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A COMMENTARY

INTERNATIONALIZED INTELLECT

We have received a small pamphlet published in Paris by the League of Nations, and entitled: *The International Institute for Intellectual Co-operation*. This Institute, which is housed not in Geneva but in the Palais Royal in Paris, appears to be a department of the League. The pamphlet is a preliminary one, stating that the Institute has been at work only for several months. The names of the officers are given; as we might expect, most of them are unknown to us: but we are not surprised to find that Professor Murray represents the British Empire (although India, which we had supposed to be still a part of the Empire, has a separate representative, the eminent botanist, Sir J. C. Bose). Great Britain is further represented by Mr. Zimmern (we trust that this is Alfred Zimmern) and by Mrs. James, and by Mr. Vetch. But we are more concerned with the twelve problems on which the Institute is engaged. As not everyone will have seen the pamphlet, we quote these in full:

(*a*) The international organization of bibliography and scientific information.

(*b*) The extension of the international exchange of publications.

(*c*) The unification of scientific nomenclature.
(*d*) International measures to facilitate the circulation of books and printed matter.
(*e*) The adoption of a general scheme for the exchange of professors and students, and for the equivalence of degrees and credentials.
(*f*) The possibility of creating rights of scientific property.
(*g*) The extension of the laws and regulations protecting works of art and the rights of the artist in their productions.
(*h*) The development of instruction on international questions.
(*i*) The regulation by international agreement of archæological research, and the protection of historic buildings.
(*j*) International co-operation among museums and exhibitions.
(*k*) International co-operation among libraries.
(*l*) International measures for the development and improvement of the cinematograph.

Our first suspicion is that the Institute, after founding itself, has cast about for causes to further. This may be unjust, but certainly there is a lack of coherence, of any unifying idea; some of the causes seem rather trifling to occupy the time of an Institute in the Palais Royal; others seem more adapted to specialized bodies; and all are vague. Even though the Institute has been in existence only a few months, it must know what it means by 'The extension of the international exchange of publications'; but the uninstructed reader would like to know too. We are frankly sceptical about the improvement of the cinema by any such sanctified organization. (*a*), (*b*), (*i*) and (*j*) seem good, but vague. (*h*) depends on the instructors. As for (*c*) we should think that that might be dealt with by international scientific congresses of the various sciences. If (*d*) is concerned with the difficulties of sending books from country to country, that is a good point. (*e*) 'the equivalence of degrees and credentials' in the present state of education, seems pernicious; until education is far more standardized there can be no equality: even inside America alone, the value of any degree varies

indefinitely according to the university which gives it. Of all these proposals, the most needed and hopeful reforms appear to be contained in (*f*) and (*g*), which deal with scientific property and copyright.

COPYRIGHT LAW IN AMERICA

Here is a matter which touches closely anyone who publishes a book, or even a periodical article, in Great Britain. Yet here, perhaps, we may find our ray of hope deceptive. The Institute does not 'in any way concern itself with the private relations of one nation to another'. (In this it seems more cautious than the League itself, which undoubtedly concerned itself with the private relations of Sweden and Finland over the Aaland Islands). So that if this problem proves a ticklish one it will probably be referred to the 'private relations' of Great Britain and America. Yet the present American Copyright Law is a flagrant injustice to British and still more to Irish writers, and one of the first particulars to which 'International Intellectual Co-operation' should be directed. We still hope that it may claim some of the attention of Professor Murray, and Mr. Zimmern, and Mrs. James, and Mr. Vetch.

We must not forget, however, amongst these glorious public meetings, proposals and resolutions, that real *intellectual* co-operation is something far less conspicuous in its time. It is something created by the state of mind of men of letters, men of science, education and art. It is not, in any country, the vogue of a foreign dramatist or a foreign novelist, that counts; but the state of mind which is strongly conscious of a national and an imperial tradition, and at the same time of a European tradition; and which makes the intelligent Englishman, or Frenchman, or German, or citizen of any other country, aware of the vital problems of European civilization as a whole. The *honnête homme* will keep a due balance between these three points of view.

THE VALUES OF THE DOCTRINE BEHIND 'SUBJECTIVE' ART

By WYNDHAM LEWIS

THE object of this article is to set in relief the automatic processes by which the artist or the writer (a novelist or a poet) obtains his formularies: to show how the formulas for his progress are issued to him, how he gets them by post, and then applies them. According to present arrangements, in his dealings with nature he is almost always apriorist, we suggest. Further, he tends to lose his powers of observation (which, through reliance upon external nature, in the classical ages gave him freedom) altogether. Yet *observation* must be the only guarantee of his usefulness, as much as of his independence. So he takes his nature, in practice, from theoretic fields, and resigns himself to see only what conforms to his syllabus of patterns. He deals with the raw life, thinks he sees arabesques in it; but in fact the arabesques that he sees more often than not emanate from his theoretic borrowing, he has put them there. It is a nature-for-technical-purposes of which he is conscious. Scarcely any longer can he be said to control or be even in touch with the raw at all, that is the same as saying he is not in touch with nature: he rather dredges and excavates things that are not objects of direct perception, with a science he has borrowed; or, upon the surface, observes only according to a system of opinion which hides from him any but a highly selective reality.

The mere fact—with the artist or interpreter of nature—that his material is living, exposes him to the temptation of a drowsy enthusiasm for paradox, since 'life' is paradox (sprinkled over a process of digestive sloth), and all men live, actually, upon the amusement of surprise. 'What man is this that arrives? A beautiful, a wonderful, stranger!' they say: and all strangers are wonderful or beautiful. 'What will the day bring forth? There will be some pleasant novelty, at least of that we can be certain! —a novelty with whose appearance we have had nothing to do.' 'Life' is *not*—knowing: it is the surprise packet: so, essentially unselective, if nature can be so arranged as to yield him as it were a system of surprises, the artist will scarcely take the trouble to look behind them, to detect the principle of their occurrence, or to reflect that for 'surprises', for the direct life of nature, they are a little over-dramatic and particularly pat. So he automatically applies the accepted formula to nature; the corresponding accident manifests itself, like a djinn, always with an imposing clatter (since it is a highly selective 'accident' that understands its part): and the artist is perfectly satisfied that nature has spoken. He does not see at all that 'nature' is no longer there.

You are merely describing, you may say, the famous 'subjective' character of this time, in your own way and a little paradoxically. If I could surprise anybody into examining with a purged and renewed sense what is taken so much for granted, namely our 'subjectivity'—though who or what is the subject or Subject?—I should have justified any method whatever. But I am anxious to capture the attention of the reader in a way to which he is less accustomed, a less paradoxical way.

In Western countries the Eighteenth-century man and the Puritan man are perhaps the most marked types that survive, disguised of course in all sorts of manners, and differently combined. We have learnt to live upon a diet of pure 'fun', we are sensationalist to the marrow. Ours is a kind of Wembley-life of raree-shows, of switchbacks

and watershoots. We observe the gleeful eye of Mr. Bertrand Russell as he appears suspended for a moment above some formal logical precipice. Or there is Mr. Roger Fry in the company of his friend, Mr. Bell, sustaining delightedly shock after shock from the handles of some electric machine, or in other words from the unceremonious vigour of some painting which, charged with a strange zeal, outrages in turn all the traditional principles of his English training and his essential respectability. Then there are the roundabouts for the Peter Pan chorus, swings for exhibitionists, mantic grottoes and the lecture-tents of the gymnosophists. Oh it is a wild life that we live in the near West, between one apocalypse and another! And the far West is much the same, we are told. In a word, we have lost our sense of reality. So we return to the central problem of our 'subjectivity', which is what we have in the place of our lost sense, and which is the name by which our condition goes.

Elsewhere I have described this in its great lines as the transition from a *public* to a *private* way of thinking and feeling. The great industrial machine has removed from the individual life all responsibility. For an individual business adventurer to succeed as he could in the first days of industrial expansion, will to-morrow be impossible. It is evidently in these conditions that you must look for the solid ground of our 'subjective' fashions. The obvious historic analogy is to be found in the Greek political decadence. Stoic and other philosophies set out to provide the individual with a complete substitute for the great public and civic ideal of the happiest days of Greek freedom: with their thought we feel ourselves quite at home. I will take the account of these circumstances to be found in an essay of Edward Caird.

'Even in the time of Aristotle a great change was passing over the public life of Greece, by which all its ethical traditions were discredited. . . . By the victories

of Philip and Alexander the city states of Greece were reduced to the rank of subordinate municipalities in a great military empire; and, under the dynasties founded by Alexander's generals, they became the plaything and the prize of a conflict between greater powers, which they could not substantially influence . . . we may fairly say that it was at this period that the division between public and private life, which is so familiar to us but was so unfamiliar to the Greeks, was first decisively established as a fact. A private non-political life became now, not the exception, but the rule; not the abnormal choice of a few recalcitrant spirits, like Diogenes or Aristippus, but the inevitable lot of the great mass of mankind. The individual, no longer finding his happiness or misery closely associated with that of a community . . . was thrown back upon his own resources. . . . What Rome did was practically to pulverize the old societies, reducing them to a collection of individuals, and then to hold them together by an external organization, military and legal . . . its effect (that of roman power) was rather to level and disintegrate than to draw men together' (*Evol. of Theology*).

There is not much resemblance, outwardly, between the pulverization by one central power, such as that of Rome, and the pulverization of our social and intellectual life that is being affected by general industrial conditions all over the world. But there is, in the nature of things, the same oppressive removal of all personal outlet (of sufficient significance to satisfy a full-blooded business or political ambition) in a great public life of individual enterprise: and, in the West, at the same time, through the agency of Science, all our standards of existence have been discredited. Many people protest against such an interpretation of what has happened to us in Europe and America: they do not see that it has happened, they say that at most 'there may be a danger of' it: yet every detail of the life of any

individual you choose to take, in almost any career, testifies to its correctness.

As to what is at the bottom of this immense and radical translation from a free public life, on the one hand, to a powerless, unsatisfying, circumscribed private life on the other, with that we are not here especially occupied. But the answer lies entirely, on the physical side, with the spectacular growth of Science, and its child, Industry. The East is in process of being revolutionized, however, in the same manner as the West. Let me quote Mr. Russell: 'The kind of difference that Newton has made to the world is more easily appreciated where a Newtonian civilization is brought into sharp contrast with a pre-scientific culture, as for example, in modern China. The ferment in that country is the inevitable outcome of the arrival of Newton upon its shores. . . . If Newton had never lived, the civilisation of China would have remained undisturbed, and I suggest that we ourselves should be little different from what we were in the middle of the eighteenth century' (*Radio Times*, *April 8th*). If you substitute Science for Newton (for if Newton 'had never lived' somebody else would) that explains our condition. We have been thrown back wholesale from the external, the public, world, by the successive waves of the 'Newtonian' innovation, and been driven down into our primitive private mental caves, of the Unconscious and the primitive. We are the cave-men of the new mental wilderness. That is the description, and the history, of our particular 'subjectivity'.

In the arts of formal expression, a 'dark night of the soul' is settling down. A kind of mental language is in process of invention, flouting and over-riding the larynx and the tongue. Yet an art that is 'subjective' and can look to no common factors of knowledge or feeling, and lean on no tradition, is exposed to the necessity, first of all, of instructing itself far more profoundly as to the

origins of its impulses and the nature and history of the formulas with which it works; or else it is committed to becoming a zealous parrot of dubious and short-lived systems reaching it from the unknown. In the latter case in effect what it does is to bestow authority upon a hypothetic something or someone it has never seen, and would be at a loss to describe (since in the 'subjective' there is no common and visible nature), and progressively to surrender its faculty of observation, and so sever itself from the external field of immediate truth or belief—for the only meaning of 'nature' is a nature possessed in common. And that is what now has happened to many artists: they pretend to be their own authority, but they are not even that.

It would not be easy to exaggerate the naiveté with which the average artist or writer to-day, deprived of all central authority, body of knowledge, tradition, or commonly accepted system of nature, accepts what he receives in place of those things. He is usually as innocent of any saving scepticism, even of the most elementary sort, where his subjectively-possessed machinery is concerned, as the most secluded and dullest peasant abashed with metropolitan novelties; only, unlike the peasant, he has no saving shrewdness even: and this is all the more peculiar (and therefore not generally noticed, or if recognised, not easily credited) because he is physically in the very centre of things, and so, it would be supposed, superlatively 'knowing', and predisposed to doubt.

Listen attentively to any conversation at a café or a tea-table, or any place where students or artists collect and exchange ideas, or listen to one rising—or equally a risen—writer or artist talking to another—from this there are very few people that you will have to except: it is astonishing how, in all the heated dogmatical arguments, you will never find them calling in question the very basis upon which the 'movement' they are advocating rests. They

are never so ' radical ' as that. Not that the direction they are taking may not be the right one, but they have not the least consciousness, if so, why it is right, or of the many alternatives open to them. The authority of fashion is absolute in such cases: whatever has by some means introduced itself and gained a wide crowd-acceptance for say two years and a half, is, itself, unassailable. Its application, only, presents alternatives. The world of fashion for them is as solid and unquestionable as that large stone against which Johnson hit his foot, to confute the Bishop of Cloyne. For them the time-world has become an absolute, as it has for the philosopher in the background, feeding them with a hollow assurance.

But this suggestionability, directed to other objects, is shown everywhere by the crowd. The confusion would be more intense than it is, even, if every small practitioner of art or letters started examining, in a dissatisfied and critical spirit, everything whatever you might at this point object. And, if that is the case, why attempt to sow distrust of the very ground on which they stand, among a herd of happy and ignorant technicians 'entranced', not with ' mind ', but with ' subjectivity ' ? Was not the man-of-science of thirty years ago, in undisturbed possession of all his assumptions as regards the ' reality ' he handled so effectively, happier and brighter and so perhaps more useful, than his more sceptical successor to-day ?

This argument would carry more weight, if the opinions to which it referred were not so fanatically held. It is very difficult to generalize like that: sometimes it is a good thing to interfere with a somnambulist and of course sometimes not. You have to use your judgment. The kind of screen that is being built up between the reality and us, the ' dark night of the soul ' into which each individual is relapsing, the intellectual shoddiness of so much of the thought responsible for the artist's reality, or ' nature', to-day, all these things seem to point to the

desirability for a new, and if necessary shattering, criticism of ' modernity ', as it stands at present. Having got so far, again, we must sustain our revolutionary impulse. It is an unenterprising thought indeed that would accept *all* that the 'Newtonian ' civilization of science has thrust upon our unhappy world, simply because it once had been different from something else, and promised ' progress ', though no advantage so far has been seen to ensue from its propagation for any of us, except that the last vestiges of a few superb civilizations are being stamped out, and a million sheeps-heads, in London, can sit and listen to the distant bellowing of Mussolini; or in situations so widely separated as Wigan and Brighton, listen simultaneously to the bellowing of Dame Clara Butt. It is too much to ask us to accept these privileges as substitutes for the art of Sung or the philosophy of Greece.—It is as a result of such considerations as these that a new revolution is already on foot, making its appearance first under the aspect of a violent reaction, at last to bring a steady and growing mass of criticism to bear upon those innovations that Mr. Russell would term ' Newtonian ', and question their right to land upon the shores of China, and do there what they are said to be doing.

In the arts of formal expression this new impulse has already made its appearance. But the deep eclipse of extreme ignorance in which most technical giants repose, makes the pointing of the new day, in those places, very slow and uncertain.—Really the average of our artists and writers could be regarded under the figure of nymphs, who all are ravished periodically by a pantheon of unknown gods, who appear to them first in one form then in another. These are evidently deities who speak in a scientific canting and abstract dialect, mainly, in the moment of the supreme embrace, to these hot and bothered, rapt, intelligences: and all the rather hybrid creations that ensue lisp in the accents of science as well. But is it *one* god, assuming

many different forms, or is it a plurality of disconnected celestial adventurers? That is a disputed point: but I incline to the belief that one god only is responsible for these various escapades. That is immaterial, however, for if it is not one, then it is a colony of beings very much resembling one another.

So then, before discussing at all the pros and cons of the 'subjective' fashion, it is necessary to recognise that it is not to the concrete material of art that we must go for our argument: that is riddled with contradictory assumptions. Most dogmatically 'subjective', telling-from-the-inside, fashionable method—whatever else it may be and whether 'well-found' or not—is ultimately discovered to be bad philosophy—that is to say it takes its orders from second-rate philosophic dogma. Can art that is a reflection of bad philosophy be good art? I should say that you could make good art out of almost anything, whether good or bad from the standpoint of right reason. But under these circumstances there is, it follows, no objection to the source being a rational one: for reason never did any harm to art, even if it never did it any good. And in other respects we are all highly interested in the success of reason.

But if, politically and socially, men are to-day fated to a 'subjective' role, and driven inside their private, mental caves, how can art be anything but 'subjective', too? Is externality of any sort possible, for us? Are not we of necessity confined to a mental world of the subconscious, in which we naturally sink back to a more primitive level; and hence our 'primitivism', too? *Our* lives cannot be described in terms of action—externally that is—because we never truly *act*. We have no common world into which we project ourselves and recognize what we see there as symbols of our fullest powers. To those questions we now in due course would be led: but what in this article I have tried to show is that first of all much more attention should be given to the intellectual principles

that are behind the work of art: that to sustain the pretensions of a considerable innovation a work must be surer than it usually is to-day of its formal parentage: that nothing that is unsatisfactory in the result should be passed over, but should be asked to account for itself in the abstract terms that are behind its phenomenal face. And I have suggested that many subjective fashions, not plastically or formally very satisfactory, would become completely discredited if it were clearly explained upon what flimsy theories they are in fact built: what bad philosophy, in short, has almost everywhere been responsible for the bad art.

LAND'S END

(for Adrienne Monnier)

By ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

I

THE peninsulas are held by an ancient people
And races skilful in iron, makers of amulets,
Keep the sea isles

These are they who interpret the flight of birds,
Who foretell the dawn from the light in the west at sunset.
These have been long in the earth. They know the seasons.
They know by the stinging of flies when the rains come.
They smell the snow on a dry wind. They are wise
In the changing of gales when the shape of the moon
changes.
They stir in their sleep at night when the tide turns.

Only they speak in the tongue of another country.
There are names in their speech of fruits unknown in these
valleys.
Also their gods are carved with the muzzles of jackals
And their proverbs are proverbs made in a dry place.
Their festivals do not keep the days of the sea.
Their word for the sea is a word meaning the sorrow.

Only their songs are of high lands beyond mountains.
Their songs are of horses grazing a wide land,
Of stars through the roofs of tents woven of horse hair.
Theirs they say were the wars fought by the heroes:
Theirs were the battles the shouting of which comes over us
Like a sound of sleet in the dead grass in the marshes.

