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DULLNESS

By GEORGE SAINTSBURY

THERE is of course no foolish intention here of vying in prose with Pope in verse, though the learned will be aware that Pope's friends used our title as an earlier one for the *Dunciad*. It is only desired to say a little of the quality, or qualities, real or imaginary, which may provoke, or seem to provoke, especially at the present time, the verdict "Dull" on works of literature.

I say "especially" because it would not be fair to attribute the frequent use of this degrading epithet to the twentieth century only. Fifty or sixty years ago, when I was Classical Master at Elizabeth College, Guernsey, my colleague who taught French was a very different person from the typical "French master" who had been formerly, and was still in many cases, half a dummy and half a butt in English schools, while his previous status in France, Belgium, or Switzerland was perhaps better taken for granted than inquired into. The late M. Paul Stapfer afterwards made himself well known by contributions to French literature, history, and criticism, and became a very distinguished figure in French academic life till, I believe, he suffered, like other good men, from the maleficent influence of that extraordinary popular delusion by which France put herself on a level with Athens in the Hermocopidæ

mania, and England in the Popish Plot. He was a gentleman too: and took pleasure in the society of the place (which was rather exceptionally good at the time), more particularly (as was proper) in the feminine portion thereof. But he was a man of letters before everything; and he used to complain that English people generally, and English ladies in particular, were wont to dismiss literature in blocks as "pretty" or "dry" with the variant "dull." "Pretty" has become an epithet of obloquy rather than praise. But "dull," which has absorbed "dry," flourishes like the opposite of a green bay tree. In life and in literature the most abominable thing to find, the most fatal fault to attribute, seems to be Dullness. It can hardly, therefore, be entirely lost labour to consider a little what this Dullness is, or perhaps (to put the matter with a more philosophical exactitude) what people really mean when they use the word "dull."

One cannot well proceed in such an inquiry without examples, and it so happens that two of them—one quite recent and the other fairly so—are present to the writer's mind, both having struck him at the time of their occurrence as interesting in a representative manner—as themselves by no means "dull." In one case it was the Paston Letters which were ticketed with this label; in the other Carlyle received it. One could of course pick out others from almost any page of any periodical dealing with matters in which the condemnation was in any way appropriate: and a person who much frequented clubs, drawing-rooms, and other places where they talk would hardly pass a day without hearing the word. (Its use, indeed, is characteristic of that odd concentration on self which distinguishes our day. Anything that does not at once provide the indispensable and sacred "good time" deserves contemptuous condemnation and gets it.) But these two, space being valuable, may do for letters; to give them companions from life would be easy but perhaps wicked.

As for the proposed texts, to those—probably still the majority and pretty certainly including the author of the statement

quoted—who do not know the Paston Letters, *they* might no doubt seem to be dull. And while at all times judgment has often been simply *pre*-judgment without waiting for evidence, I am inclined to think that it has seldom been more so than now. *Omne ignotum pro magni-* (or *miri*)*fico* is not a contemporary maxim; we translate it, "What I don't know is not worth knowing." And the floating generalities of half or quarter knowledge which usually determine pre-judgment where anything except mere laziness determines it at all, are mostly against the Paston Letters. The fifteenth century, outside Italy, is perhaps the prize dog in that ghastly dog-show, where all the animals have qualified by having a bad name given to them and being hanged in consequence.

Nobody of any particular fame or consequence is directly concerned in these letters, and though events of a more striking kind are so concerned, they are not dealt with in the way modern taste prefers. As pure literature the documents do not rank high; as pure history they were marginal, auxiliary, appendicial rather than of capital importance and interest. Therefore, they are "dull"—to those who find them so, or who, without giving themselves the trouble to "find," decide off-hand that they are.

But to others are they so? and ought they to be so to anybody? In them we have a real body of evidence (inaccessible before their publication and far from taken fully into consideration since) as to the justice of that "hanging" before referred to; a mass of that live detail about live human beings which is the essence of the interest of all narration—historical or fictitious; and, for those who can appreciate it, a key to part, if only a small part, of one of the most momentous changes of that human life at large which recorded time shows us. What would any tolerably intelligent person *not* afflicted with fear of dullness (you cannot make a new phobia of it, for the Greeks were interested in almost everything and therefore found few things dull), give for a collection of letters like these but dating from five hundred years earlier? It was nice

of Hroswitha to write her plays ; but what letters (as the plays themselves show) she might have left us !

Amply, however, as these considerations justify those who do *not* find the Paston dull, they indicate the reasons which influence, though certainly they do *not* justify, those who do. Ignorance—the root of all evil—to start with ; indolence—the chief manure thereof—to carry on ; and, to finish, a certain strange malady—present, no doubt, like all others, at all times, but especially active at the moment, of which more when we have illustrated the whole subject a little further. To put the thing shortly, the stuff of the Paston Letters is not modern stuff or served up in modern fashion ; things not modernised sufficiently to save modern readers trouble are dull. Therefore, etc., etc.

The dullness of Carlyle may be a little more surprising. There are indeed many obvious reasons (though perhaps reason is not quite the word) why he should be unpopular at the present day. He had entered that *third* stage which awaits those who have fought their way through a good deal of violent unpopularity and some fanatical partisanship to a sort of *concordat* between friends and foes—a stage of something like polite neglect—before the war : and his pro-Germanism (albeit altogether otherwise conditioned than in the actual circumstances) was sure to diminish the politeness and either increase the neglect or turn it into positive spurning. Moreover, there are and always have been plenty of things to be said against Carlyle. But even the worst of them almost cancels the possibility of the charge of dullness, except from a point of view which coincides with one of those assigned for the attainment of the same result in reference to the Pastons. Carlyle was always unfamiliar to the *vulgus* ; and he has at the moment become more unfamiliar than ever. Now perhaps what this *vulgus*—one of the attributes of which is to find things dull—dislikes more than anything else is that to which it is not accustomed. And the more things that are done *for* it, the fewer that are left to be done *by* it, the better. Now

Carlyle does very little for you and asks an endless amount, from selection onwards, to be done *by* you. There never was less of a tabloid-monger than he was : and this is an age of tabloids.

And yet, you know, that the marriage or attempted marriage of the work of Thomas Carlyle with any human mind not utterly uncultivated should produce an impression of Dullness does itself produce what the marriage service of the Church of England so carefully inhibits—amazement. Provocation might supervene even to the extent of Rage ; charitable Sorrow ; Wonder ; Conviction in various shades all expressible by those great words of Sir Charles Dilke's Western carter when his cart was upset : " I am not equal to this occasion "—other unfavourable and unenjoying consequences. A man might perhaps pronounce the *Life of Schiller* dull without hopelessly boomeranging the epithet on himself, though it is not really so. But then the *Schiller* is Carlyle hobbled, handcuffed, gagged to no small extent. From *Sartor Resartus* to *The Early Kings of Norway*, the Pilgrim who is not to the manner born may find himself beset by all sorts of stumbling blocks and highway ruffians ; but if Giant Dullness molests him he must have brought the enemy in his own company. You may quarrel with *The French Revolution* from the point of view of Martin or Taine or Sorel, of Mrs. Webster or *The Daily Herald*, or some private theory of your own. But if you call it dull, the politest of smiles and the least offensive of shrugs consistent with honesty must be your portion from every person of intelligence. You may be as little converted to Carlyle's view of Cromwell as I am ; but I should be sorry for you if you found any " dullness " in that wonderful phantasmagoria of hermeneutics. As one thinks of the Essays, the further thought of the " Diderot," the " Dr. Francia," the " Diamond Necklace," and a dozen others being " dull " excites inextinguishable laughter ; and though one must admit that it requires some courage to plunge into the Valley of the Shadow of *Frederick*, and some constancy to hold on to the other side, the atmosphere

of that wilderness of picturesque paradox is not precisely an atmosphere of boredom.

But Carlyle is not the subject of this little paper, only one of its illustrations—illustrations which the scale of the paper itself forbids to be multiplied. Like the less discreditable one of the Paston Letters, it shows the curious and unblessed combination of mental conditions which originates the cry of " dull " !—the sense of unfamiliarity and the revolt against any attempt to remove this sense ; the positive indignation at having to make any kind of effort. The curious " passivity " of the modern mind—the expectation that everything shall be done for it ; that at every moment there shall be some external machinery, apparatus, conspiracy of other folk to occupy, amuse, caress, cajole it—has been justly complained of by serious shepherds of the people in matters of religion, politics, education on the one side, of amusement and common domesticalities on the other. But perhaps it nowhere shows itself more than in certain respects of æsthetic ; and hardly anywhere more than in this malady which makes the soul carry about with itself, and transfer to other things and persons, an atmosphere—a sort of cloak—of " dullness."

To some extent, of course, this, like other maladies and cachexies, is a case of being " born so." Everybody must have noticed, if they have taken any notice of children at all, that among the class-distinctions of these engaging incumbrances besides Liberal and Conservative, Platonist and Aristotelian, and others, there is this of self-amusing and not self-amusing. There is one kind of child which (perhaps not invariably without calling Satan to its aid) always finds something for its idle hands to do, is always more or less "interested." There is another, which, unless it is constantly talked to, played with, " taken " somewhere, given money to spend, provided with new toys, etc., is miserable, comes to its (unfortunate but perhaps not guiltless) mother, whining " It's so *dull !* " and (too probably this time) does not receive the invigorating, disabusing " spank " which is its due. For it

must be admitted that whether these two races represent an exact original division of mankind or not, education and breeding seem to tend more and more to the multiplication of the second division and the discouragement of the first. And, what is worse, this discouragement, which maternal affection and nutricial want of other things to do, *plus* rather mistaken amiability and sense of duty, have always made common in the case of children, has of late been carried much farther in the case of adults. To do our mentors of the pulpit some justice, they do take some note of this—especially in regard to that specially soul-destroying invention the cinema, and the habit of attending professional football matches. (Putting the professionalism aside I should myself from personal experience say that football was one of the most interesting games to play and one of the most uninteresting to look at, while to read about it beats Guicciardini.) But nobody pays any attention to these matters : and more and more the demand for something to be done to, for, with, before—any preposition except *by*—you, seems to be a condition precedent if you are to escape dullness.

Now, most literature—most even of the greatest literature and certainly most of that which, though not exactly great, is not to be despised—requires this small thing to be done *by* the reader. All without exception save the lowest class of mere dime novels—and the police and other reports—stuff approaching nearest the cinema itself—is greatly improved, at any rate taken out of the possible vein of dullness, by activity instead of passivity on the reader's part. It is said that there is or was a hymn of some sect, Anabaptist, Solifidian, or the like, which had for refrain, or at least for last lines :

" Down with deadly Doing !
Never—never—*do !* "

This, in more ways than one—some of them too political for present handling—must be taken as a motto of modernism : but it is particularly applicable to the kind of reader who finds

things dull. He has not got in his possession, and he will not take the trouble to provide himself with, the necessary box to make the match strike, and he finds fault with the match. He has not the wedding garment of " interestableness," and is not merely shut out from the supper but abuses it for a bad supper—as very likely the interloper of the parable did, although it is not recorded of him.

On the other hand, the reader who deserves to read not only carries with him a receiver which at once admits all that is intrinsically non-dull in his author, but a transmuter which converts many things dull in themselves into what is interesting by suggestion and association. Take an extreme instance. You have to read, as a work of necessity and mercy, a novel in which somebody (*not* as somebody to be laughed at or with) speaks of the " Emperor Augus*tine*." And if Fortune has been moderately kind to you, and you have improved her gifts with moderate assiduity and success, this addition to the ancient *Almanach de Gotha* drives dullness away for an indefinite period. You compare Augustus and Augustine; and imagine what an emperor the Saint might have made, finding it rather more difficult to make a saint out of the Emperor. Naturally in trying to assemble favourable views of Augustus (the gorgeous vesture of *Antony and Cleopatra* becomes a leaden cope crushing him down for Englishmen), " Prends un siège, Cinna ! " comes into your mind, and you giggle as that parallel passage of Crabbe's—

> " We saw my Lord, and Lady Jane was there,
> And said to Johnson, ' Johnson, take a chair ! ' "

follows Corneille's in your memory. Whence by natural opposition the said mind reverts to that excessively improper but decidedly witty epigram on Fulvia which Martial attributes to the Emperor, and rebounds therefrom to the marvellous fragments of the same language—purified in meaning by Christian philosophy and having lost nothing in beauty by the blending of technically classical purity in language with the

stronger and stranger virtues of non-Roman race to be found in the passages which star the *Confessions* and the *City of God*.

Of course, anyone may say with a certain amount or at least a certain appearance of truth, " But this is a sort of revoke, if not even worse: you are playing cards previously up your own sleeve, not those dealt to you." But after all, do not all save the very best—perhaps even the very best—" hands " that literature has to offer require supplementing and completing from the factories or stores of the reader's mind? I have known elaborate attempts made to prove that the *Dies Iræ* is a composition of a very inferior order—attempts of course which only proved that the attempter's mind was entirely unprovided with the necessary tally, wrench, key, spanner—any mechanical parallel you like—to enable him to fit, turn on, open what was presented to him. The great Mr. Addison saw in Chaucer nothing but an obsolete and ineffectual buffoon: he evidently thought him—I am not sure that he did not use the word—" dull " ; and I am afraid, though I do not agree with them, that a very large number of people, increasing constantly for the last hundred years or so, have transferred the compliment to the great Mr. Addison himself, though they could not think him a buffoon. I have seen the word applied, more than once or twice, to Gibbon—whom even Mr. Boffin enjoyed for many nights, despite or because of his amazement at the shocking character of some of the " Declinings and Fallings " ; and whom I, impervious to such illegitimate allurements, should call about as good an author to take down for half an hour's diversion as any but the very best. Irony is dull to a very large majority of women, and, I suspect, to a by no means small minority of men; and I very much doubt whether more than a very small proportion of either sex really appreciates beauty of style.

Of course there is no intention of denying that there is such a thing as Dullness positive, intrinsic; Dullness which offers no such fantastic escapes or relief as " the Emperor Augustine," Dullness accurate in and to fact, proffering

nothing that, exposing its carbonated alkali to some more potent acid, will evoke a burst or even a fizzle of laughter; Dullness plain and plane, impregnable and invincible. But this is more common in life than in literature—I suppose for the very simple reason that the stupidest people rarely—they do sometimes—write books. Silly ones down to the silliest not infrequently do; but then in silliness, if you have not too much to do with it and it does not concern practical affairs, there is often if not always something amusing. "Lord! what fools these mortals be!" may not be an utterance expressing the most wholesome frame of mind in any mortal, but it generally expresses a kind of enjoyment. There can be no enjoyment in face of real Dullness, really felt.

But there is, as has been partly pointed out already, no lack of means whereby to reduce the stock of this bane of life and literature alike to its lowest terms. Indeed, it must be said with a great deal more truth than exists in some other descriptions of the objects of Education, that one of the chief of those objects is to exercise and supply the pupil in the methods and with the means of fighting and minimising Dullness. There must, to begin with, be Faculty of doing and Will to do this—the fact that we presume in everybody Faculties and Wills that only exist in some is the main source of the very costly and rather ghastly blunder called Education in modern times.

But supposing the faculty and the will to exist, in whatever degree, they can be *educated*—that is to say, "brought out" not "stuffed in." This is not a treatise on Education—heaven forbid! It is enough to say that any *real* process of it is a safeguard against finding things dull. For real education means first of all gymnastics of the mind which enable it to wrestle with things, to shape them in other forms; to extract from them whatever virtue they have; and secondly, feeding the mind with "provisions"—in every sense of that much-misused and stunted term. The most universal genius we know of obviously found nothing dull; Goodman Dull himself

was a joy to him in the contemplation no less than in the creation. And I should warrant pretty constant freedom from dullness even to the man who, like the Socratic philosopher of old and His Majesty's horses for the last racing season or two, was "*second* best in everything."

Catholicity of course is not itself a *catholicon* (I apologise to my readers for punning). It is almost a misnomer in religion, destructive in politics, and dangerous in morals. But in æsthetics it can fight hard for a place at least to serve as a guard against the sense of dullness. It is obvious that the more counter-tallies you have ready, the less likely you are to be destitute of the particular one which fits the object presented. I do not share the superior fastidiousness which condemns, offhand, the enjoyment of Martin Tupper, Lewis Morris, or the much-abused Ella Wheeler Wilcox, though I also do not share the enjoyment itself except in so far as (for not too long a time) I can laugh over *Proverbial Philosophy*, and as I like to remember reviewing *The Epic of Hades* and the *Songs* [better] *Unsung*. If anybody admired or admires these things really, and not because two of the writers at least were for a time hugely popular, I grudge not the admiration. It is better to worship stocks and stones than not to worship anything at all, to enjoy cowheel and parsnips than to find everything tasteless.

But of course liking or rather pretending to like anything because it is popular is damnable—*adeo damnabile ut damnabilius nihil esse possit*—as a rather academic but extremely clever friend of mine used to say. And perhaps pretending to dislike, or think "dull," anything because it is popular is almost *damnabilius*. But genuine admiration, though it may be a mistake, is not a misdemeanour. In fact, it is hardly common enough to be unclean. So perhaps also with genuine dislike. But in things æsthetic and intellectual—in things personal "the abysmal depths of personality" generally hide reasons altogether—it is usually if not always possible to give reasons for a genuine dislike, a genuine feeling that the thing

presented is offensive or uninteresting—that is to say, " dull." And one would bet fair odds that in nineteen cases out of twenty, if not ninety-nine out of a hundred, the affixers of the label " dull " could give no reasons at all, while in nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand any reason given would be declared invalid by any well-constituted court of appeal. In fact, it is hardly probable that the real reason could be given in one case out of ten thousand. For it would have to be an acknowledgment of that sense of unfamiliarity—coupled with the other sense of inability or unwillingness to make the thing familiar—which has been glanced at above.

