

THE CRITERION

A QUARTERLY REVIEW

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A COMMENTARY

THE ballet is a form of art which has a tradition three hundred years old. That tradition was kept alive and developed by the great schools of training in Italy and later in Russia. Of the great masters of dancing in these three centuries the only name known to the public of to-day—even to a very small public—is that of Cecchetti; but we owe the ballet to the continuous and virtually anonymous effort of innumerable men. At the present time the ballet appears to depend almost wholly on Mr. Diaghileff. There are other ballets, and meritorious ones. But the others, so far as I know of them, all fall short in one or more of several essentials; and to lack any of these essentials is, for a ballet, to be incapable of carrying on the tradition. The perfection of physical form and technical training is essential; the assistance of dancers of exceptional genius is essential; the co-operation of the same company over a long period of time is essential; a brilliant choreographer is essential; and the Director is essential.

It is deplorable that Mr. Diaghileff has no longer the support of several of those dancers who played such important parts in the successes of several years ago; it is deplorable that dancers of genius should withdraw to the ordinary music hall turn. A dozen little troupes of self-directed dancers may tour the halls; but their efforts are wasted. It is necessary that there should be one ballet, and one school to supply it, and one man at the head of it. If dancers disperse, they diminish the importance of their art. It is, for all of these considerations, a public obligation—on that part of the public which professes to care for ballet at all—to continue to support Mr. Diaghileff's ballet, and use our efforts so that on his next visit to

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A COMMENTARY

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AGAINST Arnold and his party has arisen in the East a new prophet of culture. To the point of view of a periodical like THE CRITERION much of what has been said and written in impeachment and in defence of Soviet Russia is of minor interest. Not that it is possible, or even right, for any individual to regard such matters from the point of view of pure intelligence alone; but it is well that we should all regard them from that point of view now and then. Any person, therefore, who is aware of "culture" at all, will be aware that there are and have been various cultures, and that the difference between our own culture and an alien culture is different from the difference between culture and anarchy, or culture and pseudo-culture. We may not like the notion of cannibalism or head-hunting, but that it formed part of a distinct and tenable form of culture in Melanesia is indisputable. Consequently, I was prepared to find in Mr. Trotsky's book¹ an exposition of a culture repellent to my own disposition; but I hoped that it would be distinct and interesting. A revolution staged on such a vast scale, amongst a picturesque, violent, and romantic people; involving such disorder, rapine, assassination, starvation, and plague should have something to show for the expense: a new culture horrible at the worst, but in any event fascinating. Such a cataclysm is justified if it produces something really new:

Un oasis d'horreur dans un désert d'ennui.

It is not justified by the dreary picture of Montessori schools, playing fields, plasticene, club-houses, communal kitchens, crèches, abstinence from swearing and alcohol, a population warmly clad (or soon to be warmly clad), and with its mind filled (or in process of being filled) with nineteenth-century superstitions about Nature and her forces. Yet such phenomena as these are what Mr. Trotsky proudly presents as the outcome of his revolution; these form his "culture." Here is the Eastern prophet of the new age speaking in the smuggest tones of a New Bourgeoisie:

"The cinema amuses, educates, strikes the imagination by images, and liberates you from the need of crossing the Church door."

It remains only to observe that there is no mention in Mr. Trotsky's *Encheiridion* of Culture of such an institution as the ballet; and that his portrait shows a slight resemblance to the face of Mr. Sidney Webb.

CRITES.

¹ *Problems of Life*. By L. Trotsky. Methuen. 2s. 6d. net.

the nineteenth; in France its place was taken by neo-classicism. One cannot say much for Lawrence and Downman, one can say even less for Northcote, Fuseli and Benjamin West, the Davidians are become a byword for cold dreariness, but this one can say for them all—they still realised that a picture should be, to some extent at any rate, a work of art, and they realised that neither accuracy of representation nor interest of subject are sufficient means to that end. They still felt the necessity of style.

Early in the nineteenth century the tradition of painting underwent one of those modifications which are the sure and only sign that a tradition is alive and in health: Géricault and then Delacroix were the new influences in France; in England the innovator was Constable. From these points of departure you can trace the whole glorious history of modern art—Chassériau, Daumier, Corot, Courbet, Manet, Renoir and so on through Cézanne to Picasso. With the names of these masters and their associates the history of art in the nineteenth century is concerned. Behind them, as a background, you would expect to find the academic painters: the men who accepted the discoveries of the modern masters as soon as those discoveries had become sufficiently desiccated and antiseptic to be harmless and useless; the men who had a genuine liking for old masters and took a genuine interest in their technical processes; the men who were not without scholarship nor quite without taste; the men who cared for art but happened not to be artists. And you do find them; but not as the background, only as an incident in the background. The background is one of those realistic “drops” which Victorian playgoers will not yet have forgotten and will not easily forget. How should anything so grey and dingy as an academic tradition tell amidst the riotous realism of that nineteenth-century *décor*, amidst those tremendous “cloths” and “flies” and transformation scenery? Why, they made almost invisible the very protagonists—the genuine artists, I mean.

Yet an academic tradition tottered on, supporting itself on the early nineteenth century, and stimulating itself to occasional and half-hearted efforts by the uninspired worship now of one bygone period now of another. The uninspired worship of all that was mortal in the Venetians produced an Etty, a Baudry or a Watts; of what was unessential in the Primitives a Burne-Jones; of the superficial decorative side of the great Spaniards a Ribot now, and now a Carolus Duran; of all that ever was in a high-class museum an Alphonse Legros, or in a high-class library a Gustave Moreau. Genuine academic painters are never wholly contemptible, because, though they are not artists themselves (it is a mistake to suppose that Raphael, Poussin and Ingres were academic when they were laying the foundations of future academies), though they dare not touch living art, or rather dare stroke it only when it has grown toothless and tame, yet they respect art and believe in it. The survival of academicism throughout the nineteenth century is something to be thankful for. It is pleasant to remember that even in those dark days there existed feebly a tradition to denounce each great artist as he arose, not in the name of morality, religion, patriotism, the paternal roof, the marriage bed or the social order, but generally in the names of Raphael, Michaelangelo and Titian, and particularly in the name of his previously denounced predecessor: to denounce Corot in the name of Delacroix, Renoir in the name of Corot, Matisse in the name of Renoir, and so on. Such scholarly criticism must have been quite unintelligible to the uneducated upstarts who, from Burlington House, were ruling the roost in England, and in France were, if not quite masters in the *Beaux Arts*, at any rate the popular idols of the *salon*. Nevertheless, unintelligible and superfluous though it must have seemed to the triumphant chromo-photographers—who could see very well that a picture by Corot or Renoir was not “lifelike” and equally well knew that that settled it—academic criticism was condescendingly encouraged. Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema and Prof. Herkomer were glad to

London he may have the facilities for producing the *Sacré* and the newer work of Stravinski. Mr. Diaghileff is admittedly a great producer. We have lately been reminded by Mr. Bennett that the English stage never quite recovered from the Closing of the Theatres. It is more than possible that the future of the ballet depends upon the success of Diaghileff.

THE last few years have shown a revival of interest in the prose works of Matthew Arnold; an interest more critical and judicious, I believe, than the academic estimate of Arnold as Literary Critic which prevailed some twenty years ago. At one time it seemed that Arnold was assured for perpetuity, in literary manuals, the place of the ultimate English literary critic. We realise now that Arnold was neither thorough enough, nor comprehensive enough, to make any fundamental alteration of literary values: he failed to ascend to first principles; his thought lacks the logical rigour of his master Newman; his taste is biased by convictions and prejudices which he did not take the trouble to dissect to their elements. The best of Arnold's criticism is an illustration of his ethical views, and contributes to his discrimination of the values and relations of the components of the good life.

The true significance of Arnold's prose is well exhibited by Mr. Somervell's selections,¹ which form a very useful 185 pages of text. I observe, on first reading, only one regrettable omission: the passage on Oxford in "Culture and Anarchy." The other famous paragraph on Oxford (in the Preface to "Essays in Criticism") is included; but the omitted passage is still more eloquent of the importance which Arnold has for the present time. *We have not won our political battles, we have not carried our main points, we have not stopped our adversaries' advance, we have not marched victoriously with the modern world; but we have told silently upon the mind of the country, we have prepared currents of feeling which sap our adversaries' position when it seems gained, we have kept up our own communications with the future.*

This is the Arnold who is capable of being a perpetual inspiration. His "party" has no name, and is always, everywhere and inevitably, in the minority. Were he alive to-day he would find Populace and Barbarians more philistinised, and Philistia more barbaric and proletarianised, than in his own time. The greatest, the only possible victory for Arnold and his disciples is to continue to "keep up the communications" with the future and with the past.

¹ *Selections from Matthew Arnold's Prose.* Edited by D. C. Somervell, M.A. Methuen. 3s. 6d. net.

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A FEW EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS

EXCHANGED BETWEEN LEO NICOLAYE-
VICH TOLSTOY AND N. N. STRAKHOV
RELATING TO F. M. DOSTOEVSKY

Leo Tolstoy to N. Strakhov

September 26, 1880.

... I CANNOT understand the life in Moscow of those people who don't understand it themselves. But the life of the majority—of the peasants, pilgrims, and any others who understand their life—I understand and love awfully. I continue working on the same thing, and, it seems to me, not uselessly. The other day I felt seedy, and read *The Dead House* [by Dostoevsky]. I had forgotten a great deal of it, I re-read it, and I do not know a better book in the whole new literature, including Poushkin. If you see Dostoevsky, tell him that I love him.

N. Strakhov to L. Tolstoy

November 2, 1880.

I saw Dostoevsky and gave him your praise and love. He was very delighted, and I had to leave with him the sheet of your letter that contained such dear words. He was a little vexed by your disrespect to Poushkin expressed there ("a better book in the whole new literature, including Poushkin"). "What, *including*?" he asked. I said that you ever were, and now especially you have become, a great "free-thinker."

N. Strakhov to L. Tolstoy

February 3, 1881.

A feeling of profound emptiness, my dear Leo Nicolayevich, has not left me since the moment I learnt of Dostoevsky's death.¹ It is as though half Petersburg had sunk down or a half of literature had died. Although during recent years we did not agree, I now felt of what an importance he had been to me: in his presence I longed to be both wise and good, and the deep respect we felt for one another, in spite of silly misunderstandings, was to me, as I see, extremely dear. Ah, how sad! There's no desire to do anything, and the grave into which I shall have to lie down, seems to have come close and to be waiting. All is vanity, all is vanity!

In one of our last meetings I told him that I was very surprised and glad at his activity. Indeed, he alone was equal (in his influence on readers) to several monthlies. He stood apart, amidst a literature almost entirely hostile, and boldly spoke of what had long been considered as *temptation* and *madness*. The spectacle was such that I was amazed, in spite of all my cooling-down to literature.

But it seems that just this activity ruined him. The enthusiasm which was manifested each time he appeared in public became very sweet to him, and during recent times a week would not pass without his appearing before the public. He eclipsed Tourgenev, and finally eclipsed himself. But he needed success, for he was a preacher, a publicist still more than an artist.

His funeral was grand; I watched attentively and inquired—there was almost nothing assumed, formal, done to order. From schools there came so many wreaths that they seemed to be brought by a general order; and yet it was all done out of genuine good will.

His poor wife can't be comforted, and I felt very sad that

¹ Dostoevsky died on January 28, 1881. Strakhov later on wrote his reminiscences of Dostoevsky, published in 1883, in the first volume of F. M. Dostoevsky's Complete Works.

I could not say something to her. "If only I had fervent belief!" . . . she said.

Now I have been given a difficult task, compelled to it, and I had to promise to speak of Dostoevsky at the meeting of the Slav Charity Committee on February 14. Fortunately a few ideas have occurred to me, and I shall try as simply and clearly as possible to do my duty to the living and to the dead. I crave your permission to refer to the letter in which you wrote about *The Dead House*. I began re-reading that book and was surprised at its simplicity and sincerity, which I could not appreciate before. . . .

Leo Tolstoy to N. Strakhov

1881.

. . . How much I should like to be able to say all that I feel about Dostoevsky! You, in describing your feelings, have expressed part of my own. I never saw the man and never had direct relations with him; and suddenly, when he died, I realised that he was to me the man nearest, most dear and most needed. And it never entered my head to measure myself with him, never! Everything he did (the good, the genuine writings) was such that the more he would do it, the better for me. Art arouses envy in me, wisdom too, but the work of the heart—only joy. I did consider him as my friend, and I thought that we should meet, only that there was no occasion yet, but that it would come. At first I felt lost, but then it became clear to me how dear he was to me, and I wept, as I weep now. Recently, before his death I read his *Humiliated and Insulted*, and was deeply moved.

N. Strakhov to Leo Tolstoy

November 28, 1883.

I wish to make a confession to you. All the time I was writing¹ I was in a struggle; I struggled with the disgust

¹ This refers to the book *Dostoevsky's Biography, Letters and Notes*, by O. M. Miller and N. N. Strakhov, published in Petersburg, 1883. (The *Biography* contains Strakhov's Reminiscences of Dostoevsky.)

that kept rising in me, I tried to suppress that bad feeling in me. Do help me to find a way out of it! I cannot consider Dostoevsky either a good man or a happy man (which, in the main, coincide). He was spiteful, envious, lewd, and all his life he spent in such agitations as would have made him pitiable, and would have made him ridiculous, if he had not at the same time been so spiteful and so wise. He himself, like Rousseau, considered himself the best of men and the happiest. In connection with the *Biography* I vividly remembered all these traits. In Switzerland in my presence he so harassed a waiter that the latter took offence and spoke out: "But surely I am a man!" I remember how astonished I was then that this had been said to the preacher of humanity, and that these words expressed the notion of free Switzerland about the *rights of man*. . . . He was drawn to abominations, and he boasted of them. Viskovatov began telling me how Dostoevsky boasted that . . . in a bath with a little girl whom the governess had brought to him. Note, that for all his animal sensuality, he had no taste whatever, no feeling whatever, for the beauty and charm of woman. This is seen in his novels. The characters most resembling him are the hero of *Notes from the Underground*, Svidrigailov in *Crime and Punishment*, and Stavrogin in *The Devils*. One scene from Stavrogin (rape, etc.) Katkov refused to publish, but Dostoevsky had read it here to many persons.¹

With such a nature he was very much disposed to sweet sentimentality, to lofty and humane dreamings, and these dreamings are his bent, his literary muse and path. Essentially, indeed, all his novels are a self-justification; they prove that there may live in man alongside with nobility all kinds of abominations. . . . But it happens also otherwise. In a long, intimate friendship one may get to know in

¹ The scene referred to here is *Stavrogin's Confession* (English translation by S. S. Kotliansky and Virginia Woolf, published by the Hogarth Press, 1922). The existing English translation of Dostoevsky's novel *The Devils* is for some odd reason called *The Possessed*.

a man one trait for which one could afterwards forgive him anything. *A stirring of true kindness, a spark of genuine sincere warmth*, even a single minute of real repentance could expiate anything. And if I remembered anything like that in Dostoevsky, I would forgive him and be glad for him. But mere exalting oneself into a fine man, mere heady and literary humanity—Lord, how disgusting it is!

He was a truly unhappy and wicked man who imagined himself happy, a hero, and loved tenderly himself alone. . . .

Here is a little commentary on my *Biography*; I could write down and tell of this side, too, of Dostoevsky. Many cases come to my mind more vivid than those I have recorded, and the account would be a much more truthful one; but let that truth perish, let us display only the bright side of life, as we are doing everywhere and in everything!

L. Tolstoy to N. Strakhov

. . . I have read your book. Your letter had a very sad effect on me, disappointed me. But I understand you fully and, to my regret, I almost believe you. It seems to me that you have been a victim of a wrong, a false attitude towards Dostoevsky, of his exaggerated—not by you, but by all—importance, and of a sort of stereotyped exaggeration, of the exaltation into prophet and saint of a man who has died in the most fervent process of a struggle between good and evil. He is moving, interesting, but to put on a pedestal, as an example to posterity, a man who is all struggle—you can't. From your book I have learnt for the first time the depth of his understanding. I have also read Pressensé's¹ book, but all his scholarship is wasted through a little trifle. There are beautiful horses: race-horses worth a thousand roubles. But suddenly you detect a kink, and that beauty and champion of a horse is worth nothing. The more I live

¹ Edmond de Pressensé (1824–91), French Protestant theologian; author of several works, of one of which it deals here.

the more do I value people without a kink. You say that you have made it up with Tourgenév, and I have become very fond of him. And, it is amusing, just because he was without a kink and would take you there; and here you have a race-horse, but it won't carry you anywhere. Lucky if it does not land you in a ditch! Both Pressensé and Dostoevsky have a kink. In the case of the former all his scholarship, and in the case of the latter all his wisdom and heart, were just wasted. Tourgenév will outlive Dostoevsky, and not for his artistry, but because he was without a kink.

(Translated by S. S. Koteliansky.)

THREE POEMS¹

By THOMAS ELIOT

I

EYES I dare not meet in dreams
In death's dream kingdom
These do not appear :
There, the eyes are
Sunlight on a broken column
There, is a tree swinging
And voices are
In the wind's singing
More distant and more solemn
Than a fading star.

Let me be no nearer
In death's dream kingdom
Let me also wear
Such deliberate disguises
Rat's coat, crowskin, crossed staves
In a field
Behaving as the wind behaves
No nearer—

Not that final meeting
In the twilight kingdom
With eyes I dare not meet in dreams.

II

Eyes that last I saw in tears
Through division

¹ The second of these poems appeared in the *Chapbook* 1924, but is here reproduced because of the different context.

THREE POEMS

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Here in death's dream kingdom
The golden vision reappears
I see the eyes but not the tears
This is my affliction

This is my affliction
Eyes I shall not see again
Eyes of decision
Eyes I shall not see unless
At the door of death's other kingdom
Where, as in this,
The eyes outlast a little while
A little while outlast the tears
And hold us in derision.

III

The eyes are not here
There are no eyes here
In this valley of dying stars
In this hollow valley
This broken jaw of our lost kingdoms

In this last of meeting places
We grope together
And avoid speech
Gathered on this beach of the tumid river

Sightless, unless
The eyes reappear
As the perpetual star
Multifoliate rose
Of death's twilight kingdom

The hope only
Of empty men.

THE NATURALISTIC THEORY OF HAMLET¹

By THE RIGHT HON. J. M. ROBERTSON

THE only acceptable excuse for an essay on Hamlet is that it may tend to avert other essays. But the trouble is that every essayist believes he has just that excuse, having found the true, only, and final solution; and so the Hamlet essay for ever reproduces its species. Forty years ago, the late Lord Morley editorially informed me that the thing was a drug in the market; and in that drug he wisely declined to deal.

Yet there are worse things than essays on Hamlet. Count Tolstoy wrote one on Lear, which most editors, I suppose, would have been quick to publish, because of the signature. And that essay, though I understand that it gave pleasure to my old friend Bernard Shaw, being the work of a professional prophet whose sole perception of poetry lay in the recognition of its typographical differentiation from prose, will, I think, be pronounced by any fair selection of educated men the most distressing display of self-satisfied impercipient in modern literature. In some things, Tolstoy transcended rivalry; though Chateaubriand would have run him hard had he developed *his* views on Hamlet into an essay. For he, too, belonged to the caste of prophets who are not open to instruction.

To anyone who is, there is open a discipline which, if accepted, would usefully limit the output of essays on Hamlet. That is, the discipline of reading a few dozens of the previous essays, with a critical eye to their agreements and differences. The philosophical quarterly, *Mind*, started with a stipulation

¹ A Paper read to the Old Playgoers' Club on February 24, 1924.

that contributors of philosophical articles should have acquired a knowledge of the chief philosophers who had preceded them. If only that modest rule could be imposed upon essayists on Hamlet, editors might be largely saved the strain—if, indeed, it is not to them a solace—of declining to read new theories. For a mere perusal of the second volume of Furness's variorum edition would serve to show that nearly all the later solutions are but variants of solutions already propounded; and that the problem is therefore susceptible of reduction to a few issues, as to which the pros and cons have been pretty fully set forth. There is just one exception. What I term the naturalistic theory is not represented in Furness, whose compilation dates 1877. But if only the would-be essayist will add a perusal of a few essays under that category to his survey of Furness, there will really be a chance of bringing the dispute down to the point of laying all the cards on the table, and tabulating the moves.

Everybody knows the ordinary case against Prince Hamlet, which has occupied most of the disputants, censorious and other, down to our own time. Already when Shakespeare began to handle or re-handle the old play, somewhere about the year 1600, they were probably at it; whence, perhaps, came the more serious dispute which has gone on ever since. If we can generalise from the bulk of the printed debate, a large number of persons, reading or seeing *Hamlet*, are moved to ask, either with perplexity or with indignation, Why didn't he kill his uncle at the start? The æsthetic fact that such a procedure on Hamlet's part would have precluded the production of the play does not appear to be present to the minds of the complainants; or, if it is, they tranquillise themselves by reflecting that Shakespeare wrote the play in order to show the evils of procrastination: the plain moral being, When you have an uncle to kill, go about the work with a will, else you will find yourself doing something worse. Shakespeare, they feel, wrote his plays with a view to the moral education of the young; and this would be just like him.

If anyone thinks I am caricaturing the procedure, let him read the introduction to *Hamlet* by Mr. E. K. Chambers, in the "Warwick" edition for the use of schools. There we read that "The infinitely sad fate of Ophelia; the deaths of Polonius, Laertes, Gertrude, Rosencrantz, Guildenstern; for all their faults, all these are a sacrifice on the altar of his [Hamlet's] *infirmity*,"—a proposition silently borrowed from James Russell Lowell, we may note. You see the lesson: Never hesitate to kill a guilty uncle, even if he is married to your mother. If you pause to deliberate, you will probably kill the father of the lady you love, who will then go mad and drown herself; and her brother and your mother, and your two old school-fellows, will be involved in the catastrophe before you get your uncle out of the way, at the cost finally of your own extinction.

Certainly a most impressive and far-reaching moral lesson, which may be developed, as it was by James Russell Lowell, into a treatise on the importance of strength of will and fidelity to duty. Thus can literature generate literature; and the youthful mind be trained to readiness for the path of duty, at least to the extent of performing what Charles Lamb described, in another connection, as "a peccadillo, the killing of an uncle or so." And the drama becomes, incidentally, a school of conduct, an instrument for the formation of character. As for the literary sense, that may go hang.

And yet it may be doubted whether Shakespeare was really thus concerned about moral instruction in general, or the proper preparation of the young for the judicial tasks of the domestic circle. I grant that there are lessons for mothers, and others, in *Coriolanus*, and for husbands in *Othello* and *Cymbeline* and the *Winter's Tale*, and for politicians in *Macbeth*, and for lovers and parents in *Romeo and Juliet*, and so on. In fact, seeing that Shakespeare in his plays uses a number of plots which vividly illustrate the propensity of human beings to do the wrong thing, whether through mere haste or moral perversity; and seeing that the dramatist had

that peculiar faculty of making his persons real for us, he may be said to distil for us many of the great lessons of life. And perhaps this reflection should have dissuaded my friend Shaw from his memorable censure of Shakespeare as having no MESSAGE for mankind. But I fear that I cannot make the defence good, from my friend's point of view. In the Fabian sense—which puts as an æsthetic a utilitarian criterion that has the fourfold distinction of being at once Early Victorian, Early Georgian, Early Stuart, and Early Tudor, to say nothing of it being Early Greek and Early Hebrew—in that time-honoured sense, I fear, Shakespeare really had not a MESSAGE, being herein so sadly unlike the Fabian Society, and Mr. Sidney Webb, and Mr. H. G. Wells. Especially Mr. Wells, who has so luminously observed that Shakespeare has made no difference to the life of the world. Mr. Wells, we know, is nobly determined to make a difference, planning as he does a social reform so scientific as to include the reduction of leopards to vegetarian diet—an ideal which would move us to unreserved admiration if only we knew why the lions and tigers and the eagles and boa-constrictors are left out. Are not they also æsthetic objects in a landscape, and equally susceptible of dietetic reform?

Shakespeare, anyhow, did not harbour these high purposes. He certainly makes some of his characters, Hamlet included, disparage their social environment in a way that might give points even to Mr. Wells and Mr. Shaw, who are so strong in that order of "message." But somehow we feel that he is only putting these sentiments in the mouths of his personages, and that had he lived in our own day he would probably not have shared Mr. Wells's righteous indignation at the difficulty of getting change for a five-pound note at a rural railway station before breakfast. I fear he was a rather careless person—even, at times, about his own work. However that might be, the chances are that he wrote or rewrote plays as Beethoven wrote his symphonies, as Velazquez painted his pictures, with an eye primarily to mere artistic truth and beauty of utter-

ance ; though also, certainly, with an eye to cash ; a weakness which possibly Mr. Wells might be willing to condone, whatever Mr. Shaw, with his asceticism, might say. Of course I do not suggest that Mr. Wells would ever condone a moral laxity.

And now, to "cut the cackle and come to the 'osses," let us ask whether Hamlet, in the play, is really such a prodigy of procrastination, such a laggard in patricide, as our editorial and other authorities make out. That severe moralist Mr. E. K. Chambers is very explicit as to his infirmity. Hamlet, he informs us, is a dreamer, and "quite suddenly the dreamer finds himself face to face with a thing to be done." Oddly, nobody in the play seems to take that view of Hamlet. For Ophelia he is the glass of fashion and the mould of form, a courtier, a soldier, a scholar, "the expectancy and rose of this fair state." Of course Ophelia is not a profound observer ; but her father and brother, for their part, think Hamlet a person of typical princely habits, down even to the more objectionable ; Fortinbras has not heard of him as a dreamer ; and neither Horatio nor Claudius seems to hold such an estimate of him. But Mr. Chambers, who is a great intuitionist on his own account, though a foe to intuition in others, feels that he knows better ; and when Hamlet proposes to act on the Ghost's injunction the editor sternly remarks that "the habits of a lifetime are not to be thrown off so easily." Hamlet, it would seem, had become a habitual shirker in the matter of assassinations. And the exposition goes on :

"Once Hamlet has shrunk from immediate action, the possibilities of delay exercise an irresistible fascination over him. The ingenuity of his intellect exhausts itself¹ in the discovery of obstacles ; he takes every turn and twist to avoid the fatal necessity for action. . . . He plays the madman to prevent himself from becoming one. But all the while he is no nearer the end. . . . More than once he is on the point of cutting the knot by death, but even for that he has not the

¹ A favourite cliché of Mr. Chambers. "A poor thing"—and not his own.

resolution. . . . *At last* the crisis comes. Hamlet has resolved that the play-scene shall decide, once for all, the question of the King's guilt. That guilt is made most manifest, and the opportunity for revenge is offered him. He does not take it. Covering his weakness with unreal reasons, he passes into the Queen's chamber. After that it is too late. The impetuous murder of Polonius is the first link in a chain of calamities."

And so on, as aforesaid.

Mr. Chambers's editorial attitude, I admit, is widely shared—among others by the late Professor Henry Morley, who, in *his* introduction to the play, turns it to high religious account. Hamlet's simulation of madness, he assures us, is

"the device of a mind already 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought.' Had Fortinbras been so summoned to action, the King would have been dead in an hour."

Hamlet, in the Professor's opinion, is typical of many in the world,

"with intellectual power for large usefulness, who wait, day by day and year by year, in hope to do more perfectly what they live to do ; die *therefore*, and leave their lives unused : while men of lower power, prompt for action, are content and ready to do what they can, well knowing that at the best they can only rough hew, but in humble trust that leaves to God the issues of the little service they may bring."

The lesson of the Christian obligation to promptitude in the assassination of felonious uncles has never been more movingly put. And still our moralists, professorial and other, leave us doubting whether they quite understand what they are talking about.

Returning to our humble task of following the play, we note, at once with relief and with perplexity, that Mr. Chambers edits the usual text, not another setting forth the action he has been describing. Turn we then to the text and compare the play with the commentary. What Mr. Chambers calls the crisis comes within two days of the arrangement about the play-scene. The very first appearance of Hamlet after the Ghost-scene occurs in the scene in which the coming of the

players is announced. Between Acts I and II there has indeed been an interval, in which the ambassadors go to and return from Norway; but concerning what happened in that interval Mr. Chambers really knows no more than we do; and that amounts simply to this, that just before the opening of Act II Hamlet has called upon Ophelia, as she informs us, in an apparent state of distraction, this after she, by her father's orders, had repelled his letters and denied him audience. So that all those "turns and twists" which are alleged to have been taken by Hamlet to "avoid the fatal necessity for action," all the "ingenuity of intellect" which he has "exhausted in the discovery of obstacles," exist only in Mr. Chambers's fertile fancy; and he has been edifying ingenuous youth with an elaborate fiction, discoverable as such by any pupil who will read for himself.

For immediately on hearing Ophelia's story Polonius has gone to the King and Queen about it; after their interview Hamlet enters reading; after his talk with Polonius enter Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, who tell him of the coming of the players; at the end of their talk enters Polonius, soon followed by the players themselves; and Hamlet straightway plans for the play-scene. Immediately after that episode, which concludes with Hamlet's "Now I am alone" soliloquy, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, in Act III, go to report to the King and Queen, and that scene-section is immediately followed by the entrance of Hamlet, who delivers the "To be" soliloquy. "More than once," Mr. Chambers has told us, "he is on the point of cutting the knot by death"; and his alleged hesitation about suicide—"even" suicide, as Mr. Chambers sternly puts the matter—when "on the point" of it, is added to the general impeachment of his character on the score of unfitness for action. The man who boggles "even" at suicide, which would leave his task unattempted and unachievable, is of course, by implication, good for nothing.

Well, Mr. Chambers has no more warrant for saying that

Hamlet had been twice or oftener on the point of suicide than he has for his imaginative account of the turns and twists and the ingenuity exhausted in the discovery of obstacles. Twice only does Hamlet speak of suicide—in his first soliloquy and in the "To be" soliloquy; and each of these soliloquies absolutely negates the assertion that he was "on the point" of killing himself. In the first he acknowledges the "canon" of the Everlasting against suicide; in the "To be" soliloquy he discusses it as one so considering it that he resolves against it. Mr. Chambers, by implication, conveys to us that when Hamlet says, "I do not set my life at a pin's fee," he is merely vaunting, being afraid to take his own life, and *therefore*, save the mark, afraid to kill his uncle. Thus is the general case against Hamlet's infirmity of character made out for the edification of the young student. It is not too much to say that the whole procedure, to say nothing of its æsthetic inanity, is an abuse of the function of the commentator, an arbitrary substitution of guess-work for critical exposition of the text.

True, Mr. Chambers has so far one pretext for guessing, to wit, Hamlet's soliloquy after he has made his arrangement with the players. There he calls himself a rogue and peasant slave; asks himself, Am I a coward? and resolves to test the King by a play-scene. By implication, he *has* by his own account been dallying; though there has been nothing in the text to show it. Here we come to the crux of the play, which again rises for us in the fourth Act, in the great soliloquy:

How all occasions do inform against me,
And spur my dull revenge!

Those soliloquies constitute our problem; and the solution is the "naturalistic" theory of the play. But before putting that, let us finish with Mr. Chambers's indictment, of which the last item is that when, after the play-scene, the opportunity offers for revenge—"revenge," be it observed, not the fulfilment of a high moral purpose—he does not take it; and

"after that it is too late." You remember the opportunity. The King is on his knees praying, and Hamlet is free to perform the heroic act of stabbing him in the back. Like a wretched weakling, he will not do it, preferring to give theological reasons for the postponement. This completes the exposure of Hamlet's deplorable infirmity of character. Moral: the fatal effects of indecision, a warning to be laid to heart by the youths and maidens preparing for examinations in literature.

Without stopping to query again as to whether Shakespeare was preoccupied about such moral lessons, let us simply ask, How came those two self-accusing soliloquies into the play; and, in particular, how came the first there? It is evidently an insertion in the original structure—a structure, let me remind you, first shaped by Thomas Kyd, perhaps as early as 1585, more probably a few years later, in a drama which was originally entitled *The Revenge of Hamlet*, and was probably played under that title, by Shakespeare's company, in 1594 and as late as 1596. Of the nature of that play we can form a reasonable notion from the old German version of *Hamlet, Der Bestrafte Brudermord* (The Punished Fratricide). There we have the skeleton of our play—(a) the revelation by the Ghost (which is Kyd's variation on the original story of Belleforest, where there is no secret to be revealed, but an avowed slaying); (b) the play-scene, in which Hamlet makes the King betray himself; (c) the praying scene, where the theological reason given, it must be confessed, is rather more decent than Shakespeare's, whether or not it is orthodox; (d) the killing of Corambis (our Polonius) in the Queen's closet; (e) the trip to England; then the madness of Ophelia, the duel, and the consummation.

In all of this old play there is no suggestion of any perplexing delay on Hamlet's part, though the appearance of the Ghost in the closet-scene is taken by him as a reproach for his delay. There is not there, indeed, the episode of the embassy to Norway, of which the sole function in our play

is to indicate a lapse of time, which is also referred to in Hamlet's talk with Ophelia in the play-scene. But there is good reason to believe that the embassy was of Kyd's planning. He has such an episode in the *Spanish Tragedy*; and the German version, which is clearly curtailed, has probably dropped it, as it deserved to be dropped, from the point of view of play-construction. For the old playwright evidently had no thought of suggesting a mystery about Hamlet's delay. That delay, with the implication of reproach, is exactly on a par with the delay in Kyd's *Spanish Tragedy*, where Hieronimo is bitterly reproached for it by the women, but is all the while going on unwaveringly with his plan. Hamlet in the old play is equally unwavering. He has no self-reproaching soliloquies, no mystery; and, what is more, he has for his actual delay—the delay which is dramatically needed to constitute the play—an absolutely sufficient explanation, which he thus puts to Horatio:

"By this pretended madness I hope to find opportunity to avenge my father's death. But you know my father" [that is, the present King, to whom Hamlet so refers more than once in the old play] "*is always surrounded by many guards*, so that I may chance to miscarry, and you may find my dead body. Let it then be honourably buried, for on the first opportunity I find I will try to kill him."

This Hamlet also, be it remembered, abstains from killing the King at his prayers; yet there is no suggestion whatever that he is swerving from his task. But this allusion to the guards, and another at the beginning of Act V, have disappeared from our play.

Now we can see why Shakespeare has introduced those soliloquies. In the original play, the King's court was that of a barbaric chief, with the guards in evidence. But as time went on, it was the most natural thing in the world, especially for companies which often played at court, that those guards should be dropped, and that the Court should figure as an Elizabethan one, in which there were no guards present. The guards were a needless expense, for one thing, if they were

additional to the Lords Attendant who are specified in the Folio directions; for another, they were incompatible with the scenes in which Polonius and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern talk with the King and Queen about Hamlet. And when the guards were dropped, *the two passages in the text referring to them had to be dropped also*. That was the decisive thing. Thus there had arisen, as I take it, before Shakespeare had begun to recast it, a state of the play in which the delay of Hamlet to kill the King, a delay which in the old play is perfectly explained, becomes something of a mystery; and the audience, formerly perfectly satisfied, were now left unsatisfied, and were very likely to say so. And here, as I take it, Shakespeare took them at their word, and proceeded to present Hamlet as *conscious* of a swerving from action on his own part which the play up to this point has really not exhibited.

Exactly when the guards were eliminated from the standing scenes I do not pretend to say. They operate in the fourth Act to arrest Hamlet; and they carry torches for the play-scene. That the play underwent several additions and modifications before Shakespeare took it in hand is fairly clear. Ophelia's description of Hamlet's visit, and Polonius's narrative to the King and Queen, are in the old-fashioned line-ended verse, not in the verse of the self-reproaching soliloquies; and it is a fair inference that when they were penned, by whatsoever hand, the guards *and the allusions to them* had been eliminated. Nay, more: at the end of the "Now I am alone" soliloquy Hamlet speaks as if there had only now occurred to him the idea of making the players "play something like the murder of my father Before mine uncle"; whereas he has already arranged with them to "play the Murder of Gonzago." And it is now that he avows for the first time his doubts about the Ghost. There has been a readjustment which does not take due account of what has gone before; for the arrangement with the players, as we see in the old German version, was in the old play by Kyd.

At this point my friend Mr. Dover Wilson,¹ concerned to show that Shakespeare was a careful reconstructor—though his commentary in his own editions of *Much Ado* and *Love's Labour's Lost* goes some way to prove the contrary—argues that Shakespeare has carefully schemed Hamlet's doubts about the Ghost in order to "make the transmitted play work." But the play worked here well enough in its old form, where it is Horatio, and not Hamlet, who expresses the fear that the Ghost may be a deceiver; but where we have the play-scene all the same. Hamlet might well wish to reveal to the rest of the court the King's sense of guilt. If Shakespeare was carefully concerned to make the play go properly, why did he make Hamlet suddenly resolve to have a play-scene after he had already arranged for it?