At the time of the floods in spring they have seen on the
rivers
Branches bearing a round leaf and bridles
Knotted of straw and the wooden bow of a saddle.
They have seen the bodies of birds of a white plumage.
They have smelled the reek of the pastures in stale pools.
The sea smells in spring of the thaw water. . . .
They draw their nets in spring by the brown streams.

II

that here by this unremembering
Sea, O my people
and we have not known
Always the sea sound nor the taste of salt
Always
rebuild these roofs of stone—
can we,
O winter starved, eaters of fish guts, blind
With reeking sod fires in the windy room,
Can we return no more
take ship and call
The long rope over, ride the landward surge
High on the sea bar and where first the blue
Streaks with the dribble of the brown fresh foam
Drive up the channel with all oars
can we
No more return
that on these beaches O
Sea scalded eyes, salt broken nails, rebuild,
O miserable, the loose stones that were
Houses before us of forgotten men
On these last shores
can we no more return
Again to our own lands ? . . .

III

These men do not speak: they sit
Right and left of the coals slicing
Thongs from seal leather, cleaning their long
Knives. They listen as men to bat talk,
Men to the whimper of dead old ones.
Ho, they are free: they can sleep where they will:
They are not afraid as we are here
For they know what the world is. They have seen
Actual shapes, things solid,
Not visions, not fog shapes only, not
Glister under the stone of fish gill,
Nor images hanging in pools among
The sea anemones, deeper than clouds are
Down, or the underneath wings of the gulls go.
Sounds they have heard too, not the wave sound,
Not the no sound of the wind
Nor tide moan under drowned ledges,
Cry of gulls, gulls crying from
Water. No, but real things,
Riders, running of dogs, deer-fall:
Weight they have had in their hands of dead
Birds, of the breasts softly of women.
No,—and love, the weed smell of it,
Front against front, not hair blown
Dark over eyes in a dream and the mouth gone. . . .
These men do not speak. We have told them
Tales we know of the last seas,
Tales of the great waves and the wind there.
They listen. They do not speak. They have come
From the old lands of our people.
Hunters they are from father to son,
Herdsmen, drivers of plow shares.
These are men without names. They are called
After their lands, after their hand work;

Men will remember the smell of their garments—
Not, as of us, the sound only
Of words over earth door, not as the unborn
Dead shall remember the sounds we were called by.
These men do not speak. They have seen
Shapes solid and real . . . live things.

CHAUCER AND THE GREAT ITALIAN WRITERS OF THE TRECENTO*

By MARIO PRAZ

I

WHEN the Canterbury pilgrims reach Boughton-under-Blean, two new characters—you will remember—join themselves to the pious and merry company: the Canon and his Yeoman. The dapple-grey hackney of the Canon is sweating wonderfully, and so is the Canon himself, whose forehead drips 'as a stillatorie'. The newcomer, still breathless from the rush, greets the pilgrims, and asks to be permitted to ride in such a merry company. Then the Yeoman proceeds to praise his master's skill, wisdom and discretion: his master is an altogether excellent man, greater than a clerk, able to turn upside-down the road upon which they are riding, and to pave it all of silver and gold. The Host wonders why a lord of such a high prudence is so shabbily dressed, and the Yeoman reveals then a sad state of affairs: his master is *too* wise, his wit is over-great; and what is over-done, proves to be a vice. His very subtlety cankers his

* The quotations of Chaucer, other than those from *Troilus*, are after Skeat's edition. For *Troilus* I am using Root's edition (see Bibliography).

In order to make references as brief as possible, I have omitted such titles as Prof., Dr., Mr., before the names of Chaucer students.

Full bibliographical references will be found at the end of this essay.

undertakings, so that he is constantly missing his conclusion.

In the course of my readings in view of the present essay, the character of the sweating, slovenly, over-skilful, half-deceiving, half-deceived Canon-alchemist was persistently recalled to my mind by the sisyphean efforts of the scholars of two continents, bent on throwing additional light, as they call it, on the wondrous mysteries in which the career and writings of Chaucer supremely abound. The parallel between the source-hunter and the gold-hunter can be aptly drawn, almost to a nicety. One needs not go very far in looking up Chauceriana in either German or American philological reviews, to become convinced that most source-hunters possess to an extreme degree the Canon's ability to turn upside-down the road upon which they are riding, and, no less than the painstaking baffled Alchemist, they fall short of paving it again with silver and gold. I cannot resist indulging a somewhat extravagant fancy: if Chaucer could only have guessed the treatment he was going to receive at the hands of modern scholars, what a magnificent satire would he have made upon his future commentators! To be sure, he would have added another character to the immortal gallery of the pilgrims: the character of the source-hunter.

Like an alchemist racking his own brain to discover the hidden virtues of the metals, and to invent unheard-of formulæ out of which the philosophers' stone may be produced as by miracle, the source-hunter is devising complexes of Macrobius, and Dante, and Claudian, and Alanus de Insulis, and *Roman de la Rose*, and, pleased with his final concoction, he identifies it with gold, i.e. Chaucer. And then, suddenly, 'the pot to-breketh, and farewel! al is go!' A rival source-hunter has countermined the elaborate fabric, and lo! the wondrous work is blown up. The 'little additional light' results in much un-

necessary darkness, and the mystery is as thick as ever. The rival alchemists are at loggerheads, commentaries are piled upon commentaries, as Pelion on Ossa, the sky is dimmed with smoke, the air poisonous with smell of brimstone, the fighters level at each other's heads formulæ and figures—formidable-looking references to dissertations and articles scattered in scores of periodicals—and meanwhile, as Aldous Huxley puts it,[1] 'year by year the sediment of muddy comment and criticism thickens round the great man's bones: the sediment sets firm: what was once a living organism is turned into a fossil.'

Even among the safest Chaucerian scholars oversubtlety proves sometimes to be a vice; we need not, then, be surprised at the vagaries of the less safe source-hunters. Were the reading-public alive to a morbid curiosity about source-complexes, as it is admittedly about sex-complexes, a publisher could find sufficient inducement to issue a selection of Chauceriana uniform with H. L. Mencken's annual anthologies of Americana; and I am not sure whether, after that, *Americana* would still bear the palm in the way of supreme nonsense writing.

I am going to give only one instance of priceless pettifogging interpretation, because it may serve as a convenient introduction to my study of Italian influence on Chaucer. A contributor to *The Nation* for October 20th, 1904, conjectured that the nineteen ladies following the God of Love in the Prologue to the *Legend of Good Women* were suggested by the hundred and forty and four thousand sealed out of every tribe of the children of Israel, and the 'tras of wemen' by the great multitude which no man could number standing before the throne and before the Lamb in the seventh chapter of the Apocalypse! J. L. Lowes, on the other hand, is quite justified in seeing in Chaucer's procession of ladies another instance of the endlessly recurring convention, in the poems of the Court

[1] The *London Mercury*, June, 1920 (Vol. II, No. 8), p. 179.

of Love *genre*, of the band of lovers about the God of Love, and proceeds to point out an accidental parallel in Dante, (*Purgatorio*, XXXII, l, 38 ff.). Now, the suggestion for the 'tras of wemen' comes actually from Dante, as I am going to show, and it is strange that the source should have escaped Lowes, who has gone deeper than any one else in the study of Dante's influence on Chaucer. The passage in the A-Prologue (l.188 ff.) of the *Legend* runs thus:

> 'And after hem (i.e. the God of Love) com of wemen swich a tras
> That, sin that god Adam made of erthe,
> The thredde part of wemen, ne the ferthe,
> Ne wende I nat by possibilitee
> Hadden ever in this world y-be.'

In the Ante-Hell Dante meets the spirits of the pusillanimous: they are preceded by a banner,

> 'E dietro le venia sì lunga tratta
> Di gente, ch'io non averei creduto
> Che morte tanta n'avesse disfatte.'
>
> (*Inf.*, III, 55-57)

[And behind it came so long a train of people, that I could never have conceived that so many had been undone by death.]

Further on, in the same Canto, is mentioned Adam's sinful offspring, *il mal seme d'Adamo*. The mention of Adam, together with the use of the word *tras*, is a conclusive test. The word *tras* is used only here by Chaucer in the sense of 'train of people', and is obviously a close rendering of *tratta*. Moreover, the whole line 188 echoes l.55 in *Inferno*, III, and the word *tras*, as well as *tratta*, occurs in rhyme. One could even push the investigation a little further, and guess why Chaucer was reminded of that passage in Dante. A few lines back Chaucer describes the appearance of the God of Love (A-Prologue, ll, 163–165, 168):

'For sekirly his face shoon so brighte,
That with the gleem a-stoned was the sighte;
A furlong-wey I mighte him nat beholde.
. . . . . .
And aungellich his wenges gan he sprede.'

The appearance of the God of Love has been modelled on the appearance of the angel in the Second Canto of *Purgatorio* (, ll.37–39, 34):

'Poi, come più e più verso noi venne
L'uccel divino, più chiaro appariva;
Per che l'occhio da presso nol sostenne
. . . . . .
Vedi come l'ha dritte verso il cielo.'

[Anon, as the bird of heaven came ever towards us, he was more bright, so that, when near, mine eyes were overpowered. . . . Mark how he has raised his wings towards heaven.]

And the skylark (l.141 ff.) had heralded the approach of the God of Love thus:

'" I see," quod she, " the mighty god of love!
Lo! yond he cometh, I see his winges sprede! " '

in the same way as Virgil had announced to Dante the coming of the angel (l.26 ff.):

'Mentre che i primi bianchi apparser ali:
Allor che ben conobbe il galeotto,
Gridò: "Fa, fa che le ginocchia cali:
Ecco l'angel di Dio. . . ." '

[. . . while the first white features revealed themselves as wings: when he clearly recognized the pilot, he cried: 'See, see thou bend thy knees, behold the angel of God. . . .'] [1]

[1] Version A of the Prologue is much closer to Dante's lines than B, which runs (ll.232-233): 'Therwith me thoughte his face shoon so brighte That wel unnethes mighte I him beholde'. This divergence constitutes a strong evidence against the hypothesis of the priority of the B version. Moreover, the lines corresponding to 188 ff., in B, show signs of revision: *wemen* of l.190 A altered into *mankynd* (B, 287), in order to avoid the repetition (*wemen*, A, 188=B, 285), l.192 A, changed through the insertion of *wide* (B, 289) to eke out the metre. Ll.141-143 are left out in B. Much has been written—most of it entirely wide of the mark—on the relation between the two forms of the Prologue. Whoever wants to feel very pessimistic about Chaucerian criticism ought to read Hugo Lange's *Neue Beiträge zu einer endgültigen Lösung der Legendenprologfrage bei Chaucer* in *Anglia*, Band XLIX (1926), p. 173 ff., and the articles on the same subject by J. Koch, V. Langhans, in Band L, Heft 1, of the same review, p. 62 ff.

Now the angel appears first to Dante and Virgil in the form of a light approaching over the sea with such speed, that no bird's flight could rival its motion (l.16 ff.):

'. . . m'apparve . . .
Un lume per lo mar venir sì ratto,
Che 'l mover suo nessun volar pareggia.'

The speed of approach of the vessel of saved souls piloted by the angel has reminded Chaucer at once of another speedy approaching of spirits, precisely in that Canto of the *Inferno* which, containing the description of Charon's boat ferrying the lost souls into Hell, is a counterpart of the second Canto of the *Purgatorio*. The spirits of the cowards appear in the wake of

'. . . una insegna
Che girando correva tanto ratta,
Che d'ogni posa mi parea indegna.'
(*Inf.*, III, 52-54)

Possibly line 17 of *Purgatorio*, II, has brought about the association of ideas. That line runs:

'Un lume per lo mar venir sì *ratto*.'

Such a line is apt to recall instantaneously to one's mind *Inferno*, III, 53:

'Che girando correva tanto *ratta*.'

Both sense and sound are closely related in these two

lines. Finally the two 'fyry dartes, as the gledes rede', which Love holds in hand, are his *insegna*, and they are red as glowing embers, because the light approaching over the sea, in the *Purgatorio*, was at first like the planet Mars, when, at dawn, it glimmers red in the west above the sea-level: 'Per li grossi vapor Marte rosseggia' (*Purg.*, II, 14).

The case of derivation I have just examined is safely established, as I was saying, by the use of the word *tras* corresponding in meaning, sound, and position to the Dantesque word *tratta*. If one wished indeed to formulate rules about Chaucer's borrowings, the first one should be: in most of the cases Chaucer is following a source, he betrays himself, so to say, by the use of some word closely modelled on some of the foreign words of the text he has either before his mind or before his eyes. Very often, in *Troilus and Criseyde*, he takes his rhyme-words over from the Italian original, the *Filostrato*.[1] Apart from the exceedingly frequent case of *Troie* rhyming with either *joye* or *anoye*, in the final couplet of a stanza, to be paralleled in Boccaccio's frequent rhyme of *Troia* with *gioia* and *noia* in the same position, you find there *descerne-eterne-werne* (*Tr.*, III, st. 2), where the *Filostrato* has, in the corresponding stanza (III, st. 75), *discerno-eterno*; *martire-desire* (IV, st. 117), to reproduce *desiri-martiri* (*Fil.*, IV, st. 96); *sentement-argument* (IV, st. 169), echoing Boccaccio's *sentimento-argomento* (*Fil.*, IV, st. 119); *Diomede-* (*blede*) (V, st. 3), modelled on *Diomede-* (*diede-vede*) (*Fil.*, V, st. 1); and, most remarkable of all, *Monesteo-Rupheo* (IV, st. 8), taken over bodily from Boccaccio's stanza 3 of Book IV.[2]

[1] The borrowing of rhymes is, of course, not confined to *Troilus*. So for instance the rhyme, *Anne-Osanne*, in *Canterbury Tales* B, 641-42, and G, 69-70, is a reminiscence of Dante's *Anna-Osanna* (*Par.*, XXXII, 133-35).

[2] In a few cases the Italian rhyme impresses Chaucer as mere spelling and sound, quite apart from the meaning. So in *Troilus* V, st. 131 *pace-face-deface* is suggested by *fallace-face* (from the verb *fare*, to make)-*piace* in *Filostrato* VI, st. 20. Perhaps Dante's rhyme (*Inferno*, XXVIII, 119-23) *come-chiome-o me*, has suggested Chaucer's *Rome-tó me* (*Canterbury Tales*, A, 671-72).

I call this last case very remarkable indeed, because one would expect Chaucer to give to proper names the endings used in English. But, in the field of proper names, consistency is the last thing to be expected from him: a proper name, chiefly a classical one, appeals to him like a spell, a magic formula, and apparently he does not dare to subject it to the common laws of language. This point ought to be kept in mind when I shall speak of Chaucer's use of authorities. In another passage of *Troilus* (V, l.1806) Chaucer spells *Achille* as he found it spelt in the parallel Italian stanza (*Fil.*, VIII, st. 27), in the *Hous of Fame* (l.458) he uses the form *Lavyna* (Lavinia), probably from Dante's *Lavina* (*Purg.*, XVII, 37), and in the same poem Marsyas is spelt *Marcia* (l. 1229) and made feminine, very likely through a confusion engendered by Dante's mention of Marcia, Cato's wife. Apart from the borrowing of rhymes,[1] Chaucer's use of words modelled on foreign ones he has found in his sources could be abundantly illustrated. Sometimes his candour goes so far as to borrow the foreign word, and then to devote one or more lines to the explanation of it, as when, after copying from Boccaccio the learned word *ambage* (*Fil.*, VI, st. 17) he proceeds

[1] Even where no definite source has been traced, Chaucer's use of foreign words shows at once in what language we should expect to find his original. Thus in *Troilus* (II, st. 124), we find the word *verre*, used only here by Chaucer for 'glas', rhyming with *werre=war*. Such two words rhyme together only in French: *verre-guerre*. Accordingly, the version of the proverb Chaucer has in mind, ought to be a French one. The quotation occurs in Antigone's song which bears a general resemblance to Guillaume de Machaut's *Paradis d'amour* (see Kittredge, *Mod. Lang. Notes*, XXV., 158).

thus (*Tr.*, V, st. 129):

> ' And but if Calkas lede us with ambages,
> That is to seyn, with double wordes slye,
> Swich as men clepe a word with two visages.'

But this passage falls rather under the heading, ' display of learning ', of which I shall have to speak later on. The word *ambages* is used only once by Chaucer, in connexion with Boccaccio's *ambage*: such is often the case of borrowed foreign words with him. They are transferred into English with just as much alteration in spelling as is deemed sufficient to naturalize them; but they lack vitality, they do not occur again, independent of their source. Such is the case of *poeplissh* (*appetit*)=popular, used in *Tr.*, IV, 1677, to translate Boccaccio's (*appetito*) *popolesco* (*Fil.*, IV, st. 165), of *palestral* (*pleyes*) (*Tr.*, V, 304), rendering Boccaccio's *palestral* (*gioco*) (*Teseide*, VII, st. 27), of *erratik* (*sterres*) (*Tr.*, V, 1812), corresponding to (*stelle*) *erratiche* in *Teseide*, XI, st. 1, of *affect*, a characteristically Dantesque word, used only in *Troilus*, III, 1393, in a passage inspired by Dante, and of *revoken* used in the sense of ' to recall ' only in *Troilus*, III, 1118.

As in the other instances, *revoken* is here the sign-manual of the author from whom Chaucer derives the entire passage; and the author, in the present case, which, so far as I know, has escaped notice, is Boccaccio. The use of that word, which is the Italian *rivocare* slightly disguised, gives evidence that the episode of Troilus's fainting at the sight of Criseyde crying, in Book Three, is nothing else but a transferred episode of the Italian poem, Book IV, when Troilus faints at learning that the Trojans are willing to give up Criseyde to the Greeks. In stanza 160 of the English poem Pandarus and Criseyde try to revive Troilus:

> ' Therwith his pous and paumes of his hondes
> They gan to frote, and ek his temples tweyne;
> . . . . .
> Hym to *revoken* she did al hire peyne.'

In stanza 19 of Book IV of the *Filostrato*, Priam and his other sons try to recall to life Troilus:

> ' . . . e ciascun si procaccia
> Di confortarlo, e le sue forze morte,
> Ora i polsi fragando, ed or la faccia
> Bagnandogli sovente . . .
> . . . s'ingegnavan *rivocare*.'

[And each one of them tries to comfort him, and now by rubbing his wrists, now by wetting his face, they were trying to *revoke* his dead spirits.]

Once the source established, it is easy to find out other parallels in the same passage.

Of course in Book IV, when Chaucer's Troilus learns that Criseyde must be delivered to the Greeks, he is sensible enough not to faint as in Boccaccio: he had already made use of his fainting propensities in Book III, and he had been left nothing to spare for the next opportunity. Still, this is not entirely correct: something had been spared in Book III, and now has come the moment to use it up. Troilus at line 235 of Book IV appears:

> ' Ful lik a ded ymage, pale and wan '

precisely as Boccaccio's fainting Troilus (IV, st. 20):

> ' E'l viso suo pallido, smorto . . .
> . . . e più morta parea
> Che viva cosa.'

