

THE CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

VOL. I, No. 4

JULY 1923

A BIOGRAPHICAL FRAGMENT

By WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

[When lecturing in England the other day, I met a man learned in Cretan and other East Mediterranean antiquities. He spoke of some passage where I had suggested a memory of the race, as distinct from individual memory, and we went on from one thing to another until I had told of the dreams and visions described in the following pages. I said I had intended to put them into *The Trembling of the Veil*, but had been afraid of making that book seem fantastic; of losing human interest; but he said: "Oh no, you must write it all out, it may be important"; and he began to tell me things about ancient tree worship that seemed to interpret my experiences. I said: "I will write a new chapter for *The Trembling of the Veil*, and you will read it and tell me where I can find all those things about tree worship."]

II

NEW OPENING TO CHAPTER VI OF THE LAST SECTION OF *TREMBLING OF THE VEIL*

WHEN in my twenty-second year I had finished *The Wanderings of Usheen*, my style seemed too elaborate, too ornamental, and I thought for some weeks of sleeping

upon a board. Had I been anywhere but at Sligo, where I was afraid of my grandfather and grandmother, I would have made the attempt. When I had finished *Rosa Alchemica* for the Savoy, I had a return of the old trouble and went to consult a friend who, under the influence of my cabbalistic symbols, could pass into a condition between meditation and trance. A certain symbolic personality who called herself, if I remember rightly, Megarithma, said that I must live near water and avoid woods "because they concentrate the solar ray." I believed that this enigmatic sentence came from my own daimon, my own buried self speaking through my friend's mind. "Solar," according to all that I learnt from Macgregor, meant elaborate, full of artifice, rich, all that resembles the work of a goldsmith, whereas "water" meant "lunar" and "lunar" all that is simple, popular, traditional, emotional. But why should woods concentrate the solar ray? I did not understand why, nor do I now, and I decided to reject that part of the message as an error. I accepted the rest without difficulty, for after *The Wanderings of Usheen*, I had simplified my style by filling my imagination with country stories.¹ My friends believed that the dark portion of the mind—the subconscious—had an incalculable power, and even over events. To influence events or one's own mind, one had to draw the attention of that dark portion to turn it, as it were, into a new direction. Macgregor described how as a boy he had drawn over and over again some event that he longed for; and called those drawings an instinctive magic. But for the most part one repeated certain names and drew or imagined certain symbolic forms which had acquired a precise meaning, and not only to the dark portion of one's own mind, but to the mind of the race. I decided to repeat the names associated with the moon in the cabbalistic tree of life. The divine name, the name of the angelic order, the

¹ The stories of my *Celtic Twilight*. The learned man wishes me to point out that nothing there could have suggested the visions or dreams described in this chapter.—W. B. Y.

name of the planetary sphere, and so on, and probably, though my memory is not clear upon the point, to draw certain geometrical forms. As Arthur Symons and I were about to stay with Mr. Edward Martyn at Tullyra Castle, in Galway, I decided that it was there I must make my invocation of the moon. I made it night after night just before I went to bed, and after many nights—eight or nine perhaps—I saw between sleeping and waking, as in a kinematograph, a galloping centaur, and a moment later a naked woman of incredible beauty, standing upon a pedestal and shooting an arrow at a star. I still remember the tint of that marvellous flesh which makes all human flesh seem unhealthy, and remember that others who have seen such forms have remembered the same characteristic. Next morning before breakfast Arthur Symons took me out on to the lawn to recite a scrap of verse, the only verse he had ever written to a dream. He had dreamt the night before of a woman of great beauty, but she was clothed and had not a bow and arrow. When he got back to London, he found awaiting him a story sent to the Savoy by Fiona MacLeod and called, I think, *The Archer*. Someone in the story had a vision of a woman shooting an arrow into the sky and later of an arrow shot at a faun that pierced the faun's body and remained, the faun's heart torn out and clinging to it, embedded in a tree. Some weeks later I too was in London, and found among Macgregor's pupils a woman whose little child—perhaps at the time of my vision, perhaps a little later—had come running in from the garden calling out, "Oh, mother, I have seen a woman shooting an arrow into the sky and I am afraid that she has killed God." I have somewhere among my papers¹ a letter from a very old friend describing how her little cousin—perhaps a few months later—dreamed of a man who shot at a star with a gun and that the star fell down, but "I do not think," the child said, "it minded dying because it was so very old," and

¹ These papers are stored until our civil war is finished and so not now within my reach.—W. B. Y.

how presently she saw the star lying in a cradle. Had some great event taken place in some world where myth is reality and had we seen some portion of it? One of my fellow-students quoted a Greek saying, "Myths are the activities of the daimons," or had we but seen in the memory of the race something believed thousands of years ago, or had somebody—I myself perhaps—but dreamed a fantastic dream which had come to those others by transference of thought? I came to no conclusion, but I was sure there was some symbolic meaning could I but find it. I went to my friend who had spoken to Megarithma, and she went once more into her trance-like meditation and heard but a single unexplained sentence: "There were three that saw; three will attain a wisdom older than the serpent, but the child will die." Did this refer to myself, to Arthur Symons, to Fiona MacLeod, to the child who feared that the archer had killed God? I thought not, for Symons had no deep interest in the subject, and there was the second child to account for. It was probably some new detail of the myth or an interpretation of its meaning. There was a London coroner in those days, learned in the cabbala, whom I had once known though we had not met for some years. I called upon him and told all that I have set down here. He opened a drawer and took out of it two water-colour paintings, made by a clumsy painter who had no object but a symbolical record; one was of a centaur, the other of a woman standing upon a stone pedestal and shooting her arrow at what seemed a star. He asked me to look carefully at the star, and I saw that it was a little golden heart. He said: "You have hit upon things that you can never have read of in any book; these symbols belong to a part of the Christian cabbala"—perhaps this was not his exact term—"that has never been published. The centaur is the elemental spirit and the woman the divine spirit of the path Samekh, and the golden heart is the central point upon the cabbalistic Tree of Life and corresponds to the Sephiroth Tippereth." I was full of excitement, for now at last I began

to understand. The "Tree of Life" is a geometrical figure made up of ten circles or spheres called Sephiroth joined by straight lines. Once men must have thought of it as like some great tree covered, maybe, with fruit and foliage, but at some period, in the thirteenth century perhaps, touched by the mathematical genius of Arabia in all likelihood, it had lost its natural form. The Sephiroth Tippereth, attributed to the sun, is joined to the Sephiroth Yesod, attributed to the moon, by a straight line called the path Samekh, and this line is attributed to the constellation Sagittarius. He would not or could not tell me more, but when I repeated what I had heard to one of my fellow-students, a yachtsman and yachts-designer and cabbalist, he said: "Now you know what was meant by a wisdom older than the serpent." He reminded me that the cabbalistic tree has a green serpent winding through it which represents the winding path of nature or of instinct, and that the path Samec is part of the long straight line that goes up through the centre of the tree, and that it was interpreted as the path of "deliberate effort." The three who saw must, he said, be those who could attain to wisdom by the study of magic, for that was "deliberate effort." I remember that I quoted Balzac's description of the straight line as the line of man, but he could not throw light on the other symbols except that the shot arrow must symbolise effort, nor did I get any further light.

A couple of weeks after my vision, Lady Gregory, whom I had met once in London for a few minutes, drove over to Tullyra, and after Symons's return to London I stayed at her house. When I saw her great woods on the edge of a lake, I remembered the saying about avoiding woods and living near the water. Had this new friend come because of my invocation, or had the saying been but prevision and my invocation no act of will, but prevision also? Were those unintelligible words—"avoid woods because they concentrate the solar ray"—but a dream confusion, an attempt

to explain symbolically an actual juxtaposition of wood and water? I could not say, nor can I now. I was in poor health. . . .

January, 1923.

NOTE

I sent the foregoing chapter to my learned man, and he has sent me several pages of notes. I will not give his name, for I do not think it right to compromise his scholarship by joining it to such an outlawed doctrine as that of the Race Memory.

(1) *The Child and the Tree.*

On a certain night in Devonshire, farmers and farm-labourers and their wives and children perform a ceremony at the finest apple-tree in the orchard. Punch is poured out at the roots and bread put among the branches, and a boy set among the branches "who is either the tree in boy-form or the tree in bird-form," and the men fire blank charges at him. All dance round the tree singing some such rhyme as this:

"Here's to thee, good apple tree,
To bear and blow apples enow," etc.

(*Transactions of the Devonshire Association*, 1867: Whitcombe, "Bygone days in Cornwall.")

"This rhyme calls to mind its ancient prototype, the Hymn of the Kowetes found at Palaikastro in Crete. For the Kowetes 'leap too full jars and rich fruit crops.' Moreover, in a previous stanza is celebrated the baby made immortal for Rhea."

This boy finds his analogue in Balder, "who is shot to death that is life by means of a sprig or arrow of misletoe."

In my vision the star is shot by an arrow from a bow, and in one of the child's dreams which I have described, God is shot with an arrow, while in another child's dream a star is shot with a gun. "Balder is the tree embodied. His name tells us that. Recent philology has said that the name means or is related to apple-tree, abbal, apfal, etc. But that is not true enough. When the first decipherment of Cretan pictographs is published, it will be seen that his name goes back to the Cretan Apollo, who in old Cretan belief was a tree god." It is plain, too, that he is that "child hidden in the scented Dikton near Mount Ida" (Phaen, 32 ff.) of Aratus' lines, "When those lines are read in the light of the deciphered old Cretan inscriptions," and that part of his significance is solar. He was believed to be born and grow up in a year (Aratus; Callimachus, *Zeus*, 55 ff., etc.) and to die once more. Orpheus made much use of these facts (Lobeck, *Aglaophamas*, i. 552 ff.).

I had used Hebrew names connected with the symbolic Tree, and the star at which the arrow was shot seems to have symbolised a Sephiroth attributed to the sun, and my invocation had for its object the killing or overcoming in some way of a "solar influence."

(2) *The Woman who shot the Arrow.*

She was, it seems, the Mother-Goddess whose representative priestess shot the arrow at the Child, whose sacrificial death symbolised the death and resurrection of the Tree-spirit, or Apollo. She is pictured upon certain Cretan coins of the fifth century B.C. as a slightly draped, beautiful woman sitting in the heart of a branching tree (G. F. Hill, *A Handbook of Greek and Roman Coins*, p. 163). She goes back to the very earliest form of the religion of Crete, and is, it seems probable, the Tree as Mother killing the Tree as Son. But she is also Artemis, and there is a beautiful vase at Naples (Reinach, *Répertoire des vases peints Grecs*, i. 379, 1) which shows her archaic image upon a tall pillar, with a strung bow in her left hand and a *patera* in her right.

(3) *The Heart torn out.*

A father of the Church, Firmicus Maternus, in his book *On the Errors of the Profane Religions*, turns the Myth of the Child slain and reborn into a story of murder and adultery. The Cretan Jupiter "made an image of his son in gypsum and placed the Boy's heart . . . in that part of the figure where the curve of the chest was to be seen." It had been kept by his sister, Minerva—and a temple was made to contain the image. There were festivals and noisy processions that followed "a basket in which the sister had hidden the heart." "It may be conjectured, perhaps," writes my learned man, "that images were made with a chest cavity to contain the heart of the sacrificed."

(4) *The Star.*

"The Star goes right back to the Cretan Mother-Goddess. The latter Greek form of it was Asterios or Asterion. The latter, for example, is said to be Jupiter's son by Idaia" (Pausanias, ii. 31, 1). "This star name did not mean in its primary use any particular star. It appears to have meant the Starry Heavens . . . Zeus-Asterios is a late Gortynian (Cretan) collocation (Johannes Malala, *Chronicon* 5). In the earlier thought of Crete, her deified kings bore the same name Asterion or Asterios (e.g. Bacchylides, frag. 47, and Diodorus, iv. 60)."

(5) *The Centaur.*

There is a fragment of a very early Greek pot showing two roughly drawn centaurs with long thin legs, one of the centaurs touching with his hand a tree which has long leaves and what seems to be a round fruit. Above the centaurs, but apparently separate from the tree, a bird perches on a twig. (Salzmann, *Nécropole de Camires*, Plate XXXIX.)

(6) *Sagitta.*

"About the third century B.C., we find Apollo is closely linked with the constellation Sagitta." I find in a book upon astrology published this year: "Sagittarius. The symbol is an arrow shot into the unknown. It is a Sign of Initiation and Rebirth" (*A Student's Textbook of Astrology*, by Vivian E. Robson, p. 178).

DOPE

By OWEN BARFIELD

AT 6.30 p.m. the wheels of the factory stopped turning, and five hundred minds, which had been turning with them all day, were set suddenly adrift. One of them belonged to Henry Williams, unskilled labourer, aged twenty, who flowed out through the gates in the long chattering stream and plodded on alone towards his Underground station with nothing particular in his thoughts except a row of the little bright screws he had been sorting all day. "Footbaw Ree-sults!" shouted a newsboy in his ear, and he bought a paper. The little bright screws began to fade, as he stopped under a lamp and read that the Hotspurs had won; then the paper went into his pocket, because you couldn't read walking, and he turned the corner. "Woman!" remarked an enormous poster outside a cinema, emphasising the point with a flaming yellow picture of her. "Because of her Love," answered the one a little way along on the other side of the street, and "The Secret of the Sea." "Mystery Drama"—until a bus stopped panting in front of it and shut it out with "Pass the Puff!" "Entirely New Revusical Production" in bright scarlet letters, while the rest of the traffic went grinding by both ways. He was in the queue to the booking office, moving up step by step, staring at crossed threads in the tweed coat in front of him. "Oval." As the ribs streamed up past the gates, he listened to the soothing wail of the lift rising and sustaining its thin note and falling indolently away, then hurried down along on to the platform, where he was pressed safely into place by the man behind and kept there by the woman in front. "Sporty Boyees," he was informed, before the train came in, "are now wearing Swan-stripe Pyjamas." Soon he was swaying gently on his strap,

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as the trousers and skirts of the bright people who ate custard-powder and furnished their houses and appeared on the stage glided faster and faster past the window. Then it darkened, and the endless procession of ribs began again, and he got out his folded paper and held it in one hand, while he read that the King and Queen had sent Caroline Hinkson, of the Alms-houses, Pombridge, a telegram of congratulation on reaching her hundredth birthday. But the print was too small, shaking about like that: Paripan, Read *Punch*, P.D. Scotch Whisky, What does Christ mean to You? Zog it off! Slowly off the platform and along the corridors into another tightly packed lift, where he was raised gently to the surface of the earth. The roar of the street burst on his ears again, as the doors slid back at the top. "Dewar's" thundered the sky, and again, more gently, in red "Dewar's" and then half-red and half-green "Dewar's." He walked on towards his own vision of tea and bacon. "J," said someone high up on the left, then "o," then "h," then "n"—"John Bull"; then darkness, and then a great shout "John Bull" altogether, and then darkness and soon "J" over again; but "His Sunday Hat, Comic," a cinema poster on his right sternly announced. And he turned to watch the rather pretty girl who had just gone by.

But she was hurrying straight on: "I shall say," she thought, "I shall say, 'Look here, Miss Matthews, I may be working under you and all that. But you've got no right'—or, 'But that doesn't mean you've a right to speak to me like that. I'm not going to be the dirt beneath anybody's feet!'—then, going right up to her and looking her straight in the eyes: 'So you can just come right off it, see?'" Miss Matthews came off it abjectly, and it happened that that Mr. Jenkins was standing near at the time and overheard it all: "Miss Green, I always knew you had more spirit in you than any of the other girls. If you only knew how I admire you——" "Mr. Jenkins, you've no right to speak to a lonely girl like that." "I am sorry, Miss Green, but I did so much

want to tell you that I—Hetty!” “Tom!” Hulloo! My! where *had* she got to? No wonder mother called her a lazy, dreaming little fool and wouldn't let her go out alone. “Mother, I haven't been such a bad daughter to you!” “Bad daughter!—you grizzling little—bad daughter, indeed, and what about me? I've been a bad mother, I suppose, slaving all these years, working the skin off my hands!” “Mother darling!” “Hetty!—Oh, Sweetie, Sweetie, and has she been a nasty nagging old mummy, then? Come and——” No. 29. My bus!

Williams watched her mount the bus and jostle up the steps, then he turned and moved on home. He let himself in, trod up the dark stairs to his room, and propped the paper up against the milk-jug before he started in to bolt his tea. “Married Woman has Platonic ‘Pal,’” he read in the big headline on the front page. “‘Tiny’ and ‘Biggy?’” Startling revelations in the Divorce Court to-day.” He read it, munching, through and began on “Fighting in Ireland: Dublin Man's Story” on the other side of the page. Finished tea, he lit a cigarette and went on with the *Evening Chronicle*; tired of it, picked up *The Boy Bushranger*, which had once possessed a brilliant paper cover, and became engrossed. But in half an hour's time he started yawning and rubbing his eyes. He looked round the room. Well, what was he going to do with to-morrow? He turned to the football page again: nothing worth going to see. What about these “charabangs”? Where did they go to, and how much did it cost? He yawned again and began to undress; in a few minutes his outer garments strewed the floor, the gas was out, and he was in bed behind the table.

Next morning saw him lounging westward in his best clothes. Marble Arch and a long, high motor-car waiting in the sunshine, half full of people. Any room? Yes. Where was it going to? Northampton and back. He didn't quite know where Northampton was or what there might be to do there; but—well—in half an hour's time the suburbs began

to thin away, and the dust grew less importunate in his watery eyes, and he felt rather glad he was in his comfortable seat. On they went past rows of workmen's dwellings, past little pink-and-white villas with patches of garden in front of each of them and creosoted fences and wooden gates with fancy names. Long ago the tram-lines had come to a point and ended, and as the traffic, except for an occasional motor, gradually faded from the road, the driver leaned more comfortably over his wheel and sat on, waiting for each corner and hill and village to come up in turn and slide away behind. Behind the last village Northampton was approaching him, and a chat with the man at the garage and the Blue Pig and little Miss Dooley handing out a tall black stout with a white head on it—blast that traction engine! But they got in front of it at last and on and on they rolled, and by went the flat world past Williams sitting in the back. Funny face that bloke had—something like the foreman's—— Hulloo! You could walk right off the road there in among those trees, if you wanted to—no hedge or anything. You'd want to know about botany, though, to get much change out of that. Out again and over a little common on the top of the hill. Oo! look at that rabbit—funny little beggar—therehegoes! On, on, on. Doesn't it make you sleepy? Where's that paper? “The case was tried before Mr. Justice Maxwell yesterday of James——” No use, can't read with your hands jerking up and down like that. Funny shape that cloud is. On, on, on, on.

“Across the road there at 5 o'clock this evening,” said the driver, standing up and turning round in his seat.

Williams climbed down, stretched himself, and decided to look round for an eating-house. Sitting in his little pew, with a plate of hot roast beef and plenty of gravy in front of him on the marble-topped table, he got into conversation with the fat man in the white apron. No, there wasn't very much to see in Northampton. The circus went away last week. Had he seen the Town Hall and the Market-place? So after

dinner he wandered along, hands in pockets, whistling sideways through his teeth, to survey these two attractions. "John Binns," shouted a hoarding. "Buy your meat from John Binns, and buy it cheap! John Binns, 16 & 17 Wellington Street, Northampton." And a cart rattled by with "Family John Binns Butcher" on it. His eye was caught by the bright sunlit façade of a cinema palace a little way off. He potted up to it and stared at the leaning posters. "*Women Men Love*" he read in enormous type, and jumped as a motor-cycle immediately behind him started up with two terrific explosions in the exhaust. "*Home is Best*" advised the poster on the other side, a brightly coloured picture of a man and woman entangled in the telegraph wires. And the clicking wail from the machine wound soothingly on, as he paid his threepence and plunged through a plush curtain into utter darkness.

"God bless the Prince of Wales" pounded the piano, who, on the screen, was tearing through London in an open carriage; but the scene had changed to Hendon Aerodrome and two tiny aeroplanes were stunting in the distance high over the massed black dots that were spectators with upturned faces, and the huge face of one particular airman was smiling over the whole screen, and in Chicago a baseball match was going on, while a bazaar in aid of the Chillingford Orphans' Home was opened by Lady MacStocker at Maidenhead. But now the big drama was under way, and shiny-dressed men and women kept driving up to front doors in motor-cars and running up the steps and going in and coming out of front doors and running down the steps and driving away again. Hulloo! there's something wrong; what's happened? The piano's stopped! He fidgeted and felt in his pockets for a fourth cigarette. Off went the piano again, as he struck the match: "Any time, Any place, Anywhere!" and, "Four more waltzes," thought the pianist, her fingers rollicking steadily on, "will see me through." She saw the kettle on the stove and the teapot waiting in its little green jumper,

as her left hand fumbled for Chopin in the pile on top of the piano. Now the whole auditorium was gliding along a country road behind a swaying motor-car with a man lying gagged on the roof—Williams leaned over in his seat, as they turned a corner, and went on watching the hedges flow: "Rather like tiddling along in that old bus," he thought and, when the scene changed, looked at the lighted clock-face at the side and saw that, if he was to get any tea, away he must go.