A similar difficulty arises over the "To be" soliloquy. Many critics have commented upon Hamlet's saying that no traveller returns from the bourne of death, soon after he has been so profoundly perturbed by his father's Ghost. For Mr. Wilson, the solution is that at the stage of the soliloquy he had already doubted so deeply about the Ghost, on the lines of Protestant theology, as to have ceased to believe in its reality. But that is really a monstrous solution. Hamlet is shown in the Ghost-scene as shaken to the very roots of his being. Certainly the play-scene is a superfluity in the action when Hamlet believes entirely in the Ghost, and the transference to him of Horatio's doubt is so far a plausible expedient by way of justifying the retention of the play-scene, which for Kyd had been a stage-effect to be used for its own sake. But to make that account for the "To be" soliloquy is a quite needless straining of the whole situation. There is a far simpler and more natural explanation.

In the First Quarto, which shows an intermediate state of the play, consisting for the most part of Shakespeare's recast, the "To be" soliloquy already stands after the Ghost-scene, though earlier than it is now placed. But it exists in an earlier

¹ In a critique in the *Modern Language Review*, October 1920.

form, showing that it belonged to the old play. Now, in the First Quarto the *first* soliloquy, after three lines of which two seem corrupt, and without the lines about the "canon 'gainst self-slaughter" and the "unweeded garden," goes on substantially as it does in the Second Quarto. And that the "To be" soliloquy probably stood *here* in the old play, as an expression of Hamlet's melancholy about his mother's marriage, follows from Mr. Dover Wilson's own argument, though he refuses to have it so. It was Shakespeare, he claims, who made Hamlet doubt the Ghost, in order to justify the play-scene; and it is, in his view, this very doubt about the Ghost that explains the occurrence of the "To be" soliloquy after the Ghost-scene. Very well, then: Kyd's Hamlet, by Mr. Wilson's own showing, having no doubts about the Ghost, could not have spoken the lines about the undiscovered country

From whence no passenger ever returned,

after seeing the Ghost; and, therefore, either the "To be" soliloquy did not exist in the old play at all, or it stood in the play before the Ghost-scene. And I defy Mr. Wilson to lay his hand on his heart and deny that the "To be" soliloquy as given in the First Quarto is an older piece of writing than the soliloquy as we have it in the Second Quarto, though in the German play Hamlet is merely described as melancholy, and has no soliloquy here.

I submit, then, that we have here the reasonable explanation. Shakespeare felt that Hamlet's melancholy over his mother's marriage needed a more moving soliloquy than the academic reflection on suicide; and he duly inserted one. The "To be" soliloquy is a sententious utterance, poetic rather than dramatic, and is broadly on the literary plane of the counsels of Polonius to Laertes and of Laertes to Ophelia, which are wholly in the literary taste of the years about 1590. You will find the models for Laertes's lecture to Ophelia in Greene's *James IV* and in a number of his tales; and the exact manner and almost the substance (in poorer form) of

Polonius's counsels in *Euphues*, which dates 1588 and 1589, just about the probable date of the origination of Kyd's *Hamlet*. For instance:

"Let thy attyre bee comely, but not costly: thy dyet wholesome, but not excessive; use pastime as the word importeth to passe the time in honest recreation. Mistrust no man without cause, nether be thou credulous without prooffe: be not lyght to follow every man's opinion, nor obstinate to stand in thine own conceipt"

—a passage textually repeated in the same volume.

"*These few precepts* [the words of Polonius] I give thee to be observed," says another speaker to Philautus for his guidance in England. Again:

"First let thy apparell be but meane, neyther too brave to shew thy pride, nor too base to bewray thy povertie" [a counsel which is reversed in our play]: "be as careful to keep thy mouth from wine as thy fingers from fyre."

And again:

"Enter not into bands, no not for thy best friends: he that payeth another man's debt seeketh his own decay: it is as rare to see a rich Surety as a Black Swan; and he that lendeth to all that will borrow sheweth great good will, but little witte. Lend not a penny without a pawne, for that will be a good gage to borowe."

When we note that some of these dicta occur almost textually in Lord Burleigh's Advice to his Son, we feel that there may be truth in the theory that Polonius (or Corambis) was originally a skit on Burleigh.¹

In any case, the "To be" soliloquy is a dramatic exercise in a similar literary taste; and bears transplanting in every respect save that of congruity with the previous action. Its present position really cannot be explained save by a frank confession of Shakespeare's "royal carelessness": he wanted a soliloquy there, and as the soliloquy was already popular, there he put it, well revised, without further concern. This

¹ See Sir I. Gollancz, "Bits of Timber," in *The Book of Homage to Shakespeare*, 1916, p. 173.

view, it seems to me, is in entire conformity with the thesis of my friend William Archer, in his recent article in the *Daily Telegraph*. Mr. Archer, however, confesses to finding the play so chaotic that for him "it is quite inconceivable that Shakespeare ever intended it to be acted as it stands. Can it have been he," he asks, "who thus huddled it together?" It is a little puzzling, in view of this, to find Mr. Archer dismissing all discussion of "mystery" in the play with the proposition that we make the mystery for ourselves by an "unduly intense and concentrated dwelling upon an essentially simple phenomenon. If you look too closely at anything you are bound to get it out of focus. We read *Hamlet* through microscopes, whereas Shakespeare wrote it for audiences which had not even opera-glasses."

My friend's mercies, I fear, are somewhat arbitrarily covenanted. He applies a sufficiently microscopic criticism elsewhere¹ to Middleton's *Changeling*, being bent at that point on showing that no Elizabethan plays but Shakespeare's are good, though the old audiences had no opera-glasses for Middleton, either. When he claims that "the normal, natural man-about-the-theatre is no more conscious than Shakespeare was of anything inexplicable in Hamlet's conduct," one asks whether the same normal, natural person applied Mr. Archer's microscope to the *Changeling*. But really the assertion that Shakespeare saw nothing inexplicable in Hamlet's conduct is a little too much of a begging-of-the-question to be let pass, in face of the self-accusing soliloquies, especially when the critic assures us that the play, though "beyond all comparison the most popular ever written," is so confused in structure that it is inconceivable that Shakespeare ever intended it to be acted as it stands.

It is always gratifying to have our own opinions handed to us by our monitors, whether friendly or otherwise. Such is my happy case when Mr. H. I'A. Fausset informs me, with an avowal of doubt as to whether I can see it, that "Imagina-

¹ *The Old Drama and the New*, 1923, p. 97.

tive genius may be so dynamic as to transcend the material which hampers it. To many of us, Shakespeare achieves this in *Hamlet*." I happen to have written concerning Shakespeare, at the end of the very book which Mr. Fausset was reviewing, that he "has no need of abracadabral vindication. His genius was not subdued to what it worked in. Hence the acclamation of three hundred years." But I am not so unmannerly as to expect a reviewer to read to the end of the book he is reviewing. "It isn't done." And when my friend Archer points out that Hamlet is made listless for revenge by his moral predicament, which includes the case of his mother, I am the better able to agree because I myself framed that inadequate solution forty years ago, before even Professor Bradley put it; though I am very sure he never partook of my "drug."

But between Mr. Archer's description of the play as a chaos which Shakespeare cannot have meant to be thus played, and his assertion that there is no mystery in the play at all, I am really unable to assent to the second of these propositions. Audiences are not so homogeneous as my friend seems to assume. In the mass of normal listeners there are always sprinkled a number of more or less thoughtful people; and it is a fair calculation that about a million of these must have seen ground for perplexity where a hundred critics have avowedly seen it. And their critical rights are not to be abolished by Mr. Archer's citation of the suffrages of the majority who, by his avowal, have never thought critically about the play at all. Microscopes are not illegal instruments: Mr. Archer uses one for himself at a pinch, whether or not he did so in reaching the conclusion that the play is *chaotic* as it stands. The others legitimately argue that whereas Hamlet expressly declares that he knows not why he does not slay his uncle when he has "cause and will and strength and means to do 't," it is really not open to anyone to explain, as Mr. Archer does, that the deed is recoiled from as a difficult undertaking, seeing that the King must not be

killed without a previous exposure of his crime. If Hamlet saw the case in that light, why did he not so soliloquise, instead of declaring that he knows not why he holds his hand? The critical game must really be played by rules. Mr. Archer is simply "revoking."

No: the perplexity is really there, as it might so well be in a play declared by the critic to have been left chaotic. We have seen wherein it consists, and how it arose. Shakespeare found Hamlet ostensibly delaying his revenge, and, while subtly developing the presentment of his laming vision of his mother's case, makes him accordingly accuse himself of delaying inexplicably. That is the crux; for those soliloquies express neither a laming pessimism nor a sense of difficulty about the deed. They express a burning desire to do it.

This of course gives the opening for the Freudian solution that Hamlet has been upset in "his Unconscious" and swerves from action he knows not why. But the theory of a sensitive swerving from action is one of the oldest of all, having been put by Henry Mackenzie in 1780 without any Freudian apparatus. It is a better theory than Goethe's, which might apply to a hundred tragedies, but does not apply to this. Hamlet is no weakling such as Goethe specifies. But neither will Mackenzie's theory apply. Hamlet does *not* sensitively swerve from fierce and repellent action. He unflinchingly follows the dreadful Ghost; he runs Polonius through, thinking it is the King who is behind the arras; he boards the pirate and mercilessly sends the tools of Claudius to their death in England. He delays to kill his uncle simply because that is of the substance and essence of Kyd's play; and what Shakespeare has done, after a perplexity had been set up by the withdrawal of the guards and the passage alluding to them as the real obstacle, is to agree with the audience that Hamlet is strangely dilatory, and to stress that view in two soliloquies. The fact that one of them, the later, was evidently withdrawn from the acting version, since it disappears

in the Folio, may be held to suggest that Shakespeare felt he had overdone the mystery; but of that we cannot be sure. It may merely have been dropped because the play had become too long.

I cannot here discuss in detail the Freudian theory put forward by the late Mr. Clutton-Brock, whose lamented death has so tragically ended on his side the debate which he so brilliantly initiated. I will merely repeat the general proposition, which Mr. Fausset does not appear to understand, that a physiological inhibition of a hero's action would cancel the tragedy as such. Shakespeare triumphs because of his truth to essentials: he could not have triumphed were he thus false in essentials. It comes to substantially the same thing, in the end, whether you say that Hamlet is mad or that he needs a rest-cure. Either makes him a medical case, not a moral and intellectual case, therefore not a fit subject for drama. Hamlet is presented as profoundly perturbed, as are Macbeth and Othello: he is not meant by Shakespeare any more than by Kyd to be reckoned "mad"; and the mock-madness and the real hysteria are on all fours with those of Hieronimo in the *Spanish Tragedy*, where indeed there is an excursion into actual insanity that outgoes anything in *Hamlet*.

The summing-up, if only we will face all the data, and not revel in Ptolemaic hypotheses with Dr. Chambers and Mr. Fausset, is fairly simple. Shakespeare is first and last an adapter, a transfigurer, of other men's plays. Nowhere is this more obvious than in *Hamlet*, though there he has very largely rewritten the older matter, which seems to tell of more hands than Kyd's. This play, we can all see, particularly interested him, because it gave him the largest opportunity to utter himself that had yet come in his way. But so to rewrite a tragedy of barbaric revenge as to make it the tragedy of a soul, and at the same time to retain all the action of the barbaric tragedy down to the crudest details, was to undertake what could not be brought into all-round con-

sistency, especially when the explanation which unifies the old play has been fortuitously dropped. When that is recognised, no further explanation is needed, if we will but realise that we are contemplating the making of a play, not the presentment of a historic action or an actual personality.

To suppose, on the other hand, that Shakespeare believed he could give a new and complete psychological unity to the barbaric action which had lost its own foreplanned unity, by merely assuming that the refined Elizabethan Hamlet of his own vision might do exactly the deeds of the barbaric prince in the old story, every one of them, and this by the spontaneous causation of a psychic malady, is to put a conception far too flimsy to stand. Shakespeare could do anything within the limits of fundamental verity to life: he could no more than anyone else solve a contradiction in terms, a contradiction in nature. And he really was not trying to. That he deliberately dropped the passages about the guards, as Professor Charlton Miner Lewis assumes in his very able book, I cannot believe. That would have been deliberately to create a supererogatory mystery; and Shakespeare the playwright was no more given that way than he was to racking his brains for the achievement of absolute coherence—a thing he knew the theatre did not need. He knew all about that theatre-crowd, and its capacity for illusion: he saw that the play "went," and that sufficed him; for I do not think he ever dreamed that we should be discussing it after three hundred years.

There must be many here who know far more than I do about play-making; but I have been led to give a good deal of attention to the play-mending of the Elizabethan theatre, where the industry is a main feature of the life of the stage. Collaboration and recasting are everywhere in evidence. And I should say that whereas Shakespeare is the supreme magician in the matter of play-mending, working miracles wherever he laid his hands, he is not the most anxious of play-planners. But does it matter now? Have not its very

defects been a main part of the cause of the immense discussion which has kept our play so constantly before men's minds?

It was not the "well-made play" that Shakespeare took for his task. It was the making of living people; the substitution of living, vibrating voices for the ventriloquist rhetoric which so largely did duty before him; the making of poetry out of thought and feeling where it had been made out of the pages of disestablished classics and the unreal psychology of *a priori* characters. And what a transfiguration it was! To say nothing more of Hamlet, who in Kyd's play is a Prince Hal without the wit, consider the reincarnation of Ophelia. When criticism, despite the fine and chivalrous defence put forward by Professor Bradley, still stresses her inadequacy to her burden, we can hardly say: "Hats off to the lady whom Hamlet loved," seeing that Hamlet's love for Ophelia is one of the mishandled things in the play; and the scene at the grave has not undergone Shakespeare's higher alchemy. But when we contrast our Ophelia with her of the old play, we are still in another world. Mr. John Corbin, I feel assured, is quite right in arguing that madness in the pre-Shakespearean drama, and even in the post-Shakespearean, was a theme for laughter, though Professor Dowden would not see that in this respect the German play preserved the pre-Shakespearean. Have we not the testimony of Dr. Johnson that in his day "the pretended madness of Hamlet causes much mirth"; and the record of Dr. Maginn that in his time Hamlet was "buffooned . . . to no small extent"?

If the mad Hamlet was comic in the old play, much more so was Ophelia, whose madness was there a kind of comic relief to the duel scene. It will not avail to say that this was a German degradation of the piece. It was all in the good old English taste. But Shakespeare, with his secure, infallible touch, even though he retains too much of the old matter, has transmuted it all into "something rich and

strange," stirring the sick-souled Queen to her best of feeling, and the sinister King to speak of the victim as

Divided from herself and her fair judgment,
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beasts,

—a sufficient monition to those who would have us think Hamlet mad, or that a tragedy is to be made upon a psychopath.

These are the things that Shakespeare does for us: this is the witchcraft he has used. He creates for us living beings; he ministers to us a new sense of the human; and, above all, he clothes his thought in a speech that none before or since has matched for magic of rhythm and poignancy of phrase. And to lift us to the tension of his spirit as he thus does a thousand times is something greater than to shape a perfectly well-constructed play—a thing which, I really think, he never did.

But, once more, he was verily not propounding a moral lesson, in anticipation of Samuel Smiles on Self Help. Thus to turn an æsthetic into a didactic problem, a work of art into a tortured treatise on conduct, is to make æsthetic criticism ultimately ridiculous. As Mr. Shaw and the Fabians and Tolstoy and the Tolstoyans so impressively insist, Shakespeare was not delivering a MESSAGE. For which let us be profoundly thankful to the Sacred Muses Nine, and to their Lord Apollo, Destroyer and Preserver of Things Unsung and Sung.

For here, O Apollo!
Are haunts meet for thee!

A MARRIAGE HAS BEEN ARRANGED, ETC.

By G. A. PORTERFIELD

THE Colonel looked round the table triumphantly, his cigar arrested half-way to the light his butler offered him. "The day my daughter's married," he announced, "she gets the finest house she can find in the United Kingdom to live in, all her plate and linen, and twenty thousand pounds a year in the bargain—I guess *that's* pretty hard to beat, isn't it, hey? But mind you, I can't be driven and I won't be coaxed." He added his latter item of intelligence with the greatest possible gusto, and, by way of pointing the moral, made a pass at young Captain Dampierre which possessed the combined, playful emphasis of a shove and a slap; then, chuckling gaily to himself, lit his cigar. The butler moved on round the table in the wake of an enormous silver box of those cigars—unctuous, unassailably correct, and bland.

Colonel Bellamy lived at Chingling Royal with his daughter, Edna, the unassailably correct butler his sagacity told him the place demanded, several footmen, a housekeeper he had acquired with the house, and a whole regiment of chauffeurs, maids, grooms, gardeners, and under-keepers. He was an active, well-preserved man of something more than middle age, slightly bow-legged, grey, and fond of good cigars, port, and practical jokes. He was fond of his daughter, too, and convinced of the fact that she would make a brilliant match, marrying not merely well, but wisely, which, with the Colonel, meant exactly as he wished, for he was inordinately vain and cocksure of the wisdom of things he set any store by. Always friendly of demeanour, he had at times a positively

rumpled, jovial look—as, for example, after dinner, when he was given to smacking his knees a good deal and laughing uproariously at all his own stories—a look which hid his obstinate tenacity of purpose and made the liveliest impression of sprightliness and genial hospitality. The truth was, however, the Colonel really lacked a sense of humour. His nudges, his gay innuendoes, his continual chuckles of amusement, were pretences chiefly of a carefully considered order. They got him safely through the longest evening; they concealed his secret dread of being laughed at; they kept him from committing glaring acts of public silliness such as standing for Parliament, or aspiring to the honour of knighthood—traps into which his inordinate vanity might otherwise easily have led him. As a matter of fact, he was once actually offered the honour of knighthood—that is, it was intimated that should he care to contribute thirty thousand pounds to the party funds the Chief Whip felt confident the Prime Minister's appreciation would find some tangible expression in the next Birthday Honours list, and so forth and so on. The Colonel was astounded, but he pretended not to be astounded. Brought up in the strict provincialism of the north of England, the outrageously cynical candour of the proposal shocked him more than its immorality, which he understood thoroughly. He said he'd think about it, that he'd have to ask his wife; and that evening he did, at dinner, in a characteristic manner. "How would you like to be a lady for a change?" he asked suddenly. Mrs. Bellamy, who had been a fluttering, timid, mildly hopeful kind of woman, said she thought she *was* a lady, that she was sure she'd tried to be one all her life. "Well, you aren't," replied the Colonel humorously; "and since it costs thirty thousand pounds you'll have to go on *not* being one, that's all!" He then retired behind his newspaper. "Yes, dear," said Mrs. Bellamy obediently, although she had failed to understand a word of this conversation. What was more to the point, perhaps, she also failed to survive for long the ordeal of

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married life with the blithely uncompromising Colonel as a husband. He was cheerful, obstinate, selfish, and casual, and in spite of all temptations—and they were many, because he was exceedingly rich—he remained, if not exactly a bachelor, a widower as well as a Briton.

"All her plate and linen, sir, and a handsome income in the bargain," repeated Colonel Bellamy; "many a royal princess can't say as much, sir—if I do say it myself." He poured out another glass of port with great complacency. "She takes after me more than she takes after her mother," he continued, still on the subject of his peerless daughter, and apparently pursuing some irrelevant train of thought; "poor Mrs. Bellamy used to worry frightfully."

Lord Dunquerque helped himself to port and shoved the decanter on in the direction of the Rector. . . .

"I never worry," said the Colonel in a now rather brightly irritated tone of voice, as if speaking about some queer, uncomprehended phenomenon of human nature—"never; neither does Edna. But Mrs. Bellamy was always worrying—*always*. I said to her once, 'You'll kill yourself if you go on worrying that way——'"

Young Captain Dampierre lit his cigar, one eye on his exuberant host. "Oh, I say!" he murmured tactfully, filling in a drowsily dramatic pause; "and *did* she?"

"She would and she did," replied the Colonel, and finished his glass of port in a gulp and got up briskly out of his chair, smacking his lips. There was a frightful scraping of chair-legs as everybody else got up. "And now," the Colonel added, "shall we join the ladies?"

He led them jauntily across the great hall to the drawing-room, where Blodgett, his unassailably correct butler, was serving coffee. The Rector's wife was playing a song of Mendelssohn's at the piano; the others were chatting round the lofty and emblazoned fireplace. Upon this group the Colonel advanced, decision in his face. "What about a little bridge, hey?" he asked, jingling the keys and loose

coins in his trouser pockets. Lord Dunquerque, Alice Devas, and Lady Partington finally sat down to play bridge with the Colonel, Alice Devas cutting him as her partner. Edna slipped quietly out of the room. Blodgett hovered on the outskirts of his master's inattention, as well indeed he might. It was: "Blodgett! move that little table over here with the tray, the cigarettes and things," or "What? hearts? Oh, I see! you pass. That's quite a different kettle of fish, isn't it, Lady Partington? I'll double *that*." And then the next moment, groping through his pockets—"Now, *where* on earth— Blodgett! just run upstairs and see if I left my glasses on my dressing-table, please."

Captain Dampierre, who had been reading rather ostentatiously in a book at the other side of the fireplace, slipped quietly out of the room. He smiled grimly, pulled down his waistcoat, and strolled into the library, where Edna was waiting for him at a window, staring pensively into the night. Captain Dampierre was a slim, muscular, well-made, rather good-looking young man with a fair, close-cropped, soldierly moustache and clear blue eyes. He was in the Thirty-first (the Duke of Cornwall and Rothesay's Own Royal Rutlandshire) Lancers—in fact, he was Captain Dampierre, D.S.O., M.C., and he had "done" things in the war. He was distantly quite well-connected; he belonged to good clubs and a good set in town; still, as he was only the son of a country clergyman he had nothing but his pay and the small allowance his father was able to give him to live on.

He stood a moment in the doorway, smiling, then he coughed.

Edna turned. "Well?" she asked, her eyebrows raised inquiringly.

"Not very. Your father was up to scratch to-night and better, when you'd left. I feel dizzy still."

"Poor father!"

She smiled enigmatically, and looked again out into the delicate, calm, autumn night. The windows were open;

a faint cidery smell of apples and turned earth invaded the room, the night wind stirred the curtains softly and was gone, as illusively as a ghost. Not a sound came up from the darkness; it was very still; and over a dim crest of trees beyond the terrace a constellation of bright stars twinkled faintly in the quiet sky. Edna responded sensitively to the hushed loveliness of that autumn evening with its subdued values, its haunted silences and crisp, cool scents. She was a tall, dark, slender girl of twenty-four or five, with close-cut, dark hair and pale cheeks and thoughtful, dark eyes; most women would have called her beautiful.

Faced with the problem of bringing up his daughter on the death of his wife, the Colonel solved the problem chiefly by ignoring it. He gave her a large but by no means extravagant allowance, and let her do as she liked, confident that no harm could befall her, principally because she was his daughter. While he was accustomed to seeing her at meals and frequently during the evening, and now and then they went up to London together, actually, as a matter of fact, Edna remained more a stranger than ever to her father—a competent, slender, rather charming young woman who liked riding to hounds, music, and a number of other quite incongruous things.

Later on that evening, before she went to bed, Edna found her father in his study exchanging stories with Lord Dunquerque and Mr. Masterton.

"Well, my lass, where have *you* been all evening?" he asked, a tumbler of golden whisky and soda in one hand and a cigar in the other.

"Out on the terrace with Captain Dampierre, father."

"Ho!" ejaculated the Colonel.

When the others finally left, his daughter said to him:

"Father, Captain Dampierre wants to see you to-morrow morning before he goes."

"Oh, he does, does he?" said the Colonel; "and what, pray, does he want to see me about?"

"I suppose he'll tell you that himself," answered Edna serenely, without the slightest sign of self-consciousness.

The Colonel looked at her narrowly. A monstrous suspicion crept into his mind as to what exactly the Captain wanted to say in the morning, but his daughter's demeanour was so composed and natural he dismissed it as impossible; she knew his ideas in the matter, besides.

"I daresay he can see you in the library at half-past ten," said Edna presently, turning to regard him from the door; "he leaves, you know, on the eleven twenty-five."

"He can if I'm there," replied the Colonel.

"Yes; but *will* you be there?"

The Colonel's answer was characteristic.

"Maybe I will, maybe I won't," he said, and that was all that passed between the two on this subject.

The following morning, however, the Colonel was sitting in the library at ten-thirty, having come to the conclusion overnight that the Captain wanted to borrow some money, and having also come to the satisfying decision to refuse to lend him any. Consequently, when he heard a tap at the door, he said "Come in!" with enormous gusto and took off his glasses, which gave him a severe, rather magisterial look. Bright autumn sunshine filled the room, its glamour reflected on the gilded backs of books the Colonel never bothered to take down from the shelves; open at his elbow was a large, silver box of those excellent cigars of his. He had further decided to temper his refusal by offering the Captain one.

Captain Dampierre entered the library with admirable self-possession. He said "Good morning, sir," in a perfectly natural, easy tone of voice, took a chair he was not offered, and produced a long, thin, silver cigarette-case, which he shoved across the library table. These manoeuvres immediately destroyed any advantages the Colonel had sought to establish, but he did not let that fact appear upon his face, and shook his head as he reached for a cigar.

"I'll smoke one of these, thanks," he said, and glanced at him with lifted brows.

The Captain—when he had lighted his cigarette and given the Colonel a light—proceeded to state that he wanted to marry his host's peerless daughter and to ask whether, in principle, at any rate, the Colonel had any objection. He gave his age, which was thirty-one, his prospects, and his position in general. The Colonel, who was perceptibly less jovial, said, as calmly as he could:

"Outside of your allowance you say your father gives you, you have nothing but your pay as a captain?"

Captain Dampierre admitted that was so.

The Colonel appeared to reflect.

"You have only your pay and that small allowance your father gives you—well, my dear boy, my daughter spends more on hats alone in the course of a year than your father allows you altogether."

Captain Dampierre remarked with a smile that he supposed she did.

"Well, then," the Colonel said triumphantly, "how can you hope to fix up that side of the question—quite apart, of course, from any slight objections *I* might entertain?"

"We thought you would be willing to make the usual settlements, sir," said Captain Dampierre coolly.

The Colonel brought the interview to a hasty close by pointing out that he could not be bullied and wouldn't be wheedled into any hasty decisions, that he was considerably surprised, and so on, clutching desperately at his rapidly vanishing toleration and blitheness. He got up out of his chair, quite unable to think of anything else to say, and followed his visitor towards the door, where, rather belatedly, the fact occurred to him that he should have rung for Blodgett to show the Captain out to the Rolls-Royce which was probably waiting to take him off to the station and the 11.25. As it was, however, he merely shouted "Blodgett!" as loudly as possible, shook hands with Captain Dampierre, and went

back to the library to reflect upon the perversity of women. Captain Dampierre, meanwhile, was ushered out with due ceremony to the magnificent Rolls-Royce waiting at the door.

"No luck," he reported briefly to Edna, who was sitting in the car, very slim and practical in a delightful riding-habit—she had been out cubbing with the Coldbury that morning; "your father's adamant."

Blodgett tucked the rug solicitously round his knees.

"The station, Hunt," said Edna.

The footman touched his cap and closed the door.

"What exactly did he say?" she asked, as Hunt climbed up beside the chauffeur.

"Nothing, exactly," Captain Dampierre replied.

Edna smiled. "He never does, poor dear!" she remarked. The magnificent motor-car shot out smoothly into the middle of the faultless gravel drive and startled the peacocks trailing their splendours in the dewy sunshine. A cock pheasant rose from a copse they passed, his plumage shining as he skimmed upwards a little way and dived into some distant plantation. Edna watched it, frowning faintly, her cheek resting against a gloved hand.

"Then what did he say among other things—inexactly?" she asked presently.

Captain Dampierre gave a brief synopsis of the conversation.

"I see," she said. "He boggled at the settlement?"

"Well, it wasn't *that* exactly."

"But in substance?"

"Oh, in substance," said the Captain, "he said he couldn't be bullied and wouldn't be coaxed, and that he'd have to think it over."

He looked gloomily out of his window at the serene English countryside through which they were passing, flooded with soft warm October sunshine. The hedges ran with colour, and the Captain noted that fact with a practised eye. "Very blind still, isn't it?" he asked.

Edna nodded.

The Captain lit a cigarette. . . .

"How did *you* get on this morning?" he asked after a rather unproductive pause.

"Very well, thanks."

There was another pause.

"Good fun, cubbin'," he observed presently.

"What? What's— Oh, very!"

Another interval of introspection intervened.

"Stiffish kind of country, yours, too," remarked the Captain finally, again regarding the hedges through the window.

Nothing came of it, however, so he whistled a bar or two of the latest popular song to himself, and disposed of his cigarette. Then he, too, lapsed into silence. . . .

"I say!" said Edna suddenly, "I've got it!"

The Captain started. "*Got* it?" he repeated.

"Yes—I mean I've got a plan."

The Captain gradually returned to earth.

"Oh, a plan," he murmured.

"About father," explained Edna. "Are you sure it was the settlement father objected to?"

Captain Dampierre hesitated. "Well, it was just about at that point in the conversation that he blew out a fuse," he replied; "but I don't think that was the reason, really. He didn't say so, anyway."

"Never mind, it's near enough," said Edna with immense decision.

"Near enough what?" demanded the Captain. "I may be dashed slow, still—"

"I'll let you know about it later."

"Meaning?"

His only answer was the pressure on his arm, an affectionate, calm, reassuring smile, and the motor turned in at the up-side platform of Tranlingham Junction, which, as everybody knows, of course, is the station for Chingling—and there the matter rested, for the time being, at any rate.

A few days later—the wind was in the east, and the warm, sunny weather had vanished with the completeness of magic—the Colonel announced that he was feeling very far from well. That confounded east wind, for instance—you simply could not keep it out. It seeped through the thickest clothing, it laughed at walls and windows. That view of blue country from the terrace was shrouded in a driving mist—a depressing prospect. Now, at Naples—

As a matter of fact, he was in the best of spirits.

For one thing, Edna seemed to have forgotten the Captain completely, if, indeed, she had ever been at all aware of that young man's impertinent proposal. The Colonel had watched her attentively for the first day or so after his departure, but her calm, benevolent, natural manner impressed his great sagacity profoundly—there was nothing up there. Then, by a happy piece of strategy, the Colonel had persuaded Lord Dunquerque to stay over for another's week's shooting, the shooting at Chingling Royal being among the best in England, and Lord Dunquerque, who was a first-class shot, would have stayed on anywhere for such chances as the Chingling coverts provided. Edna saw a good deal of Lord Dunquerque in one way and another; they were always together. Day after day she went out to meet the guns, lunched with them, followed them in the afternoon; at night she and Lord Dunquerque danced to a victrola operated by an obsequious footman. "Hang it! a pretty girl can't help turning men's heads," reflected the Colonel with that large philosophy of his—that, probably, accounted for the Captain's slight obsession the morning he left.

"If you marry well, my lass," the Colonel would tell her, over and over again—"if you marry well, you won't regret it. The finest house you can find in England, all your plate and linen, everything—but I can't be driven and I won't be coaxed," he added vigorously.

And that was it—the reason for his high spirits lately. Earlier that afternoon, when the others were out shooting,

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or watching the shooting, the Colonel had received a visit from a Mr. Melcombe. He was the senior partner of the well-known, long-established Eastchester firm of estate agents and auctioneers—Messrs. Melcombe, Melcombe, Snodgrass & Melcombe. Mr. Melcombe followed his card—which the Colonel had examined with unconcealed wonderment—into the library at Chingling Royal before the Colonel had recovered quite from his surprise. He had called, he said, concerning Miss Edna Bellamy's inquiries about High Cheddington—the old, historic, red-brick Tudor home of the Poole family, now on the market. The Colonel's wonderment increased in leaps and bounds. He managed to say "Ho!" in a fairly jovial tone of voice, however, but he was secretly and enormously puzzled. Miss Bellamy, it appeared, had called at the offices of Messrs. Melcombe, Melcombe, Snodgrass & Melcombe, and asked to be shown over that renowned property.

"When—when was *that*?" demanded the astounded Colonel, helplessly.

Mr. Melcombe replied the previous Tuesday.

"Why *that* was the afternoon she drove into Eastchester with Lord Dunquerque!" exclaimed the Colonel involuntarily.

"His lordship," said Mr. Melcombe, "accompanied Miss Bellamy."

A great light dawned on the Colonel. "Go—go on," he said, sitting up in his chair. Mr. Melcombe went on. Miss Bellamy and his lordship had inspected High Cheddington that same afternoon. They looked over the gardens, visited the offices, inspected the drains, sounded the panelling, made a lengthy tour of all the rooms on the first and second stories, admired the view—in short, they had mutually shown the utmost interest in every detail—and, at the conclusion, Miss Bellamy had given Mr. Melcombe to understand she was actively thinking of buying. She had, of course, referred him to her father—Mr. Melcombe made a little bow in the Colonel's

direction as he mentioned this item, which the Colonel returned as best he could ; he was still very astounded and helpless—and since he happened to be out Chingling way, and the matter of the purchase of so large and renowned a property was a matter of a good deal of importance, Mr. Melcombe naturally took the liberty of calling—no doubt the Colonel quite understood ; another bow on each side—merely as a formality, still, a usual one, and so on.

The Colonel replied that he understood perfectly. Perhaps Mr. Melcombe would have a drop of something ?

Mr. Melcombe said he'd be delighted.

The Colonel rang for Blodgett.

"Now, Mr. Melcombe," he began, when Blodgett had brought a decanter and glasses, and retired with all his unassailable decorum, "I think I can say in confidence what I might, perhaps, hesitate to say to anybody else."

"Oh, certainly, certainly !"

"As a man of the world, Mr. Melcombe, you see how things stand—I mean," the Colonel said, nudging the other roguishly, "you see how the wind lies so far as Lord Dunquerque's concerned. Dash it ! I'm sure I needn't say anything further on that subject."

"No, *no*—certainly not."

"The fact is, Mr. Melcombe, I've undertaken to provide anything my daughter thinks she wants—anything, sir."

"That's entirely satisfactory, sir," said Mr. Melcombe—"most satisfactory. More than generous, if I may be allowed to say so."

And so these two hobnobbed together over a glass of port and the Colonel's best cigars. The thing was, the Colonel's inordinate pride and vanity prevented him from disclaiming any knowledge of his daughter's interest in High Cheddington ; his great sagacity informed him that she had come to her senses, that Lord Dunquerque's interest clearly could be accounted for by the fact that he himself proposed living at High Cheddington. That young nobleman came from a

poor, if illustrious house. Dormer, the Dunquerque mansion in the north of England, had long since been sold with its Old Masters, its shooting, its splendid stables.

The Colonel set great store by his sagacity. He took Lord Dunquerque's interest and his daughter's decision to purchase a large historic country seat with his means simply for granted. His pride, his vanity, prevented him from asking any questions. He did say that evening, after dinner, in his casual, cheerful way : "So you're thinking of leaving me, miss, eh ?" And Edna smiled enigmatically, and said : "Yes, father." The Colonel's misgivings—they had been of the slightest, anyhow—were set immediately at rest. He ordered Blodgett to bring up the finest wines in the cellar, he was prodigal with his port, he pressed his most magnificent cigars on everybody, even Lady Partington. He had a footman drag the victrola out into the hall, the rugs taken up, and they all danced ; he had people over from Belton Hall and the Castle and Maythorpe Lodge ; Chingling Royal blazed with lights. . . .

It stood to reason that the news crept speedily into the current gossip of the day. Mr. Melcombe was instructed to communicate at once with the Colonel's solicitors ; the Colonel's solicitors were instructed to communicate with Messrs. Melcombe, Melcombe, Snodgrass & Melcombe ; and presently a photograph of High Cheddington mysteriously appeared in one of the leading illustrated weeklies, with the caption—A Father's Princely Gift. Underneath there was a discreet reference to the approaching marriage of Miss Edna Bellamy, "whose engagement, we understand, is shortly to be announced," etc. Other photographs appeared in other papers ; it was an open secret.

Several weeks slipped by ; and in the middle of November Lord Dunquerque came down to Chingling for the week-end and another "go" at Colonel Bellamy's unrivalled coverts. The house was full, in honour (people thought) of those

approaching nuptials, though nothing definite had been announced as yet, rumour notwithstanding. . . .

Lord Dunquerque faced the future—it was observed—with singular modesty. His impending good fortune had not turned his head. Far from it; indeed, his demeanour was touched with a becoming wistfulness and melancholy. Privately, Lord Dunquerque thought his host was slowly but assuredly going insane. Those witless hints of his! And those innumerable nudges in the ribs! Still, he was too well-bred to remark on these increasingly curious eccentricities of the Colonel's; he suffered in silence. The Colonel's society, however, drove him more and more into the society of the Colonel's daughter, and the more he saw of Edna, the more bafflingly paternal the Colonel's attitude became.

"You know," he confided to her once, when they had escaped after a particularly tedious evening, "you know, I simply can't make your father out—no, I'm dashed if I can!"

Edna smiled gravely. "No?"

"Absolutely not!" Lord Dunquerque said feelingly.

"Why?"