[And his face pale, wan . . . seemed more a dead thing than a living one.]

This last case illustrates well a curious practice of Chaucer's, which is usually described as his wonderful economy. Illustrations of the peculiar way Chaucer has of making use of his sources are so well-known and abundant that I must content myself with reminding you only of the most remarkable ones. So in the *Knightes Tale* the soaring of Arcite's soul to heaven is not described, because

Boccaccio's description of that journey had been already used with respect to the death of Troilus; in the *Seconde Nonnes Tale* the *Invocatio ad Mariam* is taken from Dante, *Paradiso*, XXXIII, 1–9, but Dante's lines following the 9th, though no less worth imitating, are left out because they had already been used in *Troilus*, III, 1262 ff., in a prayer to Venus, and the translation of Dante's l.14 ('La tua benignità non pur socorre'), which occurs in both of Chaucer's passages, is differently worded in each case.[1] No doubt Chaucer must have been an excellent controller, since he knew so well how to husband his literary resources. No waste with him: to use a very homely and indecorous simile, I should say that he knew how to use the dripping, after he had roasted in an English fashion the foreign meat. Whenever, for instance, in *Troilus* he leaves out a passage of the *Filostrato*, you may be sure that the passage will be turned to account in another connexion: you almost imagine him pronouncing Pandarus's words in Shakespeare's *Troilus and Cressida*: 'Let us cast away nothing, for we may live to have need of such a verse; we see it, we see it!' In the second book of *Troilus* Chaucer does not relate the lovers' letters *in extenso*: is he going then to waste those letters? Not he. The time for them to be exploited comes only in Book Five, when Criseyde writes to Troilus her last letter. 'The letter of Criseyde has no counterpart in *Filostrato*'—runs the remark of the commentator. No counterpart in the corresponding passage of the story, but one has only to look up the letters in the *Filostrato*, Book Two, to recognize at once the model of Criseyde's last letter. Criseyde's beginning in *Troilus*, V (st. 228), is:

> 'How myght a wight in torment and in drede,
> And heleles, yow sende as yit gladnesse?'

This is a close rendering of *Filostrato*, II, st. 96 (Troilus's letter):

[1] See Koeppel, *Chauceriana*, in *Anglia* XIII, p. 229.

> 'Come può quegli che in affanno è posto,
> In pianto grave e in istato molesto
> . . . . .
> Ad alcun dar salute?'

[How might one who is dwelling with sorrow, heavy crying and troublesome plight . . . send gladness to anyone?]

And the closing line of the stanza:

> 'Yow neyther sende ich herte may nor hele'

is echoing

> 'Qui da me salutata non sarai.'

Next stanza (229) is modelled on a passage of Criseyde's letter in Book Two of the *Filostrato* (st. 122):

> 'Youre lettres ful, the papir al ypleynted,
> Conceyved hath myn hertes pietee;
> I have ek seyn with teris al depeynted
> Youre lettre'
> . . . .
> 'I' ho avute. . . .
> Piene le carte della tua scrittura;
> Nelle quai lessi la tua vita grama
> Non senza doglia . . .
> . . . e benché sian fregiate
> Di lacrime, pur l'ho assai mirate.'

[I have received your papers full of your writing, in which I read of your miserable life not without compassion . . . and although they are decorated (*depeynted*) with tears, still I have admired them very much.]

Finally, the conclusion of Criseyde's letter is derived from stanza 126.

Two other passages in *Troilus* are of great interest as illustrations of Chaucer's sense of economy. In the *Filostrato*, Book VII, st. 23–24, Troilus dreams of a boar which tramples down Criseyde, then tears out her heart with its tusks (*grifo*, i.e. snout: Root, in his note to *Troilus*, V,

1233–43, translates it by 'claws', obviously misled by *grifo* resembling in sound French *griffe*, and entirely overlooking the fact that a boar is not favoured with claws). Criseyde, in Boccaccio, seems not to consider the treatment she receives at the hands (Root's 'claws'!) of the boar as a pain, but rather as a pleasure. Had Freud known of this dream, he would have quoted it as a striking illustration of his theories. But let us see now the use Chaucer has made of this dream. He has split it up into two. On one hand he draws upon it for Criseyde's dream in Book Two (st. 133): Criseyde dreams that her heart is being torn out by an eagle which replaces it in her breast with its own heart: 'of which she nought agroos, ne no thyng smerte.' On the other hand, in Book Five, st. 177–178, in the passage corresponding to *Filostrato*, VII, st. 23–24, Troilus dreams of a boar 'with tuskes grete' which is kissing Criseyde. Obviously Chaucer has distributed the different elements of the one dream he found in Boccaccio into the two dreams of his poem. But why an eagle in the first case? Was the eagle suggested by *grifo*, by the same mistake into which Root has fallen? The use by Chaucer of the word *claws* seems to countenance this view. But another explanation occurs to me. *Grifo*, in Italian, means not only 'snout', but also 'griffin', and Chaucer must have been reminded of Dante's *grifo* in the mystic pageant which takes place in the Earthly Paradise (*Purg.*, XXIX, 108, and foll. Cantos). The griffin or *grifone* or *grifo* has a double nature of eagle and lion: part of its limbs, in Dante, are white. Chaucer's eagle is 'fethered whit as bon'. Moreover, in *Purgatorio*, XXXII, where the allegorical pageantry is still going on, an eagle rushes down with the speed of a thunderbolt on the mystic tree, tears off its bark, flowers and fresh leaves, and smites the triumphal chariot with its full force: then it leaves the chariot covered with its own plumage. The chariot undergoes a wonderful transformation. Finally, in another

Canto of the *Purgatorio* (IX) Dante dreams of another eagle, which also comes down with the speed of a thunderbolt, and snatches Dante up to the region of fire: an episode Chaucer exploits in his *Hous of Fame*, as is well known. Similar cases of associations of ideas in Chaucer seem to point to the fact that the eagle has stolen into Criseyde's dream through a process not unlike the one here described.

To conclude about economy, Chaucer is so averse to repetition that he does not even allow Boccaccio to repeat himself. In Book Four of the *Filostrato* (st. 120 ff.), Troilus, believing Criseyde to be dead, unsheathes his sword in order to kill himself. In the parallel passage in *Troilus* (IV, st. 170) also Troilus 'his swerd anon out of his shethe he twighte, hym self to slen'. So far, so good. But Boccaccio's Troilus is reckless, and in Book Seven (st. 33), on being aware of Criseyde's disloyalty, runs to a knife and tries to smite his own breast with it. This will not do for Chaucer, and his Troilus wisely avoids the monotony which would ensue from attempting suicide a second time, when confronted with Criseyde's falsehood. *Non bis in idem* seems to have been Chaucer's motto.

The most interesting fact emerging from the study of Chaucer's economy is the deliberate, conscious use he makes of his sources. He succeeds in avoiding repetition to such an extent as to lead one to postulate on his part either a prodigious memory, or a constant consultation of his authorities. Very likely the latter supposition hits the mark. As in the case of the Clerk's tale, where no doubt can be entertained, so in most of the other cases of imitation Chaucer had the foreign text before his eyes. To some of the foreign writers he had recourse every now and then, but others, which were always within his reach, supplied him with an inexhaustible mine of expressions and suggestions. Amongst these latter, are to be ranked first of all the two great epitomes of the poetry of the Middle Ages: the *Roman de la Rose* and the *Divina Commedia*. It is the

merit of Prof. J. L. Lowes to have shown for the first time how deep, widespread and constant has been the influence of Dante upon Chaucer. While drawing on other sources, Chaucer is now and then combining them with passages from those two masterpieces of the Middle Ages. For him, the least hint is sufficient to establish at once a connexion between the text which forms his immediate source and quotations from either the *Roman de la Rose* or the *Divina Commedia:* possibly he was so conversant with these two works, as to have them always in the back of his mind: a fact which seems to suggest, if not necessarily implies, that he had them by heart.

While he is imitating Boccaccio, he perceives at once whenever the Italian author is reminiscent of Dante, and he avails himself of the opportunity for drawing on the better poet. Lowes has given several instances of this proceeding, on which Ten Brink had already called attention. I will give only one example, the significance of which reaches beyond the particular passage in question. In the *Filostrato*, when Troilus learns that Criseyde must be given up to the Greeks, he collapses like dead. Boccaccio makes use of a Virgilian simile (IV, st. 18):

> 'Qual, poscia ch'è dall'aratro intaccato
> Ne' campi il giglio, per soverchio sole
> Casca ed appassa, e 'l bel color cangiato
> Pallido fassi. . . .'

[As in the fields the lily, after it has been cut into by the plough, falls and withers through too much of sun, and its fair colour, changed, turns pale. . . .]

The simile is one of the most widespread commonplaces in western literatures: Byron also employs it when the shipwrecked Don Juan faints on the shore of the Greek island. Chaucer, as I have shown above, had already exploited the fainting of Troilus in Book Three, and he does not repeat it here. Troilus here only becomes like a dead image, pale and wan. But the floral simile, which

Boccaccio has taken from Virgil, recalls to his mind another simile derived also from decaying vegetation, a simile used by Dante in that third Canto of the *Inferno*, on which Chaucer has drawn several times: a Canto, moreover, at the end of which Dante is overpowered by a sudden earthquake and falls astounded like one mastered by sleep: not unlike Boccaccio's Troilus. Chaucer replaces the simile given in the *Filostrato* by the Dantesque one:

> 'Come d'autunno si levan le foglie
> L'una appresso dell'altra, infin che il ramo
> Vede a la terra tutte le sue spoglie. . . .'
>
> (*Inf.*, III, 112-14)

> 'And as in wynter leves ben beraft,
> Ech after other, til the tree be bare,
> So that ther nys but bark and braunche ilaft. . . .'
>
> (*Tr.*, IV, st. 33)

Now Dante's lines, on their turn, are modelled on a passage of Virgil's *Aeneid*. This instance is very characteristic of the relations between the several poets concerned. What Virgil is to Dante, Dante is to Chaucer. Chaucer is an individual illustration of a phenomenon which was to become general in the Renaissance, when the legacy of the classical world was handed over to Europe through the medium of Italy.

My coupling the influence of the *Roman de la Rose* with that of the *Divina Commedia* needs at once to be qualified. Because, while the influence of the French romance is not limited to scattered passages, but has born upon the poet's frame of mind, so that his production has appeared to a French critic to fall into two periods, controlled by the twin stars of Guillaume de Lorris and Jean de Meun, the influence of the *Divina Commedia* is mainly local, it hardly informs the point of view of the poet, the spirit of a single one of his poems, with, perhaps, one exception, and since

this exception, if admitted, would be very striking indeed, I reserve its discussion until further on.

This exception is not, at any rate, to be seen in *Troilus and Criseyde*, notwithstanding Ten Brink, who described the general character of that work as more akin to Dante's spirit than to Boccaccio's. The definition of 'litel tragedye', given by Chaucer to his poem, the proems of the several books, modelled on Dante's proems, and the religious conclusion, are not sufficient to stamp a Dantean character on a work which can be called a *Filostrato* diluted with delays and proverbs by an author who, for all his sense of humorous and dramatic situations, paid homage to Albertano da Brescia and Boethius.

Neither is that exception to be seen in the *Hous of Fame*, in which critics have tried to recognize that mysterious *Dante in ynglyssh* of Lydgate's list. As a matter of fact, one of the source-hunters, Rambeau, went so far in the way of finding parallels between the *Divina Commedia* and the *Hous of Fame*, that, since then, it has been a sign of good taste among safe critics to underrate Dante's influence on that poem. Recently, Froissart's *Temple D'Onnour* has been set up as having stronger claims than the *Divina Commedia* on the paternity of the *Hous of Fame*. Other critics, impressed by the undeniable diversity of spirit between the *Hous of Fame* and Dante's masterpiece, have suggested the possibility that what Chaucer was aiming at was some sort of a travesty, or parody of the *Divina Commedia*. The impression of an ironical intent is conveyed to modern readers chiefly by the metre of the poem, and the awkwardness of some of Chaucer's turns of phrase. Who would recognize a serious imitation of Virgil in the lines (143*ff.*): 'I wol now singe, if that I can, the armes . . .' It is Virgil interpreted by a mediæval minstrel; but Chaucer was himself also a mediæval minstrel, though he knew how to make fun of minstrels, when he liked, as in *Sir Thopas*. No, Chaucer cannot have meant to parody Dante

any more than he did to travesty Virgil, and if he really intended to give in the *Hous of Fame* a humorous counterpart of the *Divina Commedia*, the less Chaucer he! Of the spirit of Dante, nothing breathes in the lines of the *Hous of Fame*. But the fact of the *Hous of Fame* being a failure does not exclude the possibility of a serious intention on the part of the poet. What, after all, if he really had meant it to be a sort of Dantesque journey through the realms of allegory? Not an actual journey, of course, as Dante assumed his own to have been. Because one of the great differences between Dante and the rest of mediæval visionaries, is that the Florentine speaks of his own visit to the realms of eternity as of an actual visit, not a dream. To him that journey is a reality greater than any mundane reality. But the boldness of Dante's conception was not calculated to appeal to the bourgeois in Chaucer:

> 'A thousand sythes have I herd men telle
> That ther is Ioye in heven and peyne in helle;
> And I acorde wel that hit be so;
> But natheles, this wot I wel also,
> That *ther nis noon that dwelleth in this contree*
> *That either hath in helle or heven y-be.*'
>
> (*Leg. of Good Women*, A-Prologue, l.1 ff.)

> 'His spirit chaunged hous, and wente ther,
> As I cam never, I can nat tellen wher.
> Therfor I stinte, *I nam no divinistre*;
> Of soules finde I nat in this registre,
> Ne me ne list thilke opiniouns to telle
> Of hem, though that they wryten wher they dwelle.'
>
> (*Cant. Tales*, A, 2809-2814)

Dante is, in a way, 'a divinistre'—and such he must have appeared to Chaucer, at times. With all Dante's hopes of individual and social salvation, with all his holy prophetic wrath against coward emperors and degenerated popes, the placid London bourgeois had very little in common.

Political revolutions in England, if they disturbed now and then his welfare, were on the other hand incapable of affecting his inspiration. In this respect, Dante and Chaucer were poles apart. All things considered, Chaucer, faced with the problem of a supernatural journey, would have clung by instinct to the customary dream-fiction of the *Roman de la Rose* school, even with Dante's poem before his eyes. Dante had rightly said:

> 'Non è pileggio da picciola barca
> Quel che fendendo va l'ardita prora,
> Né da nocchier ch'a se medesmo parca.'
> (*Par.*, XXIII, 67-69)

['Tis no fit voyage for a little boat, this which my daring prow pursues as it cleaves the main, nor for a pilot who spares himself.]

Of course Chaucer was no little boat: but he was a merchantman. His attitude towards Dante's sublimity finds an exact parallel in the position of another bourgeois poet—Horace—when confronted with Pindar:

> 'Non hoc iocosae conveniet lyrae-
> Quo, Musa, tendis ? desine pervicax
> Referre sermones deorum et
> Magna modis tenuare parvis.'
> (*Carm.*, III, 3)

Nowhere can the difference of stature between Dante and Chaucer be better gauged than in reading side by side with Dante's powerful lines the English version of the episode of Count Hugolino. Commentators point out five lines, which are Chaucer's own, and call attention to the tenderness of heart the poet displays in them. Hugolino's young son is clamouring for his 'potage', and with heartrending accents complains that he cannot sleep, that it would be much better for him to sleep always, because then hunger would not creep into his belly; that there is nothing he is more longing for than a piece of bread.

Very human and pathetic words indeed; but when you read them in the light of Dante's grim account, they sound almost idyllic. Their relation to the *Inferno* episode is of the same sort as the relation of the prattle of Macduff's son (Act IV, Sc. 2) to the neighbouring scenes in *Macbeth*. For Chaucer, Hugolino's tragedy is essentially a tragedy of lack of food: his attention is concentrated solely on the manner of death. Chaucer says that the prisoners had so little meat and drink, that it was hardly sufficient, and, besides, it was very poor and bad. Chaucer is not content with hints, as Dante; he enters into details. After translating Dante's 'our flesh thou yaf us, tak our flesh us fro', he adds: 'and eet y-nough'. One feels, with Chaucer, that the poor creatures' bellies are frightfully empty. And instead of the terrible pauses and silences and implications of Dante, you find the wailing of human beings in distress. Dante's Ugolino, when he hears the door of the tower being locked up, gazes speechless at his sons' faces and does not cry, but feels petrified in his heart. Chaucer's Hugolino, also, apparently, does not speak: but only apparently, because, immediately afterwards, upon apprehending that they are doomed to die by hunger, says —let us hope only to himself—'Alas! that I was born!' and then cries abundantly: 'therwith the teres fillen from his yën'. For Dante the tragedy is not merely a tragedy inherent in a peculiar manner of death, namely, death by hunger: its import is much greater. The tragedy reaches such a high pitch in Dante because it is seen against the background of public events, because treachery, and revenge, and persecution are there as themes of a Greek chorus. Chaucer slurs over Ugolino's dream, in which the Count imagines himself and his children as a wolf with its cubs, hunted down with hue and cry, and, of course, does not translate the famous invective against Pisa *vituperio delle genti*, with the apocalyptic vision of divine revenge which follows. What in Dante

is a cosmic tragedy, in Chaucer is dwarfed down to the size of a domestic tragedy of starvation.

Chaucer succeeds much better in imitating Dante's style in the brief account of the death of Peter the Cruel, where the second stanza is very Dantesque[1]: but I do not know of another passage in which he comes closer to the forceful concision of the 'grete poete of Itaille'. When he translates Dante's passage about envy (*Leg. Good Women*, A-Prologue, 333 ff.), he substitutes the tame equivalent, 'lavender',[2] to Dante's *meretrice*, and instead of the powerful image of her not turning away her shameless eyes, he merely says: 'ne parteth'. In the story of Custance, the Man of Law indulges an outburst of indignation against the traitor, Donegild, who, like Dante's Frate Alberico,[3] is represented as still alive, while his spirit is in hell; but that outburst of indignation sounds more like abuse than like a curse.

The instances given are sufficient to show how little Chaucer was affected by the sublimer sides of Dante's genius. We are not far from the truth, when we assume that Chaucer must have judged Dante according to the average standards of contemporary taste. To him Dante must have appealed chiefly as an immensely learned poet, 'il Savio', 'doctus'. We shall see that Chaucer's appreciation of Petrarch rests on the same point of view. Accordingly, the *Divina Commedia* was to Chaucer primarily a mine of learned information; to use one of Dante's expressions (in the *Convivio*, I, vii, 14), he loosens Dante's lines from their *legame musaico*, sees them as units

[1] The way of hinting at Du Gueschlin through the description of his arms, and of making, so to say, a personification of these arms, is entirely Dantesque. Cf., for instance, *Inferno* XXVII, 49 ff..