It is curious how pervading this disease deficiency, or whatever it is to be called, is. I knew a man whom I suppose most people would admit as deserving the title of man of letters. He had been taught Latin, Greek, French, and German in very early youth; but he had not been taught Italian, and none of the innumerable accidents that determine what we do and say and think and are had put him on learning it until he was hardly to be called a young man any more. So he had read Dante only in translations, and had, while of course perceiving the magnificance of the matter, been rather disappointed as to that pure poetic presence which insists on the marriage of matter and form. At last an occasion came in his way and he found it. He made himself able to read Dante *in* Italian, and read him; and there was no more disappointment that day or any other thenceforward.

Of course everybody—even everybody with a reputation—is not Dante or worth a tithe of the trouble Dante is worth. There are masses of so-called literature which are dull, hopelessly dull; incapable even of being laughed at or of evoking that sense of superiority, that " passion of sudden glory," which Hobbes saw in laughter itself, which moralists condemn as inhuman, but which is certainly not indelectable and may be argued for as exercising a certain tonic and invigorating effect on those who experience it, when it is indulged not too

often and with justice in individual cases. Naturally enough those cases are perhaps most often found in literature which should not be and aims at not being dull—in the literature of recreation. When this literature was—as it at one time was wholly and at various times has been mainly—poetic, a great deal of it must have been, and not a little of what we have *is*, dull, though the charm of verse helps it off. When it became dramatic, dullness was not exactly the chief thing to be feared, rather extravagance, vulgarity, blood-and-thunder, indecency, and the other parasitic plagues of the stage. But when prose-fiction, after its strange and millennial birth-struggles, got itself born at last, Dullness saw her chance and took it. I am fond of the Greek Romances, but I could not pronounce them wholly free from this evil quality or influence. And though I think people will soon (indeed they are doing it already) begin to be ashamed of the nonsense talked recently about things Victorian I must admit that the *average* second volume of the *average* Victorian " three-decker " was something for men to sleep and angels to weep over—unless the former had vigour enough to throw it away and the latter power enough to blot it out of existence.

As for " subjects," there are no dull subjects (except perhaps bi-metallism). All depends on the treatment by the author and by the reader, though there are of course subjects which the author has no business to treat, and subjects which the reader has no business to read. A book on algebra or metaphysics, the more technical sides of law, or the more abstract ones of theology, does not enter into my competition where " dull " is the black-mark. Any person who uses that term of it simply shows that he has been where he has no business to be, and is speaking words that have no meaning. But other sides of these and other " serious " subjects do invite, or at least permit, treatment which may or may not be dull. And in *belles lettres*—giving that term its widest acceptance and including history, criticism, miscellaneous essay-writing, travels, etc., as well as poetry, drama, and fiction—to be or

not to be dull is a very important question indeed. It is indeed practically the whole question for us.

That question cannot be answered by giving rules for the avoidance of Dullness. It is more or less (according to the calculus adopted) than doubtful to me whether *any* question in æsthetics can be answered by giving rules. But something can be said on the avoidance of false, and the making sure of true, discovery by the reader. For Dullness is such an abominable thing that the unnecessary multiplication of it in this world, even under misapprehension, is to be avoided if it possibly can be. Therefore it is well to be exceedingly suspicious of suspicions of Dullness on our own part. Even after long practice it is well to be careful; without such practice it is impossible to be too careful. There are some mentors who would have equal caution exercised in regarding things as " pretty," to take my old colleague's opposite label; but this is perhaps excessive. Provided the enjoyment is genuine and not a mere petulant recalcitrance against general fashion it is, once more, a fact and counts. Repulsion, on the other hand, is not only exposed to the same dangers of insincerity, but to others of a still more subtle kind partly mentioned above—ignorance, indolence, prejudiced mood, other disabling influences still, which have to be carefully allowed for. Say, for instance, that you come upon something like one of the later parts of *The Epic of Hades* and find it *assommant*. You cannot be sure that the " finding " is genuine till you have gone through *Songs of Two Worlds* and decided that you sincerely hope that your lot will never be cast in either of these. Even then you must not denounce the tragedy with a title that sounds like a sneeze, or the other *Songs* (which as indicated above suggest *aurum irrepertum et sic melius situm* without the *aurum*), till you have given them fair reading, though you may simply abstain and be silent. Even in the worst work of the worst writer there remains, for one who has trained himself, the interest of wondering whether it *is* the worst.

Extending the lesson of this example, it will follow that the best safeguard against finding things dull from the selfish point of view, and against finding them so unjustly from the moral, is to extend your own knowledge and interests as far as possible. By this means, and by this means only—unless you are a superman of a most uncommon kind—you can enlarge indefinitely the number of counter-tallies, spanners, keys, reagents, and the like, ready in your mind to meet the possible correspondences in the literature presented to it. I believe *the* counsel of perfection in this matter is, " Never simply pass —still less condemn—a reference or allusion that you cannot finish or play up to; an image that you cannot *see* with your mind's eye; a character that you cannot accept as human or reject as not; an argument that you cannot endorse or smash; and so on, *without making sure that the fault is not your own.*" Of course there will be books—many of them—in which an honest and qualified player-up will find nothing to play up to; and then he may call them " dull "—for him—though perhaps even then there may be others who can have a turn with them. But remember that, in reading, " passiveness " is never " wise." Even with the greatest and most overpowering poetry, even with romance of the first rank that you have read till you could almost recite it all " off book," the consummate enjoyment is never without contribution on the reader's side. And it is, at any rate in a very large number of cases, the failure to contribute which prevents enjoyment itself; and leaves the sense—or at any rate brings about the accusation—of Dullness.

F. M. DOSTOEVSKY

PLAN OF THE NOVEL, "THE LIFE OF A GREAT SINNER"

(This plan will appear in a volume to be published very shortly by the Hogarth Press, containing also "Stavrogin's Confession.")

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20/8 December.

THE LIFE OF A GREAT SINNER

—— Accumulation of wealth.
—— The birth of strong passions.
—— Strengthening of the will and of the inner powers.
—— Measureless pride and struggle with ambition.
—— The prose of life and a passionate belief that incessantly overcomes it.
—— That all should plead; I only demand.
—— Not to be afraid of anything. The sacrifices of life.
—— The influence of vice; the horror and coldness from it.
—— A desire to defile everyone.
—— The romance of the years of childhood. Maccary.[1]
—— Schooling and first ideals.
—— Gets to know everything secretly.
—— Alone, to prepare himself for anything.

(He is incessantly preparing himself for something, although he does not know for what; and, what is strange, he does not care about *the what*, as though perfectly sure that it will come of itself.)

[1] *Sic.* This word is in Roman letters in Dostoevsky's MS.

—— Either slavery or domination. He believes. And that only. Unbelief for the first time—strangely springing up and taking shape only in the monastery. The little lame girl, Katya. Brother Misha. The stolen money. Underwent punishment. Fearlessness. A cornfield. Do not kill me, uncle. Love of Kulikov. John. Brutilov. The Frenchman Pougot. Upbraids Brutilov. Goes on with his studies. The diver. *Albert*.[1] Shibo. Receiving the communion. *Albert* does not believe in God. The old people. Loves a great many things secretly and keeps them to himself. They call him a brute and thus he behaves like a brute. Passionate desire to surprise all by unexpectedly impertinent tricks? But not from ambition. By himself. The old people. Songs, Therese-Philosophe, John, Brin, Brutilov—Brother, *Albert*. Friends, and yet they torture a friend; disgusting. A meek, good, and pure friend before whom he blushes. Training himself by hardships and accumulating money. *Humboldt*.

They immediately inform him that he is not their brother.

He makes friends with Kulikov. The lady doctor.

He sees her in a halo. A passionate desire to foul himself, to degrade himself in her eyes, but not to please her. A theft took place. They accuse him, he exculpates himself, but the affair becomes clear. The stepbrother committed the theft.

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A strong and permanent trait. Disrespect for the people round him, but this is not yet based on reason, but solely on a repulsion for them. Much repulsion. I eat grapes. He is beaten and flogged for his repulsion. He only shuts himself up in himself and hates still more. Haughty contempt for his persecutors, and rapidity of judgment. Extraordinary quickness of judgment signifies a strong, passionate indi-

[1] Throughout the MS. Dostoevsky writes this name and Lambert (see below) in Roman characters.

viduality. He begins to feel that he ought not to make quick judgments, and for this he must strengthen his will.

First signs of expansiveness.

—— It is a lie, mon Mushvar. Arkashka and French conversations. Arkashka, Brutilov and himself keep together.

The mother's boys are at Sushar's and at Chermak's. (Their repulsion comes from stupidity.)

At Sushar's—only Brutilov and his history; altogether two chapters.

All up. Because he slapped Sushar. The beginning of *Albert*.

The boarding-school. An unjust punishment takes place in the house. Exams. In the country. Self-renunciation. Katya. In the town and in the boarding-school he surprises by his brutality. *Lambert*. Heroic acts—to run away with Katya. Kulikov with him. Murder. He does not forgive any lie or falsehood and without reasoning instantly rushes into a fight. For a long time he does not believe Katya, then he put her to the test and at last intimidated her with the disgrace.

—— Strength of will—this he set before himself as the chief thing.

—— After Kulikov, he immediately goes to ask about the lame girl.

Just here they caught him.

—— In the country the lady doctor falls in love with him.

He caught her with a lover.

The lady doctor. Mr. Alfonsky—characters.

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At the house of the old people. With the old man—reading Karamzin, Arabian tales—On Suvorov, etc., On interest on money. He offended the younger old lady. Ask pardon, I do not want to. He locked them in. Death. Anna and Vasilissa ran away. They sold Vasilissa. The last communion. The first confession. Repulsion. Is there a God? Bible and reading.

January 2.

He smashed the mirror deliberately.

He decides to keep silent and not to say a single word——

—— St. mother: why do you make a show of yourself as a sacrifice? (An ideal and strange creature.)

Alfonsky, the father (his speeches to his son and aspirations).

—— A feeling of destruction.

How many sciences must one know (his conversation with Vanka).

—— Voluptuousness (he wants to remain in this state until he has money).

—— And the enormous idea of domination (a direct feeling) is hidden so deep in him that he does not f[illegible]l able, by himself, to adjust himself to these people.

He is surprised at himself, puts himself to the test, and loves to plunge into the abyss.

—— The running away with the little girl and the murderer Kulikov immediately after his removal from Sushar's to Chermak's. (The fact which produces an overwhelming effect on him and which has even somewhat unsettled him so that he feels a natural need to contract inwardly and to reflect so as to lean on something.) He leans after all on money.

Of God meanwhile he does not think.

After Kulikov, he is humble at home and in the boarding-school in order to

reflect and find himself, to concentrate;

His silence ends after a year and a half by his confession about Kulikov.

——But he is unsociable and uncommunicative, nor could it be otherwise, remembering and knowing such a horror, and looking at all other children, for instance, as at something perfectly alien to him, from

which he had fled away into another path, into a good path or a bad one.

The blood at times torments him. But the *chief thing*:

(He is violently carried away by something, by *Hamlet*, for instance.) The inhabitants of the Moon.

It is not this alone that isolates him from everybody, but really his dreams of power and his enormous height above everything.

From that height he is kept back by science, poetry, etc., i.e. in the sense that these are higher things and that it is therefore necessary that he should be higher and better in them too.

Only to prepare oneself, but he is strangely *certain* that it will all come by itself. Money will solve *all* questions.

The chief thing. The meaning of the first part—hesitation, insatiable desire for the ideal, instinctive consciousness of superiority, power, and strength. Looking for a fixed point to rest upon. But at any rate an unusual man.

Page 11.[1]

or better:—Not a single dream of what to be and what's his vocation prevented him from amassing money.

But doubt is always solved by the necessity of money and the chance of amassing a fortune (he sells himself to the men-servants).

Concerning a horse that went mad, or a fire.

The father gave him a flogging—a rupture between them—I do not consider you my father.

—— He sells himself to the men-servants, and for this he is held in general contempt, but

—— Finds a pocket-book—the infatuation that possessed him finally on account of his exam.—he nearly yields.

But after this the history of Katya's disgrace, and then

[1] At the top of page 11 is the sentence: "Scenes (cows, tigers, horses, etc.)."

the hellish debauchery with *Albert*, crime and blasphemy and denouncing himself as accessory to the murder with Kulikov—*straight into the abyss*. The Monastery.

—— Although money concentrates him terribly on a certain *firm* point and solves *all* questions, at times the *point* wavers (poetry and many other things) and he cannot find a way out. This state of *wavering* forms the novel.

—— Strengthening of his will, wounds and burns—feed his pride. He wishes to be ready for anything.

—— He made up his mind to make money in an honest way. His hesitation with regard to the pocket-book.

——*) Since a great many things at times *move* him sincerely, in a terrible fit of spite and pride he plunges into debauchery.

(*This is the chief thing.*)

—— His estrangement from people was furthered by the fact that they all looked upon him as an eccentric, and laughed or feared him.

—— A broken head (pantalons *en haut*), he is ill.

Then Chermak left him along. (Mango.)

—— By the process of thinking he arrived at the conclusion for instance that it is not necessary to act *dishonestly*, because acting *honestly* he would make money even *better*, since to the rich all privileges for any evil are granted even without that.

—— *Albert* and he steal a star from the crown and escape successfully (*he* incited), but when *Albert* began to blaspheme, he began beating him. And then he declared himself before the court as an atheist.

—— Idea: that he could gain a still greater power by flattery, like Von Brin.

But no—he thinks—I want to reach the same end without flattery.

Page 12.

I myself am God, and he makes Katya worship him. (God knows what he does with her. "I shall love you then when you can do everything.")

—— In the vagaries of his imagination he has endless dreams, up to the overthrow of God and putting himself in the place of God. (Kulishov had a strong influence.)

PROBLEM

To find the mean proportional.

Memento. Act 1. Early Childhood.
The old man and woman.
,, 2. The family, Sushar, the running away and Kulikov——
,, 3. Chermak—exams.
,, 4. The country and Katya. Debauchery with *Albert*.
20 Childhood.
20 Monastery.
40 Before deportation.
20 Woman and Satan.
40 Heroic acts.

—— Repulsion for people from the very first consciousness as a child (through the passion of a proud and domineering nature). Out of contempt :

—— " I will carry it with a high hand, shan't degrade myself with the flattery and dexterity of a Brin."

—— And this too is from repulsion for people and from contempt for them from the earliest years of childhood——

—— " Oh, if I only took upon myself the rôle of a flatterer like Brin—what could I not achieve ! "

—— And begins at times to reason : " Shall I not become a flatterer ? (he consults the lame girl about it). This too is a power of the spirit—to *endure oneself as a flatterer*. But no, I do not want it, it is foul—besides I shall have an instrument—money, so that they, willy-nilly, whether they choose or not, will all come to me and bow to me."

With Kulikov he displays his spiritual power. Kulikov does not kill him ; but the murderer, the run-away soldier, they killed together.

13
2
27
12
3
5
—
35 years ago
born in 1835.

If anyone overheard his dreams, he believes he would die ; but he confesses himself in everything to the lame girl.

—— Whatever he reads, he tells in a peculiar way of his own to the lame girl.

—— " A slap in the face is the greatest offence." With blood——

—— The first organized dream of the significance of money.

—— The lame girl keeps everything *he* is telling her secret —she does it without thinking, without his command, having subtly realized it for herself, so that in most cases he does not remind her of the necessity of keeping things secret.

The lame girl does not agree to become an atheist.

He does not beat her for that.

Page 13.

—— A single, but detailed psychological analysis of how the writers, for instance, " The Hero of Our Time " (Lermontov), affect a child.

—— The indignation of a child at the guests as they arrive ; at the frankness and impertinence which they allow themselves. (Uvar) " How dare they ? "—the child thinks.

—— The fall of the old couple.

—— The theatre. Sit on my knees——

They flog him for his repulsion.

—— When he and the little girl come to live with the Alfonskies, he tells her not to say a word about Gogol or

about what concerns us, about travels. She should not say a word.

—— He has read an immense amount (Walter Scott, etc.).

—— At the Alfonskies—not brothers. He is made to feel it.

—— He pretends to be rude, undeveloped, and a fool.

—— With the men-servants.

—— Mrs. Alfonsky suggests the idea that they should not mix with the children.

—— At Sushar's. Alfonsky flogs him. It turns out to be for no fault.

—— Mrs. Alfonsky has invented, the running away. With Kulikov—Caught.

—— A guest: they call him. They examine him. Candid thoughts.

The guest is surprised.—The house is set on fire, or something —illness.

—— *Alfonsky delivers speeches.*

—— At Chermak's. Progress in studies, reading, Exam.

—— After Exam. Alfonsky makes some one fall in love with—— Alfonsky questions.

For the lame girl. With Katya. A cornfield.—Family scenes—Alfonsky, his friend, a box on the ear.

In Moscow, *Lambert*—

About classical education at Chermak's (Herr Teider).

Jan. 27.

He is astonished that all these (grown-up) people completely believe in their nonsense, and are much more stupid and insignificant than they seem from the outside.

(One of the *scholarly* guests falls down intoxicated and goes with gipsies in the Maryin Woods)

A period of unbelief in God. Essential to write how the New Testament had affected him. He agrees with the Gospel.

The chief thing meantime is his own *I* and his interests. Philosophical questions engage him in so far as they touch him.

Page 14.[1]

Lambert.

The lame girl: and I will tell how you said that you will be a king (or something ludicrous).

—— he wounds her for this ——

Lambert and *he*—a complete picture of depravity. But *Lambert* is intoxicated with it and finds nothing higher than this. National levity.

But *he* plunges into debauchery with an irresistible desire, but also with fear. The hollowness, dirt, and absurdity of immorality astonish him. He gives it all up and after terrible crimes he denounces himself with bitterness.

Of what does he speak with the lame girl? Of all his dreams?

"When I am grown up, I shall marry not you." So that it is not necessary to say he dreamt of this or that, but he went to the lame girl and said to her this or that. Of what he will be and of money. *He beat her because the money did not increase.* He talked to her about the reading of Karamzin tales, etc. He was taught French and German by the young lady, the old, etc. They went for their lessons to other children (there they made fun of him).

Because the lame girl did not flare into a passion for Karamzin, he beat her.

He knew the whole Bible, he told her.

—— The history of the world—but was weak in geography.