"Anyone might think—to see him, or, rather, to *hear* him," Lord Dunquerque went on, "he was—well—" he wanted to say "quite off his rocker," but he felt that was a little strong, considering—"I mean to say," he said, "that he was—well, what I mean is, that he thought——"

"Yes—that he thought?" prompted Edna patiently.

Lord Dunquerque winced. "Well, that we were *engaged*," he brought out finally, "or some rot of that sort."

"Oh, how preposterous!" murmured Edna, sliding one slim arm through his. "I'm sure——" She broke off abruptly. "How bright the stars are."

"Yes, rather." He hesitated a moment. "You were going to say——?" he suggested.

"Nothing, nothing," she replied.

"Er—something about you were sure," Lord Dunquerque persisted.

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"Let me see, what *did* I say? Oh, yes! about the stars."

"I mean, just before that."

"Just before that?"

"Yes."

"Well, just before that you were saying how ridiculous it was supposing we were engaged, what?"

"Oh, I say!—I didn't say *that*!"

"You said something very like it."

Lord Dunquerque coughed nervously.

"Well, I—I didn't *mean* it," he remarked doubtfully. It was not at all what he intended saying, only now that it was said, it seemed the most natural thing in the world. "Er—rather not!"

"Rather rot?"

"No, no—I said rather *not*."

"Not what?" asked Edna carelessly.

"Not rot—I mean to say, rather not, if you get what I mean——"

"Well," she answered candidly, "to be perfectly frank, I'm afraid I don't."

Lord Dunquerque cleared his throat determinedly. "I mean, you know, it's not at all rot supposin' we're engaged—at least," he said pensively, "it isn't so far as I'm concerned."

"Dear me, that sounds a little involved," she said, pressing his arm.

They had reached the end of the terrace, and stood a moment looking into the darkness haunted by the shadowy ghosts of trees. It was almost breathlessly still; you could hear the tinkle of a sheep-bell faintly now and then, now and then a whisper of wind. But that was all, that and the gusts of laughter which came out with a blast of the victrola's syncopated rag-time. The stillness was tremendous.

"Too involved," she added softly.

She freed her arm gently, and stood a little in advance of Lord Dunquerque, her hands resting on the stone balustrade, staring out into the night—slender, mysterious, lovely. How

well she sat a horse! How good a shot she was! There was no moon, but Lord Dunquerque could see her head delicately dark against a background of stars. The distinguished perfume she used invaded his senses like a spell. . . .

"I say," he said at last, "I say, I mean I'd—I mean I think you're wonderful, what?"

There was a pause.

"That if you didn't think it rot, you know——"

"Well?"

"Well, we'd tell your father he was jolly well right, and so on."

Ten minutes later, more or less, Lord Dunquerque was seen entering the hall alone, extremely pale and rather agitated. He vanished in the direction of the smoking-room, where he was further observed consuming two good stiff whiskies-and-soda. Mr. Masterton hurriedly finished his drink and made for the door. "Coming, old chap?" he asked over one shoulder. "Presently, presently," replied Lord Dunquerque in a voice which caused Mr. Masterton to give him a sharp, penetrating look and then disappear without any more to do.

The Colonel was in the liveliest spirits. Wasn't his daughter about to become a Marchioness? So, with his cigar at a jaunty angle, he was operating the victrola himself (when not actually dancing), assisted by one of the footmen, and thinking about the gay parties he would be able to give once he got his peerless daughter off his hands; his liveliness was infectious. Everybody was laughing and enjoying the Colonel's sprightly hospitality to the utmost—everybody, that is, except Lord Dunquerque. That nobleman re-entered the hall much in the manner of a man mounting the scaffold, and made for the Colonel, who beamed at him over his cigar. "Well, well," he said with a delighted chuckle, "what of the night?" and made mental note to hurry on the wedding—Dunquerque looked ill. It wouldn't do to let him slip through

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their fingers now—no. "Here you"—this to the footman—"give me *Mooning Time is Spooning Time in Georgia*. He dug Lord Dunquerque in the ribs at this, chuckling gleefully.

"By the way, where is Edna?" asked the Colonel, as his practised eye lightly swept the room.

"Eh, what?" said Lord Dunquerque, starting visibly.

"Where's Edna?"

"Oh, Edna! Of course, of course—I mean to say, I—well, the fact is——" Lord Dunquerque paused and mopped his forehead with a large silk handkerchief.

The Colonel's cigar sagged perceptibly.

"The fact is, she ought to be here somewhere," said Lord Dunquerque. "I—as a matter of fact, I——"

"Yes?" said the Colonel, turning on *Mooning Time is Spooning Time in Georgia* a little absent-mindedly. "You were saying?"

Lord Dunquerque, whose faculties were, to put it mildly, wandering, started again. "What *was* I saying?" he asked.

"Well, I'm blowed if I know," said the Colonel.

Lord Dunquerque muttered something about a telegram which was very important and something about a train which it would be necessary to catch, guiltily avoiding his host's eye.

"Eh, what's that?" demanded the Colonel—that guilty look, now, what on earth did *that* mean?

"You see, it's dashed important—er—unavoidable," said Lord Dunquerque. "I mean to say, I'm frightfully sorry and so on, but——"

"But *what*?" interrupted the Colonel testily.

Lord Dunquerque recapitulated his earlier statement about trains and telegrams.

"Telegrams? Telegram? *What* telegram? And what on earth's all this about trains?"

"Called away—sudden, important," explained Lord Dunquerque.

"Oh, I see! Well, that's too bad. Still"—the Colonel

took Lord Dunquerque's arm—"still," he said, "why not announce it now, before you go?"

The old obsession; Lord Dunquerque looked nervously for some escape. He was quite convinced that his host had taken a sudden turn for the worse, and he strove gingerly to release his arm, when he remembered that lunatics should be humoured at all costs. The one clear, persistent impression in the Colonel's mind, on the other hand, was that Lord Dunquerque had been drinking that evening, and he firmly, tactfully, resisted all attempts on the part of his noble guest to free himself. "Steady!" he said—after all, those infernal parquet floors *were* slippery—"steady!" They circled slowly round the victrola into the corner.

"Why not," continued the Colonel persuasively, soothingly, "why not announce it *now*, before you shove off? No time like the present, after all."

"Yes, but—the fact is, I——"

"Oh, it's bound to leak out sooner or later," said the Colonel.

"Yes, but——"

"*Far* better this way—far better."

"Better, *better*?" repeated Lord Dunquerque helplessly. "I mean to say, I haven't the foggiest idea *what* you're driving at!" He regarded the Colonel with a baffled air of apprehensive wonderment.

A sinister suspicion entered the Colonel's mind. Was there—*could* there be any mistake? He hurriedly considered things, and came to the conclusion that there could be none.

"Oh, come, come!" he said leniently.

"I haven't, honour bright—not the foggiest, what?"

"No?"

"Absolutely not," Lord Dunquerque said, with obvious earnestness.

That sinister suspicion returned insistently. The Colonel mopped his forehead; he felt very far from well; he remembered those photographs in the illustrated weeklies, instructions to solicitors, the gossip. And, while Lord Dunquerque undeni-

ably smelt of spirits, his speech was not that of an intoxicated man, no! Suspicion became a hideous certainty, then faded into a suspicion again. The Colonel crushed it ruthlessly. His great sagacity told him it was ridiculous, his jovial, bluff demeanour reasserted itself.

"Nonsense!" he cried, nudging Lord Dunquerque slyly in the ribs.

"No, no—not the foggiest!" said Lord Dunquerque.

"I mean about——" The Colonel broke off, staring at his noble guest in vast uneasiness. Suppose—suppose he was wrong, how people *would* laugh, how supremely silly he would look! Cold shivers played hide-and-seek at the base of his spine. That sinister suspicion of his became a certainty.

The thing was, how to get out of the mess?

The Colonel cudgelled his brains desperately. People had already noticed them whispering in the corner—what he wanted, what he needed now, was a good stiff whisky-and-soda. Ah! *that* was it. He clutched Lord Dunquerque's arm again much as a drowning man might seize a spar, hopefully, grimly cheerful and determined. A hundred things occurred to him immediately, little things—he saw it all clearly. His great sagacity had finally betrayed him. He'd taken too much for granted. But his vanity, his obstinate pride, his dread of being made ridiculous, prevented him from admitting, even tacitly, that he had been mistaken. There was the Captain—he could always send for the Captain. He turned to Lord Dunquerque with all the sprightliness that he could muster and a playful gesture of his cigar.

"Why not," he said, digging Lord Dunquerque in the ribs for the last time, "why not," he continued with mock solemnity, "announce here and now that you and I, Dunquerque, are going to have another drink? It's bound to leak out," he added, as a pang of recollection reminded him how narrowly he had missed making a bigger idiot of himself than he actually had.

The relief in Lord Dunquerque's face was enormous.

"Why not, by Jove!" he exclaimed, remarking directly that he needed another little drink, though he did not see fit to enlighten his host exactly why.

"Do you?" said the Colonel—"so do I!"

And there the matter rested, for the time being, any way. Lord Dunquerque departed by an early train the next morning, the others later in the day. It was generally understood that the Colonel was now seriously ill. Nobody saw him; he remained in his room, reflecting, as a matter of fact, on the perversity of men and women. His state of health was not visibly improved either by the arrival of the daily newspapers. In each there was a paragraph or so about Colonel Bellamy's princely gift to his daughter, whose marriage, it was said, was shortly to be announced to a well-known man about town, and so on.

A little after luncheon Edna looked in to see her father. The east wind was driving the rain in feathery squalls against the window-panes and moaning in the chimney. "Well, miss?" he said—his pride, that obstinate vanity of his, kept him from saying anything more—"Well, miss?"

Edna smiled affectionately.

"Is there anything I can do, father, to make you more comfortable?"

The Colonel grunted.

"Yes," he said. "Get *married*. Where's that man of yours?"

"Captain Dampierre?"

"Yes, of course," replied the Colonel, rather irritably.

Edna strolled to the foot of the great four-poster bed in which her father was propped up on many pillows, smoking one of those unrivalled cigars of his. "I *thought* of asking him down for the week-end," she suggested tentatively—"that is, if you had nothing planned this week."

"Telegraph!" said the Colonel, but he avoided her gaze. . . .

Then he groaned. "Neuritis, you know," he explained. "This confounded east wind is *killing* me."

"Oh, father!"

"Telegraph him," commanded the Colonel insistently. "I can't be bullied and I won't be coaxed, but I simply can't stand this climate; so if you want to have your father at your wedding, miss, you'll have to be married as quickly as possible."

They were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, the following month. The Colonel gave his daughter away and left for the Mediterranean in his big, sea-going steam yacht immediately afterwards—it was generally understood that he was seriously ill. His daughter, however, takes those gloomy reports from the Riviera very lightly. She can do nothing, she says—her father can't be bullied and he won't be coaxed.

PSYCHO-ANALYSIS AND THE CRITIC

By HERBERT READ

ANY attempt to raise literary criticism above the vague level of emotional appreciation through the incorporation of scientific elements is sure to meet with opposition, not only from the great majority of critics, who depend on their emotions, but also from more serious people who imagine that the prescribed boundaries of decent critical activity are being broken down. To the former set we can only present our weapons; with the latter we must reason, and our task is all the more difficult for the lack, in England, of any scientific tradition. Our critics have, as a rule, resorted to nothing more distant from their subject than common-sense. Perhaps the only successful attempt of a more ranging kind was that of Coleridge, who did consciously strive to give literary criticism the rank of a mental science by relating it to what he called "the technical process of philosophy." Unfortunately, what this technical process amounted to in Coleridge's day was a very innate kind of metaphysical speculation, speculation rather dim across an interval of more than a hundred years. We have become more empirical, and the general effect of the growth of science has been to discredit transcendental reasoning altogether. Traditional criticism, therefore, in so far as it can claim to be fundamental, is a structure whose very foundations have perished, and if we are to save it from becoming the province of emotional dictators, we must hasten to relate it to those systems of knowledge which have to a great extent replaced transcendental philosophy. Physics, demanding as it does such impressive modifications of aspect and attitude, provides the most general

background for all subsidiary efforts, but for the literary critic psychology gains an intimate importance because it is so directly concerned with the material origins of art.

The critic, in approaching psychology, will not be altogether disinterested: he will merely raid it in the interests of what he conceives to be another science, literary criticism. This science—if it is permissible to call it a science—really covers a very wide field indeed. It is the valuation, by some standard, of the worth of literature. You may say that the standard is always a very definitely æsthetic one, but I find it impossible to define æsthetics without bringing in questions of value which are, when you have seen all their implications, social or ethical in nature. There is no danger, therefore (or very little danger), in the direction of a too inclusive conception of the critic's function: danger, and death, is rather to be found in the narrow drift of technical research, the analysis of the *means* of expression and so on. But it is a proper complaint against literary criticism in general that it has reached no agreed definition of its boundaries, and until it does it has no serious claim to be considered as a science. It is only because I want to distinguish one kind of literary criticism from another, even as you distinguish astronomy from astrology, or chemistry from alchemy, that I resort to a pretence of science. That distinction established, there is no need to carry the pretence any further: it is not necessary, I mean, to simulate the vocabularies of science.

Another consideration meets us at the outset of this inquiry, and the more one realises it the more it appears to put the whole utility of our discussion in doubt. I mean the very obvious difference in the subject-matter of our two sciences: psychology is concerned with the processes of mental activity, literary criticism with the product. The psychologist only analyses the product to arrive at the process: art is, from this point of view, as significant as any other expression of mentality. But of no more significance: its significance does not correspond to its value as literature. The psycholo-

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gist is indifferent to literary values (too often, alas, even in his own work), and may even definitely deplore them, especially when they represent the trimming of subjective phantasies under the influence of some objective standard or tradition. But in any case the psychologist has found and will always find a large body of material in the imaginative literature of all epochs: that side of the question is so obvious that I shall pay no more attention to it. But whether in the nature of things it is possible for such psychology to add anything positive to the principles of literary criticism is more in doubt. Analysis involves the reduction of the symbol to its origins, and once the symbol is in this way dissolved, it is of no æsthetic significance: art is art as symbol, not as sign. Alfred Adler, whom I have found, for my purpose, one of the most suggestive of the psycho-analytical school, has recognised this, pointing out that "*the attraction of a work of art arises from its synthesis*, and that the analysis of science profanes and destroys this synthesis."¹ This is perhaps *too* respectful an attitude; there is no need to make a mystery of art. But it is an easy and an unprofitable task to translate into crude terms of sexual phantasy a poem like "The Defiled Sanctuary" of William Blake. One might as well confess that the impossibility of avoiding such a translation is a serious defect in the psychological critic; for him the naïve acceptance of such a poem is impossible; here at least there is no beauty without mystery. Luckily for the critic, few poets are so artless as Blake, and meaning and intelligence tend to be remote in the degree that they are profound.²

¹ *Individual Psychology*, English edition, 1924, p. 268.

² When this remoteness occurs, as in the case of Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, then I think it inevitably follows that any explanation that psychology can offer for the complicated strands of poetic creation tends to quicken our general sensibility. Reasoning and mechanism do not lose their value because we follow step by step the process of their operation; and I think a poetic process is exactly analogous. It is where you have, not a dynamic process, but a static symbol, that analysis is without any critical significance, and may be positively destructive of the æsthetic effect. I shall return to this point in dealing with Dr. Ernest Jones's study of *Hamlet*.

I have perhaps laid sufficient emphasis on the general limitations of the psychological method in criticism. Before I begin with my main task, which is to explore the uses of psycho-analysis to literary criticism, let me deal with one of its misuses. It perhaps concerns literature rather than criticism, but we must all realise by now that no good artist exists who is not, at every point of his career, firstly a good critic. The work of art emerges within a radiation of critical perceptions. But, criticism apart, the author who imagines that he can start from psycho-analysis and arrive at art is making a complete mistake. No literature, not even a novel, can arise out of a schematic understanding of the phenomena of life. Art has only one origin—experience. Art is itself a schematic construction; an order imposed on the chaos of life. As such it has its own delicate and individual laws. But to conceive art as the illustration of science, or even as the embodiment in tangible fiction of aprioristic views of the universe, is surely a final sort of degradation, a use of the imagination more finally discredited than any it is possible to think of.

That is not to say that the study of psycho-analysis is entirely without object for the would-be novelist or poet. It might at least help him to realise, more quickly and more reasonably than the normal man would realise from his own experience, such facts as the subjectivity of love,¹ and the general law of determinism in which all our emotions and ideals are bound. Again, the novelist cannot in his plot ignore with impunity what we might now call the psycho-analytical probabilities. Then surely, it might be said, the examination of such probabilities is an opportunity for the critic well-versed in psycho-analysis. But it does not follow. Here, admittedly, is the opportunity of the psycho-analyst, straying from his strict domain, eager to show what fools these artists be. But the literary critic will ignore this obvious

¹ Cf. Jacques Rivière, "Notes on a Possible Generalisation of the Theories of Freud." *The Criterion*, Vol. I, No. IV, pp. 344-5.

use of psycho-analysis, if only for the sufficient reason that to a critic of any worth these psychological defects in a work of the imagination will appear as literary defects. You cannot write well—you cannot, as we say, “create” your atmosphere—without a “germ of the real.” Any psychological unreality will, in the end, be apparent in some insincerity of style or method.

In the endeavour to discover the critical utility of psycho-analysis I will, merely for dialectical reasons, formulate three questions.

I. What general function does psycho-analysis give to literature?

II. How does psycho-analysis explain the process of poetic creation or inspiration?

III. Does psycho-analysis cause us to extend in any way the functions of criticism?

I ask the first question, apart from its intrinsic interest, to make sure from both points of view—that of psycho-analysis and that of criticism—that we have the same subject-matter in mind. I ask the second question—again apart from its intrinsic interest—to make sure that we have a common conception of what “creative” literature is. We can then, without fear of misconstruction, deal with the third question—which is the question I have all the time been leading up to.

To most questions in psycho-analysis there are three answers—those respectively of Freud, Jung, and Adler—and as a mere expropriator in this territory I take the liberty to lift my material from whichever quarter suits me best. Perhaps in this matter of the general function of literature Jung is the only one of the three to work out a theory in any detail. Freud and Adler do not seem to press the question beyond its individual aspect, to which I shall come in my second question. Jung’s theory springs from that general principle of contrasted attitudes which is really the characteristic method of his psychology—the contrasted attitudes which

he calls introversion and extraversion, a fundamental division of the self which may be traced in every activity and which we may variously paraphrase as the opposition between subject and object, between thought and feeling, between idea and thing. Now Jung’s theory is that living reality is never the exclusive product of one or the other of these contrasted attitudes, but only of a specific vital activity which unites them, bridges the gulf between them, giving intensity to sense perception and effective force to the idea. This specific activity he calls *phantasy*, and he describes it as a perpetually creative act. “It is the creative activity whence issue the solutions to all unanswerable questions; it is the mother of all possibilities, in which, too, the inner and the outer worlds, like all psychological antitheses, are joined in living union.”¹ Jung further differentiates *active* and *passive* phantasy—the latter a morbid state which we need not stop to consider here. Active phantasy he describes as owing its existence “to the propensity of the conscious attitude for taking up the indications or fragments of relatively lightly-toned unconscious associations, and developing them into complete plasticity by association with parallel elements.”² Now although Jung remarks that this active phantasy is “the principal attribute of the artistic mentality” he nowhere seems to have pressed home the conclusions which are surely latent in his theory, namely, that the poetic function is nothing else but this active phantasy in its more-than-individual aspect. The poet, in fact, is one who is capable of creating phantasies of more than individual use—phantasies, as we should say, of universal appeal. Thus art has for psycho-analysis the general function of resolving into one uniform flow of life all that springs from the inner well of primordial images and instinctive feelings, and all that springs from the outer mechanism of actuality—doing this, not only for the artist himself, from whose own need the phantasy is born, but

¹ *Psychological Types*, English edition, London, 1923, p. 69.

² *Ibid.*, p. 574.

also, by suggestion and by symbol, for all who come to participate in his imaginative work.

And here at last the processes of psycho-analysis and literary criticism run together. "Whether the actual social validity of the symbol," says Jung, "is more general or more restricted depends upon the quality or vital capacity of the creative individuality. The more abnormal the individual, i.e. the less his general fitness for life, the more limited will be the common social value of the symbols he produces, although their value may be absolute for the individuality in question."¹ Now "the social validity of the symbol" is a phrase which I confess I would willingly annex for literary criticism, for it is to some such concept that any thorough critical activity leads us, and though I think the "symbol" in literature (we should never call it that) is something more precise, more refined, something more deliberate than the normal unconscious symbol of psychology, yet, if psycho-analysis can help us to test its social validity, then it can in this respect be of some use to literary criticism.

I come to the individual aspect: do we gain any further light from the psycho-analysis of the creative mind? How does the modern psychologist define inspiration, and does his definition bear any correspondence to our critical concepts? It is the general problem of the psychology of genius and far too big a field to explore in any detail here. But it will, I think, be worth while to examine one or two relevant aspects of the question. I think that in the mind of every artist (though I think particularly of the literary artist) there are two contrary tendencies. In one direction he is impelled to shuffle off conscious control and to sink back into his primitive mind, where he knows he can find a fresh elemental imagery, a rich though incoherent phantasy. It is the disjointed fortuitous world of dreams—day-dreams. In the other direction he is impelled to establish strong affective tendencies—ideals of moral beauty, of plastic form, of order and architecture.

¹ Op. cit., p. 580.

These resolve themselves into some kind of unity and form the goal towards which, consciously or unconsciously, the artist's life is formed. You get the harmony of perfect art when the two forces achieve a balance. I think this is all a matter of psychological observation, but it has a direct bearing on what we may call the central problem of literary criticism—I mean the question of romanticism and classicism. There is, therefore, a peculiar echo of reality in these words of André Gide, written from a purely literary standpoint, in reply to an inquiry on Classicism:

"It is important to remember that the struggle between classicism and romanticism also exists inside each mind. And it is from this very struggle that the work is born; the classic work of art relates the triumph of order and measure over an inner romanticism. And the wilder the riot to be tamed the more beautiful your work will be. If the thing is orderly in its inception, the work will be cold and without interest."¹

It is this riot within that we ordinarily call inspiration, and a good deal of attention has been devoted to its description by modern psychologists. By some it is assumed to be a function of the unconscious mind, which is credited with autonomous activity, with powers of incubation and elaboration. Most people will be familiar with Poincaré's account of his own experiences in mathematical discovery (*Science et méthode*, chap. iii), where he describes how some sudden illumination would come to him after a period during which conscious application to the problem had been abandoned. Poincaré attributed these sudden illuminations to the unconscious

¹ "Il importe de considérer que la lutte entre classicisme et romantisme existe aussi bien à l'intérieur de chaque esprit. Et c'est de cette lutte même que doit naître l'œuvre; l'œuvre d'art classique raconte le triomphe de l'ordre et de la mesure sur le romantisme intérieur. L'œuvre est d'autant plus belle que la chose soumise était d'abord plus révoltée. Si la matière est soumise par avance, l'œuvre est froide et sans intérêt."

Réponse à une enquête de la Renaissance sur le classicisme (8 Janvier 1921). *Morceaux Choisis*, p. 453.

workings of the mind, but he did not really advance any proof of his hypothesis, and I do not think the idea is any longer entertained by psychologists. Modern psychologists explain sudden illumination or inspiration rather as due solely to a fortuitous entry into activity of ideas which are immediately associated and seized upon in their happy combination,¹ and this theory is, I think, entirely satisfactory as an explanation of poetic inspiration. It will not, perhaps, satisfy the poets themselves, who all, like Blake, imagine that they take down from the dictation of angels. But we are none of us very exact in the description of our own emotional states. What really happens may perhaps be described in the following way: you have in the first place the prevailing affectivity, the latent ideal of form or thought; what forms this ideal, what brings it into being, I shall explain in a moment. You have, next, the bringing into activity fortuitously of some image or memory which until the moment of inspiration had lain latent in the unconscious mind; this fortuitous image is as it were criticised by the excited interest; it is selected or rejected; and if selected it is developed and transformed by the ever prevalent affectivity. If the affective tendency is suddenly and strongly roused, then you get a state of emotion, bringing with it an intensity of awareness to all the images and ideas that follow in the wake of the first fortuitous image. This is the state of ecstasy. Images seem to leap from their hiding-places all fully equipped for the service of the ideal or affective tendency. But even in this state of animation or ecstasy I believe that a good deal of selection and rejection of images still goes on. However, normally a creative act occurs when the exact word or image is found. And the full creative process is but a summation of many of these primary creative moments.

If this be a correct description of the process of poetic creation—and it is based both on my reading of psychology and on the analysis of my own putative experiences—then the

¹ Cf. E. Rignano, *The Psychology of Reasoning*, London, 1923, p. 129.

part that may be played by suggestion or self-hypnosis in the encouragement of such states is obviously considerable, and I think that in time a complete technique of inspiration may be evolved. That this will result in a vast increase in the number of poets need not be feared, for nothing ever comes out of the unconscious mind that has not previously been consciously elaborated or sensibly felt: the product of the unconscious mind will always strictly correspond with the quality of the conscious mind, and dull intellects will find as ever that there is no short cut to genius.

It will be observed that there is nothing essential or peculiar in this description of the creative process: it is just what occurs in any man's mind when he is suddenly endowed with a "bright idea." Where then must we seek for an explanation of the abnormality of the artist? Obviously, I think, in the nature of the ideal or affective tendency to which his whole creative life is subservient. And for an explanation of this I return to the psycho-analysts.

Freud and his disciples would trace back the formation of the abnormal mentality of the artist to the period of infancy. "Analysis of this aspiration" (for ideal beauty), says Dr. Ernest Jones, "reveals that the chief source of its stimuli is not so much a primary impulse as a reaction, a rebellion against the coarser and more repellent aspects of material existence, one which psychogenetically arises from the reaction of the young child against its original excremental interests."¹ The repression of such tabooed interests may indeed contribute to the details of æsthetic activity, but this particular hypothesis seems far too limited in conception, and far too poorly supported by facts to account for the variety and profundity of æsthetic expression in general. The less specialised theory of Adler seems to offer a clearer explanation. According to the principles of "individual psychology," "every neurosis can be understood as an attempt to free oneself

¹ *Essays in Applied Psycho-analysis*, 1923, p. 262.

from a feeling of inferiority in order to gain a feeling of superiority." ¹ The feeling of inferiority usually arises in the family circle, and the compensatory feeling of superiority is usually a phantasy so absurd in its high-set goal of godlikeness that it remains in the unconscious; it is repressed by the communal standards of logic, sympathy, and co-operation. This buried sense of superiority is present in most of us, but the artist takes the goal of godlikeness seriously and is compelled to flee from real life and compromise to seek a life within life; and he is an artist in virtue of the form and ideal perfection which he can give to this inner life. The neurotic fails to create a formal phantasy, and lapses into some degree of chaos. Now it is worth observing, as a confirmation of the general truth of this theory, that the most general period for the formation of the superiority-complex coincides with the most general period for the outburst of the poetic impulse. I mean the time of the awakening of the adolescent sexual instincts, the time of the withdrawal of parental protection, the period of intense conflict between instinctive desires and social control. I think there can be no doubt that the artist is born of this conflict. Freud himself lends support to this view. He says: The artist "is one who is urged on by instinctive needs which are too clamorous; he longs to attain to honour, power, riches, fame, and the love of woman; but he lacks the means of achieving these gratifications. So, like any other with an unsatisfied longing, he turns away from reality, and transfers all his interest, and all his libido too, on to the creation of his wishes in the life of phantasy." And Freud goes on to explain how the artist can, by the expression and elaboration of his phantasies, give them the impersonality and universality of art and make them communicable and desirable to others—"and then he has won—through his phantasy—what before he

¹ Alfred Adler, *The Practice and Theory of Individual Psychology*, English edition, London, 1924, p. 23.

² Cf. Adler, *op. cit.*, p. 8.

could only win in phantasy: honour, power, and the love of woman." ¹

The essential point to notice is that psycho-analysis seems to show that the artist is initially by tendency a neurotic, but that in becoming an artist he as it were escapes the ultimate fate of his tendency and through art finds his way back to reality. I think it will be seen now where psycho-analysis can be of some assistance to the critic—namely, in the verification of the reality of the sublimation of any given neurotic tendency. The psycho-analyst should be able to divide sharply for us, in any given artistic or pseudo-artistic expression, the real and the neurotic. There is much in literature that is on the border-line of reality: it would be useful for the critic to be able to determine by some scientific process the exact course of this border-line. But again I would suggest that in all probability the critic could determine this border-line by general critical principles; but psycho-analysis might be a shorter path to the test; and in any case it would supply collateral evidence of a very satisfactory kind. Psycho-analysis finds in art a system of symbols, representing a hidden reality, and by analysis it can testify to the purposive genuineness of the symbols; it can also testify to the faithfulness, the richness, and the range of the mind behind the symbol.

There still remains the third question that I propounded: Does psycho-analysis modify in any way our conception of the critic's function? The clear difference in subject-matter, already defined, makes it unlikely that we shall find any fundamental influence. It is merely a question of what kind of attitude, among the many possible to the critic within the strict limits of his function, psycho-analysis will stress. It does not, so far as I can see, amount to anything very definite—anything more precise than a general admonition to tolerance. Human activities are shown to be so inter-related, so productive of unrealised compensations, that any

¹ Sigm. Freud, *Introductory Lectures on Psycho-analysis*, English edition, London, 1922, pp. 314-15.

narrowly confined application of energy and intelligence results in a distortion of reality. Hence the futility of a purely categorical criticism—which may be illustrated by reference to “the Hamlet problem.” During the past two hundred years an extensive body of criticism has accumulated around Shakespeare’s cryptic masterpiece. The difficulty, for the critics, is to account within the canons of art for Hamlet’s hesitancy in seeking to revenge his father’s murder. Dr. Ernest Jones has given a fairly complete summary,¹ which I will summarise still further, of all the various theories advanced at different times. There are two main points of view: one, that of Goethe and Coleridge, finds a sufficient explanation of the inconsistencies of the play in the temperament of Hamlet, whom they regard as a noble nature, but one incapable of decisive action of any kind—“without that energy of the soul which constitutes the hero,” as Goethe expresses it. The second point of view sees a sufficient explanation in the difficulty of the task that Hamlet is called upon to perform. Both these theories have been decisively refuted, time and time again, from the very facts of the play, and finally criticism has manoeuvred itself into a paradoxical position, boldly asserting that the tragedy is in its essence “inexplicable, incoherent, and incongruous.” This is the position taken up with so much force by Mr. J. M. Robertson. “Robertson’s thesis” (I quote from Dr. Jones’s summary) “is that Shakespeare, finding in the old play ‘an action that to his time discounting sense was one of unexplained delay, elaborated that aspect of the hero as he did every other,’ ‘finally missing artistic consistency simply because consistency was absolutely excluded by the material’; he concludes that Hamlet is ‘not finally an intelligible drama as it stands,’ that ‘the play cannot be explained from within’ and that ‘no jugglery can do away with the fact that the construction is incoherent, and the hero perform an enigma, the snare of

¹ *Essays in Applied Psycho-analysis*, 1923, pp. 1-98, “The Problem of Hamlet.”

idolatrous criticism.’” All this can be said, and said intelligently, and with a convincing absence of emotional prejudice. But it leaves us curiously dissatisfied. We cannot dismiss so easily the personal intensity of expression throughout the play, and such intensity, such *consistent* intensity, gives the play a unity which the old academic criticism has failed to perceive. It seems that here is a case of an instrument not large enough, or not exact enough, to measure the material in hand.

And where literary criticism fails to account for its problem, what can psycho-analysis do? Dr. Jones has shown that it will claim to do a great deal, and he has elaborated in his study of Hamlet a psychological explanation of the peculiar problems of the play. He sees in Hamlet’s vacillation the workings of a typical “complex”—the Oedipus complex, as it is called by the psycho-analysts. That is to say, the mental peculiarities of Hamlet, expressed throughout the play with such vividness and actuality, can be explained as the consequences of “repressed” infantile incestuous wishes, stirred into activity by the death of the father and the appearance of a rival, Claudius. With the use of this hypothesis Dr. Jones can explain, and explain very plausibly, all the difficulties and incoherences of the action; and he finds in the play such an exact delineation and such a rich wealth of detail that he cannot but conclude that in writing *Hamlet* Shakespeare was giving expression to a conflict passing through his own mind. There is a certain amount of biographical confirmation of this further hypothesis in the circumstances of the composition of the play, but not facts enough, alas, to be of much use to any solution of the problem.

It would be interesting to follow this application of psycho-analysis to literary criticism into further detail, but perhaps I have indicated enough of Dr. Jones’s theory and method to show the possibilities of this new approach to the problems of literature. Whether Dr. Jones’s explanation is tenable or not, it does provide what is at present the only way out of a

critical impasse, and for that reason alone it merits serious consideration. At the very least it points to a defect in our critical methods, for the failure of literary criticism to deal with *Hamlet* is largely due to its approach to the problem along too narrow a front: we must always be prepared for literature refusing to fit into our critical categories. Criticism is a process of crystallisation, of the discovery and elaboration of general concepts; but we must be prepared for the voyage of discovery leading us into strange and unfamiliar tracts of the human mind.

That is one way in which psycho-analysis supplies a corrective to the narrowness of criticism. I find still another, tending to the same end. I have referred before to the eternal opposition of the classic and the romantic: to this blind difference under the influence of which even the best of critics race into untenable dogmatisms. Can psycho-analysis resolve this difficult conflict and supply us with a common standpoint?

I think it can—particularly the psycho-analysis associated with the name of Jung. Jung has devoted his best work to the analysis of psychological types. As I have mentioned before, he distinguishes between two fundamental types, the extraverted and the introverted, determined according to whether the general mental energy of the individual is directed outwards to the visible, actual world, or inward to the world of thought and imagery. These two fundamental types are further subdivided into types determined by the functions of thinking, feeling, sensation, and intuition, but the psychological types so determined do not form hard-and-fast categories into which the whole of humanity can be classified: they are merely indications of extensive divisions which merge one into another. But in our particular sphere they do supply a scientific basis for the description of literary types. You will find, for example, that the romantic artist always expresses some function of the extraverted attitude, whilst the classic artist always expresses some function of the intro-

verted attitude. Now this suggests that the critic, like the psychologist, should take up a position above the conflict, and although his own psychological state may lead him to sympathise with one school or the other, yet as a scientific critic he must no longer be content with a dog-in-the-manger attitude. Again, he must broaden the basis of his criticism: he must see the romantic and classic elements in literature as the natural expression of a biological opposition in human nature. It is not sufficient to treat the matter one way or the other as a question of intellectual fallacy; it is a question, for the individual, of natural necessity; and criticism must finally, for its general basis, resort to some criterion above the individual.

I would like to indicate, in conclusion, what I think might be a fruitful direction for further work in the application of psycho-analysis to literature. Recent theories explain memory, and indeed most of the characteristics of mind, on a basis of physiological "traces" left by experience. Experience may be individual or collective, and what happens individually must also happen collectively, and those instincts and experiences incidental to the struggle for adaptation and existence leave their traces on the mind when, and in so far as, it functions collectively. The accretion of innumerable traces ensures a set response to environment. A given physical structure of the brain results in certain inevitable forms of thought, and these Jung, following Burckhardt, calls primordial images. Such images eventually crystallise as myths and religions,¹ and psychology has already devoted a good deal of attention to the relation of such myths and religions to the unconscious processes of which they are the expression. Sometimes these

¹ This process, however, should not be held to exclude the possibility of the specific origin of myths. The opposition recently created between psycho-analysts and ethnologists of the Manchester school is largely fictitious. The origin of the myth may be a plain event devoid of psychological significance: the elaboration of this event into a mythical structure, often over a period of many years, even centuries, may all the same be a process for which we should seek an explanation in psychology.

collective ideas or primordial images find expression in literature, which, from an evolutionary point of view, has been regarded as a rational mythology.¹ Jung quotes from a letter of Burckhardt's these very suggestive sentences:

"What you are destined to find in *Faust*, that you will find by intuition. *Faust* is nothing else than pure and legitimate myth, a great primitive conception, so to speak, in which everyone can divine in his own way his own nature and destiny. Allow me to make a comparison: What would the ancient Greeks have said had a commentator interposed himself between them and the *Ædipus* legend? There was a chord of the *Ædipus* legend in every Greek which longed to be touched directly and respond in its own way. And thus it is with the German nation and *Faust*."²

This train of thought, allied to what we know of the possibilities of psycho-analysis in dealing with myths, seems to suggest the further possibility of relating the types actualised by the poetic imagination to their origin in the root-images of the community. In this way criticism would possess still another basic reality on which it could ground the imaginative hypotheses of art. Whether criticism, under the guidance of psycho-analysis, could go still further and indicate the needs of the collective mind, is perhaps too venturesome a suggestion to make. But with the advance of reason we have lost the main historic content of the collective mind: the symbols of religion are no longer effective because they are no longer unconscious. We still, however, retain structural features of the mind that cry for definite satisfaction. The modern world is uneasy because it is the expression of an unappeased hunger. We need some unanimity to focus the vague desires that exist in the collective mind. Will the psychologist unite with the critic to define and to solve this problem?