[2] Cf. G. P. Krapp's note in *Mod. Lang. Notes* XVII (1902), pp. 204-6.

[3] 'Come il mio corpo stea. Nel mondo su, nulla scienza porto' (*Inf.*, XXXIII, 122-123).

detached from the whole of the poem, inserts them as precious stones into new mosaics of his own. Dante's epos, which appears to us so all of a piece, was to him chiefly an aggregate of learned quotation, an encyclopædia.

[*To be continued.*]

THE RAID

By HERBERT READ

I. THE COWARD

A GROUP of Nissen huts lay like so many tortoises on the flat plain. It was early summer and the warm sun seemed to reanimate the desolate land. Before one of the huts a young subaltern was seated at a table. He was bare-headed and the sun played on the bright yellow strands of his hair. His fingers played nervously with a match-stalk, splintering it with his nails, scraping it aimlessly about the table. The sun played on the white bleached wood of the twirling match-stalk and on the dark blistered polish of the table. Nervous fingers rolled the hard stalk between soft plastic flesh. At times everything was very still. The dreamer wandered. The shreds of match-stalk seemed far away, brittle legs of birds, pattering on the hard brown table. The sun was buoyed in some kind of space, hard to conceive; where, too, the mind swayed in utter helplessness.

Why had all the horror suddenly become potent? P—— had been in France four months now, and all the time, in some degree, his life had been threatened. He had been sick, sick all the time—but the hunted life had each day sunk into renewing sleep; and day had succeeded day, and somehow the faith had been born that the days would pass in such a succession until the long terror was ended. But the present eventuality had made a difference. He had been selected to lead a raid, along with me, and a volunteer party of about thirty men. This sudden actualisation of the diffused terror of our existence had made a difference to my friend. I could divine it as he sat there in his restless abstraction.

I was lying within, beneath the corrugated vault of

iron. My body was listless, my mind content. I saw P——, crumpled in his chair—his boots drawn under, his untidy puttees, his rounded shoulders and over-big flaxen head. I saw men walking about the grassy plot in front of us, and in the sky, an easier reach for my recumbent eyes, a lark, a dot, a lark that was always singing in this region at the time of our stay there. The lark, and the men walking very near on an horizon, were more real to me than the vague wonder about my fate in the raid. I was afraid, but more interested in P——'s fear. I decided that he must in some way be imprisoned in his flesh—despite that mind, floating vacantly in the ether. He was an undersized but thick-set man of about twenty-three. He had a pale fleshy face and china-blue eyes, a coarse voice and a tendency to blush. He had been a teacher. He had a mother and a sweetheart, and he spent a lot of time writing letters. He never got free from his home thoughts; he was still bound in some sort of personal dependence to these ties. His mind, at any rate, was not free to lead its own existence, or to create the conditions of its existence. I think that is why he was a coward.

For he was a coward, in the only concise sense that can be given to that word. A coward is not merely a man who feels fear. We all experience fear; it is a physical reaction to the unknown extent of danger. But it is only cowardice when it becomes a mental reaction—when the mind, reacting to the flesh, submits to the instincts of the flesh.

As the time appointed for the raid drew nearer, P——'s manner began to change. We had always been thrown together a good deal: we were the only officers in the Company with tastes in common. But we were scarcely friends; there was something physical in his nature which repelled me. But now he began to make up to me more insistently. Presently the remainder of the battalion went

into the trenches and we were left to rest and train for our enterprise. P—— then grew more confidential and spoke often of his home affairs. He seemed afraid to be out of my presence. He began to confess to me; to bemoan his fate; to picture the odds against us—the utter unlikelihood that we should ever come out of the business alive.

And then I asked him if he was afraid. He blushed and said: 'Yes, damnably.' He was obviously in an agony of mind, and then I began to have my own fear: that he would bitch the show and bring disgrace on us all. I put this to him. We had left camp and were on a visit to battalion headquarters, a mile or two behind the line. There was some sort of gun emplacement or old trench line into which we had climbed to look out over the sun-soaked plain: the larks were singing as always in the still clear sky. But P——'s face looked aqueous and blotchy. His eyes were uneasy, reflecting all his anguish. After a while I asked him to make a clean breast of it all to the Colonel. But I saw that he would never do that. He just hung his head and looked stupid.

When we reached the battalion I left P—— outside and went into the Colonel's shanty or dugout. I told about P——; deliberately. He was immediately taken off the raid and S——, an elderly subaltern who had already taken part in a previous raid, was asked to take his place. This he did with a bad grace.

P—— was killed after all—in a bombardment some months later. A night of confused darkness and sudden riot.

II. THE PRISONER

We greased our hands and faces and then blackened them with burnt cork so that they would not shine out in the dark night. We muffled our rifle slings and accoutrements so that no little noise should betray us. Then we made our way into the trenches to the point selected for our

sally. A terrace such as is often found in French fields ran across No Man's Land, at right angles to the trenches. It led to an elbow in the enemy's line, and the concerted plan was that at midnight exactly the artillery and trench mortars should isolate this elbow with a barrage of fire, whilst we penetrated into the trenches and secured some of the enemy, dead or alive. We raiders were to creep along the guiding line of the bank in Indian file until within thirty yards or so of the enemy's position, then to creep round into a compact line facing the trench: this movement to be achieved by midnight. Then, immediately the barrage fell, we were to rush forward and do our best.

It was agreed that I should head the Indian file, and that S—— should bring up the rear. He was to prevent straggling and to see that the line swung round into position when I sent back the signal. The last thing we did before going out was to give each man a stiff dose of rum: then there were a few whispered farewells and a handshake or two. The night was moonless, but fair, and not quite pitch dark. You could distinguish a silhouette against the skyline. As soon as we passed our own wire entanglements we got down on our bellies and began to crawl. I had already explored the ground in two or three special night patrols, and had no difficulty in finding the bank and getting the right direction. I advanced a step at a time, the sergeant close behind me.

I feel that I ought not to miss a single aspect of that slow advance to the enemy's line, for in those few minutes I experienced a prolonged state of consciousness during which I hung over a pit of fear, weighted down by a long and vivid anticipation of its nature, and now brought to the last tension by this silent agony of deliberate approach. Fear is more powerful in silence and loneliness, for then the mind is more open to the electric uprush of the animal. There is safety in action and unanimity and all the noisy riot of strife—until even that safety is beaten down by the

and fell into the darkness. The other fired. We duelled, there in the dark. But I ran on, impelled by an unknown energy, the sergeant by my side. Just then the concerted moment arrived. A dark rainbow of shells hissed through the sky. The flash and detonation of heavy shells. The pale wavering rockets of the star-shells, they curved round us, fell among us. In that incessant theatrical light I saw my enemy dash into the shell-hole at his feet and fall down crying for mercy. I had my foot on his squirming body, sergeant his bayonet. It was an officer. I perceived that quickly, clearly. It was enough. I gave the order: 'Back to the lines.' We turned. The barrage was over now. Only a blind hiss of bullets from the German line. We walked back to the trenches. My men came chattering round, peering with black faces at the prisoner. Prodding him with their bayonets. Crying happily. Lusting to kill him. I tried to keep them off. The prisoner was talking to me, wildly excited. At last he found his French. I understood. He was so pleased. Explained that he was married and had children. He wanted to live. I tried to calm him. He was a professor of philology and lived at Spandau. I took away his revolver; the sergeant took his bright dagger. And thus we reached our own line. As the German hesitated on the parapet someone kicked him violently on the backside, so that he fell down. I cursed the fellow, but didn't stop to identify him. S—— was there, waiting for me, very much mystified by the turn of events, but jubilant at the sight of a prisoner. We made our way to the headquarter's dug-out and descended with our charge.

III. THE COLONEL

We blinked in the brilliant light of several candles. It was a square dug-out with a fixed table served by benches from the walls. To get to the benches we had to crawl under the table. Our Colonel was a Welshman, temporarily

attached from another regiment. When away from the trenches he was pleasant enough, though at bottom of a weak and emotional nature. We did not trust him, for he was known to be a white-livered 'funk'. A bottle of whiskey was by him on the table, as he sat facing the stairway. He had drunk a great deal, for he was highly nervous about the result of the raid, which would reflect on his reputation. He welcomed us effusively. I don't remember all the chatter and confusion in that confined space, but eventually some kind of order did emerge. D——, our signalling officer, who knew German, began to question the prisoner. The poor fellow was docile enough. He gave up his letters, papers and maps, but asked to keep a photograph of his wife, and I think we let him. But a more disgusting scene followed. He had on his finger a signet-ring, perhaps rather a pretty one. Anyhow, the Colonel insisted on having it, and because it would not pass the knuckle, urged us to cut it off. The man was in a delirium and of course we disregarded him. But he made efforts to reach the prisoner himself and in the effort fell drunkenly over and rolled under the table. He lay stupidly there and fell to sleep. I watched the prisoner. He was terribly excited, but self-possessed. He was standing against the dark entrance, speaking volubly and at length. D—— explained to us at intervals. He was passionately defending the German cause, arguing persuasively that we, the English, had been faithless to our common Teutonic stock. The future of Europe was with the Germanic nations; they alone had the energy, the fresh spirit, the nascent culture, for the creation of a future polity.

IV. THE WAY DOWN

S—— left at about two o'clock to report particulars to the Brigade Headquarters, and at dawn I set out with the prisoner and the happy raiders. We had only lost one

man, and there were no serious wounds. We filed down the communication trenches, leisurely enough, for we were tired. Our faces were still black with the charred cork. The sun rose up to greet us, and when finally we got out into the open country the day was warm and beneficent. The larks were singing again, as on my journey up with P——. But now the sky was pulsing with their shrill notes. On the way I talked to the prisoner, and once we rested for a while, sitting side by side on a fallen tree. He explained that when we first surprised them (he was a company officer with his orderly, visiting parties out at work on the battered wire entanglements) they had taken us for Senegalese troops, and his orderly's terror was perhaps largely due to this mistake. But we talked mostly of other things. I was eager to learn anything about their side—their state of mind, their public opinion, the possibility of revolution and an end of all this meaningless strife. Nietzsche was at that time still fresh in my awakening mind, and I stammered in broken enthusiasm about his books, but got no response. But he was too aware of his liberty, his safety, his bodily emancipation, to think of such things now. He was happy to be safe at last, but perhaps he was also a little chagrined. He was amazed at my youth and perhaps a little ashamed of being captured by what looked like a boyish prank. We strolled on again. I only recall his features with difficulty. He was fair and rather short. But I should not know him if I met him again.

When we reached the Brigade Headquarters I handed him over and stayed to watch him questioned. He stood at attention before a table in the open. And when this was done, he was given into the charge of a guard to be taken down to the Divisional camp. I last saw him standing at a distance from me, waiting to move. I gazed at him eagerly, tenderly, for I had conceived some sort of vicarious affection for this man. I had done my best

to kill him a few hours before. I waved my hand as he left, but he only answered with a vague smile.

. . . . . .

I then made for my battalion reserve and found a tent and a bed. I slept for more than twelve hours and in my sleep, perhaps from weariness, or because of some relaxation in my nerves, my heart seemed to stop and my blood to sweep round in a dark red whirlpool. I dreamily wondered if this was death. But when I awoke I was fresh and content. I was alive. There was light streaming in through the windows, and friendly voices.

ART CHRONICLE

THE APPROACH TO ART

THE slopes of Parnassus are covered with a maze of little paths so intricate and so hard to follow that it is highly injudicious to venture there without a guide. Of these, however, there is no lack; they press forward in such numbers to offer their services that the only problem is to choose the one most likely to suit our personal tastes and requirements. These depend chiefly on the age and constitution of the intending tourist; to be of much assistance the guide must select his path and adjust his pace accordingly.

To the elderly or timid Mr. Berenson's method[1] is highly reassuring. 'It demands from the student no magical endowments, no temperamental aptitudes, no special senses . . . only obvious comparisons are made, all quantitative. No appeal to sentiment is used, none to a "feeling for quality", no "eye" is demanded.' It all sounds suspiciously simple; if art is as easy of comprehension as that, why so much fuss and mystification about it? But one does not have to go far with Mr. Berenson to discover that art criticism, properly so called, is not his business at all. He is a typical nineteenth-century scientific observer who happens to have applied his faculties of analysis, comparison, and deduction to works of art instead of fossils, microbes, or the marriage customs of South Sea Islanders. His only concern is to establish the authorship of this or that work of art; æsthetic values touch him not at all. A life spent in the service of a great dealer as expert adviser in questions of authenticity has caused him to dismiss into the background even such rudimentary æsthetic theories as he may have enunciated in his earlier

[1] *Three Essays in Method.* By Bernard Berenson. (Oxford.) 42s. net.

books. There at least he was occupied with something beyond problems of authorship; his contribution to æsthetic theory may not have amounted to much more than a semi-scientific account of the physiological impact made by a work of art on his vaso-motor system, but at least it entitled him to the name of art critic. He has since become a connoisseur, pure and simple, who can tell you whether a picture is or is not by Domenico Morone or Antonello da Messina or whoever it may be; but whether the picture has claims to be treated as a work of art he does not reveal, and (one is inclined to suspect) does not very much care.

The profession of *Kunstforscher* has its uses; and seeing that the romantic preoccupation with genuineness is all that appeals to most millionaires, it certainly also has its rewards. And no one need suppose that because Mr. Berenson is a *Kunstforscher* he is also dull; he is anything but that. His method has all the excitement of the chase without any of its discomforts. It is fascinating to watch him pin down a picture as Veronese because he has noticed in the background a peculiar type of balcony which would be incredible in any other Italian town; or date a panel by the shape of the shoes worn by a smart young man in the middle distance. This astonishing memory for detail, relying on a perfect command of an immense photograph collection, gives one confidence in Mr. Berenson as an arbiter of authenticity; for the ability, or at any rate the willingness, to form æsthetic judgments one looks elsewhere.

Mr. Clive Bell is the perfect antitype to Mr. Berenson. He approaches art from a completely Berkeleian standpoint: 'I have no right to consider anything a work of art to which I cannot react emotionally; and I have no right to look for the essential quality in anything that I have not felt to be a work of art.' This purely subjective criterion of values has its advantages and its defects. The most obvious advantage is that it provides a common

denominator by which all works of art can be reduced to the same terms; it becomes possible to compare the *School of Athens* with African sculpture and the mosaics in S. Vitale at Ravenna with a landscape by Matisse. This advantage is so obvious and so enormous that we have to ask ourselves what sort of common denominator can be found for products of the human spirit apparently so different in kind. This brings us to the chief defect in Mr. Bell's theory: namely, that since his criterion is purely subjective there is no reason to suppose it has validity for anyone else. Mr. Bell is a man of acute sensibility but uncertain analytical power; he feels poignantly, but when he has to anatomize his sensations before an audience he is too much inclined to withdraw to 'superb peaks of æsthetic exaltation' and feed in solitude upon his 'superhuman ecstasy'. It is only fair to add that these quotations come from *Art*, a book written fifteen years ago; and that Mr. Bell's most recent expressions[1] are more temperate and more generally intelligible. If less esoteric, his new book is not much more philosophic than his others were. But he does at least treat works of art as if they were produced by human beings in some sort of relation to their environment and heritage, not as phantoms of delight called up out of the void with the sole object of giving Mr. Bell an exquisite *frisson* between lunch and tea. As usual he is at his best when dealing with artists whose appeal is mainly formal. He is excellent on Seurat; his essay on Courbat is the best I have read on that curious artist, whose paintings were so admirable and whose theories were so ridiculous; and his treatment of Ingres is penetrating and sympathetic. But he is still too ready to assume that unless a work of art satisfies his particular notions of formal perfection its value as a work of art is nothing at all.

[1] *Landmarks in Nineteenth-Century Painting.* By Clive Bell. (Chatto & Windus.) 10s. 6d. net.

Here, I believe, Mr. Wilenski is nearer the truth.[1] Though a stern critic, with nothing but hard words for derivative artists and with a strong predisposition in favour of the classical ideal (which he calls architectural art), he recognizes that original romantic art and original descriptive art, if on a lower plane than architectural art, are yet authentic forms of æsthetic activity. Original architectural art, the chief objective of the modern movement, is the enlargement of the artist's formal experience; and original romantic art, the characteristic activity of the nineteenth century, is the enlargement of the artist's experience of emotive fragments. Original descriptive art has become more and more difficult to achieve since the Renaissance as the activity of the artist in this sphere has been usurped by the historian, the scientist, the psychologist, the photographer, and so forth; but in its pure form it is the enlargement of the artist's experience of everyday life. These activities, with their corresponding derivatives, are conscientiously, and on the whole, acutely analysed by Mr. Wilenski. He gives the highest place to architectural art because it has the most cosmic aspirations; and because it attempts to satisfy the normal human desire for a rational conception of the universe, the desire for a permanent unchanging harmony behind the apparent discords we perceive with our mechanical senses.

Mr. Wilenski's general theories are intended to satisfy the instincts of normal intelligent people. He criticises Mr. Bell sharply, and I think fairly, for his egotism and lack of philosophic detachment, and for his habit of regarding art as if it were one of the higher forms of self-indulgence. But when he leaves the general for the particular he is less successful. His treatment of Ingres, for instance, is quite inadequate compared with Mr. Bell's.

[1] *The Modern Movement in Art.* By R. H. Wilenski. (Faber & Gwyer.) 12s. 6d. net.

When he says: ' he was only happy when he could paint or draw a portrait and stress emotive fragments as the original romantic artist that he truly was. The real Ingres is seen in the finger nails of his portrait of M. Bertin, in the series of emotive fragments that go to the making of his portrait of Mme. Rivière, in the emotive attitudes of the nudes in his *Bain Turc* '—it is impossible for me to agree with him. That Ingres had a certain sensuality is true enough; so have Renoir and Maillol. That does not make him any the less a classical (or architectural) artist; it only shows that he had the romantic faculty developed as well. And it is simply not true to say that he was only happy when he could paint a portrait and stress emotive fragments in his sitter; portraits bored him, unless by chance the admirably egg-shaped head of a Mme. de Senonnes (which Brancusi would have enjoyed) or the Picassian bosom and arms of a Mme. Moitessier started him off on a train of plastic invention. And great as the *Odalisque* of 1814 undoubtedly is, *La Source* (of 1856) is without doubt a more complete plastic creation, with all the correspondences of contour perfectly matched and all the irrelevancies carefully eliminated; certainly it is not the performance of a man suffering from ' senile concupiscence '.

