

VOLUME I

1902–1914

C0–C167

ZRA

OUND'S

Poetry and Prose

Contributions to Periodicals

Preface by
the Editors



Garland Publishing, Inc.
New York & London 1991

Copyright © 1991 by The Trustees of the Ezra Pound Literary Property Trust.

This project is published by arrangement with New Directions Publishing Corporation, agents for the Trustees of the Ezra Pound Literary Property Trust.

The index is based on that published in Donald Gallup's *Ezra Pound: A Bibliography* (University Press of Virginia, 1983) and is used by Dr. Gallup's and the Press's permissions.

Preface © 1991 by A. Walton Litz

All rights reserved

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data

Pound, Ezra, 1885–1972.

(Selections, 1991)

Ezra Pound's Poetry and Prose: Contributions to periodicals / prefaced and arranged by Lea Baechler, A. Walton Litz, and James Longenbach.

p. cm.

Contents: v. 1. 1902–1914, C0–C167 — v. 2. 1915–1917, C168–C315 — v. 3. 1918–1919, C316–C521 — v. 4. 1920–1927, C522–C699a — v. 5. 1928–1932, C700–C904 — v. 6. 1933–1935, C905–C1279 — v. 7. 1936–1939, C1280–C1527 — v. 8. 1940–1954, C1528–C1741 — v. 9. 1955–1971, C1742–C1933a — v. 10. 1972–1982, C1934–C1989 — v. 11. Addenda and Index.

ISBN 0-8240-5386-9 (v. 1 : acid-free paper)

I. Baechler, Lea. II. Litz, A. Walton. III. Longenbach, James. IV. Title

PS3531.082A6 1991

818'.5208—dc20 91-32724

Design by Jennifer Z. Bryda

Printed on acid-free, 250-year-life paper
Manufactured in the United States of America

For Donald Gallup

*"A man of parts, skilled in the subtlest sciences;
A patron of the arts, of poetry; and of a fine discernment."*

Canto III (1917)

REFACE

Ezra Pound was the quintessential poet-critic. His poems, his translations, his literary criticism, his social and economic writings, his letters, and his conversation—all were parts of a single enterprise, each illuminating the others. His enormous productivity over a long lifetime (there are approximately 2,100 contributions to periodicals collected in the present volumes) means that no single gathering of his writings, or even a large number of collections, can provide a comprehensive record of his achievement. Many of the uncollected essays are of crucial importance to an understanding of his art. For example, the elliptical essay “On Criticism in General” (*Criterion*, January 1923) has never been reprinted, although Pound considered this summary of his early work as a critic his personal “De Vulgari Eloquio.”

When Pound’s periodical contributions are read in chronological order, rather than in highly selective collections, the impact is overwhelming. The poetry and prose of any one period can be seen as parts of a single, developing argument. Taken in sequence, the poems and essays and letters form a rich autobiography, a vivid record of the most extraordinary poetic life this century has witnessed. They range from Pound’s early experiences in Spain and Italy, through the tumult and excitement of the London years, to the half-century of expatriation on the Continent. We can trace Pound’s progress through the Parisian literary world of the early 1920s, and then follow the arc of his Italian life as it led to the political and economic obsessions of the 1930s, to his wartime broadcasts on Rome Radio, and to his eventual arrest and imprisonment at Pisa. Finally, the periodical publications after 1945 give us a clear sense of Pound’s life and thought while an inmate at St. Elizabeths, and of the interests that gripped him during his last years in Italy.

The present volumes bring together in one convenient format materials scattered throughout the world’s libraries, some of them extremely rare and difficult to obtain. The combined libraries of Yale

University, surely the single richest source of Pound’s writings, could provide no more than 50 percent of the entries.

Our arrangement of items follows the chronological order of Section C, “Contributions to Periodicals,” in Donald Gallup’s *Ezra Pound: A Bibliography* (Revised Edition: University Press of Virginia, 1983). Some additional entries were chosen from Donald Gallup and Archie Henderson, “Additions and Corrections to the Revised Edition of the Pound Bibliography” (*Paideuma*, 12 [Spring 1983]: 119-25).

Following Gallup’s practice, we have not included reprintings of items, except on those occasions (e.g., the *Future Cantos* of 1918) when the revisions seemed of great importance. Many of the early items in the Pound collection at the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library were marked up and revised by Pound for inclusion in an edition of *Collected Prose* that never materialized (see Gallup E6h). In most cases we have reproduced clean copies from other sources, but we have also included a few marked-up copies (e.g., C26, C343, C419) to give the flavor of Pound’s revisions.

The running head on each right-hand page gives the Gallup number for each item on that page spread and the year(s) of publication. The full Gallup description is reproduced at the bottom of the first page of each entry. In the very few instances when an item was incomplete or could not be located, we have printed the full Gallup entry and given the reason for omission. Several new entries were discovered during the course of our research, and these have been given numbers in the Gallup sequence.

The quality of the reproductions inevitably varies according to the state of the originals. In the case of newspapers and journals where the originals have disappeared, forcing us to work from microfilm, the quality is less than ideal. However, the Garland staff has done a remarkable job in producing the best possible photocopies.

It would have been impossible, given space limitations, to have situated each item in context. Wherever possible. We have included some of the material surrounding Pound's shorter contributions.

The index is based on Donald Gallup's indexing of "C" items. It includes the titles of periodicals and cross-referencing of proper names.

* * *

These volumes could not have been completed in their present form without generous help from many collectors and scholars. Donald Gallup graciously allowed us to use his files, now on deposit at the Beinecke Library, and answered many questions that only he could have answered. These volumes are dedicated to him, a dedication that reflects the deep debt felt by all of us who have found his *Bibliography* truly indispensable.

James Laughlin and Mary de Rachewiltz opened their files to us, and helped us in many ways with information they alone possess. Tim Redman and

Lawrence Rainey were of immense help in the final stages of preparation. Without their expert advice many items, especially from the Italian years, would have remained unlocated.

We also wish to acknowledge substantial help from a number of Pound scholars, especially Massimo Bacigalupo, Ronald Bush, Michael Coyle, Archie Henderson, Vince Sherry, and Richard Taylor. The staff of the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library was unfailingly helpful, and we owe a special debt to Patricia Willis for advice and assistance.

Gavin Borden, the president of Garland Publishing, was from the start our strongest supporter, and the project could not have been completed without his efforts. Leo Balk and William Ludwig were of great help during the entire planning and execution of the project. Finally, we would like to extend our sincere thanks to Trish Charles, of the Garland office in Hamden, Conn., who managed the production of these volumes; to the staff in Hamden, especially Debbie Handy and Sue Spight; and to Jennifer Z. Bryda for the beautiful design.

ONTENTS

1902

- C0 Ezra on the Strike 2

1905

- C1 Belangal Alba 4

1906

- C2 Raphaelite Latin 5
C3 Interesting French Publications 9
C4 Burgos, a Dream City of Old Castile 11
C5 A Dawn Song 15

1908

- C6 To the Raphaelite Latinists 15
C7 M. Antonius Flaminus and John Keats,
a Kinship in Genius 16
C8 The Event of the Coming Piano Season ... 19
C9 Histron 19
C10 For Katherine Ruth Heyman 19
C10a Ballad For Gloom; Threnos 20

1909

- C11 The “Brunhild” of Frederic Manning 21
C12 Sestina: Altaforte 23
C13 Piccadilly 24
C14 Three Poems 24
C15 Ballad of the Goodly Fere 27
C16 And Thus in Nineveh 29

1910

- C17 Three Poems 29
C17a Mesmerism; Ballad for Gloom 34
C18 Two Poems 34
C19 La Regina Avrillouse 35
C20 Two Poems 36
C20a A Correction 39
C21 The Vision 39
C22 The Science of Poetry 40
C23 Christmas Prologue 42

1911

- C24 The Fault of It 43
C25 I Gather the Limbs of Osiris, I 43
C26 I Gather the Limbs of Osiris [II]
A Rather Dull Introduction 44
C27 I Gather the Limbs of Osiris, III
Guido Cavalcanti 47
C28 I Gather the Limbs of Osiris, IV
A Beginning 48
C29 On the “Decline of Faith.” 50
C30 I Gather the Limbs of Osiris, V
Four Early Poems of Arnaut Daniel 50

1912

- C31 Echos 52
C32 I Gather the Limbs of Osiris, VI
On Virtue 52
C33 I Gather the Limbs of Osiris, VII
Arnaut Daniel: Canzoni of His Middle
Period 54
C34 I Gather the Limbs of Osiris, VIII
Canzon: of the Trades and Love 56