¹ Cf. Th. Ribot, *Essai sur l'Imagination Créatrice*, Paris, 1900, p. 114: "La Littérature est une mythologie déchue et rationalisée."

² C. G. Jung, *Psychology of the Unconscious*, English Edition, 1918, p. 490.

PROLEGOMENA TO A STUDY OF NINETEENTH-CENTURY PAINTING

By CLIVE BELL

THE history of painting in the nineteenth century presents itself to most people, I suppose, as a series of biographies, as a succession of prodigiously gifted artists each of whom has to fight his way through a jungle of prejudice and insensibility. Such a presentation is true enough, and, what in the opinion of modern philosophers is of far greater consequence, convenient. It fits neatly into that larger picture of an agelong struggle between the gifted individual and the stupid mass, and pleases by showing arrayed against Constable, Delacroix, Corot, Courbet, Manet, Renoir and Cézanne those very flocks and herds which butted down or got in the way of Shelley and Wordsworth, Galileo and Brunelleschi, Friar Bacon and Socrates. Yet, though we may fit our reflections on this particular age into sweeping and satisfying generalisations, unless we realise that the nineteenth century herd was not homogeneous but a combination of two very different flocks—the respectably futile conservatives and the vulgar but highly successful would-be chromo-photographers—we shall fail to see the great artists in their true and peculiar setting, and so misunderstand the history of nineteenth-century painting.

No doubt the oddest thing about the nineteenth century—about its æsthetic history, I mean—is that it produced so

extraordinary a number of great painters. Next in order of oddness, and not far off either, comes the fact that, in its second half, official painting, perhaps for the first time on record, certainly for the first time since Roman days, had nothing whatever to do with art. This was the Victorian revolution. And this revolution, with which—to make my meaning clear from the outset—I associate the names of Landseer, Horsley, Hook, Herkomer, Stanhope Forbes, Marcus Stone, Luke Fildes, John Collier and Seymour Lucas in England, Horace Vernet, Paul Delaroche, Meissonier, Cabanel, Robert-Fleury, Merle, Bonnat and Bouguereau in France, is, I imagine, a thing unique in history. The movement is now dead, or in the throes of death: directly, it could have no influence on art with which it had no direct connection; indirectly, however, its influence has been considerable, while, in itself, not as an artistic but as a social manifestation, it is highly symptomatic of that disease which seized upon Europe in the nineteenth century and has left us in the twentieth what we are.

The fact that in England the artificers of this revolution and their descendants, the would-be and worsted chromo-photographers, captured the Royal Academy and there pullulated, has led to a strange misnomer and much confusion. Because they were fellows and associates of the Royal Academy these Victorian Jack Cades came to be called academic. No adjective could have suited them worse. The true academic painters—the Baudrys and Wattses, the Cogniets, Coutures and Héberts, the Legros, the Leightons even, and all the children and grandchildren of David—composed that insignificant but not utterly disreputable flock which, as a rule, joined with the vast and vulgar herd to thwart and insult original artists as they struggled into the open. In normal times these conventionally academic people would have formed the official gang which traditionally leads popular prejudice in defence of vested interests. That they had been ousted from this coveted position to a place of subservience was a

result of Victorianism. Therein lay the revolution. Let us see, if we can, how it came about.

The standard of painting goes up and down for reasons which are probably undiscoverable and about which it is therefore agreeable to speculate; but never—never at any rate since Roman times—until the middle of the nineteenth century did recognised and reputed painters, the men at the head of their profession, entirely lose touch with art. Up till then every professional painter knew that art and pictography (to use a bastard word for a bad business) were two different things: and the general public had to take it from them that it was so. I do not wish here to reopen the vexed question of representation. I wish merely to remind you of a fact which no one denies—that, before the Victorian revolution, every painter, no matter how literal, felt that to represent accurately was not enough. The official portrait of the kind with which Herkomer and Collier have familiarised us was unknown: the landscape that is merely “truthful,” the anecdote that is merely “lifelike,” were undreamed of. Even the Dutch, who went furthest in the Victorian direction, and to whom as we shall see the Victorians returned for a tip or two, never imagined that one could cease altogether to bother about such things as quality and composition.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century there was a tradition of painting with which everyone who ever enters a gallery or museum is familiar and of which I am no extravagant admirer. Painting had then become, largely for social reasons think the historians, highly representative. But no one imagines that Reynolds, Gainsborough and Greuze had no other end in view than to represent the model exactly. No one doubts that they conceived of a picture as something having a significance of its own, independent of whatever in life it might happen to portray. In the eighteenth century no one doubted that a picture must be satisfactory as a work of art besides being truthful or agreeable or what not as a representation. In England this eighteenth-century tradition lingered on into

the nineteenth; in France its place was taken by neo-classicism. One cannot say much for Lawrence and Downman, one can say even less for Northcote, Fuseli and Benjamin West, the Davidians are become a byword for cold dreariness, but this one can say for them all—they still realised that a picture should be, to some extent at any rate, a work of art, and they realised that neither accuracy of representation nor interest of subject are sufficient means to that end. They still felt the necessity of style.

Early in the nineteenth century the tradition of painting underwent one of those modifications which are the sure and only sign that a tradition is alive and in health: Géricault and then Delacroix were the new influences in France; in England the innovator was Constable. From these points of departure you can trace the whole glorious history of modern art—Chassériau, Daumier, Corot, Courbet, Manet, Renoir and so on through Cézanne to Picasso. With the names of these masters and their associates the history of art in the nineteenth century is concerned. Behind them, as a background, you would expect to find the academic painters: the men who accepted the discoveries of the modern masters as soon as those discoveries had become sufficiently desiccated and antiseptic to be harmless and useless; the men who had a genuine liking for old masters and took a genuine interest in their technical processes; the men who were not without scholarship nor quite without taste; the men who cared for art but happened not to be artists. And you do find them; but not as the background, only as an incident in the background. The background is one of those realistic "drops" which Victorian playgoers will not yet have forgotten and will not easily forget. How should anything so grey and dingy as an academic tradition tell amidst the riotous realism of that nineteenth-century *décor*, amidst those tremendous "cloths" and "flies" and transformation scenery? Why, they made almost invisible the very protagonists—the genuine artists, I mean.

Yet an academic tradition tottered on, supporting itself on the early nineteenth century, and stimulating itself to occasional and half-hearted efforts by the uninspired worship now of one bygone period now of another. The uninspired worship of all that was mortal in the Venetians produced an Etty, a Baudry or a Watts; of what was unessential in the Primitives a Burne-Jones; of the superficial decorative side of the great Spaniards a Ribot now, and now a Carolus Duran; of all that ever was in a high-class museum an Alphonse Legros, or in a high-class library a Gustave Moreau. Genuine academic painters are never wholly contemptible, because, though they are not artists themselves (it is a mistake to suppose that Raphael, Poussin and Ingres were academic when they were laying the foundations of future academies), though they dare not touch living art, or rather dare stroke it only when it has grown toothless and tame, yet they respect art and believe in it. The survival of academicism throughout the nineteenth century is something to be thankful for. It is pleasant to remember that even in those dark days there existed feebly a tradition to denounce each great artist as he arose, not in the name of morality, religion, patriotism, the paternal roof, the marriage bed or the social order, but generally in the names of Raphael, Michaelangelo and Titian, and particularly in the name of his previously denounced predecessor: to denounce Corot in the name of Delacroix, Renoir in the name of Corot, Matisse in the name of Renoir, and so on. Such scholarly criticism must have been quite unintelligible to the uneducated upstarts who, from Burlington House, were ruling the roost in England, and in France were, if not quite masters in the *Beaux Arts*, at any rate the popular idols of the *salon*. Nevertheless, unintelligible and superfluous though it must have seemed to the triumphant chromo-photographers—who could see very well that a picture by Corot or Renoir was not "lifelike" and equally well knew that that settled it—academic criticism was condescendingly encouraged. Sir Lawrence Alma Tadema and Prof. Herkomer were glad to

hear that Mr. Burne-Jones—"queer, artistic sort of chap, don't you know"—disapproved of Impressionism. Any stick is good enough to beat a live artist with.

Since Victorian chromo-photography has nothing to do with art, there is no reason why it should cumber the pages of any book on that subject. Only, before writing or reading a history of painting in the nineteenth century, it is important to get clear in our minds precisely what this strange business, this Victorian substitute, was. That accomplished, we can make one large bonfire in the corner by the pig-sty and have done with it for ever. An eminent exponent of the trade, a royal academician and man of noble birth, has categorically laid down the Victorian doctrine: "The art of painting"—says he—"consists in representing accurately three dimensional forms in a two dimensional space." In my opinion he does less than justice to the trade; and I would add, by way of amendment, the words "in such a way as to make them acceptable to the public." The Dutch *genre* painters had come pretty near this; only they added "in such a way as not wholly to ignore the claims of art." To representation they added a certain preoccupation with style. The eminent Victorians could not be bothered with style: indeed, they had not the least idea what it was. But to representation they added, to make it more palatable, a sauce of anecdote or sentiment. With the aid of these ingredients, which they reckoned pre-eminently artistic, they hoped to produce something which would beat the camera at its own game: they hoped to make pictures which should be as "lifelike" as coloured photographs while possessing the additional charm of telling a tale, pointing a moral, cracking a joke, or touching a tender chord. For a moment they looked like winning. Alma Tadema could get ten thousand pounds for his notion of Nero fiddling while Rome was a-burning, and Sir John Everett Millais not much less for a vision of spring shopping at Whiteley's. For a moment the match was equal and the struggle intense. Then, with the perfection of photographic apparatus,

with the picture papers and the cinema, the machine drove the Royal Academy clean off the field.

How did it all begin? The question is neither easy nor important to answer. But, patriotically, I give it as my opinion that this essentially industrial business started in England. In the anecdotic pictures of Mulready and Leslie, painted round about 1830, one seems to get for the first time a complete abandonment of artistic intention. Perhaps in these even there still lingered some vestige of a tradition, not of art to be sure, but of painting; but by 1850, with Landseer, C. W. Cope and Webster working at full blast, all such adventitious hindrances had been blown away. Nothing now was allowed to come between the picture-maker and his public. That public wanted a nice coloured story to make it laugh or cry. And it got *Dignity and Impudence*. The course was clear for Millais' *Boyhood of Raleigh*, Sir Luke Fildes' *Doctor*, and the Hon. John Collier's *Death Sentence*. By this time all connection with art is lost entirely; and the only school of painting to which there is any reference is the Dutch, from which the earlier Victorians picked up certain tricks "for getting things like" which they were by no means clever enough to invent for themselves. If England was first in the field with pictorial anecdotage, as I firmly believe she was also with the penny-in-the-slot machines, the rest of Europe followed hard on her heels.¹ But I have no notion of pursuing the new industry to admire its efflorescence beyond the shores of my own country.

And why did they do it? That again is a hard question. One thing is clear: until the early middle of the nineteenth century they would never have been allowed to do it. Till then, patrons insisted on getting something that anyhow looked like art for their money. The aristocratic tradition of the

¹ A patriotic American gentleman assures me that I am quite wrong about the "automatics," so perhaps I am wrong about Victorian painting too. I cannot believe, however, that it comes from Boston; though the "automatics" may have come from Alexandria.

eighteenth century would have felt unerringly that something was wrong had it been offered no modicum of style. No class with a tradition of culture could have accepted anything so aggressively undistinguished as Victorian painting. But the new patrons were the new rich thrown up by the industrial revolution and the war. They liked anecdotes and jokes and sentimentality and moralising; and manifestly they were never going to put the least pressure on any painter who chose to throw artistic decency to the winds. Clearly, from such patrons would come no call to painters to bother about art.

Now, in 1829, Niepce and Daguerre discovered the process of photography. No active-minded painter can have been quite indifferent to so startling an invention; neither can any genuine artist have seen in it a potential rival. But to a professional painter who was hardly an artist at all this new process may well have appeared by no means remote from his own calling. What such a one may have felt can perhaps be inferred from what a wideawake Japanese, Shiba Kokan, a pupil of Harunobu, had to say, many years later, when first he heard of the camera. "In occidental art"—says the Japanese gentleman—"objects are copied directly from nature, hence before a landscape one feels as if one were placed in the midst of nature. There is a wonderful apparatus called the photograph, which gives a facsimile copy of the object, whatever it is, to which it is directed. Nothing which has not actually been seen is sketched, nor is a nameless landscape reproduced, as we often see done in Chinese productions. . . . A painting which is not a faithful copy of nature has neither beauty nor is worthy of the name."¹ One can easily imagine this sort of thing being said, about 1840, in the lower-class studios by one hack painter to another; still more easily can one imagine it being said by business men and critics. Ruskin early got hold of the notion that a "truthful" picture

¹ *Confessions of Shiba Kokan*: quoted by Mr. Laurence Binyon in *The Flight of the Dragon* (Murray, 1911).

has a peculiar moral excellence. And morals counted for much in the reign of Queen Victoria, and the camera, as everyone knows, cannot lie. "Well," the Victorian painters may have said, "so here is truth—scientific truth: let us see if we cannot do as well, adding what the camera cannot give—sentiment. We will give photographic representation flavoured with sentiment. That is art. Come, buy our pictures and you will pay homage at once to Science and Sentiment." The public paid it to the tune of ten thousand a canvas.

If I am right in supposing that the camera was one of the causes of the Victorian *débâcle*, destroying the men who would have been honest academic painters, or rather converting them into mere pictorial chatterboxes, an amusing footnote is added to a theory which I have sketched elsewhere. In an essay on Negro sculpture¹ I suggested that the gap between art and life had for a century been growing wider and wider because those intermediate activities, half artistic and half useful, those impure arts which lean heavily on life, had been steadily devoured by the machine. The pure, self-conscious, self-critical artist, I argued, concerned solely with expressing himself through form, perceives intellectually or feels instinctively that the machine's activities and his have, and can have, nothing in common. Of him whose sole business it is to express himself through form a machine can by no means be a rival. Machinery has just as little, or as much, to do with pure art as it has to do with love or religion; artists, lovers and mystics may or may not find motor-cars and telephones useful: there the matter ends.

Because he is engaged on a task which no machine can in the nature of things attempt, and because his achievement appeals solely to æsthetic sensibility, the artist—the pure artist—remains untouched. Not so the impure artist, the craftsman, the maker of utensils. His duty is double: to make a useful thing and leave on it the mark of a temperament. Indirectly only does he appeal to the æsthetic sense; he appeals

¹ *Since Cézanne* (Chatto & Windus).

to it through a sense of serviceableness. The craftsman is—or should I say “was”?—half an artist because he left on the useful commodity he was paid to produce the mark of a creator. But the essence of good craftsmanship is that the craftsman should be an artisan first and an artist more or less by accident. The craftsman must be primarily conscious of the practical, not the æsthetic, purpose which his product is to serve. He is a maker of useful things, a manufacturer; and as a manufacturer he has had for the last hundred years the machine as a constant and increasingly successful rival. What is more, mechanical, rather than æsthetic, perfection has ever been the craftsman's conscious ideal. Whatever he may have been doing unconsciously, consciously the craftsman has been aiming always at finish and precision. With the development of modern machinery that ideal has been realised—by the machine. With my own eyes have I seen an Oxfordshire peasant whittling beautifully, in the true spirit of an instinctive, unconscious artist, a handle to his hoe, and coveting all the while the machine-made article hanging beyond his reach in the village shop. Had he been a better craftsman he would have come nearer his own ideal and fallen farther from that of the artist.

So, when the potter, the smith and the weaver saw machinery producing their wares more accurately and more showily than they had been able to produce them, their first instinctive reaction was to go one better in the same direction. Throughout the nineteenth century they followed the machine in unequal emulation. The game was bound to be a losing one; for in producing with scientific precision ostentatiously decorated articles obviously a man is no match for a machine. The factory-made article was more exactly finished, more expensive-looking, and far cheaper than anything the craftsman could offer. The game was lost. While the pure, conscious artist—the Corot or Courbet or Renoir—confronted with a photograph, could say, or at any rate feel, “What I am trying for has nothing to do with this,” the semi-conscious, semi-artist,

the craftsman, could only confess in despair that he was beaten at his own game, or rather what seemed to him his own game. He could not understand, and it would have made very little practical difference had he understood, that he was trying to do two things—make useful objects, and express himself through them—and that the machine had beaten him only at the first. Inevitably he allowed himself to become the machine's rival, attempted to follow it in its bewildering precisions and perfections, and followed it to his own undoing and the infinite impoverishment of human existence.

Of the economic pressure, the pressure of competition and cut prices, which I am assured must in any case have squeezed the craftsman out of society, I say nothing, because psychological and æsthetic motives, which I am better qualified to appreciate, suffice of themselves to account for the degradation of the applied arts. Whatever Governments might have done by way of subsidy and spoon-feeding, with the perfection of machinery the crafts were doomed. That semi-conscious semi-artist, which is the genuine craftsman, could never have gone on producing useful things which were also works of art—could never have gone on doing what he was doing still as late as the beginning of the nineteenth century—with the unspeakable perfection of the machine-made article challenging him at every turn. His ideal, the only one, that is, of which he was distinctly conscious, having been realised, he had no genuine function, no real place, in the new world. And if he survive under industrialism at all he will survive only as a souvenir or a curiosity.

The case of the pure artist is entirely different. His sole business being to create expressive forms, his appeal being made solely to the æsthetic sense, with practical life he has nothing to do whatever. He lives and moves in a world of mind and spirit where the word “useful” is unknown, or, if known, applied only to that which promotes directly fine thinking and intense feeling. He is immune from irrelevant influences because, hidden somewhere, generally in some

remote part of his being, is a critical intelligence which reminds him that shop finish, expensive-lookingness, and lifelike representation have nothing to do with what he is about. What he is about is the creation of expressive form, and the machine has nothing to express and cannot create; it can only produce. So, throughout the nineteenth century, amidst the ruin of the applied and impure arts, the pure art of painting flourished amazingly. Simultaneously, the painters who were only semi-artists, the agreeable topographers, the poor man's portraitists, the dull but decent producers of pictures for gentlemen's houses, in a word the impure painters, disappeared almost; and the Victorian illusionists—the photographers without cameras—flourished in their stead. The masters of art remained untouched, while the undercurrent of painting dwindled to a trickle. The inference is obvious. Great artists had nothing to fear from the camera because they had nothing to do with the craft of likeness-catching; but the craftsmen of painting suffered the fate of their fellow-craftsmen because they had allowed themselves to be persuaded that catching a likeness was an important—nay, an essential—part of their trade. At the end of the fifteenth century the invention of photography might have had less effect. Then, as in the nineteenth, there were plenty of craftsmen-painters, but the craftsmen were not expected to bother overmuch about catching likenesses. Nevertheless, because craftsmen, unlike artists, work deliberately and unreservedly to please their patrons, and because patrons inevitably hanker after verisimilitude and shop finish, in any age the invention of the camera must have had serious consequences for the craftsmen of painting. At the beginning of the nineteenth century it was bound to be fatal. Here was a likeness-catching machine challenging the painter-craftsman. The challenge was accepted: with what results let the Tate and Luxembourg show.

So, in a nineteenth-century *salon* or general exhibition, one might have found a few masterpieces by the great living artists amidst a jungle of trash from which all trace of art had been

banished. In the *Salon d'automne*, on the other hand, or in *The London Group* show, the standard of painting is surprisingly high. Whether or no the masterpieces are there is a matter of opinion and to some extent of chance, the significant and indisputable fact is that even the third- and fourth-rate men are now trying to paint pictures. In no reputable society is anyone any longer trying to rival the camera. If the hypothesis which I advanced as helping to explain the nineteenth century collapse be valid, it should throw some light on the twentieth century recovery. And I think it does. Notoriously the first effect of what is called the Post-Impressionist movement—the movement which began with the discovery of Cézanne and ended in Cubism—was to make painters self-conscious. And self-consciousness brought them face to face with a fact which most of the minor men seemed to have forgotten—that they were either artists or cumberers of the earth. With cinemas and illustrated papers within the reach of all, to paint pictures which had no artistic intention was manifestly a waste of time and energy. If they were artists they must be creators not producers, serving some other end than the satisfaction of a demand. This newly aroused self-consciousness raised in a new form the eternal problems of aesthetics. What is art? Why do we feel it to be so important? Clearly, if it were something which leaned so helplessly on life that it had to be propped up by contemporary civilisation, it would be of no importance whatever. Art changes, no doubt; but its changes are conditioned mainly by its own nature; only incidentally and superficially is it modified by social and political developments. In a world of outrageous variables art is relatively constant. The artist *qua* artist is nearer to all the artists that ever lived than to all the inhabitants of his native town. To paint in a particular way because Giotto painted in that way may be unenterprising, it is not absurd: to paint in a particular way because one's fellow-citizens expect one to paint in that way is abdication. Painting is not a trade; and Post-

Impressionism made every painter who was in the least an artist intensely conscious of his vocation.

Either the artist is concerned with something outside of and above contemporary life or he is nothing. That grasped, the struggle with the machine came abruptly to an end. The second-rate painter no longer aspired to be as good a likeness-getter as a photographer. He was proud to appear for what he was, a decent second-rate artist. He did what his fellows in the applied arts could not do, detached himself from the spirit of a commercial age, insisted on his individual significance, and recognised that his kingdom was not of this world. Art cannot march with humanity, progress, democracy or industrialism; it is tied to its own peculiar and perpetual problems. Art cannot come to the people: the people must come to art, or leave it alone. Having grasped that truth, painters found no difficulty in setting flowing again that broad stream of tradition on which to-day float the great original geniuses. Whatever contemporary masters may lack, they do not lack a background. There is plenty of good painting nowadays and there are one or two great artists: chromo-photography has been banished to the slums where a class-conscious proletariat and the royal family may or may not enjoy it. That the next generation of painters will be content to remain as haughtily aloof from life as the last seems improbable; that it will make the Victorian mistake of allowing machinery to impose an ideal is unthinkable. Not for many years are we likely to see repeating itself the Victorian paradox of great artists and brilliant but tiny groups isolated in a wilderness from which painting has been banished. The tradition is awake again and vigorous, ready to give and to take; but what new twist the next generation will give it I cannot imagine.

THE MAN WITH THE GREEN PATCH

By EDITH SITWELL

LOOK through those periwigged green trees
At the tall house . . . impressions seize.

The admiral had soon returned
From active service . . . "Home to die,"
Said he, a patch upon one eye.
The green shade of Death's own yew-tree—
So sightless, seemed that shade to me.

All day in the limp helpless breeze
Beneath the empty platform trees
He sits with Brobdingnagian asses
Talking while the lame time passes . . .
And each voice seemed the hard trombone
Of harsh seas (blue and white dead bone).

He speaks of friendships long ago
With fairy aristocracies
Who dream in murmurous palaces
Haunted by gold eves,—Chinese
And apes superior to man,
Whose life outlives our mortal span,
And all the strange inhabitants
Of gardens under leaf-like seas,
And the Admiral Yang among his plants
Asking his god what no one grants
When the gold rain begins to fall.

But that green shade of Death's yew-tree,
 His patch, will never let him see
 The real world terrible and old
 Where seraphs in the mart are sold,
 And fires from Bedlam's madness flare
 Like blue palm-leaves in desert air;
 The prisons where the maimed men pined
 Because their mothers bore them blind,—
 Starved men, so thin they seem to be
 The shadow of that awful tree
 Cast down on us from Calvary.

Beside the sea, blue-white harsh bone
 Hard as a ship's deck, while the lone
 Great sun with flames like leaves, flares slow
 In an empty sky like the great Mikado,

The Admiral is lulling these
 Unreal owlsh people there,
 Who, though asleep, still sit and stare,—
 Their dullard faces planet-round
 Fringed all leafily with sound
 Growth of their long heritage—
 Beasthood, but grown tame with rage.

The Admiral is such a bore
 Sleep murmurs, flows in the heart's core.
 Gold as a planet system, rain
 Falls in the gardens once again.
 The cook as red as an aubergine
 Sleeps in her kitchen, fall'n between
 Two clear-scrubbed wooden kitchen tables
 Where creep the growing vegetables . . .
 Crowned are they, and rough and bold . . .
 The ass-hide grass grows over her ears
 And Midas Silence turns to gold
 Each little sound she never hears.

The rain is gold as a planet system
 Or the silent gardens of the Khan,
 And all the world is changed to a green
 Growing world to be touched and seen.
 And the folk in the caves of far Japan
 Hear the triumphant growing sound
 And say, "Are the gold melon-flowers we see
 The sunrise-sounds, young pleasure isles,
 Or the gold Mikado's shadowy smiles?"

But the ancient Admiral was loath
 To see or hear or dream of growth . . .
 For his existence was not Life
 But a tired stranger's conversations
 (Modulated dull gradations)
 With Life, that sleepy old housewife.

And all night long he lies and cowers . . .
 Pink moonlight turns to feathered flowers
 And sleep should be a coral cave
 Haunted by a siren wave . . .

Yet moonlight lies as harsh as brine,
 Noah's Flood, or a disused salt-mine;
 Cold airs prick like grass or the sword
 Of zanies,—he falls overboard
 Into that briny Noah's Flood
 The moonlight, drowning bestial blood.

His house is haunted by the shade
 Of Death, no greenness in earth laid . . .
 A ghost that ne'er took human shape,
 But has a swinish pig-tailed head
 Crowned with trembling ghostly flowers . . .
 It seems a candle guttered down
 In a green deserted town.

It can alter at its will—
 Bat-like to the window-sill
 It will cling, with squeaking shrill
 Miming triviality.

Or, shapeless now as a black sea,
 Clattering a muffled hoof
 With the other dragging after,
 Elephantine, muffled o'er :
 Oh, it will break down the floor !
 And we shall hear its numbing speech—
 A roar that will break down the world,
 A speech unknown of the race of Man.

The Admiral hears through his door
 That Shape flow down the corridor.
 He trembles when the ghost-wind comes . . .
 Outside among the tallest trees
 The grey flowers hang
 Like a snipe's plumes, clang
 In the wrinkled and the withered breeze.

Come softly, and we will look through
 The windows, from this avenue . . .
 For there, my youth passed like a sleep,
 Yet in my heart, still murmuring deep
 The small green airs from Eternity
 Whispering softly, never die.

THE PERISCOPE

"A TALE TOLD BY AN IDIOT"

By MARK WARDLE

I

THE MURDERER

IN the last week of March 1915 a certain trench, dug at the close of the Battle of Neuve Chapelle ten days earlier, was taken over by "Letter B, or Captain P. H. Dawlings's Company," of the 1st Blankshire Regiment.

"B" Company was a typical regular Line company of the period—that is to say, it consisted of about 30 per cent. men who had come out with the battalion, 10 per cent. "blow-backs," or time-serving soldiers who had already been wounded and rejoined, 20 per cent. young recruits from Depot or Special Reserve battalions, and the rest reservists.

Captain P. H. Dawlings, its commander, was perhaps less representative of his class. Dark, short and wiry, quick in movement and in thought, he secretly considered himself the type of the more zealous and intellectual regular officer. Zealous he certainly was, and yet more with the artist's vivid reaction to stimulus than with the ardent soldier's steady enthusiasm for his duty. Promoted captain very early in the war, he was of the intermediate class between the middle-aged company commanders of Autumn 1914 and the boy captains of 1917. Quick witted, yet quicker to feel, a theorist by nature, yet spasmodically an excellent man of action, he was too highly strung and too much liable to strong emotional and physical reaction to be likely to see the war out in a fighting unit.

The relief had taken place at the first onset of darkness. A gentle drizzle had seemed to lay the night on slowly in thin layers as the men, whom the rain and the sense of insufficient concealment in the delaying gloom made more silent than usual, had filed up the newly dug communication trench. The nervousness inseparable from a first night in an "active area" had been increased by considerable enemy machine-gun fire. The short communication trench, deep and too narrow in front, was shallow and too wide in rear. The company had carried up wiring material with them, and one of the leading men, a bulkily laden recruit named Smith, was fresh enough from his board-school culture to give a literary form to the general feeling. "Christ!" he said, in answer to impatient pressure from behind, "it's just like a — camel trying to get through the — eye of a — needle." However, it was no Kingdom of Heaven they were striving to reach, and they were not rich men, so at last the passage was accomplished. A few minutes had sufficed for handing over—no inventories to check in those days and little enough to make them of—and the outgoing troops had filed wearily rest-wards. In the out-goers and the in-comers the two extremes of distaste for the work in hand seemed to meet and form a perfect circle of detestation of trench life, past, present, and to come.

The first necessity was a wire entanglement, and most of the company spent either the first or second part of the night out wiring.

Dawlings himself, always rather too much inclined to see to everything personally, stayed out with both parties—a tiring night, with a good deal of machine-gun fire and some casualties. Muffled knocking—a burst of fire, down on the stomach, muffled oaths—a slower scramble to the feet, and muffled knocking again—so the night wore through. An hour before dawn he got the men in, and organised a "hate," in hope of catching a German working party, whose hammering behind the enemy front trench was audible. The company lined

the parapet and fired a single round, each man aiming at the bottom of the opposite trench line—the tendency to fire high in imperfect light would ensure the bullets' clearing the trench; then, while Dawlings and the company sergeant-major, firing alternately, kept up a steady illumination with Verey lights, four more rounds rapid at the top of the front trench line. This sort of thing was unpopular with the men, being broadly condemned as "arskin' for it."

Then it was time to "stand to." Thereafter, rifle cleaning and inspection—breakfasts—sleep for the men, and returns to be filled up for Dawlings, and successive visits, as ill-luck would have it, from the doctor, the Colonel, and the Brigadier—the warmth of welcome accorded to each being in the order named. The doc. told a story that only charity could dub "doubtful," exchanged cigarettes, accepted a thimbleful of rum, and went on his way leaving everyone cheerier for his visit, like the mercurial copper-nobbed little Irish International that he was. The Colonel was welcome too, but Dawlings was glad to feel, when he had gone, that the danger of anything arousing his very efficient commanding officer's consuming ire was gone also. The Brigadier was regarded with scarcely disguised suspicion—undeservedly, as his only remark, after a careful look round, was: "Glad to see you're using your periscopes. Have you enough?" "Well, sir," Dawlings replied, "just enough for the actual sentries in this trench—we could do with some for subordinate commanders. But we only got these before coming up last night, so I suppose we can't hope for any more this tour."

As the General left the company sector, Dawlings looked at his watch and saw that it was one o'clock. A sudden rush of weariness came over him, with a corresponding loss of interest and a huge distaste for war and all its trappings. He turned and went along the trench towards the square yard of corrugated iron beneath which he well knew the faithful Spinder would hasten to serve him with his lunch. All at once Machonachie seemed desirable. Did it not stand for repletion—and

sleep? An outward and visible refuge from inward and spiritual distress?

He was within ten yards of this haven when he realised that, fifty yards farther back, he had passed a sentry, a young soldier, who was not using a periscope. He was looking instead through the "key-hole" of a loop-holed steel plate let into the parapet.

Dawlings hesitated. Should he go back, tired as he was, and have the periscope produced and used? Why must he always do all the work? Hadn't the man a section commander and a platoon commander? Why couldn't people do their job? Was there no half-way house between letting things be neglected and dry-nursing the whole company? Anyhow it wouldn't hurt the wretched fellow to go on as he was for twenty minutes longer. No one would put a bullet through that key-hole for the next twenty minutes! How quiet everything was! Afterwards, he would rout out the delinquent platoon commander and adjust the matter in a few well-chosen words. What a boy that sentry—Smith, his name was—looked! One of the last draft, and helpless like most of them. What rot it was, fighting a war like this with schoolboy volunteers instead of the organised manhood of the nation! And what a filthy business it all was, killing off jolly babies like a lot of these lads . . . thousands and thousands of them . . . Machonachie always had an oily aftertaste, and always would . . . always? We always won our last battle, but when would it come? To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow, creeps in this petty pace from day to day, to the last syllable of recorded time. And all our yesterdays have lighted fools the way to dusty death—

Ping! GAD! that was the only shot anywhere near all morning since stand-to!

The C.S.M. came up. "What is it, sergeant-major?"

"It's a young fellow called Smith, sir—one of this last draft—quite dead. Funny—the only shot fired to-day—and got him right in the eye through the key-hole! There's

no coping with these lads—now they've got periscopes they won't use 'em!"

All at once Dawlings felt old and shabby inside, like a man at a garden-party with a smart overcoat that he dare not take off.

Simultaneously he realised that he had known what that shot meant the moment he heard it. As he looked in the dead face, with its left eye swollen straight out nearly an inch, he thought: "The only son of his mother, I'll bet, and she a widow. Killed by me, and no doubt neither the first nor the last. And I'm better than many. Perhaps even better than most."

He finished his dinner, and lay down and tried to sleep. Sleep refused to come. What did come was a dull and bitter resentment against a scheme of things in which the smallest detail of character or conduct on the part of nonentities like himself became pregnant with life or death to fellow-creatures. Thousands and thousands of them. It was horrible. It was—what was it all? What but a tale told by an idiot, full of sound and fury, signifying—nothing? And those idiots outside were telling tales, and stopping him from sleeping. It was as warm as a June day, and the sun shone—and it would shine again, to the last syllable of recorded time, on the just and on the unjust, on peace and on war, on life and on death. Outside his shelter he could just see the group of tale-tellers. Johnson, an old sweat who'd been in the battalion fifteen years or more, was sitting stripped to the waist, and reflectively discoursed wisdom while he skewered lice in his shirt with a pin. As each louse was caught Johnson held it up to admire its wriggling legs before he cracked it between his thumb-nails and threw it away. He seemed to the drowsy Dawlings like some horribly dispassionate god of war.

"Yes," Johnson was saying, "this little feller that's just been killed put me very much in mind of a little feller we 'ad in the battalion"—Dawlings realised with a shock that Smith, and not the latest louse, was being discussed—"we 'ad in the

battalion at Cawnpore—or was it Bareely? Anyway, it doesn't matter where it was; this little feller put me very much in mind of 'im. 'E were called Briggs—or was it Brown? Anyway, it don't matter what 'e were called—this 'ere Smith minded me very much of 'im. 'E were a quiet little feller—always a-scratchin' of 'isself, and never said nothing; and then one day, quite sudden-like, 'e took ill and died! This little feller wot's just been killed along of not usin' a periscope put me very much in mind of 'im."

"Oh, God! thought Dawlings, is that life? Is that all a man amounts to? A tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing. And out they come, thousands and thousands of them; fresh-faced jolly boys, or 'quiet little fellers, always a-scratchin' of theirselves, that never say nothing, until one day, quite sudden-like, they die.' I kill them. We all do. And our superiors kill them and us. Yesterday, to-day, to-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow.

He flung out and along the trench. Why try to sleep?

"There would have been a time for such a word.

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and——" Damn Macbeth!

II

THE DESERTER

It was a year later. Dawlings was still commanding his company, with the same company sergeant-major, but not many men remained of the "B" company of a year ago.

Perhaps at no period did the war seem more interminable, to those who thought a little, than in the early months of 1916. To Dawlings, who thought rather too much than too little, it seemed that he was carrying out his one thousand and first relief in a sequence of ten thousand.

As the out-going company commander went off with a cheery "Good night! Good luck!" the sergeant-major entered the company headquarter shelter.

"We got the first batch of steel helmets to-night, sir—six. Who shall have them—the sentries?"

"Yes, sergeant-major. Give them to the sentries. And see that they wear them!"

"Very good, sir! These people we've just relieved have 30 per cent. issued already. But we're always the last to get anything. Do you remember, sir, it's just a year ago we got our first periscopes, and that was after six months of war!"

"Yes, I remember," said Dawlings. "Well, see they use them. I'll be round in twenty minutes."

Half an hour later Dawlings and his company sergeant-major made the round of the trenches.

One sentry, crouching down at the parapet, wore no steel helmet.

"Hallo!" said Dawlings, "why hasn't he got a tin hat? I thought you said six?"

"He has, sir," the sergeant-major answered; "and here it is—at his feet! One of the last draft, sir! They don't know what an order is."

Dawlings stood up on the fire-step and stared out into No Man's Land beside the sentry. Then he said quietly: "Weren't you told to wear your steel helmet?"

"Yessir." The lad turned a scared and rather sulky face to his officer.

"Well—why don't you?"

"I'm safer without, sir. The men all say there's many a wound as does you in with a steel 'at as wouldn't if you 'asn't any."

"The men talk a lot of nonsense. Even if that were true, there are a hundred other wounds that would otherwise kill you, which the helmet will save you from. Put it on—and keep it on."

"I don't want to, sir!"

Dawlings stepped down into the trench.

"Do as you're told!" he said sharply. "You've got to learn to be a soldier now!"

"What's your name, my lad?" said the sergeant-major as the helmeted soldier sulkily resumed his position.

"Smith."

"Smith what?"

"Smith—sergeant-major."

"Funny, sir," said the sergeant-major as he followed his captain, "the feeling that the men have against these tin hats! Why, d'you remember, sir, we even had trouble at first to make some of them use their periscopes when they first got 'em!"