Mr. Wilenski's analysis of modern art ends with cubism; it is at this point that M. Goudal's inquiries begin.[1] Mr. Wilenski, as we have seen, believes that there is hardly any place for original descriptive art in modern life, because increased facilities of travel, the popular illustrated press, and the activities of the psychologist, the novelist, and the historian have enlarged our experience of life far more completely and systematically than the artist is either able or anxious to do. M. Goudal, on the other hand, believes that the art of the future is bound to be affected

[1] *Volontés de l'Art Moderne.* Par Jean Goudal. (Paris: Rieder.) 10 fr. 50.

positively (and not merely negatively, as Mr. Wilenski holds) by this enlargement of our social, historical, and moral experience. This ' totalisme esthétique ', this infinite extension of the artist's raw material, affects all the arts; or as M. Goudal elegantly puts it, ' toutes les Vierges sacrées ont été engrossées par le Réel '. The complete liberty of choice leaves the artist face to face with innumerable possibilities. ' L'artiste n'est plus un constructeur soumis à des règles strictement déterminées; il devient une sorte de lieu de passage entre le réel et notre esprit.' In other words he practically ceases to be an agent, and tends to become a medium, almost in the occultist sense of the word. For in the deadlock caused by the artist's absolute freedom to act however he chooses and by his consequent inability to make any choice whatever, psychology is summoned to his assistance; and M. Goudal appears as the champion of *surréalisme*, the advocate of the methods of the Pythian priestess. In the complete surrender of the conscious to the subconscious M. Goudal sees an escape from our difficulties; having recently re-read M. André Breton's manifesto and consulted the oracle in the Rue Jacques Callot I myself feel less confidence in this channel of grace. *Surréalisme* certainly makes everything much easier for the artist; but the artist is not the only person to be considered, as M. Goudal himself admits. ' L'artiste n'est pas un phénomène isolé. Il suppose un public.' To speak in a language that there is small chance of anyone except yourself ever understanding is sadly to restrict the utility of speech. It is no manner of use broadcasting the most ravishing music on a wave-length beyond the range of other people's receiving apparatus. The mistake of the *surréalistes* is not to trust to the subconscious, which is what every artist has done since the beginning of time, but to trust to it exclusively, deliberately disregarding those conventions of the conscious mind which we have

gradually evolved in order to be able to communicate our sensations to each other. That in time to come we shall evolve new conventions is certain; but until they are accepted by a public, ' un ensemble d'individus réceptifs ', their intrinsic value remains so small that it can hardly be said to exist.

M. Goudal's analysis of the conditions under which the artist may reasonably be expected to function in the near future is extremely well done; his study of that curious contemporary phenomenon, the ' glissement simultané de l'art vers la vie et de la vie vers l'art ', is exceedingly interesting; but I have yet to be convinced that *surréalisme* will be the panacea for our future troubles.

ROGER HINKS

DUTCH CHRONICLE

ALTHOUGH it has been said that Holland was affected neither by the war nor by the accompanying spiritual revolution, yet the gulf between pre- and post-war generations and their art is also clearly visible here, although the gaping chasm has narrowed down to a scarcely discernable fissure. On the one hand the elder generation cannot gain further ground; on the other the younger is cut off from their communications, so that every really new poem is an adventure into No Man's Land. Another difference between the two generations is chiefly one of speed, analogous to that between a 1914 vehicle and a racing-car of to-day; and secondly one of attitude; the younger poets do not send the sighs of their souls to a more or less vague beyond, but are ever on the alert to discover fresh methods of attack. They are no longer playing a waiting game, but are trying desperately to score out of the most unorthodox positions. The foregoing contrast can perhaps be defined as one between the static and dynamic attitudes. For mere intensity of feeling, however, the ' older ' poets are as yet unrivalled.

The names I am going to mention now by no means constitute an exhaustive enumeration of the more important Dutch poets. I have only chosen those whose work is the complete manifestation of their spiritual attitude, the formulæ of which is the watermark on every page of their writings. By a peculiar coincidence they have all published new volumes or reprints of earlier work during the last two years. Before, however, treating the two generations separately, homage must be paid to the great poet, whose silent and suffering face is still with us, although he is dead now. When Dr. H. J. Leopold was still alive his existence was already bordering on self-chosen forgetfulness, even as his poems were very often hovering on

the brink of silence, save for one great epical outburst: 'Cheops', the stateliest poem ever written in Dutch, moving along with mathematical inevitableness from splendour to splendour like a great bird of fire floating between stars and finally descending on earth. It could only have been written by one who already during his life was whirled 'beyond the circuit of the shuddering bear', but found his way back between the silent suns, so that he needed no pilot when his smile died away into that other life to which so many of his poems had been the whispered prelude.

Of the three younger poets, A. Roland Holst, J. W. F. Werumeus Buning and M. Nijhoff, the so-called 'masters of yesterday' and leaders of the generation of 1910, Mr. Werumeus Buning comes close to Leopold in feeling and intensity of expression. He suddenly leapt into prominence after the publication of a small volume of elegiac verse, *In Memoriam*, which since then has become one of the most cherished possessions of all interested in poetry.

These poems are the voice of a sleep-walker among the clouds of a night that will know no morning, and the silence of which is hanging heavily around every word. Only now and then there is a deeper vibration or a muffled cry, when the remembrance of the beloved, which has so completely passed into the silence around him that this silence seems the perpetual answer to his low voice, takes the shape of rose leaves she gathered or the two swift narrow feet that carried her. But his manliness is too noble and sincere for him to keep cherishing this grief for sadness sake when he feels the earth and its sunny seasons are grasping his life as firmly again, as the earth a deep-rooted tree. In his recent volume, *Dood en Leven* (Death and Life), he is singing of a new love in words that are more akin to prayer than to passion. The feelings he expresses have not been modified by the peculiar atmosphere of our time; this enabled him to leap a few

centuries, and in reviving the best traditions of the seventeenth-century poets, he showed us that since that time only clothes, spelling, and politics have changed, but that woman, love and death are eternally the same. When the voice of Mr. Buning's poetry is so low that one imagines one can hear its very heart beating, Mr. Roland Holst's, written as it is on the border of dream and darkness, on the threshold of the death of worlds, is full of the sounds of wind and sea. And this 'thunder of the trumpets of the night' is the closing chorus to a tragedy of which his poems are only the epilogue, the tragedy of his soul and blood.

Roland Holst is the poet of the Celtic-Dutch twilight, but he has adapted his poetry so skilfully to the home atmosphere of dunes, sands and gulls, that nobody recognised him for one who had been struck by Druid rods until he published his prose tale, *Deirdre and the Sons of Usna*. In his earlier work he appears as the dethroned king of an empty universe, deserted by his warriors and watching how the broken crown at his feet is being swallowed by the sand of the sea, whose voice (for with Roland Holst the sea is more important than man) drowns every sound out of the country behind the row of dunes against which he is leaning; the country he has left to follow an unknown and alluring voice, feeling himself swept along like a cloud on a storm of dreams.

His heart is the one thing living between world and wind, and this is the end: the world forsaken for a song and the song drifted past. In his 1926 volume, *De Wilde Kim* (The Wild Horizon), a sudden and dramatic turn has taken place: the voices of those whose love he forsook for the dark call of the west are now reproaching him with the very voice of the sea itself; every autumn, in which he watched their lives being whirled along like rustling leaves is now a 'rustling reproach', day after day.

While the poems of Werumeus Buning are songs

between heaven and earth, Roland Holst's are a call in the wind between sea and land; and it is remarkable how, with him, both are subordinating their purely physical character to the task of incorporating the poet's dual being; with the inevitable result that they in their turn are taking silently, but firmly, possession of what has been giving them: the earth is his body and possesses his body; sea and wind are the voices of his soul, and it is no longer his own, but theirs. And the sea calling the coast awake is his soul rousing the body out of the earthly sleep of forgetfulness, to the judgment of the inexorable darkness. The visible form of his poems is the pure embodiment of his psychic intentions: they are moving horizontally as the wind; linking up earth and sea. The voice very seldom stops at the end of a line, but almost invariably continues into the next, joining even stanzas together in one long breathless rush.

Mr. Nyhoff's poetry lacks both the seraphic clearness of Werumeus Buning and the tragic tone of Roland Holst, but possesses both clarity and charm. Many of his poems are petulant and playful, written 'by no means for love's sake, but for the sake of the sublime moments and the feeling between'. But this flirt with life, this turning of tragedy into comedy by a change of masks and voice, is only a means of escaping the conflict which makes him suffer deeper than might be suspected: viz. that between Christianity and paganism or as he puts it: Christophoros and Satyr. But at the most unexpected moment he disappears to taste the joys of an imaginary eighteenth-century garden party. His best and sincerest poems are those in which he has taken refuge into the paradise of childhood and conscience is mute.

When the tide of this romantic sensibility was at its highest, one man came, who, stronger than Cuchuluinn, fought against these waves longer than the legendary three days and three nights, but with Cuchuluinn's vigour

when that hero held up the whole army of Ireland when Ulster was in its weakness, until the boy troop came to relieve him. The greater part of this glorious boy troop has, alas! been swallowed by the sea; a few, however, who preferred not to swim in tepid water or to bask to death like jelly fishes in the hot sand, are 'still going strong', and their 'doings will be spoken of', as the old legend puts it in immediate connection with the deeds of this Dutch Cuchuluinn: Herman van den Bergh He is a poet of the purely expansive type, as Shakespeare was (but here the comparison stops). The flow of his imagery is so swift that it tends to become devastating. He is the rigorous antipode of the metaphysical poet: his thought, if thoughts there be, has been converted completely into images. Unlike the romantic dreamers whose poems, as soon as the intensity of feeling is giving out, seem to be swollen with water and air, his lines have the hardness of concrete. He has an immediate grasp on the most elemental phenomena of life: generative power, fertility. He has created a world of his own, which possesses all the prime energies of the young earth, only grown more vehement. It is a hilly country of immense fertility, swept by heavily-breathing winds carrying innumerable seeds, and afterwards yellow with harvests. But this world is naked in the sun, which is throwing no shadows; all vagueness in the atmosphere, land-haze or sea-haze is absent. He is possessed by the creative power in its most elemental meaning.

He hurled all climbers' guides to Mount Parnassus into the abyss and picked his own sensational way. Rhyme, that in its old sense is a carefully developed system of poetical etiquette, was discarded by him as soon as it tended to stop the fervent flow of his lines. He substituted vowel rhyme, which compares to full rhyme as the dull thud of boxers' gloves colliding every time in the most unexpected manner to a carefully chosen echo, beautiful

but devoid of all sensation. Where Werumeus Buning is the greatest singer, he is the Master Builder of Dutch poetry. Of the younger poets I will only name two out half a score: J. Slauerhoff and H. Marsman, who, together with A. Roland Holst, have just won the so-called Amsterdam Prizes of poetry. The first prize was awarded to A. Roland Holst for the best volume published during the last two years: *De Wilde Kim*; two second prizes were given to the above-named poets for two best separate poems published during that period.

I have chosen these two because they have both found an entirely different means of expression. Their discovery (in the case of Slauerhoff, undoubtedly unconscious), was that poetry is neither, as is the case with Werumeus Buning and Roland Holst, tending towards music, nor, as with Herman van den Bergh predominantly plastic, in other words: neither singing nor building, but *speaking*, purified and intensified speaking. To Slauerhoff this new diction came as naturally as the leaves to a tree; Marsman only realised this home-truth when he was returning in a state of exhaustion from a daring climb towards the stars along ridges where only the wind can nestle.

Slauerhoff is the only ' poète maudit ' Holland can boast, but he is very seldom vehement in his revolts against religion or fate, presumably because he does not think it worth while. His characteristic gesture is the shrug, and for facial expression the smile of disappointment.

His spiritual structure is of that happy kind which is in its very essence poetic and creative. If his logic were just a shade keener and better organised it would transform his cynicism into sarcasm that would destroy the fragile fabric from which his poems are woven like prussic acid; now his poetry is born out of the very conflict between his cynicism and the deeply rooted belief that his dreams may one day come true. He is for ever smiling at himself

that he has been taken in again by the old illusion, which he tries to escape in his dreamland behind the blue hills, until two irresistible eyes (that is: irresistible for the time being) are tempting him towards human society again, and he always gives in, although at the moment of meeting, before a first kiss has been exchanged, he is already wistfully aware of the inevitable rupture. His poems are dates in the sad diary of a disappointed man. They are written in a poetic shorthand of his own invention. He is the magician of modern Dutch verse, being endowed with a second sight, telling him exactly what prosaic things put together will make poetry.

Being widely travelled he lays his scenery everywhere: in Japan, the Pacific, or eighteenth-century France, which he seems to prefer because of its gay petulancy. The contents of his poems are chiefly made up of meetings and partings, whether with a fellow being or with an illusion; scenes of shipwreck and catastrophe when nature is smiling grimly at the powerlessness of the ' almighty ' human spirit. He feels naturally attracted to the shy and desolate souls, the outcasts, and his poem about the sensations of a governess on parting from a proud family, entirely devoid of literary pose, is sadder than the saddest sorrows of history's unhappiest heroines.

Far otherwise, Marsman. The very first thing he did on opening his eyes was to disappear diagonally into space, and to try there without wasting even one second to consider the possibility of failure, to become the new axis of a constellation, every star of which was a million times older than the new centre (his brains) of the fresh course he had traced out for them and into which he tried to wrench them round on the strength of a theory that Universe was only a series of attempts at a poetic unity which was about to be accomplished in his poetry. He came back, of course, his eyes wide with fright, but still undaunted, and laid his cosmic gifts at the feet of the

woman in whose hair he hid his eyes from the blazing star fire now *over* his head; but as woman is, she wanted less gigantic things to play with.

Disappointed on two sides he at last tried to conquer the earth itself, and in a series of attempts called ' Signals ' he tried, doubtless under the influence of French cubism, to build poems that had the slim steepness of wireless masts, out of semi or wholly detached words, sounds also, a material entirely unsuited to the purpose. Yet these reckless attempts at turning music into steel and concrete will remain as landmarks showing how much farther than any poet before him he had ventured out in his lightning crusades along the bleak borderlands of poetry.

The later poems, which together with a selection of the earlier work from his latest volume, *Paradise Regained*, can be divided into those I would style ' Escapes ', distinguishing themselves by a peerless plastic audacity inspired by love ' laughing at logic ' and others written as it were ' in retreat ', which to me are only the rhythmical registrations of a temporal spiritual exhaustion; some in which he is proudly sounding the clarion proclaiming ' The Decline of the West ', others in which his deeply rooted mysticism shows itself in a wild longing for the passionate, and to him, harmonious ages of ' crusades and cathedrals '. Finally, after some fierce disappointment, he wrote a few short poems in which he achieved through a miracle what Slauerhoff had done, if in a more slipshod way, from the very beginning: poetry, that is the direct ' voice of the blood ', speaking the uneffected direct language of to-day.

A. DEN DOOLAARD

RECENT BOOKS

Plato, the Man and his Work. By A. E. Taylor. (Methuen.) 1926.
Etude sur le Parménide de Platon. By Jean Wahl. (Rieder, Paris.) 1926.

It was once believed that Plato wrote dialogues to expound his philosophy, much as Bishop Berkeley did; using the figure of Socrates as ' a peg to hang his thoughts on ', and writing in dialogue because Socrates, his master, had developed a beautiful technique of improvised philosophical conversation. On that hypothesis, Plato's dialogues should form a whole, and express from various angles a single body of thought, the Platonic philosophy.

That was the view of the neo-Platonists. Modern scholarship has destroyed it, and set itself the task of finding a fresh answer to the question: ' what, in writing dialogues, did Plato set out to do ? ' To this question, Professor Taylor has given an answer which, in collaboration with Professor Burnet, he has been engaged for some years in expounding. The importance of his new book is that here, for the first time, this answer is applied systematically to the interpretation of all Plato's writings. The answer, in a nutshell, is: ' Plato was writing history.' His dialogues are either fairly accurate accounts of actual conversations, or, at least, are so far historical that they accurately represent the views of their characters and the conditions—intellectual, social, and political—of the time at which their dramatic date is fixed.

A principle like this has a twofold character. First, it must recommend itself *a priori*, as a reasonable view to adopt; and secondly, it must work in practice when applied to the facts—in this case, to the detailed interpretation of the text of Plato. Now *a priori* there is much to be said for the theory of Plato as historian. He has said himself, in the seventh Epistle, that he had never written and would never write a work on the Good, and in the second Epistle, even more strikingly, that there was not, and never should be, a treatise ' by Plato '; for ' what bears the name belongs to Socrates beautified and rejuvenated '. Further, Aristotle's criticisms of Plato are criticisms of a philosophy which seems very different from anything expounded in the dialogues; and what Aristotle says of Socrates is,

partly at least, consistent with the view that he believed in the identity of the historical Socrates with the Socrates of the dialogues. And as to the interpretation of Plato's text, Professor Taylor has achieved, on the whole, a striking success in the present volume, in a sustained attempt to show that the details tell in favour of his view rather than against it.

The storm-centre of the problem is the so-called theory of 'Ideas' or 'Forms'. The orthodox view is that this was Plato's own invention; though, no doubt, an invention suggested by Socrates's ethical inquiries and consisting merely in a grasp on these inquiries' metaphysical presuppositions. The new view asserts that the theory of Forms was the invention of Socrates, an invention inherited by all the Socratics and therefore by Plato, but not in any special sense Plato's property; to Plato himself it ascribes certain developments and modifications of the theory, which are mentioned by Aristotle and seem to be in part expounded in the latest dialogues; for, according to the new theory, certain late dialogues are authentic though incomplete expressions of Plato's own thought.

In part, this view has been successfully established. It is impossible to-day, after all Professor Taylor has written, to regard the theory of 'Forms' as a personal discovery of Plato's. We must recognize that in formulating it he was expressing notions which had for some time been common property—notions due partly to Socrates, partly to the Pythagoreans, partly to other thinkers. But when we are told that the theory was in no sense Plato's discovery, we must reply that this is not only to neglect the express testimony of Aristotle and the unanimous tradition of antiquity, but also to impose an unnatural strain on those passages in the earlier dialogues where Socrates is said by Professor Taylor to assume that the theory is already familiar to his hearers. To say that a shuttle is a piece of wood to which the form of a shuttle has been given, or that we call a good man good because there is goodness in him, is not to assume in one's hearers a knowledge of the technical terms of what is called Platonism; and it is only by asserting the contrary that Professor Taylor can maintain the presence of that philosophy in the early dialogues where, according to the ordinary view, Plato is simply reporting Socrates. In short, the facts are consistent with the view that the theory of Forms, however much it owed to the language and doctrines of previous thinkers, was Plato's own in the only

sense in which the great discoveries of a great philosopher are ever his own—the sense in which Berkeley's denial of matter is not Locke's, and Kant's theory of categories not Hume's. To a retrospective eye, Berkeley is all contained in Locke, and Kant almost all in Hume; and both Berkeley and Kant say as much; when, therefore, Plato develops a new theory out of Socrates and the Pythagoreans, it is natural that, in the light of Plato, the theory should seem already present in these predecessors, and that Plato himself, being no egoist, should emphasize his debt. And this is all that the evidence seems really to prove.