C35	I Gather the Limbs of Osiris, IX On Technique	57	C70	Through Alien Eyes, II	115
C36	The Complete Poetical Works of T. E. Hulme	58	C71	Through Alien Eyes, III	116
C37	The Art of the Novel.....	59	C72	[A review, signed: E.P., of] <i>Présences</i> , par P.J. Jouve	117
C38	Prologomena [sic]	59	C73	Through Alien Eyes, IV	118
C39	Poetry	63	C73a	Imagisme [by F.S. Flint]	119
C40	Canzone: of Angels	65	C74	A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste	120
C41	I Gather the Limbs of Osiris, X On Music	67	C75	Rabindranath Tagore	123
C42	I Gather the Limbs of Osiris, XI	68	C76	Contemporania	132
C43	I Gather the Limbs of Osiris, XII	70	C77	[A review of] <i>A Boy's Will</i> , by Robert Frost	138
C44	The Book of the Month	71	C78	[A review of] <i>Helen Redeemed and Other Poems</i> , by Maurice Hewlett	138
C45	The Wisdom of Poetry.....	72	C79	America: Chances and Remedies, I.....	139
C46	Silet	76	C80	America: Chances and Remedies, II	140
C47	Two Poems	76	C81	America: Chances and Remedies, III Proposition I—That I Would “Drive the Auto on the Seminars.”	141
C48	Patria mia, I	77	C82	America: Chances and Remedies, IV Proposition II—That I would Drive the Seminars on “The Press.”	142
C49	Patria mia, II	78	C83	America: Chances and Remedies, V Proposition III—The College of the Arts	143
C50	Patria mia, III	79	C84	Certain Poems of Kabir. Translated by Kali Mohan Ghose and Ezra Pound from the Edition of Mr. Kshiti Mohan Sen	144
C51	Patria mia, IV	80	C85	America: Chances and Remedies, VI	146
C52	To Whistler, American. On the Loan Exhibit of His Paintings at The Tate Gallery	81	C86	How I Began	147
C53	Middle-Aged, A Study in an Emotion.....	81	C87	[A review of] <i>Love Poems and Others</i> , by D.H. Lawrence	148
C54	[Introductory note to] A Selection from <i>The Tempers</i>	82	C88	[A review of] <i>Odes et prières</i> , par Jules Romains	149
C55	Psychology and Troubadours	83	C89	[A review signed: E.P., of] <i>Art and Swadeshi</i> , by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy	150
C56	Patria mia, V	99	C90	Poems	150
C57	Patria mia, VI.....	101	C91	In Metre	152
C58	Patria mia, VII	102	C92	The Approach to Paris, I.....	153
C59	Patria mia, VIII	103	C93	The Approach to Paris, II	154
C60	Patria mia, IX	104	C94	In Metre	156
C61	Bohemian Poetry	105	C95	The Approach to Paris, III	156
C62	Patria mia, X	106	C96	“The Approach to Paris”	159
C63	Patria mia, XI.....	107	C97	The Approach to Paris, IV	159
C64	The Black Crusade	108	C98	“The Approach to Paris”	161
C65	Tagore's Poems	108	C99	Paris	162
C66	The Black Crusade	110			
C67	The Poems of Cavalcanti	110			
<h1>1913</h1>					
C68	Status Rerum [I]	111			
C69	Through Alien Eyes, I	114			

C100	[A review, signed: E.P., of] <i>Poems and Songs</i> (Second Series), by Richard Middleton 164	C132	[Eight Poems] 226
C101	Troubadours: Their Sorts and Conditions 165	C133	[Introductory note to the first instalment of] <i>The Causes and Remedy of the Poverty of China</i> 229
C102	“Phasellus Ille” 179	C134	Exhibition at the Goupil Gallery 229
C103	Reviews 180	C135	The Caressability of the Greeks 230
C104	The Approach to Paris, V 180	C136	On Certain Reforms and Pass-Times 230
C105	The Approach to Paris, VI 183	C136a	The Perfect Poet 232
C106	The Serious Artist, I[–II] 186	C137	Allen Upward Serious 233
C106a	Religio, or The Child’s Guide to Knowledge 189	C138	Nishikigi 234
C107	The Order of the Brothers Minor 190	C139	The Later Yeats 241
C108	The Approach to Paris, VII 191	C140	Mr. Hueffer and the Prose Tradition in Verse 244
C109	Poems 193	C141	[Two Poems] 248
C110	Portrait d’une Femme 197	C142	Poetry: A Magazine of Verse 249
C111	Rabindranath Tagore. His Second Book into English 198	C143	First Novels 249
C112	The Serious Artist, III—Emotion and Poesy 199	C144	Revolutionary Maxims 250
C113	The Divine Mystery 201	C145	The Dangers of Occultism 251
C114	The Serious Artist, IV 202	C146	Wyndham Lewis 251
C114a	Ikon 203	C147	Revelations [I] 252
C115	Peals of Iron 204	C148	Poems 254
C116	Zenia 205	C149	Vortex 259
C117	The Tempers 207	C150	Suffragettes 261
C118	Paul Castiaux 207	C151	Revelations [II] 262
C119	Poems 208	C152	“Dubliners” and Mr. James Joyce 264
C120	Ford Madox Hueffer 209	C153	Northcliffe’s Nice Paper Again 265
		C154	Poems 266
		C154a	God in London. A.D. 1914 271
		C155	The Glamour of G.S. Street 272
		C156	Edward Wadsworth, Vorticist. An authorised appreciation 273
		C157	Some Rejected Mottoes 274
		C158	Vorticism 275
		C159	The Audience, I. 286
		C160	The Classical Drama of Japan [Edited from Ernest Fenollosa’s manuscripts by Ezra Pound] 287
		C161	“On the Imbecility of the Rich.” 315
		C162	Those American Publications 316
		C163	Preliminary Announcement of the College of Arts 316
		C164	Modern Georgics 318
		C165	Dead Iōnè 320
		C166	Another Raid on German Trade 320
		C167	The Words of Ming Mao “Least among the Disciples of Kung-Fu-Tse” 320

1914

C121	The Tradition 210
C122	Ferrex on Petulance 212
C122a	Porrex on Ferrex 213
C123	Mr. Hawkins on Mr. Carter 213
C124	A Curious History 213
C125	Des Imagistes 215
C126	The Bourgeois 220
C127	John Synge and the Habits of Criticism 220
C128	The New Sculpture 221
C129	An Essay in Constructive Criticism. With Apologies to Mr. F--d M-d-x H--ff-r in the “Stoutlook.” 222
C130	A Correction 223
C131	Homage to Wilfrid Blunt 224

EZRA
POUND'S

Poetry and Prose
Contributions to Periodicals

THE THEATRE.
THE PARK.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...
THE THEATRE.
 At the Park Theatre last week...

EZRA ON THE STRIKE

For the Times Chronicle
 Wal, Thanksgivin' do be comin' round,
 With the price of turkeys on the bound,
 And coal, by gum! thet were just found,
 Is surely gettin' cheaper.
 The winds will soon begin to howl,
 And winter in its yearly growl,
 Across the medders begin to prowl,
 And Jack Frost gettin' deeper

By shucks! it seems to me,
 Thet you and I had orter be
 Thankful, thet our Ted could see
 A way to operate it.
 I sez to Mandy, sure, sez I,
 I'll bet thet air patch o' rye,
 Thet he'll squash 'em by-and-by,
 And he did, by cricket!

No use talkin', he's the man
 One of the best thet ever ran
 Fer didn't I turn Republican
 One o the fust?
 I 'lowed as how he'd beat the rest,
 But old Si Perkins, he hemmed and guessed,
 And sed as how it wasn't best
 To meddle with the trust.

Now Pattison, he's gone up the flue,
 And Coler, he kinder got there tew,
 So Si, put thet in your cud to chew,
 And give us all a rest.
 Now thet I've had my little say
 I wish you all a big Thanksgivin' day,
 While I plod on to town with hay,
 And enjoy it best.

Wal, Thanksgivin' do be comin' round,
 With the price of turkeys on the bound,
 And coal, by gum! Thet were just found,
 Is surely gettin' cheaper.

The winds will soon begin to howl,
 And winter, in its yearly growl,
 Across the medders begin to prowl,
 And Jack Frost gettin' deeper.

By shucks! It seems to me,
 That you and I orter be
 Thankful, that our Ted could see
 A way to operate it.