He was out in the sunlight again. "Footbaw Ree-sults!" shouted a newsboy, and he bought a paper. Then he made straight for the eating-house, had a large cup of tea and several buns, and by a quarter to five was sitting waiting in his place. The passengers gradually collected, and at five past five the driver started up the engine and got in. He looked round: "All in?" and off they went. Slow out of Northampton, then faster, and on and on. The driver settled to his wheel. Williams grew sleepier and sleepier, and saw a little picture of himself having supper and going to bed. On, on, memory unrolling for a moment to acknowledge the particular houses and villages and clumps of trees which it had selected in the morning. On, on, on. What were those nice, smooth little green hills and valleys and patches of sand undulating alongside the road on the left? Oh yes, that was a golf-links—he watched two men trudging with bent heads and bags on shoulders towards a raised grass platform in front of them; but the golf-links dropped behind before they reached it. "That was a fine approach of yours," was saying the tall, thin man in the voluminous knickerbockers, as they walked up to the eighteenth tee, while his heart cried, "If I can get a four here, they'll have to bring my handicap down," and he saw the little white notice in the club-house and his family hearing the news at tea next Saturday.

On, past gaping children and scuttling hens and wagonettes full of red-faced country people, through Little Baldon, down, and up the hill into Muckridge, while on the right the far-away clouds split into long low bars, and the

sunk red sun glowed through. Williams wondered vaguely if they had thought it worth while at the factory to let the fires out. Funny colour the trunks of those trees were—— Hulloo! another charabang going the other way. “Hi-i-i!” Now a nice long straight stretch, clear of traffic. Faster. Whoop!—look at that couple on the side of the road! On, on, on, on, on . . .

“Hide me,” the man was saying, as he buried his face in her dress, “hide me from the bloody world!”

NOTES ON A POSSIBLE GENERALISATION OF THE THEORIES OF FREUD

By JACQUES RIVIÈRE

FREUD has been accused by some, Jules Romains among them, of a certain scientific levity, *i.e.*, a certain tendency to convert his hypotheses into laws, before he has accumulated sufficient experimental and objective data to warrant him in doing so.

“He does not hesitate,” says Jules Romains, “to link up two scientific statements with one of those ‘brilliant views,’ which certainly show proof of a great activity of thought, which we are at first inclined to rate as genuine discoveries, but which we do not, on reflection, put away in that corner of the mind where we keep good scientific money. They are fiduciary bonds, bound up with the fate of the bank that issues them.”

In many passages, however, Freud exhibits a quite remarkable prudence, and even takes the trouble to indicate himself the gaps in his doctrine, and the points where observation has not yet confirmed it. “The reply to this question,” he writes in the *Introduction to Psycho-analysis*, “is not, I think, urgent, and, moreover, it is not sufficiently certain to permit us to venture on it. Let the work of scientific progress go on, and wait patiently.” On the threshold of a tempting generalisation of an idea which he has just expressed, he remarks, “The psycho-analytical explanation of neurosis has, however, nothing to do with considerations of so vast a range.”

He always examines very carefully the objections that are made to his theories. You will find, for instance, in the last chapter of the *Introduction to Psycho-analysis* a remarkable discussion of the idea that all the discoveries of psycho-analysis might very well be a product of suggestion exercised on the patients. When you think of the weight of this objection, and then see the masterly way in which Freud replies to it, you cannot but have a feeling of confidence both in the uprightness and the power of his mind.

Yet it must be confessed: something still remains of Jules Romains's criticism, and there are certain defects of method in Freud, of which we must be fully conscious and for which we must allow, before we follow in his footsteps.

It is evident that we are dealing with a lively and bustling imagination, and one that sometimes reacts a little too quickly to the first results of an experiment. Reading Freud, you are struck with the rapidity of certain of his conclusions. Often from a single fact he will deduce an immediately general affirmation; often, too, it is quite sufficient, if he is able to interpret a fact in accordance with his theory, for him to regard any other interpretation as excluded.

Moreover, the undeniable victory over the enigmas of nature which his leading idea represents, gives him a kind of intoxication, and leads him into a sort of imperialism. I mean to say that he seeks to annex too many phenomena to his explanation. In especial, his interpretation of dreams and day-dreams, which is full of profound observations, nevertheless seems to me, taken as a whole, much more factitious and much less convincing than his theory of neurosis. And when I learn that, historically, he began by an explanation of neurotic symptoms, I wonder whether the whole of his theory of dreams and day-dreams may not be a somewhat arbitrary, or at least too systematic, extension of a just idea into a domain unfitted for it, at the very least in its textual form.

In other words, I am wondering whether the order in which

Freud chose to expound his doctrine in his *Introduction to Psycho-analysis*, and which is, as is known, the following: frustrated acts, dreams, neuroses,—whether this order is not extremely specious, and calculated to mislead in regard to the real working of his mind during the course of his discoveries, and in regard to the actual value of those discoveries. Even if it seems logical to show first of all the unconscious at work in the most elementary acts of our normal daily life, this becomes an error of method, if it cannot be revealed with as much evidence in those acts as in pathological acts, if its intervention therein is more disputable, and if, in fact, it was not first of all disclosed in those acts.

I cannot help it: the theory of day-dreams and the theory of dreams appear to me as a sort of double gate constructed by Freud, as an afterthought, before the monument he had raised. He thought that this would make a more agreeable and more convincing approach to that monument; but, to my mind, he was mistaken, because, in this preliminary part, you do not receive strongly enough the impression that you are in contact with an invincible, irrefutable observation, with that observation which gave rise to the theory. You feel the subtlety of the author, but you do not feel sufficiently his justification.

For this reason, I think it necessary to keep in mind continually and principally his theory of neuroses, if you wish to seize his thought at its point of maximum intensity, and to realise all the consequences it implies, all the generalisations it is capable of bearing, its farthest reach, or, if you prefer it, its greatest explosive force.

In what follows, I desire, not to analyse in detail the Freudian doctrine, but, on the contrary, supposing it to be known to all my readers, to bring out, if I may say so, its potentialities. I desire to present the three great psychological discoveries which, it seems to me, we owe to Freud, and to reveal the wonderul light which they can project into the study of internal things, and, particularly, of the feelings.

I desire, especially, to show how great is their extensibility, and how they may be made to take on a more supple, and, if I may say so, a still more generous, form than that given to them by Freud.

In the account of the facts which suggested to him the first idea of his theory, and which, as is known, are the body of manifestations of hysteria, Freud insists with especial force on the complete ignorance in which his patients were of the cause and purpose of the acts they were performing. "While she was carrying out the obsessive act," he writes, "its meaning was unknown to the patient, both as regards the origin of the act and its object. Psychic processes were therefore acting in her, of which the obsessive act was the product. She certainly perceived this product with her normal psychic organisation, but none of her psychic conditions reached her conscious mind. . . . It is situations of this kind which we have in mind when we speak of *unconscious psychic processes*."¹ And Freud concludes: "In these symptoms of obsessional neurosis, in these ideas and impulses which spring from nowhere, as it seems, which are so refractory to any influence of normal life, and which appear to the patient himself like all-powerful guests from a foreign world, like immortals who have come to mingle in the tumult of this mortal life, how is it possible not to recognise an indication of a particular psychic region, isolated from all the rest, from all the other activities and manifestations of the inner life? These symptoms, ideas, and impulses lead infallibly to the conviction of the existence of a psychic unconsciousness."²

It does not appear, at first sight, that there is in these passages any very extraordinary novelty, and it might be thought paradoxical that we should see in them one of the sublimities of the Freudian theory. The unconscious is not

¹ *Introduction to Psycho-analysis*, part iii, chap. xviii, p. 228 of the French translation.

² *Introduction to Psycho-analysis*, part iii, chap. xviii, p. 229 of the French translation.

a discovery of Freud's. You may quote immediately names that appear to reduce to the slightest proportions his originality on this point: Leibnitz, for instance, Schopenhauer, Hartmann, Bergson, and many others.

Nevertheless, I reply:

(1) That there is a considerable difference between a metaphysical conception and a psychological conception of the Unconscious, that to admit the Unconscious as a principle, as a force, as an entity, is a far different thing from admitting it as a body of facts, as a group of phenomena.

(2) That, in reality, many contemporary psychologists, particularly Pierre Janet and his school, still refuse to admit a psychological unconsciousness.

(3) Finally, that, if we admit that a psychological unconsciousness has been recognised by everybody, as a kingdom, as a domain, Freud is the first to conceive of it:

(a) As a well-defined domain or kingdom, which has its own geography, or, dropping the metaphor, which contains extremely precise tendencies and inclinations directed towards particular aims;

(b) As a domain or kingdom which may be explored, starting from the consciousness, and, even, which must be explored, if the consciousness is to be understood.

Here, I recover confidence to affirm that the novelty of the theory seems to me entire, and formidably important. Remember that hitherto consciousness has been conceived as a closed chamber, wherein the objects, of a definite number, were, so to speak, entered on an inventory and had affinities only with each other, and that if it was desired to explain any incident of our psychic life, you could only go to some fact which you had previously perceived. Remember that the whole of psychology was limited to a logical explanation of our determinants. Remember the scanty causal stock it had at its disposal, and imagine its richness immediately Freud opened up to it the immense reservoir of submerged causes.

He is himself, moreover, conscious of the revolution which

this mere proclamation of the definite reality of the unconscious may produce in the history of ideas, and he permits himself a touch of pride. "By attributing so much importance to the unconscious in our psychic life," he cries, "we have raised up against psycho-analysis the most ill-natured critics. . . ." And yet "the lie will be given to human megalomania by that psychological research which proposes to prove to the *ego* that he is not only not master in his own house, but that he is so little master there that he has to be content with rare and fragmentary information on what is going on, outside his consciousness, in his psychic life. The psycho-analysts are neither the first nor the only people who have launched this appeal for modesty and composure, but it seems to have fallen to their lot to defend this point of view with the greatest earnestness, and to produce in its support materials borrowed from observation and accessible to all."¹

Let us reflect a moment. Let us turn, if I may say so, against us this principle of the unconscious as the seat of definite tendencies that combine to modify the conscious, and let us confront it with our own observation. In other words: *let us think for a moment of all we do not know that we want.*

Is not our life a constant seeking after possessions, pleasures, and satisfactions that not only would we not dare to confess we desire, but that we do not know we desire, we are seeking? Is it not nearly always *à posteriori* and only when we are performing it that we are aware of the long psychic labour and of all the chain of latent feelings that led us to an act?

And again: at what moment does direct inspection of our consciousness inform us exactly on all we are experiencing and all we are capable of? Are we not in constant ignorance of the degree and even of the existence of our feelings? Are there not, even in passion, moments when we discover absolutely nothing left of that passion, when it appears to us a

¹ *Introduction to Psycho-analysis*, same chapter, p. 296, of the French translation.

pure construction of our mind? And yet does not that passion exist at that very moment, in what I may be allowed to call an infinitely precise fashion, since the slightest accident that may happen to place an obstacle in its way or to postpone its object may instantly provoke a complete upheaval of our whole being, which will find expression even in our physical condition and will even influence the circulation of our blood?

In love, for example, is not a sincere lover often reduced to making experiments and almost to tricks in order to auscultate his feelings and to ascertain whether they still exist? And that too at the very moment when, if he were told that he must give up hope or that he has been deceived, he would perhaps find himself on the verge of crime.

Therefore, a first great discovery (which may perhaps be presented as a negative one, but negative discoveries are no less important than the others) must be placed to Freud's credit: it is that a considerable part of our psychic life takes place, if I may say so, outside us, and can only be disclosed and known by a patient and complicated labour of inference. In other words: we are never quite wholly available to our own minds, quite wholly objects of consciousness.

This first analysis should make clear the spirit in which I have tackled the study of Freud and how I intend to follow it up. I do not by any means profess to follow his thought step by step in all its developments. I simply seek and seize on, one by one, without troubling to point out their relations one with another, the points of his doctrine that seem to me capable of being enlarged into psychological truths of general interest. I am an outsider who egotistically pillages a treasure and carries it far away from the temple. I may be judged severely from the moral point of view; but in any case it is not, I imagine, incumbent upon me to adopt the slow and processional gait which is obligatory on the priests of Psycho-analysis.

Let us therefore proceed at once to the examination of another of Freud's ideas which seems to me of considerable importance; I mean the idea of repression, with which must be connected that of the censorship of dreams.

Its essential points are well known: basing himself on his observations as a practitioner, Freud asserts that there is in every subject who is analysed, or even questioned, an instinctive resistance to any question and any effort to penetrate to the background of his thought. This resistance is more-over subject to variations of intensity. The patient is more or less hostile, more or less critical, according as the thing which the doctor is endeavouring to bring to light is more or less disagreeable.

The resistance therefore seems to be the effect of a force, of a strictly affective nature, which opposes itself to the appearance in the open consciousness, to the illumination, of certain psychic elements which it considers incongruous, as impossible to be faced.

This force which is met when you set to work to cure the patient is the very same force that has produced the malady by repressing a psychic process which tended from the unconscious towards the conscious. The tendency thus baulked has in fact transformed, disguised, itself—in order to go at any rate a little farther—as a mechanical act, with no apparent meaning, but which the subject is helpless to avoid: it is the symptom: "The symptom has been substituted for that which has not been accomplished."¹

Freud therefore brings to light the presence in the consciousness of an activity that reduces or deforms our obscure spontaneity. He also shows it at work in our dreams, and then calls it the *censorship*. Just as the censorship, during the war, either mutilated newspaper articles, or else forced their authors to present their thought only in an approximate or veiled form, in the same way a secret power modifies and

¹ *Introduction to Psycho-analysis*, part iii, chap. xix, p. 305 of the French translation.

disguises our unconscious thoughts, and permits them to reach our mind only in the enigmatic forms of the dream.

"The tendencies exercising the censorship are those which the dreamer, with his waking judgment, recognises as being his own, with which he feels himself in agreement. . . . The tendencies against which the censorship of dreams is directed . . . are the reprehensible tendencies, indecent from the ethical, æsthetic, and social point of view . . . are things of which one dares not think of or of which one thinks only with horror."¹

The neurotic symptoms are "the effects of compromises, resulting from the interplay of two opposing tendencies, and they express both what has been repressed as well as the cause of the repression, which thus too contributed to their production. The substitution may be made for the greater benefit of one or other of these tendencies; it is seldom made for the exclusive benefit of one alone."²

In the same way, the dream is a sort of composite of, or rather compromise between, the repressed tendencies, to which sleep gives strength, and the tendencies really representing the self, which continue their work by means of the distorting censorship.

In other words, neurotic symptoms and dreams correspond to an effort of our diverse sincerities to display themselves at the same moment.

The whole of this conception seems to me to be extraordinarily novel and important. It may be that Freud himself has not perceived it in all its general bearings.

The discovery in us of a deceptive principle, of a falsifying activity, may nevertheless furnish an absolutely new view of the whole of consciousness.

I shall at once exaggerate my idea: all our feelings are

¹ *Introduction to Psycho-analysis*, part ii, chap. ix, p. 145 of the French translation.

² *Ibid*, part iii, chap. xix, p. 313 of the French translation.

dreams, all our opinions are the strict equivalent of neurotic symptoms.

There is in us a constant, obstinate, inexhaustively inventive tendency that impels us to camouflage ourselves. At any cost, in every circumstance, we will ourselves to be, we construct ourselves, other than we are. Of course, the direction in which this deformation is exercised and its degree vary extraordinarily with different natures. But in all the same principle of deceit and embellishment is at work.

To start out on the study of the human heart without being informed of its existence and its activity, without being armed against its subterfuges, is like trying to discover the nature of the sea-depths without sounding apparatus and by merely inspecting the surface of the waters. Or better still, as Jules Romain says, it is like the traditional method of analysis, which "even when it searches the depths is guided by the showy indications of the surface. It suspects the presence of iron only when the rocks above are red with rust, of coal only when black dust is underfoot."

Who does not know this demon which Freud calls the censorship, and which so subtly and ceaselessly makes our moral toilet? Each instant, the whole of what we are, I mean the confused and swarming mass of our appetites, is taken in hand and tricked out by it. It slips into our lowest instincts enough of nobility to enable us to recognise them no longer. It furnishes us in abundance with the pretexts, the colours, that we need to cover up the petty turpitudes we must commit in order to live. It provides us with what we call our *bonnes raisons*. It maintains us in that state of friendship and alliance with ourselves without which we cannot live, and which is yet so completely devoid of justification that we do not understand how it can possibly take its rise.

But I feel that I am leaving Freud's idea far behind. The principle governing repression and the censorship, far from working for the triumph of our appetites, is, in his opinion, what combats them, stops them. It is the representative

of the moral ideas, or, at least, of convention, so far from helping to circumvent it.

Nevertheless, there are cases in which it is beaten, partially at least: the neurotic symptom, the dream, the day-dream, correspond to relative successes over it by the lower part of ourselves. And if it is not directly an agent of hypocrisy, it becomes so in so far as it does not gain the victory.

When I maintain that all our feelings, all our opinions, are dreams or obsessive acts, I mean that they are impure, masked, hypocritical states; I mean, in fine, something that must be looked straight in the face: that hypocrisy is inherent in consciousness.

Taking Freud's idea to its logical end, I will say that to possess consciousness is to be a hypocrite. A feeling, a desire, enter the consciousness only by forcing a resistance of which they retain the deforming imprint. A feeling, a desire, enter the consciousness only on the condition that they do not appear to be what they are.

From this point of view, the chapter that Freud devotes to the processes employed by the censorship to distort the latent content of the dream and to render it unrecognisable would be worth developing to a considerable extent. Several of these processes are certainly used by us in the waking state, to enable us to conceive our feelings under an acceptable form. I will cite one only as an example: the displacement, the carrying over, of the accent to an aspect of what we feel, or need to feel, peacefully, which is not the *essential aspect*. In other words, the rupture by the imagination of the centre of gravity of our sentimental complexes.

Let it be said, in passing, that if I was a little severe at the beginning regarding the Freudian theory of dreams, it was very much because I regretted to see Freud apply too minutely to a particular phenomenon an idea that seemed to me to have an infinite bearing. His analysis of the symbolism of dreams goes much too far; it reintroduces into the consciousness, the suppleness and extreme convertibility of which he

has shown, something fixed, which, it seems to me, has no place there. Freud's thought must be allowed to retain, if not a certain vagueness, at least a certain generality, if its value is to be fully understood.

Before leaving this idea of the censorship, one other aspect of it, of considerable importance, must be dealt with.

When I say that hypocrisy is inherent in consciousness, I either say too much or too little. The censorship, the force that controls repression, is partly made up of external contributions; they are created chiefly by education; they represent the influence of society upon the individual. Nevertheless, they are not altogether adventitious or artificial; they finally become one with the self. Freud even represents them as the tendencies constituting the ego.

And, in fact, it would be simplifying things very much to represent our lower instincts alone as constituting our personality. That which represses them is also part of us.

But then this conclusion is inevitable: that in so far as we are moral persons, and even in so far as we are persons merely, we are condemned to hypocrisy. We will no longer say hypocrisy, if you like; but we cannot avoid another word—impurity. To live, to act, if it is to be in one sole direction and with method and in such a way as to trace an image of ourselves on the retina of others, is to be composite and impure, is to be a compromise.

Sincere comes from a Latin word which means *pure*, speaking of wine. It may be said that there is no sincerity for man in his integrity. He becomes sincere again only in decomposition. Sincerity is, therefore, the exact contrary of life. You must choose between the two.

The third point in Freud's doctrine which we can, it seems to me, though to a less extent perhaps, *enlarge*, is the theory of sexuality.

The general lines of this theory may be recalled.

Inquiring into the nature of the tendencies which are

stopped by repression and which are expressed by *substitution* in the symptoms and in dreams, Freud, it will be remembered, thinks that they can all be said to be of a sexual nature.

Several *nuances* should be noted here. Freud does not say, and even denies having said, that everything appearing in our dreams is of sexual origin. Only that which appears camouflaged is of sexual origin.

Moreover, Freud does not say, and denies having said (for example, in the letter published by Professor Claparède as an appendix to the brochure on psycho-analysis), that our whole being may be reduced to sexual tendencies, or even that "the sexual instinct is the fundamental impulse of all the manifestations of psychic activity." On the contrary: "In psycho-analysis it has never been forgotten that non-sexual tendencies exist; its whole edifice has been erected on the principle of a clear and definite separation between sexual tendencies and tendencies relating to the self, and it was affirmed, before any objections had been made, that the neuroses are the products, not of sexuality, but of the conflict between the *self* and sexuality."¹

Nevertheless, it remains true that the body of spontaneous and unconscious tendencies of the being is considered by him as fundamentally identical with the sexual instinct.

He is careful, however, to define that instinct very broadly, distinguishing it from the procreative instinct and even from strictly genital activity. In order clearly to mark its general character, he calls it *libido*.

The *libido* conception is evidently not absolutely clear. At times it has an almost metaphysical value, and the next instant it is used simply to designate the sexual appetite, desire properly so called.

But I am wondering whether, instead of reproaching Freud with this ambiguity, instead of trying to force him to hang on to this word *libido* an absolutely distinct and limited

¹ *Introduction to Psycho-analysis*, part iii, chap. xxii, p. 365 of the French translation.

tendency, it would not be more fitting if we were grateful to him for the vagueness in which he leaves it and for the wider play it permits him. I am wondering whether his principal discovery, in the domain we are discussing, is not indeed precisely that of one sole transformable tendency, which perhaps forms the basis of our spontaneous psychic life.

