragical than Sir William Fraser’s account of the way Disraeli received the news at Wynyard Park. “His face changed; I pushed him a chair, and he sat down; he said nothing; for a while I thought he was going to die.” It set him back perhaps for twenty years. Yet we owe to it the *Life of Bentinck*: a classic, and one of the few books of its kind in the world: the inside history of the fall of Peel, told by the man who did it all: remarkable for nothing more than the self-effacement of the writer, done with the most consummate skill. “Bentinck, for such a tomb might wish to die.” And Peel—note how Disraeli does not kick his dead lion: he paints him, does him, as good judges think, even greater justice than he deserved. Only a great-souled man could have laid such a tribute on the graves of Bentinck and of Peel. “There was nothing petty about him,” he says of Peel. There was nothing petty about Disraeli. As in the old *Mahābhārata*, when the great battle is over, the heroes rise up out of the river and come to life again, but all enmity has departed from them; they are at peace.

But *Tancred* is Disraeli’s masterpiece. It is a thing *sui generis*, to which there is no fellow; a miracle of irony, as it were the work of an old wizard in cap and bells; a curiosity in a kind of highest criticism far beyond the reach of all the higher critics; from an Oriental standpoint, inaccessible to Christian pundits, Catholic or Protestant or Greek. Into the mass of disputants wrangling everlastingly about their irreconcilable Churches, this mocking Hebrew throws a nut, and a very hard nut indeed it is, to crack—Jerusalem. Come now, he says, you who despise and revile the Jews, profess yourselves Christian, and really worship only Mammon, let us understand each other. Do you understand yourselves? What is it that you worship, and what is it that you despise? I will show you a young noble, a “Frank,” who under the ægis of a Jew of

Jews, one of the Lords of Europe, goes to Jerusalem for inspiration. Is he mad, or are you? Are the Jews your masters, or your teachers, or your pariahs? Is your religion anything more than an everlasting squabble between Tweedledum and Tweedledee? Are Tract No. 90 and the Thirty-nine Articles the Alpha and Omega of all moral righteousness? And where did it all originate? Your Bibles and your Psalms, which you pore over and sing and tear to pieces without ceasing, whence came they and who wrote them? Ought you not rather to adore Jews, instead of persecuting them, on every ground? Are they not the principals, whether you worship Mammon or the Bible? ¹ And who is it after all that is asking you all these questions, but a Jew? Must you go to a Jew, to find a man brave enough and intelligent enough to tell you to your face unpalatable truths? Is it the old Gospel that came out of Judea, or the new one of Gladstone, Bright, and Cobden that is the true Gospel? Or are you really all only sordid hucksters, men with muck-rakes, worshippers of Moloch, compassing sea and land to make one proselyte, and leaving your own children in the jaws of the two Archfiends, Machinery and Competition? That was the problem that *Tancred* set before the complacent British middle classes in 1847. They looked the other way, and went on voting steadily for the Friends of the People, Gladstone, Bright, and Cobden. As for Disraeli, they knew him for a mere charlatan, a man who lowered the tone of public life.

When the diamond pin, says Kalidas, has made the hole, even the cotton thread can get through. Disraeli was that pin. He spent his life, patiently boring through a very mountain of prejudice and misunderstanding. And as we watch him,

¹ In reading Disraeli on his Jews, we must always place ourselves at the point of view at which he as well as the public he addresses stood. But historical Christianity is not a Jewish religion, after all, except to Protestants. Alfred Loisy says, with the most penetrating sagacity: "C'est au mystère Chrétien, ce n'est pas à l'Évangile de Jésus que le monde antique s'est converti, ni qu'il aurait pu se convertir. *Le monde antique n'aurait jamais voulu se faire Juif.*" The last words are the most profound piece of dogmatic criticism ever written: they contain the secret of Christian origins.

steadily tunnelling on, there come back to us the words of his own old Hebrew Deity to Joshua, the Son of Nun: *Be thou strong, and of a good courage . . . only be very strong.* Like the valiant son of Nun, Disraeli was very strong. He drilled away at the solid rock for thirty years, till at last, the hole was made, and he came out, very tired, covered with dirt, but drawing his party through, like the cotton thread, behind him.

*Nitor in adversum : nec me, qui cetera, vincit
Impetus, et rapido contrarius evehor orbi.*

To no man do Ovid's magnificent lines apply so exactly as to Disraeli: they sum up his career. Nor is there in all history a braver life than that of this Jew charlatan, nor one more dramatically complete, with a beginning, middle and an end, not even in a romance. And we think of his own epigram: Youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, old age a regret. With Disraeli, who was exceptional, it was not altogether so. Yet none knew better than himself that his life was after all a failure, though few understand him well enough to understand that. They see, as all do, the success, the legend, the prodigious rise to fame and power of the Jew outsider: the triumph of the Sphinx, the cartoon with which *Punch* honoured him at the zenith of his career, as it never honoured anyone before or since: the European pedestal on which he stood at the Congress of Berlin: the respect of the Titan, Bismarck, for the "old Jew," "*er ist der Mann*": the crowds, the homage, the honour, the favour of the Queen. Success? Yes, but the failure was esoteric, like the worm in the ripe fruit. They little know Disraeli, who think that the essence of him was the tinsel, the cheap and vulgar ambition for mere personal distinction, the *digito monstrari*. He was an artist, and like every great artist, he was the slave of his ideas, which no bribe, no worldly remuneration, would ever have induced him to abandon or betray: his work was all his life the demon that drove him along his involuntary course, work that was dictated by his political instinct, that pointed like the needle of a compass to

the Pole, the constant star and invariable principle of the true statesman, national security. But his fight had been too hard : his power came too late : the forces of decomposition that he fought against were too strong, even for such strength as his. Even Thor was beaten by the Giants : he left them after all masters of the field. He knew it well. He saw, in the future, Democracy with its myriad feet and false ideals coming steadily marching on : the dream that he cherished for a moment, of Bismarck and himself standing together to avert the inevitable catastrophe, was his last illusion, and he died, knowing that he was leaving the destinies of England in charge of men possessed with anti-national ideas, " new lamps for old ones," who in pursuit of cosmopolitan phantoms would lose their reckoning, and while squabbling on the bridge for uninspired command, would set her drifting unawares towards rapids that might sweep her irrecoverably to destruction. But these things were on the knees of the gods : his part was played. And when he left the stage, something went off it with him that will never be seen again. It may be, some historian of the future, rummaging in the rubbish of the Victorian era, will come upon the figure of Disraeli, and stand before it, lost in wonder : the wonder that came over Layard and his gang of excited Arabs, when, digging in Mesopotamian mounds, they suddenly discovered " Nimroud," the old Assyrian sculptured head, lying buried in the sand. They stood staring at it in stupefaction, like Hugh Miller, when he struck the Old Red Sandstone with his hammer, and saw before him the weird creature of a forgotten age.

THE GRANDMOTHER

By MAY SINCLAIR

I

GRANDMOTHER sits in her chair
 On the flagged walk, in the sun,
 She is nodding with sleep.
 Her white cashmere shawl has a faint scent of camphor,
 And her gown a faint scent of lavender.
 Her face is soft and blank like a mask of white wool,
 Her eyes are covered with a blueish film,
 Like oil on water,
 They pour tears when they blink in the sun,
 Their shut lids are wet with tears.
 " Granny, are you asleep ? "
 She wakes when she hears me,
 Her pale purple lips shake in a sad, kind smile.
 " Is it you, Elizabeth ? "
 " Yes, did you want me ? "
 Has the time seemed very long ? "
 She answers, " No.
 I am quite happy,
 Sitting here,
 Thinking about God."
 I wonder : What does she think about Him ?
 What goes on behind the mask of white wool,
 Behind the filmed eyes ?
 I think she sees herself in heaven,
 In a warm, comfortable place, sitting in an arm-chair,
 Wrapped in a new, snow-white, heavenly shawl,
 With God's arms around her,
 The arms of a nice, kind man
 Who knows all about Grandmother ;

He is old, eternally old, the white-bearded Ancient of Days,
 And he loves Grandmother.
 She cuddles close in his arms,
 And she talks to him like a child,
 She asks him to forgive her all the naughty things she has
 done ;
 She is so old and tired
 That she falls asleep when she prays ;
 And sometimes she is thinking about what there will be for
 dinner,
 When she ought to be thinking about him,
 And sometimes she is cross with Elizabeth.
 She is so tired and weak,
 And she has had trouble ;
 God knows all about it,
 How they all went away,
 How they all died,
 How there is nobody left but Elizabeth—
 And ah well, dear God, you know what Elizabeth is.
 And God tightens his arms,
 And says, " Never mind, Granny,
 It's all right.
 Go to sleep on My shoulder."

I wonder whether she was really thinking about God,
 Or whether she has been asleep all the time ;
 Sleep hangs about her still,
 She is nodding with sleep.

Oh God, I, who never prayed to you,
 Pray to you now :
 Let me not sleep like this :
 Never for me the dark calm,
 The dreamless and corrupt content.
 Let me die waking,
 With thought a light in my brain,
 And love a fire in my heart,

And afterwards
 Never to rest in the folded arms of heaven,
 But to go on,
 Following God through the glory of the worlds for ever.
 Give me, not peace,
 But the bright, sharp ecstasy,
 And what pang may come after.

II

Grandmother is dying ;
 She falls from sleep to sleep,
 From dream to dream.
 The things of to-day and yesterday
 That have lived but a short time with her
 Are gone,
 And only the old things remain.
 She has forgotten to read in her Bible,
 She has forgotten to pray,
 Forgotten all about God.
 She has forgotten me,
 She thinks that I am my mother, her daughter, Elizabeth ;
 For the dead children have come back to her,
 They sit on her knee,
 She shakes out the little garments,
 And folds them up.
 " Granny, what are you doing ? "
 " Putting my babies to bed."
 Sometimes a new-born baby
 Lies with her there in the bed ;
 And sometimes she is a child herself,
 And the old dead men, her brothers, are children with her.
 Then she is frightened,
 She thinks there are ghosts in the room,
 And faces that look at her.
 When the thunderstorm came she cried,

And hid herself in my arms ;
She thought I was her mother.

Surely, surely God remembers,
Though she forgets,
Surely somewhere the arms of the kind God are waiting
For this child heavy with sleep.
I tuck in the blankets round her,
She must sleep warm to-night
Who will lie so cold to-morrow.

Ah, the dark night,
Darker the dark round her,
Steeper the walls of sleep.

Grandmother died last night.

I lift the white sheet
And uncover the dead face,
White among the white roses, the white lilies ;
Her face is more living than when it was alive,
No longer the blank soft mask of wool,
But firm and clear,
With a stern, sad beauty,
Beauty of one who knows,
Who has looked on at the passing
Of all things that she loved ;
That is the face she must have had long ago.

THE EVOLUTION OF ENGLISH BLANK VERSE

By THE RT. HON. J. M. ROBERTSON

I

IT is common ground that English blank verse begins with the Earl of Surrey's translation of the second and fourth books of the *Æneid*, written *circa* 1540, and first printed by Tottel in 1547 ; also that Surrey's version was much influenced by the rhymed Scottish translation of Gavin Douglas (finished in 1515 : first printed in 1553) ; and it is further reasonably certain that Surrey derived the idea of blank verse from the recent Italian practice of his day. Giangiorgio Trissino, who used *versi sciolti* ("freed" verse) in his tragedy of *Sofonisba*, written in 1515 and published in 1524, is sometimes wrongly credited with the invention of modern unrhymed verse, which, however, he was the first to bring into drama ; and it appears to be certain that the first Spanish poets to use it, Boscan and Garcilasso de la Vega (1543), followed the Italian lead.¹

What is doubtful is whether Surrey ever saw *Sofonisba*. He certainly knew Italian, though he was never in Italy ; but he shows no trace of interest in drama ; and though Trissino was much praised for creating the first "regular" drama by his reversion to Greek models, and Burckhardt credits him with "brilliant declamation," all the historians of Italian literature are at one in pronouncing him no poet. His blank-verse epic, *L'Italia Liberata da Goti*, published in 1547, was in Bernardo Tasso's judgment buried on the day of its birth, and by Tiraboschi's account was never reprinted till

¹ So Ticknor, ed. 1863, i, 441, *note*—with a "perhaps" in the text as to Trissino.

1719. Étienne pronounces it the worst of all epic poems. Such a poet was hardly likely to captivate Surrey, a man of genius, to the point of tempting him to try a new verse-form. It seems much more likely that, as is suggested by M. Jusserand, Surrey's experiment was motivated by one of the Italian translations of books of the *Æneid* which had appeared in or before 1540. M. Jusserand points to the version of Book II, published under the name of Cardinal Hippolito de' Medici (though often ascribed, on the strength of a contemporary guess, to Molza)¹ in 1539. But there was at least one earlier experiment, overlooked by the historians before cited. In 1534 had appeared Nicolo Liburnio's translation of Book IV of the *Æneid*, also in *versi sciolti*, in the Venetian idiom. And yet another rendering of Book IV, by B. C. Piccolomini, was with Medici's of Book II included in *I sei primi libri del Eneido di Vergilio tradotti*, published at Venice in 1540 (rep. 1544). Surrey might have seen any of these books, most probably the last. Piccolomini may be assumed to have seen Liburnio's version, though the dialects differ. Vergil's five lines—

“ At regina, gravi jamdudum saucia cura,
Vulnus alit venis, et cæco carpitur igni.
Multa viri virtus animo, multusque recursat
Gentis honos; hærent infixi pectore vultus,
Verbaque: nec placidam membris dat cura quietem,”

are by Liburnio rendered in seven:

“ Ma la Reina dianzi gia ferita
Da grave amor, nodre'n le vene il colpo
Et da l'ascoso foco si consuma:

¹ Mr. Courthope (*Hist. of Eng. Poetry*, ii, 96), expounding Nott, puts it that Surrey was “indebted to a foreign original. This was Molza's translation of Vergil, published in Venice in 1541.” There was no translation even of one book in Molza's name, and that in the name of Medici dates 1539. In the *Camb. Hist. of Eng. Lit.* (iii, 178) Mr. H. H. Child also points tentatively for Surrey's source to “Molza's translation of Vergil, 1541,” with the note: “published under the name of Cardinal Ippolito de' Medici.” Only the second book was so published, and this in 1539. And Tiraboschi (*Poesia Italiana*—ext. from the *Storia Gen. della lett. ital.*—ed. Mathias, 1803, iii, 19) while noting the common belief as to Molza's authorship of the version, adds: “Ma non sappiamo quanto fondata fosse questa opinione.”