CRACK!! "What can that be, sir? It sounded like shooting at steel plates!"

They retraced their steps.

"It's Smith, sergeant-major," said one of the men, stooping over a body.

The bullet had entered the front of his steel helmet slantwise, failed to make an exit, and sluiced round inside, bulging the steel out in a groove, and removing a large piece of skull. The helmet was full of blood and brains.

The body was still breathing. A soldier was trying to pour something between its lips.

Dawlings bent down. "It's no use," he said.

"Well, one must try, sir!" said the soldier, with, Dawlings thought, a touch of resentment. "If he hadn't had a steel helmet on, it wouldn't have killed him."

"Here, less of that, my lad!" the sergeant-major broke in. "He's unlucky, but the next one will be saved by his helmet."

When next Dawlings went round not a sentry was wearing a steel helmet.

"What do you think?" one of his subalterns asked him. "There's one or two rather tough customers in the last draft. Shall I let it go to-night? I'll lecture them about tin hats to-morrow, and then we'll let 'em have it if there's any nonsense."

"All right," said Dawlings. "Let it rip."

* * *

When "B" company was relieved, Dawlings had a long conversation with his Colonel. A fortnight later the G.S.O. 3

of the Division went on leave, and Dawlings went to Divisional Headquarters and answered for him during his absence. A month afterwards the latter received advancement elsewhere, and Dawlings was appointed to fill the vacancy which thus occurred.

He did quite well on the staff, and in the course of time received two decorations.

This delighted his mother.

BACON AND MONTAIGNE

By F. G. SELBY

The references to *The Advancement of Learning* are to my own edition of it.—F. G. S.

BACON only once, I think, refers by name to Montaigne. In his first Essay he says: "Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace and such an odious charge. Saith he, 'If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth is as much as to say that he is brave towards God and a coward towards men.'" This illustrates Bacon's habit of careless and inaccurate quotation. I suppose that when he came across a passage which struck him, or which he thought might be useful to him, he copied it into his commonplace book, merely noting down the name of the book in which he found it. The remark which he quotes from Montaigne is not Montaigne's, but is quoted by him from 'an ancient,' his favourite, Plutarch. Sometimes, of course, his misquotations are due to a fault of memory; but sometimes they are deliberate, his object being to give more point to a saying or to make it more effective for his purpose. The following instance will show how two writers may give a different meaning to an identical quotation:

We see the heathen poets, when they fall upon a libertine passion, do still expostulate with laws and moralities, as if they were opposite and malignant to nature:

La justice en soi, naturelle et universelle, est autrement réglée et plus noblement que n'est cette aultre justice speciale, nationale, contraincte au besoin de nos polices, si

et quod natura remittit invidia iura negant. So said Dandamis the Indian unto Alexander's messengers, that he had heard somewhat of Pythagoras and some other of the wise men of Grecia and that he held them for excellent men, but that they had a fault, which was that they had in too great reverence and veneration a thing they called law and manners.—*Adv.*, vol. ii, p. 167.

que le sage Dandamis oyant reciter les vies de Socrates, Pythagoras, Diogenes, les jugea grands personnages en toute aultre chose, mais trop asservis à la reverence des loix, pour lesquelles auctoriser et seconder la vraye vertu a beaucoup à se desmettre de sa vigueur originelle: et non seulement par leur permission plusieurs actions vicieuses ont lieu, mais encores à leur suasion: *ex senatus consultis plebisque scitis scelera exercentur.*—III. I.

Montaigne, with a certain sly malice, sometimes conceals the fact that he is quoting. He transcribes long passages from Seneca's letters without acknowledgment, and makes them appear as if written by himself, "Ez raisons, comparaisons, arguments, si j'en transplante quelq'un en mon solage et confonds aux miens, à escient j'en cache l'auteur, pour tenir en bride la temerité de ces sentences hastives qui se jettent sur toute sorte d'escripts, notamment jeunes escripts d'hommes encores vivants, et en vulgaire, qui receoit tout le monde à en parler et qui semble convaincre la conception et le desseing vulgaire de mesme: je veulx qu'ils donnent une nazarde à Plutarque sur mon nez, et qu'ils s'eschaudent à injurier Senèque en moy."—II. 10.

The fact that Bacon quotes from Montaigne shows that the *Essays* were known to him and this suggests the question—Was he in any way indebted to Montaigne? For the author of the *Essays* has influenced many men. His influence on Shakespeare has been noticed: and we constantly meet with reminiscences of him in Molière. The most casual reader must be struck by the number of quotations from Plutarch,

The story is taken from Cicero, who takes 'the looker-on' as the type of the student of nature. Montaigne is thinking of the practical advantages to be derived from the observation and study of human life and character. Bacon was just as keen an observer of men as Montaigne, but, when he wrote, he was emphasising the superiority of a life of active benevolence to a life of ease, and his comment is expressed in one of his noblest sentences: "But men must know that in this theatre of man's life it is reserved only for God and angels to be lookers on." Using the word 'theatre' in a different sense, he expresses the same thought elsewhere: "Merit and good works is the end of man's motion: and conscience of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest. For if a man can be partaker of God's theatre, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest. *Et conversus Deus ut aspiceret opera quæ fecerunt manus suæ vidit quod omnia essent bona nimis*: And then the Sabbath." Sainte-Beuve was right when he said "Bacon, le grand moraliste, est poète par expression."

I will quote one more instance, because it marks a difference between the two men:

Another precept of this knowledge is that ancient precept of Bias, construed not to any point of perfidiousness, but only to caution and moderation, *Et ama tanquam inimicus futurus et odi tanquam amaturus*. For it utterly betrayeth all utility for men to embark too far into unfortunate friendships, troublesome spleens and childish and humorous envies or emulations. —Vol. ii, p. 159.

Aimez le, disoit Chilon, comme ayant quelque jour à le hair: laissez le comme ayant à l'aymer. Ce precepte qui est si abominable en cette souveraine et maitresse amitié il est salubre en l'usage des amitiés ordinaires et coutumières: à l'endroit desquelles il faut employer le mot qu'Aristote avoit tres familier: "O mes amys, il n'y a nul amy."—I. 27.

When Bacon writes of friendship he always seems to be thinking of the advantage which the individual derives from the possession of a friend. When Montaigne treats of the same subject he is carried quite out of himself. He seems to have realised the ideal friendship in which two souls merge in a single personality. What to an outsider would appear to be an act of self-sacrifice is to him a form of self-realisation. Without any exaggeration, to use the phrase in the sense which Hegelian writers give to it, he had saved his life by losing it. If Bacon is ever enraptured, it is by "the vision of the world and all the wonder that shall be" when completed knowledge has fulfilled its task of revealing the glory of the Creator and improving, intellectually, morally, and materially, the conditions of human life.

The same difference appears in their treatment of poetry. Bacon says that it is a product of imagination, and he defines it as 'feigned history.' He says that it satisfies the human mind by exhibiting a more striking greatness of events, a more perfect order, and a more pleasing variety than can be found in nature. He makes no mention of lyrical poetry, or the poetry of the emotions; and he shows no special sensibility to the peculiar pleasures of poetry. Montaigne writes in a very different strain: "À certaine mesure basse on peut juger la poesie par les preceptes et par art: mais la bonne, la suprême, la divine est au dessus les règles et de la raison. Quiconque en discerne la beaulté d'une veue ferme et rassise, il ne la veoid pas, non plus que la splendeur d'un esclair: elle ne pratique point nostre jugement: elle le ravit et ravage. La fureur qui espoinçonne celui qui la sçait penetrer, fiert encore un tiers à la lui ouir traicter et reciter . . . et il se veoid plus clairement aux theatres, que l'inspiration sacrée des Muses, ayant premièrement agité le poète à la cholère, au deuil, à la hayne, et hors de soy, ou elles veulent, frappe encore par le poète l'acteur, et par l'acteur consecutivement tout un peuple . . . Des ma première enfance la poesie a eu cela de me transpercer et transporter."—I. 37. In the character of Bacon imagina-

Cicero, and Seneca common to Montaigne and Bacon. But this in itself proves nothing. It was inevitable in the case of two scholars dealing with subjects of the same kind, and familiar with the same authors. We know that Montaigne's favourite writers were Plutarch, in Amyot's version, and Seneca's Letters. Bacon mentions Plutarch, and in any case the *Lives* were accessible to everyone in North's Translation. Bacon certainly studied Seneca's Letters, and, in those days, everyone read Cicero. In the sixteenth century, and, indeed, later than that, an appeal to history and experience meant an appeal to the great writers of Greece and Rome. Milton, in his "Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing," fetches arguments from the procedure of the court of Areopagus and the Roman Senate. He appeals to "the old and elegant humanity of Greece" and to the practice "of those ages to whose polite wisdom and letters we owe that we are not yet Goths and Jutlanders." In the eighteenth century the habit of classical quotation was felt to need defence against the charge of pedantry, and Johnson justified it as "the *parole* of literary men all the world over." We in our day have seen it die out, and when Greek and Latin shall have finally been expelled from our schools and universities, our own classics will cease to be read because they will have ceased to be intelligible.

If anyone would learn in what spirit he should read the classics, and with what object, he cannot have a better instructor than Montaigne. His pictures of the mere pedant are inimitable.

"Cettuy ci tout pituiteux, chassieux et crasseux, que tu veois sortir apres minuit d'un estude, penses-tu qu'il cherche parmi les livres comme il se rendra plus homme de bien, plus content et plus sage? nulles nouvelles: il y mourra, ou il apprendra à la posterité la mesure des vers de Plaute et la vraye orthographe d'un mot latin."—I. 38.

Montaigne and Bacon are at one as to the object of reading:

Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse; but to weigh and consider.—Essay 1.

La science passe de main en main, pour cette seule fin d'en faire parade, d'en entretenir un aultre et d'en faire des contes. . . . Nous sçavons dire "Cicero dit ainsi: Voyla les mœurs de Platon: Ce sont les mots mesmes d'Aristote": mais nous, que disons nous nous-mesmes? que jugeons nous? que faisons nous? Autant en diroit bien un perroquet.—I. 24.

Le gaing de notre estude c'est en être devenu meilleur et plus sage.—I. 25.

It is interesting at times to compare the comments of the two writers on the same text:

. . . That comparison which Pythagoras made for the gracing and magnifying of philosophy and contemplation, who being asked what he was answered, That if Hiero were ever at the Olympian games, he knew the manner that some came to try their fortune for the prizes, and some came as merchants to utter their commodities, and some came to make good cheer and meet their friends, and some came to look on, and that he was one of those who came to look on.—*Adv.*, vol. ii, p. 104.

Nostre vie, disoit Pythagoras, retire à la grande assemblée des Jeux Olympiques: les uns s'y exercent le corps pour en acquerir la gloire des jeux: d'autres y portent des marchandises à vendre, pour le gaing: il en est, et qui ne sont pas les pires, lesquels n'y cherchent aultre fruit que de regarder comment et pourquoi chascue chose se faict, et estre spectateurs de la vie des aultres hommes, pour en juger, et regler la leur.—I. 25.

The story is taken from Cicero, who takes 'the looker-on' as the type of the student of nature. Montaigne is thinking of the practical advantages to be derived from the observation and study of human life and character. Bacon was just as keen an observer of men as Montaigne, but, when he wrote, he was emphasising the superiority of a life of active benevolence to a life of ease, and his comment is expressed in one of his noblest sentences: "But men must know that in this theatre of man's life it is reserved only for God and angels to be lookers on." Using the word 'theatre' in a different sense, he expresses the same thought elsewhere: "Merit and good works is the end of man's motion: and conscience of the same is the accomplishment of man's rest. For if a man can be partaker of God's theatre, he shall likewise be partaker of God's rest. *Et conversus Deus ut aspiceret opera quæ fecerunt manus suæ vidit quod omnia essent bona nimis*: And then the Sabbath." Sainte-Beuve was right when he said "Bacon, le grand moraliste, est poète par expression."

I will quote one more instance, because it marks a difference between the two men:

Another precept of this knowledge is that ancient precept of Bias, construed not to any point of perfidiousness, but only to caution and moderation, *Et ama tanquam inimicus futurus et odi tanquam amator*. For it utterly betrayeth all utility for men to embark too far into unfortunate friendships, troublesome spleens and childish and humorous envies or emulations. —Vol. ii, p. 159.

Aimez le, disoit Chilon, comme ayant quelque jour à le hair: laissez le comme ayant à l'aymer. Ce precepte qui est si abominable en cette souveraine et maîtresse amitié il est salubre en l'usage des amitiés ordinaires et coutumières: à l'endroit desquelles il faut employer le mot qu'Aristote avoit tres famillier: "O mes amys, il n'y a nul amy."—I. 27.

When Bacon writes of friendship he always seems to be thinking of the advantage which the individual derives from the possession of a friend. When Montaigne treats of the same subject he is carried quite out of himself. He seems to have realised the ideal friendship in which two souls merge in a single personality. What to an outsider would appear to be an act of self-sacrifice is to him a form of self-realisation. Without any exaggeration, to use the phrase in the sense which Hegelian writers give to it, he had saved his life by losing it. If Bacon is ever enraptured, it is by "the vision of the world and all the wonder that shall be" when completed knowledge has fulfilled its task of revealing the glory of the Creator and improving, intellectually, morally, and materially, the conditions of human life.

The same difference appears in their treatment of poetry. Bacon says that it is a product of imagination, and he defines it as 'feigned history.' He says that it satisfies the human mind by exhibiting a more striking greatness of events, a more perfect order, and a more pleasing variety than can be found in nature. He makes no mention of lyrical poetry, or the poetry of the emotions; and he shows no special sensibility to the peculiar pleasures of poetry. Montaigne writes in a very different strain: "À certaine mesure basse on peut juger la poesie par les preceptes et par art: mais la bonne, la suprême, la divine est au dessus les règles et de la raison. Quiconque en discerne la beaulté d'une veue ferme et rassise, il ne la veoid pas, non plus que la splendeur d'un esclair: elle ne pratique point nostre jugement: elle le ravit et ravage. La fureur qui espoinçonne celui qui la sçait penetrer, fiert encore un tiers à la lui ouir traicter et reciter . . . et il se veoid plus clairement aux theatres, que l'inspiration sacrée des Muses, ayant premièrement agité le poète à la cholère, au deuil, à la hayne, et hors de soy, ou elles veulent, frappe encore par le poète l'acteur, et par l'acteur consecutivement tout un peuple . . . Des ma première enfance la poesie a eu cela de me transpercer et transporter."—I. 37. In the character of Bacon imagina-

tion was stronger than emotion. Picturesqueness combined with weight is, I think, the distinguishing characteristic of his style. We must also remember that Montaigne's book is, and was intended to be, a revelation of his own tastes; and that he constantly thanks God for so placing him that in his reading as in other things he was free to follow his own bent, whereas *multum incola fuit anima mea* is Bacon's constant complaint. The world has been too much accustomed to think of Montaigne as a mere cynic. In truth he was a man of real feeling and genuine and generous enthusiasms. He had a passionate admiration for great literature and noble characters: "ces rares figures, et triées pour l'exemple du monde par le consentement des sages." None but a truly humane man could have written such a passage as this:

"Je n'ay pas sçeu veoir seulement sans desplaisir poursuyvre et tuer une beste innocente qui est sans defense et de qui nous ne recevons aulcune offense: et comme il advient communement que le cerf se sentant hors d'haleine et de force, n'ayant plus aultre remède, se rejette et rend à nous mesmes qui le poursuyvons, nous demandant mercy par ses larmes, ce m'a toujours semblé un spectacle très desplaisant. . . . Et à fin qu'on ne se mocque de cette sympathie que j'ay avec les bestes, la theologie mesme nous ordonne quelque faveur en leur endroict: et considerant qu'un mesme auteur nous a logez en ce palais pour son service, et qu'elles sont comme nous de sa famille, elle a raison de nous enjoindre quelque respect et affection envers elles."—II. 11.

Cowper might have written that. It would be well if the present generation, which is doing its best to destroy the rural beauties of the most beautiful country in the world, would ponder Montaigne's further remark:

"Y a il un certain respect qui nous attache, et un general devoir d'humanité, non aux bestes seulement qui ont vie et sentiment, mais aux arbres mesmes et aux plantes."

I have already said that we must not infer that Bacon borrowed from Montaigne every quotation which he has in

common with him. Sometimes the text of the two is even word for word the same, as in the account which they give of Divination. That is because they are translating from the same original. (Montaigne, II. 12; *Adv.*, vol. ii, p. 65; *Cic. de Div.*, I. cc. 30 and 49.)

Such a coincidence as the following admits of easy explanation:

The wits of the schoolmen were shut up in the cells of a few authors, chiefly Aristotle their dictator, as their persons were shut up in the cells of monasteries and colleges.—*Adv.*, vol. i, p. 29.

Le dieu de la science scholastique c'est Aristote; c'est religion de desbattre de ses ordonnances comme de celles de Lycurgue à Sparte: sa doctrine nous sert de loy magistrale, qui est à l'aventure autant faulx qu'une aultre . . . son auctorité c'est le but au dela duquel il n'est pas permis de s'enquerir.—II. 12.

Depreciation of Scholasticism and of Aristotle was universal in an age in which Ramus roundly declared that "Everything which Aristotle has taught is false."

It is possible to point out many resemblances between Bacon's Essay on Death and Montaigne's remarks on the same subject. But death is a subject on which it is difficult to say anything new. It lends itself to the commonplace. The description of the terrors of a death-bed in Montaigne, at the end of Essay I. 19, is very like that given by Bacon: but each appears to be only a natural elaboration of Seneca's text, *Pompa mortis magis terret quam mors ipsa*. Only one thought can be said to have been clearly borrowed:

The Stoics bestowed too much cost upon death, and by their great preparations A veoir les efforts que Senèque se donne pour se preparer contre la mort: à

made it appear more fearful.
—Essay ii.

le veoir suer d'ahan pour se
roidir et pour s'asseurer, et
se desbattre si longtemps en
cette perche, j'eusse esbranle
sa reputation, s'il ne l'eust
en mourant très vaillamment
maintenu.—III. 12.

I pass now to instances in which Bacon really appears to have borrowed thoughts from Montaigne. Sometimes the elder writer suggests to him a metaphor, or simile :

They [final causes] are indeed but *remoræ* and hindrances to stay and slug the ship from further sailing : and have brought this to pass, that the search of the physical causes hath been neglected and passed in silence.—*Adv.*, vol. ii, p. 42.

Plusieurs tiennent qu'en
cette grande et dernière bataille qu'Antonius perdit contre Auguste, sa galère capitainesse feut arrestee au milieu de sa course par ce petit poisson que les Latins nomment *Remora*, à cause de cette sienne propriété d'arrester toute sorte de vaisseaux auxquels il s'attache.—II. 12.

The period from the uniting of the Roses to the uniting of the kingdom beginneth with the mixed adeption of a crown by arms and title : an entry by battle, an establishment by marriage : and, therefore, times answerable, like waters after a tempest, full of working and swelling though without extremity of storm.—*Adv.*, vol. ii, p. 18.

Tout asséché que je suis je
sens encore quelques tièdes
restes de cette ardeur passée :

"Qual l'alto Egeo purchè
Aquilone o Noto
Cessi, che tutto prima il
volse e scosse,
Non s'accheta egli però :
ma il suono e'l moto
Ritien dell' onde anco agitate e grosse."—III. 5.

It is, perhaps, worth noticing that Hobbes, who at one time acted as Bacon's secretary, has the same simile :

"And as we see in the water, though the wind cease, the waves give not over rowling for a long time after : so also," etc.—*Lev.*, ch. 2.

Sometimes Montaigne supplies an example or illustration. Among *desiderata* Bacon mentions a list of "those differences of opinion touching the principles of nature which have caused the diversity of sects, schools, and philosophies" :

Not for any exact truth that can be expected in these theories : for, as the same phenomena in astronomy are satisfied by the received astronomy and likewise by the theory of Copernicus, who supposed the earth to move, and the calculations are indifferently agreeable to both, so, etc.—*Adv.*, vol. i, p. 49.

Le ciel et les estoiles ont
branslé trente mille ans : tout
le monde l'avoit ainsi creu
jusque à ce que Cleanthes . . .
s'advisa de maintenir que
c'estoit la terre qui se mou-
voit . . . et, de nostre temps,
Copernicus a si bien fondée
cette doctrine, qu'il s'en sert
tres reglement à toutes les
consequences astrologiennes,
etc.—II. 12.

Montaigne's comment upon this is very characteristic, "Que prendrons nous de là, sinon qu'il ne nous doibt chaloir lequel ce soit des deux ? et qui sçait qu'une tierce opinion, d'ici à mille ans, ne renverse les deux precedentes ?"

There is one passage in Montaigne which seems to account for an inaccuracy in Bacon :

As for the accusation of Socrates (by Anytus) the time must be remembered when it was prosecuted, which was under the Thirty Tyrants.—*Adv.*, vol. i, p. 16.

À celui qui disoit a Socrates
les trente tyrans t'ont con-
demné à la mort : "et Nature
eux" respondit il.—I. 19.

The trial and condemnation of Socrates took place, not under the Thirty Tyrants, but under the restored democracy.

The objections of theologians against which Bacon undertakes to defend the dignity of learning must have been suggested to him by Montaigne, who, in the passage quoted, is confessedly defining the position of the Catholic Church:

I hear them say that knowledge is of those things which are to be accepted of with great limitation and caution: that the aspiring to overmuch knowledge was the original temptation and sin, whereupon ensued the fall of man: that knowledge hath in it something of the serpent, and therefore when it entereth into a man it makes him swell: *scientia inflat*: that Solomon gives a censure that *much reading is weariness of the flesh* . . . that St. Paul gives a caveat *That we be not spoiled through vain philosophy*.—*Adv.*, vol. i, p. 4.

La première tentation qui veint à l'humaine nature de la part du diable, sa première poison, s'insinua en nous par les promesses qu'il nous fit de science et de cognoissance. . . . La peste de l'homme est l'opinion de sçavoir, voylà pourquoi l'ignorance nous est tant recommandée par nostre religion, comme pièce propre à la créance et à l'obeissance: *Cavete ne quis vos decipiat per philosophiam et inanes seductiones, secundum elementa mundi* . . . et l'Ecclesiaste dit: *En beaucoup de sagesse, beaucoup de desplaisir: et qui acquiert science, s'acquiert du travail et du torment*. Les chrestiens ont une particulière cognoissance combien la curiosité est un mal naturel et originel en l'homme: le soing de s'augmenter en sagesse et en science, ce fut la première ruyne du genre humain: c'est la voye par où

il s'est precipité à la damnation eternelle: l'orgueil est sa perte et sa corruption.—II. 12.

The Catholic Church taught that the fall of man was due to pride.

"Per non soffrire alla virtù che vuole
Freno a suo prode, quell' uom che non nacque
Dannando se, dannò tutta sua prole."

DANTE, *Par.* vii. 27.

St. Thomas Aquinas¹ says: "*Primum peccatum hominis fuit in hoc quod appetiit aliquod spirituale bonum supra suam mensuram ex divina regula præstitutam: id quod pertinet ad superbiam.*" Bacon, in his reply to the divines, says that "it was not the pure knowledge of nature and universality which gave the occasion to the fall; but it was the proud knowledge of good and evil, with an intent in man to give law unto himself and to depend no more upon God's commandments."—*Adv.*, vol. i, p. 5.

It is rather curious that Montaigne himself furnishes the reply which Bacon makes to one of the objections of divines—*scientia inflat*:

Neither is it any quantity of knowledge, how great soever, that can make the mind of man to swell.—*Adv.*, vol. i, p. 5.

Notre âme s'elargit d'autant plus qu'elle se remplit.—I. 24.

Before leaving the subject of theology I will note one other instance of a thought common to the two writers:

In the election of the instruments which it pleased God to use for the plantation of the faith, notwithstanding that at first He did employ

La participation que nous avons à la cognoissance de la vérité, quelle qu'elle soit, ce n'est pas par nos propres forces que nous l'avons ac-

¹ Butler's note *ad loc.*

persons altogether unlearned, otherwise than by inspiration, more evidently to declare His own immediate working and to abase all human wisdom and learning, etc.—*Adv.*, vol. i, p. 45.

This is obviously suggested by St. Augustine, who says, "He chose His disciples and named the Apostles : poor, ignoble, unlearned men, that what great work so ever was done He might seem to do it in them."—*City of God*, xiv. 38.

Among the "disgraces which learning receiveth from politicians" Bacon mentions two which were probably suggested to him by Montaigne :

That learning doth soften men's minds and make them more unapt for the honour and exercise of arms.—*Adv.*, vol. i, p. 9.

That it doth mar and pervert men's dispositions for matter of government and policy in making them too curious and irresolute by variety of reading.—*Adv.*, vol. i, p. 9.

quise. Dieu nous a assez appris cela par les temoings qu'il a choisis du Vulgaire, simples et ignorants, pour nous instruire de ses admirables secrets.—II. 12.

Les exemples nous apprennent et en cette martiale police [of Sparta] et en toutes ses semblables que l'estude des sciences amollit et effemine les courages plus qu'il ne les fermit et aguerrit.—I. 24.

Se treuvent les esprits communs et moins tendus plus propres et plus heureux à conduire affaires : et les opinions de philosophie élevées et exquises se treuvent ineptes à l'exercice . . . il n'est pas besoin d'esclairer les affaires si profondement et si subtilement : on s'y perd à la consideration de tant de lustres contraires et formes diverses.

And a little further on he tells a story the point of which is that 'learned men' never arrive at a decision because of the many possibilities which their reading and experience suggest to them. If it is permissible to illustrate Montaigne's meaning by an example drawn from men now living, I should say that Lord Balfour is stronger in criticism than in construction.

It is curious that in this matter, as was the case in theology, Montaigne himself provides the answer to one of the objections :

The same times that are most renowned for arms are likewise most admired for learning : so that the greatest authors and philosophers and the greatest captains and governors have lived in the same ages . . . experience doth warrant that both in persons and in times there hath been a meeting and concurrence in learning and arms, flourishing and excelling in the same men and the same ages.—*Adv.*, vol. i, pp. 10, 11.

Again, there is a close resemblance between the two writers in their criticism of the fallacy of arguing from assumed premises :

That this part of knowledge is wanting [the art of invention and discovery] to my judgment standeth plainly confessed : for first, logic doth not pretend to invent sciences or the axioms of science, but passeth it over with a *cuique*

Et aux exemples des vieux temps il se veoid des suffisants hommes aux maniements des choses publiques, des grands capitaines et grands conseillers aux affaires d'estat avoir été ensemble très sçavants.—I. 24.

Il est bien aysé sur des fondements advouez de bastir ce qu'on veult.—Quiconque est creu de ses presuppositions, il est nostre maistre et nostre dieu. . . . En cette pratique et negociation de science nous avons prins pour argent comp-

in sua arte credendum.—*Adv.*,
vol. ii, p. 69.

tant le mot de Pythagoras
'que chasque expert doit
estre creu en son art.' Le
dialecticien se rapporte au
grammairien de la significa-
tion des mots: le rhetoricien
emprunte du dialecticien les
lieux des arguments . . . les
metaphysiciens prennent pour
fondement les conjectures de
la physique: car chasque
science a ses principes pre-
supposez: par où le jugement
humain est bridé de toutes
parts.—II. 12.

I will conclude by placing side by side a few parallel passages which I have noted, going to show that Bacon derived from Montaigne hints and suggestions on a variety of subjects:

On the choice of a child's career:

Let parents choose betimes
the vocation and course they
mean their children should
take: for then they are most
flexible: and let them not
too much apply themselves to
the disposition of their chil-
dren as thinking they will
take best to that which they
have most mind to. It is
true that if the affection or
aptness of the children be
extraordinary, then it is good
not to cross it; but generally
the precept is good, *optimum*

Toutefois en cette diffi-
culté [of choosing a child's
career] mon opinion est de
les acheminer toujours aux
meilleures choses et plus
proufitables: et qu'on se
doibt peu appliquer à ces
legieres divinations et prog-
nostiques que nous prenons
des mouvements de leur en-
fance . . . La monstre de
leurs inclinations est si tendre
en ce bas aage et si obscure,
les promesses si incertaines
et faulses qu'il est malaysé

*clige, suave et facile illud
faciet consuetudo.*—Essay vii.

d'y establir aulcun solide
jugement.—I. 25.

On the profits of trade:

The increase of any estate
must be upon the foreigner,
for whatsoever is somewhere
gotten is somewhere lost.—
Essay xv.

Il ne se faict aulcun proufit
qu'au dommage d'aultruy.—
I. 21.

On learning a foreign language:

So we see, in languages the
tongue is more pliant to all ex-
pressions and sounds in youth
than afterwards. — Essay
xxxix.

Je voudroy qu'on com-
menceast à le promener dès
sa tendre enfance: et pre-
mièrement, pour faire d'une
pierre deux coups, par les
nations voysines où le lan-
guage est plus esloigné de
notre, et auquel, si vous ne
la forcez de bonne heure, la
langue ne se peult plier.—I. 25.

On stingy parents:

The illiberality of parents
in allowance towards their
children is an harmful error:
makes them base; acquaints
them with shifts, etc.—Essay
vii.

J'ay veu de mon temps
plusieurs jeunes hommes de
bonne maison si addonnez au
larrecin que nulle correction
les en pourroit destourner.
J'en cognoy un, bien appa-
renté à qui . . . je parlois une
fois pour cet effect. Il me
respondit et confessa tout
rondement qu'il avoit été
acheminé à cette ordure par la
rigueur et avarice de son
père: mais qu'à present il y
estoit si accoustumé qu'il ne
s'en pouvoit garder.—II. 8.

On regiment of health :

There is a wisdom in this beyond the rules of physic : a man's own observation what he finds good of and what he finds hurt of, is the best physic to preserve health.—Essay xxx.

On a characteristic of the Turks :

The Turks, a cruel people, who nevertheless are kind to beasts, and give alms to dogs and birds.—Essay xiii.

On Artillery in China :

It is well known that the use of ordnance hath been in China above two thousand years.—Essay lviii.

On Epitomes :

As for the corruptions and moths of histories, which are epitomes, the use of them deserveth to be banished, etc.—*Adv.*, vol. ii, p. 15.

Herein Ramus merited better . . . than he did in introducing the canker of epitomes.—Vol. ii, p. 92.

On the edict of the Emperor Julian :

The edict of the Emperor Julianus whereby it was inter-

L'experience est proprement sur son fumier au subject de la medecine, où la raison lui quitte toute la place.—III. 13.

Les Turcs ont des aulmosnes et des hospitalux pour les bestes.—II. 12.

Nous nous escrions du miracle de l'invention de nostre artillerie, de nostre impression : d'autres hommes, un aultre bout du monde, à la Chine, en jouissoit mille ans auparavant.—III. 6.

Tout abbrege sur un bon livre est un sot abbrege.—III. 8.

Nous avons deux bons historiens tesmoings oculaires

dicted unto Christians to be admitted into schools, lectures, or exercises of learning was esteemed and accounted a more pernicious engine and machination against the Christian faith, etc.—*Adv.*, vol. i, p. 45.

des actions de Julian : l'un desquels, Marcellinus, reprend aigrement cette sienne ordonnance par laquelle il defendit l'eschole et interdit l'enseigner à tous les rhetoriciens et grammairiens chrestiens.—II. 19.

Montaigne is the more accurate here. The edict forbade Christian professors *to teach*. Indirectly, of course, this prevented Christians from learning, as they could not conscientiously attend pagan schools.

Montaigne's mind was of the type which Lamb describes as "in its constitution essentially anti-Caledonian" : and I have always thought that Bacon had Montaigne in mind when he wrote the opening sentences of his Essay on Truth. Mark Pattison tells us, in his *Life of Montaigne*, that *παντὶ λόγῳ λόγος ἴσος ἀντικειται*, a quotation from Sextus Empiricus, was one of the texts inscribed on the walls of his library. Bacon says, "There be that delight in giddiness and count it a bondage to fix a belief : affecting free will in thinking as well as in acting" ; and that one reason which brings lies in favour is that "truth, when it is found, imposeth upon men's thoughts." Now, if there is one feature in his own character on which Montaigne lays more stress than any other it is his dislike of anything approaching to constraint or obligation. He is, to borrow Bacon's words, "one of those self-pleasing and humorous minds, which are so sensible of every restraint as they will go near to think their girdles and garters to be bonds and shackles." "Je fuy," he says of himself, "le commandement, l'obligation et la contraincte." Again, Bacon explains men's indifference to truth by "the difficulty and labour which men take in finding out of truth" ; and Montaigne says of himself : "Je souhaiterais avoir plus parfaite intelligence des choses, mais je ne la veux pas acheter si cher qu'elle couste.

Mon dessein est de passer doucement et non laborieusement ce qui me reste de la vie : il n'est rien pour quoy je me veuille rompre la teste, non pas pour la science, de quelque grand prix qu'elle soit" (II. 10). And to the same effect he says in III. 17: "Sauf la santé et la vie il n'est chose pour quoy je veuille ronger mes ongles et que je veuille acheter au prix de tourment d'esprit et de la contraincte." Yet we may quote him against himself, for in III. 13 he says: "La verité est chose si grande que nous ne devons desdaigner aulcune entremise qui nous y conduise." If any excuse is needed we can only say that so far as science, in the restricted sense of the term, is concerned, scepticism was in Montaigne's time natural. Science had not yet justified itself by its achievements. Montaigne, I suppose, would say that no apology was needed: for he is constantly impressing upon us that any opinion which he expresses must be taken as the expression of what he thought at the moment of writing.

One cannot imagine a time when the writings of Bacon will have become obsolete. He is one of the "maestri di color che sanno." The day on which we first opened the *Novum Organum* or the *Advancement of Learning* marks an epoch in the lives of all of us. Nor do we ever escape from the spell of the great magician. Year by year we return to him, and always with fresh interest, admiration, and delight. Of his *Essays* he himself wrote: "Of all my other works they have been most current: for that, as it seems, they come home to men's business and bosoms." There is abundant matter in them for the scholar, the statesman, and the man of the world. The practical man of business must recognise and appreciate the wisdom and the mass of experience condensed into their compact sentences. I cannot refrain from quoting a few to illustrate what I mean. "The folly of one man is the fortune of another." "Money is like muck, not good unless it be spread." "There is in human nature generally more of the fool than of the wise, and therefore those faculties by which the foolish part of men's minds is taken are most potent." "A wise man will make more oppor-

tunities than he finds." In business "men of age object too much, consult too long, adventure too little, repent too soon, and seldom drive business home to the full period, but content themselves with a mediocrity of success." "Believe not much of them that seem to despise riches; for they despise them that despair of them; and none worse when they come to them." "Books teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation" (cf. *Tom Jones*, Bk. IX, ch. i.).

Montaigne is an intimate friend, a companion for the fireside, welcome at all hours, one whom we know through and through, one of whose shrewd and pithy talk we never tire. It has been his business in life "de penetrer les profondeurs opaques des replis internes de nostre esprit." He is gay without frivolity, serious without dullness, instructive without pedantry, enthusiastic without gush or affectation. We accept him as frankly pagan in his outlook. Having once decided that the Christian verities are matters for the Church and objects of faith, he has handed over the direction of his own life to reason, experience, and inclination. But every fair-minded man must recognise his many virtues—his truthfulness, honesty, outspokenness, and sincerity, his hatred of all affectation and meanness, his courage under terrible and prolonged physical suffering, the boldness with which he faces the prospect of death, neither wishing for it nor fearing it. One practical lesson of great value we learn from him: never to complain of our lot nor of the times in which we live. There is one nasty blot upon the picture. We have to pass over in silent disgust the gross and wanton indecencies and obscenities in which unhappily the little man delights.

ON THE EVE

A DIALOGUE

By T. S. ELIOT

"PANCAKES!" exclaimed Horace as Rose handed him the dish.

"Ah, pancakes," murmured Alexander.

"I must have one, I don't care what happens," said Agatha recklessly.

They squeezed lemon-juice on their pancakes and covered them with sugar. Horace rolled his up in a neat roll, and began to eat it with gusto. Rose left the room looking pleased and complacent. The pancakes had been *her* idea—"and it makes a nice change for them," she thought.

"But, Alexander," said Agatha, continuing a discussion arising out of her country-house visit, which had begun before the arrival of the pancakes, "what I want to know is where they *keep* their money. It can't be in this country or they wouldn't be trying to work up a revolution."

"Ah," said Horace in a sinister voice, "that's about the size of it."

"And if they had it invested in another country," went on Agatha; "do listen, Alexander——"

"America," said Horace.

"—then how did they get it there? I mean, how could they manage to *sell* their horrible stocks over here and get the *cash* to invest in America?"

"Or Canada," said Horace.

"I mean to say, well, God knows *I* never can sell anything. My few bits of stuff which pay me about twopence a year are all *absolutely* unsaleable—and we all know, don't we, Alexander? that we shall be completely and utterly ruined if there is an

extreme socialist government. *We* shall be destitute. But *they* won't suffer. That's obvious. They go on spending just as much, living in the lap, and yet their one interest and amusement is to pull down and shatter England."