[1] On this sheet Dostoevsky noted: *To begin to send out on Feb. 22, Jan. 27.* Under the name of *Lambert* stands the name of the author. On the top are several dates—Feb. 10, 15, 22.

(Dreams of travels, Kul and the lame girl.) They read novels. He is highly developed and knows a great deal about many things. He knows Gogol and Pushkin. He never pretends tenderness for the lame girl until the time when he carried her in his arms.

He meets Umnov, who proves that he knows more than he. Coming home he tells the lame girl that Umnov is a fool and knows nothing, and gave the lame girl a slight beating; after that he pays great attention to Umnov.

Do it—cut me off, I don't want you to study together with my children.

—— When the old couple used to be very drunk and roll about, the lame girl used to cry over them. At first he beat her, but then ceased.

—— They killed a goose—

The Bible. Jacob bowed three times. He gets muddled with the Bible. The lame girl laughs.

—— The habit of beating her; he did not want to kiss her.

(The lame girl was not frozen to death.
They found her. But she disappeared from the house of the Alfonskies.)

His incessant thinking. From the time he began to remember himself: What shall I be and how shall I do it all.

Then doubt: is power alone worth everything and might one not be the slave of all the strongest?

He began training his will power.
He is stung by passions.

Page 16.

That in each line should be heard: I know what I am writing and I am not writing in vain.

1. THE FIRST PAGES. (1) The tone, (2) ideas to be artistically and concisely fitted in.

THE FIRST N.B.—*The Tone* (the story is a *life*—i.e. although from the author, it must be concise, without being meagre in explanations, but also representing by means of scenes. In this harmony is needed). The concision of the story is at times that of Gil Blas. As though no importance is attached (by the author) to dramatic and scenic passages.

But the dominating idea of the Life should be seen, i.e. although the whole dominating idea is not explained and is always left vague, the reader should always realize that the idea is religious, that the Life is of such importance that it is worth while to begin even from the years of extreme childhood. Also, in the selection of that in which the *story* consists, of all facts, there is continuously displayed (*something*) and the man to be is constantly exhibited and set on a pedestal.

Chief. Nota Bene: He began saving money from a vague idea, but that idea was all the time becoming solid, and showing itself to him in the further development of the affair.

But the chief impulse was his coming to live at Alfonsky's.

(1) Caught a mouse.
The lame girl.
The old couple.

When I shall be grown up.
- The nurse, bathing, the badge, and retirement.
- Anna and Vasilissa ran away.
- The last communion (the Italian, money from pocket)—
- The first idea.
- The teacher (drunk).
- The first confession, what has he got there in the little boxes, and in the cup? Is there a God?
- To convert the Devil.

The beating of the lame girl.
- The corpse by the hedge. Kilyan.
- Vasilissa was sold——
- Interest on money and conversations with the guest.

Readings. On Suvorov. Arabian tales.
Dreams.—Umnov and Gogol (the lame girl laughs).
—— The old couple grow weaker and weaker.
He locked them in. He got drunk.
Stole with the boy. Thrashed him.
Fighting with older boys.
—— Complete depravity.
He beats the lame girl to make her fight the boys.
She would like to come out, but she was thrashed and she cried.
Dreams of power and will. Umnov looks at naked girls (tries to assault the lame girl).

When the old couple died he is eleven years old, and the lame girl is ten.—Alfonsky—The old man and woman. Death. He makes a speech to the lame girl upon how to behave.

—— Before that: They teased the lady—fell on her, they were dragged home, flogging.—He was afraid to complain.

The first fight, he rushed to beat the gentleman with the medal.

I shall never play the coward.

—— I'll learn not to play the coward. (He was afraid, but thrashed the boy.)

—— He cut himself for a test.

—— Instruction from the boy as to fornic . . . on, (Therese-Philosophe gave him a beating for it.)

But the book she took away from him.

He began to save money.

To amass (he tells the lame girl).

The lame girl was taken into the Alfonsky family before.[1]

[1] On the left-hand margin Dostoevsky wrote, beginning at the words "They caught a mouse" and continuing to this point, "To squeeze all this into four folios (maximum)."

He, directly he arrived, puts her through an examination. (Advice to her: do not speak of Gogol and of nothing of *ours*.)

First part. The boy is wild, but thinks a tremendous lot of himself.

Page 18.

—— The man-servant Osip—at first he was taken into the house to amuse them by telling stories, by his jovial character. *Alfonsky* had whipped Osip's brother to death, then he took Osip and pressed him for the army. Immediately Osip escaped (he is also Kulikov). They killed Orlov. They part. Kulikov (Osip) let him off.

—— In a year and a half's time the hero's step-mother weeps at Alfonsky's betrayal of her. He keeps a mistress openly. Osip's sister. (For that reason he whipped Osip's brother to death.) Alfonsky is killed by the peasants (?).

The canvas of the novel. The hero's step-mother, Alfonsky's wife, when she pined, becoming an old maid, had a fiancé (an officer or someone—teacher).

But she married Alfonsky. Unhappy and offended by Alfonsky (she slapped his mistress in the face) she renewed relations with her first lover, who happened to turn up at that time. The boy saw them kissing. "You may report it to your father," and then begged him not to tell. The boy kept silence; but Alfonsky knows that his son knows that he has horns and that the step-mother has a lover.

He made a row in the village on account of the lame girl. He mocked Katya. The mother was beside herself because of Katya. In town with *Lambert*—and so on.

Here (Al—y) who made a row in the village, the peasants *might* have killed him, which the boy might witness, and——

(I may make up about the step-mother and her lover, and to what extent and degree the boy is *involved* in that liaison.)

—— Alfonsky has a benefactor—and indeed his chief enemy, because he is a benefactor. All the benefactor's favours humiliate his pride. The benefactor does not like to live

unless he can act the part of benefactor, but for one inch of favour demands three yards of gratitude. Both humiliate themselves, humiliate each other, and hate each other to the verge of illness.

Page 17.

—— The extraordinary pride of the boy has the result that he can neither pity nor despise these men.

Nor can he be very indignant with them. He cannot sympathize either with his father or mother. At the exam. he distinguished himself unexpectedly,—he wanted to appear an imbecile. He despises himself greatly because he could not restrain himself and distinguished himself.

—— The dangerous and uncommon idea that he is to become an extraordinary man possessed him from his first childhood. He thinks of it incessantly. Cleverness, skill, learning—all these he wishes to acquire as a means to being extraordinary in the future.

Again money seems to him at least not unnecessary, a power useful on all occasions, and he decides on money :

Knowledge appears to him terribly difficult.

Now again it seems to him that even if he is not to be an extraordinary man, but most ordinary, money will give him everything,—i.e. power and the right to despise——

And at last he repents and is tormented in his conscience because he wishes so basely to be extraordinary.

But he himself does not know what he will do.

The pure ideal of a free man flashes across him at times ; all this when at the boarding school.

—— He made friends with Osip, about the Khlysti, they almost sleep together.

—— Umnov ; he knows Gogol by heart.

Page 70.

Monastery—God give us and all animals a good night.—(To make a study of Humboldt's description of animals, Buffon and the Russians.)

—— Science as worship.

—— About the bear.

—— Of his first love and how he became a monk—(chastity).

—— On the nature of Satan ?

—— Anikita goes to Chaadaev to exhort him. He calls Tikhon : the latter comes, argues, and then asks to be forgiven.

—— On little insects and the universal joy of *Living Life*, Tikhon's inspiriting stories.

—— His friendship with the boy, who allows himself to torment Tikhon by pranks. (The devil is in him.)

—— Tikhon learns of Therese-Philosophe. He blesses him in his downfall and revolt.

—— Tikhon's clear stories about life and happiness on earth. Of his family, father, mother, brothers. Extraordinarily simple and therefore moving stories from Tikhon of his transgressions against his people, of pride, ambition, mockery (I wish I could unmake all this again now, Tikhon says).

This alone is in itself moving, that he has become friends with the boy.

Tikhon's story of his first love, of children, it is lower to live as a Monk : one must have children, and it is *higher* when one has a vocation.

—— Therese-Philosophe disturbed Tikhon. And I thought that he had already been hardened. He vowed obedience to the boy. He obeys him.

(Loftily, vigorously, and movingly.)

Tikhon says to a certain lady that she is a traitor to Russia as well as a malefactor towards her children ; of how they are deprived of childish visions even from their very childhood. The study of them (by Leo Tolstoi and Turgenev), although they are exact, reveals an alien life. Pushkin alone is a real Russian.

The boy has at times a low opinion of Tikhon : he is so funny, he does not know things, he is so weak and helpless, he comes to me for advice, but at last he perceives that Tikhon's

mind is as strong as a babe is pure; that he cannot have an evil thought, cannot be tempted, and therefore all his acts are clear and beautiful.

Page 71.

Tikhon. On humility (how mighty humility is).

All about humility and free will.

—— Of forgiving the unforgivable sinner (that this torment is the most tormenting). Page 19.

The Main Idea.

May 3/15.

After the Monastery and Tikhon the Great Sinner comes out into the world in order to be *the greatest of men*. He is sure that he will be the greatest of men. And in that way he behaves: he is the proudest of the proud and behaves with the greatest haughtiness towards people. The vagueness as to the form of his future greatness coincides perfectly with his youth. But he (and this is cardinal) has *through Tikhon* got hold of the idea (conviction) that in order to conquer the whole world one must conquer oneself only. Conquer thyself and thou shalt conquer the world. Does not choose a career, but neither has he the time: he begins to watch himself profoundly. But along with this there are also certain contradictions:

(1) gold (amassing) (a family on his hands); amassing money was suggested to him by a usurer, a terrible man, the antithesis of Tikhon, (2) Education (Comte. Atheism, Friends.) Education. He is tormented by ideas and philosophy but he masters that which is essential.

Suddenly youth and debauchery. A martyr's act and terrible crimes. Self-renunciation. But out of mad pride he becomes an ascetic and pilgrim. Travels in Russia. (Romance of love. Thirst for humiliation), etc., etc., and so on.

(The canvas is rich.)

Fallings and risings.

Extraordinary man—but what has he done and achieved.

Traits. Out of pride and infinite haughtiness towards people he becomes meek and charitable to all because he is already higher than all.

He wanted to shoot himself (a child was exposed at his door).

He ends with establishing a Foundling Hospital and becomes a Haase.[1] Everything is becoming clear.

He dies confessing a crime.

(*Translated by S. S. Koteliansky and Virginia Woolf.*)

[1] F. M. Dostoevsky had evidently in mind the famous Russian doctor and philanthropist Haase.

THE STORY OF TRISTRAM AND ISOLT IN MODERN POETRY

By T. STURGE MOORE

PART I. NARRATIVE VERSIONS

ALAS! young dramatists never tempt us with new versions of Hamlet's or Othello's story, yet Athenian audiences were asked to applaud ever afresh Medea's or Antigone's. Milton did not carry out his intention of writing a *Macbeth*. Even had he not surpassed Shakespeare's he must have thrown light on the essential characteristics of that masterpiece, and might have eased the tyranny which forces us to suppose that all Shakespeare's faults were such as it is easy to correct, while his excellences must for ever be gaped on. But should young dramatists venture so far as an *Othello* it is almost beyond a doubt that the public, even the cultured public, would be unable to respond.[1] Let us, then, praise Mr. Binyon and Michael Field that after Tennyson, after Matthew Arnold, after Swinburne, and the European outburst of Wagner's success, they did not shrink from treating the legend of Tristram and Isolt. However highly we laud the modesty of those who refuse to measure their work beside acknowledged masterpieces, behind such talk there glows some perception of the courage and logical soundness of those who dare.

[1] Mr. Gordon Bottomley has recently used the earlier lives of Shakespeare's characters and thus challenged comparison in some degree, though the events he has imagined are obviously less crucial than those on which the great tragedies turn.

In every long poem the most essential ingredient is the subject. Only those capable of revealing the proportions of man's soul are suitable: the main energies of our aspiration must be aroused either by stimulus or in reaction or perhaps, most perfectly, by the composition of all our powers, in contemplation.

The theme of Tristram and Isolt's story, the supposed paramountcy of sexual passion, is latent in most love tales. Is adultery ever to be condoned? It often is, and men have even occasionally honoured it, and the old tale symbolises this rare contingency in the magic philtre which forced illegal passion on these lovers. Tennyson's "The Last Tournament" does not treat this subject, his is not the poetical Tristram and dies differently. It is as though a Greek, bent on honouring the much-enduring husband of Aphrodite, had depicted an ugly Ares. Merely a shadow in the "Idylls of the King," this Mark, this Tristram, this Isolt, interest far less than the Achilles, Patroclus, and Ajax of *Troilus and Cressida*, for not only do they travesty more beautiful conceptions, but their author seems to have ignored this fact, and his work strikes us as little better than the dismal success of one "devising wretchedness."

When we come to Swinburne we breathe, the verse runs, nay flies. Instead of the lines producing an effect as of a succession of doors endlessly opened and shut as we pass through the stuffiest of labyrinthine palaces, wherein all decoration palls as more and more hopelessly out of place,—instead of the lines of "The Last Tournament" we have winged words in the open. We are delighted, buoyancy and zest invigorate us, but this wind blows for ever; it has no pauses, no lulls, no sleep, and it constantly drives the tale out of the mind instead of home to it. Then, the incidents have a dream-like inconsequence; so easy is it for these lovers to overreach King Mark who takes so kindly to the Brangwain hoax.

> "While many a day for many a month as fair
> Slid over them like music."

They ride away and luxuriate in the forest till one is at a loss to conceive why they were found with sword unsheathed between them, one is never told why, and sixteen pages have been turned before we learn even so much of their elopement's end. This Mark, who bestowed illegality on their love, is so flimsy a phantom that the wonder is he fulfilled even that function, he can hardly be supposed to have added the zest of danger. In vain one turns back the pages, there is no explanation—till we, like Tristram,

> " Musing with close lips and lifted eyes
> Have smiled with self-contempt to live so wise
> And run so smoothly such a length of lies."

We are reminded of the *Arabian Nights*, but unlike Arab poems this never makes the frank confession that "thus things are related, when they were true Allah alone knows." Yet, like the wisest Asiatics, the author does seem convinced that *nothing at all* is the one cheat better than any man's lie :

> " They have the night, who had like us the day ;
> We, whom day binds, shall have the night as they.
> We, from the fetters of the light unbound,
> Healed of our wound of living, shall sleep sound."

Oh, that he had never pretended that this private rhapsody was a story ! but he always returned to the pretence. Indeed a host of psychological as well as factual lacunæ make it impossible that this poem should possess that truth superior to the truth of history preconised by Aristotle. There are no transitions, we never learn what Brangwain said when she missed the love-cup on waking. Then, without sentiments of her own, she undertakes and plays Isolt's part to the King's satisfaction year after year. Nor is there hint of how Tristram regarded his philtre-enforced treachery, while his emotions, motives, and acts over wooing his virgin-wife are drowned

in the inconsequence of a yet deeper dream. Such phenomena seem best explained by Pandarus' song :

> " Love, love, nothing but love, still love, still more ! "

In spite of rushing eloquence and splendour heaped on splendour, perhaps we prefer Mistral whose pathetic determination to make the theme of an idyll suffice for an epic, with twelve books, passage through hell and apotheosis complete, does so much to mar a poem full of life and truth. For Swinburne's failure is different and more sinister. The loves of Tristram and Isolt were matter of greater dignity than those of Vincent and Mireille. Yet neither is epic. Homer did not write the loves of Paris and Helen, much less revel in them. The " luxuries," as Keats called them, of song have altogether got the better of what he called " the ardours." These latter overcome the difficulties of portraying a subject, while those former sing the praises of its beauties at the expense of the subject itself.

A senior contemporary complained of "Swinburne's fatal habit of using one hundred words where one would suffice," but still more trying I find his constant repetitions—of words, of rhymes, of images, of effect, till one thinks with longing of those chaste writers who have been punctilious in these respects.

> " And love, kissed out by pleasure, seems not yet
> Worth patience to regret."

Taking these poems in an order that helps us to a survey of the most recent, we now come to a work which Mr. Binyon follows very closely. He, like Matthew Arnold, frankly discards epical for lyrical narrative, and both make the last meeting and death of the two lovers the central one of three parts. The credit for this exceedingly original and ingenious form remains with him who created it ; Arnold's poem is instinct with the genius for form, for the avoidance

of waste, extravagance, and caprice. But is the beauty thus treasured that most essential to the story of Tristram and Isolt ? We who have experienced what the author had not, the exhilaration and illumination of Wagner's great drama, can hardly deem that it is.

In lyrical poetry the poet's sentiments about the subject are usually allowed the first place, the subject in itself becomes subordinate ; and we must not forget that the epic or impersonal method attempted by Tennyson and Swinburne is more difficult, has more dignity.

Yet when we open the book what a relief after Tennyson ! after Swinburne ! to read :

Tristram.

" Is she not come ? The messenger was sure
Prop me upon the pillows once again—
Raise me, my page ; this cannot long endure.
—Christ, what a night ! How the sleet whips the pane !
What lights will those out to the northward be ?

The Page.

The lanterns of the fishing boats at sea."

Here assuredly we strike the right way ; direct, composed, effective, it transports us at once, it is dramatic ; but though his opening be, Arnold's poem is not dramatic. No, so critical a mind could not forget whence this story is derived, and so in spite of the splendid impulse of his genius to lift it above that world, romance it has remained. Wonderfully he succeeded in welding a modern reflective element with the naïver beauties proper to his sources ; at moments it rises, is dramatic ; throughout it is charming, touching, not wearisome, not ignoble, but also not sufficient, not great. The effect is weak compared with that of *Romeo and Juliet*, which Shakespeare was not afraid to lift out of the world of the Italian novel, any more than he hesitated to lift *Macbeth* out of the world of savage ballad and chronicle. However, there are advantages in Arnold's condensed arrangement of the story ; it is a move

in the right direction, if not the right move. The wanderings and adventures of the hero and heroine only obscured the power of the old romances. Conceptions of friendship, fidelity, and honour are this story's sap and marrow. The real crux, then, is the relation of either lover to King Mark ; but even Arnold has not penetrated himself with the feeling of these situations sufficiently to realise the importance of King Mark's figure so that according to his own rule " everything else " might " follow." No, he let himself be seduced by the yet more pathetic though less necessary figure of Tristram's wife, Isolt of Brittany. So important he makes her that she becomes his heroine, and he uses her as symbol of his reflection on this tragic tale. And this reflection is, in a lyrical treatment, the reason of the poem's existence. Only with the last line of the third part (which Dr. Garnett once called " an appendage to the poem," imagining that it was by applying Arnold's own rules that he had obtained this result) is this reflection brought completely into the light. When " Isolt of the Snow-white Hand," having told her children the story of Merlin and Vivian, explains it with the words—

" For she was passing weary of his love."