I sez to Mandy, sure, sez I,
 I'll bet thet air patch o' rye,
 Thet he'll squash 'em by-and-by,
 And he did, by cricket!

No use talkin', he's the man—
 One of the best thet ever ran,
 Fer didn't I turn Republican
 One o' the fust?

I 'lowed as how he'd beat the rest,
 But old Si Perkins, he hemmed and guessed,
 And sed as how it wuzn't best
 To meddle with the trust.

Now Pattison, he's gone up the flue,
 And Coler, he kinder got therè, tew,
 So Si, put thet in your cud to chew
 And give us all a rest.

Now thet I've had my little say
 I wish you all a big Thanksgivin' day,
 While I plod on to town with hay,
 And enjoy it best.

Belangal Alba

EX. MANUSCRIPT OF TENTH CENTURY, TRANSLATED.

PHOEBUS shineth e'er his glory flyeth,
 Aurora drives faint light athwart the land,
 And the drowsy watcher cryeth,
"Arise!"

REF:—

Dawn light, o'er sea and height, riseth bright,
 Passeth vigil, clear shineth on the night.

They be careless of the gates, delaying,
 Whom the ambush glides to hinder
 Whom I warn and cry to, praying,
"Arise!"

REF:—

O'er cliff and ocean white dawn appeareth,
 Passeth vigil, and the shadows clearth.

Forth from out Arcturus, North Wind bloweth
 Stars of heaven sheathe their glory
 And, Sun-driven, forth-goeth
Settentrion.

REF:—

O'er sea-mist and mountain is dawn display'd,
 It passeth watch and maketh night afraid.

—E. P.

Raphaelite Latin

By Ezra Pound

[Mr. Pound, who is Fellow in Romance languages for the University of Pennsylvania, and is especially interested in late Latin, has spent the past summer traveling in Europe, gathering material by the way. He is ready to defend the Latin of this period—which has the lifetime of Raphael as its center—from the superficial charges of literary barrenness and inferiority of production that have been made against it. Some idea of the mere bulk of this production may be gained from the fact that the Ghero collection alone, if complete, would contain nearly three thousand pages of Latin verse.—THE EDITORS.]

PERHAPS the most neglected field in all literature is that containing the Latin works of the elegant poets and scholars contemporary with Raphael, and owing for the most part Pietro Bembo as their chief.

There are causes for this neglect. The scholars of classic Latin, bound to the Germanic ideal of scholarship, are no longer able as of old to fill themselves with the beauty of the classics, and by the very force of that beauty inspire their students to read Latin widely and for pleasure; nor are they able to make students see clearly whereof classic beauty consists. The scholar is compelled to spend most of his time learning what his author wore and ate, and in endless pondering over some utterly unanswerable question of textual criticism, such as: "In a certain epigram," not worth reading, and which could not get into print to-day, "is a certain word *seca* or *secat*?" The meaning will be the same, but the syntax different." The scholar is bowed down to this Germanic ideal of scholarship, the life work of whose servants consists in gathering blocks to build a pyramid that will be of no especial use except as a monument, and whose greatest reward is the possibility that the servant may have his name inscribed on the under side of some half-prominent stone, where by a chance—a slender one—some future stone-gatherer will find it. This system has these results; it makes the servant piously thank his gods that his period ends A. D. 400, and that there are some stones he need not carry, some things written thereafter that he need not read. It also prevents his building a comfortable house for his brain to live in, and makes him revile anyone who tries so to do with the abject and utterly scornful "dilettante." No one knows the

contempt and hatred that can be gathered into these few syllables until they have been hissed at him by one truly Germanized.

The scholars of Romance languages pass over these Latin poems as not strictly belonging to any of the Romance literatures—French, Italian, or Spanish. And the students of Renaissance history are too much occupied with the greater names of the period in politics, painting, and sculpture to turn their attention to lesser men of letters.

Bembo's name has, of course, come down to us; Castiglione stands because of his works in a newer tongue; and of the odd hundred other poets of the early Renaissance some few names remain known to us by virtue of their deeds in other fields, or in connection with the resplendent family of the Medici, and as satellites of its flower, Lorenzo the Magnificent. Lorenzo was born in 1449, and Bembo died in 1547.

In this time also had flourished that wonderful friendship between Michael Angelo and Vittoria Colonna, which proved once and for all that genius has no age, and made the man of more than three-score write sonnets, and draw with all his youth's first vigor.

True, much of the Latin verse of this period is filled with greetings, high-sounding greetings in the market-place from one scholar to another, as compliment for his new edition of some re-edited or rediscovered classic; or to some hoped-for patron, as compliment for nothing whatever.

Literature stood thus: Petrarch had based his fame on his Latin epic the "Africa;" Dante alone had dared to put a master poem in the speech of the people; Latin was still the language of the schools, and good Latin it was, too. All

the world was a-hum with the restoration of classic art and letters. But we will not dispute the generally accepted dogma that most late Latin is bad. It may be. I have read only a part of it. And it may have been exceptional good fortune

tribute to the brother that had wrought full-hearted in that labor.

De Morte Raphaelis Pictoris

Unto our city Rome, sore wounded
By the sword and flame and flow of years,
Thou didst bring back that rare lost beauty



THE TITLE-PAGE OF A RARE OLD BOOK, SLIGHTLY REDUCED

that has led me therethrough by a path that is by no means all thorns.

But take the things themselves, not my opinion of them. First, a transcription of Castiglione's lines on the death of Raphael, that painter whose pictures are as music of old time, as lutaney and sound of viol played afar off. And see the verse alive with the thought of the time, Rome's restoration; and with full-hearted

That was hers of old. Thou didst scorn
The laws that bind us lesser mortals,
And daredst lead back a soul unto its earthly
dwelling,
And the spirit unto this our poor dead city;
Wherefor were the very high gods angry
With thee, O Raphael, and took thee from us
While thy years were yet as flowers.
Vain were my pleadings for the power to iure
thee
From the shadowy treasure-house of death,
Or from the drear realm of Proserpine to call
thee forth.

Thou didst restore what the years' course,
slow-flowing,
Had carried piecemeal to oblivion's sea.

And hear the closing sob:

Thy death, O Raphael, is signet unto our mortality.

It might have been hammered into a sonnet for you; but Castiglione, with the smooth flow of the older meter, has not stopped for the tinkling of rhymes. But not to keep you longer with "dull funeral elegies," as poems of this sort have the luck to be classified by those who refrain from reading them, I turn to the poem of a man less known—Camillus Capilupus, presumably of the family of Capilupi of Mantua, represented also in the "Delitiæ" of Ghero by the poems of Lælius, Hippolitus, and Julius. So much for the man's relatives and probable place of abode. His song has caught the starlight on the broken waters of the ford:

Ad Noctem

Night, that queenst it o'er the ether-born stars,

Now ruling in the heaven's mid-space,
An' I break thy wonder-silence with my singing,
Grant me grace.

Sweet love of thee hath rapt me through the shades.

Who from thy praise can hold his minstrelsy?
Who is not utterly made thine, and feeleth not
His being from the earth burnt clear
To fuse with thee?

In thy gleaming hair doth Hesper, maiden loved,

Ever as a red rose shine
O'er the forefront of thy brow.

'Tis one an' thou makest way
To Phoebus coming; one and thou
Sweepst thy hasty garment o'er the sea.

Unto old age do thy shadows close the finished day;

Youth, and that golden, dost thou make all free.

Compassionate on our long, lone watchings,
Thou of the gods alone

Steal'st o'er wearied men from their labors,
Silent, in secret, in swift-soaring flight;

Bird and beast-flock also to the high arched halls

Of Lethe's might thou bearest,
And scatterest thy dew's balm the while.

Whoso watch thy longest hours through,
Wherein they may ascend the Muse's stair,
These through wide boundaries dost thou lead
along

With yoke they joy to bear.

By the same dew thou yield'st the honey
sweetness,

Aidst the violets and growing corn,
And dost feed the stars, that make thee lustrous.*

With their gold-gleaming fires.

'Tis in thy hours

That to the cool waters of the ford

Thy Nymphs come forth to bathe,

And join in light-swung dancing line

With their hill-kin, the Oreiades;

And wildwood Dryads, and the Fountain
Daughters rechant

In mingled ring their chorus.

To man's love-sorrow art thou witness;

Him cherishing in the lure of thy shadow-deeps †

Thou restorest to courage, when at thy healing doors

He hath ill fear of some strange thing he knoweth not.

But thou Domatrix of the gods, mother of love that loveth well,

Why make I more delay?