In other words, the idea that desire is the motive-power of all our activity, at least of all our expansive activity, seems to me of an admirable novelty and truth. Or, better still, the idea that we are creators, producers, only in so far as we move in the direction of desire.

But we must be careful not to betray by too great precipitation Freud's idea itself, his conception of sublimation. I resume, therefore.

Freud, by a long analysis, strongly supported by experimental observations, which fills the whole of a small brochure, entitled, *Three Dissertations on the Sexual Theory*, establishes that the sexual instinct has at first neither the object nor the aim we know of it. He shows it first of all immanent, so to speak, in the body of the child, and neither seeking nor even suspecting any external satisfaction. This is the period of what he calls auto-eroticism.

He shows it at the same time irradiating confusedly and impartially into all the organs, and receiving satisfactions almost indifferently from all.

Then experience, which may, moreover, be preceded by foreign interventions, teaches the *libido* to externalise itself. But even after this leap forward it remains hesitating between several possible satisfactions, and places itself exclusively at the service of the genital act only at the moment of puberty and by a kind of very complex synthetic action, which is liable to be influenced by a crowd of accidental interferences.

This desire, which is beneath its object, and which at the same time exceeds it or even transcends it, is a conception marked with boldness and of magnificent depth.

How much it permits Freud to explain may be easily under-

stood. If the *libido* is repressed, one of two things happens : it will either turn to a means of satisfaction which he calls pregenital, and you will have a perversion, by *fixation* ; or it will produce an uneasiness which will generate neuroses.

But, on the other hand, the fact that it is not really bound up in any constitutional manner with the genital act will permit it to go beyond that act and to place itself at the service of intellectual activity, to irrigate, so to speak, our spiritual faculties. Its sublimation will consist, therefore, in this deviation of the *libido* to the advantage of the intelligence or even of morality.

The reflections inspired by this part of the Freudian theory might be presented in the following manner :

(1) It is of considerable importance, from the point of view of the psychology of creation, to have established that the source of all spiritual creation is carnal, if the word may be used. This is important, not because it degrades creation, but because it brings to light the unity of our psychic life, and because it makes clear that, all in all, we have at our disposal only one kind of energy, and all our liberty is confined to directing the use of it.

It is important because it explains æsthetic emotion before a great work, and because, whatever may be the object represented, it explains the sensual element the work always possesses when it is sincere.

It is important, even from the point of view of æsthetic criticism, because it teaches us to seek in the work, not the little smothered story which may be at its origin in the author—as has been done with too much precision, in my opinion, by those who have hitherto applied psycho-analysis to art—but the current of desire, the impulse in which it was born. And a sort of vague æsthetic criterion might be established, which would enable us to distinguish works born of an inclination from those manufactured by will, the æsthetic quality being, of course, reserved to the former.

(2) By analysing, on the one hand, all that the *libido* builds

up in the subconsciousness under the shelter of repression, and, on the other hand, all that the repression of the *libido* may produce in the conscious life, Freud opens up to psychology a prodigious domain.

I do not think that the analysis of dreams, as practised by Freudian orthodoxy, can lead to much of any great interest—owing, especially, to the strange preliminary telegraphic code that imprisons interpretation.

But think of what might be discovered by a psychologist without prejudice (either Freudian or anti-Freudian), who is simply resolved not to ignore what I should like to call the sexual situation of the subjects he is studying. Think of that abyss, as yet so ill-explored, of sexual attractions, and perhaps especially of sexual hatreds. Think what an access to individual character, what a key to the whole conduct of a given subject, might be given by a knowledge of his or her sexual experiences, and especially of the consequences of and the reactions from these experiences.

The novelist hitherto, even if he did not note them down, has been careful to keep in mind, for his own guidance, the social situation, the material conditions, the business, and the parentage of each of his characters. It seems impossible to me, after Freud, that he can neglect to imagine, likewise beforehand, even if he is not to say a word about it during the course of his story (his story may even have for its object merely to suggest it), the sexual situation of each of his characters and its relation—you will understand that I am using the word in its most general sense—from the sexual point of view, with the rest.

(3) By detaching the *libido* from its object, Freud implicitly adopts a subjectivist conception of love. It is evident that this mobile, shiftable desire which he describes will need to receive nothing from the object it chooses, will even be unable to receive anything from it, and that it is from its own resources entirely that the image of the beloved object will be formed in the mind of the lover.

He speaks somewhere of the “over-estimation of the sexual object,” and doubtless he intends this first of all in the physical sense, but he certainly has it in mind as well that all the moral beauties with which the lover embellishes the beloved object are the reflection of the projection on it of the *libido*. He admits, therefore, that all love is hallucinatory, and seeks in foreign beings only a pretext to fix itself. He does not admit the appeal, the attraction, of one being for another, or that love can ever be born of real, objective affinities.

We must now endeavour to embrace in one view the whole of Freud's doctrine and to appraise it.

Freud brings us two things: a new world of facts, a “new family of facts” (and here I am of an entirely different opinion from Jules Romains, who denies him this kind of discovery), and, if not a new “law” of these facts, at least a new method of exploring them, or, more vaguely, a new attitude to take regarding them.

The new world is the world of the unconscious, conceived and shown for the first time as a system of definite facts, of the same nature and the same stuff as those appearing in the consciousness, and in constant relation, in constant *exchange*, with the conscious facts.

Among these unconscious facts, Freud reveals the wonderful flora of the sexual tendencies and complexes. Even if he describes them with too much precision (this is always somewhat of a defect of his), and if he typifies them too much, it is an admirable novelty merely to have unveiled them.

Others may follow his footsteps, with more lightness and a more acute sense of the individual, into this strange garden. But he has already indicated to those others—and it is his second contribution, which is equally priceless—the attitude of approach to take up in order to make good observations. He warns us of the force that is at work in us to deceive us about ourselves; he teaches us its ruses and the means of circumventing them.

More generally, he sketches a new introspective attitude, which may be the point of origin of an entirely new direction to psychological studies. This attitude consists in endeavouring to know oneself, if I may be permitted the expression, only by the signs. Instead of attending to the feeling or sensation itself, Freud seeks for it in its effects only, in its symptoms.

Of course, long before him, attempts had been made to observe psychic phenomena, for greater safety, indirectly, particularly in their conditions. The whole of psycho-physiology was an endeavour to obtain information about the consciousness by starting from the exterior, from something that was not of it, but which had this advantage that it could be touched, measured, and made to vary. But the error of psycho-physiology, as Bergson has so well observed, was to ignore the differences of quality in the phenomena.

Bergson's own error perhaps (I indicate it here only in the most prudent and hypothetical manner) was to plunge with too much confidence into the pure psychological flow, and too naïvely to expect knowledge from mere embracing contact. Can you mark the course of a river by swimming in it?

Freud escapes the error of the psycho-physiologists by accepting as information concerning the psychic life only psychic facts. He builds up an independent, autonomous psychology; and that is one of the reasons for the opposition he has met with.

But, on the other hand, he does not believe in these psychic facts; I mean, he does not accept them at face value. He regards them, *à priori*, both as deceitful and as explicable. He uses them as signs enabling him to trace back inductively to a deeper and more masked psychic reality. He strives in an opposite direction to the vital current.

And thus he gives back to the intelligence that active rôle, that rôle of mistrust and of penetration, which in all the orders of intelligence has always been the only one that permitted

and favoured knowledge. There would be much to say on his complete faith in psychological determinism. But as a method, to be used as long as it is possible, determinism is unassailable. It is only by this method that you can hope to make headway, with any distinction and advantage for thought, in the chaos that our soul sends out to meet us.

(Translated by F. S. Flint)

BOLINGBROKE—II

By CHARLES WHIBLEY

HE arrived in Paris in July 1715. The town was agog with plot and counterplot. There was a disorderly multitude at work, and everyone was doing what seemed right in his own eyes. "Care and hope," said Bolingbroke, "sat on every busy Irish face," and the hope without reason eclipsed the care. Though his false reception as an emissary to the Pretender from the Tories irked him so bitterly that he sought refuge in Dauphiné, to remove the reproach of living near the Court of France, gradually he was drawn within the net, and played his part in the tortuous policy and abject failure of the Jacobites. "The smart of the attainder," said he, "tingled in every vein"; he believed, rightly enough, that his party was oppressed, and needed his help; and his misery was increased by the disillusionment which followed his first conversation with the Pretender. "He talked like a man," said Bolingbroke, "who expected every moment to set out for England or Scotland, but who did not very well know for which." The sanguine expectation, in which the Pretender and his friends lived, was enough to destroy the surest enterprise. The Jacobite Ministry was a mob of babblers, male and female, to whom nothing was sacred or secret. Fanny Oglethorpe had a place in it, and Olive Trant, and the notorious Abbé de Tessieu, who "stooped," said Bolingbroke, "to the lure of a Cardinal's hat." They chattered and conspired in a hidden villa of the Bois de Boulogne, whither Bolingbroke was asked to find his way, furtively and uselessly. Into such company was fallen, for his sins, the proud Secretary of State. When the inevitable ruin came, the Jacobites threw the blame upon Bolingbroke, and hinted amiably that he had diverted a great sum of the Pretender's money to his own

uses! When all was finished, Lord Stair was given full power to treat with the fallen Minister, to enter into a treaty to reverse his attainder, and to stipulate upon what terms this act of grace should be granted. Bolingbroke dismissed all thought of a treaty. "If the court," said he, "believed these professions to be sincere, a treaty with me was unnecessary for them; and if they did not believe them so, a treaty with them was dangerous for me."

He settled him down to bear his banishment with what spirit he might. And as though to fortify his mind against disaster, he composed (in 1716) his *Reflections upon Exile*. Following Montaigne, he let another speak for him, and he made his plaint out of the spoils of other men. Montaigne bade Plutarch interpret his thoughts, and Bolingbroke called in Seneca to bring him comfort. Neither the Frenchman nor the Englishman may be charged with insincerity for this dependence. They found in the ancients the sentiments which belonged to them, and held it no shame to translate rather than to invent. The reflections are marked by the courage we should expect of their author. Here is no pathetic discourse. Bolingbroke writes as one who "never trusted to Fortune even while she seemed to be at peace with him." Like Seneca, he made light of exile. He regarded it as a life of simplicity and diminished care. Where his soul was, there was he at home. In brief, he was able to find consolation in the commonplaces of the philosophers, and yet, despite his brave resolution, he resembles now and again a man who blows a little noisily on his fingers to keep them warm.

Having rejected the treaty which Lord Stair would have made with him, he was henceforth an outlaw. Some privileges were restored to him. In 1723 he was pardoned, and two years afterwards was graciously permitted to inherit and acquire real estate. But Walpole was far too harsh a partisan ever to permit the man whom he feared to sit in parliament again. The career, then, which Bolingbroke had chosen was himself, was at an end and never to be revived. He could fight his

enemies with a tireless energy in *The Craftsman* and other journals; he could rely upon the loyal aid of Windham and Pulteney, the "Patriots"; there was no place where the eloquence which was wont to subdue the Senate could be heard again. If he might no longer take his place in the battlefield, he might at least survey the combat from afar, and give good counsel to those for whose cause he would willingly have drawn the sword.

Henceforth he gave himself up to a country life and the Muses. He had found a serene happiness in his second marriage with Mme de Villette, and he was fortunate in his friendships. To Swift and Pope, to Gay and Arbuthnot he remained bound in the ties of affection unto the end of his life or theirs. The letters which these wise men exchanged attest their loyalty one to another. They took a just pride both in the manner and the sentiment of their correspondence. They could not help addressing one another with a certain pomp and circumstance. They were the true sons of their age, who preferred to be found on parade, even in their comradeship. "I seek no epistolary fame," wrote Bolingbroke to Swift in a moment of self-deception, "but am a good deal pleased to think that it will be known hereafter that you and I lived in the most friendly intimacy together." Surely it is known, and the names of Swift and Bolingbroke will be linked together unto the end of time.

Thus sustained by friendship Bolingbroke spent his years in study and seclusion. He had learned, he told Swift, to be unfortunate without being unhappy. He lived out of the world, as he did not blush to own, and out of the fashion. A bitter experience had taught him that he could not serve the present age, and, said he, "I have a mind to write for the next age." So, whether in Touraine or at Dawley, he read and wrote and played the farmer. His farming was less serious, no doubt, than his reading and his writing, but it conformed to the fashion of the time, and was pursued with all the elegance of pastoral poetry. It was not for him to

return to nature; he loved artifice even in his country life; and the frugality, of which he sometimes boasted, was, as his censor, Swift, well knew, but a pleasant jest. "Now his Lordship," once wrote Pope to Swift from Dawley, "is run after his cart, I have a moment left to myself to tell you that I overheard him yesterday agree with a painter for £200 to paint his country hall with rakes, spades, prongs, etc., and other ornaments, merely to countenance his calling the place a farm." His life of study needed no countenance. In a letter to Lord Bathurst he sketched the happiness of his own retirement. Truly he made the best of his forced exclusion from public affairs. "While we remain in the world," said he, "we are all fettered down more or less to one common level, and have neither all the leisure nor all the means and advantages to soar above it, which we may procure for ourselves by breaking these fetters in retreat." None saw more clearly than he that the desire of knowledge and the love of study must have grown up with us, and he could take some comfort in the thought that not even his youthful pleasures had interfered with his natural industry and application. "To set about acquiring the habits of meditation and study late in life," he wrote, "is like getting into a go-cart with a grey beard, or learning to walk when we have lost the use of our legs. In general the foundations of a happy old age must be laid in youth: and in particular he who has not cultivated his reason young will be utterly unable to improve it old." Nor did he echo the common complaints about the shortness of life and the lack of time. These he held to be the grumblings of the vulgar. We had ample leisure, thought he, for the business and the pleasure of life and something over. "When we have secured the necessities"—such was his opinion—"there may be time to amuse ourselves with the superfluities, and even with the trifles of life. *Dulce est desipere*, said Horace: *Vive la Bagatelle*, says Swift. I oppose neither; not the Epicurean, much less the Christian Philosopher; but I insist that a principal part of these amusements is the

amusement of study and reflection, of reading and conversation. You know what conversation I mean; for we lose the advantage of our nature and constitution, if we suffer the mind to come, as it were, to a stand." Thus having assured himself leisure he knew that one necessary thing remained—to keep his mind upon the straight path of study. "I am sensible," he confessed, "more sensible than any enemy I have of my natural disadvantages: but I have begun and I will persist, for he who jogs forward on a battered horse in the right way, may get to the end of his journey, which he cannot do who gallops the fleetest courser of Newmarket out of it."

And for him the right way lay towards study and expression. He had been a student ever since he visited France and Italy on his grand tour. For expression too he had a natural aptitude. He was born with a gift for writing, and he had sedulously cultivated his gift. His style is the style of tongue appealing to ear. His works are written oratory. Keeping in mind the precepts of eloquence, he shows himself unafraid of long sentences. And his long sentences are never out of hand. His words are held together by so firm a thread of meaning and argument and sound that they never fall apart or are dispersed. Chesterfield, by no means the worst critic of his time, thought Bolingbroke's style superior to anybody's. Until he read *The Patriot King*, he confesses that he did not know the extent and powers of the English language, and vainly did he recommend the author to his son for imitation. His reading was wide and deep. He had explored with zeal and understanding the ancients as well as the moderns. And being a country gentleman of leisure and studious habits, he thought it his duty to become a philosopher and a theologian. He made of metaphysics a stick wherewith to beat the metaphysicians. A stern Erastian in politics, an ardent lover of the State Church, he proclaimed himself a Deist on paper, and won the undying hate of the orthodox. He had a firm faith in natural religion, and he set reason on a lofty throne. For whatever was mystical he had a pro-

found contempt, and he charged the atheist and divine with being in a conspiracy together. To Pope he was an inspiration, and he supplied the prose which Pope translated into the poetry of *The Essay on Man*. With just cause he took a legitimate pride in the instruction which he had given to his friend, and the friend rewarded him by a handsome dedication. "Let me refer you to our friend Pope," he writes to Lord Bathurst. "He says I made a philosopher of him: I am sure he has contributed very much, and I thank him for it, to the making a hermit of me."

While the hermit took pleasure in theological speculation, he knew that the true bent of his mind was towards history and political philosophy. History he studied in the wise, easy manner of his age. Centuries were the units of his observation, not years, and in painting the past as he saw it, he employed a large brush and vivid colours. In his eyes, truly, history was no mere science to be pursued for its own sake. He cared little for accuracy, and he had an unjust contempt for the archæologist. He would rather take Darius, whom Alexander conquered, for the son of Hystaspes, than sacrifice half his life to collect the learned lumber that fills the head of the antiquary. He regarded history as a training in private and public virtue. He would learn from the past how to interpret and conduct the affairs of the present. And so, quoting Dionysius of Halicarnassus, he defined history as philosophy teaching by examples. He looked to it always for profitable instruction. His view of it was not unlike Montaigne's, for whom Amyot's Plutarch was a touchstone of morals as well as a breviary, and who tested his own life and the life of his time by the example of Plutarch's heroes. As he says himself, he did not care what name Achilles bore when he lived among the maids, nor did he inquire what songs the sirens sang—problems which Sir Thomas Browne thought not insoluble. The mistress of human life, as he called history, had not any concern with these toys of curiosity, which were incapable of improving us in wisdom and virtue. What he

sought was, to repeat his own phrase, philosophy teaching by examples. The need of this philosophy was always apparent to him. "Such is the imperfection of human understanding," said he, "such the frail temper of our minds, that abstract or general propositions, though ever so true, appear obscure or doubtful to us very often, till they are explained by examples." As in philosophy mysticism was beyond the reach of his hard, practical intelligence, so in history one concrete example was more to his purpose than a dozen prudent maxims. Moreover, examples have this advantage, that they appeal to our passions as well as to our understandings. Nevertheless in his instant demand for fair examples he did not underrate the value of experience, for which he thought history was a necessary preparation. History should precede experience, indeed, and not supplant it. And since to converse with historians is to keep good company, it follows that it is of great profit to prepare ourselves by this conversation for that of the world, and to receive our first impressions, to acquire our first habits, in a scene where images of virtue and vice are continually represented to us in the shapes that properly belong to them.

Thus in Bolingbroke's eyes history was a school of moral and worldly instruction, and it has this advantage over the school of experience, that its lessons are presented to us in a complete form. We do not always live to see the consequences of our own actions. History shows us causes as in fact they are laid, with their immediate effects, and enables us to guess at future events. And in these words Bolingbroke concludes his panegyric upon history: "since the ages of prophecy, as of miracles, are past, we must content ourselves to guess at what will be, by what has been: we have no other means in our power, and history furnishes us with these." How many men of our time have been at the pains to put history to this valuable use?

When Bolingbroke sate himself down to instruct his country in the arts of good government, his mind was richly stored with the examples of the past. The achievements in statecraft

of the Greeks and Romans were ever before him. His admiration of our own Elizabeth is loudly expressed. But the most of his sermons are preached to a more modern text. For him the great landmark of history is the Revolution of 1688, the results of which, for all his coquetry with the Jacobites, he accepted without reserve. He had an unbounded admiration for the British Constitution, because it had nothing to do with what he called a simple form of government, and by that he meant a form of government which lodged the supreme power, absolutely and without control, either in a single person, or in particular persons of the community, or in the whole body of the people. Of this form the two worst, he thought, were absolute monarchy, which is tyranny, and absolute democracy, which is tyranny and anarchy both. Of absolute monarchy history, if not his own experience, furnished him with many specimens. To him absolute democracy can have been a dream and no more. It is a dismal reality for us. After many years of a well-balanced government, we have resorted to the simplest form yet known to the world—an absolute democracy in which the minority pays the taxes and the majority, consisting of manual workers, alone has any real power or strength. In his happier time Bolingbroke could still applaud the English Constitution, even though he denounced those who used it merely for their own ends. "If liberty be that delicious fruit," he wrote in his *Dissertation upon Parties*, "on which the British nation has fed for so many ages, the British Constitution is the tree that bears this fruit, and will continue to bear it as long as we are careful to fence it in, and trench it round against the Beasts of the field, and the insects of the earth." We have neither fenced it in nor trenched it round, and to-day the beasts of the field and the insects of the earth may devour it without let or hindrance.

Moreover, Bolingbroke knew well that it was its tripartite character which gave the English Constitution its strength and beauty. "It is this mixture of monarchical, aristocratical, and democratical power," said he, "blended together in one

system and by these three estates balancing one another, that our free constitution of government hath been preserved so long, or hath been brought back, after having suffered violation, to its original principles." With each step of its progress he was content. The throne, as time had fashioned it, was beyond the reach of his criticism. "The King of Britain," he wrote, "is now strictly and properly what kings should always be, a member, but a supreme member, or the head, of a political body: part of one individual and specific whole, in every respect, distinct from it or independent of it in name: he can move no longer in another orbit from his people, and like some superior planet, repel, influence, and direct their motions by his own. . . . The settlements, by virtue of which he governs, are plainly original contracts. His institution is plainly conditional, and he may perfect his right to allegiance, as undeniably and as effectually as the subject may perfect his right to protection." In his view of kingship, then, Bolingbroke did not differ much from the Whigs, and justified his opinion that King James must have died on the throne if the Tories had not concurred to place the Prince of Orange there in his stead.