When a child I remember to have been told that a certain reach of river below Arundel was bottomless, and I have often when looking on such placid streams been reminded of the awe which this conception of a body of water imperturbably crossing the black unfathomable central gulf produced in my mind ; such a placid uneventful progress Arnold's Isolt of Brittany holds throughout the poem, until this comment of hers with which the poem abruptly ends suddenly suggests what a chasm she has glidingly overbridged who still quietly winds on through a passionless landscape, without hurry, without perturbation, by the magic force of integrity as the placid Arun crosses the nether gulf, according to a popular fancy.

" This fool passion " had in those stormy lovers forced

aspiration into conflict with their actions, but not in her. Vivian may seek freedom—

> " For she was passing weary of his love."

Isolt seeks not, but accepts sorrow in lieu of a bridegroom, for integrity does not grow weary but remains all of a piece with its aim—in this case, to help.

Tristram is dead, these are his children; there has been no rebellion, there is no resentment; it is not she who has underlined the words; her creator has closed his poem here, and has told us before:

> " She raised her eyes upon his face—
> Not with a look of wounded pride,
> A look as if the heart complained—
> Her look was like a sad embrace:
> The gaze of one who can divine
> A grief, and sympathise."

That grief which the elder, more passionate, Isolt utters:

> " Both have passed a youth constrained and sad,
> Both have brought their anxious days to evening,
> And have now short space for being glad."

Yes, and the young wife of the " Snow-white Hand "—

> " For her youth passes too, constrained and sad.
>
> Does she see unmoved
> The days in which she might have liv'd and lov'd
> Slip without bringing bliss slowly away,
> One after one, to-morrow like to-day?
> Joy has not found her yet, nor ever will—
> Is it this thought that makes her mien so still,
> Her features so fatigued, her eyes, though sweet,
> So sunk, so rarely lifted, save to meet
> Her children's? She moves slow: her voice alone
> Has yet an infantine and silver tone,
> But even that comes languidly: in truth,
> She seems one dying in a mask of youth."

A wonderfully impressive contrast to those lovers whose lives had been so early forced aside from avowable aims is this woman in her daisy-encircled life. Like some wise Merlin, she looks calmly back from spell-bound days on the fact that her youth and love had been stolen from her by one whose master desires must lead him inevitably elsewhere, who has always returned to longing for the time when

> He himself whither he will may rove—
> For he is passing weary of her love.

This contrast, between the two lovers and the victim of their unrealisable dream, is the real subject of Arnold's poem, and it is not completed till he has shown us his heroine musing on the case of one who rebels and escapes from bondage herself while keeping another under it. What thoughts might not stream in upon her from this Merlin and Vivian story which she tells her children? Perhaps we should imagine her fancying how she had found Tristram

> " Passing the long summer's day
> Idle as a mossy stone
> In the forest depths alone;"

like another Merlin in the enchanted daisy circle; recalling how she had tried to free him, and how she had failed, and how, nevertheless, the beauty of his hope to be released and of her hope to release him had been left with her embodied in her daisy-bright little ones. We could imagine this without straining the mood Arnold's magical use of this fairy tale evokes: and what other imagination could he have intended to provoke in us, by ending his poem as he did? Just such another master stroke as this use of the story of Merlin and Vivian terminates " The Scholar Gipsy." The sudden revulsion of feeling by which the last two stanzas overwhelm us is a return upon the thought which has dominated the whole poem: for " the young light-hearted masters of the wave " do not resemble the jaded moderns with whom they are com-

pared in anything but that they are fled from by those whose conception of life was less adequate. Thus an analysis of present discontents becomes all but a prophecy; for these "young light-hearted masters" had the brilliant future of Greece before them. And so in Arnold's belief [1] was there a brilliant future before the groping of modern thought more truly than before the Scholar Gipsy, the man spell-bound by a belief that his whole experience, and the spirit of the age in which he lived, ought to have corrected long ago.

Mr. Binyon's version is avowedly lyrical—being, though improperly, classed as an Ode [2] and is divided into three parts, the second a dialogue in alternate stanzas. Shorter than Arnold's, it has no secondary dialogues or idyllic narrative, though several monologues are bedded in the prologue and epilogue. It is, then, not yet the treatment due to the subject, though it comes nearer in the theme, being the loves of Tristram and Isolt, and not a contrast between them and something else: nevertheless the unnecessary Isolt still has a larger share of the poet's attention than King Mark. In the opening we read,

> "Still, the day long she hears
> Kind words that are more sharp to her than spears.
> Ah, loved he more, he had not been so kind!"

The calamities that beset intimate relationships leap to mind with poignant reality, and for me two of Swinburne's most haunting lines recur, though they were used to quite different effect:

> "And loving-kindness, that is pity's kin
> And is most pitiless."

But Mr. Binyon was not a debtor to the Ballad of Life for this just reflection; on the contrary its more generalised statement may admirably illustrate how he fills words springing

[1] He provided this belief with a rational basis, which, as far as I am aware, has never been impugned.

[2] *Odes by Lawrence Binyon.* The Unicorn Press. MDCCCCI.

naturally from some special occasion with thoughts so sound that they would succeed in more philosophic form as in Swinburne's lines. Instances abound in the poem before us.

He wins our full sympathy for his weak and cruelly tortured Isolt, who tells her stricken husband the expected ship bears a black sail, signal that her rival is not on board, though in reality the sail is white, as he sees when having struggled from bed he staggers out on to a platform open to the air:

> "Close thine eyes, Tristram, lest joy blind thee quite!
> So swift a splendour burns away thy doubt.
> Nay, Tristram, gaze, gaze, lest bright Truth go out."

Mr. Binyon paints the ship nearing the quay far down at the foot of the cliff, and then suddenly bewilders me after Swinburne's fashion, asking me to believe something he gives no reason for, and which seems impossible. "And now o'er all the rest" the noise of the sea, the sailors, and those on shore,

> "Like magic in his ears
> A voice that empties all the earth and sky,
> Comes clear across the water, 'It is I!'"

Unless he meant the word "magic" to convey that really no voice was heard, which it does not, this seems an instance of that fault which lyricism so naturally leads poets to commit —the pretence that the beauty of things can contradict their nature. Yet it surely would have been easy to refer this effect to Tristram's enchantment with the idea of Isolt's approach, which had caused him to hear her voice under conditions that must forbid actual words to pass. However, I should not have paused at this if much more were not immediately demanded:

> "O had she wings to lift her to his side!
> But she is far below
> Where the spray breaks upon the rusted rail
> . . . . .
> How shall her strength avail
> To conquer that steep stair
> Dark, terrible, and ignorant as time?"

Then no more of sailors or attendants ; no one comes forth from the castle, but without help, alone, the Queen of Cornwall struggles up to Tristram who is equally uncared-for, and they remain all night out on this platform overlooking the Bay of Biscay, till both die of exposure and ecstasy.

Far on in the third section the widowed Isolt cries,

" O all my wretched servants, where were ye ? "

but no one replies, yet surely the question needed answer. Arnold strains the narrative to the full when he describes—

" The air of the December night
Steals coldly around the chamber bright,
Where those lifeless lovers be ; "

and then imagines the thoughts of the huntsman worked in the arras, without saying whether the page has fallen asleep or gone to bed. Yet, his lovers are securely within, we may suppose that all ordinary care had bēen taken before they were left : but how explain the state of affairs in Mr. Binyon's poem ? Has he not neglected fundamental conditions of the situation, carried away by the emotion it raised ? Yet this passage, in which Mr. Binyon parts company from those who need to know how things are supposed to have happened, is not long or overloaded after Swinburne's manner, but barely some dozen lines : and the idea of this climbing of the stair is extremely fine and appropriate, so that we with Isolt are carried up until—

" at last, at last . . .
What tears are like the wondering tears
Of that entranced embrace,
When out of desolate and divided years,
Face meets belovèd face ?
What cry most exquisite of grief or bliss
The too full heart shall tell,
When the new-recovered kiss
Is the kiss of last farewell ? "

—until lines, the finest the poem contains, make us willing to overlook almost anything. Yet the second section proceeding gives us time to realise where these unfortunate lovers are. In the lines last quoted the soul of the subject, as this poet conceives it, is reached ; the remaining sections show the lovers themselves realising the ineffable power of that last meeting which is also a farewell, and the widowed Isolt and King Mark realising its inevitability and utter condemnation of themselves : for both have been slaves of love's cupidity, and have tried to hoard what they never did possess, another's soul, while Tristram's and Isolt's mistake has been, for honour's sake to allow a lie :

" *Tristram.*
Accurst be still that day,
When lightly I vowed the king
Whatever he might pray
Home to his hands I'd bring.
Thee, thee he asked ! And I
Who never feared man's sword
Yielded my life to a lie,
To save the truth of a word."

Again ! How felicitously the language rises to gnomic force without losing naturalness ! Here too for the first time the subject is tapped at its very heart. The word of honour is owned to be the real rock on which these lives have gone to wreck. Arnold would seem to have steadily turned his face away from this rock as from King Mark. This grandly moving dialogue sustains the level reached in this stanza, for Mr. Binyon is at his best here, yet to widely different effect from the parallel passage in Arnold's poem.

" Calm, calm the moving waters all the night
On to that shore roll slow,
Fade into foam against the cliff's dim height
And fall in a soft thunder, and upsurge
For ever out of unexhausted might,
Lifting their voice below
Tuned to no human dirge ;

Nor from their majesty of music bend
To wail for beauty's end
Or towering spirit's most fiery overthrow;
Nor tarrieth the dawn, though she unveil
To weeping eyes their woe,
The dawn that doth not know
What the dark night hath wrought,
And over the far wave comes pacing pale,
Of all that she reveals regarding nought."

Save for this lovely Homeric respite we are plunged from the last heaven-clutching delirium of the dying lovers into the frustrate heart of the white-handed Isolt.

" I, I have killed him, I that loved him, I
That for his dear sake had been glad to die "

she wails, and again,

" I loved him not enough, I could not hold
My tongue from stabbing."

And later on, in Cornwall, King Mark stands still—

" And to his eyes
Such tears as old men weep, yet shed not, rise "

while he speaks to the dead Tristram:

" Now, after all thy pain, thy brow looks glad;
But I lack all things that I ever had."

According to the story Mr. Binyon followed, King Mark, after hearing his nephew's amorous eulogies of Isolt, traps an oath from him to bring him whatever he asks for, and then names Isolt: and from the lips of this man Mr. Binyon brings, besides the lines last quoted, these:

" O Tristram, no more shalt thou need to hide
Thy thought from my thought, sitting at my side,"

and to Isolt these:

" Never again shall I, reproaching thee,
Make thy proud head more beautiful to me;
But this is the last reproach, and this the last
Forgiveness that thou hast."

King Mark has not been betrayed into these words to crushingly satiric effect after the savage manner of Ibsen, that his moral atrophy may be underlined—no, our full sympathy is expected. Such confusion can only be explained by lyrical expressions from his personages having been interchanged with the poet's own, till the resulting impression contradicts the premises. This king, to whose hall the bodies are brought back, might seem to have nothing in common with the detestable uncle who asked for the woman he had never seen, from the man he perceived to be in love with her, under the advantage of a thoughtless oath, had Mr. Binyon let us forget what he might seem for a while to have forgotten —but no, this King calls Isolt

" My treasure, that I found so very fair
The treasure I had taken with a snare."

" What right, then," we impatiently cry, " had he to his self-pity? "

" And now the end has come, alone I stand,
And the hand that lies in thine is not my hand."

These lines might worthily close a most impressive poem, to which this snare-business would be as foreign as it seems unnecessary.

Since these lovers are tragic figures, the man they wrong should have been either such as they would least wish to hurt or else his unworthiness should have added insult to their sufferings. They, dying, leave their attitude to him ambiguous, then when he speaks, the truth should have

found words which by justness might retrieve him for our pity or by inadequacy drown him in our scorn. Yet we neither know how he appraised himself, nor how they did, nor yet how Mr. Binyon intended us to. The reflection which it was surely part of his aim to promote, leaves us bewildered. How shall we respect these moving lines if we think that such a king should beg, not grant, pardon, hide his thought, not twit others with hiding theirs, or even that lovers so situated could never have met just in that way? Are not these poetical impossibilities, and not to be classed with Homer's gods or Shakespeare's treatment of time? Or, may such personages serve as fluctuant images of a poet's emotion? Not even Pindar could rob them of other significance.

Both these last poems were, I imagine, written by young almost-married men, whose ignorance and expectancy affected their conceptual powers, freeing here, driving too hard there. Swinburne's fever is not unlike theirs, but, in him, the suspense seems to have lasted over-long and treads on the heels of madness. Arnold's excitement indulges his ruling passion for the attainment of wisdom,[1] overstressing where he may have felt the shrewdest doubts and certainly entertained the most eager hopes: he makes his two women more patently than Tristram become wise, the one consciously through suffering, the other by inborn propensity. Mr. Binyon, I think, overstrains the age-defying equality of his lover's passion that their last meeting may be exultantly pathetic, a mood according better with youth than age. Yet reciprocal power of endurance is certainly an ideal aimed at by lovers, and more characteristic than desire for wisdom.

> "Long dead are our friends and our foes,
> Old Rual, Brangian, all
> That helped us, or wrought us woes;
> And we, the last, we fall."

[1] "Mycerinus," "Empedocles," "The Scholar Gipsy," and the never-written "Lucretius" all hinge on the love of wisdom and its tragedies, not to mention the Obermann poems, "Thyrsis," etc. etc.

Such lines set us wondering what white-haired phantom on three legs King Mark may now be, till we hear him speak like a less aged man. Swinburne, with those perfervid strangely secure and inefficient clandestine couplings, perhaps sought to compensate some personal despair of uniting physical with imagined satisfaction. Each poem has the beauties and defects of the bias revealed. Had Shakespeare treated this subject at a similar crisis of his private fortunes, possibly without loss of ecstasy, the balance of the soul's powers had been more perfectly kept, though single characters might have exceeded more outrageously in any direction.

To-day it is no more usual to regard the structure of a poem as the seat of its most essential beauties than it was in 1853 when Arnold wrote his splendid preface. Yet, if as Buffon implied, beauty of style lies in the number, coherence, and justness of relations between the perceptions evoked—form and theme contributing equal numbers of these—then it is evident that beauties of detail which lack organic relation to the whole or present an inept one, must, like cut or wired flowers doomed to sterility, ill compare with bloom on thriving plants.

(*To be concluded*)

THE WASTE LAND

By T. S. ELIOT

I. THE BURIAL OF THE DEAD

APRIL is the cruellest month, breeding
Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing
Memory and desire, stirring
Dull roots with spring rain.
Winter kept us warm, covering
Earth in forgetful snow, feeding
A little life with dried tubers.
Summer surprised us, coming over the Starnbergersee
With a shower of rain ; we stopped in the colonnade,
And went on in the sunlight, into the Hofgarten,
And drank coffee, and talked for an hour.
Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Litauen, echt deutsch.
And when we were children, staying at the archduke's,
My cousin's, he took me out on a sled,
And I was frightened. He said, " Marie,
Marie, hold on tight." And down we went.
In the mountains, there you feel free.
I read, much of the night, and go south in the winter.

What are the roots that clutch, what branches grow
Out of this stony rubbish ? Son of man,
You cannot say, or guess, for you know only
A heap of broken images, where the sun beats,
And the dead tree gives no shelter, the cricket no relief,
And the dry stone no sound of water. Only

There is shadow under this red rock,
(Come in under the shadow of this red rock),
And I will show you some thing different from either
Your shadow at morning striding behind you
Or your shadow at evening rising to meet you ;
I will show you fear in a handful of dust.

Frisch weht der Wind
Der Heimat zu,
Mein Irisch Kind,
Wo weilest du ?

" You gave me hyacinths first a year ago ;
They called me the hyacinth girl."
Yet when we came back, late, from the Hyacinth garden,
Your arms full, and your hair wet, I could not
Speak, and my eyes failed, I was neither
Living nor dead, and I knew nothing,
Looking into the heart of light, the silence.

Od' und leer das Meer.

Madame Sosostris, famous clairvoyante,
Had a bad cold, nevertheless
Is known to be the wisest woman in Europe,
With a wicked pack of cards. " Here," said she,
" Is your card, the drowned Phœnician Sailor,
(Those are pearls that were his eyes. Look !)
Here is Belladonna, the Lady of the Rocks,
The lady of situations.
Here is the man with three staves, and here the Wheel,
And here is the one-eyed merchant, and this card,
Which is blank, is something he carries on his back,
Which I am forbidden to see. I do not find
The Hanged Man. Fear death by water.
I see crowds of people, walking round in a ring.

Thank you. If you see dear Mrs. Equitone,
Tell her I bring the horoscope myself;
One must be so careful in these days."