Whether "Night the Golden" or "Cypria"
thou wouldst we greet thee,

SALVE! Good hail, alway.

At the very moment when Capilupus seems to slip into imitation of Horace he calls forth this new old truth: The old gods and tutelary deities are no mere machinery for the decoration of poetry, but the very spirits of the trees and meres; and so these men of the rebirth felt them, even as the first Greek singers. The nymph is no undraped artist's model, loose in a grove where the chestnut burs trouble her shoe-warped feet, but the very soul of the forest. So with the great tender shadows of the Italian night; it is Soul of mystery, by whatever name we greet thee,

* Everywhere in the translation I have sacrificed the crystalized form of the Latin—and any desire I might have had for a classic English verse form—to ample rendering of the Latin thought. Some idea of the difficulty of translation may be shown by the fact that here the two words *lustrant ignibus* connote not one but all the following meanings: Make thee lustrous; encircle thee; wander o'er thee; purify thee by their altar flames; consider, i. e., look down upon thee from beside their golden watch-fires.

† Here, in translating one side of the figure, I have utterly lost the vision of the great Night-mother, clothed with the shadows, with the star-rose in her hair—bearing man aloft and sheltering him in the breast-fold of her shadow-garment, until his heart gathers strength from the power of the goddess, and in his security from the jar of the day-world's small things.

and not merely "By which name is it most lucky to salute thee, O goddess in whom we have rather ceased to believe" —a connotation which, I am afraid, the classicist will find rather hard to interpret out of the older poet.

Capilupus has seized what the neoplatonist had sought for, what the devout among the humanists had been striving to prove: It is not pagan to worship beauty; the old gods are not really dead, nor pagan; beauty is indeed "God's handmaid, by whose touch he roundeth a dewdrop or a world."

Perhaps the things a modern can have least sympathy with in the Latin of this time are the innumerable epigrams, collections of epigrams, proverbs, etc., ad inf., founded for the most part on the scurrilous quips of Martial, and failing signally to surpass or equal their model. Yet there was not lacking the wit to turn a phrase, as is shown by the following distich, chosen by chance from an open page of Hieronimus Angeriani, not because it is better or worse than a thousand others, but because it is a fair representative:

Ad Rosam

(From the *Erotopaegnon*).

Rose of fair form, God grant thee grace!
Thou dost endure but little space;
Sith old age thou mayst not wear,
Thy time be, as thy face is, fair.

The Latin drinking songs and tavern catches of this and earlier time have been translated for us by John Addington Symonds. The wandering student's songs, the "Carmina Burana" of Goliardi, are comparatively well known. The hymns we know, also.

For those who are more interested in curiosities than in literature I can refer to a collection of poems in praise of the baths of Puteoli, which is unique, I think,

and shows modern advertising methods antedated by several centuries.

The long serious poems and semi-epics are well-nigh innumerable. Johannes Baptista Amalthei wrote a *Lycidas*, and some Miltonic scholar will be, or has been, busily scratching for the chance similarity of a line or two. Adam Fumani greets the coming of old age boldly:

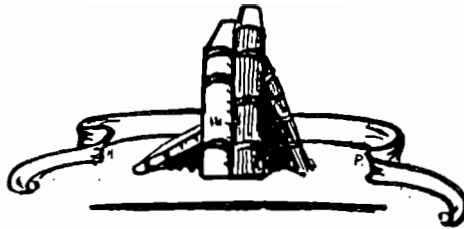
Aye, my hair turns gray and my youth's flame
dies,

My limbs move slower than their wont;
But what are these things to me?

And seeing his life from the farther
end he finds it good.

The works of Johannes Antonius Flaminius are too important and too extensive to be treated in an article of this length. I will, however, say in passing that he has given voice to ringing praise of Castiglione as man and poet; and that he could have given out several of his own poems as rediscovered classics, so far as perfection of form and mastery of Latin are concerned.

In closing let me remind you that these men wrote in a wonder-age when big men were overshadowed by greater; when reverence to the older poetry was high, and the *Zeitgeist* spoke in the "I go to wake the dead" of Cyriac of Ancona, scholar of things old; and when Janus of Axel had forestalled and superseded the science of pedagogy with "I instruct not; I awake." And remember that unremembered men of such a time are like to be as great as the figureheads of an age that could rejoice in the endless ramblings of "Orlando This and That" and the imitating "Osos Which and Where" of Ariosto's lesser following. The least one can say in praise is that the "surprising literary barrenness of this period" rather fades on closer inspection.



Interesting French Publications*

OF all this year's publications of that nery little book-shop of E. Sansot, which lucky wanderers in Paris will fall upon in the Rue St. Andre des Arts "on the other side of the river," perhaps the book most filled with the snap of brilliant conclusions, arrived at by the sort of argument that almost persuadeth, is Peladan's "Le Secret des Troubadours." The theme is the descent of the idealist from Parsifal to Don Quixote.

Peladan usually sees things from the point of view of the day after to-morrow. Unfortunately the day after to-morrow does not always arrive, and the scholar looks upon M. Peladan as the litterateur upon Conan Doyle. Peladan's "Origine et Esthetique de la Tragedie" (1905) is,

*ORIGINE ET ESTHETIQUE DE LA TRAGEDIE. By M. Peladan. E. Sansot, Paris.

LE SECRET DES TROUBADOURS. By M. Peladan. E. Sansot, Paris.

however, a contradiction to this, being apparently sound, and brim full of clear views on the drama from its Greek beginnings in the Mysteries of Eleusis to the point in literature where Sancho Panza takes unto himself the functions of the chorus of Euripides.

In "Le Secret" the derivation of Don Quixote, and the distinctions between that bedraggled hero of La Mancha and Parsifal, are sound and brilliant. Parsifal is the idealist triumphant, the seeker of the Sanc-Graal in enthusiasm. Don Quixote—Cervantes's self in many ways—is the idealist vanquished, the seeker in disappointment. But Peladan invades the realm of uncertainty when he fills in the gap between these two with four centuries of troubadours singing allegories in praise of a mystic extra-church philosophy or religion, practiced by the Albigenes, and the cause of the Church's crusade against them.

After several centuries of unfruitful guessing we gratefully receive any explanation of the songs in the "Trobar Clus," practiced by Arnaut Daniel and his following. The Trobar Clus—closed singing—is the singing apparent nonsense to conceal an under meaning. But why this under meaning should be any more sacred and holy than otherwise no one acquainted with the allegorical tendency of the modern *cafe chanson*—the descendant of the old troubadour songs—can clearly see. And when Peladan bases his arguments on the improbability of men in love acting in certain manners—as if man in love were a quantity to be reasoned about, and whose external action were likely to be ruled by general laws of logic—and when, moreover, he tries to interpret into his scheme songs that are manifestly simple, he can expect no one but a Frenchman to follow him.

However, the book makes one think, which, while not really a fault, will make it unpopular to a vast number of readers. A rut is a bad thing to stay in, and a track a bad thing to get off of; and it is sometimes well to distinguish between these two similar and different operations. Let us follow for a moment the course of the author's argument.

First we have the "Roman de Renart," called a satire against the church—as which it has for a long time been accepted. Second, the author cites Guilem de Peitieu's immodest little chanson of the two ladies on the Auvergne road, and works it out as an allegory, with the cat as symbol of the inquisitor, and the rest of the figures classified in like manner. His interpretation is probably correct, but it cannot here be proven. In this same chanson occur the words "babariol, babariol, babarian," which Appel calls *absichtlich sinnlose*, designedly senseless. Peladan neglects to translate these into a symbol for a churchly or anti-churchly Latin service, which would of necessity be senseless to many hearers. But I am not sufficiently sozzled with his theory to see just why he omits this subtle thing. Perhaps he thinks a deeper symbolism of this sort would be above the understanding of the *vulgo*.

The author next goes to the Tristram and Iseult story, and provides the old love legend with an allegorical setting. He turns to the primitive form of the tale. Perhaps the lost Celtic originals have been "miraculously seen of him in a vision." He postulates Morhut as symbol of the monk. Iseult, as the niece of Morhut, becomes the Irish church, and the rest of the characters are as neatly pigeon-holed. It is all done with Sherlock-like beauty of deduction. As I write Peladan almost convinces me. It is all so plausible. There was, of course, growth of thought against the monastic orders and ideals of asceticism. Why not express it in allegory? The jongleurs, as the men best fitted for this office, might well have done so. But there is no absolute proof that the jongleurs, the eclectic philosophers of M. Peladan's story, sought this form of expression to the extent M. Peladan thinks probable. In fact they were by no means bashful about attacking Mother Church openly. However, the prudent may have availed themselves of the protecting veil of symbolism.