As he applauded loudly and candidly the position and the functions of the King, so he appreciated at their true worth the duty and danger of parliaments. "Parliaments," said he, "are the true guardians of liberty. For this principally they are instituted, and this is the principal article of that great and noble trust, which the collective body of the people repose in the representative. But no slavery can be so effectively brought and fixed upon us as parliamentary slavery. By the corruption of parliament we return into that state to deliver or secure us from which parliaments were instituted. . . . That noble fabric, which was able to resist so many races of giants, may be demolished by a race of pygmies. The integrity of parliament is a sort of palladium, a tutelary goddess, who protects our state. When she is once removed, we may become the prey of any enemies."

Bolingbroke surveyed the working in his day of the British Constitution, and saw that parliament was corrupt and the country enslaved. He brushed aside the excuses of Walpole and his friends with bitter contempt. "These men are ready to tell us," said he, "that corruption serves to oil the wheels of government, and to render the administration more smooth and easy, and that it can never be of dangerous consequence under the present father of the country. Absurd and wicked triflers!" So much he saw. His political imagination could not picture to him a state in which the votes of the whole people are bought by doles and promises, and in which every citizen may claim his price, if he will. Even as he saw it, the state of things was ugly enough. "When a people crouch, like camels to be loaded, the next at hand, no matter who, mounts them, and they soon feel the whip and spear of their tyrant; for a tyrant, whether prince or minister, resembles the devil in many respects, particularly in this: he is often both the tempter and the tormentor. He makes the criminal and he punishes the crime."

What, then, should be done to give the Constitution free play and to save the nation from tyranny? Bolingbroke urged the abolition of faction, which has no regard to national interests. The peace and prosperity of a nation, he thought, depended upon uniting as far as possible the heads, hearts, and hands of the whole people, and upon improving, not debauching, its morals. Though the sentiment may seem a commonplace, it was then and is still a piece of the wildest idealism. And it was the politicians alone who were determined to make a god of corruption. "It is time," said Bolingbroke, "that all who desire to be esteemed good men and to procure the peace, the strength, and the glory of their country should join their efforts to heal our national divisions, and to change the narrow spirit of party into a diffusive spirit of public benevolence." To make this change one thing was necessary—the formation of a country party. And what was a country party? "A country party must be authorised by

the voice of the country. It must be formed on principles of common interest. It cannot be united and maintained on the particular prejudices, any more than it can or ought to be directed to the particular interests, of any set of men whatsoever. A party thus constituted is improperly called a party; it is the nation speaking and acting in the discourse and conduct of particular men."

Had Bolingbroke been able to make his ideal a reality, England would have returned to the pristine happiness of the Garden of Eden. The party of his imagining, so wide in compass that it embraced all our citizens, so closely compact in union, that it had but one thought, one hope, would have made short work of the class-favouritism, the corruption, the narrow personal ambition of the Whigs. Such a party never has been, never will be seen (I fear) in this world of frailty and self-seeking. Though Bolingbroke called it a coalition, it had nothing to do with those conspiracies which have borne the name, conspiracies not to unite the people, but to keep a few greedy ministers perpetually in office and to distribute such preferment as the Government disposes of among rich and obedient supporters. Yet Bolingbroke's dream was not dreamed wholly in vain. It was a momentary inspiration to a band of idealists in the nineteenth century, and (who knows?) it may yet animate some among our own contemporaries to a larger, wiser policy of selflessness.

The first quality necessary for the abolishing of faction is patriotism, and in an *Essay on Patriotism* Bolingbroke has analysed with all his eloquence and skill the duty and character of a patriot. As I have said, he took a lofty view of statesmanship. He complained with Socrates that while no man undertakes a trade, even the meanest, without training, everyone thinks himself sufficiently qualified for the hardest of all trades—the trade of government. Now, the trade of government, in his eyes, was as greatly ennobling as it was difficult. He made a lively contrast between the works and actions of great men with the works and actions of cunning politicians.

Great men, he thought, might easily be detected. "They observe with distinction," he wrote; "they advise with knowledge. They may indulge themselves in pleasure, but as their industry is not employed about trifles, so their amusements are not made the business of their lives. If they retire from the world, their splendour accompanies them, and enlightens even the obscurity of their retreat. If they take a part in public life, the effect is never indifferent. They either appear like ministers of divine vengeance, or they are the guardian angels of the country they inhabit." If he is under the suspicion of having cast himself for this *beau rôle*, there is no doubt that in sketching his opposite he kept his eye upon Walpole. "We will suppose a man," thus he wrote, "imprudent, rash, presumptuous, ungracious, insolent, and profligate in speculation as in practice. He can bribe, but he cannot seduce: he can buy, but he cannot gain: he can lie, but he cannot deceive. From whence, then, has such a man his strength? From the general corruption of the people, nursed up to a full maturity under his administration; from the venality of all orders and all ranks of men, some of whom are so prostitute, that they set themselves to sale and even prevent application."

Thus Bolingbroke held that, until the millennium brought with it a united country, purged of faction, it was the patriot's duty to oppose, when he was not permitted to lead the government of his country. I think it was Bolingbroke who first reduced to form and order what was required of an opposition. He asked no less of it than he did of a government. "They who affect to lead an opposition," said he, "must be equal at least to those whom they oppose; I do not say in parts only, but in application and industry, and the fruits of both—information, knowledge, and a certain constant preparedness for all the events that may arise. Every administration is a system of conduct. Opposition should be a system of conduct likewise; an opposite but not an independent system." Never has the duty of an opposition been more clearly explained, and

when we see it efficiently and wisely discharged we may reconcile ourselves to the dangers of partisan government.

So Bolingbroke passed from the patriot citizen to the Patriot King, his treatise upon whom is still the best known of his works. He pictured his ideal monarch as influenced by no party in the State, as sincerely zealous for the welfare of all his subjects. He thought that a limited monarchy was the best of governments, and an hereditary monarchy the best of monarchies. He believed in the divine right of kings to govern well. "A divine right to govern ill," said he, "is an absurdity : to assert it is blasphemy." He held that the true end of all governments is the good of the people, for whose sake they are made, and without whose consent they could not have been made, that the king and the people take a sort of engagement with one another, the prince to govern well, and the people to honour and obey him. Between the king and the people in a free government there is not, there cannot be, any rivalry. A patriot king will make but one distinction between his rights and those of his people : he will look upon his to be a trust and theirs to be a property. At his coming, faction will disappear, and corruption will cease to be an expedient of government. As his opportunity will be great, great also must be his devotion. He must begin to govern as soon as he begins to reign, and take upon his willing shoulders the burden of responsibility. Knowing full well the end at which he aims himself, he will call to his administration such men as he can assure himself will serve in the same principles in which he intends to govern. A good prince—and good he must be if he be a patriot—will no more choose ill men than a wise prince will choose fools. In brief, says Bolingbroke, "to espouse no party, but to govern like the common father of his people is so essential to the character of a patriot king, that he who does otherwise forfeits the title." And he saw in the happy time that was to come the true image of a free people, governed by a patriot king—a patriarchal family, whose head and members are united by one interest, and animated by one

spirit. If only we attained to this blessing, he believed that all the others would be added to us. "In the place of civil fury," said he in an eloquent passage, "concord will appear, brooding peace and prosperity on the happy land ; a people unoppressed, undisturbed, unalarmed ; busy to improve their private property and the public stock ; fleets covering the ocean, bringing home wealth by the returns of industry, carrying assistance or terror abroad by the direction of wisdom, and asserting triumphantly the right and the honour of Great Britain, as far as waters roll and as winds can waft them." Thus he defined the aim of all his teaching ; thus he expressed the one hope that was left him. And he desired life for nothing so much as to see a king of Great Britain the most greatly beloved man in his country, a patriot at the head of a united people. Popular kings we have seen. The spectacle of a united people is denied us, as it was denied to Bolingbroke.

Bolingbroke passed from middle life to age a proscribed man. He alone of the king's subjects was forbidden to take his share in the government of his country ; to him alone was denied access to those affairs whose management he had pondered more deeply and wisely than any other among his contemporaries. Always a proscribed man, he was long an exile. When he retired to his "old and decayed mansion in Battersea," to-day half ruin, half workshop, with nothing left to attest its grandeur save the panels of his own favourite room, "I go to my own country," he wrote, "as if I went in to a strange country, and shall inhabit my own house as if I lodged in an inn."¹ His active career was over, over soon after it was begun. He was left without hope for himself, with undying hope for his country. Whoever seemed a patriot in his eyes him would he fortify with encouragement and wise counsel. Pulteney and Windham might rely upon his aid and his support. To William Pitt, rising from the cornetcy of horse to the governance of England, he was a constant inspiration. Chesterfield, who saw him but a few days before his death,

¹ See *The Marchmont Papers*, quoted by Mr. Walter Sichel.

never ceased to frequent and admire him. Thus, unconquered by misfortune, and indeed unconquerable, Bolingbroke faced age and disease and the end with an equal mind. "I will swallow down the dregs of life," said he, "as quickly and as calmly as I can." His wife's death in 1750 left him desolate and brave. As his years increased, the friends, whose amiable converse had meant a vast deal to him, preceded him to the grave. There was left to him only the fidelity of a sister, whose fate had been unhappier than his own.

When Bolingbroke died, in 1751, an inscription, composed by his own hand, was cut upon his monument, and it contains a deeper truth than is generally consistent with the lapidary style. "Here lies Henry St. John," thus it runs, "in the reign of Queen Anne, Secretary of War, Secretary of State, and Viscount Bolingbroke. In the days of King George I and King George II something more and better." Truly the author of *The Patriot King*, the wise political philosopher, deserves and has won a higher respect than the eloquent partisan who fought for a faction in the Queen's reign. If the privilege of open speech were denied him, he practised the art of prose with a skill and understanding which were beyond the scope of his contemporaries. If his influence waned, it was never totally extinguished, and, potent as it was in the days of Young England, it may even in these darker times recover its ancient power. It is true that he never witnessed the formation of that country party which should restore the fortunes of England. Yet he did not despair. "We read in the Old Testament," said he, "of a city that might have escaped divine vengeance if five righteous men had been found in it. Let not our City perish for want of so small a number; and if the generation that is going off could not furnish it, let the generation that is coming on furnish a greater."

MALATESTA CANTOS.

(CANTOS IX TO XII OF A LONG POEM)

By EZRA POUND

IX

"*Frater tamquam et compater carissime*
(*tergo*

..*hanni de*

..*dicis*

....*entia*

Equivalent to : Giohanni of the Medici, Florence)

Letter received, and in the matter of our Messire Gianozio
One from him also, sent on in form and with all due dispatch,
Having added your wishes and memoranda.

As to arranging peace between you and the King of Ragona,
So far as I am concerned, it wd. give me the greatest possible
pleasure,

At any rate nothing wd. give me more pleasure

or be more acceptable to me,

And I shd. like to be party to it, as was promised me, either
as participant or adherent.

As for my service money, perhaps you and your father wd.
draw it

And send it on to me as quickly as possible.

And tell the *Maestro di pentore*

That there can be no question of his painting the walls for the
moment,

As the mortar is not yet dry

And it wd. be merely work chucked away

(*buttato via*)

But I want it to be quite clear, that until the chapels are ready
I will arrange for him to paint something else

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And it wd. be merely work chucked away

(*buttato via*)

But I want it to be quite clear, that until the chapels are ready
I will arrange for him to paint something else

So that both he and I shall get as much enjoyment as possible
from it,

And in order that he may enter my service

And also because you write me that he needs cash,

I want to arrange with him to give him so much per year

And to assure him that he will get the sum agreed on.

You may say that I will deposit security for him wherever he
likes.

And let me have a clear answer,

For I mean to give him good treatment

So that he may come to live the rest of his life in my lands—

Unless you put him off it—

And for this I mean to make due provision,

So that he can work as he likes,

Or waste his time as he likes

*(affatigandose per suo piacere o non
non gli mancherà la provizione mai),
never lacking provision.*

SIGISMUNDUS PANDOLPHUS DE MALATESTIS,
*In Campo Illus. Domini Venetorum die 7
aprilis 1449, contra Cremonam*

.....
and because the aforesaid most illustrious

Duke of Milan

Is content and wills that the aforesaid Lord Sigismundo

Go into the service of the most magnificent commune of the
Florentines

For alliance defensive of the two states,

Therefore between the aforesaid Illustrious Sigismund

And the respectable man Agnola della Stufa, ambassador,
sindic and procurator

Appointed by the ten of the baily, etc., the half

Of these 50,000 florins, free of attainder,

For 1,400 cavalry and four hundred foot

To come into the terrene of the commune

or elsewhere in Tuscany

As please the ten of the Baily,
And to be himself there with them in the service of the commune
With his horsemen and his footmen

(gente di cavallo e da pie), etc.

Aug. 5, 1452, register of the Ten of the Baily.

From the forked rocks of Penna and Billi, on Carpegna
With the road leading under the cliff,

in the wind-shelter into Tuscany,

And the north road, toward the Marecchia
the mud-stretch full of cobbles.

Lyra :

“ Ye spirits who of olde were in this land

Each under Love, and shaken,

Go with your lutes, awaken

The summer within her mind,

Who hath not Helen for peer

Yseut nor Batsabe.”

With the interruption :

Magnifico, compater et carissime

(Johanni di Cosimo)

Venice has taken me on again

At 7,000 a month, *fiorini di Camera*.

For 2,000 horse and four hundred footmen,

And it rains here by the gallon,

We have had to dig a new ditch.

In three or four days

I shall try to set up the bombards. . . .

Under the plumes, with the flakes and small wads of colour

Showering from the balconies,

With the sheets spread from windows,

with leaves and small branches pinned on them,

Arras hung from the railings ; out of the dust,

With pheasant tails upright on their forelocks,

The small white horses, the

Twelve girls riding in order, green satin in pannier'd habits ;

Under the baldachino, silver'd with heavy stitches,
 Bianca Visconti, with Sforza,
 The peasant's son and the duchess,
 To Rimini, and to the wars southward,
 Boats drawn on the sand, red-orange sails in the creek's mouth,
 For two days' pleasure, mostly '*la pesca*,' fishing,
Di cui the which he, Francesco *godeva molto*.

To the war southward
 In which he, at that time, received an excellent hiding.
 And the Greek emperor was in Florence
 (Ferrara having the pest)
 And with him Gemisthus Plethon
 Talking of the war about the temple at Delphos,
 And of POSEIDON, *concret Allgemeine*,
 And telling of how Plato went to Dionysius of Syracuse
 Because he had observed that tyrants
 Were most efficient in all that they set their hands to,
 But he was unable to persuade Dionysius
 To any amelioration.

And in the gate at Ancona, between the foregate and the
 main-gates
 Sigismundo, ally, come through an enemy force,
 To patch up some sort of treaty, passes one gate
 And they shut it before they open the next gate,
 and he says:

"Now you have me,
 Caught like a hen in a coop."
 And the captain of the watch says: "Yes Messire Sigismundo,
 But we want this town for ourselves."

With the church against him,
 With the Medici bank for itself,
 With wattle Sforza against him,
 Sforza Francesco, wattle-nose,
 Who married him (Sigismundo) his (Francesco's)

Daughter in September,
 Who stole Pèsaro in October
 (As Broglio says "*bestialmente*"),
 Who stood with the Venetians in November,
 With the Milanese in December,
 Sold Milan in November, stole Milan in December
 Or something of that sort,
 Commanded the Milanese in the spring, the Venetians at mid-
 summer,
 The Milanese in the autumn,
 And was Naples' ally in October,
 He, Sigismundo, *templum aedificavit*
 In Romagna, teeming with cattle thieves,
 with the game lost in mid-channel,
 And never quite lost till '50, and never quite lost till the end,
 in Romagna,
 So that Galeaz sold Pèsaro "to get pay for his cattle."

And Poitiers, you know, Guillaume Poitiers,
 had brought the song up out of Spain
 With the singers and viols. But here they wanted a setting
 By Marecchia, where the water comes down over the cobbles
 And Mastin had come to Verucchio,
 and the sword, Paulo il Bello's,
 caught in the arras

And, in Este's house, Parisina
 Paid
 For this tribe paid always, and the house
 Called also Atreides',
 And the wind is still for a little
 And the dusk rolled

to one side a little,
 And he was twelve at the time, Sigismundo,
 And no dues had been paid for three years,
 And his elder brother gone pious;
 And that year they fought in the streets,

And that year he got out to Cesena
 and brought back the levies,
 And that year he crossed by night over the Foglia,
 and . . .

X

One year floods rose,
 One year they fought in the snows,
 One year hail fell, breaking the trees and walls.
 Down here in the marsh they trapped him
 in one year,
 And he stood in the water up to his neck
 to keep the hounds off him,
 And he floundered about in the marsh
 and came in after three days,
 That was Astorre Manfredi of Faenza
 who worked the ambush, and set the dogs off to find him,
 In the marsh, down here under Mantua.
 And he fought in Fano, in a street fight,
 and that was nearly the end of him ;
 And the Emperor came down and knighted us,
 And they had a wooden castle set up for fiesta,
 And one year Bassinio went out into the courtyard
 Where the lists were, and the palisades
 had been set for the tourneys,
 And he talked down the anti-Hellene,
 And there was an heir male to the seignor,
 And Madame Geneva died.
 And he, Sigismundo, was Capitan for the Venetians.
 And he had sold off small castles
 and built the great Rocca to his plan,
 And he fought like ten devils at Monteluro
 and got nothing but the victory
 And old Sforza bitched us at Pèsaro ;
 [sic], March the 16th :

“ that Messire Alessandro Sforza
 is become lord of Pèsaro
 through the wangle of the Illus. Sgr. Mr. Fedricho d’Orbino,
 Who worked the wangle with Galeaz
 through the wiggling of Messer Francesco
 Who waggled it so that Galeaz should sell Pèsaro
 to Alex and Fossebrone to Feddy ;
 and he hadn’t the right to sell.
 And this he did *bestialmente* ; that is Sforza did *bestialmente*
 as he had promised him, Sigismundo *per capitoli*
 to see that he, Malatesta, should have Pèsaro ”
 And this cut us off from our south half
 and finished our game, thus, in the beginning,
 And he, Sigismundo, spoke his mind to Francesco
 And we drove them out of the Marches.

And the King o’ Ragona, Alphonse le roy d’Aragon,
 was the next nail in our coffin,
 And all you can say is, anyhow, that he Sigismundo called a
 town council
 And Valturio said “ as well for a sheep as a lamb ”
 And the change-over (*hoc traditio*)
 As old bladder said “ *rem eorum saluavit* ”
 Saved the Florentine state ; and that, maybe, was
 something,
 And “ Florence our natural ally ” as they said in the meeting
 for whatever that was worth afterward.
 And he began building the TEMPIO,
 and Polixena, his second wife, died.
 And the Venetians sent down an ambassador
 and said “ speak humanely, but tell him
 it’s no time for raising his pay.”
 And the Venetians sent down an ambassador
 with three pages of secret instructions
 To the effect : Did he think the campaign was a joy-ride ?
 And Old Wattle Wattle slipped into Milan

But he couldn't stand Sidg being so high with the Venetians
 And he talked it over with Feddy ; and Feddy said " Pèsaro "
 And old Foscari wrote " *Caro mio*,
 " If we split with Francesco you can have it
 " And we'll help you in every way possible."

But Feddy offered it sooner.

And Sigismundo got up a few arches,
 And stole that marble in Classe, " stole " that is,
Casus est talis :

Foscari doge, to the prefect of Ravenna
 " Why, what, which, thunder, damnation ? ? ? ? ? ? ? "

Casus est talis "

Filippo, commendatary of the abbazia
 Of Sant Apollinaire, Classe, Cardinal of Bologna
 That he did one night (*quadam nocte*) sell to the
 Ill^{mo} D^o ! D^o Sigismund Malatesta
 Lord of Arimnium, marble, porphyry, serpentine,
 Whose men, Sigismundo's came with more than an hundred
 two wheeled ox carts and deported, for the beautifying
 of the *tempio* where was Santa Maria in Trivio
 where the same are now on the walls. Four hundred
 ducats to be paid back to the *abbazia* by the said swindling
 Cardinal or his heirs.

grnnh ! rrrnh, pthg.

Wheels, plaustra, oxen under night-shield,

And on the 13th of August : Aloysius Purtheo
 The next abbot to Sigismundo, receipt for 200 ducats
 Corn-salve for the damage done in that scurry.

And there was the row about the German-Bergundian female
 And it was his messianic year, Poliorcetes,

but he was being a bit too POLUMETIS

And the Venetians wouldn't give him six months vacation.

And he went down to the old brick heap of Pèsaro
 and waited for Feddy

And Feddy finally said " I am coming ! ! ! !

....to help Alessandro "

And he said : " This time Mister Feddy has done it."

He said " Broglio, I'm the goat. This time

Mr Feddy has done it (*m'l'a calata*)."

And he'd lost his job with the Venetians,

And the stone didn't come in from Istria ;

And we sent men to the silk war ;

And Wattle never paid up on the nail

Though we signed on with Milan and Florence ;

And he set up the bombards in muck down by Vada

where nobody else could have set 'em

and he took the wood out of the bombs

and made 'em of two scoops of metal

And the jobs kept getting smaller and smaller,

Until he signed on with Siena ;

and that time they grabbed his post-bag

And what was it, anyhow ?

Pitigliano, a man with a ten acre lot,

Two lumps of tufa,

and they'd taken his pasture land from him,

And Sidg had got back their horses,

and he had two big lumps of tufa

with six hundred pigs in the basements

And the poor devils were dying of cold.