And there are many passages in the text of Plato where Professor Taylor's principle, in spite of its many successes, breaks down. If the dialogues are historical, their dramatic date ought to be perfectly explicit, and it is essential that they should contain no anachronisms. But they do contain anachronisms. The *Menexenus* is one glaring anachronism throughout, which Professor Taylor tries to explain away by calling it a joke; but there are others, some of which (like that in the *Meno*, which is glaring enough) he does not even mention. Again, if we are to hold that when Plato says Socrates he means Socrates, the *Philebus* becomes unintelligible; for, as Professor Taylor rightly insists, the Socrates of the *Philebus* is Plato himself, presiding at a discussion in the Academy. And the *Theaetetus* becomes equally unintelligible, where, as Professor Taylor himself points out, Socrates expounds just those views which, on the theory, Plato added to the Socratic philosophy. Worst of all, the *Parmenides* becomes unintelligible; and the least satisfactory part of the book is the attempt to explain that formidable work as a joke. If it is a joke, it is one that Professor Taylor has taken a good many years to see; and even now, he has not succeeded in showing where its point lies. Monsieur Wahl seems nearer the truth, in arguing that the subject of the *Parmenides* is the failure of the theory of Forms to solve the problem of the relation of the Forms to each other, and the necessity of supplementing that theory by just such a theory of categories as is, to some extent, outlined in the *Theaetetus* and *Sophist*.

In view of difficulties like these, it can hardly be said that the theory of Professor Taylor emerges successful from the test to which it has been put. And the reader of his brilliant and learned book cannot but be struck by his own comment on the speech of

Diotima as reported by Socrates in the *Symposium*: 'Socrates is blending his recollections of the past with his subsequent meditations upon it, as normally happens in such cases.' If normally, why not in the case of Plato himself? No doubt, if Plato was setting out to write history, he ought to have been on his guard; but was he? Professor Taylor pooh-poohs the view that Plato can have indulged in 'deliberate and pointless mystification'. But to say that is to assume that the dialogues purported to be history, and that their readers expected to find history in them. Why this assumption? There seems no reason for it, except that it is an alternative to the exploded view of the dialogues as a system of philosophy. Aristotle classifies 'Socratic discourses' as a kind of poetry; and that is proof that he at least did not think Plato's were meant for history.

But what were they? It may seem strange, but the truth is that we do not know. Professor Taylor has observed that the *Parmenides* seems written for a 'circumscribed group of readers'; and it is a valuable observation. Were the dialogues meant for a 'general reading public' at all? Were they designed for circulation, at first in the Socratic circle, and later in the Academy, by way of comment in dramatic form on various aspects of current problems? And if so, may not these problems have been connected with the organization of research and teaching, just as much as with points of doctrine? May not their real value have been that of specimen arguments, exhibiting points of method, and designed in part for the use of teachers, in part for the guidance of pupils?

These questions are not intended to outline a theory of Plato's writings; I have none; but only to suggest that the two theories hitherto advanced—the philosophy theory and the history theory, as I may call them—do not exhaust the possibilities, and the refutation of one does not establish the other. Professor Taylor has done magnificent work towards the interpretation of Plato by advancing and defending one of these theories; and he has never done anything better than this book, which will for long be the standard English work on Plato, a book indispensable to all students of Greek philosophy and unrivalled as an exposition of the Platonic *corpus*; but the riddle of Plato is still unread.

R. G. COLLINGWOOD

A Defence of Conservatism. A further Text Book for Tories. By Anthony M. Ludovici. (Faber & Gwyer.) 12s. 6d. net.

The Outline of Sanity. By G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen.) 6s. net.

The Servile State. (New edition with a new preface.) By Hilaire Belloc. (Constable.) 4s. 6d. net.

The Conditions of Industrial Peace. By J. A. Hobson. (Allen & Unwin.) 4s. 6d. net.

Coal. A Challenge to the National Conscience. By seven authors. (The Hogarth Press.) 2s. 6d. net.

These five books deserve to be reviewed together. Each is the work of a person or persons seriously concerned with the political and economic anarchy of the present time; each is written from a different point of view. Whoever is interested by one of these books ought to read the others. The authors have much in common; however various their points of view, they all represent the present time in that they recognize, explicitly or implicitly, that salvation is not to be found by either of two methods with which the nineteenth century consoled itself—either the Smith-Ricardo method or the Carlyle-Ruskin method. Neither statistics nor revival meetings will save us, and we seem to have a much keener consciousness than either Carlyle or Ruskin, that we stand presently in need of salvation.

Mr. Ludovici is engaged in forming what might be called a myth or idea for the Tory Party. Such a myth or idea has much to commend it; and I sympathise with so many of his views that I may declare at once what seems to me the great weakness of his construction: he isolates politics from economics, and he isolates it from religion. He would build a conception of the Tory without taking account of those vast and international economic transformations, a vague awareness and anxiety about which is what drives most of us to think about politics at all. He has a great deal to say about the 'health' of the nation. So far as this goes, it is right and important, and supports what Mr. Ludovici says in his book, *Man: An Indictment* (reviewed elsewhere). And it is an excellent object to recommend to Tories—housing and pure food. But as part of an imaginative construction of Toryism, it is open to this objection, that Liberals and Labours will have legitimate devices for hitching the same reforms on to Liberalism and Labour. A shilling pamphlet by Mr. Runciman or Mr. Clynes will do it. For practical politics,

the public health is vitally important; for a philosophic treatise on the nature of Toryism, one feels that it is temporising with details. It is grasping the economic problem by the tail instead of the horns. But this is merely a weakness; Mr. Ludovici seems to me more essentially wrong in his conception of the relation of Toryism to the Church. With some of his comments on the vagueness of the Church one is inclined to agree. But his cardinal point seems to be that Toryism should discard the Church of England in favour of a better organized and more firmly hieratic Church, the Church of Rome. In this I believe—apart from the fact that he will offend the sentiments of many Conservatives who might have much to learn from him—that he is wrong in principle and betrays some ignorance of history. Toryism is essentially Anglican; Roman Catholicism, which in our time draws its greatest support from America, is more in harmony with Republicanism. Mr. Ludovici is deceived by appearances. If he studied the history of Guelf and Ghibbeline, of French Gallicanism in the seventeenth century, or if he followed contemporary French politics and the relations of the Vatican with Royalism and Republicanism in France, he might come to different conclusions. The problem of Toryism should be rather to make the Church of Laud survive in an age of universal suffrage, an age in which a Parliament elected by persons of every variety of religious belief or disbelief (and containing now and then a Parsee) has a certain control over the destinies of that Church. This problem Mr. Ludovici does not touch.

Mr. Ludovici has much to say, especially in the first part of his book, which everyone interested in political theory should study. His book is in some ways an excellent corrective to Lord Hugh Cecil's rather milk-and-watery *Conservatism*. His historical perceptions are good but fitful. He appreciates the merit of Charles I, admires Burke not to excess. It is a pity that his only reference to Bolingbroke is a footnote, in which, however, the genius of that great statesman shines out luminously. He is not led to repose too much weight upon Disraeli, he recognizes that Aristotle is a much firmer rock of foundation. He has considerable political wisdom, and *wisdom*, joined with a passion for ideas, is what we lack and require. And not the least valuable of Mr. Ludovici's recommendations—but the one which is certainly the most unlikely to be accepted—is that it would pay the Conservative party to encourage

thought—to encourage the activity of men of thought who are not and who do not desire to be Parliamentarians. For Parliamentarians can at best only make the policy of to-day and the policy of tomorrow, and their living is necessarily from hand to mouth. Matthew Arnold was hardly qualified to appreciate the *theology* of the Oxford Movement—a theology which had its own defects—but no one was better qualified to appreciate its social importance, or to see the relations to practical life of things which most men ignore.

'Who will estimate' (he wrote) 'how much the currents of feeling created by Dr. Newman's movements, the keen desire for beauty and sweetness which it nourished, the deep aversion it manifested to the hardness and vulgarity of middle-class liberalism, the strong light it turned on the hideous and grotesque illusions of middle-class Protestantism,—who will estimate how much all these contributed to swell the tide of secret dissatisfaction which has mined the ground under the self-confident liberalism of the last thirty years, and has prepared for its sudden collapse and supersession?

For the politics of the future is determined largely by blind or unconscious forces—forces which give us greater and greater anxiety—but also by the activity of men who appear to be occupied with something else or something irrelevant—scientists, artists and men of thought; the good 'politician' is merely the man who is sensitive to the best of these currents and knows how to apply them to the questions of the moment.

Mr. Chesterton and Mr. Belloc sing the same tune together. I cannot admit that either of these writers 'writes well'. The former's *Outline of Sanity* is the work of the brilliant but sporadic essay writer, scoring point after point at the cost of lucidity and cumulative effect. Mr. Chesterton is an inheritor of the older generation of Victorian prophets, with a touch, in fact too many touches, of Arnold's irony. In essays such as *Orthodoxy*, *Heretics*, or *The Defendant*, his style is admirable for his purpose; he often has unique perceptions; but his mind is not equipped for sustained argument. Here Mr. Belloc, with a more pedestrian gait, is his superior. It is a pity that Mr. Belloc, who is a lucid writer, should be also a careless one. *The Servile State* is not a new book, though still timely. We are glad that Mr. Belloc has dressed it out with a new preface; for it deserves new readers. But I regret that Mr.

Belloc has not taken the time, since the book first appeared, to polish the writing. Like so much of his work, it reads as if it had been dictated and never revised. If Mr. Belloc would look at pages 106 and 107 of this edition, he might find repetitions which bear evidence of hasty composition.

One has much sympathy with the Belloc-Chesterton gospel of Distributive Property. It is a fertile idea; and in the form of exposition which they have chosen there is material for one excellent essay. But in full books we expect more than that: we expect some indication of a 'way', answers to some of the objections that occur to us, and an admission that the problem is simplified for expository purposes. But there is another, perhaps more serious suspicion which lurks in our minds in reading the economics of Chesterton and Belloc. We suspect that their thorough-going Romanism—not their Romanism of religion, but their Romanism of politics and economics—sometimes blinds them to the realities of Britain and the British Empire. With their eye on the much-exploited French 'peasant proprietor' (never on problems of French industrialism or the French industrial town), they seem to neglect fundamental differences between the French State and the English State. Mr. Belloc has done good work in emphasising the historical points of unity between Britain and France; but these resemblances would be only the firmer if he would admit also the present points of difference. Does he think, too, that French democracy has proved itself a greater success than English democracy? or does the French peasant solve the problems of Creusot, Schneider, the Compagnie des Batignolles or the Wagons-Lits? Is the civilization of Lyons much higher than the civilization of Birmingham? Is Herriot superior to Macdonald, or Schrameck to Joynson Hicks?

There could be no greater contrast than that between Mr. Belloc and Mr. J. A. Hobson. Mr. Hobson is a serious economist of the old school, earnest, heavy-writing, uninspired. Whatever he has to offer, he knows his subject matter in detail. And he makes no false simplifications; indeed, a large part of his book is occupied with showing how complicated it all is. On the nature of Capitalism, he is at one point far more illuminating than Belloc. He observes, in effect, that the 'evils' of capitalism are not primarily due to the concentration of ownership, and are therefore not mitigated by the multiplication of small owners. On the contrary, the multiplication

of small security-holders places more power in the hands of the few directors who have the knowledge; diffusion of ownership diffuses their responsibility. The 'Capitalist' is this director or manager; it would not matter if the shares of a bank or great industry were held by a million retired clergymen, grocers, and widows. And it would not alter matters much if the shares of Tobacco were all held by small tobacconists, or the shares of collieries by miners. Mr. Hobson seems to see the situation more exactly as it is than Mr. Belloc—but his solution seems all the more hopeless. Can our problems be solved by the institution of more and more numerous 'National Councils'? But his great merit lies in his way of putting the problem. He reminds us again and again that a 'solution' for one difficulty, one company or one union or one industry, can be only temporary; that there are not many unrelated problems, but only *one* problem. And this problem is so huge that he leaves us almost in a state of despair of human ability to solve it.

It is when people reach the point to which Mr. Hobson brings us, that they produce books like *Coal*. This book, curiously enough, brings us round to the position of Mr. Ludovici again: the importance of imagination, the value, as some might say, of illusions. Mr. Ludovici has partly attempted, (and partly succeeded) to extract the spiritual ideal of Toryism. I do not think that he has quite made the most of his opportunity, though, were his book a better book it would very likely be a less useful one, for it would be intelligible to fewer people. He fails with the relation of Church and State. This is a point at which the authors of *Coal* also fail. They are inspired by the best motives, and it is indeed their *spirit*, rather than their proposals, which is hopeful. They would seem to be a kind of Socialist Christians—I assume that they are Christians, otherwise they would have no right to tell the Church how much it has to do. But they are hasty in their scorn for the 'Constitution'. In pointing out the humbugs of it, and the incoherences of popular government, they are to be praised. But if the Church is to do what they want, it must have more power, and if it is to be strengthened, then the Kingship must be strengthened. But *Coal* is a book which everyone ought to read, for its insistance that economics and politics, in their most exact sense, deserve the attention of people who believe in the necessity for a severe spiritual askesis and the discipline and development of the soul.

T. S. Eliot

To The Lighthouse. By Virginia Woolf. (Hogarth Press.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mrs. Woolf is not an inventive writer: but then—what time or need has she for inventing, when she cannot overtake all that she sees and feels and observes that other people see and feel? Miss Lily Briscoe, in this last novel, as she is painting in the garden at Skye where, ten years before, Mrs. Ramsay, her dead friend, made part of the picture, sitting in the window with her youngest boy upon her knee, becomes the vehicle of a rêverie upon which all Mrs. Woolf's novels are simply variations.

'She must rest for a moment. And, resting, looking from one to the other vaguely, the old question which traversed the sky of the soul perpetually, the vast, the general question which was apt to particularise itself at such moments as these, when she released faculties that had been on the strain, stood over her, paused over her, darkened over her. What is the meaning of life? That was all—a simple question; one that tended to close in on one with years. The great revelation perhaps never did come. Instead there were little daily miracles, illuminations, matches struck unexpectedly in the dark; here was one. This, that, and the other; herself and Charles Tansley and the breaking wave; Mrs. Ramsay bringing them together; Mrs. Ramsay saying "Life stand still here"; Mrs. Ramsay making of the moment something permanent (as in another sphere Lily herself tried to make of the moment something permanent)—this was of the nature of a revelation. In the midst of chaos there was shape; this eternal passing and flowing (she looked at the clouds going and the leaves shaking) was struck into stability. Life stand still here, Mrs. Ramsay said.'

And, in the last lines of the book, 'Yes, she thought, laying down her brush in extreme fatigue, I have had my vision.'

These passages—one could find many others akin to them—supply a perfect text for a survey, more exhaustive than space here allows me, of all Mrs. Woolf's novels. They reveal, in a way that makes commentary superfluous, the nature of her inspiration, and they explain the recurrence of certain preoccupations, even of certain typical characters and details, in her work. If you read the five novels consecutively, this recurrence is very striking. *The Voyage Out* is nothing but a tentative piecing together of the riddles of life, in which, through inexperience, Mrs. Woolf used far too

many pieces. The large company at Santa Marina, given over much to argumentative dialogue, a little overpower the mind with their partial contributions to the stating and solving of the riddles: yet the essential focuses of the great mysteries—as they appear to Mrs. Woolf—are there. Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose, the elderly, egotistical scholar and his wife, besides Mr. and Mrs. Dalloway, focus that supreme riddle of human relations which is marriage; Rachel focuses the mystery of a child growing up; Hewet and she, Susan and Arthur, the mystery of falling in love; and Rachel again, dying in glow of this mystery, focuses that other mystery, the deepest, of death. *Night and Day*, this author's second and last essay in the traditional novel-style—of all her novels the most *serré*, the most careful, and, in the sense of achieving its purpose, the most striking—is concerned with nothing else but the riddle young people of different temperaments in love and at cross purposes. The contrast drawn between those who find marriage easy, and those who find it difficult, to envisage is most subtly drawn, and with notable humour. If the situation between Katherine Hilbery and Ralph Denham is drawn out in too tenuous an intricacy, these characters are nobly seen. Katherine and Ralph are finer natures whose high visions, even of one another, can only be momentary, and yet seem to degrade the grosser realities of every day. Does Katherine love the everyday Ralph, or Ralph the everyday Katherine? They torture themselves in this debate till dear, inconsequent Mrs. Hilbery solves the question by saying 'We have to have faith in our vision'—the motto, in a larger sense, of all Mrs. Woolf's art.

Jacob's Room, her first long excursion in the fragmentary style, is nothing more than a picture of a young man's life: Cambridge, London, Paris, Greece, flashes from numberless facets, gay, serious, fleshly, trivial, now the inconsequent mind, now the body, now one vision, now another; and it puts the riddle in another way. If such a life is ended by a fragment of shell—what does it mean? Where is, where was, its reality? *Mrs. Dalloway*, again, is an attempt to see how much of the riddle can be got into twenty-four hours.—'Life, heaven only knows why one loves it so?', love (Peter Walsh), marriage (the Dalloways), death and madness or visions pushed to excess (Septimus Smith), the change wrought by years, the intricacies and inconsistencies of character, not to be summed up by arithmetic, the old lady next door seen daily but unknown,

'the supreme mystery . . . was simply this: here was one room; there another. Did religion solve that, or love?' And now in this last novel, who should appear again but Mr. and Mrs. Ambrose (of *The Voyage Out*), under the name of Ramsay, with their problem more poetically stated and their characters drawn with a far greater beauty? Who but the dry Mr. Pepper of that same novel—vast knowledge, a dry heart, no aptitude for family life, and views on the cooking of vegetables—under the name of Bankes? The unsuccessful don called Jenkinson, casually mentioned by Mr. Ambrose, here takes flesh as Augustus Carmichael, a poet, with a moustache stained yellow by opium and an unwisely married wife in the background. And the riddle of life is re-compounded in the Ramsay's summer house on the island of Skye, of these things—that Mr. Ramsay was an egotistic, tyrannical man, conscious of partial failure though distinguished, and needing oh so much sympathy, praise and reassurance from Mrs. Ramsay; that, at the same time, he had certain elements of fineness not possessed by Bankes, who had greatness but no inner fire; that Mrs. Ramsay wore herself out giving, and giving, to her husband, yet she knew his faults, and she worshipped him as her moral superior, but still she had to hide from him domestic worries, and she could not tell him that she loved him (as Richard Dalloway could not tell Mrs. Dalloway), but he understood it; yet that his children, especially James, did not love him, because he crushed the life out of their mother by his demands upon her emotions; and Mrs. Ramsay, though extremely beautiful and impressive, was a little imperious and masterful to other people, who often resented it; that Mrs. Ramsay suddenly died; and that Lily Briscoe, painting on the same spot ten years later, while Mr. Ramsay had carried off two secretly rebellious children to the Lighthouse—James, ten years before, having desired to kill his father for disappointing his hopes of this very expedition—tries to make out what really Mrs. Ramsay stood for, in relation to Mr. Ramsay, to other people, to the world in general and to eternity. The upshot, the only possible upshot, is that she stands as a lovely vision, as unsubstantial, as vivid, as fleeting, as eternal, as past, as immortal, as are all the visions of those who truly see. One can only say, Life stand still; and life stands still, long enough for the seeing, wondering mind, not long enough for the brush or the pen. To have had the vision—to have lived—is the thing: if one has little to show for it, never mind.