Unreal City,
Under the brown fog of a winter dawn,
A crowd flowed over London Bridge, so many,
I had not thought death had undone so many.
Sighs, short and infrequent, were exhaled,
And each man fixed his eyes before his feet.
Flowed up the hill and down King William Street,
To where Saint Mary Woolnoth kept the hours
With a dead sound on the final stroke of nine.
There I saw one I knew, and stopped him, crying: "Stetson!
You who were with me in the ships at Mylae!
That corpse you planted last year in your garden,
Has it begun to sprout? Will it bloom this year?
Or has the sudden frost disturbed its bed?
Oh keep the Dog far hence, that's friend to men,
Or with his nails he'll dig it up again!
You! *hypocrite lecteur,—mon semblable,—mon frère!*"

II. A GAME OF CHESS

The chair she sat in, like a burnished throne
Glowed on the marble, where the glass
Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines
Wherefrom a golden Cupidon peeped out
(Another hid his eyes behind his wing)
Doubled the flames of seven-branched candelabra
Reflecting light upon the table as
The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,
From satin cases poured in rich profusion;
In vials of ivory and coloured glass
Unstoppered, lurked her strange synthetic perfumes

Unguent, powdered, or liquid—troubled, confused
And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air
That freshened from the window, these ascended
In fattening the prolonged candle-flames,
Flung their smoke into the laquearia,
Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.
Huge sea-wood fed with copper
Burned green and orange, framed by the coloured stone,
In which sad light a carvèd dolphin swam.
Above the antique mantel was displayed
As though a window gave upon the sylvan scene
The change of Philomel, by the barbarous king
So rudely forced; yet there the nightingale
Filled all the desert with inviolable voice,
And still she cried (and still the world pursues),
"Jug Jug" to dirty ears.
And other withered stumps of time
Were told upon the walls; staring forms
Leaned out, leaning, hushing the room enclosed.
Footsteps shuffled on the stair,
Under the firelight, under the brush, her hair
Spread out in fiery points
Glowed into words, then would be savagely still.

"My nerves are bad to-night. Yes, bad. Stay with me.
Speak to me. Why do you never speak? Speak.
What are you thinking of? What thinking? What?
I never know what you are thinking. Think."

I think we are in rats' alley
Where the dead men lost their bones.

"What is that noise?"
The wind under the door.
"What is that noise now? What is the wind doing?"
Nothing again nothing.

" Do
You know nothing ? Do you see nothing ? Do you remember
Nothing ? "
I remember
Those are pearls that were his eyes.
" Are you alive, or not ? Is there nothing in your head ? "
But
O O O O that Shakespeherian Rag

It's so elegant
So intelligent

" What shall I do now ? What shall I do ?
I shall rush out as I am, and walk the street
With my hair down, so. What shall we do to-morrow ?
What shall we ever do ? "
The hot water at ten.
And if it rains, a closed car at four.
And we shall play a game of chess,
Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door.

When Lil's husband got demobbed, I said,
I didn't mince my words, I said to her myself,
HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME.
Now Albert's coming back, make yourself a bit smart.
He'll want to know what you done with that money he gave you
To get yourself some teeth. He did, I was there.
You have them all out, Lil, and get a nice set,
He said, I swear, I can't bear to look at you.
And no more can't I, I said, and think of poor Albert,
He's been in the army four years, he wants a good time,
And if you don't give it him, there's others will, I said.
Hoh, is there, she said. Something o' that, I said.
Then I'll know who to thank, she said, and give me a straight look.
HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME.

If you don't like it you can get on with it, I said,
Others can pick and choose if you can't.
But if Albert makes off, it won't be for lack of telling.
You ought to be ashamed, I said, to look so antique.
(And her only thirty-one.)
I can't help it, she says, pulling a long face,
It's them pills I took, to bring it off, she says.
(She's had five already, and nearly died of young George.)
The chemist said it would be all right, but I've never been the same.
You *are* a proper fool, I said.
Well, if Albert won't leave you alone, there it is, I said.
What you get married for if you don't want children ?
HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME.
Well, that Sunday Albert was home, they had a hot gammon,
And they asked me in to dinner, to get the beauty of it hot—
HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME.
HURRY UP PLEASE IT'S TIME.
Goonight, Bill. Goonight, Lou. Goonight, May. Goonight.
Ta ta. Goonight, goonight.
Good night, ladies, good night, sweet ladies, good night, good night.

III. THE FIRE SERMON

The river's tent is broken : the last fingers of leaf
Clutch and sink into the wet bank. The wind
Crosses the brown land, unheard. The nymphs are departed.
Sweet Thames, run softly, till I end my song.
The river bears no empty bottles, sandwich papers,
Silk handkerchiefs, cardboard boxes, cigarette ends
Or other testimony of summer nights. The nymphs are departed.
And their friends, the loitering heirs of city directors,
Departed, have left no addresses.

By the waters of Leman I sat down and wept. . . .
Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song ;
Sweet Thames, run softly, for I speak not loud or long.
But at my back in a cold blast I hear
The rattle of the bones, and chuckle spread from ear to ear.

A rat crept softly through the vegetation,
Dragging its slimy belly on the bank,
While I was fishing in the dull canal
On a winter evening round behind the gas-house,
Musing upon the king my brother's wreck
And on the king my father's death before him ;
White bodies naked on the low damp ground
And bones cast in a little low dry garret,
Rattled by the rat's foot only, year to year.
But at my back from time to time I hear
The sound of horns and motors, which shall bring
Sweeney to Mrs. Porter in the spring.

O the moon shone bright on Mrs. Porter
And on her daughter,
They wash their feet in soda water,
Et O ces voix d'enfants, chantant dans la coupole !

Twit, twit, twit,
Jug jug jug jug jug jug
So rudely forced,
Tereu

Unreal City,
Under the brown fog of a winter noon
Mr. Eugenides, the Smyrna merchant,
Unshaven, with a pocket full of currants

C.I.F. London, documents at sight,
Asked me in demotic French
To luncheon at the Cannon Street Hotel,
Followed by a week-end at the Metropole.

At the violet hour, when the eyes and back
Turn upward from the desk, when the human engine waits
Like a taxi throbbing, waiting,
I, Tiresias, though blind, throbbing between two lives,
Old man with wrinkled female breasts, can see
At the violet hour, the evening hour that strives
Homeward, and brings the sailor home from sea,
The typist home at tea-time, clears her breakfast, lights
Her stove, and lays out food in tins.
Out of the window perilously spread
Her drying combinations touched by the sun's last rays,
On the divan are piled (at night her bed)
Stockings, slippers, camisoles, and stays.
I, Tiresias, old man with wrinkled dugs,
Perceived the scene, and foretold the rest ;
I too awaited the expected guest.
He, the young man carbuncular, arrives,
A small house agent's clerk, with one bold stare,
One of the low on whom assurance sits
As a silk hat on a Bradford millionaire.
The time is now propitious, as he guesses,
The meal is ended, she is bored and tired,
Endeavours to engage her in caresses
Which still are unreproved, if undesired.
Flushed and decided, he assaults at once ;
Exploring hands encounter no defence ;
His vanity requires no response,
And makes a welcome of indifference
(And I, Tiresias, have foresuffered all
Enacted on this same divan or bed ;

I who have sat by Thebes beneath the wall
And walked among the lowest of the dead) ;
Bestows one final patronising kiss,
And gropes his way, finding the stairs unlit. . . .

She turns and looks a moment in the glass,
Hardly aware of her departed lover ;
Her brain allows one half-formed thought to pass :
" Well now, that's done : and I'm glad it's over."
When lovely woman stoops to folly and
Paces about the room again, alone,
She smooths her hair with automatic hand,
And puts a record on the gramophone.

" This music crept by me upon the waters,"
And along the Strand, up Queen Victoria Street.
O City, City, I can sometimes hear
Beside a public bar in Upper Thames Street,
The pleasant whining of a mandoline
And a clatter and chatter from within
Where fishmen lounge at noon : where the walls
Of Magnus Martyr hold
Inexplicable splendour of Ionian white and gold.

The river sweats
Oil and tar
The barges drift
With the turning tide
Red sails
Wide
To leeward, swing on the heavy spar.
The barges wash,
Drifting logs

Down Greenwich reach
Past the Isle of Dogs.
Weialala leia
Wallala leialala

Elizabeth and Leicester
Beating oars
The stern was formed
A gilded shell
Red and gold
The brisk swell
Rippled both shores
South-west wind
Carried down-stream
The peal of bells
White towers
Weialala leia
Wallala leialala

" Trams and dusty trees.
Highbury bore me. Richmond and Kew
Undid me. By Richmond I raised my knees
Supine on the floor of a narrow canoe."

" My feet are at Moorgate, and my heart
Under my feet. After the event
He wept. He promised ' a new start.'
I made no comment. What should I resent ? "

" On Margate Sands,
I can connect
Nothing with nothing.
The broken finger-nails of dirty hands.
My people humble people who expect
Nothing."
la la

To Carthage then I came

Burning burning burning burning
O Lord Thou pluckest me out
O Lord Thou pluckest

burning

IV. DEATH BY WATER

Phlebas the Phœnician, a fortnight dead,
Forgot the cry of gulls, and the deep-sea swell,
And the profit and loss.
A current under sea
Picked his bones in whispers. As he rose and fell
He passed the stages of his age and youth
Entering the whirlpool.

Gentile or Jew,
O you who turn the wheel and look to windward,
Consider Phlebas, who was once handsome and tall as you.

V. WHAT THE THUNDER SAID

After the torchlight red on sweaty faces
After the frosty silence in the gardens
After the agony in stony places
The shouting and the crying
Prison and palace and reverberation
Of thunder of spring over distant mountains
He who was living is now dead
We who were living are now dying
With a little patience

Here is no water but only rock
Rock and no water and the sandy road
The road winding above among the mountains
Which are mountains of rock without water
If there were water we should stop and drink
Amongst the rock one cannot stop or think
Sweat is dry and feet are in the sand
If there were only water amongst the rock
Dead mountain mouth of carious teeth that cannot spit
Here one can neither stand nor lie nor sit
There is not even silence in the mountains
But dry sterile thunder without rain
There is not even solitude in the mountains
But red sullen faces sneer and snarl
From doors of mud-cracked houses

If there were water
And no rock
If there were rock
And also water
And water
A spring
A pool among the rock
If there were the sound of water only
Not the cicada
And dry grass singing
But sound of water over a rock
Where the hermit-thrush sings in the pine-trees
Drip drop drip drop drop drop drop
But there is no water.

Who is the third who walks always beside you ?
When I count, there are only you and I together
But when I look ahead up the white road
There is always another one walking beside you

Gliding wrapt in a brown mantle, hooded
I do not know whether a man or a woman
But who is that on the other side of you ?

What is that sound high in the air,
Murmur of maternal lamentation
Who are those hooded hordes swarming
Over endless plains, stumbling in cracked earth
Ringed by the flat horizon only

What is the city over the mountains
Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air
Falling towers
Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
Vienna London
Unreal

A woman drew her long black hair out tight
And fiddled whisper music on those strings
And bats with baby faces in the violet light
Whistled, and beat their wings
And crawled head downward down a blackened wall
And upside down in air were towers
Telling reminiscent bells, that kept the hours
And voices singing out of empty cisterns and exhausted wells.

In this decayed hole among the mountains
In the faint moonlight, the grass is singing
Over the tumbled graves, about the chapel
There is the empty chapel, only the wind's home
It has no windows, and the door swings,
Dry bones can harm no one.
Only a cock stood on the roof-tree
Co co rico co co rico

In a flash of lightning. Then a damp gust
Bringing rain

Ganga was sunken, and the limp leaves
Waited for rain, while the black clouds
Gathered far distant, over Himavant.
The jungle crouched, humped in silence.
Then spoke the thunder
DA
Datta : What have we given ?
My friend, blood shaking my heart
The awful daring of a moment's surrender
Which an age of prudence can never retract
By this, and this only, we have existed
Which is not to be found in our obituaries
Or in memories draped by the beneficent spider
Or under seals broken by the lean solicitor
In our empty rooms
DA
Dayadhvam : I have heard the key
Turn in the door once and turn once only
We think of the key, each in his prison
Thinking of the key, each confirms a prison
Only at nightfall, æthereal rumours
Revive for a moment a broken Coriolanus
DA
Damyata : The boat responded
Gaily, to the hand expert with sail and oar.
The sea was calm ; your heart would have responded
Gaily, when invited, beating obedient
To controlling hands

I sat upon the shore
Fishing, with the arid plain behind me
Shall I at least see my lands in order ?

London Bridge is falling down falling down falling down

Poi s'ascose nel foco che gli affina
Quando fiam ceu chelidon—O swallow swallow
Le Prince d'Aquitaine de la tour abolie
These fragments I have shored against my ruins
Why then Ile fit you. Hieronymo's mad againe.
Datta. Dayadhvam. Damyata.

Shantih shantih shantih

THE VICTIM

By MAY SINCLAIR

I

STEVEN ACROYD, Mr. Greathead's chauffeur, was sulking in the garage.

Everybody was afraid of him. Everybody hated him except Mr. Greathead, his master, and Dorsy, his sweetheart.

And even Dorsy now, after yesterday!

Night had come. On one side the yard gates stood open to the black tunnel of the drive. On the other the high moor rose above the wall, immense, darker than the darkness. Steven's lantern in the open doorway of the garage and Dorsy's lamp in the kitchen window threw a blond twilight into the yard between. From where he sat, slantways on the step of the car, he could see, through the lighted window, the table with the lamp and Dorsy's sewing huddled up in a white heap as she left it just now, when she had jumped up and gone away. Because she was afraid of him.

She had gone straight to Mr. Greathead in his study, and Steven, sulking, had flung himself out into the yard.

He stared into the window, thinking, thinking. Everybody hated him. He could tell by the damned spiteful way they looked at him in the bar of the King's Arms; kind of sideways and slink-eyed, turning their dirty tails and shuffling out of his way.

He had said to Dorsy he'd like to know what he'd done. He'd just dropped in for his glass as usual; he'd looked round and said "Good-evening," civil, and the dirty tykes took no more notice of him than if he'd been a toad. Mrs. Oldishaw,

Dorsy's aunt, *she* hated him, boiled-ham-face, swelling with spite, shoving his glass at the end of her arm, without speaking, as if he'd been a bloody cockroach.

All because of the thrashing he'd given young Ned Oldishaw. If she didn't want the cub's neck broken she'd better keep him out of mischief. Young Ned knew what he'd get if he came meddling with *his* sweetheart.

It had happened yesterday afternoon, Sunday, when he had gone down with Dorsy to the King's Arms to see her aunt. They were sitting out on the wooden bench against the inn wall when young Ned began it. He could see him now with his arm round Dorsy's neck and his mouth gaping. And Dorsy laughing like a silly fool and the old woman snorting and shaking.

He could hear him. " She's my cousin if she *is* your sweetheart. You can't stop me kissing her." *Couldn't* he !

Why, what did they think ? When he'd given up his good job at the Darlington Motor Works to come to Eastthwaite and black Mr. Greathead's boots, chop wood, carry coal and water for him, and drive his shabby second-hand car. Not that he cared what he did so long as he could live in the same house with Dorsy Oldishaw. It wasn't likely he'd sit like a bloody Moses, looking on, while Ned——

To be sure, he had half-killed him. He could feel Ned's neck swelling and rising up under the pressure of his hands, his fingers. He had struck him first, flinging him back against the inn wall, then he had pinned him—till the men ran up and dragged him off.

And now they were all against him. Dorsy was against him. She had said she was afraid of him.

" Steven," she had said, " tha med 'a killed him."

" Well—p'r'aps next time he'll knaw better than to coom meddlin' with *my* lass."

" I'm not thy lass, ef tha canna keep thy hands off folks. I should be feared for my life of thee. Ned wurn't doing naw 'arm."

" Ef he doos it again, ef he cooms between thee and me, Dorsy, I shall do 'im in."

" Naw, tha maunna talk that road."

" It's Gawd's truth. Anybody that cooms between thee and me, loove, I shall do 'im in. Ef 'twas thy aunt, I should wring 'er neck, same as I wroong Ned's."

" And ef it was me, Steven ? "

" Ef it wur thee, ef tha left me——Aw, doan't tha assk me, Dorsy."

" There—that's 'ow tha scares me."

" But tha' 'astna left me—'tes thy wedding claithes tha'rt making."

" Aye, 'tes my wedding claithes."

She had started fingering the white stuff, looking at it with her head on one side, smiling prettily. Then all of a sudden she had flung it down in a heap and burst out crying. When he tried to comfort her she pushed him off and ran out of the room, to Mr. Greathead.

It must have been half an hour ago and she had not come back yet.

He got up and went through the yard gates into the dark drive. Turning there, he came to the house front and the lighted window of the study. Hidden behind a clump of yew he looked in.

Mr. Greathead had risen from his chair. He was a little old man, shrunk and pinched, with a bowed narrow back and slender neck under his grey hanks of hair.

Dorsy stood before him, facing Steven. The lamplight fell full on her. Her sweet flower-face was flushed. She had been crying.

Mr. Greathead spoke.

" Well, that's my advice," he said. " Think it over, Dorsy, before you do anything."

That night Dorsy packed her boxes, and the next day at noon, when Steven came in for his dinner, she had left the Lodge. She had gone back to her father's house in Garthdale.

She wrote to Steven saying that she had thought it over and found she daren't marry him. She was afraid of him. She would be too unhappy.

II

That was the old man, the old man. He had made her give him up. But for that, Dorsy would never have left him. She would never have thought of it herself. And she would never have got away if he had been there to stop her. It wasn't Ned. Ned was going to marry Nancy Peacock down at Morfe. Ned hadn't done any harm.

It was Mr. Greathead who had come between them. He hated Mr. Greathead.

His hate became a nausea of physical loathing that never ceased. Indoors he served Mr. Greathead as footman and valet, waiting on him at meals, bringing the hot water for his bath, helping him to dress and undress. So that he could never get away from him. When he came to call him in the morning, Steven's stomach heaved at the sight of the shrunken body under the bedclothes, the flushed, pinched face with its peaked, finicking nose upturned, the thin silver tuft of hair pricked up above the pillow's edge. Steven shivered with hate at the sound of the rattling, old-man's cough, and the " shoob-shoob " of the feet shuffling along the flagged passages.

He had once had a feeling of tenderness for Mr. Greathead as the tie that bound him to Dorsy. He even brushed his coat and hat tenderly as if he loved them. Once Mr. Greathead's small, close smile—the greyish bud of the lower lip pushed out, the upper lip lifted at the corners—and his kind, thin " Thank you, my lad," had made Steven smile back, glad to serve Dorsy's master. And Mr. Greathead would smile again and say, " It does me good to see your bright face, Steven." Now Steven's face writhed in a tight contortion to meet Mr. Greathead's kindliness, while his throat ran dry and his heart shook with hate.