Peladan, being unable to cinch his *quod erat demonstrandum* declares that the documents proving his point are hidden in the library of the Vatican, because Mother Church does not want the evidence of her crime against the Albigenses brought to light. Considering the present attitude of France toward the monastic orders, this is utterly convincing. And the author proudly proclaims that "there lies the secret."

From the dispassionate standpoint of one neither French nor Catholic, I can hardly follow the argument. Neither have I ever been able to get convinced that the great Catholic ideals are responsible for Marie de Medici and some few other thousand scamps that have taken shelter under the robes of sanctity. But let us not meddle in religion or politics.

Anyone that has the vaguest interest in the ancient drama, or in literature "from Parsifal to Don Quixote," can find a few hours of most interesting reading in these two propagandist documents.

EZRA POUND.



Burgos

A Dream City of Old Castile

By Ezra Pound

AFTER a period of unsatisfactory search and wandering through that inexplicable mixture of hell and paradise which no outlander can understand, but which for convenience we call "Spain of to-day," it is a pleasant thing to find that there is a dream Spain, just as real as Spain's old song-glory, and no more tainted with the appearance of modernity than a time-stained parchment psalter leaf.

I left Madrid about the time the anarchist suspects and uncatalogued foreigners began to be confused in the eyes of the law; and I assure you that the most fascinating view of that sun-baked, wind-swept capital is to be gained from the windows of the train that leaves for Paris a little after sun-down. The course of the "Ferrocarril" permits one a view of the palace across the river, through a gray haze and a line of poplar trees, which, by the way, Miss Elizabeth Shippen Green did not invent, and which may truly be found in north Spain, and in one or two of the pictures of Velasquez.

I spent a night next to the earth—that is, with a representative body of the *populacho* that slumbered, and a brother from Segovia that opened his mouth but once, and then only to assure the inquiring head of a would-be fellow-compartmenter that "we already stood eleven," which we manifestly did not. The head disappeared, however, and we rumbled drowsily along, past the tombs of the Escorial, and into the night.

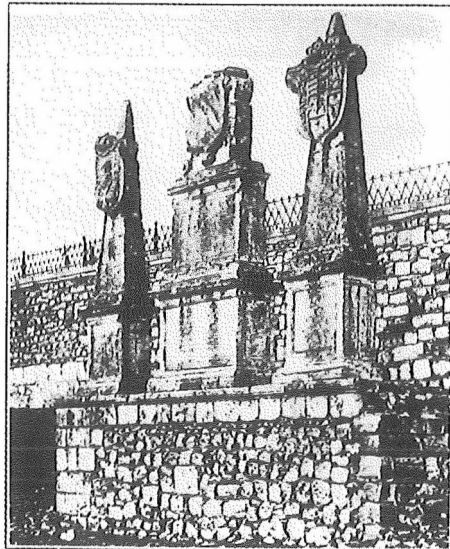
To change the number, and the uncomfortable half sleep of the compartment for the waking dream of the dawn, I came unto the Burgos of Myo Cid Campeador—a short while after the fifth hour of morning, midst the sound of matin bells.

Burgos is a marvel for a Spanish town, for it is clean and well-kept. There I found many quaint churches, and in all they were saying mass—not one mass, but two or three. And here and there

was a little acolyte who had no red shirt, or who had had no time to put it on, but who served God in corduroy and jeans, and rang his little service bell with as good a will as the most bevestmented of Our Lord's servitors.

The approach to the town is a tree-bordered "Paseo," down which I wandered, then crossed stream to the Gate of St. Mary—all in the cool of a perfect morning.

Although of the Cid's house there remains nothing but a "Solar," with a few emblazoned pillars to mark the place where it lay, there are still many doorways in Burgos to which he might have come, as in the old "Poema," battering with his lance butt at the door closed *por miedo del Rey Alfonso*—for fear of the king Alfonso, who had sent letters saying that "none should open to Ruy Diaz, and that whoso open to Ruy Diaz would lose his possessions, and the eyes of his head to boot." The only one of all

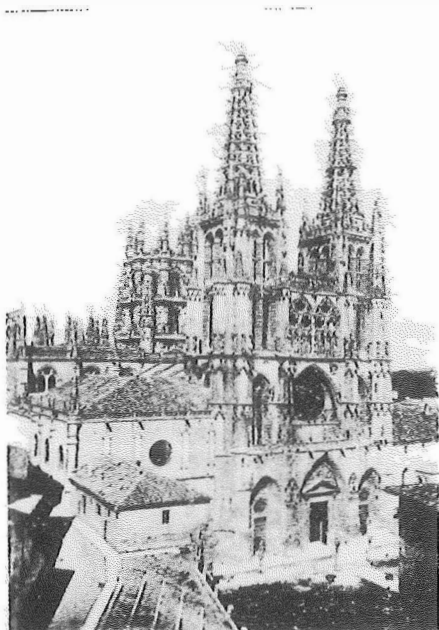


SOLAR DEL CID

Marking the place of the Cid's house

Burgos that dared tell these tidings to the Cid was a little maid of nine; and there are yet in Burgos window and balcony from which she might have leaned, with her black eyes wonder wide, and held parlance with the stern-bearded Campeador, saying:

Aie Campeador, in good hour girt ye on your sword.
The King hath forbidden it; last night came his letter
With great escort, strongly sealed.
We dare not open to you nor in any wise give ye aid,
For we would lose our havings and our homes
And the eyes of our faces to boot.
Cid, in our ill you will gain nothing;
But the Criador (creator) avail you and all his holy virtues.



THE CATHEDRAL, BURGOS

So the Cid smiled and rode out of Burgos.

The little girl is still in the capital of "Castilla." I saw her, but she does not remember the Campeador. I know now, however, just how she fluttered over the centuries-old message, with little whirring sounds, and all the relative clauses out of place.

In Burgos there are other relics of the Campeador: some bones that do not belong to him, and a chest—one of those,

so the story runs, that he filled with sand, and pawned with the Jews, Rachel and Vidas, on pretense that it held booty which he should have turned over to the king, and which the Jews were to open as forfeit if he did not redeem it at the year's end. But the chest stayed unredeemed, at least to the end of the epic. We have here the record of the first successful deal of this bandit Cassie Chadwick, who never saw a barber through his long campaign, and who set all Spain a-rhyming—mostly of the deeds he did not do—not because he took Valencia, but because he embodied his Zeitgeist, and all the strife against Islam.

From the "Puerta Santa Maria" I wandered about the town seeking breakfast, and to see that web of spun stone, the cathedral, from its divers sides and angles. It is a white cob-web, delicate as no picture seems to show it.

One never realizes the marvelous detail of these old cathedrals until he comes upon some sheltered corner where time has not eaten the lines into a haze, and finds there little six-inch gothic arches with columns a half-inch thick, in perfect miniature of the great arches that tower above them, and in no wise detracting from the lines of the whole.

Victor Hugo has done "Notre Dame;" but the cathedral of Paris seems crude when one is in Burgos.

The wonder that comes upon one entering the cathedral of Burgos, with the memory of dusky cathedrals of other towns upon him, is the light. Here when they worship they will not hide themselves in midnight for the homage of noonday. Nor is the choir the great black mass that obstructs the vistas of Seville and Toledo, and ruins—were that possible—the remains of the old mosque in Cordova. But this choir is of light, clean-lined iron-work, and obstructs nothing but the footsteps of travelers and children from the inner place of sanctuary.