Having enjoyed, through the five novels, all the rich variety of impressions which illustrate the main themes, the humour that is never studied or artificial, the brilliant subsidiary sketches of human character (such as Mrs. Hilbery in *Night and Day*, Miss Kilman and Peter Walsh in *Mrs. Dalloway*), the swift and suggestive mixture of detail and reflection, the sharp physical imagery of the passages where to the observing mind there comes what the Germans would call a *Steigerung*, the sudden loomings up of ordinary people or things, like Mr. and Mrs. Ramsay playing ball with their children, as symbols of tremendous import and stature, the sensitivenesses of feminine observation abnormally acute, the skilfully used anger and pathos, one sees all the better how the passage quoted at the beginning of this article sums up the whole. It is not astonishing, therefore, that the society observed in Mrs. Woolf's novels is more or less the same throughout—that of the cultivated intellectual, or governing, class, with its wide connections up and down, its chance contacts, its conversational trend towards Plato, Shakespeare, poetry or politics, its standards of success and failure and its typical joys and disasters—because the visions, in the last resort, are all the author's and relate, one is certain, to the visions that in the course of years have impressed themselves on her mortal eyes and brain. It is not that she puts herself into all the characters—though she puts herself into many, and deals freely with her own intimacies in certain others—but that, even when she is ostensibly portraying another mind, say that of Mr. Ramsay ruminating on his failure, of Peter Walsh stalking a pretty girl, of greedy spiteful Miss Kilman, or of Septimus Smith engulfed in his hallucinations, it is her mind observing the other mind of which we are conscious.

Mrs. Woolf's art, in other words, is intensely personal in its stamp, especially now that she has abandoned the solidly constructive method of narration for her uniquely reflective impressionism. This is simply a statement, not a critical judgment, but it leads to the question whether she will ever succeed in embodying her personal vision so as, even faintly, to correspond to her intentions, which are those of a serious artist whose work, vivid, exciting, sympathetic, rightly excites a profound admiration.

'Making of the moment something permanent'—this is the work of the poet, the painter, the musician, not of the dramatist nor, as I believe with Mr. Wyndham Lewis, essentially of the

novelist. For imaginative prose of this kind there ought to be another name, since it is a thing different from the novel, verging at its most exalted moments on poetry. The average novel-reader, mainly interested in 'story' and characterization, will probably judge the first section of *To the Lighthouse*, where Mrs. Ramsay is alive, the most successful. After her death the book becomes more lyrical in intonation; the second section, in particular, is a rhapsody where ten years pass away in a kind of incantation, broken by rather abrupt snapping of threads in parenthesis. Yet the whole, with its greater emotional concentration, its sharper focussing, the fuller stature of its characters, and the completer resolution of its material into a meditation in images, or symbols—compare the section describing the dinner here with Mrs. Dalloway's party—shows the mark at which, with ever increasing power and sureness, Mrs. Woolf is aiming. Her mastery increases with each book, but, I fear, it will always fall short of her vision. Poetry alone could give us that: in prose we shall have to be content with the ' matches struck unexpectedly in the dark '. On this score she may possibly suffer with posterity, who may desire another brand of match: but in her own day she lights a purer and more searching flame than most, by which we recognize that, whatever science applied to existence may achieve, only imagination illumines life.

ORLO WILLIAMS

The Sofa. A moral tale. By Crébillon fils. Translated with an Introduction by Bonamy Dobrée. Broadway Library of Eighteenth-Century French Literature. 12s. 6d. net.

Dialogues of Denis Diderot. Translated with an Introduction by Francis Birrell. Broadway Library of Eighteenth-Century Literature. 10s. 6d. net.

Letters of Voltaire and Frederick the Great. Translated with an Introduction by Richard Aldington. Broadway Library of Eighteenth-Century French Literature. 15s. net.

Voltaire, Candide, and other Romances. Translated by Richard Aldington, with an Introduction and Notes. Broadway Translations. 7s. 6d. net.

It is as difficult for one century to understand the work of the preceding as it is for a child to understand the outlook of his parents, and this difficulty is symbolized by Mr. Aldington's choice of the

author of *Father and Son* to introduce *The Broadway Library of Eighteenth-Century French Literature* to English readers. In his introduction, which is identical for all three volumes, Sir Edmund Gosse refers to the eighteenth century in France as appearing ' like a strip of meadowland between cliffs and the sea ', which as a description of the writings of Crébillon, Diderot, and Voltaire is hardly likely to commend itself to these three typically twentieth-century translators, whatever the opinion of the general public may be.

This brings us to the question as to who precisely this general public is. It is at first sight difficult to imagine that there exists a large number of persons incapable of reading *Le Sopha* in the original French, yet willing and anxious to spend 12s. 6d. on the purchase of Mr. Dobrée's translation. Mr. Dobrée does his best to render the book palatable and interesting to the English reader by his own introduction, which is sensible enough, and in which he points out that such works are not the mere vehicles for bawdy recital that they may appear, but that their effect, in the language of the present day, is to ' rescue psychology from between the covers of text-books, and, basing it upon experience and sensibility, use it as material for works of art '. It is curious that he should say that this kind of treatment of love is practically unknown to English literature of the period, and that the nearest approach to it is probably Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*, for it suggests, what is hard to credit, that Mr. Dobrée has never read more than the title of that engaging work and that he belongs to that large class of unhappy persons that regards Congreve and Wycherley as obscene writers and no more. What is certain, however, is that Mr. Dobrée's ignorance of French history has betrayed him into two highly infelicitous conjectures with regard to Madame de Pompadour. His theories that she was the original of the Sultana in *Le Sopha*, which appeared in 1740, and that she was responsible for obtaining Crébillon a pension in 1774, are equally untenable, for Madame de Pompadour only came to court in 1745 and died in 1764. Nor is he wholly successful in capturing the spirit of his original; such an expression as ' " That's fine! " the Sultan said. " Now get on! " ' is neither suitable for its purpose nor alas! is it untypical of Mr. Dobrée's method.

Mr. Birrell's volume of translations from Diderot is a sound and admirable piece of work, which may be commended without reserve,

exercise an ignorant censorship, or what comes to the same thing, an uninformed power of selection. They possess the 'pathetic' fallacy common to their colleagues the play-producers and magazine-editors, which imputes to the public an insatiable appetite for cheap sentiment and lurid sensationalism; and this fallacy is the greatest repression of intelligence that we suffer. Incidentally, the libraries keep up the price of books. It is not merely for practical reasons that they put a veto on paper-backs (Mr. Unwin shows that a cheap cloth binding only costs a very few pence; but even these few pence matter with a commodity competing with penny newspapers), but also because they wish to keep up the pretence of supplying the public with a high-priced article at a trifling cost. The question of binding has also some bearing on the system of distribution. Booksellers will not buy into stock paper-backed books, which have a tendency to get shabby and unsaleable in a very short time. The remedy is the 'sale or return' system, which is very firmly dismissed by Mr. Unwin, but without adequate discussion. This system cannot, of course, be extended to all books—books for the specialist or the connoisseur;—but there is no reason why it should not be used for books of a popular appeal if only the publishers and booksellers will face realities and apply to their trade some of the vision and audacity which has characterized the growth of great modern industrial concerns. They might profitably consider the methods of production and distribution employed in the tooth-paste, shredded-wheat and cigarette trades. Commodity for commodity, there seems to be little difference between such 'necessaries' and the average book.

Undoubtedly the reading public is also to blame, and much can be done by an educational body like the National Book Council. The greatest difficulty in the way is not the incapacity to read, but the insidious inroads which the modern English newspaper has made into the reading time of the average man. Morning, noon and evening they provide for a negligible price a thick wedge of nicely spiced pabulum which does duty, in the average household, for the book-reading of other generations and other countries. But this pabulum is largely conditioned by the necessity of printing reading-matter which bears some sort of proportion to the expanse of advertisements. And advertisement is only a symptom of modern industrialism, and an essential factor in distribution. We seem to be in a vicious circle, and if so, the only escape is by individual effort.

An intelligent man ought to be ashamed of devoting more than ten minutes a day to his newspaper. It is never worth more.

Mr. Unwin has gone to Germany for most of his comparative material. We can have nothing but praise and envy for German methods of publication, distribution and co-operation, and can only pray for their introduction into the English publishing trade. But France, which Mr. Unwin singularly neglects, can surely teach us something too. Can Mr. Unwin explain why even in the remotest of French provincial railway stations, a traveller can always count on finding intelligent books on the bookstall? It is surely not due to French business methods; nor to the French educational system. Has it anything to do (and the question is not entirely rhetorical) with paper-backs, low prices and the absence of stupid myths as to 'what the public wants'? One also notices, on the same bookstalls, newspapers which are admirable in their brevity, succinctness and general consideration for the economy of the reader's time.

HERBERT READ

SHORTER NOTICES

Man: An Indictment. By Anthony M. Ludovici. (Constable.) 14s. net.

This is an interesting and stimulating book, the fruit of wide reading, often in directions not readily accessible to the English student, and of shrewd observation of present-day social and cultural conditions. Mr. Ludovici's general position will be familiar to most readers who keep in touch with current literature. The degeneracy, physical, intellectual and spiritual, of modern man, letting in the debilitating doctrines of feminism and egalitarian democracy, has been his theme approached from various angles in various previous publications. That his work has on the whole met with scoffs and flouts rather than with serious assent or refutation is to some extent the fault of a certain bristling and provocative pugnacity which characterizes every paragraph he writes. He appears to be a born politician concerning himself with subjects which, however closely underlying political controversies, can hardly be fruitfully treated in a wholly controversial manner. His continual use, for example, of the phrase 'botched and inferior'—designating a class of our fellow-creatures apparently inclusive even of those unfortunate enough to be born or to become hard of hearing or short-sighted—is surely both needlessly irritating and unscientific.

We must take our meat where we find it, however, and sometimes tolerate a rasping sauce that accompanies a wholesome dish. There will be few reasonably unprejudiced readers who will not agree that industrial and other conditions have brought about a real physical degeneration in the type man, a degeneration bound up with his triumphs in wringing wealth and power from nature. Weakly and half-witted children who in other days would have succumbed in infancy are now, thanks to the enormous advance in medical knowledge, preserved alive to become, in the majority of cases, a burden upon the healthy and efficient. It is difficult, however, to see how it could have happened otherwise. They who are whole do not need the physician—such at any rate has been their attitude—a mistaken one, it appears, for the art which can preserve the unfit can also transform the moderately healthy and shapely into still more desirable human beings. I have read with exceptional

interest Mr. Ludovici's account of the work of Mr. F. M. Alexander, whose claim, apparently well-substantiated, is that by the re-education of the individual he can eradicate all manner of wasteful and dangerous maladjustments, substituting conscious control for our now inadequate instinctive reactions. We have been taught to look for the superman as a misty figure at the end of a chain of many births. It is possible that he will appear suddenly in the shape of the man next door as the result of a few months of intelligent manipulation of that quite homely material.

It is out of the question, in the course of a short review, to even enumerate the points touched upon in the course of this fierce gallop through biology and history. The book should be read for its contributions to a sane meliorism, and the abuse and bitterness passed over as to a large extent the reactions of an impatient intelligence to the frequently quite stupid perversions of his message constructed and demolished by his detractors.

The Legacy of the Middle Ages. Edited by C. G. Crump and E. F. Jacob. (Oxford: Clarendon Press.) 10s. net.

A book like this, if it were perfect, would be a very great book indeed. It would distil the essence of a great civilization. Such a book can only be the product of a master-mind, a single intelligence ordering the multiplicity of facts into a significant pattern and giving this pattern harmony and vitality—and a vitality which is only to be attained by recreating in some imaginative way the very conditions of the historical facts. A committee of unequal talents cannot help but produce an unsatisfactory book, but even within the limits of the fullest allowance we can make for this inherent failing, the present book is disappointing. How is such a volume compiled? What is the function of the editors? We do not know what happened in the present case, but surely their rôle should have been to arrange a scheme of approach to their vast subject and then to secure the appropriate authorities for the detailed sections of this scheme. The volume as it is presented has, however, more the air of a chance aggregation of 'available' contributions. There seems to be no proportion in the space devoted to the various subjects. Philosophy, which we might reasonably expect to have the most space, has actually the least—27 pages out of 533, and these singularly obtuse. The editors plead in their preface that within the compass of their

volume they could only admit 'the most important subjects'. And on this plea they omit any record of the contributions made to medieval art and philosophy by Spain and Scandinavia. But the influence of the former on the philosophy, and of the latter on the art of the Middle Ages, was paramount. Practically none of the contributors makes any attempt to indicate the deep Oriental influences at work throughout the period.

Two of the contributions stand on their own merits—that of Professor F. M. Powicke on 'The Christian Life', and that of Professor W. R. Lethaby on 'Medieval Architecture'. The former shows such an essential grasp of the fundamental realities of medieval religion and philosophy that we could wish the whole volume had been entrusted to its author's care. Professor Lethaby writes with his great charm on a subject of which he has a perfect understanding. He alone of the contributors pays adequate attention to the Northern element in Gothic art; he alone seems to be aware of the impressive theories of Dr. Josef Strzygowski—a fact which goes unindexed. The other arts—sculpture and the decorative and industrial arts—are dealt with in an interesting but prejudiced fashion by two competent French scholars. But no French scholar can be trusted on the subject of Gothic art; he is physically incapable of seeing beyond his own frontiers. In view of the overwhelming pre-eminence of recent German scholarship in all matters affecting the history of the Middle Ages, it seems rather perverse to have drawn contributors from almost all the races of the world, save only the Teutonic.

The Crook's Shadow. By J. Jefferson Farjeon. (Harrap.) 7s. 6d. net.

This is a good thriller of the Arsène Lupin variety. We have an extremely attractive crook pitted against an almost but not quite equally attractive detective. The crook is of course a good crook with moments of sentimentality and a voice, on occasion, which sends thrills through heroines. There is of course also a bad crook, who is very villainous and is finally duped both by *the* crook and the detective. We hope that Mr. Farjeon's crook is only at the beginning of his career.

The Best Poems of 1926. Selected by Thomas Moult. (Cape.) 6s. net.

Mr. Moult is one of the most diligent of the servitors in the courts of verse. Year after year, with equal modesty and vision, he rescues from the clawing fingers of oblivion a little sheaf of verse, which, except for his devotion, would in most cases be lost. He makes no parade, excites no controversy, but quietly and with unflinching ardour continues his task of Librarian of the Stars.

Never was there a more selfless labour, and Mr. Moult has his reward. He cannot, of course, call good poems out of the vasty deep, but he can at least throw a line to the best. In the result year after year he does rescue, all wet from the sea, at least a dozen swimmers, that but for him might have taken their treasure to the inhospitable bookshelves of Davy Jones. This year, if, as an act of piety, he has included a long and dull poem by Amy Lowell, he has balanced that by a lively little cry of passion from Conrad Aiken. If he has not introduced us to any wholly new names from America, he has recorded the achievements of both Mr. Ellsworth Larsson and Mr. Macleish, of whom more will be heard. And he has actually succeeded in persuading George Moore to allow him to print an essay in pure poetry. Well done, Mr. Moult.

The Best Short Stories of 1926: No. 1. English (with an Irish Supplement). Edited by Edward J. O'Brien. (Cape.) 7s. 6d. net.

Mr. O'Brien admits in his Introductory Note that a year which produced one great story would be an exceptional one; if we rely on this book for reference, the year, June, 1925, to May, 1926, was not exceptional. Mr. O'Brien has dedicated the volume to Liam O'Flaherty, whose story, 'The Inquisitor', he includes. We would ourselves select this story for special commendation together with two others, which were published in *The New Criterion*, viz. 'The Woman who Rode Away', by D. H. Lawrence, and 'The Field of Mustard', by A. E. Coppard. Among the other stories printed in full we have an irritating 'Fantasy' from Stella Benson, and competent perfunctory stories from J. D. Beresford and Francis Brett Young.

The appended Biographical Notices are of interest as a particular *Who's Who*, but it would be more dignified if such notices were similar in length, form and style; people are so strongly inclined to long-windedness, and some are facetiously inclined as well.

Masterpieces of Chikamatsu (the Japanese Shakespeare). Translated by Asataro Miyamori. Revised by Robert Nichols. (Kegan Paul.) 21s. net.

Mr. Asataro Miyamori has attempted to present to the English public a concise exposition of the work and standing of Chikamatsu (whose name he boldly qualifies with the phrase: *the Japanese Shakespeare*), and his attempt has been successful. It is impossible to judge how much the straightforwardness of style is due to the work of Mr. Robert Nichols, who has 'thoroughly revised' the book, but this sponsorship completes our confidence that the case of Chikamatsu has not been misrepresented.

About one sixth of this big book is devoted to the Introduction. This is in itself very interesting, and without some such explanation it would be very difficult for those ignorant of Japanese to apprehend the plays at all adequately; this we believe to be simply the fortunes of language and in no way due to incompetence of translation.

Chikamatsu was born in 1652. He was forced into writing plays for puppets by the hierarchical practices of the uneducated players who completely controlled the legitimate theatre. In these puppet performances there were three elements: the manipulation of the puppets on stage by a staff of puppeteers, the intoning of the drama by one or more chanters, and the musical accompaniment of the samisen.

After puppet plays had become the fashion in Japan, it became fashionable for living players to perform them with as close an imitation of puppet behaviour as they could affect. In the present day there are very few puppet theatres in Japan; but Japanese actors and actresses are renowned for balance of deportment, for economy of movement, and for a sacrifice of private wisdom to the spirit of the drama in which they are playing.

The alluring phrase, *the Japanese Shakespeare*, seems to apply principally to a comparison of the position of Chikamatsu in the history of Japanese drama to that of Shakespeare in the history of English drama; more particularly, other points of comparison which occur to us we feel to be points which all good dramatists should have in common; more generally, we are not able to discover from this book qualities that could set Chikamatsu with Shakespeare in universal appeal.

Chikamatsu's own comments upon art should be quoted:

'Art lies in the shadow frontiers between reality and unreality. Art appears unreal, but it is not unreality; art has the appearance of reality, but it is not reality. The worth of art lies between reality and unreality.'