At meal-times from his place by the sideboard he would look on at Mr. Greathead eating, in a long contemplative disgust. He could have snatched the plate away from under the slow, fumbling hands that hovered and hesitated. He would catch words coming into his mind : " He ought to be dead. He ought to be dead." To think that this thing that ought to be dead, this old shrivelled, skin-bag of creaking bones should come between him and Dorsy, should have power to drive Dorsy from him.

One day when he was brushing Mr. Greathead's soft felt hat a paroxysm of hatred gripped him. He hated Mr. Greathead's hat. He took a stick and struck at it again and again ; he threw it on the flags and stamped on it, clenching his teeth and drawing in his breath with a sharp hiss. He picked up the hat, looking round furtively, for fear lest Mr. Greathead or Dorsy's successor, Mrs. Blenkiron, should have seen him. He pinched and pulled it back into shape and brushed it carefully and hung it on the stand. He was ashamed, not of his violence, but of its futility.

Nobody but a damned fool, he said to himself, would have done that. He must have been mad.

It wasn't as if he didn't know what he was going to do. He had known ever since the day when Dorsy left him.

" I shan't be myself again till I've done him in," he thought.

He was only waiting till he had planned it out ; till he was sure of every detail ; till he was fit and cool. There must be no hesitation, no uncertainty at the last minute, above all, no blind, headlong violence. Nobody but a fool would kill in mad rage, and forget things, and be caught and swing for it. Yet that was what they all did. There was always something they hadn't thought of that gave them away.

Steven had thought of everything, even the date, even the weather.

Mr. Greathead was in the habit of going up to London to attend the debates of a learned Society he belonged to that held its meetings in May and November. He always travelled

up by the five-o'clock train, so that he might go to bed and rest as soon as he arrived. He always stayed for a week and gave his housekeeper a week's holiday. Steven chose a dark, threatening day in November, when Mr. Greathead was going up to his meeting and Mrs. Blenkiron had left Eastthwaite for Morfe by the early morning bus. So that there was nobody in the house but Mr. Greathead and Steven.

Eastthwaite Lodge stands alone, grey, hidden between the shoulder of the moor and the ash-trees of its drive. It is approached by a bridle-path across the moor, a turning off the road that runs from Eastthwaite in Rathdale to Shawe in Westleydale, about a mile from the village and a mile from Hardraw Pass. No tradesmen visited it. Mr. Greathead's letters and his newspaper were shot into a post-box that hung on the ash-tree at the turn.

The hot water laid on in the house was not hot enough for Mr. Greathead's bath, so that every morning, while Mr. Greathead shaved, Steven came to him with a can of boiling water.

Mr. Greathead, dressed in a mauve and grey striped sleeping-suit, stood shaving himself before the looking-glass that hung on the wall beside the great white bath. Steven waited with his hand on the cold tap, watching the bright curved rod of water falling with a thud and a splash.

In the white, stagnant light from the muffed window-pane the knife-blade flame of a small oil-stove flickered queerly. The oil sputtered and stank.

Suddenly the wind hissed in the water-pipes and cut off the glittering rod. To Steven it seemed the suspension of all movement. He would have to wait there till the water flowed again before he could begin. He tried not to look at Mr. Greathead and the lean wattles of his lifted throat. He fixed his eyes on the long crack in the soiled green distemper of the wall. His nerves were on edge with waiting for the water to flow again. The fumes of the oil-stove worked on them like a rank intoxicant. The soiled green wall gave him a sensation of physical sickness.

He picked up a towel and hung it over the back of a chair. Thus he caught sight of his own face in the glass above Mr. Greathead's ; it was livid against the soiled green wall. Steven stepped aside to avoid it.

" Don't you feel well, Steven ? "

" No, sir." Steven picked up a small sponge and looked at it.

Mr. Greathead had laid down his razor and was wiping the lather from his chin. At that instant, with a gurgling, spluttering haste, the water leaped from the tap.

It was then that Steven made his sudden, quiet rush. He first gagged Mr. Greathead with the sponge, then pushed him back and back against the wall and pinned him there with both hands round his neck, as he had pinned Ned Oldishaw. He pressed in on Mr. Greathead's throat, strangling him.

Mr. Greathead's hands flapped in the air, trying feebly to beat Steven off ; then his arms, pushed back by the heave and thrust of Steven's shoulders, dropped. Then Mr. Greathead's body sank, sliding along the wall, and fell to the floor, Steven still keeping his hold, mounting it, gripping it with his knees. His fingers tightened, pressing back the blood. Mr. Greathead's face swelled up ; it changed horribly. There was a groaning and rattling sound in his throat. Steven pressed in till it had ceased.

Then he stripped himself to the waist. He stripped Mr. Greathead of his sleeping-suit and hung his naked body face downwards in the bath. He took the razor and cut the great arteries and veins in the neck. He pulled up the plug of the waste-pipe, and left the body to drain in the running water.

He left it all day and all night.

He had noticed that murderers swang just for want of attention to little things like that ; messing up themselves and the whole place with blood ; always forgetting something essential. He had no time to think of horrors. From the moment he had murdered Mr. Greathead his own neck was in danger ; he was simply using all his brain and nerve to

save his neck. He worked with the stern, cool hardness of a man going through with an unpleasant, necessary job. He had thought of everything.

He had even thought of the dairy.

It was built on to the back of the house under the shelter of the high moor. You entered it through the scullery, which cut it off from the yard. The window-panes had been removed and replaced by sheets of perforated zinc. A large corrugated glass sky-light lit it from the roof. Impossible either to see in or to approach it from the outside. It was fitted up with a long, black slate shelf, placed, for the convenience of buttermakers, at the height of an ordinary work-bench. Steven had his tools, a razor, a carving-knife, a chopper and a meat-saw, laid there ready, beside a great pile of cotton waste.

Early the next day he took Mr. Greathead's body out of the bath, wrapped a thick towel round the neck and head, carried it down to the dairy and stretched it out on the slab. And there he cut it up into seventeen pieces.

These he wrapped in several layers of newspaper, covering the face and the hands first, because, at the last moment, they frightened him. He sewed them up in two sacks and hid them in the cellar.

He burnt the towel and the cotton waste in the kitchen fire ; he cleaned his tools thoroughly and put them back in their places ; and he washed down the marble slab. There wasn't a spot on the floor except for one flagstone where the pink rinsing of the slab had splashed over. He scrubbed it for half an hour, still seeing the rusty edges of the splash long after he had scoured it out.

He then washed and dressed himself with care.

As it was war-time Steven could only work by day, for a light in the dairy roof would have attracted the attention of the police. He had murdered Mr. Greathead on a Tuesday ; it was now three o'clock on Thursday afternoon. Exactly at ten minutes past four he had brought out the car, shut in

close with its black hood and side curtains. He had packed Mr. Greathead's suit-case and placed it in the car with his umbrella, railway rug, and travelling cap. Also, in a bundle the clothes that his victim would have gone to London in.

He stowed the body in the two sacks beside him on the front.

By Hardraw Pass, half-way between Eastthwaite and Shawe, there are three round pits, known as the Churns, hollowed out of the grey rock and said to be bottomless. Steven had thrown stones, big as a man's chest, down the largest pit, to see whether they would be caught on any ledge or boulder. They had dropped clean, without a sound.

It poured with rain, the rain that Steven had reckoned on. The Pass was dark under the clouds and deserted. Steven turned his car so that the headlights glared on the pit's mouth. Then he ripped open the sacks and threw down, one by one, the seventeen pieces of Mr. Greathead's body, and the sacks after them, and the clothes.

It was not enough to dispose of Mr. Greathead's dead body ; he had to behave as though Mr. Greathead were alive. Mr. Greathead had disappeared and he had to account for his disappearance. He drove on to Shawe station to the five o'clock train, taking care to arrive close on its starting. A troop-train was due to depart a minute earlier. Steven, who had reckoned on the darkness and the rain, reckoned also on the hurry and confusion on the platform.

As he had foreseen, there were no porters in the station entry ; nobody to notice whether Mr. Greathead was or was not in the car. He carried his things through on to the platform and gave the suit-case to an old man to label. He dashed into the booking-office and took Mr. Greathead's ticket, and then rushed along the platform as if he were following his master. He heard himself shouting to the guard, " Have you seen Mr. Greathead ? " And the guard's answer, " Naw ! " And his own inspired statement, " He must have taken his seat in the front, then." He ran to the front of the train,

shouldering his way among the troops. The drawn blinds of the carriages favoured him.

Steven thrust the umbrella, the rug, and the travelling cap into an empty compartment, and slammed the door to. He tried to shout something through the open window ; but his tongue was harsh and dry against the roof of his mouth, and no sound came. He stood, blocking the window till the guard whistled. When the train moved he ran alongside with his hand on the window ledge, as though he were taking the last instructions of his master. A porter pulled him back.

" Quick work, that," said Steven.

Before he left the station he wired to Mr. Greathead's London hotel, announcing the time of his arrival.

He felt nothing, nothing but the intense relief of a man who has saved himself by his own wits from a most horrible death. There were even moments, in the week that followed, when, so powerful was the illusion of his innocence, he could have believed that he had really seen Mr. Greathead off by the five o'clock train. Moments when he literally stood still in amazement before his own incredible impunity. Other moments when a sort of vanity uplifted him. He had committed a murder that for sheer audacity and cool brain work surpassed all murders celebrated in the history of crime. Unfortunately the very perfection of his achievement doomed it to oblivion. He had left not a trace.

Not a trace.

Only when he woke in the night a doubt sickened him. There was the rusted ring of that splash on the dairy floor. He wondered, had he really washed it out clean. And he would get up and light a candle and go down to the dairy to make sure. He knew the exact place ; bending over it with the candle, he could imagine that he still saw a faint outline.

Daylight reassured him. *He* knew the exact place, but nobody else knew. There was nothing to distinguish it from the natural stains in the flagstone. Nobody would guess. But he was glad when Mrs. Blenkiron came back again.

On the day that Mr. Greathead was to have come home by the four-o'clock train Steven drove into Shawe and bought a chicken for the master's dinner. He met the four o'clock train and expressed surprise that Mr. Greathead had not come by it. He said he would be sure to come by the seven. He ordered dinner for eight ; Mrs. Blenkiron roasted the chicken, and Steven met the seven o'clock train. This time he showed uneasiness.

The next day he met all the trains and wired to Mr. Greathead's hotel for information. When the manager wired back that Mr. Greathead had not arrived, he wrote to his relatives and gave notice to the police.

Three weeks passed. The police and Mr. Greathead's relatives accepted Steven's statements, backed as they were by the evidence of the booking office clerk, the telegraph clerk, the guard, the porter who had labelled Mr. Greathead's luggage and the hotel manager who had received his telegram. Mr. Greathead's portrait was published in the illustrated papers with requests for any information which might lead to his discovery. Nothing happened, and presently he and his disappearance were forgotten. The nephew who came down to Eastthwaite to look into his affairs was satisfied. His balance at his bank was low owing to the non-payment of various dividends, but the accounts and the contents of Mr. Greathead's cash-box and bureau were in order and Steven had put down every penny he had spent. The nephew paid Mrs. Blenkiron's wages and dismissed her and arranged with the chauffeur to stay on and take care of the house. And as Steven saw that this was the best way to escape suspicion, he stayed on.

Only in Westleydale and Rathdale excitement lingered. People wondered and speculated. Mr. Greathead had been robbed and murdered in the train (Steven said he had had money on him). He had lost his memory and wandered goodness knew where. He had thrown himself out of the railway carriage. Steven said Mr. Greathead wouldn't do

that, but he shouldn't be surprised if he had lost his memory. He knew a man who forgot who he was and where he lived. Didn't know his own wife and children. Shell-shock. And lately Mr. Greathead's memory hadn't been what it was. Soon as he got it back he'd turn up again. Steven wouldn't be surprised to see him walking in any day.

But on the whole people noticed that he didn't care to talk much about Mr. Greathead. They thought this showed very proper feeling. They were sorry for Steven. He had lost his master and he had lost Dorsy Oldishaw. And if he *did* half kill Ned Oldishaw, well, young Ned had no business to go meddling with his sweetheart. Even Mrs. Oldishaw was sorry for him. And when Steven came into the bar of the King's Arms everybody said " Good-evening, Steve," and made room for him by the fire.

III

Steven came and went now as if nothing had happened. He made a point of keeping the house as it would be kept if Mr. Greathead were alive. Mrs. Blenkiron, coming in once a fortnight to wash and clean, found the fire lit in Mr. Greathead's study and his slippers standing on end in the fender. Upstairs his bed was made, the clothes folded back, ready. This ritual guarded Steven not only from the suspicions of outsiders, but from his own knowledge. By behaving as though he believed that Mr. Greathead was still living he almost made himself believe it. By refusing to let his mind dwell on the murder he came to forget it. His imagination saved him, playing the play that kept him sane, till the murder became vague to him and fantastic like a thing done in a dream. He had waked up and this was the reality ; this round of caretaking, this look the house had of waiting for Mr. Greathead to come back to it. He had left off getting up in the night to examine the place on the dairy floor. He was no longer amazed at his impunity.

Then suddenly, when he really had forgotten, it ended. It was on a Saturday in January, about five o'clock. Steven had heard that Dorsy Oldishaw was back again, living at the King's Arms with her aunt. He had a mad, uncontrollable longing to see her again.

But it was not Dorsy that he saw.

His way from the Lodge kitchen into the drive was through the yard gates and along the flagged path under the study window. When he turned on to the flags he saw it shuffling along before him. The lamplight from the window lit it up. He could see distinctly the little old man in the long, shabby black overcoat, with the grey woollen muffler round his neck hunched up above his collar, lifting the thin grey hair that stuck out under the slouch of the black hat.

In the first moment that he saw it Steven had no fear. He simply felt that the murder had not happened, that he really *had* dreamed it, and that this was Mr. Greathead come back, alive among the living. The phantasm was now standing at the door of the house, its hand on the door-knob as if about to enter.

But when Steven came up to the door it was not there.

He stood, fixed, staring at the space which had emptied itself so horribly. His heart heaved and staggered, snatching at his breath. And suddenly the memory of the murder rushed at him. He saw himself in the bathroom, shut in with his victim by the soiled green walls. He smelt the reek of the oil-stove ; he heard the water running from the tap. He felt his feet springing forward, and his fingers pressing, tighter and tighter, on Mr. Greathead's throat. He saw Mr. Greathead's hands flapping helplessly, his terrified eyes, his face swelling and discoloured, changing horribly, and his body sinking to the floor.

He saw himself in the dairy, afterwards ; he could hear the thudding, grinding, scraping noises of his tools. He saw himself on Hardraw Pass and the headlights glaring on the

pit's mouth. And the fear and the horror he had not felt then came on him now.

He turned back ; he bolted the yard gates and all the doors of the house, and shut himself up in the lighted kitchen. He took up his magazine, *The Autocar*, and forced himself to read it. Presently his terror left him. He said to himself it was nothing. Nothing but his fancy. He didn't suppose he'd ever see anything again.

Three days passed. On the third evening, Steven had lit the study lamp and was bolting the window when he saw it again.

It stood on the path outside, close against the window, looking in. He saw its face distinctly, the greyish, stuck-out bud of the under-lip, and the droop of the pinched nose. The small eyes peered at him, glittering. The whole figure had a glassy look between the darkness behind it and the pane. One moment it stood outside, looking in ; and the next it was mixed up with the shimmering picture of the lighted room that hung there on the blackness of the trees. Mr. Greathead then showed as if reflected, standing with Steven in the room.

And now he was outside again, looking at him, looking at him through the pane.

Steven's stomach sank and dragged, making him feel sick. He pulled down the blind between him and Mr. Greathead, clamped the shutters to and drew the curtains over them. He locked and double-bolted the front door, all the doors, to keep Mr. Greathead out. But, once that night, as he lay in bed, he heard the " shoob-shoob " of feet shuffling along the flagged passages, up the stairs, and across the landing outside his door. The door handle rattled ; but nothing came. He lay awake till morning, the sweat running off his skin, his heart plunging and quivering with terror.

When he got up he saw a white, scared face in the looking-glass. A face with a half-open mouth, ready to blab, to blurt out his secret ; the face of an idiot. He was afraid to take that face into Eastthwaite or into Shawe. So he shut himself

up in the house, half-starved on his small stock of bread, bacon, and groceries.

Two weeks passed ; and then it came again in broad daylight.

It was Mrs. Blenkiron's morning. He had lit the fire in the study at noon and set up Mr. Greathead's slippers in the fender. When he rose from his stooping and turned round he saw Mr. Greathead's phantasm standing on the hearthrug close in front of him. It was looking at him and smiling in a sort of mockery, as if amused at what Steven had been doing. It was solid and completely life-like at first. Then, as Steven in his terror backed and backed away from it (he was afraid to turn and feel it there behind him), its feet became insubstantial. As if undermined, the whole structure sank and fell together on the floor, where it made a pool of some whitish glistening substance that mixed with the pattern of the carpet and sank through.

That was the most horrible thing it had done yet, and Steven's nerve broke under it. He went to Mrs. Blenkiron, whom he found scrubbing out the dairy.

She sighed as she wrang out the floor-cloth.

" Eh, these owd yeller stawnes, scroob as you will they'll navver look clean."

" Naw," he said. " Scroob and scroob, you'll navver get them clean."

She looked up at him.

" Eh, lad, what ails 'ee ? Ye've got a faace like a wroong dishclout hanging ower t' sink."

" I've got the colic."

" Aye, an' naw woonder wi' the damp, and they misties, an' your awn bad cooking. Let me roon down t' King's Arms and get you a drop of whisky."

" Naw, I'll gaw down mysen."

He knew now he was afraid to be left alone, in the house. Down at the King's Arms Dorsy and Mrs. Oldishaw were sorry for him. By this time he was really ill with fright. Dorsy

pit's mouth. And the fear and the horror he had not felt then came on him now.

He turned back ; he bolted the yard gates and all the doors of the house, and shut himself up in the lighted kitchen. He took up his magazine, *The Autocar*, and forced himself to read it. Presently his terror left him. He said to himself it was nothing. Nothing but his fancy. He didn't suppose he'd ever see anything again.