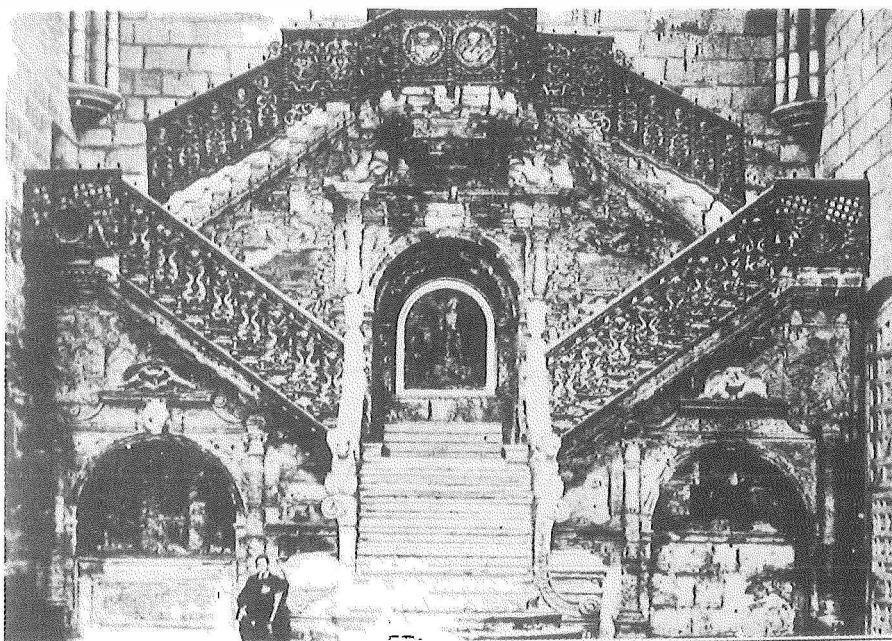
Beside this rail I found another link with the middle ages—a veritable palmer with stave and cockle-shells. He was very busy praying, this religious hermit and hobo, and judging from the shape of his habit he had a goodly number of this world's goods concealed beneath the dusty brown mantle of the church. The priests, however, showed him deference;

and, giving him the benefit of the doubt—supposing him sincere—it is a rather pleasing thing in these days of skepticism to see a man follow an ideal, even if it is six centuries behind the times. In watching the palmer my thoughts went out to two other belated “followers,” one of St. Dominic, out of north Canada, the sort of man I think Gilbert Parker likes to meet in that rough north country; and the other a kindly padre, “of them that follow St. Francis,” a man that had done much for me in Madrid, that I can do little to repay. It was only by thoughts of the latter that I came back to Spain and to Burgos, and to its cathedral of high arches, with the drone of the responses, the rumble of echo, the tinkle of mass bells, and a very brown, dusty palmer kneeling by a choir-rail below the great luminous disc that is in reality the opening into the central tower which rises from the crossing of the nave and transept, and is in Burgos a mass of window arches, and a magnet for all the light of a Spanish morning. I think these window arches would draw starlight through the blackest night clouds that ever hang over

Burgos—but this matter cannot here be proven. Of the cathedral of Tours one remembers ever the wonderful blue of the apse windows; of Orleans the two great gold stars of the transept ends; but the cathedral of Burgos has over it and before its high altar ever this white crown of God’s sunlight. Another bit of witchery in the cathedral is the Golden Stairway of the High Door, or “La Coronaria,” forming a perfect base to one high-arched transept-end, and cunningly wrought as the Diana statue in the “Brut,” “whither came all the wonder-crafty men.”

I left the cathedral and wandered up more quaint streets to “San Somebody-or-other,” where as usual they were saying mass, here varied and mingled with the clamor of some boys playing tag in the cloister—a cloister as mystically old-world as the little court of the Lowenhof in Cologne.

From here onward to the hill crest behind Burgos, and below me, lay the popular studded fields of Old Castile, with glimpses of “La Cartuja,” and the “Campo Santo,” and further the place



LA CORONARIA

In the Cathedral at Burgos

where lieth San Pedro Cardenas, "the shrine he loved the best," and whither,

From the battle he won
After life was done
They bear him to holy rest.

This is not from the story in the "Poema," but an old ballad tale to the effect that after the Cid's death the Moors made an immediate attack on the army of Bivar. But the men of Ruy Diaz set his corse in full armor, visor open, upon his good steed Baviaca, and the enemy fled in terror of the Cid—whether really dead, or risen from death to slay them, they knew not.

The hill crest itself is covered with fallen fortifications of various times. At the gate of these we were met by a very small and noisy dog. My guide, a boy of eleven, called: "Open! Open! for I come, and with me a Franthes"—spelled frances, and meaning French. I explained that I was not "Frances" but "Americano;" to which the boy replied: "It is all one. Here we know no other name for strangers save 'franthes'."

And then there came a pair of very big black eyes, and a very small girl tugging at the gate latch; and I knew of a surety that she had sent away the Campeador at the king's bidding.

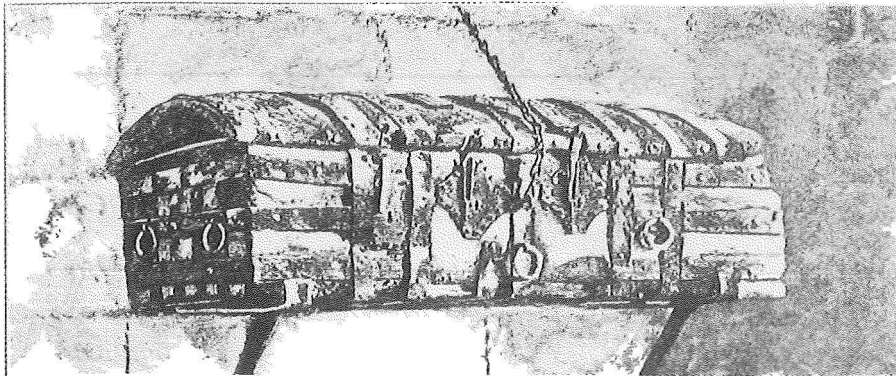
After this I was shown postern wickets and old stone cannon balls, deep wells and secret stairs—very broken and burrowing down into the ground so far that it took a stone a very long time to reach the bottom. These stairs all lead to the cathedral. And I was led up other dark stairs, and over rickety loft floors to see

"Los Campos" from different points of vantage.

Old Castile, as it lies spread before one from the castle of Burgos, is for the painter. I was indeed taken up into a very high mountain, and tempted to forget there were such prosaic things as doctors' theses to be writ, and did for some while give way unto temptation.

When we came down again toward the cathedral it befell that some good person had died in convenient season, and was being borne to the little church that crouches up-slope from the cathedral entrance. And there was a procession of robes, richly woven and cunningly embroidered in gold and vair. And all the folk stood bareheaded, and we likewise; for there is not in Burgos, as the padre says of the rest of Spain, "much Catholicism and very little religion."

From the procession I went forward—by vigorous use of my cigarette case—into the little museum that is hollowed out of the walls of the "Puerta Santa Maria," and through hidden ways into that part of the cloisters where the unsacred relic, the "Cofre del Cid," is preserved. And then, lest some little thing of the real world should intrude itself into this shadow of old time; lest the scorch of the Spanish sun should drive out the winds of dream, the hill winds that blow over Burgos; and lest some minion of the Casa de Cook—that we all use as a refuge, and curse as an intrusion—should shatter the mirror of this Shalott, I went out in the drowse of the siesta as I had come 'neath the cloak of the night.



COFRE DEL CID

A coffer which the Cid is supposed to have pawned with the Jews

A DAWN SONG

God hath put me here
 In earth's goodly sphere
 To sing the joy of the day,
 A strong glad song,
 If the road be long,
 To my fellows in the way.

So I make my song of the good glad light
 That falls from the gate of the sun,
 And the clear cool wind that bloweth good
 To my brother Everyone.

Ezra Pound

C5

To the Raphaelite Latinists

By Weston Llewmys

YE fellowship that sing the woods and spring,
 Poets of joy that sing the day's delight,
 Poets of youth that 'neath the aisles of night
 Your flowers and sighs against the lintels fling;

Who rose and myrtle in your garlands bring
 To marble altars, though their gods took flight
 Long ere your dream-shot eyes drank summer light
 And wine of old time myth and vintaging,

Take of our praise one cup, though thin the wine
 That Bacchus may not bless nor Pan outpour:
 Though reed pipe and the lyre be names upon
 The wind, and moon-lit dreams be quite out-gone
 From ways we tread, one cup to names ye bore,
 One wreath from ashes of your songs we twine!

C6

C5 A DAWN SONG. *Munsey's Magazine*, New York, XXXVI. 3 (Dec. 1906) 380.

C6 TO THE RAPHAELITE LATINISTS. *Book News Monthly*, XXVI. 5 (Jan. 1908) [358].
 "By Weston Llewmys [*i.e.* Ezra Weston Loomis Pound]."