The World of Imagery. By Stephen J. Brown, S.J. (Kegan Paul.) 12s. 6d. net.

The subject of Father Brown's book ('metaphor and kindred imagery') is interesting and important, and his treatment of the subject is clear and logical. But his conception of metaphor is not altogether adequate; he regards it as a vivid and concrete substitute for a conceptual idea—especially for such ideas as are not readily intelligible when expressed in abstract language. But this ignores the fact that metaphor is often autonomous: we think in metaphors; the mind leaps from metaphor to metaphor without the intervention of abstract thought, and finally metaphor is *inventive*: it creates an image which must be resolved into thought. It is analogous to thought rather than alternative to it. Perhaps this confusion arises from the fact that Father Brown seems to have no firm critical perception of the difference between a good and a bad metaphor, or, what is much more difficult, no perception of the *relevance* of a metaphor. The function of metaphor is strictly poetic, and poetic alone; and a proper understanding of metaphor will only come with a proper understanding of poetry. But this is perhaps censuring Father Brown for a fault common to us all. His book is a very valuable account of the nature and functions of metaphor in the usually accepted sense of the term.

Jesus Christ and His Revelation. By Vacher Burch, D.D. (Chapman and Hall.) 9s. net.

This is an interesting but a puzzling book. The author seems to have made some discoveries, and seems to desire to communicate his discoveries not only to specialists but to the intelligent public. But the intelligent public will have to ponder very hard in order to find out the significance of these discoveries, or even what the author

thinks is their significance. It is simply that Dr. Burch does not express himself very well. He is hypnotized by one or two ideas or words such as *talmudisation*. But Dr. Burch classifies in a very interesting way several types of New Testament criticism; and is quite convincing in his insistence that the Law of the New Testament is a *new* law; that Jesus Christ did not come either as the Jewish Messiah or merely as a Jewish reformer, but that He preached deliberately a new doctrine for all mankind. The new texts of Josephus do not seem to us quite as important as Dr. Burch thinks; but there is a great deal in the book more important than that; and it should be recommended to anyone who will take the trouble.

Murder in the Maze. By J. J. Connington. (Benn.) 7s. 6d. net.

Concerning Mr. Connington's last book, *The Dangerfield Talisman*, we were unable to speak with any enthusiasm. It is accordingly all the greater pleasure to report that *Murder in the Maze* is a really first-rate detective story. The very idea of murder in a box hedge labyrinth does the author great credit, and he makes full use of its possibilities. But what makes the book particularly excellent in its kind is the fact that we are provided early in the story with all of the clues which guide the detective. One ought to know who committed the crime after reading a very few chapters; but one does not.

England under the Tudors. By Keith Feiling, M.A. (Williams & Norgate: Home University Library.) 2s. net.

This book covers the ground admirably and deserves its place in the excellent series for which it was written. We wish however that the Home University Library could have afforded Mr. Feiling the space for two volumes; one on the Tudors and another on the Stuarts. The space devoted to Charles I seems rather inadequate and we think that Wentworth should have been treated at more length. Mr. Feiling is stronger in political history than in ecclesiastical history; which, for this period, is a pity. His judgment of Laud is inadequate. Otherwise he succeeds with great skill in covering a most important period of English history in 251 pages.

FOREIGN REVIEWS

GERMAN PERIODICALS

Die Neue Rundschau (Berlin: S. Fischer).—In the December number Carl Brinkmann has an article, based on first-hand observation, on American universities. It contains little of special interest except a criticism, remarkable as coming from a German observer, of the extreme lengths to which specialisation has been carried in American academic study. Even the most specialised European scientist, Herr Brinkmann says, feels pity and astonishment at seeing, say, technical chemistry in the United States split up into dozens of independent branches, whose workers have hardly any idea of the neighbouring divisions.

A much more lively and debatable article, from beginning to end, is Dr. Julius Meier-Graefe's, entitled 'Notes by a Heretic in Athens'. The writer is, of course, not at his best in criticising ancient classical art, but he is deservedly famous for his taste and originality, and this long essay is not merely a negative expression of disillusionment. He does not mince his words; the Acropolis Museum, taken as a whole, reminds him of nothing so much as of a man who fell in love with a lady through correspondence, and meeting her one day face to face, finds her to be an old woman with false teeth. Apart from archæological values, Herr Meier-Graefe finds the greatest contribution of Hellenic art to have lain in its inspiration. It was, so to speak, an inheritance which other peoples and other ages knew how to invest with advantage, producing a revenue much richer than the original capital sum. Rome, for example. 'The few Greek originals in Rome were enough to give a direction to the prevailing ambition. The Roman copy was the magic formula that turned stone into bread.' Even more was this so with Eastern, and above all, Chinese art, perhaps also Egyptian; while, coming down nearer our own day, Herr Meier-Graefe, on ground where he speaks with more authority, feels assured of the undying worth of Hellenic art when he thinks of the Flora of Poussin, of the Venus of Renoir, of the Daphnis and Chloe of Bonnard.

Other stimulating articles in this excellent number are those by Paul Wiegler, on 'Forms of Short Story' (a pity we cannot differen-

tiate into *Novelle* and *Erzählung*), and Dr. Ernst Robert Curtius's review of André Gide's *Faux-Monnayeurs*.

A thoughtful article, by Otto Flake, entitled 'Die neue Zeit', opens the January number. In substance it is an assertion of the doctrine that any form of society is bourgeois and that it demands the preservation of order, by that very fact always returning, sooner or later, to a *bürgerlich* form. Hence German agitation about pro-bourgeois and anti-bourgeois is so much beating the air, and is the more to be deplored now when Germany has at last achieved complete independence and is in a position to strike out on an individual policy. From a writer, and in a review, of radical leanings this is significant. In the same number there is a review of a new volume of poems by Oskar Loerke, a 'metaphysical', very difficult, but better worth reading and puzzling over than most German poets writing to-day. He has been too much neglected by the anthologists and critics, both inside and outside Germany. Gerhart Hauptmann's new long poem, in terza-rima, entitled 'Der grosse Traum', also appears complete. Opportunity for review may occur when it is published in book-form.

The February number has an excellent essay by C. H. Becker on the 'Transformation of the Historical Consciousness'. It is an examination of the way in which the trust in history, and therefore the influence of historical writing on thought, policy and public opinion, has been shaken in the last few years. No remedy is suggested. Hermann Kasack has an appreciation of Rainer Maria Rilke, the German-Bohemian poet who died the previous December; while in the generally interesting 'Europäische Rundschau' there is an account of Jules Romain's new play, 'Le Dictateur', which was produced in Berlin simultaneously with its performance in Paris, and had apparently a greater success with the German than with the French audience.

Die Schöne Literatur (Leipzig: Eduard Avenarius).—This monthly review is now in its twenty-eighth year. Its editor, throughout all this time, Will Vesper, is probably familiar to most readers of German, as he also edited the well-known anthologies of German poetry entitled *Die Ernte*, which, rather in the style of *Georgian Poetry*, aim at giving every year a representative collection of the best current German poetry. As the title of the review implies, the editor's concern—here he differs from editors of most

other German literary reviews—is only with literature, and there is no place for politics or philosophy. In the January number, it may be added, there is little place for literary criticism either, the contents being made up of one essay, on the working-man poet, Alfons Petzold, a photographic portrait-gallery of living German writers, and several pages of carefully classified lists of current German books. This last feature, also the notes on the most recent German plays, is very well done, and at least as an organ of information, the review is to be recommended. It is on the whole conservative in outlook.

Die Literatur (Berlin: Deutsche Verlags-Anstalt).—All three numbers, December, January and February, of this well-known monthly, were overwhelmingly informative. Professor Witkowski, for example, gave one of his periodical reviews of recent volumes on Goethe—scores in number. The 'Letters from Abroad' were up to their usual high standard, the account of recent Argentine literature in the February number being of particular interest. The two most important critical articles were by Otto Heuchele (December number), entitled 'Der Mythus von Orient und Okzident', an examination of the work of the nineteenth century historian and sociologist, J. P. Bachofen, whose great work on 'Mutterrecht', long known to specialists, is now the subject of almost a popular 'boom' in Germany; and by Fritz Knöller (January number), entitled 'Die Komödie in Deutschland', a careful examination of the thesis that Germany lacks a national comedy because she lacks a unified society, a class which gives the tone, the divergences from which constitute the nature of comedy. 'Voices in the desert are for Germany the typical phenomenon.'

Die Literarische Welt (Berlin: Ernst Rowohlt).—This always varied, generally entertaining and sometimes stimulating weekly, continues to make progress. Only a hasty account can be given of its principal contents. November 5th, a good review of the Berlin production of Jules Romains's 'Le Dictateur'; November 12th, a useful general essay on J. P. Bachofen, who has just been mentioned; November 19th, a 'Travel Number', with reviews of most of the important recent travel-books and an introductory essay on that species of literature by Hugo von Hofmannsthal; November 26th, a number of Hofmannsthal's short critical sketches of excellent but

comparatively neglected German prose-writers, taken from his admirable anthology of classical German prose, a second edition of which has just appeared with the Bremer Presse; January 14th, a Rainer Maria Rilke number, with a particularly full account of his relations with French literature (Gide, Valéry and others, principally of course, the second, whose poems he translated into beautiful and often quite comprehensible German verse); February 4th, 'The Characters of Ibsen's Dramas', an essay by Hugo von Hofmannsthal.

Die Weltbühne (Charlottenburg: Verlag der Weltbühne).—This lively weekly, which has only an intermittent and incidental connection with literature, lost its editor, Siegfried Jacobsohn, who died last December, and is now edited by Kurt Tucholsky. The old traditions appear to be maintained, and those who are on the watch for some unfamiliar, often scandalous but occasionally none the less politically or socially important, aspect of German life, will often find what they are seeking in this review. In addition the theatre-notices, which are usually by Alfred Polgar or Arthur Eloesser, are always concise and to the point.

A.W.G.R.

ITALIAN PERIODICALS

La Fiera Letteraria, a fortnightly literary periodical in newspaper form, edited by Umberto Fracchia, is always interesting. There is nothing like it in England, for it contains not only leading articles, stories and reviews, but also literary and artistic news—e.g. accounts of exhibitions, competitions, projects relating to the organization of the arts—as well as humorous articles, *faits divers* and illustrations. The number for January 16th is enlivened by an account of the duel between Curzio Malaparte and Silvio Maurano, fought with the épée, and going to the tenth round, when the doctors intervened on the ground of Signor Maurano's exhaustion. The cause of this duel was an article written by the pungent Malaparte in the *Impero*. This is worth mentioning as a reminder that 'la polemica' takes a serious place in Italian letters, now as always. The leading article, by the editor, in this number is headed 'Polemiche Oziose?' and expresses the opinion that polemics are not useless if they result in a clearer understanding between the generation of those who fought in the war and the succeeding generation.

This number also contains a review by Marinetti of *Aria di Capri*, by Edwin Cerio. This is an example of a new form of reviewing called by the Futurists 'misurazione' (mensuration), and explained by Marinetti in the number of March 6th. It seems to be little more than the application of certain categories and a purely objective summation of a book's qualities. The first performance of Pirandello's 'Diana e la Tuda', at Milan, is well criticised by Riccardo Bacchelli in the number of January 23rd, and his condemnation of Sem Benelli's latest, 'Con le Stelle', appears in the number for March 6th. The leading article for February 6th consists of a letter to the editor and his comment on the question: 'Should Fascism give itself an intellectual discipline?' Anybody who is curious about the effects of Fascism in the domain of intellect and art will find matter for thought in this article, as well as in Ardengo Soffici's somewhat naive vision of the way in which the new fascistic corporation of the Arts should work (March 6th). Apparently the heads of this Corporation are to classify all the members according to their faculties, i.e. the architects according to their capacities to construct military, civil, ecclesiastical, or private work; painters under the heads of fresco, palace-decoration, theatre-decoration, restaurant-decoration, easel-pictures, or caricatures, and so forth: and he draws a grandiose picture of the State setting all these forces harmoniously to work on some great scheme for the beautification of Rome. Everybody, he thinks, will do the work for which he is fitted without grumbling.

The numbers for March 13th and March 27th contain discussions of Soffici's article, to which in the latter number Mario Tinti makes the very reasonable reply, that state discipline will be of no benefit to the artist, and that out of it could only arise a 'fictitiously aulic State art, which would not mean an art of the people, but, rather, no art at all'. In the same number Curzio Malaparte, one of the wittiest polemists in modern Italy, has an amusing reply to the letter on the need for intellectual discipline mentioned above. Also in this number the novelist, 'Italo Svevo', contributes some memories of James Joyce at Trieste.

The double number of *Il Convegno* for 15th January and 15th February, opens the 8th year of this distinguished Milanese review, whose offices are a well-known meeting-place for men of letters. A preface by the editor, Enzo Ferrieri, sets out the aims of the

review, congratulating himself on having avoided the 'danger of the anthology and of the *cénacle*, by welcoming those writers, and those alone, 'who play the game of novelty with a modern and human experience'. Simple clarity of style expressed with 'modesty and urbanity' appeals to him more than exaggerated rhetoric, violent polemics or *fumisterie*. 'We shall continue', he says, 'to be modern and European in our own way, leaving others to be Italian in the European way, and we shall maintain our reserve, leaving it to others to divulge the elegances and nostalgias of a hermetic youth to a hundred thousand provincials.' The number contains a long analytical article by Eugenio Levi on Macchiavelli's 'Mandragola', a reminiscence of war by Giovanni Comisso, a note on Beethoven by Antonio Veretti, a translation of an article by Theodor Storm, a long notice by Giacomo Debenedetti of Professor Venturi's 'Il Gusto dei Primitivi' and the usual shorter reviews of Italian and foreign books. Debenedetti's article is a very interesting contribution to æsthetic criticism: and under the rubric 'Galleria', Carlo Linati starts a debate on the old question whether a critic is of any value unless he is an artist. He sets forth quite shortly the advantages enjoyed by the artist as critic, and says at the end: 'For this reason we are constrained to admire more than any other the criticism of pure creators . . . in the domain of literary art we like above all re-reading Goethe, Coleridge, Baudelaire, Flaubert, and T. S. Eliot, in their confessions and artistic essays. . . .'

Eugenio Levi replies, comparing the 'comprehension' of the critic to the 'invention' of the artist.

The most interesting contributions to *Solaria* for February are some notes by Piero Gadda on Riccardo Bacchelli's witty story, *Lo Sa Il Tonno*, and an article by Gianotto Bastianelli on the composer, Malipiero. The March number is wholly devoted to a symposium on the cinema, of which the general conclusion is that from a high æsthetic point of view there is nothing to be said about it.

Il Baretti, for February 16th, contains an extremely intelligent article on English novels, by Arrigo Cajumi, in which the writer reproves his countrymen for too often getting their notions from Paris, and not from their own reading.

O.W.

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A COMMENTARY

THE EUROPEAN IDEA

Nine years after the end of the War we are only beginning to distinguish between the characteristics of our own time and those inherited from the previous epoch. One of the latter was Nationalism. We have been for nine years reminded, by the facts and fancies of the press, of the growth of the spirit of nationalism, of the greater number of nationalities, and of the multiplicity of the reasons which all these nations have for failing to get on with each other. Instead of a few 'oppressed minorities', the oppressed minorities seem to be almost in a majority; instead of a few potential Sarajevos, we seem to have dozens. But the *Idea* of Nationality is no longer the same idea that it was for Mrs. Browning or Swinburne; like most of Woodrow Wilson's ideas, it was aged when he discovered it; it will not explain fascism any more than it will explain bolshevism. Not how Europe can be 'freed', but how Europe can be organized, is the question of the day.

One of the ideas which characterizes our age may be called The European Idea. It is remarkable first because of the variety of its appearances; it may take the form of

pitiless continuance of physical shock, and then there is only safety in the mind again, if it rise like a holy ghost out of the raw stumps of the body.

I remember for a time feeling my heart unrulily beating in my breast, and a tight constriction at the throat. That was perhaps only excitement, or tense expectation of activity. It was not the shuddering grovelling impulse, the sudden jet of pus into the thrilling blood stream, that would sometimes, on the sudden near detonation of a shell, poison one's humanity. That, as I have said, is the only real kind of fear—the purely physical reaction. From that state a few men can recover because they have minds that can surmount a physical state: an imaginative sense of equilibrium. *Imaginative*—it was the men of imagination that were, if any, the men of courage. The men of mere brute strength, the footballers and school captains, found no way out of the inevitable physical reaction. Their bodies broke in fear because the wild energy of the instinct was impingeing on a brittle red wall of physical being. That was the feel of it, that was the reality. And P——? P—— was in another state of being. Because he had imagination he could visualise and thus anticipate this physical nature of fear. He could immerse himself in the imaginative embodiment of that animalistic impulse, and because he had no faith he had to succumb to that imaginative condition. Faith was the deepest reality we tested as we crawled for a few minutes along that bank—a few minutes that actually seemed an age, Faith was of many kinds. But essentially it was simply a level condition of the mind. It might be Christian—sometimes was, I observed. But more often it was just fatalistic, and by fatalism I mean a resolve to live in peace of mind, in possession of mind, despite any physical environment. Such was the faith, or philosophy, that belonged to a great body of men, and was held in very different degrees of intellectuality and passion. In

some—they were the majority—it was a reversion to a primitive state of belief. Every bullet has its billet. What's the use of worryin'. But in others it was a subtler state of consciousness. The war seemed to annihilate all sense of individuality. The mass of it was so immense that oneself as a separate unit could not rationally exist. But there is a sense in which the death of individuality means the birth of personality. This truth is the basis of all sacrifice and martyrdom. A saint may die for his faith, but only because that faith is an expression of his personality. And so in the presence of danger, and in the immediate expectation of death, one can forget the body and its fears and exist wholly as a mind. This I am stating as an experience. And it is not an esoteric or special experience, but merely a state one day discovered in oneself.

. . . . . .

We had gone perhaps three parts of our way, when we heard the sound of men working. Muffled coughs, thuds, indefinite clinks. I was non-plussed. The explanation did not immediately occur to me. It hadn't time. I had a sudden sick fear that we must return, empty-handed, shameful fools. I think this thought and image lasted the brief interval I had for reflection. For immediately the sergeant tugged my leg and crept close to my ear. He indicated somehow the right. I turned my head. Two figures loomed indistinctly in the dark. Approaching us. 'We must rush them,' I whispered. The sergeant said: 'Right; you give the tip.' The two figures blundered nearer. I could see them hesitate across on the other side of the rim of a shell-hole. My heart had suddenly become calm. I was filled with a great exaltation. My body didn't exist, save as a wonderfully unconscious mechanism. I gave a great inhuman cry and dashed forward, barking with my Colt at the shadowy figures not ten yards away. One gave a wild bestial shriek