And this is what they found in the post-bag :

Ex Arimino
 die Decembris

" *Magnifice ac potens domine, mi singularissime*

" I advise yr. Lordship how I have been with master Alwidge

" who has shown me the design of the nave that goes in the

" middle of the church and the design for the roof and . . . "

" JHesus

" *Magnifico exso*. Signor Mio

" Sence today I am recommanded that I hav to tel you my

"father's opinium that he has shode to Mr. Genare about the
"valts of the cherch . . . etc. . . ."

"Giovane of Master alwise P.S. I think it advisabl that I
"shud go to rome to talk to mister Albert so as I can no what
"he thinks about it rite.
Sagramoro has . . ."

"*Illustre signor mio*, Messire Battista, , , . . ."

"First: Ten slabs best red, seven by 15, by one third,

"Eight ditto, good red, 15 by three by one,

"Six of same, 15 by one by one,

"Eight columns 15 by three by one third

etc. . . . with carriage
danars 151

"MONSEIGNEUR :

"Madame Isotta has had me write today about Sr. Galeazzo's
"daughter. The man who said young pullets make thin soup,
"knew what he was talking about. We went to see the girl
"the other day, for all the good that did, and she denied the
"whole matter, and kept her end up without losing her temper.
"I think Madame Ixotta very nearly exhausted the matter.
"*Mi pare che avea decto hogni chossia*. All the children are
"well. Where you are everyone is pleased and happy because
"of your taking the chateau here we are the reverse as you
"might say drifting without a rudder. Madame Lucrezia has
"probably, or should have, written to you, I suppose you
"have the letter by now. Everyone wants to be remembered
"to you.

" 21 Dec, D. de M."

" . . . *sagramoro* to put up the derricks. There is a supply
"of beams at . . ."

"MAGNIFICENT LORD WITH DUE REVERENCE :

"Messire Malatesta is well and asks for you every day.
"He is so much pleased with his pony, It wd. take me a month
"to write you all the fun he gets out of that pony. I want to

"again remind you to write to Georgio Rambottom or to
"his boss to fix up that wall to the little garden that madame
"Isotta uses, for it is all flat on the ground now as I have
"already told him a lot of times, for all the good that does,
"so I am writing to your lordship in the matter I have done
"all that I can, for all the good that does as noboddy hear
"can do anything without you.

"your faithful

LUNARDA DA PALLA.

20 Dec. 1454."

" . . . gone over it with all the foremen and engineers. And
"about the silver for the small medal . . ."

"*Magnifice ac poten* . . .

"because the walls of . . ."

"*Malatesta de Malatestis ad Magnificum Dominum Patremque*
"*suum*.

"Ex^o D^o et D^o sin D^o Sigismundum Pandolfi Filium

"Malatestis Capitan General Magnificent and Exalted
"Lord and Father in especial my lord with due recommenda-
"tion: your letter has been presented to me by Gentilino da
"Gradara and with it the bay pony (ronzino baiectino) the
"which you have sent me, and which appears in my eyes a
"fine-caparison'd charger, upon which I intend to learn all
"there is to know about riding, in consideration of yr. paternal
"affection for which I thank your excellency thus briefly and
"pray you continue to hold me in this esteem notifying you
"by the bearer of this that we are all in good health, as I hope
"and desire your Ex^o Lordship is also: with continued
"remembrance I remain

"Your son and servant

"MALATESTA DE MALATESTIS.

"Given in Rimini, this the 22nd day of December
anno domini 1454"

(in the sixth year of his age)

" ILLUSTRIOUS PRINCE :

" Unfitting as it is that I should offer counsels to
" Hannibal . . . "

" *Magnifice at potens domine, domine mi singularissime,*
" *humili recomendatione permissa* etc. This to advise your
" M^{re} Ld^{ship} how the second load of Veronese marble has finally
" got here, after being held up at Ferrara with no end of fuss
" and botheration, the whole of it having been there unloaded.

" I learned how it happened, and it has cost a few florins
" to get back the said load which had been seized for the
" skipper's debt and defalcation; he having fled when the
" lighter was seized. But that Y^r M^{re} Ld^{ship} may not lose
" the moneys paid out on his account I have had the lighter
" brought here and am holding it, against his arrival. If not
" we still have the lighter.

" As soon as the Xmas fetes are over I will have the stone
" floor laid in the sacresty, for which the stone is already cut.
" The wall of the building is finished and I shall now get the
" roof on.

" We have not begun putting new stone into the martyr
" chapel; first because the heavy frosts wd. certainly spoil
" the job; secondly because the aliofants aren't yet here and
" one can't get the measurements for the cornice to the columns
" that are to rest on the aliofants.

" They are doing the stairs to your room in the castle. . . .
" I have had Messire Antonio degli Atti's court paved and the
" stone benches put in it.

" Ottavian is illuminating the bull. I mean the bull for
" the chapel. All the stone-cutters are waiting for spring
" weather to start work again.

" The tomb is all done except part of the lid, and as soon
" as Messire Agostino gets back from Cesena I will see that he
" finishes it, ever recommending me to y^r M^{re} Ld^{ship}

" believe me y^r faithful

" PETRUS GENARIUS."

That's what they found in the post-bag
And some more of it to the effect that
he " lived and ruled "

" *et amava perdutamente Ixotta degli Atti* "
e " *ne fu degna* "

" *constans in proposito*

" *Placuit oculis principis*

" *pulchra aspectu* "

" *populo grata* " (*Italiaeque decus*)

" and built a temple so full of pagan works "

i.e. Sigismund

and in the style " Past ruin'd Latium "

The filagree hiding the gothic,

with a touch of rhetoric in the whole

And the old sarcophagi,

such as lie, smothered in grass, by San Vitale.

XI

And the poor devils dying of cold, outside Sorano,
And from the other side, from inside the château,

Orsini, Count Pitigliano, on the 17th of November :

" Siggy, darlint, wd. you not stop making war on insensible
" objects, such as trees and domestic vines, that have no
" means to hit back . . . but if you will hire yourself out to
" a commune (Siena) which you ought rather to rule than
" serve . . . "

which with Trachulo's damn'd epistle ! !

And what of it *anyhow* ? a man with a ten acre lot,
Pitigliano ! ! . . . a lump of tufa,

And S. had got back their horses

And the poor devils dying of cold . . .

(And there was another time, you know,

he signed on with the Fanesi,

And just couldn't be bothered . . .)

And there were three men on a one man job
 And Careggi wanting the baton
 And not getting it just now in any case,

And he, Sigismundo, refused an invitation to lunch
 In commemoration of Carmagnola
 (vide Venice, between the two columns
 where Carmagnola was executed.)

Et

"*anno messo a saccho el signor Sigismundo*"

As Filippo Strozzi wrote to Zan, Lottieri, then in Naples,
 "I think they'll let him through at Campiglia"

Archivio Storico, 4th series t, III. Florence e "La guerra dei Senesi col conte di Pitigliano.

And he found Carlo Gonzaga sitting like a mud-frog
 in Orbetello

And he said :

"*Cara mio*, I can not receive you

It really is not the moment."

And Broglio says he ought to have tipped Gorro Lolli !

But he got back home here somehow,

And Piccinino was out of a job,

And the old row with Naples continued.

And what he said was all right in Mantua ;

And Borso had the pair of them up to Bel Fiore,

The pair of them, Sigismundo and Federico Urbino,

Or perhaps in the palace, Ferrara, Sigismund upstairs

And Urbino's gang in the basement,

And a regiment of guards in, to keep order,

For all the good that did :

"*Te caverò la budella del corpo !*"

El conte levatosi :

"*Io te caverò la corata a te !*"

And that day Cosimo smiled,

That is, the day they said :

"Drusiana is to marry Count Giacomo . . ."

(*Piccinino*) *un sorriso malizioso.*

Drusiana, another of Franco Sforza's ;

It would at least keep the row out of Tuscany.

And he fell out of a window, Count Giacomo,

Three days after his death, that was years later in Naples,

For trusting Ferdinando of Naples,

And old Wattle could do nothing about it.

Et :

INTEREA PRO GRADIBUS BASILICAE S. PIETRI EX ARIDA MATERIA
 INGENS PYRA EXTRUITUR IN CUJUS SUMMITATE IMAGO SIGIS-
 MUNDI COLLOCATUR, HOMINIS LINEAMENTA, ET VESTIMENTI
 MODUM ADEO PROPRIE REDDENS, UT VERA MAGIS PERSONA
 QUAM IMAGO VIDERETUR ; NE QUEM TAMEN IMAGO FALLERET,
 ET SCRIPTURA EX ORE PRODIIT, QUAE DICERET : SIGISMUNDUS
 HIC EGO SUM MALATESTA, FILIUS PANDULPHI, REX PRODITORUM,
 DEO ATQUE HOMINIBUS INFESTUS, SACRI CENSURA SENATUS
 IGNI DAMNATUS ;

SCRIPTURUM

MULTI LEGERUNT, DEINDE ASTANTE POPULO IGNE IMMISSO,
 ET PYRA SIMULACRUM REPENTE FLAGRAVIT.

Com, Pio II. Liv. VII p. 85.

Yriarte p. 288.

So that in the end that pot-scraping little runt Andreas

Benzi, da Siena

Got up to spout out the bunkum

That that monstrous swollen, swelling

Papa Pio Secundo

Aeneas Silvius Piccolomini

da Siena

Had told him to spout, in their best bear's-greased latinity

Stupro, caede, adulter,

homocidia, parricidia ac periurus,

presbitericidia, audax, libidinosus,

wives, jew-girls, nuns, necrophiliast, fornicarium ac sicarium,

proditor, raptor, incestuosus, incendiarius, ac concubinariis,

and that he rejected the whole symbol of the apostles,
and that he said the monks ought not to own property
and that he disbelieved in the temporal power,
neither christian, jew, gentile

nor any sect pagan, *nisi forsitan epicureae.*

And that he did among other things
Empty the fonts of the chieixa of holy water
And fill up the same full with ink
In order that he might in God's dishonour
Stand before the doors of the said chieixa
Making mock of the inky faithful, they
Issuing thence by the doors in the pale light of the sunrise
Which might be considered youthful levity
but was really a profound indication ;

" Whence that his, Sigismundo's, foetor filled the earth
And stank up through the air and stars to heaven
Where, save they were immune from sufferings,
It had made the emparadisèd spirits pewk "
from their jeweled terrace

" *Lussurioso, incestuoso, perfide, sozzure ac crapulone
assassino, ingordo, avaro, superbo, infedele
fattore di monete false, sodomitico, uxoricido,*

and the whole lump lot
given over to . . .

I mean after Pio had said, or at least Pio says that he
Said that this was elegant oratory "*Orationem
Elegantissimam et ornatissimam
Audi vimus venerabilis in Xti fratres ac dilectissimi
filii . . . (stone in his bladder
. . . testibus idoneis)*

The lump lot given over
To that kid-slapping fanatic il cardinale di San Pietro in
Vincoli

To find him guilty, of the lump lot
As he duly did, calling rumour, and Messire Federico d'Urbino
And other equally unimpeachable witnesses.

So they burnt our brother in effigy
A rare magnificent effigy costing 8 florins 48 bol
(i.e. for the pair, as the first one wasn't a good enough likeness)
And Borso said the time was ill suited
to *tanta novita*, such doings or innovations,

God's enemy and man's enemy, *stuprum, raptum*
I.N.R.I. Sigismund Imperator, Rex Proditorum.

And old Pills who tried to get him into a front rank action
In order to drive the rear guard at his buttocks
Old Pills listed among the murdered, although he
Came out of jail living later.

Et les anglois ne povans desraciner . . . venin de hayne.
Had got back Gisors from the Angevins,

And the Angevins were gunning after Naples
And we dragged in the Angevins,
And we dragged in Louis Eleventh,
And the *tiers Calixte* was dead, and Alfonso ;
And against us we had " this Aeneas " and young Ferdinando
That we had smashed at Piombino and driven out of the
Terrene of the Florentines ;
And Piccinino, out of a job ;
And he, Sidg, had had three chances of
Making it up with Alfonso, and an offer of
Marriage alliance ;

And what he said was all right there in Mantua ;

But Pio, sometime or other, Pio lost his pustulous temper.
And Francesco said :

I also have suffered.
When you take it, give me a slice.

And they nearly jailed a chap for saying
The job was *mal hecho* ; and they caught poor old Pasti
In Venice, and were like to pull all his teeth out ;

And they had a bow-shot at Borso
As he was going down the Grand Canal in his gondola,
(the nice kind with 26 barbs on it)
And they said : Novvy'll sell any man
for the sake of Count Giacomo.
(Piccinino, the one that fell out of the window)

And they came at us with their ecclesiastical legates
Until the eagle lit on his tent pole.
And he said : The Romans would have called that an augury
E grädment li antichi cavalier romanj
davano fed a quisti annutii,
All I want you to do is to follow the orders
They've got a bigger army,
but there are more men in this camp.

XII

E grädment li antichi cavalier romanj
davano fed a quisti annutii.

And he put us under the chiefs,
and the chiefs went back to their squadrons :
Bernardo Reggio, Nic Benzo, Giovan Nestorno,
Paulo Viterbo, Buardino of Brescia, Cetho Brandolino,
And Simone Malespina,
Petracco St Archangelo, Rioberto da Canossa,
And for the tenth Agniolo da Roma
and that gay bird Piero della Bella,
And to the eleventh Roberto,

And the papishes were three thousand on horses,
dilly cavalli tre milia,
And a thousand on foot,
And the Lord Sigismundo had but mille tre cento cavalli
And hardly 500 fanti (and one spingard),
And we beat the papishes and fought them back through the
tents
And he came up to the dyke again
And fought through the dyke-gate
And it went on from dawn to sun-set
And we broke them and took their baggage
and mille cinquecento cavalli
E li homini di Messire Sigismundo non furono che mille trecento
And the Venetians sent in their compliments
And various and sundry sent in their compliments ;
But we got it next August ;
And Roberto got beaten at Fano,
And he went by ship to Tarentum,
I mean Sidg went to Tarentum
And he found 'em, the anti-Aragons, busted and weeping into
their beards.
And they, the papishes, came up to the walls.
And that nick-nosed s.o.b. Feddy Urbino
Said :

" *Par che e fuor di questo . . . Sigis . . . mundo.*"

" They say he dodders about the streets
" And can put his hand to neither one thing nor the other,"
And he was in the sick wards, and on the high tower
And everywhere, keeping us at it.
And, thank god, they got the sickness outside
As we had the sickness inside,
And they had neither town nor castello
But dey got de mos' bloody rottenes' peace on us—
Quali lochi sono questi :

Sogliano,
Torrano and La Serra, Sbrigara, San Martino,

Ciola, Pondo, Spinello, Cigna and Buchio,
 Prataline, Monte Cogruzzo,
 and the villa at Rufiano
 Right up to the door-yard
 And anything else the Rev^{mo} Monsignore could remember.
 And the water-rights on the Savio.
 (And the salt heaps with the reed mats on them
 Gone long ago to the Venetians)
 And when lame Novvy died, they got even Cesena.
 And he wrote to young Piero :
 Send me a couple of huntin' dogs,
 They may take my mind off it.
 And one day he was sitting in the chieixa,
 On a bit of cornice, a bit of stone grooved for a cornice,
 Too narrow to fit his big beam,
 hunched up and noting what was done wrong,
 And an old woman came in and giggled to see him
 sitting there in the dark
 She nearly fell over him,
 And he thought :
 Old Zuliano is finished,
 If he's left anything we must see the kids get it,
 Write that to Robert.
 And Vanni must give that peasant a decent price for his horses,
 Say that I will refund.
 And the writs run in Fano,
 For the long room over the arches
Sub annulo piscatoris,
 Palatiam seu curiam OLIM de Malatestis.
 Gone, and Cesena, Zezena d'''e b'e colonne,
 And the big diamond pawned in Venice
 And he gone out into Morea,
 Where they sent him to do the Mo'ammeds,
 With 5,000 against 25,000,
 and he nearly died out in Sparta,

Morea, Lakadaemon,
 and came back with no pep in him
 And we sit here. I have sat here
 For forty four thousand years,
 And they trapped him down here in the marsh land,
 in '46 that was ;
 And the poor devils dying of cold, that was Rocca Sorano ;
 And he said in his young youth :
 Vogliamo,
che le donne, we will that they, *le donne*, go ornate,
 As be their pleasure, for the city's glory thereby.
 And Platina said afterward,
 when they jailed him
 And the Accademia Romana, for singing to Zeus in the cata-
 combs
 Yes, I saw him when he was down here,
 Ready to murder fatty Barbo, " Formosus,"
 And they want to know what we talked about ?
 " de litteris et de armis, praestantibusque ingeniis,
 Both of ancient times and our own ; books, arms,
 And of men of unusual genius,
 Both of ancient times and our own, in short the usual subjects
 Of conversation between intelligent men."
 And he with his luck gone out of him
 64 lances in his company, and his pay 8,000 a year,
 64 and no more, and he not to try to get any more
 And all of it down on paper
sexaginta quatuor nec tentatur habere plures
 But leave to keep 'em in Rimini
 i.e. to watch the Venetians.
 Damn pity he didn't
 (i.e. get the knife into him)

Little fat squab "Formosus"
 Barbo said "Call me Formosus"
 But the conclave wouldn't have it
 and they called him Paulo Secundo.

And he left three horses at one gate
 and three horses at the other,
 And Fatty received him
 with a guard of seven cardinals whom he could trust.
 And the castelan of Montefiore wrote down,
 "You'd better keep him out of the district,
 "When he got back here from Sparta, the people
 "Lit fires, and turned out yelling: 'PANDOLFO!!'"

In the gloom, the gold gathers the light against it.

And one day he said: Henry, you can have it,
 On condition, you can have it: for four months
 You'll stand any reasonable joke that I play on you,
 And you can joke back
 provided you don't get too ornrey.
 And they put it all down in writing:
 For a green cloak with silver brocade
Actum in Castro Sigismundo, presente Roberto de Valturi'us
. . . sponte et ex certa scientia . . . to Enricho de Aquabello.

ALCESTIS AND SAVITRI: A SUGGESTION

By STANLEY RICE

THE *Alcestis* of Euripides has always been somewhat of a puzzle to scholars. It is usually acknowledged that the character of Alcestis herself is beyond praise; every one is ready to exclaim

"What kind of creature should the woman prove
 That has surpassed Alcestis?"

The choruses too contain some of the finest of the lyrics, and the character drawing of Admetus and of Pheres are admirable, much as we may despise the one and dislike the other. Yet in spite of the portrait painting, the pathos of the theme, the lyrics and the beauty of individual scenes, critics have found the play unsatisfactory. Schlegel condemns Euripides whole-heartedly; Swinburne called him a botcher, and those who have tried to defend him are either timid like Paley, explanatory like Dr. Verrall, or apologetic like Mr. Way. Above all, the character of Herakles has come in for trenchant criticism; how, it is said, can we recognise in this drunken reveller the semi-divine hero of Greek legend? He comes into the house with importunate demands for service, calls for wine, and drinks himself into a semi-maudlin state, "crowning his head with myrtle sprigs" and "howling discordance," and later giving the servant a sermon of drunken solemnity on the vanity of human life.

Now the main outline of the play need not be here repeated,

for it is the best known of all Euripides' plays, but to the development of my thesis it is necessary to recapitulate a few of the more salient points. Admetus has known for a long time that he is doomed to die; he has, however, obtained a promise of respite if he can find someone willing to take his place.

"But never a soul he found would yield up life
And leave the sunlight for him save his wife."

Alcestis accordingly dies, and is straightway carried to burial; Herakles learns what has happened, and, without the knowledge of Admetus, goes to the tomb, where he overcomes Death in a hand-to-hand wrestle. He leads back Alcestis to the house and breaks the news gently by pretending that she is a slave whom he would like Admetus to keep for him till his return. Gradually the truth dawns on Admetus. Alcestis is restored from the dead and the whole play ends in thanksgiving and festivity.

The main points to notice are that Admetus is doomed to die, that Alcestis rises from the dead after a hasty burial, and that the play ends happily. In this last respect it differs from all, or nearly all, extant Greek tragedies. If the *Eumenides* ends in the final release of Orestes, the finale comes rather as the relief from intolerable gloom than as any real cause for festive rejoicing, and in the same way the *Iphigenia in Tauris* is negative in the climax. It is plain that the happy ending of Alcestis is different not merely in degree but in kind, and as such it is unique.

Now there is in the *Mahabharata*, the great epic of India, a very similar story. Savitri, a Hindu princess, has fallen deeply in love with Satyaván, an excellent youth, but doomed like Admetus to die within the year. Her father tries to dissuade her, but in vain. She is adamant and the marriage accordingly takes place. When the fatal time approaches, Savitri and Satyaván go out into the forest to gather wood. Satyaván is seized with sudden pain and lies down to rest

while Savitri keeps watch, well knowing that the time of her trial is at hand.

"Then on a sudden she was 'ware of one
Clothed all in red and splendid as the sun;
Grisly his aspect was; his eyes were red,
And a great crown he wore upon his head."

This is Yama, King of Death, come to claim his victim. He bears a noose in his hand and draws out of the body a minute something, the soul of Satyaván, of the size of a thumb, which he proceeds to bind. Savitri follows him on the journey to Hades and is sternly reproved by the god. She, however, persists, and by her wise discourse obtains the gifts of sight and kingdom for her blind and exiled father-in-law and of a hundred sons for herself.