Molta virtu d'Enea, et di sua gente
Honor non poco à l'animo ricorre;
Fissi nel petto stan volti, et parole;
Ne porge a membri mai placida sonno”;

and by Piccolomini in eight:

“ Gia la Regina del gravoso assa
Ferita nutre a le vene egre dentro
Le piaga, ena del cieco ardore in preda.
Per l'animo d'Enea l'alte virtute,
Corre sonente, e'l chiaro honor de i suoi.
Fisso sta dentro in mezzo al petto il volto,
E le parole ne l'affanno ardente
Il soave riposo ai membri porge.”

It is interesting to compare Surrey's seven:

“ But now the wounded Queen, with heavy care
Throughout the veins she nourisheth the plaie,
Surprisèd with blind flame; and to her mind
'Gan eke resort the prowess of the man
And honour of his race; while in her breast
Imprinted stak his words, and pictures form.
Ne to her limbs care granteth quiet rest.”

He is certainly as close to the original as either of the others. Of the early Italian writers of *versi sciolti*, the Cardinal de' Medici (or Molza) is fully the most attractive to an English ear. Trissino's blank verse in *Sofonisba* is charmless, though Burckhardt pronounces it faultless in the later *Italia Liberata*. As sampled in Torraca's *Manuale* it is at once slack and monotonous, despite the vocalic fluidity of the Italian:

“ Adunque, lassa, voi pensate, ch'io
Mi debba senza voi restare in vita?
Crudele, or non sapete il nostro amore
E quante volte ancor m' avete detto
Che, si voi nel ciel fossi regina,
Lo starvi senza me vi saria noia?
Or vi pensare andare ad altra vita
E me lasciare in un continuo pianto.”

The cardinal's translation, on the other hand, though inexact and given to omission, begins with a Vergilian concision, as M. Jusserand notes :

" Tacquero tutti ad ascoltar intenti,
Indi da l'alto seggio il Padre Enea
Incommenciò. . . "

As concision is Surrey's forte, this would appeal to him ; and when we compare his version with that of the Cardinal it is difficult to doubt that he had it before him, so exactly does his third line coincide with the other :

" They whisted all, with fixed face attent,
When Prince Æneas from the royal seat
Thus gan to speak."

Surrey follows the original :

" Conticuere omnes, intentique ora tenebant ;
Inde toro pater Æneas sic orsus ab alto "

in the " fixed face," putting " prince " for *pater*, and " royal " for *alto* where the Italian does not ; but the line arrangement points to that. Gavin Douglas indeed has :

" Thai ceissit all at anis incontinent
With *mowthis clois*, and *visage takand tent* " ;

and from Douglas's " Begouth and said " Surrey takes his " gan to speak," as from him he gets his " royal " :

" Into his seige riall quhar he sat."

But though his lines 18-20—

" The Greeks' chieftâins all irkèd with the war
Wherein they wasted had so many years,
And oft repulsed by fatal destiny,

clearly point further to Douglas's—

" The Greikis chiftanes irkit with the weir
Bypast or than sa many langsum yeir,
And oft rebutit by fatal destany,"

where the original runs :

" Fracti bello, fatisque repulsi,
Ductores Danaum, tot jam labentibus annis,"

the Italian version seems to continue its formal influence. Douglas is often followed in phrase, as here :

" And sum, wondring, *the skaitfull gift beheld*
Suld be offerit to the unweddit Pallas,
Thai mervellit fast the hors sa mekle was."

" Astonied some *the scatheful gift beheld*,"

writes Surrey, though he swerves from *innuptæ Minervæ* to " the chaste Minerve " ; but in the earlier line :

" And lo ! moist night now from the welkin falls,"

he follows the Cardinal's—

" E già casca dal Ciel l'humida notte,"

rather than Douglas's—

" And now the hevin ourquheltis the donk nycht,"

where for once the bishop is the least exact of the three. But it is in the " lining " rather than in phrase or vocabulary that he follows the Italian ; and this holds good in Book IV. If he saw the cardinal's version, he presumably saw also B. C. Piccolomini's version of the fourth book in the set of six published at Venice in 1540. The six books are by six hands, the cardinal's version of Book II being here reprinted. All are rendered in *versi sciolti* ; and while Surrey continues to echo phrases from Douglas he is always more condensed than he. And still the " lining " hints of the Italian. Thus for Vergil's first twelve lines the Italian has seventeen, and Surrey eighteen, while Douglas has twenty-two ; and for Vergil's last thirteen lines both Piccolomini and Surrey have twenty, to Douglas's twenty-four. Certain coincidences continue to tell that Surrey has both versions before him, though he follows the original on the whole as closely as either of them, and in general more felicitously than does the bishop, who is sometimes very lame. Certain coincidences indeed suggest that both Douglas and Piccolomini had before them a previous Italian or French

version. Where Vergil (l. 694) has simply *Irim demisit Olympo* the Italian has—

“ Iris l'ancilla sua dal ciel manda,”

and the Scot—

“ Her maid Iris from the hevin hes send ” ;

while Surrey prefers—

“ From heaven she sent the goddess Iris down,”

all inserting a specification not in the Latin, where Liburnio has simply—

“ Mando giuso
Iri dal ciel.”

But only a long and minute scrutiny can determine, as to Surrey's version, anything beyond the high probability that to the Italian translations of books of Vergil printed between 1534 and 1540 he owed the impulse to employ English unrhymed decasyllabics as they had employed hendecasyllabics.

II

This Italian heredity of our blank verse is none the less fitly to be noted because it really counted for little when the start was once made. The “ double-ending ” which was later to be one of the modes of liberation from monotony was a fixed feature of the Italian verse, all hendecasyllabic, even as the Latin hexameter ends on a foot of two syllables. Yet Surrey, oriented at this point by the English use of rhyme, normally monosyllabic, ends nearly every line on a stress. It is not that he disliked and avoided the feminine ending, as Dr. Nott thought : it occurs at times in his rhymed verse as in his blank. In the former he rhymes “ better ” and “ sweeter,” “ tender ” and “ render,” “ goest ” and “ throwest ” ; in one of his sonnets, seven of the lines are in double rhyme (at the cost of introducing “ peason ” = pease, to rhyme with season, geason, and treason) ; and in the Vergil translation there are at least six double

endings in the Fourth Book, though there is no certain instance in the second. He was simply conditioned by the latter-day normality of single-syllable rhyme, now that the French-derived feminine rhymes of Chaucer were gone out of use. He probably did not even pause to argue that the hendecasyllabic line is just as monotonous as the decasyllabic ; he merely followed at this point the path of habit. The one feature of his verse (barring the form) which might be supposed to derive from Italian influence is the frequent admission of digestible extra syllables, as in the lines :

“ Nor ten years war, ne a thousand sail could daunt.”

“ As fury guided me, and whereas I had heard.”

“ In the void porches, Phoenix, Ulysses eke.”

Of such lines he has some thirty. But this freedom, again, he found in abundance in Douglas, who resorts to it far more than he does, whether on Latin or Italian leading. Surrey takes from Italy only the dismissal of rhyme. And this initial determination holds in the same habitual way down to Marlowe. Grimald in his blank verse in Tottel's miscellany (1557) has not one double-ending, unless “ heaven ” be so reckoned ; and Sackville and Norton in *Ferrex and Porrex* have but a few accidentals, and, I think, no other extra syllables.

What is clear at the outset, however, is that the vital element in blank verse is not the mere mechanical relief of the double-ending but the free play of fluid rhythm. As J. Addington Symonds rightly insisted, “ though blank verse is an iambic rhythm, it owes its beauty to the liberties taken with the normal structure.”¹ Surrey, the poet, attains that to a marked extent from the first, where Grimald, the versifier, and Sackville and Norton, and Gascoigne and Kinwelmershe in their *Jocasta* (1566), after him, move with such a nearly rigid iambic tread that neither double-ending nor run-on sense can lift the line from the plane of metre to that of rhythm. This is in the

¹ *Blank Verse*, 1895, pp. 1, 13, 86.

normal way of verse evolution, in which even the example of the masters can usually serve the layman only to a set of rules which he can mechanically follow, renouncing a freedom to which he is not born. Most of the factors of freedom were ostensible in Vergil: the sentence ending at any point in the line, the frequent variation in the sequence of feet, the sense run-on; and Sackville and Norton manage the first and the last, and Gascoigne and Kinwelmershe the last, without any perception of the all-essential need of the second. *Jocasta* is even more mechanical than *Ferrex and Porrex*, besides being much more diffuse. But all these performers alike are thrall'd metrists. Their lines have the dead feel of cast-iron, being welded sets of iambs which refuse to make organic connection even when the clause runs over. You may find—at least in *Ferrex*—trochaic beginnings on every page; but never a line freed from the iambic clamp. On this they could evidently learn nothing from Surrey.

It appears to be an invariable rule that the greater poets are always more or less rhythmists as against the mere metrist of the lesser. Vergil is so as against Ovid; Chaucer as against Gower; Marlowe as against Kyd; Shakespeare as against the forerunners and the diadochi alike; Milton as against Cowley and the epic-framers of the eighteenth century; Dryden and Pope as against the mob of average couplet-makers. Surrey, with a rather good lead from the Italian, spontaneously eludes the clamp in many lines in his first experiment. Symonds, who seems to have given it little attention, pronounces that "his verse has not much variety or ease." As a new experiment, it has a notable amount of variety, if not of ease, and in this it contrasts markedly with the practice of the next thirty years. There is not merely the inevitable occasional substitution of trochee for iambus at the beginning of a line, as in *Ferrex and Porrex*: there is frequent substitution within the line.

The fourth runs:

"I should rēnēw ā wōe cānnōt be told."

The ninth:

"Which tō ēxprēs, whō cōuld rēfrāin frōm tēars?"

And in the twelfth we have three long syllables and an anapæst after the opening iambus:

"And lo! mōist night nōw frōm thē wēlkin fālls."

Such varying lines abound throughout. Hallam's remark (which seems to have given the lead to Symonds) that "the sense is rarely carried beyond the line," is a careless judgment: the thing occurs thrice on the first page, and as many or more times on every page afterwards. I find thirty in the first 200 lines. But that is not what chiefly counts. Sackville and Norton also have many run-on lines; but they never attain Surrey's measure of rhythmic freedom.¹ They are good and careful writers, sound in their diction; what kills their verse as verse is fatal iambic regularity. As thus:

"Your good acceptance so, most noble king,
Of such our faithfulness, as heretofore
Wē hāve ēmplōyed in duties to your grace
And tō this realm, whose worthy head you are,
Wēll prōves that neither you mistrust us all,
Nor we shall need in boasting wise to show
Our truth to you, nor yet our wakeful care
For you, for yours, and for our native land."

This is not *bad* verse; it is not even absolutely iambic; it is nevertheless firmly clamped to one tyrannous movement, while its unrelieved didacticism kills it as dramatic poetry. Nor does the relative animation of Gascoigne and Kinwelmershe save their feeble verse from the doom of monotony. Surrey, in epic, beginner as he is, varies his norm widely and forcefully:

¹ One is surprised to find a modern student who really appreciates the technique of blank verse describing Surrey's as "wooden" (D. L. Chambers, *The Metre of Macbeth*, Princeton University, 1903, p. 24). Comparison here is of the essence of the case; and to put Surrey on a par with Norton and Sackville is not just. He far excels them in variety.

THE CRITERION

" Like  s th   lm forgrown in mountains high,
 Rou nd h w n with  xe, th t h sb ndm n
 With thick assaults strive t  tear  p doth threat,
 And hack'd b n ath tr mbl ng doth bend his top,
 Till, yold with str kes, g v ng the latter crack,
 R nt fr m th  height, with ruin it doth fall,"

and in simple narrative he can be notably fluent, always with variation of stress and pause :

" And there wond'ring I find | together swarm'd
 A n w n mb r  f m tes, | m th rs  nd m n ;
 A rout exiled, | a wretched multitude,
 From each-where flock together, prest to pass
 With heart and goods, | to whatsoever land
 By sliding seas, | me listed them to lead.
 And now rose Lucifer above the ridge
 Of lusty Ide, | and brought the dawning light.
 The Greeks held the entries of the gates beset :
 Of help th re w s n  h pe. | Th n g ve   pl ce,
 Took up my sire, | and hasted to the hill."

In Spenser's solitary experiment in blank verse (1567), his juvenile rendering of Bellay's *Visions* (sonnets) which he later turned to rhyme, we have the same spontaneous if incomplete subjection of metre to rhythm from the start :

" It was the time when rest, the gift of gods,
 Sweetly sliding into the eyes of men,
 Doth drown in the forgetfulness of sleep
 The careful travails of the painful day :
 Then did a ghost appear before mine eyes
 On th t gre t riv r's b nk that runs by Rome."

"   w rld's va nn ss. A sudden earthquake lo !
 Sh king the hill  ven fr m th  b tt m deep
 Thr w d wn this building t  th  l w st stone."