M. Antonius Flamininus *and* John Keats

A Kinship in Genius

By Ezra Pound

Professor of Romance Languages in Wabash College

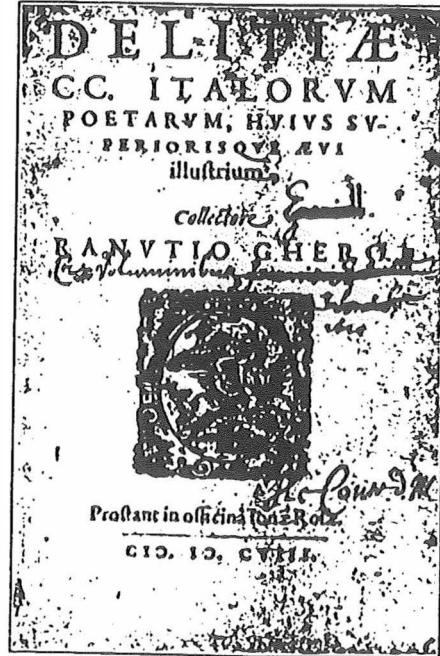
WHAT is beauty and where shall one lay hold upon it? If tradition tell us truth there were days of less scholastic enlightenment, when men were permitted to find fragments thereof in the long dead poets, and when degrees in "arts" were less a sarcasm. But we advance; the universities train scientific specialists for utility, and the fugitive fragrance of old song-wine is left to the chance misfit or the much-scorned *dilletante*. This may not be applicable everywhere. I have not the slightest doubt that one might find (here and there) a professor or two who endanger their scholarly standing by being more interested in the genius of their author than in such artifice as intervenes between that genius and its expression: such as syntax, metric, errors in typography, etc.

Be the status of æsthetic joy among the learned what it may, Latinity as an amusement has fallen somewhat into disuse; the young man reading quantitative meters in the mother of tongues, in quest of pleasure or beauty, is, to say the least, uncommon. The Renaissance Latinists have been overlooked utterly, except by a few unknown scholars, and it is one of the least of these, and to me one of the most fascinating, that I call forth in Marcus Antonius Flamininus; born, Gaspari tells us, in 1498; student at Bologna, 1519; son of Johannes Antonius Flamininus (also a poet of some note) in Seravalle; and coming early in his youth to the court of Leo X.

From the man to his work: when I make the rather sensational heading, joining his name with that of the utter poet John Keats, the analogy is that of kind, not of degree. The forgotten Flamininus will need more praise than mine to warrant his being joined in name with his greater after-comer; but *for likeness in*

loves, for kinship in classic desire, these two may be spoken of in company.

All the old Pantheon revived, each wood a nesting-place of nymphs; rose petals their meat, and dew their nectar; dreaming in a world of Pan pipes and fair shepherds, with no Spenserian moralizings to give their beauty the function



Title-page of First Volume, Ghero Anthology

of a mere covering; loving the wood-wild fairness for itself alone, and myrtle and rose and moonlight for themselves and not as poetic ornament; poetic poetry with no strong optimism as Browning's to make it vital, or to cause it to be slandered with the name of prose in verse; a beauty so sweet, so unreal, that we may not have it with us always without cloy-

ing, save when by its poetic utterness it holds our memory as must all absolute things; Endymion blinded by dew and rose leaves from the sight of his desire; the broken vision of nymphs tree-shadowed, elusive as they flit through the lines of the late Latinist—these be things we may not have continually with us as we would keep Browning's "Epilogue."

One that never turned his back but marched
breast forward,
Never doubted clouds would break

Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better.

No, if you want such battle cry, or song of the day's work, go elsewhere, for here, in our classicists, whose tones are as Whistler's when he paints the mist at moth hour, is no strong, vivifying power to uphold us; but when we rest for a moment from the contest, what beauty can we find for our ease like to this evanescent yet ever returning classicism, that is warm without burning, and is for us living as some of us fail to find it even in the older Latinity.

It is not that other dream beauty, the Celtic beauty of sadness, that fills us with restless wave-longing and sets us a-following the wind of lost desire; a beauty that is of autumn as Browning's is of summer and the day's heat. It is not the intense, surcharged beauty of blood and ivory that we find in Rossetti, but a beauty of the half-light of Hesper and Aurora, of twilight and the hours between the false dawn and the true.

But lest my love and enthusiasm mislead you, take a rough-hewn English of the Latin text. You do not care anything about my skill in metrics or my lack of it, so I spare you the inaccuracy and trial of guessing where I might have changed the Latin thought to find a rime-tinkle.

We will catch him (Flamininus) when the russet dawn is behind the hills.

Behold from the earth's rim Eoo cometh,
Aurora draweth the rose of her car,
Shining she beareth in her flushed bosom light
that gleameth afar.

Be gone, ye wan shades under Orcus!
Go, ye faces of dread Manes that all night long
bear to me dreams and foreboding!

Slave! to the bard his lyre bring;
Scatter flowers the while I sing,
Hail! Bona Diva

That mak'st luminous with your strong shining
the lands of gloom.

Lo! thine are the violets gentle and crocus!

Lo! thine the wicker baskets of fragrant
Amomon.

The breeze ariseth and beareth thee our sweet
perfumes.

You livers in cities know not this wind of the dawn, and I, only in memory of days that it came to me freighted with sea tang and fragrance of fields along the sea, after nights when the waves of little harbors had rippled away the moonlight against our anchorage.

Further on this hymn is broadened till the dawn becomes symbol for the source of all life and light—

Goddess fairer than all other goddesses,
Rose-cheeked goddess, when thou stretchest
forth

Thy golden hair along the sky,
Then fly the tawny stars and the moon's blond
beauty waneth.

Without thee would all things be void of color,
and mortals be buried in night;
Nor would our life bear flower in the arts of
skill.

Sleep thou drivest from our sluggard eyes,
Sleep that is image of Lethe . . .

And the night after this we will find
him

When the cricket soundeth shrill and thou,
Phloe, liest in sweet slumber shrouded;
Then I wander lonely through the midnight;
Then bear I to your door-posts flower garlands,
And leave my kisses where thy foot hath
pressed the door-stone nudely passing.

And another night; for he is no painter
of one season only:

It thunders
And all the grove regroaneth for the greatness
of the wind.

Falleth the water
Poured out for the multitude of the rains,
Night with her sleep-bearing winds is round
about us blind,
The cloaking of weird cloud forms maketh dark
the earth.

Or this to the haunts of Catullus:

O pleasing shore of Sirmion,
White-shining hill of Catullus!
Muse, teach me to sing the praise
Of the blest sylvan ways
Citrus laden, and of Lesbia the fair.
Lo! in the flower-filled vale of Taburnus
An altar to thee,
Green and of turf cut!
Thrice from the foam-filled bowl we pour
Thee milk, and thrice of the honey's store.
Suppliant do our voices call thee,
Goddess, to an unskilled sacrifice,
That thy reed pipe sweetly tuned
Sing for her, the fairest maid of all the mead-
land,
Our Hyellas.

And the rest of the song is of his Hyellas, "worthiest of song," in whom Lesbia still lives, alone worthy of the clear waves of Benacus where Favonus murmurs out of the West.

Flamininus is not entirely wrapped yet in old myth, to witness the "genre" painting of the hearth-stone in his prayer for Pholoe—and none has done this thing in better harmony of line and color.

Thus may the mother of loves be tender and give thee youth forever,
Keeping the bloom of thy cheek unfurrowed.
And after the day's last meal, with thy mother and sweet Lycinna, may'st thou visit my mother, Pholoe beloved,
And together we will watch by the great fire
And that night will be more shining than the fairness of the day,
As the old wives retell their tales we will sing joyous songs, while little Lycinna roasts her chestnuts.
Thus will we beguile the night with mellow mirth
Till over-hoivering sleep weigh down our eyelids.

This is no dead classicism; it is pastoral unspoiled by any sham beauty. He is alive to the real people as well as to the spirits of the pools and trees.

But it were well for us could we come again to the child joy of finding in every classic name connotation of old mythic story, and to feel for ourselves the very real intelligences that lurk for whoso cares in the whispering of leafy conversations and the gossip of moss and stream, as our poet has done in this, from the tale of "Hercules and Hylas:"

But the beautiful Hylas being astray among the silent hills,
Went to draw water from a fountain filled with little gleamings.
'Twas a fountain in the forest,
Silvery with purity of waters
Which the poplars made a roof to
With twy-colored leaves o'er-hanging.
Round about the myrtle trees made thick the bowers of Paphia, mother of loves.
And kindly air brought forth attendant roses, Narcissus, and Crocus never dying, Amaranthus
And Hyacinthus, famed in songs of grief.
In the pool-midst svelte nymphs and nude make game with hair unbound
What time the hours are tinged with roses.
These looked upon the boy, desire-lighted,
While scarce his feet soft-moving have attained the marge of water.
Seized was he speedily,
'Neath the glass of the waters

They bear him quickly away,
As once in splendor of the spring-time
A flying star drooped through the gloom of the night,
Shone forth, then sank in the sea deep.