Horace looked ferocious as he took another pancake from the dish on the sideboard. "Curse them," he said bitterly, "but you know, Agatha, you do have bad luck in always hobbing and nobbing with those sort of pie-faced blokes. There are, I assure you, a few stoutish fellows left—more than a few in fact—more than you imagine."

"But not enough to save England," said Agatha in a low voice. "Besides, they have no *confidence in themselves*——"

"Oh, I don't know. Because they're not always blustering and bleating and showing off——"

"The fact is," said Alexander at last, looking up from his plate.

"But I *must* just tell you," interrupted Agatha, "Tilly said, the other night, 'after all, the Russian Loan would not have cost so much as a General Election!'" and she imitated Tilly's drawl.

"Pooh—bosh," said Horace, "but talking of Russia, I'll tell you what old Sir Charles Allwell actually did say to me only the other night at the club," he went on eagerly, "and this'll show you, because, mind you, he is an absolute Whig and they always have been for centuries—well, *he* said that in *his* opinion the two great menaces to civilisation were *England* and *Russia*."

"Oh, I know," groaned Agatha, "I *know* that's true."

"Well, the fact is," said Alexander again, rather crossly.

"Yes, what *is* the fact?" asked Agatha ironically.

"That's what I'm trying to tell you. These friends of Agatha's—Tilly and Corrie and Lord John, and their like—are the remains of what Disraeli, I believe, called a desperate oligarchy ready, in their desire for a power they were incompetent to use, to sacrifice the laws, the empire, and the religion of England. They are 'capitalists' because they live upon a civilisation to which they contribute nothing—and they are 'anarchists' because they are ready to destroy the civilisation which bore and nourished them. There is a certain irony, of

course, about the fate of these Gadarene swine. They have always stood for 'progress'—and the progress which they set in motion is on the point of obliterating them for ever——"

"You might just ring the bell, will you, Horace," said Agatha.

"They have stood for the extension of democracy—and now that democracy is extended to the utmost, democracy is on the point of deposing them in favour of a new oligarchy stronger and more terrible than their own——"

"Are you ready for the coffee, 'm?" asked Rose.

"Yes, please."

"Yes, because I've got to be off, you know," added Horace.

"They cling, at the last, to the paltry satisfaction of 'holding the balance of power' between two parties both of which they affect to despise. They have been squandering everything that the humble people have worked to create—soldiers and generals and diplomats and administrators are humble people, in my opinion," said Alexander acidly. "The Whigs have no principles," he continued, summing up judiciously. "Look at their policies towards Russia, and Ireland, and India——"

"Yes, poor old Ireland—that's where they got *us*," interjected Horace.

"But they will never see what has happened. It is at their dinner-tables that one hears the most antiquated political theories, and the most unintelligent expressions of the most snobbish and insincere literary taste. Constitutional government," pursued Alexander, now well away——

"Speed it up!" said Horace.

"—is no longer possible. It does not matter how *this* election turns out. No election matters now. The best we can hope for, the only thing that can save us, is a dictator."

"Good old Mussolini," shouted Agatha.

"But a dictatorship is only a palliative——" He paused to light a cigarette.

Horace, who had, during the whole of dinner, been surreptitiously reading the *Evening Standard*, which he held folded on his knee, now suddenly burst loudly into song, in the

hoarse, quavering voice which is used by songsters in the streets of London——

"It's the sime the whole world over—
It's the pore what gets the blime,
It's the rich what gets the pleashur:
Isn't it a ber-loody shime!"

he sang.

"Well," he said, rising from the table, "thanks for the pleasant discourse. I've got to shove off to the club now. See y' later."

Agatha followed him out of the room. Alexander was left, brooding over his coffee. The door opened again and Agatha thrust her head in.

"I say, can you lend me some money?" she asked. "I simply must pay Rose." Alexander obliged, and Agatha again left him.

"Good night, 'm," shouted Rose, "good night, sir," and she stumped out and left the flat. She was going to meet her friend and line up for the second house at the Metropolitan Music Hall. She walked down the wide staircase, sniffing loudly as the cold air met her nostrils after the hot kitchen. In the flat, sniffing had to be restrained—but once outside——

"Ow-oo," cooed Lizzie the lift-girl, as Rose passed the lift, in which Lizzie sat knitting a jumper. "Aren't you la-eete!"

"They been sitting over their coffee," Rose said glumly. "It's always the way if you want to go out anywhere."

"What a sha-aime," said Lizzie. "Ow-oo, isn't that a lovely fer-lower you've got!"

"My lady give me that; she brought a great big bunch o' them back from where she been staying. 'Ot 'ouse flowers, they are."

"Ow-oo, it's ni-eece to be rich, isn't it," chanted Lizzie happily.

"Ah," said Rose meaningly, with the air of one who knows both sides of a question. She sniffed. "Well, I'll say good night," and she passed through the swinging doors.

MAYFAIR AND BOHEMIA

CLOTHES are, in their fullest beauty of line, almost Mestrovic, or rather almost Egyptian in their simplicity. They have no dots or dabs to break their line; only the individuality, the slight accentuation of breast or hip that the wearer gives to them. Their colours, too, are simple—earth colour, copper colour, every sort of metal for night, and the occasional scarlet of berries for day or night.

If we go to a place like the Embassy Club, we see the same clothes repeated again and again—the same formula with another face on the top. The present fashion is cruel to age and kind to youth. You can vary it slightly in degree but not in kind; I mean you can be more Russian, more mannish, more flaring, less sedate.

All hats are simply helmets, and might have been designed for the army; whatever the face, round or pointed, narrow or wide, the hat is the same—people are trying to stick a sort of brush at the side to vary the monotony. Make-ups vary a little; the orange or the mauve, the dead white and the putty colour, but all try to look alike, to average themselves by neatness—by a common desire to defy English dowdiness, as it was twelve years ago.

Select evenings are an attempt to make extemporaneous acting and singing, such as one does in Chelsea or Bloomsbury, possible.

Miss Lanchester and Harold Scott have not yet found quite the measure of their friends. Or is it that the evenings are too select? We do not get our charades or extemporaneous short plays—the evening is rather given over to lobster sandwiches and dancing, though Miss Lanchester always delights us with

a stunt—and we *did* have *Box and Cox*, and a play by Miss Massingham laboriously rehearsed. I can't think what's wrong, or why it isn't the greatest fun. Mr. Wells said to me that the charade way was the only way the play of the future will be written, by authors on the stage, with their actors helping them, rehearsing and rewriting a scene as they proceed. It can be done. It has been tried once with success, and of course the "Chauve Souris" gave us admirable example. But English artists are too domestic, therefore too tired to keep up this sort of thing. I shall never forget the Guitrys sitting on their property baskets, in dark corners of the stage, all "running through" their scenes with each other as fast as they could go, between *matinée* and evening performance, instead of going home to dinner. It was their play *and* work *and* food . . . but this is Utopian.

The Phoenix Society blends two worlds—Mayfair and Bohemia. Intentionally ragged poets sit by fish-out-of-water *élite*. People like Roger Fry, St. John Hutchinson, "Bunny" Garnett sit intently forward, pince-nez on nose, while the Lady Colefaxes, Lady "Goony" Churchills, Lady Cunards, Lady Diana Coopers sit comfortably back as much as to say: "It has cost us something to give up our dinner, and Sunday is the night we are always away, but now that we *are* here let us enjoy to the full!"

Some bring Tomes, with marbled paper and gilded edges to the leaves, others bring well-thumbed copies for the pocket (of the play in progress), and all the while George Moore talks benignly and cleverly to those who button-hole him, and seems utterly surprised and delighted at whatever the Phoenix brings him. He didn't know last time, till we told him, that the Silent Woman was a boy; his conception of woman is so womanish, and of man so masterful, no wonder he fails to believe that there could in this strange age be any mistake!

VIOLA TREE.

NEW YORK CHRONICLE

ABOUT six months ago, when the editor of THE CRITERION suggested that I make an occasional record of the life of the mind in America, I agreed with almost suspicious haste. There was the opportunity of paying old grudges and engaging in new feuds a little less tedious than usual because I could conduct my share of them more or less *sub specie aternitatis*. I was then in Paris, and instantly the civilisation of America began to divide and subdivide under my eye, to be classified neatly and to wait only for my labels. As I have no æsthetic dislike for order, this work seemed highly necessary and diverting.

I am now in New York; my inclination to battle has left me and the outlines of the intellectual picture are obscure. I have to fall back on the certainties of six months ago for a starting-point; it may be out of date, but I see no way of making these reports intelligible without presenting a fairly definite description of the America I am writing about.

I choose for my centre the work of Mr. Ring Lardner, the last American who will be civilised (to wit, understood) by the English. He is important, interesting, and entertaining; he is as peculiar to America as a folk-song. For many years he has written sketches about sport in a slang which delighted the ear of a Mencken absorbed in the study of the American language; and this mastery of the common tongue he has turned to artistic ends in several stories in his recently published book, *How to Write Short Stories* (with samples). In one of them, *The Golden Honeymoon*, you will find the American language in all its purity. You will find, that is, English and American words in an idiom and in a rhythm

not notably those of English literature and corresponding in the written word to the habits of American speech. For all that slang has been the medium of American humour since the beginning of the nineteenth century, for all the local colour of dialects, this accomplishment of Lardner's is exceedingly rare. Sherwood Anderson has done as much in some of his stories of horses, beautifully in *I'm a Fool*, which contains hardly a word of slang, yet is true, by ear, to the way Americans express themselves. The others simply put slang expressions to the music of conventional literary English. Like parodies they surprise by their impudence; but like parodies they add nothing to literature. Mr. Lardner does.

His inaccessibility to English readers I take for granted, not without tests; it is an important phenomenon for those who are watching the gradual separation of the two literatures. I pass the point, for Lardner is sufficiently interesting at home. In addition to multitudes of readers in the most popular of our magazines, he now has an almost acutely high-brow following, partly for the three or four fine stories in the collection I have named, partly for a series of sketches in the American style of *dada*. Of the French movement Lardner is ignorant, and I think the resemblances are rather superficial. There is a definite type of American humour which seems wholly lunatic, and is insanely funny; it exists in vaudeville, and flashes, on the side of the grotesque and fantastic, in our newspaper comic strips. Lardner works the vein of complete nonsense superbly in such a "play" as *I Gaspiri, or, The Upholsterers*, published in a recent issue of *The Transatlantic Review*. There is possibly an undercurrent of burlesque, for we had had the Moscow Art Theatre and its analytical programmes several months when *I Gaspiri* was "translated from the Bukowinian of Caspar Redmonde"; essentially it is nonsense of the highest order.

With these documents, the book and the sketch, and the knowledge that Lardner writes a weekly humorous article for a newspaper syndicate, the elements of his "case" become

clear. He has managed to plant himself in the two camps, the barely literate and the intellectual, in America; the intolerable division between low- and high-brow he has blandly ignored. He has moreover seemed to work unconsciously for each and to have given each some of his best; among the things I cherish as much as those already noted are a number of daily newspaper reports of baseball. He has written an amount of trash, but—a capital distinction—his trash is entirely unpretentious; it is not the high-class trash of our literary men.

You see Mr. Lardner, then, as the uncommon common man of our contemporary literature. He is a satirist, but not a moralist; he is an artist, but he is popular; he is apparently without bitterness; he is wholly American, yet not self-consciously American. The implication in all these "buts" is that there are others; for every combination of qualities he possesses, there is a corresponding separation of qualities in others. He is in a sense the complete man. Our intellectual scene is peopled by those who are incomplete. Let me describe a few.

I have to begin with Van Wyck Brooks, not so much to catalogue his deficiencies as to follow his description of the American in whom the two natures of man have failed to become one. For him the pedant shrinking from actuality, the business man hostile to ideas, both afraid of the life of the senses, are the results of Puritan-Protestant industrialism. And the artist rising among these people becomes, like Poe, "perhaps of all writers who have lived the least connected with human experience," or like Mark Twain a frightened sacrifice to American propriety, or like James an exile seeking in Europe for an appropriate background on which his shadow may rest. He invokes the leadership of a poet—toward the creative, away from the acquisitive life. Brooks is a moralist without any profound æsthetic pleasure, and is a good parallel to Mencken, a moralist in a rather vulgar Nietzschean mode, who equally lacks æsthetic interests and has even less æsthetic

perceptions. Where Brooks seeks a good life, Mencken derides a stupid State; they have both been pioneers after whom hundreds of young men have followed, some to definite æsthetic ends. That is the measure of their importance; it is remarkable that Brooks with his passion for the creative life should be so shut off from enjoying it and that Mencken, so homogeneous, so undistracted by wayward impulses, should be so careless of it.

Brooks's account of the plight of the American artist is still incomplete. *The Ordeal of Mark Twain* shows the defeat of a presumptive artist because the American scene afforded him insufficient nourishment and Protestant morality hampered his free expression. It remains to be seen how, in his book on James, Brooks will relate to this study the career of one who left America and became an artist. The few chapters published in *The Dial* indicate only that Brooks may emphasise the homelessness of James, may perhaps misunderstand *The Jolly Corner* and be over-affected by James's snobbery about the English and his distress about *Les Deracinés*. The dilemma of the artist in America will remain unsolved, and there will also remain the pious hope that some day we shall have an artist nourished by America. Mr. Brooks, I should add, nowhere allies himself with those who fancy that an American artist must cast away his cultural inheritance from Europe.

The most penetrating account of Brooks's work appears in Paul Rosenfeld's *Port of New York*; studies of fourteen contemporary Americans. To them Rosenfeld brings a mind of exceptional fineness, a delight in everything sensuous, an extraordinary culture, and a Messianic temperament. Some of his subjects are excellent honest artists, yet one feels that the pathos of their battle in America, and their defeat by America, has made them martyrs in Rosenfeld's eyes. He also is concerned with the American background, he also cries out for the complete personality in life and in art, the fused and functioning elements. Yet in *Port of New York*

no one of the whole men is mentioned, and the reason is, of course, that none of them has worked in the arts which have dignity. Our complete men are our Lardners, our commercial architects, our theatrical producers, our makers of entertainment. They are ever so much *chez eux*; the others are exiles at home.

Some of them are exiles from Europe and some from the land of Cockaigne. In a glowing autobiographical fragment (*A Story-Teller's Story*) Sherwood Anderson has come close to uniting the warring elements in himself, his mysticism and his sense of actuality, his vague religion and his sharp humour, and has presented the picture of an American novelist pungently and attractively. In a fragment of quite different quality (*Straws and Prayerbooks*) James Branch Cabell still holds Donn Byrne's gimcrack *Messer Marco Polo* to be "a very magically beautiful book," and still confesses his allegiance to "wizardry." Mr. Byrne, Mr. Cabell, Mr. Hergesheimer are among our wizards, our artists, and in their degrees they publish trash of the highest order. The long faking of the Poictesme cycle, enlivened by *Jurgen* and corroborated by *The Certain Hour*, is the work of a skilful and canny craftsman almost without creative power. It is an escape from or a transposition of reality, with the indispensable element lacking, for the world into which one escapes has no definite life of its own. Mr. Hergesheimer does better in his stories of adventure, but the unmistakable talent of *Java Head* has run into the remorselessly high-toned artifices of *Cytherea* and *Linda Condon* in which "art" is applied like a false front to works in which vigour of intellect and emotion is lacking. In these cases art is enough, and art in them is not the creation of an appropriate form, but the concoction of an artificial verbal style. This, and the choice of romantic episodes and *milieux*, constitute wizardry.

To such artists the critics who uphold the ancient American tradition, Brownell and Sherman, seem to have nothing to say. Mencken discovers in some of them an affront to bourgeois

morality and is pleased; Van Wyck Brooks is silent; Rosenfeld is intelligent enough to be contemptuous and apart. The artists are left with a semi-popular, semi-intellectual enthusiasm, adequate to encourage them to further work, helpless to make that work any better. *The Dial* is the only active enemy to their fame; for the moment it is unavailing.

I have tried with these names and wholly inadequate descriptions to provide a few fixed points, to indicate a few directions. Around Lardner you can group all the highly popular writers, attaching them by their differences more than by their resemblances to him; around the artists there are the real and the bogus; around the moralists—no one but the moralists, I fear, yet they are not all of one persuasion. There are Americans who feel themselves the direct inheritors of the whole tradition of Western civilisation and others who feel that the new world requires a new art, perhaps even a new kind of art; there are the students of the American small town and of Balzac, of American high life and of Flaubert; there are the unhappy ones who turn inward to America and to themselves, and the unhappy ones who turn outward. Perhaps there are also the happy few. Confusion we have; a little even in those arts of popular entertainment in which we should be happiest and clearest because we do them so well. We have literary gangs, too. But on the whole it is not a dull affair and this year we have a good play, *What Price Glory*?—which I recommend to your producers. I promise you something a little more entertaining than theories about America in the next of these letters.

GILBERT SELDES.

NEW YORK.

A DIARY OF THE RIVE GAUCHE

December.

IT has been raining for three days, the cold, hard, venomous rain of Paris. Very different from the soft, enveloping moisture of London, where often one can hardly tell whether it is actually raining or not. Wet English weather, and a west wind, say I. Steam heating and harsh winds soon take the bloom off poor thin-skinned English faces.

Well, now the rain has stopped, and a fierce drying wind is blowing. Those winds! cutting through the narrow streets and blowing full blast over the bridges. I have brought my writing-materials downstairs into the salon, while Camille and Victorine are having their way with my room and my possessions. The salon is so small that only four people can sit in it, and the other three can read what I am writing unless I hedge the page round with my left arm like an awkward schoolgirl over a letter. No light penetrates into the salon except that from the open door into the hall. It is so small and full that the radiator heats it to suffocation; yet this is welcome, for the little radiator in my room is close to the window, and never attains to anything but a feeble warmth.

There is a strange man in the salon, who is obviously waiting for someone. He holds his hat in his hand. He is an American, I think. He looks at me from time to time and I feel sure that he contemplates asking me a question. But why me? Although, of course, the others are obviously French: the pale, austere old lady and the stiffly upright and uncomfortable-looking middle-aged person who glares at me so indignantly. So many people look at one indignantly here. One gets used to it. Hardened. But I sympathise

with her indignation. Here am I, in loose, shabby clothes and no hat, slippers on my feet, and daring to sprawl at the writing-table and write on and on without stopping or looking up or making any of the impatient clicks or ejaculations that they do. And there is she, in black bombazine or some such harsh material, made very tight and fitting to her figure—a *real* figure, not a few bones with rags hung on, like mine. She wears a rigid black hat, which prevents her leaning back, a black fur round her neck and shoulders which she does not loosen, and black gloves. No wonder she is indignant. I should be more than that. The old lady fainted away with disgust directly I entered the salon, and she has never come to. Her eyes are closed and her face wears a martyred and suffering look.

Ah, I thought so! "Pardon me"—the stranger is addressing me, not yet sure of his ground—"but do you happen to be acquainted with Miss Newton who is staying in this hotel?"

"No," I say flatly.

"You will excuse me addressing you, I hope; but I took you for English——" he looks at me hard.

"Yes—?"

"I'm an American," he tells me, most unnecessarily; "and I made the acquaintance of Miss Newton at the Soirée last Friday at the Consulate. I asked her if she would like to go to one of these Latin Quarter balls. They tell me she isn't in the hotel, or anyways they can't find her, so I said I'd wait. I guessed you spoke English and I wondered if you could tell me just what kind of balls these are and whether it's all right to take an American girl without a chaperone to this Bal Bullier place. I didn't want to go get the tickets till I was sure about it. So I hope you'll pardon me addressing you, but I guessed you were English and I thought you could prob'ly tell me all about these sort of places, if anybody could."

Now is this fair? First of all, I have seen his "American girl"—an arch miss of about forty, fresh from Main Street, and I am only—well, never mind, but that's that. Why

should I know? Why ask *me*? I am indignant now. There are three indignant people in this salon now. When the American gentleman began to belabour me with his conversation the middle-aged person in black became more indignant than ever. She began to tremble with indignation. And the old lady came out of her swoon, and with one look of horror swooned again.

I gather up my writing-materials. "I am sorry," I say, "but I have never been to a ball in Paris." The American actually dared to appear incredulous. "I know nothing whatever about balls in Paris," I continue coldly, and leave the salon with all the dignity I can.

On my way up the five flights of steep stairs I remind myself that I never did understand Americans. I simply do not understand Americans. When I see an American coming I ought to say immediately, "Please do not speak to me, because if you do I shall not understand you. I shall never understand you, so will you please pass on." For instance, why do Americans insist that all European women are *au courant* with every form of vice (to them all pleasure or amusement really means vice, so far as I can see)—whereas they insinuate that the female of their own species is supremely innocent and unsullied. They actually appear to be trying to protect their own women from *us*! Why? Because they cannot cope with European women. Ha! they can't cope with us!

And why do they go about asking questions? If I wanted to know about the Bal Bullier should I go and sit in the salon of some strange obscure hotel and bombard with questions a defenceless person who I had no earthly reason to suspect knew anything about the matter? No! And then refuse to believe her? No! I should of course go and seek my information through the proper channels. And I am not a proper channel for information regarding the Bal Bullier.

By this time I have arrived, breathless, at the door of my room. On opening it, a strong scent—my own scent—is perceptible. Victorine again. Putting down my *attaché*

case, I find my scent spray. It is as full as ever. Of course, the usual thing. After Victorine has liberally sprayed herself and Camille she has filled it up with water. These French are clever. English servants are often careless about detail. They have made my bed, tidied the room, and swept all the dust under the radiator. This is a good place for dust, as there is not enough space to get any brush or broom underneath, so that it can lie there, undisturbed, for ever. In the distance I can hear the strident voices of Camille and Victorine as they pursue their duties from room to room. The hotel is built round three sides of a courtyard. There are two staircases, one in front, and another, much narrower and more dingy, at the back. All the bedrooms are connected by doors, from front to back. Therefore it is not necessary for Camille and Victorine to descend one staircase and mount another. They produce their keys, unlock the doors, and work their way through the bedrooms, occupied and unoccupied, carrying all their paraphernalia of brooms, pails, mops, and dusters.

Camille is a short, sturdy man with black hair, black moustache, black shiny eyes, and bright red cheeks. He has vast strength, and carries the American visitors' ironclad trunks up the stairs on his shoulder, unaided. "Voilà," is all he says as he plumps down the trunk on the floor. But his hand is, of course, ready. Camille seldom goes empty away. He and Victorine are inseparable. If, on their morning tour through the bedrooms, a voice from below calls "Camille!" he pops his head out of the window of the particular room he and Victorine are chatting in. "Voilà," he bawls. A long wail of words ascends. Camille flings down his broom and clatters down the stairs. Before a minute has passed, Victorine, sure enough, begins to mope and pine. Out of the window she thrusts the upper half of her body, nearly falling down into the courtyard. "Camille," she shrieks. If no answer, again, in anguish, "*Camille-e*." One is forced to one's own window—what tragedy can have occurred? Glancing far down, one sees the square head and face of Camille, like

a crudely painted wooden doll. "Eh bien?" he roars upwards. A long tale of anguish from Victorine follows, which ends either by Camille rushing upstairs to join her, or Victorine tearing downstairs to join him.

By the time the uproar of the bedroom rounds is beginning to die away, the uproar of *déjeuner* begins. It has its centre in the kitchen, but gradually it spreads through the whole hotel. Muffled shrieks and imprecations can be heard from the kitchen, mingled with the crashing of china—surely broken?—rattle of cutlery, and the occasional flinging of a heavy saucepan, or some utensil filled with boiling liquid—to judge by the torrent of cries, oaths, and wails which follows. Monsieur is seen flying through the hall on his way to the kitchen. His presence has anything but a calming effect. One sits and trembles in the salon. The fortunate majority who go out for their meals pass one on their way, with noses in the air. But when one is trying to live on £5 a week in Paris—and the knowledge of how difficult that is can only be acquired by experience—one is forced to join the minority of miscellaneous beings who are the *pensionnaires*. One then pays so much a day and "knows where one is"—or thinks and hopes to. Restaurant meals are quite desperately expensive, however small the appetite and modest the taste.

The increasing noise and confusion as the hour for *déjeuner* or *dîner* approaches nearer would lead a new-comer to this hotel to imagine that there was in preparation a choice and ample meal—a feast, in fact, for Lucullus. But the old hands, the seasoned *pensionnaires*, we know well that when, summoned by the triumphant bellow of "Le déjeuner est servi," we take our places in the chill dining-room, we shall find our little tables covered with a spotless cloth, cutlery for a dozen meals, a great many plates, and a very small sardine all alone in a dish. But this is only the *hors d'œuvre*, we do not yet despair. After a long interval and a great deal of noise Marie enters with a regal allure, her dark and shining hair piled à l'espagnole on her head, her expression full of

formal charm and encouragement. She deftly removes the remains of the sardine, and replaces it by another little dish.

"Voilà, madame," she murmurs in a satisfied tone, as if to say "Now, you are rewarded. Here it is, the outcome of our labours, the child of our creation." And what is it, I wonder, as I peer down at the little shrivelled object, which could be devoured in three or four large mouthfuls. Is this *all*? I think hopelessly; for obviously it is the main dish, the apex of the feast.

Marie, if she thinks well of one, will pause near one's table. She holds a clean table napkin over her arm. "How is Madame to-day?" she asks with well-assumed solicitude. Involuntarily I glance down at the dish in front of me. The two matters seem to connect themselves in the mind. Marie takes a hopeful view. But perhaps, she suggests, a tilleul, after lunch? She will brew it herself, specially for Madame. Nothing is so good for the health.

After the *déjeuner* as I wander through the hall I see out of the corner of my eye, closeted in the little bureau which commands the entrance, Monsieur, Madame, and the unpleasant female who makes out one's bills, sitting cosily over their coffee, and muttering in low voices their grievances against the *pensionnaires*.

Madame is a grave and elegant lady who is always perfectly *bien mise*. She has no direct commerce with the hotel, and her face wears a pained and refined expression which makes one feel that she belongs to a higher sphere of society. When she unbends and talks to me, in her deliberate up-and-down intonation, she always tells me with sad dignity that she comes from Tours, where, of course, as I must know, the best French is spoken. Ah, the number of places where the best French is spoken! I meet someone every other day who comes from a place where the best French is spoken. They make one feel so degraded, with one's pseudo-Parisian accent.

But the bill-making person is very efficient at her job, and

has no such graces. She never receives one's payment of the weekly account without an air of saying, "Ah, so you have managed it *this* time, but we are keeping a sharp eye on you. We know you are hard up."

Never mind, I will leave them to their coffee and their conspiracies. I don't care. This afternoon I will have a treat. When I have finished my work, instead of boiling my kettle on the methylated spirit stove, and making tea in my brown teapot and eating *brioche*s out of a paper bag, I will go out earlier than usual, and have tea in the little *pâtisserie* near the Bon Marché. There I feel at home. The woman who keeps it is kind to me and tells me all her troubles, every time. There are just two marble-topped tables in the crowded little shop, and while I drink the incredibly weak tea and eat nice cakes from the counter, I can watch through the shop window the two rows of humble little stalls lighted by flares and lanterns (for it is now dark) and displaying cheap toys and dolls, poor shoddy garments, and tawdry Christmas *étrennes*. The pedestrians hurry past, trams stop, clink, ring bells, and move on, and just a few women and children linger, clustering round this unpretentious street market. In this odd corner of Paris there is no thought of attracting American visitors, so that the little shops and narrow streets quite lack the meretricious glare of the Christmas festivities of Montmartre.

I pay for my tea, say *au revoir* to my friend the *pâtissière*, and stand for a few moments near the stalls, about which there is something singularly real and pathetic. Then I cross the road and take my place in a small queue which is waiting to pass admiringly one of the brightly lighted windows of the Bon Marché where large dolls, in what are believed to be eighteenth-century costumes, stiffly perform a clockwork ballet—reminding one of the *Good-humoured Ladies*. But this is not much fun, as the stout French ladies in the queue push and hustle me impatiently from behind, and several of the dolls have got stuck in fantastic attitudes, refusing any longer to play their parts. I turn away. Now for my walk. Up

and along mean streets towards the Boulevard Saint-Germain, across it, and downhill again towards the river—my unvaried evening pilgrimage. Taking my courage in a firm grip, I manage to scuttle across the Quai Voltaire, almost under the wheels of an unexpected taxi, the driver reviling me with hoarse cries. And now on the bridge at last I can lean peacefully over the parapet, and watch the threaded lights, green and red and white and yellow, reflected in the dark water. Bridge after bridge, as far as I can see—arches of coloured lights. I stay there until I am frozen, and must turn away.

FANNY MARLOW.

(To be continued.)

MUSIC

A WEEK OF ONE-ACT OPERAS

MUSIC has been dull in London this autumn. The financial situation seems to demand that no risks shall be taken, and that we must, therefore, fall back upon well-tried classics and "safe" moderns. So, as has happened before, it has been left for the provinces to take the lead, while perplexed managers have run down to see whether what Bristol thinks to-day, London will pay to see next year. The credit this autumn is all due to Bristol, or rather, to one composer who lives there: Mr. Napier Miles. Honour must be given where honour is due; but it is important to know where honour should not be given. For, to tell the truth, Bristol did not seem to realise what splendid things were being done for its benefit, and it made the elections an excuse for giving the venture very scanty support. The festival, however, seems to have attracted the attention of musical critics from Chicago to Prague and from Madrid to Stockholm, while half the audience had come from London, or even farther than that.

Mr. Napier Miles is the most unobtrusive of English composers. He has devoted himself entirely to getting other people's music done, and to conducting the Choral Society at Shirehampton and Avonmouth Dock, spreading music where above all things music should be spread—in a rural area which is rapidly becoming industrial. The Glastonbury festivals, it is said, owed a good deal to his encouragement, though these were always inclined to be a "one-man show" for Mr. Rutland Boughton. But Mr. Rutland Boughton, with all the attributes of genius, knows less about writing for the orchestra and less about setting words to music than Mr. Napier Miles, and has nothing like his distinction of musical

thought. The Bristol festival was anything but a "one-man show"; out of six works performed, Mr. Napier Miles contributed two short operas, and a choral ballet written originally for Glastonbury, and eventually withdrew one of his works to allow the foreign one an extra performance on the last night. The body of the festival was made up of Purcell's *Dido and Aeneas*, *The Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains*, by Vaughan-Williams, and *Master Peter's Puppet-show*, a new work by the Spanish composer Manuel de Falla.

Since all these operas were sung in English, it is interesting to consider what that English was like, and how it stood the test of musical declamation. Purcell's librettist was a Poet-Laureate, the Tate of Tate and Brady's hymns. The lines are stiff and bald to the last degree; yet an organist of Westminster Abbey has transmuted the words of a Poet-Laureate into real poetry, and the dramatic situations are hit off with unfailing skill in the music. The catch of the rhythm and the run of the melody depend upon the elasticity of spoken English, and Purcell has realised this in a way in which Handel never could. How stiff by comparison are the recitatives of Handel's *Semele* for instance (to be performed at Cambridge next term), though the words were written by none other than Congreve! Purcell is inimitable in the setting of English words to music.

Vaughan-Williams has gone for his words to *The Pilgrim's Progress*. Christian is almost at the end of his journey, having got rid of the pack on his back and put on the "armour of light." It was a stroke of genius of the producer (Mr. Johnstone-Douglas) and the decorator (Miss Rachel Russell) to dress Christian as a Puritan soldier from one of Cromwell's armies, and the thrill of its appropriateness was increased by the bluntness of Bunyan's questions and answers. "Whose delectable mountains are these?" Christian asks; and then in answer to a further question, one of the Shepherds replies: "You are just in your way." Vaughan-Williams has treated the declamation in a way that is freer and less definite than

Purcell; the words do not make rhythmic points, by their position in the musical phrase, but are left rather to the discretion of the singer. The band, it may be mentioned, consists of two string quartets, and wood wind; with two trumpets which blaze suddenly from behind the scenes, when Christian has crossed the river and "the trumpets shall sound for me." Sound they do; especially since the parts are so written that one trumpet deliberately gets a beat ahead of the other and clashes with it.

While Vaughan-Williams is apt to solve the problem of declamation by writing a pause in the accompaniment and telling the voice to sing *senza misura*, Napier Miles has taken immense pains to make the words fit in, and to get his accentuation and phrasing to fit that of the words. His scores look puzzling from the profusion of unequal bars with five or seven beats and the constant changes in length of the bars themselves, and must be a severe test for singers, both in memory and musicianship. The singers on this occasion deserve especial mention: Miss Muriel Tannahill, Messrs. Steuart Wilson, Arthur Cranmer, and Tom Goodey. These are difficulties which occur frequently in madrigals, and in modern composers like Roussel; but madrigal-singers can make light of them because they have their books open before their eyes. On the stage, however, it is a very different story; and perhaps in the end the most reasonable solution of the problem is that adopted by the Spanish composer, who indulges in all sorts of odd rhythms without ever writing a bar which is not some multiple of two or three. Yet Napier Miles gets the effect intended. *Markheim*, founded on a short story of Stevenson's, grows upon one more at each hearing. The admirable but rather stilted dialogue spoken by these characters, who look as if they had stepped out of drawings by John Leech or Dicky Doyle, is made to sound curiously vital by the short musical phrases to which it is set. It is a good work, and may be commended to the British National, or any other travelling opera company, as a substitute for *Cav.* or *Pag.*

Fireflies, the other opera by Napier Miles, is a story in which all is told in breathless, half-whispered phrases from an Italian garden at night. It proved so difficult that—incredible as it may seem—the professional string-players of the Bristol symphony orchestra were unequal to it, and at the last minute Mr. Steuart Wilson and Miss Tannahill had to sing it with the orchestral part played on the pianoforte. It is music which bubbles and sparkles; and is brilliantly written for the orchestra; but the time is difficult, and it certainly needed more rehearsals than could be given to it. The Bristol Symphony Orchestra is unfortunately not so complete an organisation as its name would imply. London concert-goers, who know all the best wind-players by sight, were able to recognise several old acquaintances before they heard the exquisite phrasing and beautiful tone of the trumpets and horns; indeed, nearly all the wind came down from London, and played their music straight off at the first rehearsal, it being a point of honour with good professional musicians in England to read everything at sight, and come in with mathematical accuracy at the proper time. This cannot, however, be said of the strings, who were never in tune in Vaughan-Williams, and in Napier Miles were unable—or even, as it seemed, unwilling—to put their backs into it and learn the music, though the composer came from Bristol too.

AN ADVENTURE OF DON QUIXOTE

Professor Fitzmaurice-Kelly, who knew more about *Don Quixote* than any man of his time, used to say that the essence of Cervantes' humour was its unsmiling gravity. Nothing is more foreign to the author of *Don Quixote* than facetiousness, and this fact was instinctively grasped by his earliest translator, Thomas Shelton, who, as a contemporary both of Cervantes and of Shakespeare, was able to turn the best Spanish into the best English, and to do it quite naturally, as a man who translates a new foreign book into the language he habitually uses. This translation was adapted to Falla's music.

The sense of grave humour and the sense of force and beauty of language are two of the qualities which make Falla's new opera the notable work it is. As a Spaniard, Falla is a man who is passionately serious, and yet at the same time has a sense of humour which is quite irrepressible. He is also distinguished above all other composers for his sense of musical declamation. In his earlier opera, *La Vida Breve*, the setting of the words is more French in style; in *El Retablo de Maese Pedro* he seems to explore the rhythms and cadences of the Spanish language with the same feeling of excitement with which Purcell explored English in *Dido and Aeneas*; he has set to music the glorious prose of Cervantes with the same sense of discovery that Purcell must have felt in setting the words of the Book of Common Prayer, in his unaccountably neglected services.

The adventure of Don Quixote which forms the subject of Falla's opera is taken from the second part of the great story. Don Quixote and Sancho Panza are resting at an inn, when a travelling showman appears with a puppet-theatre. The play which the puppets perform is the story of Don Gayferos and the peerless Melisendra, an old Spanish ballad of how a Christian princess was delivered from captivity among the Moors in Spain by a knight of the Court of Charlemagne. The Showman is inside his little theatre, like the man in a Punch and Judy Show; the course of the story is explained by his Boy, who comes in front before every scene and explains what is going to happen and who the puppets are supposed to be. Then the curtain of the puppet-show goes up, the band plays, and the puppets go through the scene which the Boy has described. It will be remembered that Don Quixote is by no means a madman. He is only out of his mind on one subject—Knight Errantry; on all others he is perfectly sane, and is, in fact, a scholarly if somewhat irascible country gentleman who spends his days out-of-doors and his nights in his library. The Showman's Boy gabbles off the beginning of the story in a manner which is something between plainsong

and a street-cry; he pours out his words as if they had no meaning and often puts the emphasis in the wrong place. At first he is entirely unsupported by the orchestra, but gradually the instruments steal in one after the other, until at last he is singing at the top of his voice with the whole band playing away beneath him. Don Quixote listens with great attention, occasionally interrupting the Boy on a point of scholarship, until the Christian lovers have escaped and a host of Muslim horsemen ride out in pursuit. This is too much. His madness is now thoroughly aroused; he leaps up, sword in hand, and attacks the puppets which, for him, have become real Moors, not shapes made of cardboard. He is not satisfied until the puppets are all in tatters and the Showman's business ruined. "Now," he cries, "would I might have all those here before me who know not what gain to the world are Knights Errant!"