Once more, it is the poet that makes the difference—not by mere double-endings (there are only three or four in the 210 lines—three being "heaven" and "heavens"—barring the two lines that double-rhyme), and not by mere running-on of the sense, though that is frequent, but by the rhythmic

instinct that evades monotony in stress, this even in a young beginner's experiment. Of course neither Surrey nor the young Spenser has reached maturity. Surrey has indeed left a number of lame and some unfinished lines, which partly entitle Hallam to call his verse not very harmonious ; but the outset is none the less praiseworthy, and many a long day was to pass before the dramatists of the eighties were to come abreast of the starting-point. There is no vital development in *The Misfortunes of Arthur* (1587) or *Tancred and Gismunda* (1592) ; and the fifty-three lines of blank verse in Peele's *Device of the Pageant* for the Lord Mayor's Show in 1585 are as primitively iambic and thinly diffuse as Gascoigne's, despite some trochaic beginnings and a number of run-on lines. There had not occurred to him, any more than to a thousand versifiers since, the primary truth, put by Symonds, that blank verse had need be *more* pregnant and more colorate than rhymed if it is to compete with it. Nor did Kyd, though he perhaps preceded Marlowe, and imitated him later as eagerly as did Peele and Greene and Lodge, furnish on his own account any valid contribution. It is definitely with Marlowe that English blank verse emerges as a tested and powerful instrument. And yet Marlowe has only in respect of his poetic energy, half-material, half rhythmic, his fluent force and his great gift of line, advanced on the beginnings of Surrey and Sackville.

That Marlowe should have the whole credit, given him by Symonds, of making blank verse the accepted instrument of the Elizabethan drama, is perhaps not clear. The grounds for dating *The Spanish Tragedy* before *Tamburlaine* are strong. But Marlowe unquestionably lifted the measure at once above Kyd's level, in virtue of being a poet, which Kyd was not. Even in *Tamburlaine* the versification is as much freer than Kyd's as the poetic inspiration. Kyd, it is true, has advanced in variety of stress perceptibly beyond the level of *Ferrex* : his very dramatic faculty, as yet constrained, made that inevitable ; and in his later work, notably in *Arden of Feversham*,

the same faculty lends a new life to a versification which is rarely equal to the content. For Kyd remains fast anchored to the line, hardly ever running it on, and as seldom venturing, at his outset, on the relief of the double-ending; while Marlowe in his first play often reaches a relative liberty of line, and frequently resorts to the double-ending, of which he was in his short life to carry the use further than any contemporary. Kyd here, indeed, readily followed him; but Kyd never became a rhythmist up to Marlowe's limit.

III

One says, "Marlowe's limit," because *his* limits too are to the end unescaped, though he notably strains them. He remains a signal master of line—the characteristic by which Jonson commemorates him. Relatively to the pedestrian gait of Kyd, the short and eager trip of Greene, and the flaccid fluency of Peele, his lines bound: he is the swift-foot Achilles alongside of the lesser men; but a runner at best he remains. It is only in the rhymed couplet—after all the fallacious confidence with which he has been held to have despised and ignored it in drama—that he is in the forefront for his time as a rhythmist. No less marked than Marlowe's over Kyd is the advance of Shakespeare over Marlowe in blank verse. Now for the first time, and at once for all time, do we realise what blank verse can be, in the hands of one who is at once the master rhythmist and the master-poet. All the elements of variety which Marlowe lent to the iambic decasyllabic line are present in Shakespeare's work in finer force at its very outset; and only the perceptible influence of the Marlowe rhetoric upon him as an early play-adaptor and play-maker can have made possible the impression that he imitated him in anything else. Of course, while he is held to have actually written all of *Richard II* and *Richard III*, that impression holds good. But every scrutiny of what is undisputedly Shakespeare's early verse—the verse of the *Dream* and *King John*—makes more

incogitable the assumption that he played the "sedulous ape" of Marlowe's bounding line after he had at his first assays achieved his easy rise from earth to air. From the first "glide," Shakespeare's real verse is winged, short as the earlier way of its flight may be. Not at the outset could he be expected to "loop the loop."

In thus weighing Marlowe's blank verse as such against Shakespeare's, we ought in justice to put one qualification. Marlowe's gift for the line as line is so great that if that were to be our test he would perhaps stand first. Shakespeare is so fraught with thought and feeling that they blend almost inevitably in our sense of the value of every line of his; but for the sheer line-leap of concrete verbal beauty, the rainbow arc of vision and sound, I doubt whether he can outgo Marlowe. Such lines as Marlowe's—

"Brave horses bred on the white Tartarian hills,"

"Was this the face that launched a thousand ships?"

"To ride in triumph through Persepolis,"

"All things that move between the quiet poles,"

and twenty more, are master-strokes in their kind. Shakespeare's great lines have overtones and undertones that Marlowe never stirred: they could not well have more of nude, elemental strength.

It is in the rise from the single leap to a winged continuance of verse movement that Shakespeare reveals himself. It belonged to his spontaneous sense of the higher values of verse that he should not avidly clutch at that relief from monotony which Marlowe so rapidly exploited—the double-ending. Only on the unmanageable assumptions that he used it abundantly in *Richard III*, with an end-stopped type of line which is outgone even in the first scene of *The Comedy of Errors*, and that he again reverted to his own flight in *Henry IV*, can it be believed that he was the first to multiply hendecasyllabic lines. He had no need to. His verse in *Henry IV* is incomparably more various and more musical than Marlowe's

("mighty lines" apart) at its freest, because he is by gift a rhythmist in verse to the furthest limit. For Marlowe, always proceeding by stride or leap and never by wing, always *thinking* in the line and never continuously transcending it, save in a rare period, the double-ending was an inevitable relief to the ultimate formal monotony of the decasyllabic metre, and his energy rapidly sought it to the full. Variation *within* the line he soon carried far in *The Jew* and *Faustus*, under the lifting impetus of his expanding dramatic sense. Freedom was the breath of his nostrils: it was only sheer idiosyncrasy, seen in his masterly resort to the couplet in *Hero and Leander*, that ended his rhythmic development at the free use of the extra syllable. Shakespeare had from the start added to unshackled variety of stress *within* the line the new spell of interfluent sense, under which the line is but the silken robe of the verse, the pauses varying endlessly, so that the line is felt only as a pulsation in a movement that may pause anywhere, recommencing at any point within the metre. Only when the ever-increasing pregnancy of the verse has compelled a condensation of the style does Shakespeare avail himself of the double-ending to anything like the extent to which Marlowe was doing at his close. The later developments of Shakespeare's verse are in the direction of an ever more untrammelled—we might say a more masterfully careless—freedom in deviation from the norm, making the result always more dramatic.

After he has reached his mastery, there are but occasional approximations to his skill, and deviations from his balance. Marston, in the main academically metrical, at his best makes a good reach, under Shakespeare's influence, to tragic pregnancy, with effective variety of stress. Dekker maintains a more general level of poetic power, with fair technique, but always remains metrical rather than rhythmic. He cannot, broadly speaking, combine the double-ending with the run-on line, or the run-on line with varied pausation; and his verse as a whole is line-marked. The same holds broadly true of

Heywood. Jonson at his best reaches a grave freedom of music which claims for him a foremost place in the second rank, though his inspiration latterly flagged more often than it rose; and the choice of rhyme for his masques chimes with his idiosyncrasy. Beaumont undoubtedly had a critical appreciation alike of Shakespeare's range and Jonson's gravity; and Professor Gayley has justly discriminated between his well-girt verse and the looser gait of Fletcher's. But Beaumont died too soon to have an effective influence either on his partner or on others; and, as Professor Gayley justly notes, his own verse lacks some of Fletcher's elements of variety, while shunning the other's vices.

Fletcher, with perhaps the sweetest note, at his best, of all the diadochi, might on that score have kept the highest place had he not carried the device of the double-ending to a monotony more irksome because more emphatic than that of the decasyllabic line had ever been after Kyd's opening. To his excessive use of the double-ending, of which he often made a leaden spondee, he joined the old fetter of the end-stop, spoiling all, and finding what variety he could in licences often unmusical. Thus his freer use of the run-on line apart from the double-ending, as compared with Beaumont, yielded no final artistic gain. Massinger, following Jonson in sustained gravity, without his general force and pregnancy or his frequent poetic afflatus, erred with Fletcher far more often than Jonson did in the undue resort to the extra syllable, and remains in general below both as a rhythmist. In Shakespeare, runs of double-endings beyond three or four lines are always a ground for a suspicion of an alien basis, as in *All's Well*, so sure is his sense of balance; among the others, from Fletcher onwards, hardly one escapes vicious excess in what had begun as a relieving variation.

Nor can such men as Webster and Ford and Middleton be said to have added any new resource to the instrument which Shakespeare had evolved, effectively though they sometimes sound it. Webster, indeed, with all his power of sudden

intensity, remains the least generally harmonious of the abler men of the epoch; and the rest, with less-marked faults, lacked his dramatic power.

Finally, dramatic verse after Fletcher's sinks rapidly. Dryden, a man of line-measure by idiosyncrasy, and rhythmically strong only in the couplet, fails to retrieve the other. In the hands of Milton, the instrument, turned to epic, rises in one great flight to a new mastery, which again was to be lost till more than a century had passed. Of the rise and the fall and the new birth of non-dramatic as well as of book-dramatic blank verse, Symonds gives a sound and competent summary, paying due honour to the rhythmic mastery of Tennyson, whom he rightly pronounces (in 1879) "the most original and greatest living master of blank verse." Sir William Watson, too, has dwelt with a craftsman's joy on the new music of such writing as—

"Sucked from the dark heart of the long hills roll
The torrents."

Even Wordsworth, at his great best, had not thus enlarged the bounds of rhythm. Coleridge, who of all men of his day had seemed best to appreciate the uniqueness of Shakespearean verse, confessedly failed entirely to reproduce it. "I tried to imitate his manner in the *Remorse*," he avows, "and when I had done I found I had been tracking Beaumont and Fletcher and Massinger instead." For the execution, Coleridge had not the right nervous system. Keats alone recalls the Master by actual work, in unfinished performances which tell of doubt as to the fitness of going on. Byron's dramatic verse is often, though surely not always, as bad as Swinburne called it. Shelley, often nervously strong and sometimes beautifully simple in the *Cenci*, achieved nothing new in sheer versification; and between lapses to a Wordsworthian prosaism¹ and abrupt flights into the "mere poetry"

¹ "The eldest son of a rich nobleman
Is heir to all his incapacities,"

which he so strangely supposed himself to have eschewed, yields no such boon to the lover of blank verse as Browning can bestow through the sheer power and fire and flight of a diction that on this side reveals Shakespearean kinship. Arnold's blank verse, in comparison, as distinguished from his fine work in irregular forms, has but a delicately monotonous music; and even Swinburne, though in blank verse as in prose he can rise at times from polylogy to greatness, is more a master metrist than a rhythmist. He is indeed entirely accomplished in his use of blank verse, which in his hands has a variety never found in Arnold; and Stephen Phillips is to be commemorated as finely original in this field. But his was an unconsummated career: an unripened mastery. The vital additions to rhythmic range in modern poetry, after Tennyson, have been made in rhymed verse by such artists as Mr. Trench, Mr. Yeats, and Mr. Housman, in virtue of their fine perception of the line as a rhythmic totality of "sounds and silences"; though here again Tennyson is the primary innovator. No blank verse has ever transcended Shakespeare's.

When all is said (if all could be said) on that theme, however, we may do well to remember, with Arnold, that to Shakespeare there goes something beyond mastery of speech and mastery of rhythm, supreme as is the spell of those endowments. Admirable verse did not make Tennyson's *Idylls* in the mass an admirable body of poetry. Professor Bradley has well set forth its moral anæmia. Perhaps the best dramatic blank verse of recent years, by Shakespearean standards, is Miss Clemence Dane's, in her desperate play, headed by the Master's name; upon which, beyond an adjective, I cannot trust myself to speak. Rhythm and diction, after all, are but entrancing forms for ideas, feelings, visions, judgments, presentments of life; and when these belong to Chaos, the result is "beyond permission," however skilful the form.

PRIMITIVE MENTALITY AND GAMBLING

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THE passion for gambling no doubt has a very distant origin in the darkness of the ages. In any case its presence may be noted in the most diverse states of society. It is as common as the use of narcotic and exciting drugs, such as tobacco and betel. The inhabitants of the Far East, particularly the Chinese, abandon themselves unrestrainedly to gambling—it is one of their most widely spread vices. It is no less so in the West. Cards, dice, roulette, betting on horse-racing and other sports, state lotteries—a very incomplete list!—are sufficient to indicate the extent to which gambling enters into the habits of modern nations. It has penetrated all classes, from the humblest to the highest.

The psychology of the gambler has frequently been studied. Dramatists and novelists have made it one of their favourite subjects. I have no intention here of returning to their observations and analyses; I merely wish to inquire in a few pages whether there may not be an intimate and secret affinity between the mentality of the gambler and that of those men who are called, rather inaccurately, "primitives."

To simplify and to be brief I shall not consider the numerous and rather varied types of gamblers to be met with in our large towns. The reasonable and self-controlled gambler, for whom the risk is an amusement rather than a passion, who resolutely limits his losses at baccarat, in horse-racing, and on the Stock

Exchange (as others limit their consumption of cigars from considerations of health) will not concern us here. We shall also neglect all games in which skill, reflection, and intellectual qualities are finally more important than chance. We shall deal only with the "essential gambler," with the man who sacrifices everything to the commanding, irresistible desire to dominate fortune, who for nothing on earth either can or will abstain from attempting it, whose passion is such that he would rather gamble, knowing he will certainly lose, than not gamble at all. This is the gambler who is to be found in gambling dens, in certain clubs at watering places, at Monte Carlo, and elsewhere. These furious gamblers come from all the points of the compass and yet resemble each other in a most striking way. The Northerner is apparently more phlegmatic and impassive; the Southerner often betrays by gestures his joys and especially his despair. There can be no doubt their conditions of mind are essentially similar. Will our knowledge of primitive mentality help us to throw a little more light on these conditions?