Three days passed. On the third evening, Steven had lit the study lamp and was bolting the window when he saw it again.

It stood on the path outside, close against the window, looking in. He saw its face distinctly, the greyish, stuck-out bud of the under-lip, and the droop of the pinched nose. The small eyes peered at him, glittering. The whole figure had a glassy look between the darkness behind it and the pane. One moment it stood outside, looking in ; and the next it was mixed up with the shimmering picture of the lighted room that hung there on the blackness of the trees. Mr. Greathead then showed as if reflected, standing with Steven in the room.

And now he was outside again, looking at him, looking at him through the pane.

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and Mrs. Oldishaw said it was a chill. They made him lie down on the settle by the kitchen fire and put a rug over him, and gave him stiff hot grog to drink. He slept. And when he woke he found Dorsy sitting beside him with her sewing.

He sat up and her hand was on his shoulder.

" Lay still, lad."

" I maun get oop and gaw."

" Nay, there's naw call for 'ee to gaw. Lay still and I'll make thee a coop o' tea."

He lay still.

Mrs. Oldishaw had made up a bed for him in her son's room, and they kept him there that night and till four o'clock the next day.

When he got up to go Dorsy put on her coat and hat.

" Is tha gawing out, Dorsy ? "

" Aye. I canna let thee gaw and set there by thysen. I'm cooming oop to set with 'ee till night time."

She came up and they sat side by side in the Lodge kitchen by the fire as they used to sit when they were together there, holding each other's hands and not talking.

" Dorsy," he said at last, " what astha coom for ? Astha coom to tall me tha'll navver speak to me again ? "

" Nay. Tha knaws what I've coom for."

" To saay tha'll marry me ? "

" Aye."

" I maunna marry thee, Dorsy. 'T wouldn' be right."

" Right ? What dostha mean ? 'Twouldn't be right for me to coom and set wi' thee this road ef I doan't marry thee."

" Nay. I darena'. Tha said tha was afraid of me, Dorsy. I doan't want 'ee to be afraid. Tha said tha'd be unhappy. I doan't want 'ee to be unhappy."

" That was lasst year. I'm not afraid of 'ee, now, Steve."

" Tha doan't knaw me, lass."

" Aye, I knaw thee. I knaw tha's sick and starved for want of me. Tha canna live wi'out thy awn lass to take care of 'ee."

She rose.

" I maun gaw now. But I'll be oop to-morrow and the next day."

And to-morrow and the next day and the next, at dusk, the hour that Steven most dreaded, Dorsy came. She sat with him till long after the night had fallen.

Steven would have felt safe so long as she was with him, but for his fear that Mr. Greathead would appear to him while she was there and that she would see him. If Dorsy knew he was being haunted she might guess why. Or Mr. Greathead might take some horrible blood-dripping and dismembered shape that would show her how he had been murdered. It would be like him, dead, to come between them as he had come when he was living.

They were sitting at the round table by the fireside. The lamp was lit and Dorsy was bending over her sewing. Suddenly she looked up, her head on one side, listening. Far away inside the house, on the flagged passage from the front door, he could hear the " shoob-shoob " of the footsteps. He could almost believe that Dorsy shivered. And somehow, for some reason, this time he was not afraid.

" Steven," she said, " didsta 'ear anything ? "

" Naw. Nobbut t' wind oonder t' roogs."

She looked at him ; a long wondering look. Apparently it satisfied her, for she answered : " Aye. Mebbe 'tes nobbut wind," and went on with her sewing.

He drew his chair nearer to her to protect her if it came. He could almost touch her where she sat.

The latch lifted. The door opened, and, his entrance and his passage unseen, Mr. Greathead stood before them.

The table hid the lower half of his form ; but above it he was steady and solid in his terrible semblance of flesh and blood.

Steven looked at Dorsy. She was staring at the phantasm with an innocent, wondering stare that had no fear in it at all. Then she looked at Steven. An uneasy, frightened,

searching look, as though to make sure whether he had seen it.

That was her fear—that *he* should see it, that *he* should be frightened, that *he* should be haunted.

He moved closer and put his hand on her shoulder. He thought, perhaps, she might shrink from him because she knew that it *was* he who was haunted. But no, she put up her hand and held his, gazing up into his face and smiling.

Then, to his amazement, the phantasm smiled back at them; not with mockery, but with a strange and terrible sweetness. Its face lit up for one instant with a sudden, beautiful, shining light; then it was gone.

"Did tha see 'im, Steve?"

"Aye."

"Astha seen annything afore?"

"Aye, three times I've seen 'im."

"Is it that 'as scared thee?"

"'Oo tawled 'ee I was scared?"

"I knawed. Because nowt can 'appen to thee but I maun knaw it."

"What dostha think, Dorsy?"

"I think tha needna be scared, Steve. 'E's a kind ghawst. Whatever 'e is 'e doan't mean thee no 'arm. T' owd gentleman navver did when he was alive."

"Didn' 'e? Didn' 'e? 'E served me the woorst turn 'e could when 'e coomed between thee and me."

"Whatever makes 'ee think that, lad?"

"I doan' think it. I *knaw*."

"Nay, loove, tha dostna."

"'E did. 'E did, I tell thee."

"Doan' tha say that," she cried. "Doan' tha say it, Stevey."

"Why shouldn't I?"

"Tha'll set folk talking that road."

"What do they knaw to talk about?"

"Ef they was to remember what tha said."

"And what did I say?"

"Why, that ef annybody was to coom between thee and me, tha'd do them in."

"I wasna thinking of *'im*. Gawd knaws I wasna."

"*They* doan't," she said.

"*Tha* knaws? Tha knaws I didna mean 'im?"

"Aye, *I* knaw, Steve."

"An', Dorsy, tha 'rn't afraid of me? Tha 'rn't afraid of me anny more?"

"Nay, lad. I loove thee too mooch. I shall navver be afraid of 'ee again. Would I coom to thee this road ef I was afraid?"

"Tha'll be afraid now."

"And what should I be afraid of?"

"Why—*'im*."

"*'Im?* I should be a deal more afraid to think of 'ee setting with 'im oop 'ere, by thysen. Wuntha coom down and sleep at aunt's?"

"That I wunna. But I shall set 'ee on t' road passt t' moor."

He went with her down the bridle-path and across the moor and along the main road that led through Eastthwaite. They parted at the turn where the lights of the village came in sight.

The moon had risen as Steven went back across the moor. The ash-tree at the bridle-path stood out clear, its hooked, bending branches black against the grey moor-grass. The shadows in the ruts laid stripes along the bridle-path, black on grey. The house was black-grey in the darkness of the drive. Only the lighted study window made a golden square in its long wall.

Before he could go up to bed he would have to put out the study lamp. He was nervous; but he no longer felt the sickening and sweating terror of the first hauntings. Either he was getting used to it, or—something had happened to him.

He had closed the shutters and put out the lamp. His candle made a ring of light round the table in the middle of

the room. He was about to take it up and go when he heard a thin voice calling his name: "Steven." He raised his head to listen. The thin thread of sound seemed to come from outside, a long way off, at the end of the bridle-path.

"Steven, Steven——"

This time he could have sworn the sound came from inside his head, like the hiss of air in his ears.

"Steven——"

He knew the voice now. It was behind him in the room. He turned, and saw the phantasm of Mr. Greathead sitting, as he used to sit, in the arm-chair by the fire. The form was dim in the dusk of the room outside the ring of candlelight. Steven's first movement was to snatch up the candlestick and hold it between him and the phantasm, hoping that the light would cause it to disappear. Instead of disappearing the figure became clear and solid, indistinguishable from a figure of flesh and blood dressed in black broadcloth and white linen. Its eyes had the shining transparency of blue crystal; they were fixed on Steven with a look of quiet, benevolent attention. Its small, narrow mouth was lifted at the corners, smiling.

It spoke.

"You needn't be afraid," it said.

The voice was natural now, quiet, measured, slightly quavering. Instead of frightening Steven it soothed and steadied him.

He put the candle on the table behind him and stood up before the phantasm, fascinated.

"*Why* are you afraid?" it asked.

Steven couldn't answer. He could only stare, held there by the shining, hypnotising eyes.

"You are afraid," it said, "because you think I'm what you call a ghost, a supernatural thing. You think I'm dead and that you killed me. You think you took a horrible revenge for a wrong you thought I did you. You think I've come back to frighten you, to revenge myself in my turn.

"And every one of those thoughts of yours, Steven, is wrong. I'm real, and my appearance is as natural and real as anything in this room—*more* natural and more real if you did but know. You didn't kill me, as you see; for here I am, as alive, more alive than you are. Your revenge consisted in removing me from a state which had become unbearable to a state more delightful than you can imagine. I don't mind telling you, Steven, that I was in serious financial difficulties (which, by the way, is a good thing for you, as it provides a plausible motive for my disappearance). So that, as far as revenge goes, the thing was a complete frost. You were my benefactor. Your methods were somewhat violent, and I admit you gave me some disagreeable moments before my actual deliverance; but as I was already developing rheumatoid arthritis there can be no doubt that in your hands my death was more merciful than if it had been left to nature. As for the subsequent arrangements, I congratulate you, Steven, on your coolness and resource. I always said you were equal to any emergency, and that your brains would pull you safe through any scrape. You committed an appalling and dangerous crime, a crime of all things the most difficult to conceal, and you contrived so that it was not discovered and never will be discovered. And no doubt the details of this crime seemed to you horrible and revolting to the last degree; and the more horrible and the more revolting they were, the more you piqued yourself on your nerve in carrying the thing through without a hitch.

"I don't want to put you entirely out of conceit with your performance. It was very creditable for a beginner, very creditable indeed. But let me tell you, this idea of things being horrible and revolting is all illusion. The terms are purely relative to your limited perceptions.

"I'm speaking now to your intelligence—I don't mean that practical ingenuity which enabled you to dispose of me so neatly. When I say intelligence I mean intelligence. All you did, then, was to redistribute matter. To our incorruptible

sense matter never takes any of those offensive forms in which it so often appears to you. Nature has evolved all this horror and repulsion just to prevent people from making too many little experiments like yours. You mustn't imagine that these things have any eternal importance. Don't flatter yourself you've electrified the universe. For minds no longer attached to flesh and blood, that horrible butchery you were so proud of, Steven, is simply silly. No more terrifying than the spilling of red ink or the rearrangement of a jig-saw puzzle. I saw the whole business, and I can assure you I felt nothing but intense amusement. Your face, Steven, was so absurdly serious. You've no idea what you looked like with that chopper. I'd have appeared to you then and told you so, only I knew I should frighten you into fits.

" And there's another grand mistake, my lad—your thinking that I'm haunting you out of revenge, that I'm trying to frighten you. . . . My dear Steven, if I'd wanted to frighten you I'd have appeared in a very different shape. I needn't remind you what shape I *might* have appeared in. . . . What do you suppose I've come for ? "

" I don't know," said Steven in a husky whisper. " Tell me."

" I've come to forgive you. And to save you from the horror you *would* have felt sooner or later. And to stop your going on with your crime."

" You needn't," Steven said. " I'm not going on with it. I shall do no more murders."

" There you are again. Can't you understand that I'm not talking about your silly butcher's work ? I'm talking about your *real* crime. Your real crime was hating me.

" And your very hate was a blunder, Steven. You hated me for something I hadn't done."

" Aye, what did you do ? Tell me that."

" You thought I came between you and your sweetheart. That night when Dorsy spoke to me, you thought I told her to throw you over, didn't you ? "

" Aye. And what did you tell her ? "

" I told her to stick to you. It was you, Steven, who drove her away. You frightened the child. She said she was afraid for her life of you. Not because you half-killed that poor boy, but because of the look on your face before you did it. The look of hate, Steven.

" I told her not to be afraid of you. I told her that if she threw you over you might go altogether to the devil ; that she might even be responsible for some crime. I told her that if she married you and was faithful—*if she loved you*—I'd answer for it you'd never go wrong.

" She was too frightened to listen to me. Then I told her to think over what I'd said before she did anything. You heard me say that."

" Aye. That's what I heard you say. I didn' knaw. I didn' knaw. I thought you'd set her agen me."

" If you don't believe me, you can ask her, Steven."

" That's what she said t' other night. That you navver coom between her and me. Navver."

" Never," the phantasm said. " And you don't hate me now."

" Naw. Naw. I should navver 'a hated 'ee. I should navver 'a laid a finger on thee, ef I'd knawn."

" It's not your laying fingers on me, it's your hatred that matters. If that's done with, the whole thing's done with."

" Is it ? Is it ? Ef it was knawn, I should have to hang for it. Maunna I gie mysen oop ? Tell me, maun I gie mysen oop ? "

" You want me to decide that for you ? "

" Aye. Doan't gaw," he said. " Doan't gaw."

It seemed to him that Mr. Greathead's phantasm was getting a little thin, as if it couldn't last more than an instant. He had never so longed for it to go, as he longed now for it to stay and help him.

" Well, Steven, any flesh-and-blood man would tell you to go and get hanged to-morrow ; that it was no more than your

plain duty. And I daresay there are some mean, vindictive spirits even in my world who would say the same, not because *they* think death important but because they know *you* do, and want to get even with you that way.

" It isn't *my* way. I consider this little affair is strictly between ourselves. There isn't a jury of flesh-and-blood men who would understand it. They all think death so important."

" What do you want me to do, then ? Tell me and I'll do it ! Tell me ! "

He cried it out loud ; for Mr. Greathead's phantasm was getting thinner and thinner ; it dwindled and fluttered, like a light going down. Its voice came from somewhere away outside, from the other end of the bridle-path.

" Go on living," it said. " Marry Dorsy."

" I darena. She doan' knaw I killed 'ee."

" Oh, yes "—the eyes flickered up, gentle and ironic—" she does. She knew all the time."

And with that the phantasm went out.

RECENT GERMAN POETRY

By HERMANN HESSE

DURING the past few months I have read a large number of books by the latest German poets, with a view to forming some idea of the intellectual standing of young Germany. My labour, although instructive, has been no pleasure to me, and I do not intend to go on with it any longer. The mental picture of this recent literature which I have built up as a result of my reading is roughly the following.

The younger and most recent German poets—apart from those who, singing old melodies, are the decadent imitators of their elders—might be divided into two groups according to poetic form. The first group would be composed of those who fancy that they have replaced the old poetic forms by new. Here has grown up, during the last few years, a strange imitative orthodoxy and philistinism. The few forerunners and first leaders of the literary revolution, with Sternheim at their head, are imitated, in their grammatical and syntactical innovations and peculiarities, with more dogmatic faith, more slavishness, and far less taste than was ever shown by the " gilt-edged " lyric poet of the " eighties " who imitated the classics. The whole of this literature already breathes mildew and old age ; it is dying before its poets have reached their majority.

The second group, however, which is stronger and to be taken more seriously, is moving lingeringly, but more or less consciously and determinedly, towards chaos. With the poets of this group, the feeling is present, though obscurely, that you cannot, in place of a broken-down culture and form, simply

set another and a new one. These poets feel, or seem to feel, that there must first be disintegration and chaos, the bitter way must first be gone to the end, before new settings, new forms, and new affinities are created. Many of these poets, out of indifference—because, in the general ruin, form can never matter—use the customary language and forms. Others drive impatiently forward, and seek consciously to hasten the disintegration of the German literary language—some with the sullen grief of the man who breaks up his own house, others with reckless humour and in the somewhat shallow mood of complete indifference to the ruin of the world. The latter, since art offers no further satisfactions, want at least to have a little fun at the expense of the philistines and to laugh a while and make merry before the ground collapses beneath them. The whole of literary "Dadaism" belongs hereto.

But all these different groups close up immediately again into one uniform whole so soon as the rather fruitless search after new forms is abandoned and the spiritual content only is examined. This is always exactly the same. Two principal themes are everywhere predominant: rebellion against authority and against the culture of that authority in process of downfall; and eroticism. The father thrust against the wall and condemned by his son, and the youngster, hungry for love, who endeavours to sing his sexual passion in new, free, lovelier and truer forms: these are the two figures that are everywhere to be found. They will too constantly recur, for they indicate, in fact, the two central interests of youth.

The experience and impetus behind all these revolutions and innovations are clearly discernible in two powerful forces: the world-war, and the psychology of the unconscious founded by Sigmund Freud. The experience of the Great War, with the collapse of all the old forms and the breakdown of moral codes and cultures hitherto valid, appears to be incapable of interpretation except by psycho-analysis. Europe is seen by the youth of to-day as a very sick neurotic, who can be helped only by shattering the self-created complexes in which

he is suffocating. And the otherwise tottering authority of the father, the teacher, the priest, the party, and of science finds a new and terrible antagonist in psycho-analysis, which projects so merciless a light into all the old modesties, apprehensions, and prudences. Those same professors who, during the war, distinguished themselves by their obsequiousness towards their Governments, and by their grotesque and senile outbreaks of nationalist infatuation, are now recognised by the young men of to-day as the men under whose leadership the *bourgeoisie* endeavoured to undo and destroy Freud's work, and to leave the world once more in its former darkness.

These two factors in the spiritual life of the young men of to-day—the break with traditional culture (which with many takes the form of a mad hatred of German grammar), and the knowledge that it is possible to investigate scientifically our subconscious life and to influence it in a rational manner—these two factors govern all the recent work of young German writers. And with this there is no lack of what the psycho-analysts call "the abandonment to the doctor." It expresses itself in a blindly enthusiastic submission to the one who first appeared to the patient as a liberator, whether it be Freud or Sternheim. But, although there may be a great deal of obscurity, impulsiveness, and even triviality mixed up with these two factors, they are there in the minds of the young men of to-day; and they are not a programme or a discipline either, but forces.