"I will give you any gift," says Yama.

" 'Saving alone this life I bear with me.' "

But she shrewdly points out that the last gift is incapable of fulfilment unless her husband is restored. Yama yields. Savitri returns to Satyaván, who is waking as he thinks from sleep. They go home to find the king restored to sight; in due course the kingdom is recovered, sons are born, and all ends happily.

Having now set out the two stories in broad outline, let us proceed to examine the *Alcestis* in more detail. The character of Admetus has been a subject for the contempt and obloquy of generations of critics. Paley finds him "hardly well drawn or at least pleasingly portrayed." Verrall puts the question directly: "Is it the fact that the son of Pheres and husband of Alcestis . . . appears as a selfish, unattractive, and rather contemptible person; and may we assume . . . that such would have been the view in the time of the author?" The first part of the question he answers in a decided affirmative, though he is careful to add the qualifying words "to us." Admetus is "childish," in that, having accepted the sacrifice, he beseeches his wife not to leave him; he must be "stupefied

by passionate egoism" if he cannot perceive that he is making the worst of a delicate case; he must be "wanting in sense" to argue with his father on grounds which amount to logical suicide. His act could only be justified "if it were his duty to live, if his life were important to others and much more important than hers." The best that can be said for him by his apologists is that in the eyes of the Athenians he is a noble and virtuous man and that as such he reaped his reward. This is Mr. Way's view. Professor Gilbert Murray considers that the play, taking as it did the fourth place in the series, is pro-Satyr or, in other words, was substituted for the regular Satyr play. And since the Satyr play was especially concerned with drunken revels, and since the "one hero who existed always in an atmosphere of Satyrs . . . was Herakles . . . it is all in keeping that he should arrive tired, should feast and drink and sing; should be suddenly sobered and should go forth to battle with Death." Verrall, who wrote twenty years earlier, brushes aside this excuse as "irrelevant." Why, he asks, should the author choose for his Satyr play a theme so entirely unsuitable as the legend of Alcestis? But granting that we now know more about Satyr plays, Professor Murray, with respect for his authority, is not convincing. For what does the argument amount to? *Alcestis* was a fourth play in a series; such plays were often Satyr plays; *Alcestis* is therefore pro-Satyr, and since Satyr plays dealt with drunken revellers and the wild life of the forest, but especially with Herakles, the presentation of the latter in his cups is quite in keeping. This may account for the single scene in which Herakles gets drunk off the stage, but there is no suggestion anywhere in the play of "wild things in the forest," nor are we helped towards an interpretation of Admetus or of any other character. Professor Murray adds that "it is in keeping that the contest should have a half-grotesque and half-ghastly touch, the grapple amid the graves and the cracking ribs." But where is the grotesque in what Euripides tells us, and where for that matter is the half-ghastly?

We hear nothing of the fight until Herakles returns with Alcestis. "How," asks Admetus, "didst thou win her to the light?"

Her. "I fought for life with him I needs must fight.

Ad. With Death thou hast fought! But where?

Her. Among his dead

I lay and sprang and gripped him as he fled."

That is all: three lines in Professor Murray's own version. What is there grotesque or ghastly in these few lines?

Nor is the matter mended by the further explanation that the "complete type of [Satyr play] was refined away during the fifth century" and that "one stage in the process produced a play with a normal chorus but with one figure of the Satyric . . . type." Apart from the fact that *Alcestis* belongs to the first half of the fifth century, the explanation carries us no further than the figure of Herakles. We still have no hero of the normally heroic type and are left just where we were in our appreciation of Admetus. What, then, is Professor Murray's estimate of Admetus? He finds him "generous, innocent, artistic, affectionate, eloquent, impulsive, a good deal spoilt, unconsciously insincere, and no doubt fundamentally selfish." Browning, on the other hand, has little good to say of him; "nowise insincere, but somehow childlike"; he was scorned by Alcestis, whose last words are for her children, and who did not deign to notice his prayers:

"Folly's old fashion when its seed bears fruit,"

and the world has followed Browning in thinking him a selfish coward.

Now in appraising a character of this kind there are two lines of thought which we must follow. We must consider those general instincts which are intuitive in human nature at all times and in every place, and also those particular ideas which belong to one place and to one time. That Admetus did not want to die is natural. Equally reluctant was he to let his wife die, but as long as the fatal hour was far off he lived

in hope, just as we only realise the pain of parting from a friend at the actual moment of separation. But when the time is come Admetus is faced by a dilemma. Shall he accept the sacrifice or shall he say—

“To keep this pact I find surpass my power”?

That is exactly what he could not bring himself to say; what he found surpassed his power was to make the sacrifice himself. He can weep and lament, he can promise eternal celibacy, but the one thing needful he cannot do. Balaustion gets very near to the heart of things :

“For I judge
He only now began to taste the truth;
The thing done lay revealed, which undone thing
Rehearsed for fact by fancy at the best
Never can equal. He had used himself
This long while . . . to practise with the terms.”

That is it. And so Admetus, the pious, the affectionate, the generous, beloved of his people and of the gods, has gone down to the contempt of posterity because he loved life too dearly. And Alcestis too has profited by her sacrifice—*felix opportunitate mortis*—as he has lost by his cowardice. Beyond this one act of supreme devotion we hear little of her character; the Chorus may lift a corner of the veil when they—

“Sorrow for a brightness that departs,
A good life worn away,”

but they are thinking all the time of her great sacrament of death. We gather that she was a gentle, altogether lovable woman and queen, and, like the Homeric Arete, honoured by the people. She does not pretend that she is glad to die. Human nature asserts itself. But—and here we find an idea peculiar to the time and place—she gives the all-sufficient reason for her death: that her life was naught beside his—a point that Browning has missed and that Verrall has treated with scorn.

Now this type of hero and heroine is to be met with again and again in the Indian epics and the earlier Indian dramas, which though much later are modelled on the same lines, just as Indian music has persisted almost unchanged for centuries. We can recognise in *Sakuntalá* the features of Draupadi and Damayanti. The story of the latter is not so universally known that a brief summary will be out of place. Nala, then, a prince of great virtue, brave, magnanimous, affectionate, and pious, wins Damayanti as his bride, and in the transports of his joy he swears that he will—

“Wholly dedicate his life to her.”

Twelve years later we find him fallen a victim to an insatiable love of gambling, the darling vice of ancient Indian heroes, and, having lost everything “down to his shirt,” he goes into exile. Damayanti follows him. By misadventure he loses his one remaining garment, and, ashamed and despairing, he deserts her in the wilds and goes his own road. After many wanderings and much tribulation they are brought together once more by her devoted love. She reproaches him, but he retorts that even now she is seeking another mate, whereupon she cries out in an ecstasy of terror, calling upon the gods to witness that all she has done has been for love of Nala. A voice from Heaven is heard, and all ends happily.

“What a cur!” exclaim perhaps some English readers. “What a coward to desert his wife in the jungle! Surely,” as Verrall says of Admetus, “he should have run some risk of being pelted out of his palace! He *said* he was possessed by an evil spirit, but what is the use of that? The man was frankly despicable, the woman a jewel.” Not a bit of it! When the two re-entered the palace, all the citizens rejoiced to welcome them back. Not a word was said of his despicable conduct. The man had lapsed first into vice, then into something akin to a crime, but what of it? His heart was sound, and his piety and virtue made amends for all.

There is in principle much resemblance between this tale

and that of Alcestis. Damayanti is not remarkable save for her absolute constancy to her husband, which first impelled her, as it impels other Indian heroines, to share his exile, and later to spend three weary years in searching for him. Like Alcestis and like Savitri she has endeared herself to posterity by her one deed of utter self-abnegation; and like the Greek queen, she shrinks when the crisis is at hand. She wakes to find Nala gone—

“ And suddenly
The horror broke upon her and she cried
In accents agonised, “ Come, Nala ! Lord !
Where art thou, Nala ? Nala, come to me.”

And like Admetus, the brave, the virtuous, the incomparable Nala fails at the supreme moment and with less cause. He is not called upon to die, but only to go in shame and nakedness where formerly he had appeared in splendour. He excuses his cowardice to himself by arguing that it is better so; that Damayanti would certainly die if exposed to the savage life of the forest, whereas if he left her she would go straight to her father's house, and so on with the usual arguments of a weak man trying to stifle conscience. He too was called upon for an effort and he could not quite compass it.

This story is typical of that scheme which we so often find in the Indian, but more seldom in the Greek, writers. Again and again the woman is held up to our admiration for her constancy to a man whose adversity is often the result of his own folly, for her inflexibility of purpose, and for her quick wit in working out the salvation of both. Again and again the man, for all his weakness or folly in the incident, is nevertheless a pattern of nobility and virtue, though our Western mind finds it hard to forget the particular in the general. This conception is much rarer in Greek tragedy; there is more than a hint of it in the *Iphigenia in Tauris* and in the *Antigone*, but more often it is the woman who brings about the tragedy, as in the *Agamemnon*, the *Medea*, and the *Hippolytus*, or supplies the driving force, as in the *Electra*.

In this respect Alcestis is unique; she differs greatly from the type of the Greek tragic heroine, and approaches much more nearly to the Indian conception. Nor is it easy to find a parallel to Admetus, though, as we have seen, his counterpart is quite common in the Indian legends. And in yet another respect do we find a special feature common to this Greek tragedy and to the Indian epics. With one other exception, which may also be due to Asiatic influence, there is no violent shock to normal human experience. When Medea murders her children they do not come to life again; when *Œdipus* blinds himself he remains blind; when *Hippolytus* is destroyed there is no remedy. Only in *Alcestis* and in *Iphigenia in Aulis* do we meet with the miracle. The substitution of a deer for *Iphigenia* by direct interference of *Artemis* naturally recalls the sacrifice of *Isaac*, and this is obviously Asiatic and is commemorated to this day by the Moslems; the story is to be found in the 37th Sura of the Koran, entitled, “The Ranks.” On the other hand, the supernatural frequently occurs in the Indian stories. In “*Savitri*” blindness is cured by the simple word of *Yama*; elsewhere the dead body of a prince is restored to life by magic herbs; even a decapitated body is revived by some miraculous charm. It is perhaps due to this intuition which prefers artistically the normal course of human events that has put *Alcestis* into the forefront of tragic controversy.

But granted that the story of *Savitri* resembles that of *Alcestis* in its main outlines, we cannot rest a theory upon so slender a basis. We must seek elsewhere for other points of contact, and must further show that these are not to be met with in the epics of other nations. We may find an answer to this demand, first, by discovering other parallel episodes; secondly, by adducing peculiar incidents; and thirdly by reference to customs and manners.

Now, just as we find in the story of *Savitri* the rising from the dead shortly after the breath has left the body, so in the *Sakuntalá* we are reminded of the story of *Polycrates*. An offended ascetic has decreed that *Sakuntalá's* betrothed shall

forget her unless she produces a certain ring. When the time comes the ring has disappeared, and is found too late in the maw of a fish. Though Kalidasa's play is probably not earlier than A.D. 500, it is in the domain at least of reasonable conjecture that the episode of the fish was borrowed from some earlier source. It is certain at any rate that Kalidasa did not know Greek. Let us again consider the story of Sarangdhar. This prince is beloved of his stepmother; stung by his repulses she accuses him to the king of having violated her honour. The prince is ordered out to mutilation, but a god intervenes. The queen is punished and the youth is saved. There you have the story of the *Hippolytus* with the characteristic Hindu ending; and the resemblance is all the more remarkable because the conception of vice in a heroine, and especially the vice of unchastity, is foreign to Hindu ideas of dramatic fitness.

If we require epic instances we shall find one in the descent of Yudishtira into Hades at the end of the *Mahabhārata*. The hero alone of the five brothers reaches heaven. He asks to be conducted to his brothers, and is taken to hell. Touched by their anguish, he resolves to remain with them, but all is an illusion to test his constancy; the torments, the gloom, the horror, all vanish. The hero has achieved salvation for himself and his brethren. It may be that this particular idea is world-wide; it does not appear, however, in the epics of other nations, nor is there any trace of it in the Biblical legends. Virgil, we know, copied from Homer.

These are but a few instances¹; categories are apt to be as tedious as the second book of the *Iliad*, and this essay does not pretend to do more than suggest. Are, then, these similarities fortuitous? Do they indicate in their cumulative effect that they are drawn from some common tradition, akin to

¹ Other similarities will be found in Mr. Kincaid's *Tales of Old Sind*, in which we are reminded of the Perseus and Danaë legend, of Medea the Witch-maiden, of Œdipus who killed his father, and of Leander who swam the Hellespont to visit Hero.

the theological postulate called Q, from some common civilisation modified in detail by the special customs and the special institutions peculiar to each people? For observe that while the resemblances are striking enough in outline, the treatment of them differs considerably in Greece and in India. The curse of an ascetic, so characteristic of the monasticism of India, is altogether foreign to the Greek conception, and, as it is an established rule of the ancient Hindu drama that the ending must be happy and that the episodes must not be shocking, the *dénouement* of *Medea* or *Hippolytus* would be impossible. Equally characteristic is the journey to Hades. Odysseus and Æneas go down to take counsel with the departed heroes and return to earth to continue their mortal career. Yudishtira is moved to his descent by the principle of self-renunciation, and his reward is accomplished by requisitioning the specially Hindu doctrine of Maya.

Nevertheless, if the genius of the races has moulded the legends each in its own fashion, there are still traces of affinity in certain customs or incidents which affect the external rather than the inner life of the people. The idea that a woman may be won by superior prowess in some athletic contest is by no means confined to Greece and India, for Brünnhilde sets the test in the *Nibelungenlied*, nor is the contest necessarily of one type, for Herakles in this very play of *Alcestis* pretends that she is a slave, the prize of some wrestling bout. But these instances must be distinguished. Brünnhilde is a queen, proud of her own prowess; it is she who must be defeated to be won, and the penalty of failure is death. A slave girl is merely the chattel of her master, to be disposed of at his will. But the princess, who is to be won by a contest between suitors, is, nominally at any rate, her own mistress, and both in Greece and India we find that the particular test is ability to shoot with the bow. Just as Odysseus easily wields a weapon which has defied all the efforts of Antinous and his companions, so Rama not only bends but breaks the bow of Siva, and thereby wins Sita for

his bride. And again, in the *Mahabhārata* Draupadi consents to marry him who shall pierce the eye of a fish placed behind a wheel. The feat is accomplished by Arjuna, and the princess becomes the wife of the five brothers; how the polyandry came about is not relevant to the argument. And again the sacrifice of Sati, to us barbarous, to India a sacrament, has taught us the relative value which the ancients placed on the lives of men and women.

The incident which more than any other has puzzled the critics of *Alcestis* is the extraordinary deviation from Greek custom in the manner of the burial. It is of course well known that with the Greeks not only did the body lie in state—often for days—but that the funeral was accompanied by much ceremony. Why, then, did Euripides shock Athenian sentiment by gratuitously hurrying the body to the tomb a few hours after death? Why did he not, as he might have done, let Alcestis die “off the stage,” Herakles retiring to perform the miracle in the death-chamber after the fashion of Elisha?

Professor Verrall argues that this indecently hasty burial, as well as the need to detain Herakles at all costs, were all dictated by the same motive, to hide Admetus's own cowardice from the world: it is the shift of a weak nature hoping to put off the evil day of detection. The explanation does not satisfy. The whole city knew, as the Maid tells us, that Alcestis was dying to save Admetus, and it must have been obvious that the Chorus, the burial over, would immediately spread the news. However incapable of clear thinking at the time, this evident result could hardly have escaped Admetus.

Nor is the Chorus in any way scandalised. It is true that when they first arrive they express surprise that the customary accompaniments of death are not here, but are told that the lady is not dead. “Is she attended as the dead ought to be?” they ask. “Yes,” says the servant, “and the grave clothes are quite ready.” This satisfies them, and they suggest that they had better change into mourning and cut their hair.

This cannot mean that they suspect Admetus of a hole-and-corner funeral. They have been summoned as a mourning train, and there is, it seems, no corpse; while there is life there is hope, and so, satisfied that all will be done decently, they fall to praying Apollo to avert the calamity.

Professor Murray's stage directions tell us that while the *θρήνος* is being sung, a great procession is being formed. His assumption is much more natural. “He [Euripides] accepts the story as given in the tradition and then represents it in his own way.” But if the tradition contained this story of the hasty burial, so repugnant to Greek feeling, how did it come there? Verrall says: “Indeed, it is inconceivable, for obvious and imperative reasons, that such a custom should prevail anywhere or at any time.” Inconceivable! Why, it is the very custom which, for “obvious and imperative reasons,” prevails in India to-day. The dying Brahman is, or should be, taken out of the death-chamber and laid on the ground outside the house, exactly as we find in the case of Alcestis, though Browning seems to have been misled by her first words:

“O Sun, and thou light of day, and heavenly dance
O' the fleet cloud figure!”

As soon as death supervenes the body is carried into the house, the women's lamentations begin, and the corpse is dressed for the last rite. Within a few hours a handful of ashes is all that is left of what was a man. Thus if the tradition be Asiatic—and “Euripides received it from Phrynichus and doubtless from other sources”—this particular incident becomes capable of easy explanation. For the critical Athenian audience would at once recognise that this was not, and was not meant to be, Greek custom. If, as Verrall suggests, the story was universally known and constantly celebrated, the audience would accept the Asiatic touches without criticism just as we accept the Jewish custom implied in such a phrase as “Take up thy bed and walk.” For no one in the play is shocked,

not even Pheres, who was in no mood to spare reproaches, and, as we have seen, the Chorus saw nothing unusual in the procedure.

Yet this, we are told, is the cardinal fact, the "key to the situation" which prepares us "to appreciate the treatment." And the treatment for which we are thus prepared is a veiled disbelief in "Apollo" and "Death" and other stage properties. Euripides, being a bit of a sceptic, shows us his supernatural figures, not in the majestic garb of Æschylus, but in the plain dress of wranglers in a shop. Admetus, the darling of Apollo, is a poor and even ridiculous creature, and, as for the oracle, it is simply what these deluded people have made it. They might have said to Alcestis: "You see you are perfectly well this morning; a fig for oracles. Cheer up and you will see that all is well and you can send 'Apollo' and the rest packing." Instead of saying this they have worried the poor woman with the oracle to the brink of the grave. But no further. For, of course, she does not really die. She has only swooned and soon comes to; perhaps Herakles has been rather rough in his breezy, boisterous manner.

Let us now apply this reasoning to the Hindu story of Savitri, which I suggest is derived from the same source as the Greek legend, an unknown Asiatic myth. Here is a young prince in the best of health, doomed for no obvious reason to die within the year. The fatal hour approaches, and Savitri, like the Greek Chorus, is expecting things to happen. They go out together, and the prince has a sunstroke. He lies down and the girl watches, until, overcome by the heat, she too dozes. Preoccupied with her fears, she has a vision. A majestic figure appears, who takes away her husband's soul, but it is restored to her as the result of her persistent pleading. Waking up, she finds that the fit has passed. The prince is much better, and, as time has flown, they go home.

There is your rationalistic explanation, and very plausible it might be, if it were not that such a version is quite out of keeping with other legends embedded in the epic. There is,

moreover, nothing to show that the Sanskrit author, whoever he was, had any sceptical leanings, nor does it account for the other miraculous happenings. No doubt these too might be explained away, but only by straining the language. The legend is presented in all simplicity, and the only reasonable interpretation is to assume that the author meant exactly what he said.

And while we are considering the Savitri legend it is important to notice a significant point which is common to the two stories. Shortly after Satyaván has lain down to rest Death appears and extracts the soul in a tangible form capable of being bound with a noose. In the evening of the same day Savitri returns to find her husband restored. Alcestis, as we know, had just breathed her last when Herakles arrived; and he went off to fight Death as soon as his meal was finished. In both cases, therefore, the resurrection took place within a very short time of the death. Now "the primitive doctrine which associated the personality of a dead man as much or more with the visible body than with an unseen spirit had by no means . . . yielded the field to the more refined doctrine which places personality in a soul." This is Verrall's argument to show that an immediate interment was repugnant to Greek feeling. It also shows that if resurrection were to take place the body must be carried quickly to the tomb, unless the miracle was performed in the death-chamber. For there seems to have been a notion common alike to Greek and Hindu that there was a certain interval between the actual death and the arrival in the other world. The soul, of course, did not travel back upon its road; it went straight forward, but took an appreciable time on the journey.

Rejecting then, as we are bound to reject, any rationalist explanation of the Hindu legend, the case of Alcestis differs in no essential particular except that Euripides was a sceptic and the Hindu poet was not. Both Greek and Hindu used their drama and their epic poetry as vehicles of religious instruction; are we then to suppose that the Greek judges

who awarded *Alcestis* a prize and "granted a chorus" saw through Euripides' design to pour contempt upon the gods and yet approved? Were they too anxious to see the youth of Athens weaned from the old worship and the traditions of Æschylus?

Neither does the pro-Satyrical theory account for all the difficulties. It does not, for instance, account for this very incident of the burial. But if, comparing the play with the Hindu story, we may reasonably conjecture that both were derived from a common Asiatic source now unhappily lost, everything falls naturally into place; that which appears unconvincing in Verrall as well as that which is lacking in Professor Murray's theory is supplied. Let us reconstruct on these lines; a little recapitulation will be necessary.