In most so-called primitive societies about which we have adequate information, gambling was known before the arrival of the whites. It has not disappeared since and, as with us, the passion is sometimes so violent with them, that the gambler risks and loses even his wife, his children, and his own person.

It is often observed that before the native gambles he goes through a series of methodical preparations. He fasts, he purifies himself, he dances, he seeks to procure himself certain dreams and only risks his stake when he has obtained them. The whole body of these practices can be explained without difficulty. According to the collective conceptions of the tribe, gain or loss depends upon invisible powers—more or less defined, more or less personalised in different societies—sometimes without distinct individuality, sometimes conceived under the form of "spirits." It is quite impossible to imagine one can win if these powers do not consent! The Indian will

not gamble until he possesses the certainty or, what comes to the same thing, the firm conviction that he has conciliated their favour. The practices just indicated tend to this, but it is not their sole object. In a manner which is rather difficult for us to realise, they aim at influencing these powers, at exercising a sort of constraint upon them by an act of magic. It might be said that they are equivalent to prayers, provided we remember that, as Codrington has pointed out, primitive races never conceive of prayer without a certain degree of efficacy.

These ceremonies duly carried out, the Indian gambles. He is sure of winning. Yet if, contrary to his expectation, he loses, he may be disappointed, but not disconcerted. He tells himself that his opponent knew stronger magic and more effective prayers. In his thought there is no such thing as chance; he has no notion corresponding to the word "luck." He is simply in the presence of a decision which is *for* or *against* him, according to whether he has or has not been able to render favourable to himself the powers upon whom the decision rests.

This explanation not only fits gain or loss in gambling; it applies to a large number of other cases, where the primitives start from the same collective conceptions and reason in the same way. Success, says Culin, speaking of the races and contests between North American Indians—success is never due to natural causes. The horse or man which reaches the winning-post first is not the best trained, the best in speed, vigour, and breath, etc. These conditions are necessary to a certain extent; they are not sufficient. The victor is he who has made certain of success by magical operations. Since all the competitors have made use of them, each on his own account, the event alone shows who has been able to get the invisible powers on his side. That is why the race takes place. Otherwise what would be the use of striving against the decision of these powers? It would be madness to attempt it.

Is it a question of war? If it could be known beforehand

which side uses the more powerful incantations, possesses the charms which are most able to make its own warriors invulnerable and to paralyse those of the enemy, etc., there would never be a battle. Those who knew their magic artillery was inferior to that of the enemy would never risk an action. Indeed this happens quite often. In South Africa a Kaffir chief has sometimes waited months and years before starting on a campaign. It was not enough for his men to be numerous, brave, well trained, well commanded: the "mystic" conditions of victory had to be fulfilled. When finally the official sorcerers and diviners would guarantee that they were fulfilled, then and then only would war begin. In the minds of the soldiers and their chiefs the war would simply be a military picnic, a pure formality. The enemy was "given them to eat." But if this enemy resisted energetically, above all if he inflicted losses on the aggressors, they would beat a hasty retreat. The event proved that the enemy's magic and charms were the stronger; the only thing to do was to get out of their reach as quickly as possible.

Similarly, the hunter will never neglect any practice which can obtain for him the favour of the invisible powers upon whom he knows success depends. Before he sets out on his quest, like the gambler, like the warrior, he fasts, he purifies himself, he submits to magical preparations, he abstains from sexual relations, he tries to have favourable dreams, and above all he does everything to obtain the good-will and consent of the animal he is about to hunt. Even when pressed by hunger he will sometimes wait several days rather than set out before he is sure he will succeed. Otherwise, it will avail him nothing to be skilful and untiring; the game will escape, will remain invisible or out of reach. When the animal is killed there are new and indispensable precautions to take. In order that hunting may again be fortunate in the future, the animal must be appeased, it must be made to accept its death, the genius of the species must be pacified, the hunter must be purified, etc. Exactly corresponding practices will be found in those

tribes which devote themselves to fishing; for example, salmon-fishing in the north-west of British Columbia, dugong-fishing in New Guinea, etc., or even in those tribes which, under very different climates, live from the gardens and fields they cultivate. Always and everywhere the same mystic causes decide the success of their efforts. The "primitives," who generally do not work any more than is necessary, do nevertheless take the pains that are essential. Their instruments, their arms, their snares, often show great ingenuity and patience and a remarkable artistic sense. But what can be achieved by instruments alone, by the best made arms and the best contrived snares? Nothing, if the invisible powers do not consent. If a field has been cleared and sown, they must be supplicated in order that the young stems may pierce through the earth, may grow larger, and that the harvest may reach its maturity, and escape ravagers of all kinds—rats, pigs, deer, thievish birds, etc. And so, from seed-time to harvest, each stage of agricultural labour is accompanied by exceedingly complex magical operations. Often the labour, to be productive, is itself impregnated, so to speak, with magic. If the labour of the fields, plantations and gardens falls upon women, this is because the principle of fecundity residing in them is communicated to the ground and to the plants. Thus, in several parts of Equatorial Africa, if a woman is sterile, her husband has no choice but to divorce her, if he does not want to have his plantations contaminated by this sterility.

Since the decisive question in every enterprise is, "Shall we be fortunate? Will the invisible powers grant us success?" it is obvious how useful it would be to know the answer *before-hand*. In that case there is no need to risk except when the result is certain and the action can be put off until the desired answer is received. Hence, in primitive societies, the extraordinary attention given to dreams and signs, and the universally recognised authority of those who can interpret them. Hence, again, the (for us) almost incredible part played by

divination in most of these societies. At every instant and in every connection it is made use of, for the most important and the most trivial affairs. Before undertaking anything the primitive man never fails to address himself to the diviner; and the knuckle-bones declare whether he will succeed or not. Similarly, in a difficult position divination will show him what to do. For example, white men, such as have never been seen before, turn up; perhaps they are ghosts, or, if not, they are probably sorcerers who are able to let loose the most dreadful misfortunes. What is to be done? Which is least dangerous, to forbid them access to the village, avoid all contact with them, or let them enter? Chickens will be poisoned or an examination made of a pig's liver, and the decision will depend on the result of this test.

The variety of practices serving as divination is almost limitless and merely to enumerate them would occupy several pages. Yet most of these proceedings are so arranged that when an answer is sought to a question that answer is clearly "yes" or "no" without ambiguity. Thus the New Guinea Papuans pull a shrub out of the ground to know if they are to begin a war or not. If the roots come up with it the reply is in the affirmative; if not, it is negative. In the island of Motu a chief wants to know if he shall attack the enemy. With his left hand he stretches the third finger of his right hand. If a crack is heard it is "no"; if nothing happens it is "yes." The answer is as plain and clear as it is at *rouge et noir* or *pair-impair*. Here once more we are very close to gambling. In fact the state of mind of a primitive man who makes use of divination in a difficult position—for example to unmask a sorcerer—is strangely like that of a gambler who risks his income on the throw of dice. Schomburgk has written a startling description of the emotion which seizes the Indians of Guiana when they are watching the liquid boiling in a large pot to see on which side it will overflow the next moment—for it will show who is guilty of a murder. As the liquid swells and rises and the decisive moment ap-

proaches the excitement of the Indians increases ; it reaches its paroxysm at the instant when the decision comes.

In this and all those other very numerous cases which are analogous, divination takes the form of a game of chance and those who practise it are in fact gamblers—with this important difference, noted above, that for primitive mentality there is no such thing as luck. The result of the test is the answer of the invisible powers who have been asked and at the same time summoned to decide.

Convinced that all success and every event depend finally upon these powers, primitive mentality is little concerned with the investigation of causes, but desires ardently to know beforehand the decisions which are so extremely important to it. If this knowledge is not spontaneously granted by revelations (dreams, signs, omens), primitive mentality seeks it by means of divination, and often this divination is deceptively like gambling. The primitive man divines—that is to say, gambles—to know if he shall start a journey, celebrate a betrothal, clear a field, begin to build a hut, if the child to be born will be a boy or a girl, if a certain remedy will benefit a sick person, if the sick person will get better, if the fisherman will catch any fish, if he will be victorious, and so on to infinity. This consultation of fate must not be considered as exterior to the activity of the primitive ; on the contrary it is an integral and essential element of this activity, to such an extent in the great majority of cases that the one is not to be conceived without the other.

In our civilisation, as we know, minds are otherwise directed and their curiosity turns in many directions unknown to primitive mentality. The diversity of occupations with us is very great ; in each of them the result to be attained is conceived as dependent upon a complex combination of operations calculated entirely apart from any supernatural intervention. Compare the West African blacksmith—who is often very skilled—with his equivalent in our countries. The

former must have his forge bellows made from the skin of a goat which has been flayed alive, etc. Not one of the thousand details of the process but has a magical character and needs for its success the help of invisible powers. Without this help the professional skill of the blacksmith would be powerless. With us there is nothing of the sort. Success or failure in our industries depends wholly upon causes which we can observe, investigate, analyse, and, in certain cases, modify. One feels rather ashamed, hardly ventures to assert such a truism. There is no place either for divination or gambling here.

Yet, even in our civilisation, there exist traces of very different tendencies. They make their appearance as soon as it is a question of forms of activity which are not completely regulated by methods which custom or science has fixed invariably. The carpenter who turns out a plank, the chemist who prepares a product, know exactly what will result from their work. They have not in the least degree the feeling of risk. Is it the same for the man who handles large business deals ? For the banker and financier ? No doubt his occupation also has its technique and he must know and utilise all its resources. He gets the most complete and reliable information obtainable, calculates as carefully and wisely as possible the consequences of the decision he is about to make ; he prepares beforehand for a situation in which his calculations may turn out wrong. This is because he knows that something unforeseen may occur and suddenly upset his deepest and most subtle schemes. In a word, he knows he is gambling. Some speculators are pure gamblers ; they have not only the gambler's spirit but his passion and his quality of mind.

Similarly, in political affairs, the most attentive observation, experience, and reflection are never able to disentangle and co-ordinate the too complex elements of situations which are continually changing ; these qualities cannot plot out the curve beforehand with sufficient accuracy. The politician must guess and risk—in other words, gamble. In war, the

most solid plans, the most wisely and minutely prepared operations may suddenly be paralysed by some unforeseeable accident—an order wrongly transmitted, a sudden change of weather, etc. Napoleon said that in military affairs 25 per cent. was chance. With certain generals, as with some politicians, the gambler's mentality is very noticeable—enjoyment of risk, feeling that the result depends upon imponderables over which they flatter themselves they have a mysterious and inexplicable influence, confidence in their "star," etc. Yet it is true that speculation, politics, war, are more remote from games of chance than from those games where the rôle of chance is limited, where the result in the long run depends necessarily upon the qualities of mind and character of the opposing adversaries. There are too many examples in history of an excess of the gambling spirit in great public or private affairs leading sooner or later to catastrophes.

The gambler who might be described as "professional," the man who does not only gamble for amusement or to increase his income, while remaining self-controlled and able to limit his risk; the man who is possessed by the demon of gambling, who makes it the chief, exclusive occupation of the day, who devotes his life and fortune to it, who in short has no other interests—what does he want? To win. And what does he hope for from his winning? He does not think of the material satisfactions of all kinds which the money of his winnings would procure him—they may never enter his head. No doubt he is not insensible to them. Like the miser, the gambler finds in the possession of the effective signs of wealth the virtual enjoyment of all that this wealth could procure him if he spent it. But he does not dream of hoarding it jealously, like the miser. He only thinks of gambling with it again. In his eyes bank-notes are only munitions for the battle he will wage to-morrow. If he has won a sum large enough to allow him not to gamble any more, to retire, as they say, with his everlasting fortune; he will usually not even think of so doing.

He will risk some of his winnings again, then more, until he has lost them all again, if luck is against him. Therefore, what he seeks first of all and almost exclusively is, in addition to the emotion, the special excitement of gambling, which has become as necessary to him as opium to the drug-smoker—the mere fact of winning.

Now, his winning or losing depends upon what? The mathematician will talk to him of the law of great numbers and the calculation of probability. This will not interest the gambler who wants something of more direct application, something he can utilise at once. At roulette he is often to be seen noting the numbers as they turn up, studying the series pencil in hand, or discovering a martingale, an infallible method of breaking the bank. That the innumerable martingales discovered before his own have always ended piteously, and that we can explain why this is so does not shake his faith: he is impervious to experience and reasoning, and this is the first trait which allies him to primitive man. But let us consider the more modest gambler who has no ambition to break the bank, who simply wants to win as much as possible. The favourable event for which he longs with all his soul he does not attribute to a chain of causes and effects which can be analysed, to some extent understood and consequently foreseen. The decisive factor is something mysterious and indiscernible, which he calls chance or luck. Winning depends *immediately* upon it, as success in hunting, fishing, fighting, in the eyes of primitive man, depend *immediately* upon the invisible powers, according to whether they are favourable or hostile to him.

This direct, mystic connection between the event feared or desired and something situated outside the positive plane is a well-known characteristic of the world in which primitive man moves. It is equally characteristic of the world in which gamblers live. In other words, the mentality of the "professional" gambler, in this essential respect, is turned in the same direction as that of primitive man. By the word

"mentality" I mean here a very complex whole into which enter at the same time as conceptions a large number of emotional elements.

It is easy to verify this resemblance, especially if care be taken not to exaggerate it. Allowance must also be made for what is peculiar to one side or the other. Primitive man usually tries his luck to know beforehand whether, in the event of his attempting some enterprise, he will succeed or not. For example, by the practice of divination he seeks an assurance that he will be victorious if he joins battle. He does not risk his stake in the consultation itself. On the contrary, he comes to it precisely for the purpose of finding out if he can risk without losing. Is the reply unfavourable? He will abstain. On the other hand, this succession of distinct operations does not exist in games of chance. Gain or loss depends upon the game itself. The stake is risked immediately. At the same time that the gambler perceives that the chance is against him, he loses. He does not obtain a preliminary consultation, but a decision which settles everything definitely and irrevocably.