The knowledge of the collapse of pre-war culture and the eager acceptance of the new psychology as—at last—a science in the making, these are the foundations on which the young men of to-day are beginning to build. The foundations are good. But so far as can be judged by recent poetry nothing has yet been achieved. Neither the experience of the war nor the advent of Freud has led as yet to any very fruitful results. The prevailing mood is complacently revolutionary, very comprehensible in the circumstances, but incapable of long duration. It is more concerned with making a noise

and the assertion of self-importance than with progress and the future. The large majority of these young men give one exactly the same impression as a half-analysed psychopath. who knows indeed the first main results of his psycho-analysis, but is unaware of its consequences. With most of them, their breaking loose and enlargement go no further than a perception of their personality, and the assertion and proclamation of the rights of that personality. Beyond this, there is nothing but obscurity and aimlessness.

. . . . .

It is absurd to get excited, as many so angrily do, about the disappearance of the article and the straightening-out of the syntax in the latest German novels. The articles, in so far as they are useful, will inevitably return. And there is nobody to prevent the upholder of the old grammar and the old beauty from continuing to read Goethe and to ignore the writings of the younger generation. But these young people have every right to youthful years of especial intensity, since they were torn away, at the ages of sixteen to twenty, from their toys and their school-benches, to take part in the war. They themselves will understand that they cannot permanently thrust all the blame for their misfortunes on us elders. They may be a thousand times right ; but merely to be right has never yet advanced anything in this world. The more the younger generation understand this, the more will they also see how little they have so far made of, or appreciated, their two great experiences. The war and psycho-analysis, as experiences, have hitherto produced no other effect than a kind of half-crapulous, half-frenzied outburst of puberty.

I do not believe in a rapid recovery of German poetry. I do not believe in an immediate efflorescence. On the contrary. There are, however, other things to do than to write poetry, and you may make bad poems or none at all, and yet live sensibly and joyously.

The two revolutionary experiences of these young men have not yet produced their full effect, not by a long way.

The war will, sooner or later, bring home to those who have returned from it the lesson that nothing is done by violence and gunplay, that war and violence are attempts to solve complicated and delicate problems in far too savage, far too stupid, and far too brutal a fashion.

And the new psychology, whose harbingers were Dostoievski and Nietzsche, and whose first architect is Freud, will teach these young men that the emancipation of the personality, the canonisation of the natural instincts, are only the first steps on the way, and that this personal freedom is a poor thing and of no account in comparison with that highest of all freedoms of the individual : the freedom to regard oneself consciously and joyously as a part of humanity, and to serve it with liberated powers.

THE "ULYSSES" OF JAMES JOYCE[1]

By VALERY LARBAUD

THE reader who approaches this book without the *Odyssey* clearly in mind will be thrown into dismay. I refer, of course, to the cultivated reader who can fully appreciate such authors as Rabelais, Montaigne, and Descartes; for the uncultivated or half-cultivated reader will throw *Ulysses* aside after the first three pages. I say that the reader is at first dismayed: for he is plunged into the middle of a conversation which will seem to him incoherent, between people whom he cannot distinguish, in a place which is neither named nor described; and from this conversation he is to learn little by little where he is and who the interlocutors are. Furthermore, here is a book which is entitled *Ulysses*, and no character in it bears this name; the name of Ulysses only appears four times. But gradually the reader begins to see his way. Incidentally, he learns that he is in Dublin. He identifies the hero of the *Portrait of the Artist*, Stephen Dedalus, returned from Paris and living among the intellectuals of the Irish capital. He follows Stephen Dedalus for three chapters, watches him and hears him think. From eight to eleven o'clock, in the morning, he follows Stephen Dedalus; in the fourth chapter he makes the acquaintance of a certain Leopold Bloom, whom he pursues step by step throughout the day and

[1] This essay, which is part of the text of a lecture given in Paris on December 7 last, is still the best introduction that has been offered to Mr. Joyce's book. It is published with acknowledgment to the *Nouvelle Revue Française*.

a part of the night—that is to say, through the fifteen chapters which, with the three first, compose the whole book of 732 pages. Accordingly this huge book chronicles a single day; or, to be exact, begins at eight o'clock in the morning and ends towards three in the next morning.

As we have indicated, the reader follows the course of Bloom through his long day; for even if much eludes him at the first reading, he will perceive enough to keep his curiosity and interest constantly awake. He remarks that, with the appearance of Bloom, the action begins again at eight o'clock, and that the three first chapters of Bloom's progress through his day are synchronous with the three first chapters of the book, in which he has followed Stephen Dedalus. For example, a cloud observed by Stephen from the top of the tower at a quarter to nine is seen sixty or eighty pages later by Leopold Bloom crossing a street.

I said that we follow Bloom step by step: in fact, we begin with him when he rises, we accompany him from the bedroom where he has just left his wife Molly half-asleep, to the kitchen, into the hall, to the earth-closet where he reads an old newspaper and lays his literary plans while he eases himself; then to the butcher's, where he buys kidneys for his breakfast; and on the way home he is excited by the form of a servant-girl. Again in his kitchen he puts the kidneys in a frying-pan and the pan on the fire; he goes upstairs to take his wife her breakfast; lingers to talk to her; a smell of burning meat; he redescends to the kitchen in haste; and so on. Again in the street; at the baths; at a funeral; in the editorial offices of a newspaper; at the restaurant where he lunches; in the public library; in the bar of a hotel where a concert is going on; on the beach; in a lying-in hospital where he goes for news of a friend and where he meets his comrades; in the red-light district and in a brothel, where he remains for a long time, loses the rest of his dignity, sinks into a dismal delirium induced by alcohol and fatigue, and finally leaves in the company of Stephen Dedalus, whom

he has rejoined and with whom he passes the two last hours of his day—that is to say, the sixteenth and seventeenth chapters of the book: the last being devoted to a long train of thought of his wife, whom he has awakened in going to bed.

None of this, as I have already said, is told us in narrative form, and the book is a great deal more than the detailed history of Stephen's and Bloom's day in Dublin. It contains a vast number of other things, characters, incidents, descriptions, conversations, visions. But for us the readers, Bloom and Stephen are, so to speak, the vehicles in which we pass across the book. Stationed in the intimacy of their minds, and sometimes in the minds of the other characters, we see through their eyes and hear through their ears what happens and what is said around them. In this way, in this book, all the elements are constantly melting into each other, and the illusion of life, of the thing in the act, is complete: the whole is movement.

But the cultivated reader whom I have postulated will not let himself be wholly carried along by this movement. With the habit of reading and a long experience of books, he looks for the method and the material of what he reads. He will analyse *Ulysses* as he reads. And this is what will certainly be the result of his analysis after a first reading. He will say: This is still the society of *Dubliners*, and the eighteen parts of *Ulysses* can provisionally be considered as eighteen tales with different aspects of the life of the Irish capital as their subjects. Nevertheless, each of these eighteen parts differs from any of the fifteen tales of *Dubliners* on many points, and particularly by its scope, by its form, and by the distinction of the characters. Thus, the characters who take the principal rôles in the tales of *Dubliners* would be in *Ulysses* only supers, minor characters, or—it comes to the same thing—people seen by the author from the outside. In *Ulysses* the protagonists are all (in a literary sense) princes, characters who emerge from the depths of the author's inner life, constructed with his experience and his sensibility, and endowed

by him with his own emotion, his own intelligence, and his own lyricism. Here, the conversations are something more than typical of individuals of such and such social classes; some of them are genuine essays in philosophy, theology, literary criticism, political satire, history. Scientific theories are expounded or debated. These pieces, which we might treat as digressions, or rather as appendices, essays composed outside of the book and artificially interpolated into all of the "tales," are so exquisitely adapted to the plot, the movement, and the atmosphere of the different parts in which they appear that we are obliged to admit that they belong to the book, by the same rights as the characters in whose mouths or whose minds they are put. But already we can no longer consider these eighteen parts as detached tales: Bloom, Stephen, and a few other characters remain, sometimes together and sometimes apart, the principal figures; and the story, the drama, and the comedy of their day are enacted through them. It must be acknowledged that, although each of these eighteen parts differs from all of the others in form and language, the whole forms none the less an organism, a book.

As we arrive at this conclusion, all sorts of coincidences, analogies, and correspondences between these different parts come to light; just as, in looking fixedly at the sky at night, we find that the number of stars appears to increase. We begin to discover and to anticipate symbols, a design, a plan, in what appeared to us at first a brilliant but confused mass of notations, phrases, data, profound thoughts, fantasticalities, splendid images, absurdities, comic or dramatic situations; and we realise that we are before a much more complicated book than we had supposed, that everything which appeared arbitrary and sometimes extravagant is really deliberate and premeditated; in short, that we are before a book which has a key.

Where then is the key? It is, I venture to say, in the door, or rather on the cover. It is the title: *Ulysses*.

Is it possible that this Leopold Bloom, this personage whom the author handles with so little consideration, whom he exhibits in all sorts of ridiculous or humiliating postures, is the son of Laertes, the subtle Ulysses ?

We shall see. Meantime, I return to the *un*cultivated reader who was put off by the first pages of the book, too difficult for him ; and I imagine that after reading him several passages taken from different episodes, we tell him : " You understand that Stephen Dedalus is Telemachus, and Bloom is Ulysses." He will now think that he does understand ; the work of Joyce will no longer seem to him disconcerting or shocking. He will say : " I see ! it's a parody of the *Odyssey* ! " For indeed, to such a reader the *Odyssey* is a great awe-inspiring machine, and Ulysses and Telemachus are *heroes*, men of marble invented by the chilly ancient world to serve as moral ensamples and subjects for scholastic theses. For him they are awe-inspiring and tedious personages, inhuman ; he can be interested in them only by being made to laugh at them—that is, by having them shown to him with a little of that humanity which he genuinely believes them to lack.

It is quite likely that the cultivated reader's opinion will not be very different. The latter has preserved the impression that he received at school—an impression of boredom ; and since he has forgotten his Greek (if he ever knew it well enough to read fluently), he can hardly be expected to find out whether his first impression was correct. The only distinction between him and the uncultivated reader is that for him the *Odyssey* is not majestic and pompous, but simply uninteresting ; and consequently he will not be so ingenuous as to laugh when he sees it burlesqued. The parody will bore him as much as the work itself. How many people of culture are in this position, even among those who could read the *Odyssey* in Greek ! Others think of it as a study for a favoured few, a study of philology, history, and ethnology, a speciality, a very dignified hobby ; and only by accident would the

beauty of this or that passage strike them. As for the creators, the poets, they have not the time to examine the question, and prefer to consider it closed. The ancient world, the Athens of the intellect, is too far away ; the voyage is too expensive ; and they are too busy to take it. Besides, has not its civilisation been passed on to them by inheritance, from poet to poet, down to their own day ? And yet none but they could understand the worlds of their common ancestor. Some of them, in the end, make the voyage, but too late, at a period of life when their creative power is dead. They can do no more than admire and speak to others of their admiration ; some of them try to communicate it and to justify it ; and so they employ their final years in making a translation, usually bad, and always inadequate, of the *Iliad* or of the *Odyssey*.[1]

The great good fortune, the extraordinary luck of James Joyce is to have made the voyage at the age when the creative power began to stir within him.

While still a schoolboy, in the seminary, he was attracted toward Ulysses through a translation of the *Odyssey* ; and one day, when the master proposed to the whole class this subject : " Who is your favourite hero ? " and the other boys responded with the names of various national heroes of Ireland, or great men such as St. Francis of Assisi, Galileo, or Napoleon, Joyce replied, " Ulysses." It was a reply hardly satisfactory to the master, who, as a good humanist, and well acquainted with the Homeric hero, had to take an unfavourable view. But the choice of Ulysses as favourite hero was not a child's whim. Joyce remained faithful to the son of Laertes, and throughout his adolescence he read and reread the *Odyssey*, not from love of Greek or a particular admiration for the poetry of Homer, but for the love of Ulysses. The creative labour must have begun from that day. Joyce extricated Ulysses from the text, and still more from the mighty fortifications which criticism and learning have erected about the

[1] I am thinking of Samuel Butler as well as of Alfieri.

text; and instead of trying to return to Ulysses in time, to reascend the stream of history, he made Ulysses his own contemporary, his ideal companion, his spiritual father.

What, then, in the *Odyssey*, is the moral figure of Ulysses? I am incompetent to answer this question, but better qualified persons have studied the subject, and there are several works upon it. I take that of Emile Gebhart, which has the virtue of brevity and a definite conclusion. Here are the principal points: "Homo est"—he is a man; "Ithacæ, matris, nati, patris, sociorumque amans"—he loves his country, his wife, his son, his father, and his friends; "Misericordia benevolentiaque insignis"—he is highly benevolent, and sensitive to the sorrows of others. But, our author says, "Humanum fragilitatem non effugit"—he is not exempt from human foibles. No more is Leopold Bloom, as we have seen. "Mortem scilicet reformidat"—exactly, he fears death. "Ac diutius in insula Circes moratur"—and he remains too long in Circe's island: like Bloom in the brothel.

He is a man, and the most completely human of all the heroes of the epic cycle: it is this characteristic which first endeared him to the schoolboy. Then, little by little, always bringing Ulysses nearer to himself, the young poet recreated this humanity, this human, comic, and pathetic character of his hero. And recreating him, he has set him among the circumstances of life which the author had before his own eyes—in Dublin, in our time, in the complexity of modern life, and amidst the beliefs, the sciences, and problems of our time.

From the moment that he recreates Ulysses he must logically recreate all the characters who have, in the *Odyssey*, more or less to do with Ulysses. From this point, to recreate an Odyssey on the same plane, a modern Odyssey, was only a step to take.

Hence the plan of the poem. In the *Odyssey*, Ulysses only appears in Book V. In the four first he is concerned, but the character on the stage is Telemachus. That is the part of the *Odyssey* called the Telemachy: it depicts the

almost desperate situation into which the pretenders put the heir of the King of Ithaca, and the departure of Telemachus for Lacedæmon, where he expects to have news of his father. Accordingly, in *Ulysses*, the three first episodes correspond to the Telemachy; Stephen Dedalus, the spiritual son and heir of Ulysses, is constantly on the scene.

From Book V to Book XIII are unfolded the adventures of Ulysses. Joyce distinguishes twelve chief adventures, to which correspond the twelve central chapters or episodes of his book. The last books of the *Odyssey* relate the return of Ulysses to Ithaca and all the detours which terminate in the massacre of the pretenders and the recognition by Penelope. To this part of the *Odyssey*, which is called the Return (*Nostos*), correspond, in *Ulysses*, the three last episodes, which there balance the three episodes of the Telemachy.

Such are the principal lines of the design, which could be represented graphically as follows: at the top three panels, the Telemachy; below, the Twelve Episodes; at the foot, the three episodes of the Return. Eighteen panels in all; the eighteen tales.

Upon this design, without wholly losing sight of the *Odyssey*, Joyce traces a particular design in each of his panels or episodes. In this way, each episode deals with a particular art or science, contains a particular symbol, represents a special organ of the human body, has its particular colour (as in the catholic liturgy), has its proper technique, and takes place at a particular hour of the day. But this is not all: in each of the panels, thus divided, the author inscribes more particular symbols and relations.

To make this clear, let us take an example, Episode V of the adventures. Its title is Æolus. It takes place in the offices of a newspaper. The hour is noon. The relative organ of the body: the lungs. The art of which it treats: rhetoric. Its colour: red. Its symbolic figure: the editor-in-chief. Its technique: the enthymeme. Its relations: a person who corresponds to the Æolus of Homer; incest compared

with journalism; the floating isle of Æolus to the press; the person called Dignam, who died suddenly three days before, and whose funeral Leopold Bloom has just attended (the funeral composes the episode of the descent into Hades), corresponds to Elpenor.

Naturally, Joyce has traced for himself, and not for the reader, this minutely detailed scheme, these eighteen subdivided panels, this close web. There is no explanatory heading or sub-heading. It is for us to decipher, if we care to take the trouble. On this web, or rather in the compartments thus prepared, Joyce has arranged his text. It is a genuine example of the art of mosaic. I have seen the drafts. They are entirely composed of abbreviated phrases underlined in various-coloured pencil. These are annotations intended to recall to the author complete phrases; and the pencil-marks indicate according to their colour that the underlined phrase belongs to such or such an episode. It makes one think of the boxes of little coloured cubes of the mosaic workers.

This plan, which cannot be detached from the book, because it is the very web of it, constitutes one of its most curious and fascinating features. If one reads *Ulysses* with attention, one cannot fail to discover this plan in time. But when one considers its rigidity, and the discipline which the author imposed upon himself, one asks how it can be that out of such a formidable labour of manipulation so living and moving a work could issue.

The manifest reason is that the author has never lost sight of the humanity of his characters, of their whole composition of virtues and faults, turpitude, and greatness; man, the creature of flesh, living out his day. And this is what one finds in reading *Ulysses*.

Among all the points which I ought to deal with, and have not space to deal with here, there are two on which it is indispensable to say a few words. One is the supposedly licentious character of certain passages—passages which in America provoked the intervention of the Society for the Suppression

of Vice. The word "licentious" is inappropriate; it is both vague and weak: it should be *obscene*. In *Ulysses* Joyce wished to display moral, intellectual, and physical man entire, and in order to do so he was forced to find a place, in the moral sphere, for the sexual instinct and its various manifestations and perversions; and, in the physiological sphere, for the reproductive organs and their functions. He does not hesitate to handle this subject any more than the great casuists do, and he handles it in English in the same way that they have handled it in Latin, without respect for the conventions and scruples of the laity. His intention is neither salacious nor lewd; he simply describes and represents; and in his book the manifestations of sexual instinct do not occupy more or less place, and have neither more nor less importance, than such emotions as pity or scientific curiosity. It is of course especially in the interior monologues, the trains of thought, of the characters, and not in their conversations, that sexual instinct and erotic revery emerge; for example, in the long interior monologue of Penelope—that is to say, Bloom's wife, who is also the symbol of Gæa, the Earth. The English language has a very great store of obscene words and expressions, and the author of *Ulysses* has enriched his book generously and boldly from this vocabulary.

The other point is this: why is Bloom a Jew? There are symbolical, mystical, and ethnological reasons which limitations of space prevent me from examining here—but which should be quite clear to readers of the book. All that I can say is that if Joyce has made his chosen hero, the spiritual father of this Stephen Dedalus who is his second self, a Jew—it is not because of anti-Semitism.