It is well known that tales of resurrection have often their origin in Spring myths; Sir J. G. Frazer has collected instances for us. The legend of *Alcestis* may well have been one of these myths which was imported from Asia Minor into Greece, and there persisted in its original form but with a change of names and venue. "These legends," says Professor Murray, "are connected in ancient religion with the Renewal of the Earth . . . a point which students of the *Alcestis* may well remember." The myth also spread east, where it found expression in the story of Savitri. There we find the characteristic treatment; the woman by her constancy is the saviour of her husband: she wins his life from Death by philosophic discourses, to us trite, to the ancients probably the quintessence of wisdom. We have all the oriental extravagance of thaumaturgic revelation; the dead prince is raised; the blind king receives his sight, and Savitri is granted a hundred sons to swell the line to tribal dimensions.

Transplanted to Greece, Admetus, whatever his original name may have been (for it sounds no more Greek than Darius or Cyrus), becomes King of Thessaly. Interwoven perhaps with his story was a sun myth, in which Apollo builds the walls of the city as a bondman, a not improbable allusion

to winter. Later on the legend is dramatised by Euripides. As a pro-Satyrical play the treatment takes a characteristic hue in the presentment of Herakles, and perhaps also of Pheres. It may be granted that in thus handling the subject, which it will be remembered ends happily, as all Hindu plays are bound to do, Euripides has imported his own scepticism—for Thanatos is admitted to be a rather grotesque and unimposing figure—but has otherwise left the story as he found it. That is why we find the hasty burial taken for granted with only a chance remark of the Chorus. That is why there is a burial at all, for the dramatic stroke would suffer if *Alcestis* were revived in the house. That is why, in this play, and in hardly any other, the theme turns upon a miracle. Lastly, that is why we have the character of Admetus, a noble, kindly, hospitable prince, who yet fails in that he cannot bear to die, and, following Asiatic custom, is content to let his wife die for him.

It is a rash thing to tilt with such renowned champions as Dr. Verrall and Professor Murray; yet I hope for such courtesy as I deserve. For the suggestion goes far beyond *Alcestis* and Savitri. Our Sankshrit scholars and our Grecians have hitherto worked on parallel lines; may it not be possible that further research will show a greater affinity between the dramatic and the epic poetry, between the manners and even the mode of thought, of these early civilisations than has hitherto been suspected?

PAN

By E. M. FORSTER

IN the silence of the noontide heat, I came, as so often, to a secluded glade among low, scrub-covered hills. The hills were not unfamiliar, and the glade had received its due minimum and meed of cultivation, in the absence of which all manifestations of the cosmic remain imperceptible. The universe cannot roll its eye without a socket. Outraged nature must have something to kick against. And these hurdles would do well enough, woven out of wattles perhaps, and certainly ominous, and that village quivering by the horizon was the asylum to which shepherds and visitors might terrified repair. The hurdles were seven feet high. They were corded together and covered with mats, and they formed an impenetrable palisade, which enclosed an area of one or two acres in extent. From the higher ground I could see over their top, on to a confused web of string and lightly strewn awnings, which were supported on poles. A vulgar observer might have thought he was in Kent. We know better. Something far more mysterious than that was brewing in the enclosure. Hops need a certain amount of protection from the wind, but none from the sun, nor do they retreat to a glade among scrub-covered hills, and further defend themselves by an elaborate system of straw-padded entrances, heavy and hinged, which bang behind the visitor like the doors of a continental cathedral.

I have entered. Ah! A universe of warmth and manure, a stuffy but infinite tent whose pillars and symmetric cordage are flecked with gold and green. Vistas that blend into an exhalation. Round each pillar a convolvulus twines, aromatic and lush, with heart-shaped leaves that yearn towards the sun, and thrive in the twilight of their aspirations, trained

across lateral strings into a subtle and complicated symphony. Oh, and are those men? Naked and manure-coloured, can they be men? They slide between the convolvuli without breaking one delicate tendril, they squat upon the soil, and water flows out of it mildly and soaks the roots. What acolytes, serving what nameless deity? I wonder. And a passage from Dr. John Fryer (1650-1733) comes into my mind:

"These Plants set in a Row, make a Grove that might delude the Fanatick Multitude into an Opinion of their being sacred; and were not the Mouth of that Grand Impostor Hermetically sealed up, where Christianity is spread, these would still continue, as it is my Fancy they were of old, and may still be the Laboratories of his Fallacious Oracles: For they masquing the face of Day, beget a solemn reverence, and melancholy habit in them that resort to them; by representing the more inticing Place of Zeal, a Cathedral, with all its Pillars and Pillasters, Walks and Choirs; and so contrived, that whatever way you turn, you have an even prospect."

Exactly; I think I know now; but to make sure, I stretch out my hand, I pluck a leaf and eat. My tongue is stabbed by a hot and angry orange in alliance with pepper. Exactly; I am in the presence of Pan.

Pan; pan-supari; beetle, bittle, bettle, betl, betel: what an impression it made upon the early visitors to the East, and how carefully they described it to their friends at home! Dr. Fryer took the most trouble, for he had read Sir Thomas Browne before sailing, so much so that it is uncertain to what plants the above passage really refers—he may have been endeavouring to adumbrate palm trees. Marco Polo had my convolvulus in view. Less of a stylist, he says straight out that Pan is "salutary," and may have recommended it to Dante on his return. Pan soothed the belly and brain of Duarte Barbosa, and he was a contemporary of Luther's. Jan Huygen van Linschoten took it also. Growing as it did in an admired soil, in "the most famigerous region of the world, the ample and large India," entwined as it was among the customs of an ancient people—Brachmans, Parsies, Moormen,

Gentues, Banianes, Xeques—it appeared to our forerunners as a subject for inquiry and indeed for sympathy. We take a purer view. Anglo-India will have no truck with Pan, and roundly condemns the “natives filthy chewing betel nut,” although the natives would rather not be called natives, and what they chew is not the betel or filthy or even a nut. A few of our officials master the technique for ceremonial purposes—they droop stubby fingers over a tray on which little green packets are piled—but actually to consume the mixture would be un-British. What a pity! For it is a good mixture, and in its slight and harmless way it is a sacrament. The early visitors realised this too: “It is the only Indian entertainment, commonly called Pawn.” In a land so tormented over its feeding arrangements, anything that can be swallowed without being food draws men into communion. Strictly speaking, Pan is a pill, which the host administers to the guest at the conclusion of the interview; it is an internal sweetener, and thus often offered with the external attar of roses. Actually, it is a nucleus for hospitality, and much furtive intercourse takes place under its little shield. One can “go to a Pan,” “give a Pan,” and so on: less compromising than giving a party, and on to the Pan tea, coffee, ices, sandwiches, sweets, and whisky-sodas can be tacked, and be accidentally consumed by anyone who happens to notice them. I have been to a Pan, which, as far as I was concerned, was an enormous meal. But it was not food technically. And there are other conveniences. An “allowance for Pan” is a delicate excuse for benevolence: “He gives her rupees five for Pan”—for pin-money, as we might say—cracking another witty jest, this time on the similarity between the words “pan” and “pin,” a pun which causes laughter when carefully explained.

But that green leaf, the betel-leaf as it is best called. It loses its violence after it has been gathered, and in a short time it is merely fragrant, pleasant, and cooling. Ready for use, it is smeared with lime. Perhaps the lime was originally a

preservative and has gradually established itself as a delicacy—there would be a parallel to this in the turpentine which now plays so overwhelming a part in the native wines of Greece. Authorities differ over the lime; doctors think it may cause cancer, and deprecate it, and there is a general inclination to regard it as the least honourable of the ingredients, although it is useful in sticking the others together. Pan's original home was Southern India, as the etymology shows, and the first lime was procured from the oyster shells of the pearl fisheries. On to the lime is sprinkled a most important item—the shredded seed of the areca palm, popularly called a nut, though it has no shell. An areca seed is about as large as a breakfast egg, but otherwise recalls the iron pyrites one used to pick up on beaches at school: it is fabulously hard, darkling without, and radiates spokes within. To have even a fragment of areca in the mouth is alarming; afterwards one gets used to it, and can chew it neat. These three—betel, lime, areca—make up Pan's trinity; but more ingredients can be added, for example cardomum seeds. When all is ready, the pliant leaf is folded upon itself, until it looks like a green jam-puff or the cell of a leaf-cutter bee. There are many ways of folding the leaves; some are tucked in, *billet-doux* fashion; others are fastened at the angle by a clove. There are so many ways of doing everything, all over India, that descriptions quickly shade into falsehood. My own betel grew at Garhi, Bundelkhund, but it may be cultivated differently round the corner.

Now for the operation. To unfold a Pan or to bite it off its end would be improper. It must go entire into the mouth, and consequences be awaited there. The leaf is mild enough, the crisis coming when its fibres tear and the iron pyrites fall about and get under the tongue. Now the novice rises in disorder, rushes in panic to the courtyard, and spatters shrapnel over the bystanders; it is as if the whole mineral kingdom has invaded him under a vegetable veil, for simultaneously the lime starts stinging. If he can sit still through this a

heavenly peace ensues; the ingredients salute each other, a single sensation is established, and Pan, without ceasing to be a problem, becomes a pleasure. The cardomums crack, the formidable areca yields, splinters, vainly takes refuge in the interstices of the gums, and is gone. Warm and cleanly, one's mouth beats in tune with the infinite, while the harmony, moving within, slowly establishes its reign in the regions Barbosa indicated. Nothing intoxicating has been swallowed; the kindly angels of Eupepsia are at work, spreading their benison on all that has gone before them. It is incredible that Anglo-India should condemn the innocent practice—incredible until one looks into a looking-glass. Another shock has to be borne then: golly, I am bright red! Why this happens, when the betel was green, the areca brown, and the lime white, I do not know; the writers say that a "bloody saliva is promoted," but why should nothing else promote it? It is easily rinsed away, but there is always a danger that one may forget, go to play bridge at the Club with vermilion jaws, and be ruined for ever. Indians who take Pan night and day for years, and never clean afterwards, do indeed get red permanently, and their teeth blacken. They are hideous until one gets used to them, which no doubt one oughtn't to do. Their looks are against them, but their breath is sweet. They are the exact antithesis of Italians, and crowd for crowd I would rather be among them.

The serving of Pan is in itself a little art—and the arts of littleness are tragically lacking in India; there is scarcely anything in that tormented land which fills up the gulf between the illimitable and the inane, and society suffers in consequence. What isn't piety is apt to be indecency, what isn't metaphysics is intrigue. A ritual which avoids all, which coquets with religion yet never lifts her glum veil, which eludes the meshes of taboo without falling into the pit of grossness, has done valuable work, and the sight of the pretty little apparatus arriving makes the heart hop up—that hop that is more human than a leap, because it welcomes a joy of the earth.

Generally the Pan comes ready-made upon a covered tray, the invisible hostess emits it, and if the occasion is ceremonial, scent, thick and brown, is offered first, and smeared on the handkerchief or the hand. At informal communions the actual box containing the ingredients may appear, a box on the lines of the spice-boxes one sees in a western kitchen—or possibly the spice-boxes are on the lines of it. It is divided into compartments where the ingredients are stored. Sometimes it is circular—the compartments radiating, and the lid domical; sometimes rectangular; sometimes in two stories, the upper story lifting out like the dress-tray of a lady's trunk, and the lower, which has no divisions, containing the areca in large lumps, for chewing. Modern boxes are usually weakly ornate. The older work is often beautiful. Bidar, a forgotten city in the Deccan, has produced beautiful pan-boxes of a lead alloy inlaid with silver. I went there, hoping to see one being made, but the industry had been "revived," and all hands were consequently at work upon a metal portrait of the Prince of Wales.

The Indian hostess, though almost invisible, is not entirely so, and no one who has once seen her preparing a Pan will speak of "chewing filthy betel nut" again. It is a gracious and exquisite performance—not even the much advertised tea-making of the Far East can be daintier. Her first labour is to find a perfect leaf. One after another she rejects, fantastically disdainful, and seeking that which grew not upon any earthly stem. Pursing up her lips, she takes the best available, trims it with a pair of scissors, lays it upon the palm of her hand, which it more than covers, and seems to think, "This is a disgraceful leaf, a humiliating leaf; can I possibly proceed?" Pulling herself together, she seizes a little quill or spoon, and plunges it into the compartment of the pan-box that contains the liquid lime. The areca—which she has already shredded with jewelled clippers—comes next, then the cardomum seeds, and what else she thinks seemly. As she proceeds, her movements grow quicker and

her spirits improve, she forgets her disappointment and becomes all anticipation, she is every inch a hostess, and doing up the difficult fastening like lightning, she bends forward and presents the gift. Little gestures, and a little gift. To think of the Mystery of the East in connection with Pan is to falsify the whole proceeding. The East is mysterious enough, mysterious to boring point. But now and then a tiny fact detaches itself from the Everlasting All, and our common humanity is remembered.

Such is the main outline of a neglected subject. Other aspects exist. There is Comic Pan, which contains salt. It is given to buffoons. Oh, how they splutter, sometimes being positively sick! Not even a pun is such fun. And, to end all, there is Tragic Pan, which contains ground glass, and is given to enemies.

ET EGO IN ARCADIA

By RICHARD ALDINGTON

THE Italian pastoral is like Italian wine; it does not travel well, but in its own climate is delicious. To enjoy fully the *Orfeo* and the *Aminta* in England is difficult, for these delicate pieces address themselves to a particular mood, achieve their effect through the reader's having been prepared to receive it by influences of climate and the plastic arts. This note will do no more than dwell upon the pleasures of reading in Italy the works of Poliziano, Tasso, and Guarini; assuredly it will not advocate a revival of pastoral drama.

The word "pastoral" is generally applied to anything written about the country and country people, and thus is forced to cover the most diverse types—the wild, snub-nosed goatherds of Theocritus, the scented creations of the Marquis de Racan, and Mr. Hardy's positivist hinds. This opens the net too wide. All true pastoral, including the drama, is marked by the following features:

1. A more or less idealised country life.
2. Some machinery of Arcadian or mythological personages, *dii familiares*, Pucks and what-not.
3. *Cortesía* or *amour courtois*, ranging from mere exaggeration of sentiment to fantastic chivalry.
4. A preoccupation with, and influence from, the arts of sculpture, painting, and architecture.

The genre is peculiarly Italian, though Greek genius, origin of nearly all European art, has given it strong characteristics. So dependent is pastoral upon the classical background that it rarely pleases those who do not like the classics. In fact, Renaissance pastoral is quite generally definable as the dream of a Hellenic earthly paradise created by the eternal sense of exile in those who love beauty. The modern cult of what is

childish and quaint may be a perversion of the same sentiment, like all political millennialism; but how much more prudent to gratify this instinct in avowed fictions than to attempt to carry it into life!

The Renaissance pastoral play, which came after the pastoral novel of Sannazaro (not such a bad poet), is founded principally upon Theocritus, Virgil, and Longus. There are multitudes of other sources and influences, but to attempt any general sketch of pastoral is far beyond my powers or the scope of an article. All I wish to assert is that, in the Cinquecento, pastoral was a complex and allusive art, addressed to a polished and frequently learned audience, with whom it was extremely popular. The Renaissance eclogue is held to be tiresome—the official word is “artificial,” though, curiously enough, “inartificial” is also a word of disparagement. I confess I am not so difficult. I like to read in faultless Italian or tasteful (and easy) neo-Latin how Napœa left her flock at the hottest of the day to lie beneath a “sun-warding” beech, while Alexis sang to the music of the pipe and rippling waters and the gods rustled among the myrtles. I should not try to put this imaginary perfection into practice during an English winter, or even summer, but I cannot forbear adding that at the end of a day’s work I prefer to sleep upon such images than upon thoughts of the eternal dreary couple in the same grimy street presented in the same gritty style. There is a sort of hebetude in both tastes, but the workmanship of the poets (as well as their subject) is more delightful than that of the pseudo-realists. It is pleasant to feel one shares this taste with Coleridge, for somewhere in the *Biographia* he bursts into a long note on the Strozzi and Cinquecento poetry, which note proves that he understood this, as he understood every other, kind of literary pleasure, and is itself the only intelligent analysis of the genre I have seen in modern criticism.

It is interesting to see how different nations treated the pastoral. The Italians soon brought it to a perfect formalism, in which the reader is simply to admire the virtuosity of the

poet in performing regular variations upon fixed themes. In Spain (we are told) it ran to honour and chivalry and noble chimeras. In France it cultivated superficial good manners, grew epigrammatic, but was never much liked. In England it was heroic with Sidney, charming with Spenser, a little flat with the eclogue-writers of the Davison’s Poetical Rhapsody kind, but then was happily taken up by the dramatists, from Shakespeare, who used it perfectly as subsidiary to his main action, to Randolph and other minor writers. The experts generally concede that the best pastoral plays are the English and the Italian. The difference of treatment is remarkable. The Italians were very serious about their Arcadian machinery; obviously the mere use of it gave them a voluptuous, æsthetic delight. A line of verse like—

“Pane e Palla e Priapo e Pomona”—

no doubt hit them with a pleasure our less sensitive and less prepared minds cannot experience. And they worked out their themes as strictly as a fugue. The English cared little about this machinery. Their Arcadia was the country near Stratford, round about Grace-Dieu or Rye or even Richmond. They minimised, because they did not understand, the *cortesìa*, which Shakespeare even made fun of in *As You Like it*. Some of them, with Peele, were not a little bawdy. The audience of the *Aminta*, though doubtless more “corrupt” than the people who listened to *The Old Wives’ Tale*, were too well-bred, too “correct” in taste, to allow bawdy in pastoral. In satire or Terentian comedy as much bawdy as the author could compass, but not in pastoral. The objection was, of course, not moral but æsthetic. At least one reason for the diminishing appreciation of Renaissance art—the growth, in fact, of a positive hostility to it—is that to the Renaissance man beauty meant a great deal, and to the modern man it means almost nothing. In the sixteenth century the hostlers were critics of art and literature; the position now appears to be reversed. So many people, one feels, do not know

what is meant by "beauty," misapply the word to objects which have little or no relation to beauty. This may be part of the new barbarism into which we are supposed to be falling; but even new barbarians need not allow themselves to be fubbed off with theories which amount to saying that beauty is that which is never beautiful. Even if we have (very, reluctantly) to give up the Platonic conception of absolute beauty, if we admit that "Beauty" does not exist but only beautiful objects, if, therefore, we have to make the dangerous admission that beauty is a relative quality; even then, that furnishes no reason for applying the term to objects which do not possess the quality at all. Now, the Italian pastoral plays are saturated with this Renaissance obsession with beauty. It is scarcely incorrect to say that so long as his work had the desired *morbidezza*, the Cinquecento artist let almost everything else go. Undoubtedly this is an artistic error which seriously affected later Italian art of all kinds, but it means that, whatever other faults Cinquecento work has, it has the virtue of being beautiful. And—if I may continue this digression—whatever virtues contemporary work has, very little of it is beautiful. This generation is afraid of beauty, is afraid to admit publicly that it loves beauty. That is the result partly of the æsthetic surfeit of the eighties and nineties, partly of the fate of the contemptible Oscar Wilde, and partly of beauty's degradation into prettiness at the hands of stupid or unprincipled purveyors of middle-class "art." Moreover, beautiful objects have become common through photographic reproduction, tourist facilities, the machinations of tourist agencies, and uplifters of the people generally. But this is a detestable form of snobbery—to avoid beauty, to cultivate a dislike for beautiful things, because a conventional (and hypocritical) appreciation of them is common. Really, those who are so shy of beauty need have no fear; to care deeply and intelligently for beautiful things is still rather uncommon. I once heard an intellectual snob discourse of the "sentimentalism and prettiness of

Pheidias." I often wonder if he knew that no truly authentic work of Pheidias exists, and whether most of the depreciation of beautiful things we hear is equally solidly based upon knowledge and intelligence? Perhaps the modern horror of pastoral rests on the same kind of inverted snobbery?

The *Orfeo* of Poliziano is said to be the parent of opera. If so, it has had a curiously mixed progeny. Perhaps it did set the fashion for masks. I read somewhere a statement that the mask began with the *Orfeo* and ended with *Comus*. But the mask did not end with *Comus*, it merely divorced itself from poetry at some period after that fruitful liaison with the puritan Muse. For what are Russian ballets but sophisticated developments of the mask, from which music and decoration have expelled any literary pleasure? The *Orfeo* differs from the pastoral plays of Tasso and Guarini and offers some suggestive analogies to the masks of Ben Jonson. Poliziano was a Quattrocento Florentine in feeling. His mask is, of course, in exquisite taste, but it does possess Florentine vitality and realism as well as Florentine humanism. The songs, "Non ti fuggir, donzella," and "Udite, selve, mie dolce parole," are in their own way as good as Ben Jonson's and beautifully turned. The shepherd scene ("Avresti visto un mio vitellin bianco") is more a copying of life than similar scenes in the *Pastor Fido* and *Aminta*, but does suggest the realistic strokes of English pastoral. One version of the *Orfeo* (there are two texts) includes some pleasant neo-Latin sapphics, a violation of the unity of language which would have shocked the Cinquecento. The final song, "Ognun segua, Bacco te" is related to the Florentine carnival songs, whereas the lyric parts of *Aminta* and *Pastor Fido* are a development of classical chorus. The *Orfeo* is therefore a far less stately and formal business than the later pastoral. If it be pedantic, it has the generous pedantry of enthusiasm, not the cold pedantry of formal fops.