This difference is essential. It is sufficient to prevent us from likening purely and simply the mentality of the gambler to that of primitive man. There are others, less important and easy to observe, which result from the general state of civilised society; and there is no purpose served by insisting on them. But, with these reservations, how many traits are common to both mentalities! As primitive man watches with impassioned eagerness for the verdict of a divination or an ordeal, so the gambler hangs upon the decision of cards or roulette and awaits it in a paroxysm of emotion. Primitive man bows to the result of the divining operation; but yet, if he can, he appeals from it, that is to say, he begins again and again until the reply is at last favourable. Similarly, the gambler who loses submits to the decree of chance, but he is not discouraged by it, and more often than not as soon as he possesses the means returns to the charge and tries his luck again.

Like primitive man the gambler has a deep obscure feeling that the invisible powers upon whom his happiness or misfortune depend can be solicited, that it is possible to some extent to conciliate them, to influence them, perhaps to compel them. Like primitive man the gambler has his magic, his fetiches, his rites, his taboos. Often before he begins to gamble he will wait for "inspiration," that is to say, a kind of advice from on high, just as the Kaffir chief will not begin a war until the diviners proclaim that victory is certain.

Again, like primitive man, the gambler who is favoured by chance experiences, apart from the pleasure itself derived from winning, a feeling of superiority, of increased power, a kind of elation. In Spinoza's words, he passes from a less perfection to a greater perfection; that is to say, he feels an expansion, an enlarging, a dilatation of his being, a concentrated and profound inward intoxication. Is he the victim of ill-luck? He does not suffer only from the idea of the loss he endures and its material consequences; he falls into a state of depression, prostration, and, in the vulgar but picturesque expression, he is like a squashed bladder. He passes from a greater perfection to a less perfection; that is to say, he is conscious that he is reduced, impoverished, abandoned, wounded in the very heart of his being. These are not mere metaphors. In the eyes of primitive man divination makes known either that the invisible powers are with him—in which case his desire will be granted, his action will have the power of attaining its end—or that they are deaf to his prayer—in which case he remains weak, impotent, and threatened. Similarly with the gambler, to win is victory, to lose defeat; at the same time victory signifies that he is one of the elect, loss means that he is rejected. In this, more than in the material gain or loss, resides the profound significance of gambling. At the decisive moment the gambler feels himself in the hands of a superior power which is about to pass sentence. Is it in his favour? He is conscious of being accepted, protected, saved by it; he escapes from the isolation and weakness of

his own paltry individuality. If it declares against him, then the power has repulsed him, excluded him, condemned him. He is reduced to the misery of his own being, without strength and without support.

That is why there is nothing that is fundamentally more serious and tragic than gambling. As we have observed, it is enough to look at the faces of gamblers at the moment their fate is being played. The next moment will decide whether or no they are chosen or cast out. The highest and the lowest parts of their natures are involved. Nothing else can offer an interest comparable with it, nothing else arouse so powerful an emotion in them.

"One day," relates a missionary in the Transvaal, "I came upon some men in a village occupied in throwing knuckle-bones upon a mat spread on the ground. I pointed out to them that this was a game of chance and that they would do better to give up this custom. One of them answered, 'But this is our book; we have no other. You read your book every day because you believe in it; we do the same thing: we have faith in our book!'"

These natives of the Transvaal could not understand why they should be reproached for wasting their time in the consultation of knuckle-bones. In their eyes it is not an amusement, a frivolous occupation, but precisely the contrary. What could be more serious and important than to communicate in this manner with spirits, with their ancestors, upon whom depends happiness or misfortune private and public? Similarly, the true gambler feels himself—although much less naïvely—in immediate contact with the beyond. Gain or loss will touch the most sensitive and secret fibres of his being. For him gambling possesses a metaphysical and almost sacred meaning.

These few remarks will have attained their object if they have showed that the study of primitive mentality and the study of gambler's mentality can be of mutual assistance and, in some respects, throw light upon one another.

LE MINIHIC, *August 1923.*

NOTES ON ART AND LIFE

By GERHART HAUPTMANN

ART

ART is free; the artist must therefore be the freest man in the State. If the aim of the State, apart from the ordinary necessities of routine, is in any way the advancement of its individual citizens, its rate of progress can always be measured by its artists. The greater and the more widely developed the artists a nation produces and brings to fruition, the greater the health and uprightness dwelling in it. The artist is not less than each individual; rather is he far more. He turns his gaze neither to simpletons, nor to men of character, but to the human being, free and firmly rooted in his humanity. He ignores the State, for the sake of the individual. This is also his reason for belonging to the great Internationale of arts and sciences. The statesman has to guard against the false instinct of hostility to art and artists. Autocratic though he must be, the artist is enemy to no one. An artist would fail to comprehend his own nature if he made himself enemy to the statesman. The one, like the other, works to fulfil the law, not to destroy it. But fulfilment of the law is the free, noble, harmonious State or individual. A statesman who works to circumscribe the artist, a State which ignores the artist—both deceive themselves. They are like gardeners, throwing their most precious fruits over the wall into the street. (May 11th, 1898.)

Art is utterance—hence a social function in the highest sense of the word.

Woe to him who squanders himself on his generation !

An artist does not, as Taine appears to have thought, strike his roots into the life of his own age. He strikes them into the eternal and thence thrusts upwards into that age.

The painter asks, what concern is it of mine, all that world which has escaped my brush ?

Greek coins—the house where they are found is filled with the breath of the gods.

PLAY-WRITING

Drama is in truth the greatest of literary forms. In the last resort all thoughts are thought dramatically, all life is lived dramatically.

The origin of drama is the artist's self—divided twice, thrice, four, five, many times.

The theatre will not attain to its fullest and deepest influence until it possesses with us, as with the Greeks, the authority of divine worship. With us it develops its influence out of itself, but it is only tolerated, it is not cultivated. It is oppressed by a hostile prejudice, it is not protected as a sacred thing.

Every drama is an historical drama—there is no other.

For the most part Ibsen sees tragedy only in the so-called thwarted existence. The higher tragedy is in the completed existence.

MYSELF

Shall I obtrude myself into the present—like a newspaper ?

HUMANITY

In our modern cities men run behind themselves, but do not often catch up.

UNDERSTANDING

“Sedula curavi, humanas actiones non ridere, non lugere, neque detestari, sed intelligere.” (Baruch Spinoza).

What great truth has not set up evil in the mind of man ?

What great lie has not brought good ? The contrary has also happened.

To judge is to prejudge.

Exactly so far as you know yourself, will you know others.

WONDER

How unreal is a dream—but how fast it binds men together.

Truth and lie are sister and brother,
The fable has a nobler mother.

You listen to voices in the night, you see the lighted windows. The people behind the walls are as far off and as strange to you as the people who lived in the time of Charlemagne.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE

It will not do—in the life of the intellect any more than otherwise—to leave corpses lying by the roadside. You must bury them.

Romanticism is life lived like a game.

POLITICS

If you want to know what Europe is, you must go to America. Things to aim at—a nation of distinct personalities, a State made up of individuals, the solidarity of the solitary, the domination of the tolerant.

No one can stand so high, that his own country does not stand higher. (Written in the author's copy of his *Festspiel*.)

(Authorised Translation by A. W. G. Randall. Selection made from *Aphorisms in the Twelfth Supplementary Volume of the Jubilee Edition of Gerhart Hauptmann's Works*, published by S. Fischer, Berlin)

THE MOORS IN SPANISH MUSIC

By J. B. TREND

I

IN the summer of 1922 I was present at a musical festival in Granada. D. Manuel de Falla, a composer whose work is already well known in England, had come to the conclusion that the traditional songs of Andalucía were usually heard in a degraded form and sung in a manner not in accordance with the true style; he had conceived the idea of a singing competition to provide examples of what the pure style was and to prevent it from being forgotten. With the help of a few friends and the countenance of the Arts Club of Granada, he set to work to carry out his design. Care was taken that the competition should be an event of real musical and artistic significance, not merely an exhibition of folk-lore and anthropological specimens, and the plan and staging of the festival had been entrusted to a famous painter—none other than D. Ignacio Zuloaga.

The competition was held at night, in the Plaza de los Aljibes in front of the Alhambra, the stage being set up under the trees which line the rusty red walls of the Alcazaba and the Tower of Homage. Behind the little, tiled well-house was a low wall on the edge of a precipice with the stream of the Darro clattering over the stones at the bottom; while on the dim hillside opposite, the dark gardens and greenish white walls of the Albaicín seemed as if they were part of a gigantic tapestry curtain which might have been hung from the two tall trees at the corners. At the back of the audience was the noble but unfinished palace of Charles V, while the Alham-

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bra lay hid in the darkness behind. The most enchanting part of the spectacle, however, was that presented by the audience. The ladies of Granada had put on the silks and satins of bygone generations, and wore them with inimitable grace. Marvellous flowered shawls, treasured heirlooms, had been taken out of their boxes to drape shoulders which even scientific anthropologists admit to be made differently from others; while exquisite lace mantillas and a few crimson carnations seemed to bring back the days of the 'thirties and 'forties—the Spain of Prosper Mérimée and Théophile Gautier, of Borrow and Ford.

There had been preliminary trials of the singers; and those who had come, but whose songs were not what was wanted, were paid their expenses and sent home again. The singing was superficially of that kind with which London audiences became acquainted in the *Cuadro flamenco* imported by M. Diaghileff, but here it was in its own surroundings with every accessory which nature and art could provide. The voices, which seemed sometimes as if trying to imitate oboes and English horns, were accompanied by the ghostly but intensely rhythmical "twangling" of the guitar. A few stars shone steadily in a velvet sky, and now and then the soft hooting of an owl was mingled with the guitar and the voices. It was a moment of real musical emotion, the complete and perfect expression of the place and its tradition.

II

The name given to the traditional form of song in Andalucía is *Cante hondo*. "Hondo" (or in its aspirated, provincial form, "jondo") signifies deep or profound; it is the song of the tragic sense of life—tragic, because by the beginning of the last century it had come down to being the music made in prisons and *prostíbulos*. Towards the end of the nineteenth century *Cante hondo*, besides having come down in the world, began to undergo a musical change. It had always been a

special favourite with gipsies ; it was now taken up by those who affected gipsy manners, whilst about the time of the first production of "Carmen," in 1875, the conditions under which it was sung began to be studied and imitated. It was then called *flamenco* (either "Flemish" or "flamingo"), and was applied to the music made by those who affected gipsy manners or wore brightly-coloured, "flamingo" garments. *Cante flamenco*, then, is the modernised "gipsified" form of *Cante hondo*, still composed and sung all over Andalucía. Entertainments of the kind are common in descriptions of Spanish life in the 'thirties of the last century, but the word seems not to have been applied to them till later. The earliest mention of *Cante flamenco* in print is in 1871; the first published collection of words to *Cantes flamencos* is dated 1881.

The characteristics of *Cante hondo* are as follows: The song usually begins with a long vocalise on the syllables *Ay* or *Lelí*; there is a deliberate use of intervals unknown to modern Western music, though their use depends on well-established principle and practice—the alteration, by less than a semitone, of certain notes of the scale, but never the tonic or dominant. The melody is generally restricted to the compass of a sixth; a single note is apt to be repeated to the point of obsession with appoggiaturas from above and below; there are rich and complicated ornamental flourishes which, however, are only employed at certain moments to underline the emotion of the words; and there are the cries of *Olé, olé* thrown in by the audience to express their approval and encourage the performers. To these features might be added the prevalence of conjunct motion—a long, continuous line of melody without wide leaps—and the almost invariable suggestion, both in the voice part and the guitar accompaniment, of the Phrygian cadence: a—g—f—e.¹

¹ The Phrygian cadence, a—g—f—e, seems to be extremely rare in Arab music. Yet with a sharpened *g* (which gives it an entirely different effect) it becomes a recognised Arab mode, and a commonplace of all oriental and pseudo-oriental music.

It is easy to dismiss these melodies as "oriental," an assumption based on circumstantial evidence. The "orientalism" of *Cante hondo* is mainly on the surface; it lies in the manner of performance rather than in the music itself. Moreover, the more modern forms (*flamenco*) often sound more "oriental" than the older, traditional *Cante hondo*; and the oldest, the *Siguiriya gitana*, seems (to me, at any rate) less tinged with superficial orientalism than any. Again, the preludes and interludes for the guitar, in spite of their strangeness and their extraordinary musical interest when played by a good executant, are definitely Western music. They are harmonic in structure, with alternate chordal and contrapuntal passages; they have a natural sense of form which reminds one of the suites of Domenico Scarlatti and makes them entirely different from (and infinitely more satisfying than) any African music I have ever heard. The strangeness and interest, the feeling of "modernity," comes not only from the rhythms, but also from the fact that the strings of the guitar are tuned at intervals of a fourth (with a third in the middle), while the violins and other stringed instruments to which we are accustomed are tuned (with the exception of some double-basses) not in fourths but in fifths. Again, the natural scale of the guitar is not an ordinary major or minor scale, but the Phrygian scale, obtained on the pianoforte by beginning and ending on E and keeping entirely to the white notes. It is the guitar, then, that has kept Spanish music from becoming really oriental; but the word "oriental" in this connection needs further explanation.