The musical opportunities of such a story are obvious. Falla has set it for only three singers and a small band of twenty-three performers, among whom there are as many wind-players as strings, a number of discreetly used instruments of percussion, and a harpsichord. His music does not sound superficially Spanish; in reality it is intensely Spanish in feeling, owing mainly to the vigour of the rhythms, and to the fact that strongly conflicting rhythms are piled upon one another. The designing of the puppets offered a great opportunity to an imaginative mind. Miss Russell achieved a definite success by her bright colours and her flat, stiffly moving, two-dimensional puppets—an idea so original that those who "knew" about puppets were too shocked to see the fun of it. Its humour appeared when one of the characters—the Emperor Charlemagne—"turned his back despising Don Gayferos." It was then seen that he had two faces, and was the same behind and before. The "expressionist" horse also made a great hit with the audience; for Don Gayferos appeared in two or three different sizes according to whether he was far away in the mountains or beneath the

castle walls, while the (muted) horn, on which he blew softly in the distance, eventually became a (muted) trumpet in his hands—to judge from the sounds which came from the orchestra.

Master Peter's Puppet-show is as intimately Spanish as Purcell's *Dido and Æneas*, or Vaughan-Williams's *Shepherds of the Delectable Mountains* are unmistakably English; and the choice of this Spanish work to round off a week of English opera was a very happy one.

J. B. TREND.

THE STAGE: AN UNINTERESTING ERA?

ONE must put a question after this statement, because, though one hates to qualify one's judgment or other people's, one knows that in discussing a subject with oneself even, one is sure to find a big gap in one's memory which, when filled, will turn previous ideas topsy-turvy. This applies particularly to the stage, which is, after all, the land of surprises.

But what must strike us at once is, that after and during the war, when the theatre was found more popular than ever, and when everything was simplified, in better taste, more frugal through having to be cheap, we said: "Ah! something is going to happen; the stage is now going to be in England what it is in many other countries, an educational necessity." But at that moment Herbert Tree and George Alexander died, the last of the older generation, and Granville Barker did as good as die—he took his leave of the struggling stage; Craig gave up the unequal contest and went to live in the sun, and people were left with Gerald du Maurier in charge of modern drama, and a new expectation in romantic and decorative drama, Nigel Playfair and Basil Dean. Basil Dean began with that very high reference Repertory, and Liverpool at that, and he had at his back the other end of his battle-cry, "Reandean." He had REA. Not what one expects in a "Backer," oldish shortish Jews, with oldish shortish cigars, round a board meeting table; nor dilettante lordlings, drivers of the pen—but a keen youngish man in "shipping," who adores the theatre.

Basil Dean with Flecker's posthumous play in his pocket, came, saw, and nearly conquered, but he depended so greatly

on others for inspiration that he came out with tremendous mistakes, mistakes which he has repeated.

The reason for this, I think, is that the truly great man in the Theatre must depend utterly on his own judgment, his mistakes he must attribute to himself; he can employ the best brains, or talents, but the decision must be his own. What was to have been the crowning effort of Basil Dean's management, *Hassan*, though it had large audiences, failed in its governing influence on the theatre—with a large "TH." It simply had its not very profitable run and ended. . . .

Basil Dean's designer, George Harris, decided to make *Hassan* like Persian prints (the most material form of Art in the world) and "worked to" Flecker's direction that the fountain must at a given moment in the play run with blood. *Hassan* is over as regards its theatrical production, so to argue that it was a mystical passionate poem and that the East was by accident its resting-place must be to shut the stable door after the horse is gone.

Amongst his more successful productions, which did make a little history, were: *Loyalties*—perfectly cast and perfectly done—*The Bill of Divorcement*—and *Will Shakespeare*, which was a cry from the heart too carefully interpreted; it failed to tug at the heartstrings of the ordinary public.

It is on Hammersmith and all its ways that our best hopes for decorative production are set; *The Way of the World*, given by Nigel Playfair, was nearly perfection. His *Merry Wives* was the best Shakespeare recently attempted, and the wind certainly blows from the extreme West for anything classical. We must not forget, in a short round-up of the things we have loved, *Mary Rose*, which comes under the epoch-making heading, a perfect play, even to those whom Barrie makes shy. *The Gods on the Mountain*, a one-act play by Lord Dunsany, *The Circle* and *Our Betters*, by Somerset Maugham, *At Mrs. Beams'* and *The Storm*, by G. K. Munroe, and the two Kapek plays which, by their foreignness, I suppose, missed fire; *St. Joan*, of course, and, at this moment, *The*

Pelican—these are the plays which first jump to one's memory, though the best may have got caught in the net of my brain in the struggle to remember.

The Pelican, because of its wide appeal, must be a very real play. A tolerably old and very important soldier of the war told its story to me with childish gratitude, as he might have spoken of a very efficient horse or even of a very efficient machine-gun: he loved it, it was RIGHT, for him, and he would have liked *Havoc* too. I saw how mistaken I had been to think that *Havoc* could be technically unsound, and that when I said to myself, soldiers won't much like this—the conditions of war were not like these, and tin cans were not like those tin cans—I needn't have worried; it appealed.

What about the acting? One does not give one's own opinion, but that of the public. Actresses, leaving out Sybil Thorndike, Edith Evans, and Fay Compton, who do not strictly belong to the younger generation, are rare indeed. One can only think of the men: G. H. Roberts, Basil Rathbone, Malcolm Keen, Frederick Cooper, Richard Bird, Ian Hunter, Robert Harris, Hugh Wakefield, Bobbie Andrewes, all have gone or will go far. Everyone will remember the boy in *Outward Bound* (Frederick Cooper), and the "Babe" in *Havoc* (Richard Bird), and Keen's performance in *The Bill of Divorcement*. Then there is what must be discussed at greater length, the amazing advance in the art of Gerald du Maurier and Gladys Cooper.

If they have tears the highbrows must be prepared to shed them now. A writer, a distinguished one, lamented to me that it was a fact that these two controlled the Theatre to-day. Why should it be a lament? Authors should take advantage of it, not weep. Sir Gerald, at all events, is a master of his art, more so than anyone on the stage to-day. It is true that he has produced, apart from *Dear Brutus*, let us not say middling but let us say not "top" plays. Some have been revivals. But he has never done a play which, while you are watching it, makes you long to press a button and send yourself, stall

and all, into the bowels of the earth, and I have seen many such plays in the last five years. Gladys Cooper and he happen to be brother and sister managements. And she certainly has done three "TOP" plays, through his instigation: Pinero's *Mrs. Tanqueray*, Hauptmann's *Magda*, and Sardou's *Diplomacy*, though it is true they were revivals. But it was like giving a young singer difficult arias to sing; he wanted her to triumph over her limitations, and she did. He himself had the hardest training any man can have, rushing or standing for hours in a crowd in *Julius Caesar*, shouting at the top of his lungs, "We'll burn his body in a holy place," for a thousand-odd performances, years ago—that and everything else that came along. "Then why doesn't he give us Tchekov?" Ah! why? Because, I suppose, he imposes upon himself limitations of which he has no need.

VIOLET RAY.

The production *Epicæne or The Silent Woman*, a *Comédie*, is about the twenty-fourth production of the Phoenix Society. The strength of their performances seems to vary. They do not go from "strength to strength advancing," but have sometimes a wonderful outstanding performance, like *The Country Wife*, and sometimes a set-back. The last performance was certainly one of the set-backs, the fault being, I think, this time in themselves, not in the play. When we have Pepys saying, "to the King's house and saw *The Silent Woman*; the best comedy I think that ever was wrote," we feel we must agree, although he didn't like *Twelfth Night*.

It was then the slightly untidy production that saved us from being madly enthusiastic (for a Phoenix audience can be so at times). We missed, for instance, Ernest Thesiger, Isobel Jeans, Stanley Lathbury, Baliol Holloway. These people have somehow the wonderful knack of rehearsing themselves at home, they are always quite sure what they are going to do and quite sure of their words. The ringleaders of the various elaborate practical jokes, as it were the "Three Musketeers" of the play (and this is strange, for Shakespeare's beaux hunted in couples), were Raymond Massey, Henry Hewitt, and George Lucco. They crossed their knees and made one think of tweeds and sock suspenders, and all spoke like the Prince of Wales at a Public Dinner—that is, very well indeed, but extremely modernly and extemporarily, and altogether showed themselves not happy or in the skin of the

period. Harold Scott wore his clothes well as usual, but played rather a "turn," not the team work we love to see at the Phoenix.

The boy, Mr. Winn, who took in most of the house in his beautiful graceful appearance and his mellifluous voice, as *The Silent Woman*, though inexperienced, was obviously loving his task. However, not until the penultimate scene, when Captain Otter (Alfred Clark), Cutbeard (Wallace Evennett), and Morose (Cedric Hardwicke) got together, did we really feel happy. These three were pretty near perfection with their pranks, and the falling off of the parson's hat, followed by the Doctor throwing his inkhorn full into his chest, was exactly what it should have been as far as the players were concerned. For the rest one felt a little what Shakespeare may have conceived on witnessing such a performance, "They imitated humanity so abominably."

All Shakespearean students must have noticed the great similarity to the *Twelfth Night* fight scene in that between Sir Amorous and Sir John Dawe. The rare word "implacable" occurs in both, and "I'll have an action of battery against him." But though *Hamlet* appeared at about the same time as *The Silent Woman*, 1610, this comedy appeared much later than most of the comedies.

VIOLET RAY.

FATA MORGANA

A strangely old-fashioned play, it seems rightly to belong to the period when plays were written according to a formula, and it was considered necessary to provide comic relief at intervals. The characterisation is crude: a vampire, worthy of the traditions of the old Adelphi Melodrama, a conventional father and mother, and a crowd of relations who contribute the light relief and are merely irritating in the way they interrupt the drama. The setting, an interior, is depressing in its almost squalid ugliness, the costumes a medley and unbecoming, the whole production unimaginative and confused. The scene is, quite arbitrarily, said to be in Hungary; it should have been in America, the Middle West.

Was ever play, or rather player, so handicapped? Yet in this strange *galère* there is a performance of surprising beauty and imagination—a creation, I venture to think, of the actor's, not of the author's. The outward appearance of "George" shares in the general unattractiveness. An overgrown, half-developed boy of sixteen or seventeen. Fair, lank, untidy hair, a boyish face with a half-sulky, suspicious expression. An old khaki belted coat which he has obviously outgrown, a cotton shirt open at the neck, and the awkward, sprawling ways of a young animal that has grown so quickly that he has scarcely learnt how to use his limbs. Added to this a strong American accent, and for the first few

moments one merely wonders if one will be able to sit through the first act before escaping. Then quickly, all, even the accent, is forgotten: one is seized by the incredible simplicity of the acting. The boy belongs to no place or period, he is of all time. It is Adolescence—perplexed, divided, with its demand for freedom and its hesitations, its vague yet peremptory desires, its moody solitariness, its rough manners and shyness, its self-centredness and its startling capacity for self-abnegation. It is the portrayal of this with such perfect simplicity and unselfconsciousness that makes one feel at moments almost ashamed, as though one were peeping through a keyhole. It is this simplicity which makes the quite impossible scene between the husband and the boy seem almost credible, and which more than once in the drama creates a poignancy which the bare words hardly warrant. It would, by the way, be interesting to read Mons. Vajda's play. The impression left with one is that the boy says comparatively little, and of that little almost nothing is personal—he cannot express himself—it is the little things and the manner of their doing, his defencelessness, and in the end his dumb acceptance that make the boy live.

And the actor—Tom Douglas. He is young, twenty-two or thereabouts. May not the Boy be a flash of sympathetic insight? Has he a future? Who shall say? Yet there was unexpected poise and balance. Judgment too, when once and again the slightest over-emphasis would have raised a laugh. There was the power of remaining quite still through long scenes when the emotion showed only in his eyes as he is roughly awakened from his dream—and from first to last an unhurriedness, a deliberation, that raised what many would have treated as an episode of calf-love into something on a finer scale. These are not the achievements of mere youth.

ZOE HAWLEY.

BOOKS OF THE QUARTER

Essays on the Evolution of Man. By G. Elliot Smith. (Oxford University Press.)

Egyptian Mummies. By G. Elliot Smith and Warren R. Dawson. With 48 woodcuts by Horace Gerrard and K. Leigh Pemberton.

Medicine, Magic and Religion. By W. H. R. Rivers. (Kegan Paul.)

THE "essential theme" of the first book is described by Dr. Elliot Smith as "the importance of the cultivation of vision in the evolution of Man's intellect." This intellectual growth was due to the great development of skilled movement. In this way the saying of Professor Pears, "the intellectual respectability of muscular skill," receives support.

From the "atmosphere of odours" in which the small land-grubbing animal lived, to the spacious visual life of the upper air among the trees, our ascent through the tree-shrew and lemuroid stage is traced. The disappearance of the snout (which prevented stereoscopic vision), and the development of the great lamp-like eyes of the Tarsier, bring us to the human super-visual stage, with *pari passu* the development of formidable tactile and acoustic powers. Whether his theory of the descent of man from marsupials can be maintained or not, Dr. Elliot Smith should be applauded for his enterprise. For "in helping us to understand the nature of the problem at issue it is much more useful to make a concrete proposal that can be criticised and attacked, than merely to play for safety and repress the whole issue as something dangerous that ought to be avoided." The "playing for safety" of the man of science (to which Nietzsche was referring when he spoke of the atrophy of the *will* so prevalent amongst them) is not a thing of which Dr. Elliot Smith could be lightly accused. Nor, luckily, does the "repressed attitude" recommended by Professor Watson to budding behaviourists when questioned appeal to him. He delights in "dangerous issues." I should think that his *will* was one of iron.

Had Darwin been able to trace our descent as far as the pretty little squirrel, instead of only to a big, fierce, unprepossessing ape-like animal, the history of the last sixty years might have been very different. But the mischief has been done; and an ancestry involving us with a bird of Paradise would not help us now.

The natural unprogressiveness of man, either civilised or savage, is especially emphasised in these essays. "Only a very rare genius amongst either group appreciates the fact that there may be something behind the obvious veil which the majority of his fellows is accustomed to regard as the real world." The similarity between the average Londoner or Berliner to-day, and the average "primitive man," in their unthinking acceptance of everything that is presented to them—which is the basis, of course, of their reluctance—a moment before it is absolutely necessary, or before it presents itself to them as a matter of life and death, to get out of their groove, and examine anything (like the mechanical significance of the objects in the firmament, the air they breathe, or the composition of their bodies, and what is good or bad for these) is insisted on.

"There is no innate tendency in man to be progressive. To the untutored savage most of the elements of our civilisation are uninteresting, unattractive, and irrelevant. Not only has he no impulse to desire such things, but he fails to take any interest in them when they are presented to him ready made. And even when he is driven to adopt any of the elements of civilisation, in most cases there is no progressive development of them. A gradual degeneration sets in until in course of time many of them are permitted to lapse completely."

On the slightest pretext man—civilised as well as primitive—collapses—gets into some mechanical complex of habits, and abandons any creative or novel task he has been forced or hypnotised momentarily into accepting. Or, alternately, he immobilises and stereotypes it. Success and the consequent removal of the pressing need for effort, the presence of an active neighbour willing to take over his share of work and thought—any of a score of things will serve him for an excuse. When in dealing with these distant epochs of human life a writer shows us the same features with which we are familiar in contemporary society, or brings before our minds a picture of the same lassitude and conventionality with which we are familiarly surrounded being dragged slowly and painfully out of the, in the first place, almost dumb and mechanical chaos of the beginning of things, he compels us to wonder (of course against our will) at how this sluggish chain of human generations ever reached the stage of such complex and arbitrary confections as the United States Constitution, or even the peculiar and methodic slaughter of the Battle of the Somme.

This terrible slowness and unwillingness, as well as inability, to *invent* anything by himself is naturally one of the principal ingredients in the great so-called "historical" argument against the "spontaneous" evolution of culture in different parts of the world. Dr. Elliot Smith's reasons appear to me to be good ones, and much more convincing than

those of the ethnologists whose theories he combats. "... the possession of the arts of civilisation," he concludes, "by any population, is positive evidence of the most definite kind of contact, directly or indirectly, with the people who actually invented these particular arts." Or again: "But when we consider how slowly and laboriously Man acquires new ideas... it becomes increasingly difficult to believe in the possibility of the independent evolution of similar customs and inventions of any degree of complexity." The book terminates as follows: "At every stage of his progress towards a fuller enlightenment—such speculations (those of physics, biology, etc.) become for the vast majority of mankind a simple device for escape from the necessity of thinking. But if such traditional evasions are a source of comfort to many, they have ever been a hindrance to the real thinker striving after a consistent and really satisfactory explanation of natural phenomena and human history." The "You told me to do so-and-so yesterday, now you tell me to do something else. Leave me alone!" of mankind is a phenomenon to which this intrepid investigator often returns, and it must play a considerable part in his life as it must in that of every pioneer—whose yesterday, or somebody else's, and its outdistanced problems is the incessant ally of the sloth and ill-will of those behind him on whom he depends in his advance to new discoveries.

The next book (to which Dr. Elliot Smith's name is also attached in collaboration with that of Dr. Dawson) is not a speculative one at all, except that the mere word *mummy* for Dr. Elliot Smith bristles with speculation: as it is to the mummy that all culture, according to him, is traceable. It is a very detailed account of all that is known of the processes of embalming, and the ritual and beliefs connected with it. It is full of information of the greatest possible interest. There is one little problem, that of the *tekenu*, the crouching figure drawn in a sledge, covered with an ox-hide, in the funeral processions, that seems made to Sir James Frazer's hand.

The following is a very curious passage from Diodorus Siculus which is quoted:

"Finally, having washed the whole body, they (the embalmers) first diligently treat it with cedar oil and other things for over thirty days, and then with myrrh and cinnamon and 'spices', which have not only the power to preserve it for a long time, but also impart a fragrant smell. Having treated it, they restore it to the relatives with every member of the body preserved, so perfectly that even the eyelashes and eyebrows remain, the whole appearance of the body being unchangeable, and the cast of the features recognisable. Therefore, many of the Egyptians, keeping the bodies of their ancestors in fine

chambers, can behold at a glance those who died before they themselves were born. Thus, while they contemplate the size and proportions of their bodies, and even the very lineaments of their faces, they present an example of a kind of inverted necromancy, and seem to live in the same age with those upon whom they look."

The state of mind produced by this Madame Tussaud's of "inverted necromancy" can be best imagined by thinking of a country house which has been in the possession of the family for many generations, with mummies instead of family portraits dispersed all over it; or perhaps ranged in a large cellar, where the master of the house could visit them with a dutiful frequency, comparing their height and corpulence, or even their various eyebrows and eyelashes, with his own.

The woodcuts in this instance are a mistake; not because they are not skilful, but rather the reverse. It is not that sort of information that we require in a book of this nature. Any good photographs for these purposes would be better than Velasquez—or in this case Mr. A. Horace Gerrard, good and dramatic as the execution of the plates certainly is.

For Dr. Elliot Smith and the "historic" school of anthropology human culture is like a house of cards that is slowly and laboriously built up. It has no ubiquitous, easily flowering energy, enabling any settled community to reach it instinctively and quickly. Professor Perry shows how, from the point of view of this school, it has been collapsing ever since the ancient Egyptian dynasties came to an end. The rest of the world has been living ever since on what was reached at that time, parcelling it out and debasing it. There is no *independent* evolution of human society; and a trick of ritual occurring in a subarctic American tribe and also among bushmen has probably a common source. Dr. Rivers slowly came to that conclusion also—brought to it by his study of Melanesian society. And *Medicine, Magic and Religion* is a record, among other things, of this conversion.

"When (formerly)," Dr. Rivers says, "I found a close similarity of custom or belief in widely separated places, I was content to ascribe it to a process of independent evolution. . . . I should have explained the similarities between the beliefs and practices of medicine, and those of magic and religion, in a similar manner." These opinions Dr. Rivers no longer held at the time of his death.

What in reality the new attitude of Dr. Rivers and Dr. Elliot Smith to these questions implies is a growing sense of the *collective* helplessness of men, of the sloth of their mechanical herding, and almost maniacal conservatism. But it amounts to saying also that if you found a sort of Robinson Crusoe on an island lordling it over everything within sight, you would at once know that it was

because this individual had arrived bristling with the potent clichés and the mechanical devices of another and highly developed culture. There would be one case in a million only where you would be wrong if you said this; for he might be a Michael Faraday or a Copernicus. But even then he would evolve his island civilisation along the lines laid down by the character of the island and its inhabitants. And if you found him practising the *couvade* or embalming his dead, you would know he had probably got it from elsewhere.

In this way the new mode of envisaging these problems, with which this school has familiarised us, depends for its effect on a very great *lowering* of our sense of the vitality of average man, and an almost complete agnosticism as regards their average resource or inventiveness. But it also shows the small number of inventive men startlingly dependent on some lucky primitive *push* of human necessity—which may only happen once, and at the outset, for a species. Culture is in the nature of a very rare fluke; once started it goes on growing like a snowball, the inertia and conservatism of men even contributing to this far more than anything else. But in our case it was soon struck at by other men possessed of an opposite conservatism—that of a warlike predatory existence. (It is Professor Perry's special province in this group of theorists to develop this historical picture.) It has survived in a precarious state, and is now dying. The doctrine of this school of anthropologists is infinitely more pessimistic than Darwin's.

WYNDHAM LEWIS.

A Study of the Prose Works of John Donne. By Evelyn M. Simpson. (Clarendon Press.) 15s. net.

John Donne: A Study in Discord. By Hugh I'Anson Fausset. (Cape.) 12s. 6d. net.

The very inconstancy of Donne's reputation implies a want of steady criticism, and what in three centuries has not been determined by general assent will not in this late day be established by easy means. Mr. Fausset has seized upon a significant subject, and has treated it in a manner significant of much modern criticism. His study belongs to that class of writing which may well deserve its epithet—interpretative—if by this is meant criticism that seeks no new fact, no new relation or comparison of facts, no analysis of facts, but merely imposes a wayward and personal fancy upon facts already in common possession. But we cannot even give Mr. Fausset the credit of assessing all the available knowledge on his subject. At the outset of his book we were rather amazed, among the acknowledgments, to find no mention of Professor Grierson's indispensable edition of the poet. It

later became evident that Mr. Fausset was ill-acquainted or not acquainted at all with what should have been the groundwork of his imaginative construction. The only quotation we took the trouble to collate (from "The Autumnal") not only repeated the errors of the obsolete text of Chambers, but even incorporated three new ones of Mr. Fausset's very own. This may be a detail in imaginative criticism, but worse follows and we are tempted to conclude that Mr. Fausset had a lively fear that his process would be dispelled by any cool consideration of facts. Here is an example:

"In July a storm . . . compelled them to put back into Falmouth, but late in August they set out once more, and early in September, saw, as the twilight settled on the sea, the sheer peak of Teneriffe:

'Rise so high like a rock, that one might think
The floating moon would shipwreck there and sink.'

In opposition to Mr. Fausset's twilight we may quote Professor Grierson in a very matter-of-fact mood:

"It is not probable that Donne ever saw the Peak of Teneriffe. . . . The Canary Isles are below the 30th degree of latitude. The fleet that made the Islands Exhibition was never much if at all further south than 43 degrees. After coasting off Corunna 43° N. 8° W., and some leagues south of that port, the fleet struck straight across the Azores, 37° N. 25° W. Donne was somewhat nearer in the previous year when he was at Cadiz, 36° N 6° W., but too far off to descry the peak."

There are not wanting more serious examples of Mr. Fausset's irresponsibility. He groups the "La Corona" sonnets with the "Holy Sonnets," and interprets them as a tribute of regret and resolution to his dead wife, written by Donne in 1617 and 1618; thereby preserving the illusion, necessary to his evolutionary thesis, that Donne's religious faith was the climax of his domestic remorse. He ignores the fact, if ever he knew it, that Professor Grierson has given convincing reasons for dating the "La Corona" sequence some ten years earlier. There is a similar slurring of facts in the interests of sentimentality in Mr. Fausset's treatment of "The Autumnal."

We have stressed these textual errors because they betray a looseness of method which has a parallel in the larger scope of Mr. Fausset's book. His aim is to present a personality, and Donne appeals to him as a "Gothic monster," "a genius physically and intellectually 'possessed,' one who ranged almost every scale of experience, and upon each struck some note, harsh, cunning, arrogant or poignant, which lingers down the roof of time; a poet who was at times near a monster,

full-blooded, cynical and gross, a thinker, curious, ingenious and mathematical, a seer brooding morbidly over the dark flux of things, a saint aspiring to the celestial harmony"—such is the thrilling conception to be worked up in every detail. There is a certain consistency in Mr. Fausset's method, and although it is a method we do not like, yet we admit that the consistency does create the illusion of life. But is the result fiction or fact? We are, at any rate, in doubt. Certainly this book can have no standing as criticism. One does not deny the importance of biographical criticism, but a good critic of this kind works from the personal history to the poetry, and not from the poetry (so far as it suits his purpose) to the personal history. It is not evident that Mr. Fausset has any clear conception at all of the nature of poetry. He has not the first necessity of a critic—an objective attitude—and his reaction to a poem like "The Apparition" ("When by thy scorn, O murtheress, I am dead") is merely ridiculous. His interpretation of the poems is at once too literal (as to events) and too presumptive as to implications. He is never, in fact, concerned with the poems as art, but always as experience. He does not seem to realise that in the mind of the poet experience is prolonged in a progression of imaginative equivalents.

Mr. Fausset is a mystic. He conceives religion as a personal revelation. "The goal of all religious emotion is the Absolute. But although the Absolute may be apprehended, it cannot be permanently imprisoned in any frame of doctrine. It is an idea, a condition of consciousness which demands perpetual reconception and redefinition." And it is because Mr. Fausset conceives Donne as mirroring this frame of mind, which he believes to be typical of our own age too, that Donne for him becomes so significant and can be anatomised as a pilgrim from "the agonized errors of sex" to the "sublimities of religion." Now there is one sense in which Donne stands parallel to a modern consciousness. He was related in a very similar manner to a body of new learning which demanded, as it now demands, an incorporation in the mind of the poet. And the real interest of a study of Donne would be in tracing his reactions to the New Learning, the degree of absorption that ensued, the relics of tradition that remained, the persistent scepticism. It would be a study, not, as Mr. Fausset has it, of a discordant personality, but of a rational mind—a mind setting no limits to its acquisitions, resolving contradictions where it could, and where it could not, projecting them into concrete expression. It can be said of Donne, as Mr. Fernandez said of Newman in the last number of this Review, that his belief was relative to religious experience, and not to mystic experience. "Knowledge cannot save us, but we cannot be saved without Knowledge; Faith

is not on this side Knowledge, but beyond it; we must necessarily come to *Knowledge* first, though we must not stay at it, when we are come thither." These words of Donne's are almost identical with words used by Newman, and in both minds, though the direction was different, the process was the same. The starting-point was the person, to apply Mr. Fernandez' distinction, not God. Through not realising this essential difference Mr. Fausset has falsified the character of Donne's faith, and introduced an artificial "evolution," culminating in a theatrical conversion, into a life that early evidenced and consistently kept its realistic nature. The good sense of Chapman's lines:

"Joy graven in sense, like snow in water, wastes;
Without preserve of virtue, nothing lasts"

is all that there is to what Mr. Fausset makes a turgid morality of Paganism and Christianity, of sin and asceticism.

We come, finally, to Mr. Fausset's mysticism. Donne, we are told, is essentially modern because he "refused both Catholicism and Anglicanism and went into the wilderness to seek religion from life." The nature of such a religion is vaguely suggested all through this book, but as it shrinks from any formulation in dogma, it can hardly be said to be defined. "Absolute spirituality does not of its nature submit to organization. It is an impalpable essence." And we come nearest to a definition when Mr. Fausset attempts an historical generalisation:

"The generation which succeeded Donne thought to bank the fires of nature beneath the formulas of wit and deism, and they suffered, despite all their outward platitude, in sickness of heart and mind. Early in the nineteenth century the smouldering flames broke out once more, only however for a Victorian generation, far less honest than Donne, to suppress them once again under the formulas of faith and science. To-day we name these antagonisms rationality and mysticism, and while modern rationality is grown less self-assured, modern mysticism is more defined and more ready to submit to verification. There are many signs indeed that we are beginning to merge the two in that discriminating intuition which, as it is the artist's purest form of perception, is also the ultimate interpretation of Christianity's ideal—love."

We are glad to have the origins of modern mysticism traced to something so concrete as "the fires of nature," even though, in the end, it merges again into the vagueness of "love." But it would be idle to deny any significance to Mr. Fausset's prognosis: the tendency he represents so vaguely has in fact some reality. He, however, completely confuses the issue by his use of the term "ration-

ality." If we substitute the term "materialism," then it must be admitted that the theory of nature so implied has largely dissolved before the new conceptions of time, space, and matter. It is no longer possible to regard nature as a mere aggregate of independent entities, each capable of isolation. Materialism, however, depends on a process of this kind. But the sacrifice of a mechanistic theory of the universe does not involve the sacrifice of rationality; nor does it necessarily imply mysticism—not, at least, the mysticism of Mr. Fausset's emotional evocation: "that sense of unassailable well-being which overflows us in our most entranced moments, as of being wonderfully clasped in the cool arms of life, our pulse in perfect accord with the heart that beats in stars and suns, winds and waters, in the elm-tree's tracery and the nodding daffodil—a rhythm which is at the same time beyond space and time, and the very principle of creative form." Such is Mr. Fausset's mood—rather a difficult one to cope with, because it obviously involves deep feelings which we have no desire to infringe; but we must protest when such pantheistic vagaries are imputed, gratuitously and imaginatively, to one who is perhaps the most concrete and factual of all English poets, one whose tendency was to seek dogma rather than a confused ecstasy, a rationalist in religion and a realist in art. We suspect, in short, that a mystical interpretation is adopted, here as in all such cases, because it is an easy one: it is easier to sink all the features of Donne's complex mentality in an all-enveloping "intuitionism" than to explain them by relating them, as they can be related, to the ideas of scholastic philosophy and the scientific speculations of the age.

Dr. Simpson's book is of a very different order. It is perhaps a "duller" book than Mr. Fausset's, but the accusation, in this age, is a commendation. The bare relation and proper sequence of facts result in a coherence more likely to lead to a true understanding of Donne's personality than any ingenious modern insight. The sketch of Donne's life does not add anything material to our knowledge, but it corrects one or two current errors and in particular Mr. Gosse's worst confusion of the poet with a certain legalist, Dr. Daniel Donne, who took an active part in the divorce suit which the Countess of Essex brought against her husband in 1613 in order that she might marry Rochester. It is but one more mark of the slovenliness of Mr. Fausset's book that he not only follows Mr. Gosse in this mistake, but elaborates it until it becomes a fantastic distortion of Donne's character. Dr. Simpson is detached and careful in her treatment of Donne's mysticism, duly emphasising its reasonable nature; we only demur at her finding a comparison in Browning. The new-found material now first published in this volume adds to its general importance; and in one of

the thirty-two new letters we find with delight fresh evidence, if that were needed, of Donne's familiarity with Dante—"a man pert enough to be beloved and too much to be believed."

HERBERT READ.

Collection "Christianisme" Librairie Rieder et Cie: *Courte Histoire du Christianisme*, Albert Houtin; *Le Mystère de Jésus*, Dr. S. L. Couchond; *Propos sur le Christianisme*, Alain; *La Sibylle*, Th. Zielinski.

The saying of Paul Bert, that "the Church of Rome is governed by seventy-two Cardinals in memory of the twelve Apostles," recurred in our mind as we laid aside M. Houtin's last volume. It would be pleasant if it were legitimate to translate the title as *A Curt History of Christianity*. For all the questions raised by the events which he summarises so briefly are, to him at least, no longer questions of controversy. He handles them without passion, without emotion, without regret, as one might analyse a compound or dissect a body; and the cold impartiality of his method is completed by the severity and economy of his style.

We have no opportunity of dealing with these volumes in detail, and are content to draw attention to them as being admirable examples of their kind. We are unable to assent to the thesis of Dr. S. L. Couchond, that the existence of Jesus can no longer be accepted as an historical fact. We are content on this question to follow rather the line taken by M. Loisy, or by M. Houtin. There is even a kind of sophistry in the way Dr. Couchond handles the evidence of St. Paul. We distrust equally the sentimentality of the author of *Propos sur le Christianisme*. Both books attracted us by a certain literary quality; but the method in each case is too subjective, unless of course one is interested in the bias of a writer's mind, which is often the only interesting quality it possesses. M. Houtin, on the other hand, is an historian, his methods are always careful, precise, scrupulous, and if under his hands the facts lose something of their colour, their nature, and their vitality, we prefer to see them under that hard, dry light in which he exhibits them, than when coloured and even perverted by a more imaginative or a more rhetorical treatment. *La Sibylle*, by M. Zielinski, shows a really fine critical insight, and the author handles his material with that perfect ease and suppleness which only a familiar and accustomed use can give.

And, really, after M. Houtin's volume, and M. Zielinski's, and within the limits which were imposed upon them, there is little more to be said. One imagines that after the acid of historical criticism has removed, film by film, the deposit which has collected about the original fact, the

fact itself will emerge pure and naked from the process. On the contrary, nothing is less probable. The historical fact for us is simply the fact that Jesus existed. It is idle even to talk of tradition or of development. There has been a succession of Christianities all differing: one characteristic form has been superimposed upon another, until their individual outlines have become blurred and indistinct, until at last the character has been deformed beyond recognition, and become a mere type without any characteristics at all. If we ask ourselves what was the original and characteristic feature of the teaching of Jesus, we are immediately at a loss. Remove the film deposited by the Church, by the Fathers, by the Evangelists, by Saint Paul, and when we are once in the presence of Jewish Messianism we realise immediately that we have passed behind the figure of Jesus already, and are moving among the shadows of his precursors. The object of our search has eluded us. There are the prophets on the one hand, and the pagan mysteries on the other. One might as well turn at once to Sir James Frazer's *Belief in Immortality*, and the fascinating pages of the *Golden Bough*. And yet there is historical evidence of the existence of Jesus, too strong for us to put aside.

FREDERIC MANNING.

The White Monkey. By John Galsworthy. (Heinemann.) 7s. 6d. net.

In this novel Mr. Galsworthy desires to present Soames Forsyte, the "man of property" of *The Forsyte Saga*, in present-day surroundings; that is to say, as a figure in the background of the lives of his daughter and son-in-law, Fleur and Michael Mont. But perversely Soames stands out as the most important character in the book. The reason for this is that he is real, while most of the other characters are false. Mr. Galsworthy does not go in for "character studies," nor does he present by caricature "types" for us to recognise: he goes straight for it and tries to give us representative figures; and this is where he is superior to many other writers of his generation. But in this matter of representative figures it is either hit or miss, and in the case of the post-war generation I am afraid he misses—badly. Soames Forsyte stands as ever representing the everyman of his generation, but Fleur and Michael and their various friends and associates, if they represent anything at all, represent some small group of pseudo-artistic people who are neither significant nor interesting.

We see Fleur married to Michael, the publisher son of Sir Lawrence Mont, baronet. She is fond of her husband, but, owing to a tragically ended romance of her pre-marriage days, she is not in love with him. She is also fond of Wilfrid Desert, a poet, and Michael's best friend. After a great deal of "playing the game" by Michael (which means that

he refrains from interfering in any of Fleur's arrangements), the affair with Wilfrid comes to an end, before, as they might say, any harm is done, and Fleur bears Michael a son, "the eleventh baronet."

Fleur is the least unconvincing of the younger people, but she is only superficially true to life. Michael is a sickening kind of saint and quite unreal. Wilfrid Desert has no particular distinction.

A sentimental account of the trials and triumphs of a packer in Michael's office, and his wife, is associated with the main story. This is very romantic and suggestive of the heroics of one of Albert Chevalier's costers. There are some very well written descriptions of the business life of Soames Forsyte, and a particularly clever *vignette* of the death-bed of his cousin, George Forsyte, sportsman and *bon viveur* till the end.

One of the reasons for the impression of falseness that the book gives is the poorness of most of the dialogue. The substitution of *y* for *a* in certain words does not make a Cockney accent: if the Cockney packer and his wife had their high-faluting conversations in real Cockney dialect, the general effect might be somewhat better. And the conversation of their betters jars on one very much, principally on account of what seems to be a prodigious effort on Mr. Galsworthy's part to translate the English language into slang, or a number of ready-made, facetious expressions which amount to slang. The use of slang is a vulgar mannerism of vulgar people; it is sometimes used by people who are not vulgar, when it becomes intensely subtle and ironic: Mr. Galsworthy seems to regard it as the accepted language of our time.