The fable was the weak part of pastoral drama. In the mask the fable was intentionally made subordinate to the

songs and dancing and costume ; we accept its weakness as a convention. Poliziano and Ben Jonson avoided the evil consequences of a poor architecture by rapid change of scene and costume and interpolated song and dance ; Shakespeare solved the difficulty by weaving his pastoral scenes into a play which possessed some other action to interest the audience. The unfinished *Sad Shepherd* of Ben Jonson was meant to be a new development of pastoral, and it recognised this architectural weakness by introducing popular "features" like witchcraft and Robin Hood and Maid Marian. But the whole-hearted pastoral play, whether it be *Aminta* or *The Faithful Shepherdess* or *Les Bergeries*, suffers badly from this defect. In fact, the pastoral play must be unsatisfactory as a dramatic spectacle, even when trimmed with music and dancing. At its best it is a series of set pieces, bearing some relation to each other, but practically complete in themselves. The pastoral play is therefore open to the fatal objection that the whole is less important than the parts. I have never read the whole of the *Pastor Fido* straight through, and I believe I should find myself tiptoeing out about the middle of the third act of any complete performance of the play. But when high critical *dicta* interrupt our enjoyment of beauty, may we not occasionally let them slip ? The best parts of pastoral drama are so beautiful, are such delicate poetry, that I shall fight furiously against any critic who tries to wean or threaten me from my pleasure in this not quite first-rate literature. In fact, I think it a mistake to discourage a taste for good work of the second order, if only for the tactical reason that even the best work of this present period can only claim attention in that category. On the other hand, we have to admit that one great weakness of modern poetic drama is precisely this architectural defect so apparent in the Renaissance pastoral.

There is one contrast between the Italian and the English pastoral strongly indicative of national habits. That is the attitude to sex. The Italians, without ever being bawdy, are

full-flushed and sensual. The English are puritanical. In the *Aminta* the "inevitable Satyr"—as some French cynic calls it—openly asserts his intention of possessing Silvia by violence and seems to expect the audience to concur. In *The Faithful Shepherdess* the Satyr is stricken into supernatural respect for Clorin's chastity. *Comus* is a panegyric of the virtue which, as Renan says somewhere, "is of no importance to Nature." That Lamb felt it necessary to deprecate the character of Chloe, the wanton shepherdess, is one more evidence of this prudery. Fletcher is rarely happy in his characterisation of passionate women ; he seems to have held the crude notion that women are either "honest" or "whores." In this respect Dryden's treatment of Cleopatra is more indulgent than Shakespeare's. Fletcher's Chloe is a poor imitation of Guarini's Corisca. In spite of her wig, Corisca has emotions where Chloe appears only to endure imperious sensations. Thus Chloe laments :

"Is it not strange, among so many a score
Of lusty bloods, I should pick out these things,
Whose veins, like a dull river far from springs,
Is still the same, slow, heavy and unfit
For stream or motion, though the strong winds hit
With their continual power upon his sides ?
Oh, happy be your names that have been brides,
And tasted those rare sweets for which I pine !
And far more heavy be thy grief and tine,
Thou lazy swain, that mayst relieve my needs,
Than his, upon whose liver always feeds
A hungry vulture."

That is both coarse and clumsy, the essentially puritan idea of "wickedness." Compare those lines with *Aminta's* description of his first kissing Silvia, or almost any of the numerous love passages in *Il Pastor Fido*. The sentiment is exaggerated from our point of view, but it is not so much a sentimental affectation as a later development of *cortesía*, which had become sensual while remaining poetical and refined. This

is no doubt a degeneration. It is a painful descent from Dante's dignified—

"La bocca mi baciò tutto tremante"—

to Tasso's—

"La semplicetta Silvia, . . .

. . . fece

Più cupa e più mortale
La mia piaga verace,
Quando le labbra sue
Giunse a le labbra mie.
Nè l'api d'alcun fiore
Coglion sì dolce il succo
Come fu dolce il mel ch' allora io colsi
Da quelle fresche rose;
Se ben gli ardenti baci,
Che spingeva il desire a inumidirsi,
Raffrenò la temenza,
E la vergogna, e fèlli
Più lenti e meno audaci.
Ma mentre al cor scendeva
Quella dolcezza, mista
D'un secreto veleno,
Tal diletto n'avea,
Che . . . etc."

Admittedly much Cinquecento poetry is little more than a dilution of Petrarch and the classics; admittedly north of the Alps such work has an excess of sweetness that is not always pleasing. Nevertheless, in Italy it is exactly the right literary companion for a flask of Aleatico or Montefiascone—wines which are probably intolerable when carried from their native soil. This admission exposes an unguarded flank, but I protest it was not the wine alone; though in a wine-drinking country art is not always such a peevish and improving function as it tends to become in puritan countries. Moreover, there is the important influence of climate and the still more important influence of the plastic arts. To enjoy once more Italian sunlight and art after a long period of hyperborean existence is suddenly to discover one had been suffering

spiritual starvation without knowing it. Sculpture becomes very important; painting sheds all the futile theories it has acquired in Paris, and becomes a pleasure again instead of a series of painful intellectual feats; architecture speaks a hundred beautiful and interesting things instead of gabbling dully: "Money, money, money." After seeing few beautiful objects for years, one sees many beautiful objects in a few weeks. The result of this is a triple intoxication; one roams in a golden dream of beauty, none the less real because it exists neither for the average resident nor the average tourist. The mind apprehends the world plastically; beautiful form and colour confer intense meaning and pleasure. To such a mood Cinquecento poetry responds with more facility than the nobler austerities of Dante; its very weaknesses are seductive. Above all, the "set pieces" of the pastoral plays, those bas-reliefs in words, are enchanting; there is a sensual enjoyment in merely reading beautiful words beautifully arranged, in contemplating some merely charming group sketched in conventionally lovely phrases by a delicate artist. Take these lines:

"Essendo io fanciulletto, sì che a pena
Giuger potea con la man pargoletta
A còrre i frutti da i piegati rami
De gli arboscelli, intrinseco divenni
De la più vaga e cara verginella
Che mai spiegasse al vento chioma d'oro."

The last two lines are especially beautiful. That they are borrowed from Virgil and Petrarch is no disparagement, because Cinquecento poetry believed in borrowing beauties, was free from our chimeras of unique personal originality. The Italians have a gift for building new beauties with the ruins of old. Strangely enough, the most fascinating period of English poetry is that in which the poets borrowed most extensively from abroad, particularly from Italy. Those two lines put into English have a very Elizabethan ring. We do not always realise how extensively our poets from Spenser to

Milton were indebted to the Italians. Milton's style is remarkably Italianate. I am ignorant of modern criticism of Milton, so I may be knocking down open doors, but I feel he is more indebted to Italian imitators of the classics than even to the classics themselves. *Lycidas* has long seemed to me a skilful reproduction of the neo-Latin elegy of the Navagero, Castiglione, and Bembo type. Milton invigorates and improves upon them, but they were his masters as much as Virgil. The very faults of *Lycidas* are Italian. The more stately style of *Comus* has considerable affinity with that of Guarini. Look, for example, at the opening of the Prologue to the *Pastor Fido*:

" Se per antica, e forse
Da voi negletta e non credutta fama,
Avete mai d'innamorato Fiume
Le maraviglie udite,
Che, per seguir l'onda fugace e schiva
Dell' amata Aretusa
Corse (o forza d'Amor !) le più profonde
Viscere della terra
E del mar, penetrando
Là dove sotto alla gran mole etnea,
Non so se fulminato o fulminante,
Vibra il fiero Gigante
Contra 'l nemico ciel fiamme di sdegno. . . ."

The resemblance is curious. But Milton is an abstract poet compared with Tasso; he takes no pleasure in elegant picture-making and conceits. Among all this lively image-worshipping Milton is a sort of Semitic iconoclast. Tasso lingers over his pictures with infinite complacency, and the sound of his lines is indeed "linked sweetness long drawn out." Guarini is even more affectionately verbose. Few poets equal Tasso for effects of voluptuous charm:

" Mira là quel colombo
Con che dolce susurro lusingando
Bacia la sua compagna;
Odi quel lusignuola
Che va di ramo in ramo
Cantanto: *Io amo, io amo. . . .*"

The suave period continues its leisurely music for line after line of phraseology, felicitous and delightful. Given the right mood of receptivity, such poetry is eminently pleasurable. Even when Guarini expands into thirty-five lines the nine lines of Catullus—

" Ut flos in septis, secretus nascitur hortis"

one does not protest, though conscious that a contemporary would hardly receive such indulgence.

The English poets triumph over the Italian pastoral dramatists chiefly in their appreciation of "nature." The Italians like out-of-doors scenes carefully arranged and trimmed. But one should avoid the mistake of calling even this arranged scenery unnatural and "artificial"; many a description to which those words are carelessly applied is true enough to southern country. How often we hear Theocritus called "artificial," when the Idylls are saturated with the country life of southern Italy! The Cinquecento poets are æsthetic, not romantic; but seeing they work from different surroundings with rather more refined taste, I cannot perceive that they are any less "natural" than their English successors. True, the looser English method has its compensations. *The Faithful Shepherdess* is deeply influenced by Italian poetry, and—it may be fancy—I find something very fresh and pellucid in this passage, one which it is pleasant to think may have suggested to Keats the theme of *Endymion*:

" Shepherd, I pray thee stay. Where hast thou been?
Or whither goest thou? Here be woods as green
As any; air likewise as fresh and sweet
As where smooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled streams; with flowers as many
As the young spring gives, and as choice as any;
Here be all new delights, cool streams and wells,
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines, caves and dells;
Choose where thou wilt, whilst I sit by and sing,
Or gather rushes, to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love—
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
First saw the boy Endymion, from whose eyes

THE CRITERION

She took eternal fire that never dies ;
 How she conveyed him softly in a sleep,
 His temples bound with poppy, to the steep
 Head of old Latmus, where she stoops each night,
 Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
 To kiss her sweetest."

I have no moral, critical or otherwise, to insinuate except that I find these poets a pleasant emollient after the spiritual exacerbation induced by French poets and English novelists. It is perhaps useful to remind oneself that there are many kinds of excellence even in poetry. I do not think this a good time to write pastoral poetry, but it is rather a good time to read it. One cannot live on Baudelaire and James Joyce alone. We have had plenty of sordid horrors shot at us in the last five years ; I confess I am a little tired of them and of the intellectualism which appears to be a reaction against popular sentimentalism. If the age is a dirty age and a flabby age, we must, of course, allow the satirists and the naturalists and the moralists to perform their functions. But we are not all dirty and flabby. And there are times when the high intellectual pose is as repulsive and irritating as the high intellectual voice—how well one knows it ! Therefore, O Pan and all you other deathless gods, grant us—

"Umbrae frigidulae, arborum susurri,
 Antra roscida, discolore picta
 Tellus gramine, fontium loquaces
 Lymphæ, garrulae aves, amica Musis
 Otia. . . ."

FOREIGN REVIEWS

FRENCH PERIODICALS

Nouvelle Revue Française, January.—The January number is entirely devoted to the late Marcel Proust. It contains portions of the coming volumes of *La Recherche du Temps Perdu*, photographs of Proust and his MSS., and an enormous number of critical appreciations, personal memories, and subtle depreciations from half the writers in Europe. The effect of reading it is not a little depressing. It is like a huge pile of funeral wreaths, to each of which the donor has conspicuously attached his name, as if everybody had pushed forward to put on record the fact that he admires Proust's work before that great writer becomes popular. The ingenuity of critics in finding fresh ways of saying the same thing about Proust is remarkable ; so unanimous an expression of approval has probably never fallen to any book less than ten years after the publication of its first volume and before the whole has appeared. For those of us who live so long, it will be interesting to see whether the twenty-fifth anniversary of Proust's death finds "*La Recherche du Temps Perdu*" rated so exceedingly high as many of the intellectual contributors to this number place it.

March to June.—The most important contribution to these four numbers is the poem, "*Étude pour Narcisse*," by M. Paul Valéry. Here the classic qualities of French poetry are revived with the happiest success. All the faults of the Alexandrine—its monotonous rumble, tendency to flatulence and bombast, its fatal inclination towards made phrases—are avoided with sensitive taste. To see a rich, complex, modern personality dexterously adapting itself to the severe discipline of Racine is most interesting. M. Valéry gives us beauties of verse which had almost, if not completely, vanished from contemporary French poetry. Lines like—

"Tout est songes pour toi, sœur tranquille du sort !"

and,

"L'Amant brûlant et dur ceindre la blanche amante,"

and,

"Bientôt, mon onde sage, infidèle et la même,"

give the same inexplicable and inexhaustible pleasure which those who have learned his secret find in Racine.

Two political articles, M. Schlumberger's "Le Sommeil de l'Esprit Critique" and M. Rivière's "Pour une Entente Économique avec l'Allemagne" are welcome signs that French public opinion is growing dissatisfied with its antiquated and dangerous foreign policy. Unhappily these still timid realisations that "le centre du monde a changé" come very late.

Europe, March, April, May.—This new review inclines very decidedly to the "left" in political thought. Romain Rolland, Duhamel, Luc Durtain, Jean Richard Bloch, Pierre Hamp, and Maxim Gorki are the principal contributors. Mrs. Woolf and Mr. Francis Birrell appeared in the March number. Perhaps the most entertaining pages are those in which M. Hamp violently and rather wittily satirises a minor French *salon*; unfortunately the excess of the satire rather nullifies its effect and the *verve* trails off into didacticism.

Mercur de France, March 15 to June 1, 5 numbers.—Abundance of matter and its generally high standard still make this the most formidable rival to the *Nouvelle Revue Française*. If it shows a decided tendency towards a narrow nationalism, while its contributions to "belles lettres" are rarely of the first class, the *Mercur de France* has always something valuable to give an attentive reader. The numerous notes in the "Revue de la Quinzaine" are sometimes of great value.

Les Marges, March, April, May.—"Poètes du Dix-huitième Siècle"; by Michel Puy.

Les Feuilles Libres, March, April.—"Dada" repentant or at least toned down; words by Tristan Tzara, Ph. Soupault, G. Ribemont-Dessaignes, Jean Epstein, Maurice Raval, Marcel Arland, Erik Satie; music by A. Honneger; pictures by Fernand Léger and Chana Orloff.

Les Cahiers Idéalistes, May.—Unpublished letters (unimportant) of Laforgue. Esquisse d'une Préface, by Édouard Dujardin.

Revue de l'Amérique Latine, March.—"Nouveaux Paysages Imaginaires d'Amérique," by Ramon Gomez de la Serna.

La Vie des Lettres, no. xii.

Le Disque Vert, Franco-Belgian publication; one number contains three issues (February, March, April).—There are sixteen contributors (apart from those who write notes and reviews), including Maxim Gorki, André Salmon, Ph. Soupault, Luigi Pirandello, André Lhote, Ramon Gomez de la Serna.

R. A.

GERMAN PERIODICALS

The April and May numbers of the *Neue Rundschau* (Berlin), together really form one "Sonderheft," with the simple title "Deutschland."

Here is a leading German review, once organ of the "Freie Bühne," associated with the early days of Ibsenism in Germany and Gerhart Hauptmann's first audacities, in any case a far from conservative literary monthly, producing a number of essays in which writers seek consolation or encouragement in their country's present plight from the achievements of the past. Some of the contributions, such as that entitled "Deutsche Landschaft" (German landscape), give useful insight into the peculiarities of German psychology. "Is German landscape a *Ding an sich*?" is a question here answered with a "Yes!" so emphatic that the unsentimental non-German reader is forced to ask himself whether he is exceptionally unemotional or the German mind exceptionally ingenuous. But there are other, more informing contributions. In the first article of the May number, Professor M. J. Bonn, the economist, concludes a technical article with the following sentences:

"In German society only two large groups are left—the employers in town and country, the organised workers in town and country. That which lay between them, the broad middle-class, the representative of German culture, has disappeared. Over the land of artists and thinkers a social revolution has swept, making of art and thought a superfluous luxury. Soon nothing will be left but mere "production." Which is the true world-revolution, that in Russia which killed industry but left the human spirit alive, or that which developed in Germany, where industry lives but the human spirit is dying? The classes which have represented that spirit will not survive this revolution. *Ave, Cæsar Imperator, morituri te salutant!*"

The characteristically despairing tone of that conclusion is hardly corroborated by most of the other contributions. The "hark-back" to the classics, which has been suggested as a frequent result of political and economic disaster, is represented in an essay by Wilhelm Michel on Friedrich Hölderlin, pro-Hellenic poet and prose-writer, Schiller's contemporary. (If only he, too, could have had a Carlyle to make him better known to English readers.) Both Hölderlin and Schiller are coming into renewed popularity in Germany, the former among the younger poets, the latter among the population generally. Herr Michel's essay explains the origins of and the reasons for this in Hölderlin's case, but the English reader should prepare himself for the arguments by a preliminary reading of at least a few of Hölderlin's odes (one of which, "Gesang des Deutschen," is printed in the same number), and of his chief prose-book, the dithyrambic novel, *Hyperion*.

Apart from the critical essays the most notable contribution was an unrhymed ode by Fritz von Unruh, who addresses Germany as "sister of Job" and "daughter of God." This from an Uhlan-officer who came during the war to be looked upon as a revolutionary in consequence of his highly rhetorical, anti-militaristic symbolist dramas. We prefer him as dramatist, but his lines here are at least an artistic

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signpost for historians to study, and perhaps politicians to take especial note of. He calls for a mobilisation of intellect and imagination.

Brechen wirst Du
Des Übernachts Peitschen
Mit dem Flügel der Seele—
Und der Rache
Bellende Brut
An der Schwelle des Herrens
Bändig
Im Gesang.

A. W. G. R.

AMERICAN PERIODICALS

The Dial, vol. lxxiv, nos. 3-5, March-May, 1923:

The material published by the *Dial* divides very sharply into two kinds—the native talent of America on the one hand, and on the other hand the talent of foreign countries presented to American readers in the form of translations and letters from foreign correspondents. In the former category there is scarcely anything of the creative order in these three numbers of a sufficiently arresting quality to be worth particular mention. The critical element is more worth while, and at least two essays—that of Thomas Craven on "The Progress of Painting" in the April number and that of Van Wyck Brooks on "Henry James: the First Phase" in the May number—should be noted. Mr. Craven manages to write on modern painting with some sense of the history of the subject and pursues his analysis into the mental attitudes which underlie individual achievements, bringing such analysis into some relation with the general aspect of modern society. Mr. Brooks almost convinces us that he is the first genuine American to understand Henry James; he recreates the milieu into which that genius was born with a detached sureness, and makes the approach to Europe as inevitable as it really must have been. It is the first of a series of articles on the subject, and we may await the rest with a good deal of interest: Mr. Brooks is almost sure to be as discerning of literary values as he here proves himself to be appreciative of temperamental influences.

The interpretative side of the *Dial's* activities is consistently good. The foreign letters contributed by Hugo von Hofmannsthal (Vienna), Béla Balázs (Hungary) and Raffaello Piccoli (Italy) are all instructive and intelligent. Particularly worthy of attention is Herr Hofmannsthal's letter in the March number, devoted to an explanation of his morality play—"Das Salzburger Grosse Welttheater" (The Grand World-Theatre of Salzburg)—and to digressions on the purpose of drama

generally. The following sentence is quoted as typical of the compact wisdom of the whole letter:

"The true destiny of the artist, it seems to me, lies in his feeling himself as the expression of a plurality which extends back into the remote past (along with that lateral plurality, that planetary contemporaneity, of which Whitman is so genial an expression); and he must create for himself the instrument of his art by starting from those isolated impressions and hallucinations of the individual and by linking up with these as much of the traditional as he can encompass."

The translations include a short story by Paul Morand and a novel, "The Heretic of Soana," by Gerhart Hauptmann.

Secession, no. 4, January, 1923:

"In Quest of Olympus," a fairy tale or satire by Kenneth Burke. At times the clear writing recalls *Gulliver's Travels*, and the transitions from the fantastic to the real are managed very neatly; but the last section, introducing Christ to New York, is lamentably facile and spoils the effect of an interesting experiment.

Poetry, January to April, 1923.

Rhythmus, February to May, 1923:

There is nothing in these magazines of poetry deserving individual mention.

The Double Dealer, January to May, 1923.—Published at New Orleans, and not so pretentious as some of its contemporaries.

H. R.

Italian periodicals are held over until the next number. THE CRITERION hopes to extend these notes to include Spain, Holland, and Scandinavia.

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R. Cobden-Sanderson, 17 Thavies Inn, Holborn, London, E.C.1.
Manuscripts cannot be returned, unless they are accompanied by a
stamped addressed envelope, and no responsibility can be taken
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The subscription rate is 14s. per annum, post free.

*Agents for France : Messageries Hachette, 111 Rue Réaumur,
Paris.*

THE CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

VOL. I

OCTOBER 1922—JULY 1923

805
C 860

*Printed in Great Britain by Hazell, Watson & Viney, Ltd.,
London and Aylesbury.*

PUBLISHED BY
R. COBDEN-SANDERSON
17 THAVIES INN, LONDON, E.C.1

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