III

The statement is often made that the turning point in the history of Spanish music was the invasion of the Moors. Between 711, the year in which Târik landed at Tarifa, and 1492, the date of the entry of Ferdinand and Isabella into Granada, lie nearly eight hundred years; and it was not

until a hundred years after the *Reconquista* that the Moriscos who had submitted to the Christians were finally expelled from the country. So long a stay of an Eastern race in a Western country, so many generations of warfare and inter-marriage, of commercial and cultural relations, cannot but have left their mark (it is said) on the music of the original inhabitants of the country. So completely is this assumed, that "Moorish influence" is made to explain most of the peculiarities of the different kinds of Spanish music and other arts as well, so that any feature which is not easy to explain is called "oriental" to avoid further inquiry.

One is inclined to think of the Moslem invaders of Spain as Arabs; but no student of history would admit that statement for a moment. The armies of Târik (himself not an Arab but a Berber) were of mixed race. At first they were generally led by Arabs, but the proportion of other races increased with each invasion, and latterly the fresh arrivals from Africa consisted almost entirely of Berbers, a very different people from the Arabs, in race, tradition, language and music. When the conquest was complete, or as complete as it was ever to be, Moorish Spain became for a time the most civilised country in Europe, and Córdoba a centre of culture to which students came from all parts of the world. The education was Arabic, and the official language was Arabic; indeed a great deal of the teaching of children was devoted to giving them clear diction and a good pronunciation of the language.

It is often assumed that the Spanish language contains a large number of Arabic words and words derived directly from Arabic, but this is by no means the case. Many Arabic words which passed into Castilian were only used by ancient writers and have already disappeared; while of those that remain, many were originally Latin or Greek, which have become "arabised" in pronunciation and spelling. Thus the Spanish *albaricoque* (apricot) is really the latin *præcoquum* in an Arabic form, and *albérbigo* (peach-tree) is derived in

the same way from *persicum*. The Moors also took a certain number of words from the Spaniards.

On the other hand, the few words in modern Spanish which appear in Arab dress are interesting evidence of what Moorish civilisation meant to Spain. It meant first of all the organisation, military and civil, which built *alcázares*, and appointed *alcaldes* to command them; and then, the learning which named the star *Aldébaran* and invented the method of calculation called *algebra*. But above all it meant agriculture, gardening and irrigation; for the culture of the Moors in Spain was that of men who cultivated their gardens. The list of words which have reached the Spanish language through Arabic would be an index of things which Spanish life owes to the Moors, and among these things are musical instruments, including *al-'ûd*, the lute.

IV

It is impossible to say to what extent Spanish music was influenced by the music of the Moors, for the Arabs had no musical notation. With one possible exception no genuine Arab tune was recorded until the end of the eighteenth century.

The known facts about the music made by the Moors in Spain have been ably summarised by Mitjana¹ and Rouanet.² They amount to a mass of physical theory and mathematical computation, with instructions for playing upon various instruments and biographical notices of famous musicians. There was Ziryâb, for instance, a pupil of Ishâk at the Court of Hârûn al-Rashîd, who left Baghdad and became the idol of Córdoba under 'Abd-er-Rahmân II in the first half of the eleventh century. He added a fifth string to the lute; he was the composer of "Ten Thousand Songs" which were

¹ *Revista Musical de Bilbao* (1909), I, viii, 183 ff., also *Encl. de la Musique : Espagne* (Paris, 1919), pp. 1920 ff.

² *Encl. de la Musique : La Musique Arabe* (1922), *passim*. See also Dozy, *Spanish Islam* (Engl. trans.), 1913, 261 ff.

sung in all parts of the Moslem world, and which (it was said) a djinn had whispered to him in his sleep. As a teacher of singing he divided his instruction into three courses, rhythm, melody, and ornamentation. The pupil began by learning the simple rhythm of the melody; to that end he was made to speak the words while he beat time with a tambourine, marking the measure, the strong and the weak accents, and the variations of *tempi* in different movements. Then he was taught the melody in its simplest form with no ornaments, and only when he could sing it perfectly was he allowed to study the shakes, vocalises, scale-passages and appoggiaturas with which the master embellished the song, and the nuances he introduced to give it the expression and charm. By these latter qualities (i.e. by breath-control and neatness of execution) the worth of a singer was judged.

Other famous performers included Lellia and Maryem, two ladies of Granada renowned for the exceeding beauty both of their voices and of their bodies. Aben Firnâs was professor of music at Toledo when Pope Sylvester II was a student there in the tenth century; he introduced the celebrated method of El Farabî into the music schools of Spain. Mu'tasim, the last king of Almería, was an amateur musician; whilst among the Jews, Aben Sacbel wrote songs for dancing, and Aben Jot of Valencia has been considered the first dancer of the *jota*. The celebrated philosopher Avempace—a man who disbelieved in the Koran and was regarded with horror by the faithful—composed songs and treatises on music, and even the great Averrhoes himself did not disdain the art. He applied the teaching of Plato to the music of his time, to decide which kind was most ennobling to the spirit. According to him it was not at Córdoba that the real musicians lived, but at Seville; when a musician died in Córdoba it was better to send his books and his instruments to be sold in Seville, since in that town the art of music was cultivated with greater enthusiasm.

Another curious piece of information about Arab music in

Spain is to be found in one of the Spanish poems of the Archpriest of Hita, a contemporary of Chaucer. "Don Carnal" sends, by the hands of Don Almuerzo and Doña Merienda (Sir Breakfast and Lady Luncheon), a challenge to "meagre Lent," personified as Doña Cuaresma, inviting her to appear in the lists on Easter Sunday before dawn. Doña Cuaresma sees that she will be worsted in the encounter, and on the Saturday she climbs over the wall and escapes disguised as a pilgrim. Next morning Don Carnal and Don Amor sally forth like Emperors. All go out to meet them: the butcher playing the tambourine, the shepherd with his bagpipes, and the boy with a shawm; while a Moorish herdsman accompanies them playing upon the citterne. Don Carnal passes by like Bacchus, in a chariot, while clerics and laymen, monks and nuns, women and musicians come out to receive him and Don Amor with a great noise of all manner of instruments, and singing *Cabel el orabín* or *Calbi garabí*. This is said to have been a well-known Arab tune, the words of which are interpreted as "Arabs, forward!" It is possible that the actual notes, or something like them, have actually been preserved. In the *Seven Books of Music*¹ by Francisco Salinas, professor of music at Salamanca in the latter half of the sixteenth century, a melody is quoted to illustrate the metre composed of a cretic and a trochee. "The song and dance of this (he says), in frequent use amongst us now, came originally, I think, from the Moors; for it is still sung to Arabic words: *Calvi vi calvi, calvi aravi*." The tune has nothing superficially oriental about it; indeed it seems to belong to the nineteenth century rather than the sixteenth.

V

The Archpriest, in this and another poem, gives long lists of thirteenth-century musical instruments; from these it is possible to deduce those which were in use among the Spanish

¹ *De Musica Libri Septem*. Salamanca, 1577, p. 339.

Moors at that time, and those which were not. The result gives ten different kinds of instruments, of which six are still in common use in North Africa.¹ And besides instruments, there is much in modern Arab music which resembles the modern popular music of Southern Spain. In both we find the use of instruments of percussion, producing a fixed rhythm (or a combination of fixed rhythms) to accompany the melody, strange intervals which cannot easily be derived from the diatonic scale-system, and melodies loaded with ornamental flourishes improvised and renewed unceasingly according to the fancy of the singer, to say nothing of the intervention of the audience with cries of *Olé* and similar exclamations.

The observations of a learned Spanish musician like the late Rafael Mitjana are of particular interest in this respect. He describes the two kinds of music to be heard in Morocco at the present day: serious music (*âla*) the centre for which is Fez, and music in a lighter vein (*grîha*), heard at its best in Marrakesh. The former consists of complicated melodies overcharged with vocalises and all kinds of ornament executed only by men and by performers capable of surmounting the greatest difficulties of execution. The latter, which serves rather to "distract the frivolity of women and the dissipation of men," is composed in an easier style, adaptable to popular poetry and accompanied by a two-stringed lute or mandoline, or by three or four small drums giving the rhythm while the singer marks the beat with a tambourine. The *âla* is said to have come originally from Andalucía when the last of the Moors in Spain were expelled from Granada. A celebrated musician called Hâ-ik piously collected the best of the traditional songs in memory of the Eden from which he and his countrymen had been expelled and his collection is the foundation of the serious music cultivated to-day in Morocco. These melodies, which are still known in North Africa as "Anda-

¹ Béla Bartók, *Zeitschr. f. Musikwissenschaft* (1920), II, ix, 489 ff.; W. Heinitz, *ibid.* (1922), IV, iv, 193 ff.; R. Mitjana, *Rev. Musical de Bilbao* (1909), I, viii, 183 ff.

lucian music of the Moors of Granada," are different in several respects from all other music of Arab origin, and seem, in some of the rhythms which accompany them, to contain the germs of many modern Spanish dances, *Sevillanas*, *Zapateados*, *Seguidillas*, and others.

The antiquity of the more sprightly forms of music in which women also take part is proved by a passage in the novelesque *History of the Civil Wars of Granada*, describing a musical entertainment in the rebel Morisco camp in the mountains of the Alpujarra:

"Then Aben Humeya commanded that the most beautiful among the women should sing to him; and since they could not play upon the lute, it was necessary to procure a tambourine, so that to the sound of that instrument and of the cymbals, they should sing ballads in the Moorish style.

". . . The girl was very handsome, and when she had obtained permission to sing, they brought her a tambourine. She replied, however, that she did not wish to play the tambourine, but that if they would find a tin plate, she would make music with that. When the plate was brought she took it and began to make it dance upon a small table, moving it with one hand; and from the movement which she gave it was produced a dull, melancholy sound, which filled all those who heard it with sadness. Then, in a soft and delicate voice, she began to sing."¹

VI

There is, then, no real evidence, direct and documentary, to show what the music of the Moors in Spain was really like; indeed it is probable that the "oriental" turns of melody existed in Spanish music before the arrival of the Moors, just as the horse-shoe "Moorish" arch was used in sepulchral steles and Visigothic churches long before the invasion of

¹ *Guerras civiles de Granada*, II, xiv.

Târik in 711. The Moors did not bring either the one or the other; indeed, both were contrary to their religion.

The arch regarded by Moslems as a symbol of their faith was not the horse-shoe, but the pointed Saracenic arch. When the Moors reached Spain they found the horse-shoe arch already there—in the façade of the original Visigothic cathedral at Córdoba, for instance, which they bought from the Christians and gradually converted into the great Mosque. They saw that something might be made of the horse-shoe arch, and having made something of it at Córdoba, they adopted it generally, exaggerating the pinch and eventually half blocking the hollow. The arch is believed, on a considerable body of evidence,¹ to have reached Spain by way of Byzantium.

The same may be said of the oriental forms of melody in certain Spanish folk-songs, and in the music used in the Spanish church from the conversion to Christianity down to the eleventh century, when the use of Roman Liturgy and Gregorian music was made obligatory. Falla² finds in the *Siguiriya gitana*, the form of Andalucian song which has preserved most marks of antiquity, several elements found in Byzantine liturgic chant: primitive scale-systems and the enharmonic quality inherent in them, the alteration by less than a semitone of four out of the seven notes of the scale, as well as the free rhythm of the melodic line and the richness of the modulating inflections. Such things also occur in the Moorish Andalucian melodies, though their origin is of course much later than the time in which a form of Byzantine liturgic music was in use in the Spanish church; and Pedrell was perhaps right when he declared that Spanish music owed nothing essential to the Moors, who did no more than alter certain ornamental features, common to the Persian and oriental systems from which their own was derived.

Yet the traditional songs of Southern Spain contain some-

¹ Gómez Moreno, *Cultura Española* (1906), III, 785 ff.

² *El Cante jondo: canto primitivo andaluz* (Granada, 1922); French translation in *La Revue Musicale* (1923), IV, iii, 256.

thing else besides hypothetical Byzantine remains and Moorish influence. In 1447 the first shipload of gipsies was landed at Barcelona¹; those who reached Granada often dropped their wandering habits and settled down outside the walls, where their descendants remain until this day, distinct from the *gitanos bravíos* who retain their nomadic spirit. The gipsy tribes came from the East; and though they have always been renowned as musicians—in Roumania they are often called *lautari*, fiddlers—the music they made was generally not their own, but that of the people among whom they lived, sung in a wilder and more decorated manner than it was by the natives. This is particularly the case in Hungary, where Béla Bartók has shown that the “gipsified” Cigany-music is as different from genuine Magyar tunes as *Cante flamenco* is from *Cante hondo*. Primitive Southern Spanish song is more influenced by the gipsies, who still remain in the country and sing, than by the Moors, who have been gone for three hundred years; Moorish music was more influenced by Spain than Spain by Moorish music.

VII

Music among Europeans is not merely a thing to distract frivolity and dissipation, as it generally was among the Moors. To the Christians in Spain it was an art as necessary as architecture, and it was considered worth preserving in writing. Yet too much stress should not be laid upon the existence of a musical notation.

Written musical notes are not music, any more than plans and measurements are architecture. Music, owing to its fleeting and insubstantial nature, can only be reconstructed from the signs and plans preserved in documents. The musical antiquary is like the architect who finds not one stone left upon another, but has to rely upon contemporary descriptions of what his palaces and gardens were like and upon

¹ Salillas, Hampa (*Antropología picaresca*), p. 6.

measured drawings which require all his skill in their interpretation. The musician has one kind of remains which are more or less genuine—folk songs ; but folk-songs are not music, any more than a few tiles, a bit of mosaic pavement, or a piece of broken pottery are architecture. Beautiful as they often are, they are more valuable in confirming the evidence of documents than as evidence themselves to enable us to understand the musical civilisation of the past.

The development of the art of music in Spain follows to a certain extent the development of architecture ; and though it may lead to confusion of thought to name styles of musical composition after styles of architectural construction it is not altogether misleading to use these names for the music contemporary with certain types of architecture familiar to travellers in Spain and to students of Spanish things.