It is unfortunate that Mr. Galsworthy has failed to recognise the essential emotions of the young people of to-day. The true spirit of the times is demonstrated by a few young people of note who are really modern; but it is also to be recognised in the bulk of the young people, a generation behindhand, whose children will follow in the footsteps of those who are going before.

It seems to me that Mr. Galsworthy would do well to leave to-day and to-morrow alone, and be content to remain that historian of Edwardian days whose vigorous, unpretentious, and conscientious writing gives his books a literary as well as an historical value.

I. P. FASSETT.

Selected Poems of Emily Dickinson. Edited, with an Introduction, by

Conrad Aiken. (Jonathan Cape.) 7s. 6d.

The Thirteenth Cæsar. By Sacheverell Sitwell. (Grant Richards.) 6s.

At a first impression Emily Dickinson's tiny lyrics appear more like the jottings of a half-idiotic schoolgirl than the grave musings of a fully educated woman. This kind of verse, I thought to myself, may go

down in America, but, when imported to England, we inevitably apply to it the test of comparison with the poems of Emily Brontë, Christina Rossetti, Mary Coleridge, Michael Field. Her poems are splendid blunders. How much better they could have been if she had specialised in her craft. She was intellectually blind, partially deaf, mostly dumb, to the art of poetry. Consequently seven out of ten of her lyrical jottings are plainly failures.

Emily Dickinson has been overrated, but not so far overrated as a first survey of her selected poems might indicate. Her style is clumsy; her language is poor; her technique is appalling, and there is no excuse (except that very excuse of faulty technique) for the frequent elementary grammatical errors. There is only one rhyme (and that a doubtful one) in the poem which ends with the line—

Flinging the problem back at you and I.

so that one almost feels that her editor might have taken upon himself to correct so elementary and unnecessary a mistake.

Some twentieth-century authors, we know, ignore the rules of grammar just for fun, or as a little surprise to their readers; but there is no reason to suspect these motives in Miss Dickinson. No twentieth-century levity in her. Moreover, her lyrics have been described as "the finest poetry by a woman in the English language."

She died about forty years ago. About four decades is the average period required by the civilised human intelligence to recognise its poets. In the modern world the true bards sit alone in their rooms chanting to themselves: they court no publicity. The ancient bard was a public figure. But the modern poet's voice echoes slowly from library to library in unfamiliar esoteric tone.

It would be ridiculously easy to belittle Emily Dickinson by unfavourable quotation. At her worst she is positively comic; but her worst is as distant from her best as the half-idiotic schoolgirl from, let us say, Keats. There are very few lyrics quite flawless, but as we progress in the art of understanding her, we begin to find even in many of her flaws a kind of large splendid awkwardness, something innocently audacious, grotesque, and abnormal. The woman who wrote the following:

AFTERMATH

The bustle in a house
The morning after death
Is solemnest of industries
Enacted upon earth,—

The sweeping up the heart,
And putting love away
We shall not want to use again
Until eternity.

(clumsy enough, but redeemed entirely by a magic of pathos and loveliness), could also allow (to choose only one from many possible examples) the following to stand :

But I, grown shrewder, scan the skies
With a suspicious air,—
As children, swindled for the first,
All swindlers be, infer.

She seems to have been afraid. She dwelt in seclusion, social, physical, and psychological. She gives the impression of wanting to keep some secret. Clarity of thought is constantly veiled in obscurity of expression. She was not candid ; she does not seem to have been moved by any overruling instinct for truth. And we compare her unavoidably with her contemporary, Emily Brontë, whose infatuated desire to be faithful to her every aspect of truth overcame all timidity.

What a contrast, Sacheverell Sitwell ! This time, he is too long, too prolix, and too formidable. He must be careful not to spend so lavishly his great fortune of metaphor. He spills it recklessly into his new poems as out of a large sack, and it glitters among them as, it might be, coins of the same value again and again, with only the date different.

Maybe he is living through an awkward phase, but he must be careful (as Swinburne should have been) not to allow his subject to drowse his intellect. Such a poem as "New Water Music," with its six and a half pages of small close type, is overwhelming, and, in fact, intolerable, for analysis reveals that the same effect could have been produced in half the length. Reluctantly, then, one suspects him of indulging in the illicit pleasure of length for length's sake.

Yet compare him with another living poet, John Freeman (who has always been and still remains consistently guilty of the same error), and immediately it becomes easier to forgive Sacheverell Sitwell, though we may feel it a duty to hold up the work of his contemporary before him, blithely, as a lesson and a warning.

Nor is it possible, even though an ardent admirer of Mr. Sitwell, to resist one more protest : against, namely, what seems to be wilful obscurity. The attitude is well known. So few people, thinks the poet, are likely to take the trouble to try to understand me anyway that —well !—I need not take pains to make myself understood. Those few people who think it worth while to exert their brains on my poems

will be sufficiently intelligent to excavate my meaning, however I choose to tax their intelligence—all others can go to the devil.

Indeed, Mr. Sitwell becomes increasingly a poet for the few. Too many people find difficulty in reading him, a difficulty simply of physical effort. There is the same kind of disadvantage in connection with Emily Dickinson, but her lyrics, being all so short, the physical difficulty is negligible. She depends on sudden spontaneous effect ; Mr. Sitwell, on atmosphere. So much is this the case that the accusation of undue lengthiness would become difficult to support against the argument that the very creation of this *atmosphere* is achieved by a protracted cumulative process. Abbreviation would thus tend to destruction.

It is not difficult to realise that the atmosphere of the beautiful poem, "Bolsover Castle," depends on extensive delicate elaboration of detail, which could hardly be carried out within a briefer compass. But this poem is not at all forbidding, as are "New Water Music" and one or two of the other longer symphonic epitomes of psychological experience.

The objections raised above do not apply to those long poems that consist of a sequence of short parts conceived in the one same mood. Such is "Hortus Conclusus." The poet has every metre and rhythm at his command, and could write a sonnet with anybody. Versatility is one of the characteristics essential to such a sequence as this. His use, and his change, of rhythm is never puzzling, or affected or mannered, still less, irritating (as it may be where caprice is the motive), and it is completely natural, so that the effects are spontaneous and not obtrusively noticeable.

The atmosphere of "Hortus Conclusus" is more sensual than mental, and it is uncannily beautiful. We have only a glimpse of the Gardener, yet he pervades the sequence as a presence now supernatural and then again suddenly human :

Stand still, sun, let the summer day burn slow,
For I must snare the gardener with a stretch of notes,
Catch him alive with words as in a web.

Mute as me for speech,
And yet his throat were like a nightingale's
Had he but power to sing :
Like a boat's neck on the water should he ride in air
On those slow tides the summer winds . . .

Confusion of the sensual perceptions is less noticeable in this book than in some of the author's previous works. Nevertheless, we still have "loud starlight," and "loudly shines the sun's gold hair," and

"shrill water-grass," and other similar expressions. I had marked half a dozen passages for quotation, but does not space always forbid? The "Variation on a Theme by Alexander Pope" is almost irresistible. In it, and in "Daphne," "Warning," "Magnolia Tree," and some others of the sequence, Mr. Sitwell has exercised a restraint of which, at present, he does not always seem capable.

The title poem will be puzzling to most people. Here we have quite another atmosphere, and a new strength. Mr. Sitwell is not a poet for those who prefer to read without effort. You must either concentrate your entire attention, or you must leave him unread. The atmosphere will not be difficult to catch. Yet it will always mystify the careless reader, and even the most careful may not pierce to its inner depth until a third or fourth appreciative reading.

Justice cannot be done to him in a short notice of this kind. He is, without a shadow of doubt, intellectually the best equipped, psychologically the profoundest, spiritually the most fertile and daring, of any of the poets who are at present approaching maturity in years. But that is a general statement the reliability of which remains to be proved.

HAROLD MONRO.

Mr. Bennett and Mrs. Brown. By Virginia Woolf. (The Hogarth Press.) 2s. 6d. net.

"I believe," says Mrs. Woolf, in her brilliant essay—already known to readers of THE CRITERION—an essay which should arouse all the elder novelists to spring to the defence of their threatened territories—"that all novels begin with an old lady in the corner opposite." Mrs. Woolf proceeds to describe her encounter with the old lady in the third-class carriage, the old lady whom she labels "Mrs. Brown," and introduces us to some of "the myriads of irrelevant and incongruous ideas" which crowded into her head as she observed Mrs. Brown. Mrs. Woolf makes a bold, direct challenge to controversy.

It is difficult to confute a writer of Mrs. Woolf's powers of style and persuasion, especially when these powers are backed by Mrs. Woolf's prestige in the art of English prose; and all the more difficult because her contrast is partly between Mr. Bennett and Tolstoi, and partly between Mr. Bennett and Mr. Forster, Mr. Lytton Strachey, Mr. Joyce, and Mr. Eliot. What she says about Tolstoi is so obviously true and worth saying, what she says about the other writers mentioned is such brilliant criticism, that the simple reviewer is bewildered as to what, in her remarks, is relevant to "the art of the novel." So we are thrown back to the point: who and what is Mrs. Brown?

Mrs. Woolf's Mrs. Brown is a romantic creature—the romance of the humble to the humble's betters. She is "tragic, heroic, yet with a dash of the flighty and fantastic." This sounds like Don Quixote. But no: Don Quixote was not picked up in a railway carriage. The first comment that comes to one's mind when one has digested Mrs. Woolf's summary of Mrs. Brown is that "there ain't no sich person." That there *was* such a person, we know. Mrs. Brown survived, panting a little at the last, until somewhere about 1913—when, and not in 1910, we believe a change occurred. Indeed, a great deal of minor Victorian fiction is based on Faith in Mrs. Brown. Since 1913 it may be conceded that the shade of Mrs. Brown has been seen or felt by various persons practising the art of fiction; but it cannot be disputed that Mrs. Brown is no longer flesh and blood and apprehensive. She belongs to the Age of Heroes, or Myth-making Age. Not the youngest—least of all, perhaps, the youngest—of shingled heads on male or female shoulders, concerns itself now with "incongruous or irrelevant ideas" about fellow travellers in railway trains, or sees the denizens of a bus as "tragic, heroic, or with a dash of the flighty or fantastic." Modern young intellectuals—and here I distinguish between the minority of really modern young intellectuals and the semi-modern majority who still think that Katherine Mansfield's stories are "simply too marvellous for words"—refuse any longer to be filled with romantic interest in the doings and sayings of some patchwork Petroushka, pieced together out of a few possibly inaccurate and probably biased observations on which are imposed some "fantastic or flighty" situations born of romantic day-dreams. Mrs. Brown may puzzle the young people—but only as to why she was concocted. For them she is a mystery of Udolpho.

The sort of flight of imagination, the fictive Mrs. Brown, in which Mrs. Woolf indulges is very pleasant to make; but what, we ask, has it to do with the creation of character? And in what respect is the Mrs. Brown of Mrs. Woolf more "real" than the Mrs. Brown of Mr. Bennett, whose reality is said to consist of a vast number of accurate "external" facts? Mrs. Woolf distinguishes sharply between the period of the novel before 1910, when Mr. Bennett was still a modern novelist and servants lived in the basement, and the period of the novel since 1910, when Mr. Bennett is old-fashioned and servants borrow *The Daily Herald* from their mistresses, and live all over the house. Is it unfair to ask whether the incursion of irrelevant and incongruous ideas, as well as of *The Daily Herald*, is a symptom of the period since 1910?

Is it indeed true that the genesis of a novel—which Mrs. Woolf believes to be, for all novelists, including herself, the *creation of a character*—begins with the "old lady"—that is, with some person

observed externally, about whom we form "irrelevant and incongruous ideas"? If so, it is only fresh evidence that the age of "the novel" is ended. Is it true that Mr. James Joyce—for Mrs. Woolf cites him—arrived at Bloom by observations in a Dublin tram? and did Mr. Eliot—for Mrs. Woolf cites him also—deduce Sweeney from observations in a New York bar-room?

Now, Mrs. Woolf's analysis of the method of Mr. Wells, Mr. Galsworthy, and Mr. Bennett is not only very witty, but, we think, very sound. According to this method, if you observe accurately a vast number of the facts surrounding a character—if you observe *enough* of the facts—you reach the character itself. And this we believe to be true. We agree that this was not the method of *War and Peace*. Nevertheless, Mr. Polly and Hilda Lessways are real, although not eternal, as Prince André is. But Prince André is a symbol: of the eternal reality of Death. We believe that one of the motives of the modern age is its desire to find reality—even, and especially, the most barren, elementary, stripped reality. And the age finds it through the symbolic figure. But—to modern eyes—Mrs. Brown, the creature of fancy, would evaporate into thin air long before the Richmond train reached Waterloo.

In an age of machinery, an age of horrid young people who won't fall in love, and who talk in harsh staccato tones, with no nonsense about it, an ominous demon has slipped into old Mrs. Brown's corner. We will call him, if he must be named, Mr. Leopold Bloom; or we may call him Mr. Zagreus; or we may call him Sweeney. Here are three unpleasant travelling companions in a third-class carriage, who are neither "tragic, heroic, nor with a dash of the flighty or fantastic" in the ordinary sense; yet our young people seem to be at ease with them, and handle them with the same terrible efficiency as they do their motor-cars and their dancing. They watch with calm understanding the activities of the machine-like insect, which is man, in the form of Mr. Bloom, held steadily for their inspection under the microscope of Mr. Joyce's intellect.

Mr. Bloom is real: he might almost be called, by friends of Mrs. Brown, "photographic"—a dreadful word. But what can one hang on one's walls now? What is there, unless one keeps a lodging-house, except the photographic and the abstract? And has not modern literature solved its problem by finding the symbolic in the photograph—as Mr. Bloom is both a photograph and a symbol?

But are we to accept these three nightmare figures, James Joyce, T. S. Eliot, and Wyndham Lewis as the only representatives of modern literature? Such an idea is ludicrous. What about Proust, for instance? Proust is by no means a negligible figure to the young

"intellectuals." They like Proust—and if they cannot read him in French they are properly grateful to Mr. Scott Moncrieff. But did Proust impose upon his readers a Mrs. Brown? The most interesting, real, photographic character in the whole of that immense chronicle and document of scientific and æsthetic research is Proust himself. And Proust himself cunningly leads them into every by-way of sensibility, showing them philosophies and theories of life, and above all, cultivating their self-consciousness.

Mrs. Woolf has written a very able argument upon a thesis which we believe to be wrong. The argument is so clever that it is difficult to disprove the thesis: we can only wait in the hope that Mrs. Woolf will disprove it herself.

FEIRON MORRIS.

Rimbaud: The Boy and the Poet. By Edgell Rickward. (Heinemann.)

It would have been a pleasure to have been able to praise this book; but, unfortunately, Mr. Edgell Rickward has made that impossible. His English is so inadequate, his style is so clumsy, that he cannot be read without a constant irritation:

"He concentrated the idea of revolution, seeing it as it had urged the workers to revolt, a greed of life in those too closely oppressed which is the reality behind the economic and political explanations of the historians."

"It covers at least, besides the vague nymphomania of adolescence...."

"It was indeed fortunate that Rimbaud was not served out with a uniform."

"Such was the third and final shock which his belief in the betterment of society by concerted action from within did not survive."

"Difficult as it is to appreciate this innocence, it is a brute innocence, in face of the record of his stay in Paris, on closer thought it appears the only adequate explanation of his failure."

"Rimbaud the entranced child appears in this poem more clearly than prose by any effort can make him."

"It is worth while hearing how he wrote them in his own words, for it is a most sensitive description and whatever he meant by brutalification, it intensified and did not deaden his nervous reactions."

"It is at this point that the question may be answered as to whether Rimbaud completely ceased writing when he finished *Une Saison en Enfer*."

"As I was descending impassive streams
I felt no longer guided by the tows-men,
squalling Redskins had taken them for targets
and nailed them, naked, to painted stakes."

It is a queer fate for Rimbaud—surely one of the most sensitive *magiciens du verbe* that ever existed—to have found an English biographer and critic who appears to be completely insensitive to the values of his own language. Mr. Rickward has enthusiasm; he is not without sense, however badly he may express it; but alas, poor Rimbaud!

F. S. FLINT.

The Tents of Israel. G. B. Stern. (Chapman & Hall.) 7s. 6d. net.

A few years ago Miss Stern published a novel called *The Room*. I cannot discuss its merits here, but it was a book which made me definitely interested in Miss Stern's work, and I wondered whether she would give us a really fine novel if she let herself go. In *The Tents of Israel* Miss Stern has shown her hand at last, and it seems that she had been bluffing all these years.

There is really no excuse for such a book as *The Tents of Israel*. I don't believe Miss Stern wrote it to please her public, or any public, or anyone on earth. I believe she wrote it because she felt she had to, and the result is a trivial and hysterical piece of work: I believe Miss Stern imagined she was creating her *chef d'œuvre*.

Miss Stern has chosen a form for her novel which has already been done to death by Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Walpole, and others, and has attempted in a facetious manner to give it the rhythm of Old Testament history. She supplies us with a list of facts which have no value but their face value.

First we have a dedication to Mr. Galsworthy. Then there is a preface in which Miss Stern explains in simple language exactly what effect she has tried to give by her first chapter. Next we get a quotation from the Book of Job, and we do feel that in this matter Miss Stern might have allowed herself to be a little bit subtle. Then comes the chronicle—an account of about a hundred years of the history of the Rakonitz tribe; I am sure Miss Stern would be pleased with me for using the word tribe, it shows that I am a person who can appreciate truly the meaning of her work, in fact I have caught on. The Rakonitzes are Jews, and their family life and the behaviour of the individual members of the family are depicted clearly and accurately. We are all of us acquainted with at least one Jewish family, and so we know already everything that Miss Stern tells us. If she had put any new idea before us—if for example she had suggested that no Jew can ever be a great artist, and that the best they can do is to achieve by a fine cleverness, by very hard work, and by great restraint a marvellous imitation of art—I might have been

able to give her book some praise. As it is, one reads straight through the book saying that's right and that's right and that's right, but why bother to mention it, and why get so excited about it?

I. P. FASSETT.

The Marriage Craft. By D. H. S. Nicholson. (Cobden-Sanderson.) 6s. net.

The *raconteur* of this story assists his friend, Ronald, an enterprising person with an inquiring turn of mind, to arrange and direct a barge excursion on the Grand Junction Canal. The members of the party, eight in number, are well known to each other, and the purpose of the expedition is to produce, in the isolation of the barge life, a frank discussion of marriage in particular and the purpose and power of sex in general.

As Ronald had expected, the ideas of the various excursionists represent many different points of view. Free love, celibacy, polygamy and monogamy, are all attacked and defended in turn, and sincere pleas for the prime importance of the physical life, the mental life, and the spiritual life are put to the assembled company.

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FOREIGN REVIEWS

DANISH PERIODICALS

Tilskueren.—There is not much of purely literary interest in the October and November numbers: an article by George Brandes on the "Messianic Ideal," begun in October and ended in November, occupies the chief place. The November number consists largely of *hommages* to Johan Ludvig Heiberg, the classical scholar, historian and translator of the Greek mathematicians.

October.—A rather amusing article by Hartvig Frisch, on "Danish Sophists," contrasts present-day popularisers of learning and science with their Greek prototypes. There are also some pleasing verses by Vilhelm Bergström, called "The Old Watermill"; a sympathetic review of "Jørgen Laasby's Childhood," by a young writer, Knud Nordenloft, who is said to have succeeded better than any other Danish writer in describing childhood from a child's point of view; and a discriminating eulogy on the occasion of the sixtieth birthday of Vilhelm Anderson, the eminent literary critic.

November.—Tom Kristensen reviews recent Scandinavian travel books and short stories of life in the East. The travel books he does not seem to have found very exciting, and the stories are said to be all much inferior to Mr. Somerset Maugham's *The Trembling of a Leaf*. *Mulds kud* (The Molehill), a new volume of short stories by Martin Anderson Nexø, seems worth noting. They deal with the two subjects he knows best: peasant life in Bornholm and the life of the Copenhagen poor.

F. S. F.

GERMAN PERIODICALS

Die neue Rundschau (Berlin: S. Fischer).—The September, October, and November numbers of this review were of exceptional interest. In the September number an extract, entitled "Noch jemand," from a new long and important novel by Thomas Mann, which will probably be out by the time these notes appear; a very long essay by the young poet Oskar Loerke called "Das Unbekannteste Genie." Looking only at the title we made several mental guesses at the identity of the "most unknown genius"—all wrong. The answer was Jean Paul. The essay is an excellent analysis leading up to a useful list of recent books about Jean Paul and quotations from two living German writers,

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from Moritz Heimann, "What Dostoevski was for Russia and Balzac for France, Jean Paul was for Germany," and Stefan George, "If there is one writer to place beside Goethe, it is Jean Paul." After which one begins to wonder by whom precisely Jean Paul has been ignored or misunderstood, but the doubt should not hinder appreciation of a fresh and original essay in criticism. In the same number two interesting new publications by "classic" writers—pages from the diary of Theodor Fontane, kept while he was a dramatic critic in Berlin between 1870 and 1890, and a number of hitherto unpublished aphorisms of Schopenhauer, set down in a university notebook during the years 1810 to 1812. Two may be quoted:

"Truth is a crooked line and philosophy is the number of lines stretching into infinity without ever reaching it—the asymptotes.

"Your duty consists in doing the good you can do, not in removing all the unhappiness in the world. No one has the power to do this, and if he had it would be his duty to do it. Duty extends as far as your capacity."

The October and November numbers are of particular interest to English readers. In the first—apart from a new story by Schnitzler, "Fräulein Else"—an essay by Samuel Saenger on Nietzsche and England, explaining how Nietzsche's misunderstanding of this country has been repaid in the same coin. The debt Bernard Shaw owes to Nietzsche is for the writer the one exception to our general indifference, our insusceptibility to Nietzsche's influence—quite the opposite to France. The writer's interesting conclusion is worth quoting:

"If only Nietzsche had really known something of English history, he would have found in it plentiful confirmation of his view of the raising of the human type as the product of an aristocratic society. Outward appearances of humanitarianism could not conceal the cold fact that indomitable power of will and lust of power were all-important, from the Wars of the Roses to the struggle with Napoleon for the mastery of the New World and India, that in the establishment of the Empire moral or immoral issues played as small a part as the Puritan conscience played in the establishment of England's superiority at sea, in trade and finance, in the direction of moderating the merciless grip of systematic exploiters."

The November number is an entirely "English number." It has one or two political contributions from English writers, a short story by Mr. Osbert Sitwell, who also contributes an article on intellectual inter-actions between Germany and England, which explains that, insular as we are, we are getting better and our younger writers getting more inured to hostile criticism, and at the end of which he wonders

whether the next great revival of satire and lyric poetry will not be in both countries. The two German contributions are frankly disappointing after this, consisting of a number of impressions, of the new Regent Street and the like, by the novelist Arthur Holitscher, and personal impressions, interviews with George Moore and other English writers, by Max Meyerfeld. Still, it is no doubt a compliment to have had such a special number all to ourselves, and the company of German inquirers into literary and artistic conditions in this country will certainly be increased by it.

Die Literatur (Berlin: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt) is as overwhelmingly informative as usual. In the October number—apart from Ernst Robert Curtius's essay on Proust, which we know already—a continuation by Ernst Lissauer of his survey of contemporary German lyric poetry. In the November, a continuation by the dramatist Hans Franck of his survey of contemporary German drama—here particularly the "Neo-Classicists" Paul Ernst and Wilhelm von Scholz.

Der neue Merkur (Berlin: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt).—Rather more political than usual. The October number has a very good essay on Valéry Larbaud, by Ernst Robert Curtius, and the November number a study by Ludwig Marcuse in the "Ethos and Metaphysik" of contemporary German expressionist drama. The crux of the exposition is as follows:

"Time stands still in expressionist drama. Men do not develop, they unfold. They speak, it is true, but their utterance is not a factor in their creative evolution, but the outward appearance of an eternal existence. The individuals are fixed stars, not processes. Their metaphysical existence is unchangeable. They do not become, they are. Time touches only bodily changes, mere accidental complications. The powerful expressionist dramas are therefore timeless. At the head of them all stands Strindberg's *Dream-play*."

Die Weltbühne (Charlottenburg).—Almost altogether political, with, in particular, interesting letters from England on the political situation considered from the "Left" point of view. The only articles of literary interest were several so-called "Documents of Bavarian Justice" by Ernst Toller, published during October and November, and these only of biographical interest for the non-German reader, throwing light on Toller's imprisonment and the circumstances of his arrest; an interesting reminiscence by Arthur Holitscher of the famous satirical paper *Simplicissimus*, in its palmy satirical days—it is now respectable and "bourgeois" (September 11); a note on the poet Georg Trakl (October 2), and one of the few adequate German tributes to Anatole France we have seen, by Arthur Eloesser (October 30).

A. W. G. R.

AMERICAN PERIODICALS

The Yale Review, October.—This number is predominantly sociological and political. Besides three articles on the Presidential campaign, there is one on "The Education of Industry," by Principal L. P. Jacks, and one on "The Future of Great Britain," by Professor Raymond Turner. Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan, in a paper on "History and Literature," pleads that "History should be taught in a recognised relation to literature and not merely as a process of hand-feeding the young out of text-books on the one hand or as the purely scientific examination of documents on the other." Dorothy Martin writes on "Mr. Galsworthy as Artist and Reformer." Mr. James McLane publishes a letter of Henry James's rejected by Mr. Lubbock from the authorised edition of the Letters, which are described as "two fat volumes which, quite contrary to intention no less than to expectation, keenly disappointed, and in some cases even repelled, their readers. The effect of all this selected and arranged material was a thoroughly elaborate and unpromising likeness, a tight steel-engraved affair, which seemed singularly bare of that especial rare humour and rich allusion so pervasive in Henry James's finer novels and tales." The letter now published is concerned with the author's change of citizenship in 1915 and is indeed very expressive of the motives which then animated that sensitive intelligence.

The Modern Quarterly, Fall, 1924.—The editor, Mr. V. F. Calverton, contributes a long and careful "study in sociological criticism," the subject being Sherwood Anderson. It is a very considerable essay; it has a firm basis in its sociological attitude, and the consequences of this attitude are reflected in very illuminating criticism. Whether we can grant the sufficiency of that attitude is another matter. "Every type of literature, regardless of its length or brevity of duration, or instance of appearance, has its original and motivating cause in environment"—Mr. Calverton opens with this dogmatic statement, elaborates it, and then proceeds to analyse Sherwood Anderson's work as a product of the violent industrial growth of the "Middle-West." He discovers two distinct elements: a realistic art which is the projection of a growing proletarian consciousness, and a mystic vision, which he considers less fundamental and enduring, less universal. Mr. Calverton by no means neglects æsthetic considerations; he enumerates the essentials of fiction with a schematic thoroughness, quite in the proper Aristotelian tradition; and that he is not devoid of subtler perceptions will be evident in such a phrase as this: "The flare of satire and the whip of irony, *devices of subordinate literati*."

... " But generally there may be a twofold danger in Mr. Calverton's method: it may lead him to forget that sociology is only one of the sciences; and it may lead him to forget that literature is an art, and therefore not always quite comprehended in its analysed components.

The American Mercury, October and November.—There is a good deal of miscellaneous interest in these two numbers. In October there are some extracts from the fourth volume (not yet published) of the Camden Diary of Horace Traubel, Walt Whitman's Boswell. Other items of interest include a short story by Ben Hecht and (in November) an essay on "The Biology of Population Growth," by Professor Raymond Pearl. "On Doing the Right Thing" is an interesting comment, by Albert Jay Nock, on English freedom and American legalism; our happier state is attributed to our sense of individual responsibility, and the writer concludes that the practical reason for freedom is that freedom seems to be the only condition under which any kind of substantial moral fibre can be developed. Mr. Alphonse B. Miller writes on "Jesus and His Biographers," and expresses a regret that "no one has done Christ the priceless service that Strachey has done Queen Victoria."

The Century, October and November.—In the November number Mr. A. R. Orage gives an account of the last days of Katherine Mansfield. Shortly before her death she began to have new perceptions of the craft of fiction. She was dissatisfied with her old attitude. "I've been a selective camera, and it has been my attitude that has determined the selection; with the result that my slices of life have been partial, misleading, and a little malicious. Further, they have had no other purpose than to record my attitude, which in itself stood in need of change if it was to become active instead of passive." Her new resolve was "to widen the scope of my camera, and then to employ it for a conscious purpose—that of representing life not merely as it appears to a certain attitude, but as it appears to another and different attitude, a creative attitude." What she meant by a creative attitude she expressed in the following way: "There are in life as many aspects as attitudes toward it; and aspects change with attitudes. At present we see life, generally speaking, in only a passive aspect because we bring only a passive attitude to bear upon it. Could we change our attitude, we should not only see life differently, but life itself would come to be different. Life would undergo a change of appearance because we ourselves had undergone a change in attitude. . . . An artist communicates not his vision of the world, but the attitude that results in his vision; not his dream, but his dream-state; and as his attitude is passive, negative, or indifferent, so he reinforces in his readers the corresponding state of mind. Now, most writers are merely passive;

in fact, they aim only at representing life, as they say, with the consequence that their readers for the most part become even more passive, even more spectatorial, and we have a world of Peeping Toms with fewer and fewer Lady Godivas to ride by. What I am trying to say is that a new attitude to life on the part of writers would first see life different and then make it different."

Scribner's Magazine, October and November.—In the October number there is an article on Gottland written by Gertrude Bone, with illustrations by Muirhead Bone. In November, Professor Ramsay Traquair writes on "The Coming Commonwealth of the Pacific," and Professor Albert Guérard contributes a very interesting vindication of Voltaire's historical method, which concludes: "It seems a thankless task to urge a plea in favour of Voltaire. All that he has to say is so trite, fit only for the arch-Philistines Joseph Prudhomme and Monsieur Homais! Praise be to Burke, to the Germans, and to the Romanticists, we are now more subtle and more profound! But are we as honest? Perhaps the world does need to reconquer a thorough grasp of eighteenth-century platitudes. Vast realms of thought were overrun by splendid barbarians in the nineteenth century, with results which are still under our eyes. The Romantic glamour is fading, the Romantic din is hushed; and across the ruins the message of Voltaire is reaching us once more, thin and clear: 'Nonsense is nonsense, a crime is a crime, however magnificent they may seem. Seek the truth, do the right, and worship no idols.' So long as we have with us the heirs of Carlyle, Treitschke, and H. S. Chamberlain, it will not be amiss to raise again Voltaire's time-honoured standard: Reason and Humanity."

The Literary Review (weekly).—"Work and Leisure," by Aldous Huxley (August 30); a discussion on the short story, by John Cournos (October 11); "A Note on Realism," by Sherwood Anderson (October 25).

The Saturday Review of Literature (weekly).—"The Secret of Homer," by Gilbert Murray (November 1); "On Sappho's Poems," by H. D. (November 15).

H. R.

FRENCH PERIODICALS

The third number of *Philosophies* has appeared. It is as rich in ideas as its predecessors, and as confused. But that is a sign of the times. On the one hand, you have the younger Frenchmen thinking pell-mell over and through the whole field of the mind; on the other, you have the older Frenchmen rarefying and clarifying and pursuing perhaps one idea until it becomes so tenuous that it is almost intangible. The result in both cases is the same: abscondity—an abscondity of

complexity in the one and of too great simplification in the other: too many colours; too much white light. Nevertheless, *Philosophies* continues to be the most interesting of the French reviews received. This number contains an article by Henri Lefebvre on Louis Lavelle's theory of perception; a "Billet de John Brown, où l'on donne le 'la,'" which is both a programme and a sort of lucky-bag of ideas, yielding some remarkable prizes and surprises—un sujet de méditation à chaque page; some poems by Alfredo Gangotena, which I don't make much of; an essay on Léon Brunschvicg's Theory of Knowledge, by Norbert Guterman; an essay in which Maurice Bayen and Robert Honnert attempt a synthesis of modern and ancient ideas of the physics of matter; and a mass of critical and other material—all of it calling for more attention than we are accustomed to give to reviews. You may disagree violently with *Philosophies*; but it is there, actual and real; it offers you a challenge and a battle; it is alive and kicking; it does not present merely graceful gestures and poses for your admiration. The world begins to exist on the day you begin to look at it intelligently.

Commerce is a new quarterly published *par les soins* de Paul Valéry, Léon-Paul Fargue, and Valéry Larbaud. It is printed in large type on good quarto-sized paper—Alfa—a quarterly *de luxe*. The first number contains: "Lettre," by Paul Valéry; "Epaisseurs," by Léon-Paul Fargue; "Ce Vice Impuni, la Lecture," by Valéry Larbaud; "Amitié du Prince," by St. J. Perse; and "Ulysse-Fragments," by James Joyce, translated by Valéry Larbaud and Auguste Morel. *Commerce* is obviously not a receptacle for pell-mell thinking. It is *rassis*, though M. Léon-Paul Fargue's vision in that position is coloured and chaotic, and Mr. James Joyce is . . . what we know him to be. M. Paul Valéry meditates at length while returning to Paris. "Rien ne m'attire que la clarté," he says. "Hélas! Ami de moi, je vous assure que je n'en trouve presque point. . . . Oui, la clarté pour moi est si peu commune que je n'en vois sur toute l'étendue du monde,—et singulièrement du monde pensant et écrivant,—que dans la proportion du diamant à la masse de la planète. Les ténèbres que l'on me prête sont vaines et transparentes auprès de celles que je découvre un peu partout."—Un peu partout! Un peu! But the light M. Valéry is seeking has no absolute existence; and he cannot create it with words. M. Valéry Larbaud's essay is wise and a pleasure. He establishes a necessary distinction between the *lettré* and the *illettré*—once a class distinction; the two words now indicate the difference between a man who can read and has not read and a man who can read and has read widely enough to have acquired literary culture and judgment. Illiteracy is the vice of many writers and critics.

La Nouvelle Revue Française, November. [The post has been working badly. It has brought me only one number of the *N.R.F.* and two of the *Mercure de France*.] M. Albert Thibaudet has a note on Anatole France. Barrès seems to have been dragged in unnecessarily. However: "Mais, si Barrès nous évoque irrésistiblement l'idée d'un prince du sang, d'un grand Condé de l'art, Anatole France était bien le Maître, au sens où le XVII^e siècle disait: le Roi." It appears to me that M. Thibaudet is here making a false comparison: that though it may be legitimate to call Barrès a *prince du sang*, the phrase has a real sense; it has a political significance; while France was *le Roi* in a metaphorical sense only: he was king in the kingdom of letters; Barrès cannot be said to have stood towards France in the relation of Condé to Louis XIV. M. Thibaudet seems uncomfortable. Why? M. Thibaudet also has an article on Stendhal and Molière. He defines: "beyliste—l'érudit qui s'intéresse aux détails de l'existence de Beyle-Stendhal, et qui en recherche patiemment la trace écrite; stendhalien—un homme qui pense que Stendhal-Beyle a compris admirablement comment il faut vivre, et qui, moitié de son fonds original, moitié par conformité avec cet excellent modèle, vit, agit, écrit d'une manière qui participe de près ou de loin à la sienne."

Mercure de France, October 15. "Un Regard sur Philéas Lebesgue," by Marcel Coulon; "Un Prétendant à la Couronne de Ronsard" (le sieur Edouard Du Monin), by Paul Vulliaud; "Un Type de l'ancienne Comédie. Le Valet," by Léon et Frédéric Saisset.

November 1. "Anatole France," by John Charpentier: "Il n'y a rien, absolument rien de nordique . . . dans l'art ni dans la pensée d'Anatole France, qui tendraient plutôt vers l'alexandrinisme. Mais il ne lui a pas manqué qu'une âme. Il lui a manqué de croire à son intelligence, et de soumettre ses facultés agiles à une discipline de conscience ou de volonté. A défaut d'être un lyrique ou un pur imaginaire, comme il n'est ni un héros ni un constructeur, il n'a pas été suivi par la jeunesse . . . son enseignement anarchiste . . . nous avons bien plutôt besoin de professeurs d'ordre et d'énergie . . . que de dilettantes . . . la voix d'Anatole France n'éveille aucun écho dans les intelligences et dans les cœurs qu'un généreux désir d'action salutaire exalte." To all of which one can only say, *Tiens, tiens!*

Europe, September. "Adolescence," a *conte* by Charles Vildrac; "Otokar Fischer," a Bohemian-Jewish poet, by André Spire, with translations.

October. *Remarques*, by Jean Rostand, *pensées* in this style:

"Quelques hommes d'un goût trop hautain sont inaptes à juger; rien n'est bon pour eux, et ils ignorent où commence le bon pour les autres."

La Revue de France, October 1. "Paul Verlaine et Victor Hugo," by Gustave Simon, together with "Vers et Lettres inédits" of Paul Verlaine. Verlaine started, as a schoolboy, with an immense admiration and veneration for Hugo, and ended by violently attacking his master.

November 1. "Henri et Gustave Heine," by G. Valère-Gille; "Les dernières Années de Henri Heine," by Gustave Heine. The story of the quarrel and reconciliation of Heine with his brother Gustave, and an account by the latter of a visit to the poet at the end of his life, and of the poet's death.

F. S. F.

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