In the later Middle Ages three styles were practised by architects in Spain : Romanesque, Mudéjar, and Gothic. The Romanesque style was an importation, which, like some of the later plain-song melodies, came from French monasteries. It is characterised by an endeavour to solve the problem of vaulting ; the attempts of the Romanesque architects might not inappropriately be compared with those of the musicians who were trying by means of organum and descant to solve the problem of an harmonious musical structure supported by several different voices. The Gothic architects found the solution for which the Romanesque builders had been searching and brought their discovery from the North to Spain. In the same way the polyphonic composers of the North, at first English, and then Flemish, discovered a new technique and new forms unlike anything which had been seen before. The musical structure was supported by voices moving contrapuntally, at different times and in different directions, which (as an architect would say) gave lightness to the vaulting and accumulated the thrusts at determined points, thus enabling plans of all kinds to be carried out. The musicians followed the architects in another

way. Just as architects looked for forms of decoration in flowers, formalising them and adapting them to the material in which they were working, so the composer of masses sought for inspiration not only in the melodies of the church but also in popular song, and even used them as elements of construction. In England Tye and Taverner composed masses on the tune of "Western Wind." Morales (d. 1553) wrote a mass on a Spanish tune called "Tristezas me matan," and like every composer in the sixteenth century, he also used the French tunes "L'homme armé" and "Mille regrets." Guerrero constructed masses on the tunes of "Dormendo un giorno" and "De la bataille écoutez" : while Flemish composers employed the Spanish tune "Nunca fué pena mayor."

The spirit of the polyphonic composers, however, was Renaissance rather than Gothic. Morales, though a native of Andalucía, shows no signs of Moorish or Gothic influence in his music. He was educated in Rome when the Flemish school of composition was at the height of its influence. His Renaissance sense of proportion, the dignity and nobility of his expression, recall the architecture of the Escorial ; and like Herrera, the architect mainly concerned in it, he succeeded admirably with large forms and heavy masses of sound. With fewer resources he is apt to be cold, as Herrera is in his smaller churches ; the invariable beauty of his melodic line loses something from the lack of warmth with which it is presented. Guerrero (d. 1599) another Andaluz, educated entirely at Seville, had less constructive ability and a feeling for decorative detail in keeping with the Mudéjar and Plateresque architecture of his surroundings. The music of Victoria (d. 1611) has been described as "generated from Moorish blood." There never was a statement less in accordance with the facts. A Castilian by birth, a Roman by education, Victoria is one of the last and greatest representatives of the Flemish-Roman schools of polyphonic church-music. The realism (sometimes called mysticism) of his music owes much to the discoveries of the madrigalists ; he set Latin words to music as if they

had been his native tongue. The fervour and expressiveness of his work is entirely a question of technique, due to his mastery of all the musical resources of his day and the example of composers like Marenzio, who achieved their highest flights not in the mass but in the madrigal.

VIII

The Mudéjar style is not so much a style as a method. The Mudéjar workmen—Moors who had submitted to the Christians—employed both Romanesque and Gothic forms, but carried them out in a manner peculiar to themselves, transforming and enriching the detail, and even altering certain elements of construction in their passion for a profusion of delicate ornamentation. The Mudéjar influence in music is to be found in the ornate manner in which certain plain-song melodies, and especially the hymns, came to be sung in Spanish cathedrals, a manner which persisted until the recent reforms in plain-song and the edict enjoining the use of the Solesmes versions. The ornate character of ecclesiastical melodies in Spain has often been ascribed to the influence of the Mozárabes—the Christians who lived in territory occupied by the Moors, and were allowed, with certain restrictions, to continue in the practice of their religion. As a matter of fact, it appears that the Mozarabic melodies were not more ornate than the Gregorian, but less so. The notation of the Mozarabic liturgical books has not yet been deciphered; but the chant, though sometimes highly decorated, is obviously less ornate than many Kyries, Allelujas, and other melodies of the Gregorian plain-song. The simplicity of the service sung to-day in the Mozarabic chapel in Toledo cathedral is, of course, no evidence. It represents the Mozarabic rite as reformed by Cardinal Cisneros; and beyond that, the music has been further simplified and formalised in modern times by reducing it to modern notation and writing it out in bars.

The tendency to sing a simple melody in an ornate form is

not modern; it is one of the characteristics of primitive music, and when two forms of a melody exist side by side it is always possible that the ornate form is older than the simple one. In Spain, this tendency to profuse ornamentation is seen in every form of art, whether cultivated or popular, deliberate or spontaneous. It is a tendency which undoubtedly goes back to the time of the Moors and the Mudéjares of the reconquered provinces. It is not haphazard; it is carried out on definite if unconscious principles. The turns and triplets sung by the Virgin Mary in the Mystery-play at Elche, the prophecy of the Sibyl sung at Christmas time in the churches of Mallorca, are in no way different from the songs sung by men and women working in the fields, from Salamanca to the Balearic Isles. Nor are they very different from the florid passages in folk-songs from Sicily, where the Mudéjar style of architecture occurs under the name of Sicilian Saracenic.

The Moorish contribution to Spanish music, then, is the Mudéjar style, that is, a scheme of decoration rather than a type of construction. It is the manner of performance which is oriental rather than the music itself.

A cold analysis can give little idea of the musical or emotional effect of Southern Spanish song, least of all of that first festival of *Cante hondo* held one summer night on the Alhambra Hill. It is impossible to convey the passionate exaltation of the singing, the profound tragedy of the words, the sheer beauty of style of the whole performance. The songs were not merely curious and interesting survivals from a Moorish or Mudéjar past; they were living pieces of music charged with every emotion which tradition, memory, surroundings, and pure musical beauty could give them.

LETTERS OF THE MOMENT—I.

LONDON,
February 10th.

MY hyacinths are bursting clumsily out of their pots, as they always do, coming into misshapen bloom before their time. And this is the essential spring—spring in winter, spring in London, grey and misty spring, grey twilights, piano organs, flower women at street crossings. No carnivals, no battles of flowers, this is no public exhibition.

Now one begins to beat against the bars of the cage: the typewriter and the telephone, and the sight of one's face in the glass. One's soul stirs stiffly out of the dead endurance of the winter—but toward what spring?

Le temps s'en va, le temps s'en va, madame :
Las ! le temps, non, mais nous nous en allons,
Et tost serons estendus sous la lame.

What happy meetings, what luminous conversations in twilight rooms filled with the scent of hyacinths, await me now? The uncompromising voice of truth inside me answers, None at all. For I am not the same person who once played—as it seems to one—a leading part in those spring fantasies.

But, you say, what about the wonderful parties of your intellectual friends which you used to describe to me so gaily?

I have not been to any.

And why not? you say.

Well, the enjoyment of parties belongs to the Spring that one has lost.

One cannot go on enjoying parties unless one is an egoist. The true egoist, my dear Volumnia, is not bored. A non-

egoist, however good a brain he has, is doomed to endless boredom. All the odd minutes and odd hours and odd half-days which an egoist fills up so satisfyingly by toying with some aspect of himself are arid to a person without egoism. Sometimes these odd moments seem to corrode the mind of the non-egoist, and you will see that the energy he uses to invent means to fill them destroys the purpose of his life.

Is an artist ever an egoist? And if, as I think, never—the whole question of the success of an artist lies in how much energy he has to start with.

But next time I write to you I will describe how egoists enjoy their parties. And it would amuse me to describe to you one kind of party, a rare kind of party, and to my mind the only kind of party, the party of the future.

The *Country Wife* is on the 17th. Your seat in the stalls will be occupied by Mr. Hanover *cotoyé* by Aquin. Ah fortunate seat, to cherish the slightly solidifying form of Mr. Hanover. But the subject of Mr. Hanover is one which cannot be dismissed so lightly, though in this letter space forbids me to give him his proper dues. On Sunday night what a different scene meets the eyes of Mr. Hanover and Aquin as they glance about the audience with adequately concealed curiosity from that which will afflict the pessimistic gaze of Belos, disguised, alone, on Monday afternoon. The Mermaid's Sunday nighters are largely Whiggish patrons of the arts. And is it irreverent to inquire why no Gentlemanly Whig and no Parvenu Liberal is complete without a little bit of Art on wheels to drag about with him? For Whigs rush in where Tories fear to tread. Tell a Tory that he knows nothing about Art and he will believe you, and his belief will be handed down to generation after generation. Thus he will leave Art to the artist fellow, and withdraw humbly to the "drawing room comedy," to the Royal Academy, and to *Blackwood's Magazine*.

On these Monday afternoons of the Mermaid the one point of light in the great gloom cast by an audience made up of bored members of the profession, unkempt sub-editors (of

monthlies) goggling over the gallery rail, and ladies from Hampstead who have met there for a good talk and a cup of tea, will be the light shining behind the face of Bernard Shaw. For there is a light behind the face of Bernard Shaw, as anyone who cares to look may see.

Why do I always feel when I see Bernard Shaw that I must go up to him and take his hand and tell him all about the winter's isolation, the typewriter and the telephone, the sight of one's face in the glass and how one started life by being a beautiful Princess admired and worshipped by all men and living in a house of rosy glass through which one watched the envious world go by and how one is cast out of the glass house and wants to get back, inside, safe and beautiful and secure.

Now what an extraordinary piece of female perversity to want to hold the hand of Mr. Shaw—Mr. Shaw, of all people in the world—and tell him that. And knowing absolutely as one does that no one would be more bored and irritated by such a recital than he.

Just for one thing—to take the least important reason, as one always does—because no Irishman in this world ever cared about anyone's personal troubles, and indeed to an Irishman "our" troubles have no sort of reality at all.

No, I have done nothing about Pike. For Pike has passed quite out of my conscious life. I have forgotten Pike. Anyone existing so slightly and yet with all the hideous tenacity of a mollusc can only be forgotten. One does not apologise to the limpet on the breakwater when one sits down upon it. One does not even try to remove it with the point of an umbrella or call the police. And yet long after you and I are *estendues sous la lame* the Pikes of this world will still be clinging to their breakwaters, grinning, faintly, behind their pale shells.

Send me your news.

F. M.

FOREIGN REVIEWS

GERMAN PERIODICALS

The reappearance, with the October number, of the *Neue Merkur* (Stuttgart: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt), which had been suspended since the spring of last year, is an interesting example of the way in which, despite the financial, economic, and social chaos into which their country had been plunged, German intellectuals managed to keep their heads above water. If this particular review possessed any element of propaganda, either for internal or foreign consumption, one might well imagine efforts by interested parties to keep it alive, but such features happily seem absent. Nor does it show any of the extreme "radical" tendencies of so many reviews started during or since the war. Finally, it is not—even partially—an art-review, depending for its support on subscribers here or in the United States. The *Neue Merkur* is a monthly literary periodical which appears to cater purely for the instructed German middle class, and for this reason it seems to be worth rather more than ordinary attention.

In the October number a certain Herr Ferdinand Lion begins what is evidently to be a series of articles entitled "Fragmente über Europa," an attempt to sum up the rise and fall, the transformations and endless variety of European culture since the beginning. English writers and students of affairs generally seem shy of philosophising about Europe, but the Germans, to whom "Mitteleuropa" was once a cultural idea (exploited by politicians) take the Continent very seriously. Herr Lion's fragmentary essay, with its implied appeal for a united Europe, acting as mediator between Asia and America—"her motherland and her daughter-land"—is a stimulating piece of writing.

In the same number there is an analysis of the German situation, from a South-German but not anti-Prussian point of view. Its principal interest lies in the prophecy that Quirinal and Vatican are much more likely to play the part of mediators in the continental conflict than Great Britain.

After a number of political or descriptive articles in the November number comes a very interesting literary contribution—the essay by Conrad Wandrey on the Stefan George group of writers. This poet, who was the friend of Mallarmé and originally wrote in French, has come into prominence recently with a number of profound war-poems. His philosophy and literary ideals seem to have stimulated several of his younger contemporaries, and Herr Wandrey calls particular attention

to the work of Fredrich Wolters in translating the hymns and psalms of the Greek-Catholic poets of the first five centuries, and to the new attempt at an analysis of Napoleon's *Wesen* by Berthold Vallentin. George is said to have inspired these investigations into past history and literature, in much the same spirit as Nietzsche stimulated, in himself and others, an examination of the foundations of classical education, taste, and religious emotion—in order to illuminate the present.

Die Literatur (also published by the Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt at Stuttgart: Editor, Ernst Heilborn) is the new name of the *Literarische Echo*, which used to be a fortnightly, but has now become a monthly, in a rather larger size. The same policy and plan seems to be followed—a number of signal articles or long reviews, by well-known writers, then a "review of reviews," a "letter from abroad" (a very comprehensive feature, this), numerous shorter signed reviews and a review of the theatre for the month. The articles are generally solid and informing—occasionally lapsing into the vague and pretentious. In the October number Jakob Wassermann discusses the historical romance, with special reference to the immense Conquest of Mexico novel by Ernst Stucken, *Die Weissen Götter*. Under the title "German Poetry of the Present Day" Ernst Lissauer contrives to mention no names, but gives an account of what he calls the "neue Objektivismus," said to be the chief characteristic of contemporary German verse. In the November number Herr Scheller gives an interesting appreciation of Gérard de Nerval and Professor Georg Witkowski briefly criticises no fewer than twenty-nine recent German books devoted to Goethe. The Goethe-revival in Germany clearly proceeds apace.

Die Weltbühne (weekly: Editor, Siegfried Jacobsohn; published at Charlottenburg) is a periodical of the "left" intellectuals. It is more interested in politics than literature, but generally notices important plays. The number for December 6 has an essay on Gerhart Hauptmann and Bernard Shaw, with reference to *Michael Kramer* and *Candida*, and an appreciation of the young dramatist Max Mohr's satirical fantasy, *Improvisationen in Juni*, which has become one of the most popular plays on the German stage.

A. W. G. R.

DUTCH PERIODICALS

The *Nieuwe Gids* ('s Gravenhage), which in 1886 set out to supplement the academic *Gids*, has itself become academic and authoritative—having developed into the comparative staidness of the *Mercur de France*, at one time a rather audacious rival to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. Nevertheless it still numbers among its contributors some of the most notable of living Dutch writers, several of whom have been associated with it since the beginning. Three of these are represented

in the issue for September—Hélène Swarth, with three sonnets, Willem Kloos, also with a number of sonnets, and Lodewijk van Deysse, with a collection of short prose-sketches.

The monthly review, *Groot-Nederland* (Amsterdam), gives the impression of being more "modern." It was founded in 1903 by Louis Couperus and the Flemish realistic novelist, Cyriel Buysse. The September number announces that the first has been replaced on the Editorial Board by his wife, and there is, in addition to a memorial poem by Jan Campert on the dead novelist, an appreciation of his personality by Buysse, from the Flemish point of view. The section headed "Buitenlandsch Literatuur" (Foreign Literature) deals with recent French novels. This is more distinctly a literary periodical than the *Nieuwe Gids*.

Elsevier's Geïllustreerd Maandschrift (Amsterdam) is edited by the novelist and critic Herman Robbers. Illustrated art-articles predominate, though poems, short stories and a serial novel are intermingled. Note in particular, in the September number, a well-illustrated essay on "Expressionism."

A. W. G. R.

DANISH PERIODICALS

Tilskuerven, November.—A critical monthly review edited by Poul Levin. The chief article in the November number is a review of recent novels by the editor. The most interesting contribution to literature Denmark is making at the present time would appear to be what Mr. Levin calls the "proletarian" novel. The *coute-en-train* of this movement was Martin Anderson Neß's *Pelle* and *Ditte*. According to Mr. Levin, there is a general neglect of technique and form by most Danish novelists, but especially by those who have chosen to depict the life of the workers. He selects for praise, among the work of the latter class of writers, *Klav's Bjerg og Bodil* (*Klav's Hill and his Wife*), by Thomas Olesen Løskken, *Havgus* (*Seamist*), by A. Chr. Vestergaard, and *Erindringer fra en dansk Bondes lange Liv* (*Memoirs of a Danish Peasant's Long Life*), by Poul Terp, all of which deal mainly with peasant life. A collection of short stories of the life of the city poor, *De fortabtes Hus* (*The House of the Lost*), by Vilhelm Bergstrøm, is said to be particularly good. Other novels recommended are *De Smaa Pile* (*The Little Arrows—pointing the way*), by Johannes Buchholtz, the well-known author of *Egholm and his God*, and of the *Miracles of Clara van Haag*, and *Tvillingerne* (*Twins*) by Lauriad Brauns.

Mr. Tom Kristensen deals with recent Danish lyric poetry, of which he says that much of it consists of shadowy forms which a breath of wind would blow away. Mr. Levin, in the article mentioned above, asserts that the poets this year must give place to the novelists.

Lyric poetry needs a breathing-space. The poets have sung themselves out, and they have no new thing to tell—or perhaps, what is nearer the truth, no new way in which to tell it.

Other articles that may be mentioned are *Georg Brandes and the Youth of To-day*, by Jesper Ewald. Brandes, once regarded as a revolutionary, has become a "suitable confirmation gift." His ideas are now so much part of the equipment of youth that they are even in danger of forgetting the extent of their debt to him. Niels Müller contributes a review of recent works on Shakespeare by August Goll and Alfred W. Pollard.

F. S. F.

ITALIAN PERIODICALS

Il Convegno, July–August.—This double number is devoted to Manzoni,—whose centenary was recently celebrated in Italy,—with articles by Alfredo Galletti, Eugenio Levi, Carlo Linati, Cesare Angelini, and Vlad. Arangio Ruiz. It is interesting to see how seriously Italy takes Manzoni, when one remembers the neglect into which he has fallen in England. There was a time in this country when Italian was part of the ordinary equipment of an educated person, and *I Promessi Sposi* a book that all had read. Now, one can ignore both the language and the book without the slightest shame. *I Promessi Sposi* is an extraordinarily good tale, and, shorn perhaps of some of its historical digressions, it should become once more the delight of all children, big and little.

September. Pietro Pancrazi writes on *Le Ultime Fortune del Leopardi*, which are said to be on the decline, so far as the heroic and anarchical Leopardi is concerned, while there are signs of increasing respect for the hierarchial and catholic side of the poet. Carlo Linati contributes an amusing dialogue, *L'Asta di Laocoonie*, very modern in spirit, in which the Greek soldier who received the full brunt of Laocoon's spear tells the story of the Trojan horse . . . as a cure for the toothache!

F. S. F.

AMERICAN PERIODICALS

The Yale Review, October 1923.—Perhaps the most interesting article in this number of *The Yale Review* is "The Playwright's Mind," by Jacinto Benavente—said to be the first piece of non-dramatic prose by the distinguished Spanish dramatist to appear in English. Señor Benavente's observations are valuable because they are personal observations—a steady externalisation of the creative process within his own mind. And when a generalisation is ventured, it is not wild or vague, but a deduction from experience, as when he writes: ". . . There is a still further danger, and the greatest peril which besets the artistic temperament lies here. Sometimes the artist is not con-

tent to wait to receive his impressions of life as they come, but sallies forth in quest of them, or even invents them when they are not found. Such impressions are always artificial and result only in an art that is artificial as well, tenuously drawn, a fabric of psychological subtleties. No doubt the precious has its place in art. At the same time, it is well to distrust the artist who attempts to justify a piece of preciousness by declaring that it is the way that he saw it, that the experience presented itself to him. Obviously the reply is: 'But how is it that you came to see it that way? Because you went out of your way to see it, you were in search of the emotion. The emotion was not spontaneous.' Equally pragmatical are his remarks on dramatic dialogue, the essence of which is that "the art of dialogue is a question wholly of rhythm. Dialogue without rhythm is dialogue without soul. Words are the expression of what we think and of what we feel. Our minds, like our hearts, have their rhythms. Language is the pulse by which this rhythm is revealed."

To the same number, Sir Flinders Petrie contributes an interesting and informative article on recent advances in Egyptology, and there is a despairing essay on "Contemporary Stupidity," by Mr. Hilaire Belloc. Some unpublished letters of Huxley and Agassiz are rather dull and scarcely worth resurrection. There are several articles of more domestic interest.

The Century Magazine, October and November, 1923.—*The Century* presumably enjoys an enormous circulation and should be reckoned as a "popular" journal. But its contents are often of a kind not normally associated with such journals in England. Divided between these two numbers is an important study of an hitherto somewhat obscure incident in the life of Ibsen: "Ibsen and Emilie Bardach," by Basil King. Mr. King, it is true, makes the most of his material, and treats with sentimental reverence an episode more deserving judicial irony: "the May Sun of a September Life," is a euphemistic way of describing the love of an old man of sixty-one for a girl of seventeen. But a good deal of light is thrown on the character of Ibsen, and on the symbolism of *The Master Builder*.

In the October number the Literary Editor of the Magazine has a critical study on "George Santayana: Ambassador to the Barbarians," containing this sensible criticism of a style too often uncritically praised: "As a writer Mr. Santayana, for all his pungency, lacks emphasis. He moves through his discourse with a level, almost a stealthy, gait, without the dramatic moments which philosophy may have no less than poetry or history." In the November number the first place is given to Mr. A. E. Zimmern's destructive analysis of the character of Lloyd George; other contributions include a story by A. E. Coppard,

humanitarian economics from Mr. Bertram Russell, and a sadly too popular article on "Our Own Egypt"—the Mayan civilisation.

The Dial, September, October and November, 1923.—I have, I think, already given evidence of the indispensable nature of *The Dial*, and on this occasion I must content myself with little more than a list of the many interesting contributions to these three numbers. In the September number there is the third instalment of Mr. Van Wyck Brooks's study of Henry James, a short story by Sherwood Anderson, a criticism of Sherwood Anderson by Alyse Gregory, and a Vienna Letter from Hugo von Hofmannsthal on "the inner aspect of spiritual Germany after the catastrophe of the war and of the peace which is continuing the war, and, above all, the mentality and the attitude of the youth who are fully concerned in such crises." This Letter ends with a remarkable tribute to the influence at present being exercised on the younger generation by the poet Friedrich Hölderlin, from which I must quote the following passage: "He is especially fitted as the leader and the symbol of a tragic hour for this reason: he was a tragic figure, and besides, of remarkable purity, misunderstood, even completely disdained by the world of his contemporaries, beaten by fate in every way, entirely alone and therefore remaining entirely good, indeed—like the noble harp—answering every stroke with always purer and higher tones. But this declares only the pathetic element radiating from his figure, and not the intellectual. But quite aside from everything which makes him a touching, poetic figure, or a mystical one if you will, he possessed great intellectual potency. Driven by a relentless but genuinely German Destiny to retire within himself, he made himself a world from within. Yet it was not at all—as with the romantics living after him—a world of the fleeting and music-like dream; it was a world of crystalline vision in which all the spiritual, moral, and historical forces of reality had their place, although not viewed coldly through the understanding, but with a mythopœic or religious eye. The more pitilessly and confusingly the real world encircled him, the more powerfully his soul struggled to construct within itself a vision embracing all the forces in the world and reconciling them one with another."

In the October number there is an extraordinarily vivid play or dialogue by Luigi Pirandello ("The Man with the Flower in his Mouth"), as well as a study of Walter Scott by Benedetto Croce, a short story by Louis Couperus, and a German Letter from Thomas Mann on the present state of the German theatre. In the November number there are very amusing reminiscences of Leonid Andreyev, by K. Chukovsky, six poems by Alfred Kreymborg, a diplomatic apology for the Wertheimer portraits by Roger Fry, a Paris letter from M. Paul

Morand, and an interesting essay by Mr. Santayana appreciating and amplifying certain metaphysical speculations of Freud.

Broom, September, October and November 1923.—*Broom* has gained a good deal in definition and individuality since it made its first appearance in Rome some two years ago. It is now published in New York, and confines itself to a deliberate modernism. A magazine of experimental work is best approached by the uninitiated through its critical articles, and *Broom* will stand this test very well: it is free from fulsome ease in dealing with its own kind, and it brings to bear on established reputations, such as that of Mr. D. H. Lawrence, a fresh and unprejudiced intelligence. In these three numbers will be found some of the best work done recently by the younger generation in America. I would particularly draw attention to four poems by E. E. Cummings in the November number. They will not find a ready acceptance in pedantic minds, but by virtue of their intense imagery, their strict economy of phrasing, and their genuine rhythm, they are poems for all who care for the reviviscence of our literature.

Manikin, Numbers 2 and 3.—Each number of *Manikin*—a neat, well-printed booklet—is devoted to the work of one author. No. 2 contains a short collection of poems by William Carlos Williams, and No. 3 a long poem on "Marriage," by Miss Marianne Moore. Both are poets of some importance, whose work will be considered in future numbers of THE CRITERION.

Poetry, August, September and October, 1923.—August witnesses the sad spectacle of "the Established Poets" competing with "the Youth of To-day." September is a Sonnet Number, and has interesting work by Alfred Kreymborg. In the October number there is a series of poems by Glenway Wescott, and an account by the Editor of her visit to England that will amuse the people she met there; it was a quest for poets in the flesh and seems to have ended in some disillusionment.

Modern Review, October 1923.—This review is published quarterly at Winchester, Massachusetts. The best contribution to this number is a prose study by Gertrude Herrick.

Secession, September 1923.—"For the Marriage of Faustus and Helen," by Hart Crane, seems to have been excised by the censor, leaving rather a dull number.

The Literary Review.—Published weekly by the *New York Evening Post*, this review corresponds closely in intention to *The Times Literary Supplement*, and gives a complete conspectus of current American literature; it does not, however, keep up the old-fashioned pretence of anonymity.

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preserve the strength and beauty borrowed from abroad, he would not have the English tongue overwhelmed and crushed. "The time for discrimination," said he, "seems to be now come. Toleration, adoption, naturalisation have run their lengths. Good order and authority are now necessary. But where shall we find them, and at the same time the obedience due to them? We must have recourse to the old Roman expedient in times of confusion, and choose a dictator. Upon this principle, I give my vote to fill that great and arduous post. And I hereby declare that I make a total surrender of all my rights and privileges in the English language, as a free-born British subject, to the said Mr. Johnson, for the term of his dictatorship."¹

Though this tribute might have satisfied the pride of most authors, Dr. Johnson chose to see it amiss. He complained that Lord Chesterfield, having taken no notice of him for many a year, then, after the Dictionary was finished, "fell a-scribbling about it." What more Lord Chesterfield could have done I do not know. Nowadays the duties of patrons are ill understood, but there is no doubt that Dr. Johnson took offence, and indulged his rhetorical anger, like the artist that he was. He wrote the famous letter to Lord Chesterfield, a masterpiece of irrelevant invective, and he presently found phrases which might mislead those in future generations who were not at the pains to read Lord Chesterfield's letters for themselves. "Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern at a man struggling for life in the water, and,

¹ So sure was Chesterfield that his article in *The World* would be acceptable to the author of the Dictionary that he added to it this good-humoured postscript: "I hope that none of my courteous readers will be on this occasion so uncourteous as to suspect me of being a hired and interested puff of the work; for I most solemnly protest that neither Mr. Johnson nor any person employed by him, nor any bookseller or booksellers concerned in the success of it, have ever offered me the usual compliment of a pair of gloves or a bottle of wine; nor has ever Mr. Dodsley, though my publisher, and, as I am informed, deeply interested in the sale of the Dictionary, invited me to take a bit of mutton with him." Truly Mr. Johnson offered him something far less agreeable than a pair of gloves or a bottle of wine!