For this last picture we must seek Waterhouse's "Foreboding in the Pool."

As for the first part of "Hylas," would not he have loved it that sang

In the neighborhood of fountains (by the noise Soft showering in mine ears) and (by the touch Of scent) not far from roses.

For Keats knew this pastoral beauty of the Latin as Swinburne has known the deeper tragic beauty of the Greek; and if for pure appreciation of the classics there be a third name, it is John W. Mac-Kail, of Balliol.

For the eleventh line of our poem, hear Keats of the same hyacinth flower:

Or they might watch the quoit pitchers, intent
On either side; pitying the sad death
Of Hyacinthus, when the cruel breath
Of Zephyr slew him, Zephyr penitent
Who now ere Phoebus mounts the firmament
Fondles the flower amid the sobbing rain.

It is hard to find a poet in a few scattered lines; it would take too long to quote poems in full. Hymns to Pan I should like to bring you, or the "Lament for Hyellas," or snatches of country when "fair woodland laugheth," or when "north wind spoileth sylvan shade of her glad honors."

Father Pan and Old Sylvanus
And ye twy-horned sawns that follow,
Gleaming band, ye nymphs of hollow
Hill and river
Who with Goddess of the quiver
Fill the wold with roistering
If my reed pipes dulcet song . . .

And Flamininus has known himself. The "Fistula," the reed-pipe, is his true instrument. Perhaps the secret of his ability to give us the beauty of the old mythology is this: To Rome of golden Latinity the myths were stale, a matter of course, a belief beginning to die. To the Renaissance they were a world of elusive beauty, new found (as in the Celtic myth in our own day) and their wonder was dew-fresh upon them, even as it always is to whoso truly cares to find it. For Metastasio was quite right when he sang that the Golden Age is not a dead thing, but still living in the hearts of the innocent.

The Event of the Coming Piano Season.

June 15.

To THE EDITOR OF THE NEW YORK HERALD:

Katherine Ruth Heyman, whose American tournee is predicted as the event of the coming piano season there, may give certain concerts in Paris on her way West.

Her playing in London before sailing is also to be announced, E. P.
Venice.

C8

Histrion.

No man hath dared to write this thing as yet,
And yet I know, how that the souls of all men great
At times pass through us,
And we are melted into them, and are not
Save reflexions of their souls.
Thus am I Dante for a space and am
One Francois Villon, ballad-lord and thief,
Or am such holy ones I may not write
Lest blasphemy be writ against my name:
This for an instant and the flame is gone.

'Tis as in midmost us there glows a sphere
Translucent, molten gold, that is the "I,"
And into this some form projects itself:
Christus, or John, or eke the Florentine,
And as the clear spure is not if a form's
Imposed thereon.

So cease we from all being for the time
And these, the masters of the soul, live on.

EZRA POUND.

C9

For Katherine Ruth Heyman.

(After one of her Venetian concerts.)

Blue-grey and white and white-of-rose
The flowers of the West's fore-dawn unclose:
I feel the dusky softness whirr
Of colour, as upon a dulcimer
"Her" dreaming fingers lay between the tunes,
As when the living music swoons,
But dies not quite, because for love of us—
Knowing our state, how that 'tis troublous—
It will not die to leave us desolate.

EZRA POUND.

C10

C8 = The Event of the Coming Piano Season. *New York Herald*, Paris (21 June 1908) 9.
Signed: E. P. On Katherine Ruth Heyman, the pianist.

C9 HISTRION. *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*, London (26 Oct. 1908) 3.

C10 FOR KATHERINE RUTH HEYMAN. (AFTER ONE OF HER VENETIAN CONCERTS). *Evening Standard and St. James's Gazette*, London (8 Dec. 1908) 3.
Reprinted as "Nel Bianchegiar."

A New Singer of Songs

The Greeting of a Poetess of Established Fame to
a New Comer Among the Bards.

BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

Copyright, 1908, by American Journal-Examiner.

"**A LUME SPENTO**" ("With Tapers Quenched") is the title of a slender little booklet of verse which came to me from Venice, Italy, the other day. This is the dedication:

"This book is dedicated to such as love the same beauty that I love, somewhat after my own fashion; and in Memoriam of William Brooke Smith, Painter and Broad-er of Drewna."

The name of the poet is "Ezra Pound," and when I realize that this poet is grown to the age of manhood it makes my own youth seem far and far away; for somewhere among my souvenirs of a Spring-time of life there is a little flutype picture of several youths and maidens; and the father of this poet is among the number; and so am I.

And then I stop and remember that my own wee son, who tarried so short a time on earth, would be also man-grown were he here; and he, too, might be writing verses, even as the son of my friend of long ago.

And so, with more than the interest of an older writer in a young slinger, I give these strange, veiled and now roughlets a setting here, that "those who love what he loves after his own fashion" may read.

Here is one:

For man is a skin full of wine,
But his soul is a hole full of God,
And the song of all time blows thru him
As wind thru a knot-holed board.
The man be a skin full of wine,
Yet his heart is a little child
That croucheth low beneath the wind
When the God-storm battereth wild.

Once when I was among the young men...
And they said I was quite strong among
the young men.

Once there was a woman...
...but I forget...who was...
...I hope she will not come again.

...I do not remember...
I think she hurt me once, but...
That was very long ago.

I do not like to remember things any
more.

I like one little band of winds that blow
In the ash trees here:
For we are quite alone
Here 'mid the ash trees.

And if I have put aside all folly and all
grief,

I wrapped my tents in an ellum leaf
And left them under a stone,
And now men call me mad because I have
thrown

All folly from me, putting it aside
To leave the old barren ways of men,
Because my bride

Is a pool of the wood, and
Tho' all men say that I am mad
It is only that I am glad,
Very glad, for my bride's path toward me
Is a great love

That is sweeter than the love of women
That plague and burn and drive one away.

And here is a

BALLAD FOR GLOOM.

For God, our God, is a gallant foe,
That playeth behind the veil.

I have loved my God as a child at heart
That seeketh deep bosoms for rest;
I have loved my God as maid to man,
But lo, this thing is best:

To love your God as a gallant foe
That plays behind the veil,
To meet your God as the night winds meet
Beyond Arcturus' pale.

I have played with God for a woman,
I have staked with my God for truth,
I have lost to my God as a man, clear eyed,
His dice be not of ruth,

For I am made as a naked blade,
But hear ye this thing in sooth:
Who loseth to God as man to man
Shall win at the turn of the game.
I have drawn my blade where the light
things meet,

But the ending is the same:
Who loseth to God as the sword blades lose
Shall win at the end of the game.

For God, our God, is a gallant foe,
That playeth behind the veil
Whom God deigns not to overthrow
Hath need of triple mail.

And one more:

THRENOS.

No more for us the little sighing,
No more the winds at twilight trouble us,
Lo, the fair dead!

No more do I burn,
No more for us the flutterings of wings
That whirred the air above us,

Lo, the fair dead!

No more desire buoyeth me,
No more for us the trembling
At the meeting of hands.

Lo, the fair dead!

No more for us the wine of the lips,
No more for us the knowledge,

Lo, the fair dead!

No more the torrent,
No more for us the meeting place
(Lo, the fair dead!)
Tintinnel.

Success to you, young slinger in Venice,
Success to "With Tapers Quenched."

AN EASY PLACE.

Lady (to new servant)—You quite understand, Bridget, that I shall only be "at home" every Wednesday from 3 to 5!

Bridget—Yes, mum. (Then to herself) Bridget, me sweet soul, if ever a woman had a heavenly situation, sure it's yerself has got it. Wid the mistress only at home fur two hours every wake, phwat a roarin' time Ol can have av it!"

C10a BALLAD FOR GLOOM . . . THRENOS . . . *American Journal Examiner*, New York (14 Dec. 1908). Quoted complete in a review of *A Lume Spento* by Ella Wheeler Wilcox (clipping in Homer Pound's scrapbook thus identified), along with the eight-line epigraph headed "Make-strong old dreams lest this our world lose heart," and part of "La Fraisine" (the last 13 lines, followed by lines 24-36). [This facsimile taken from the *Chicago Evening American*, 17 Dec. 1908.]

*The "Brunhild" of Frederic Manning**

Reviewed by Ezra Pound

It is something in this age (when even Chaucer finds readers with difficulty) to write a narrative poem of sixty-odd pages that shall be readable, be constantly interesting. Manning, in his *Brunhild*, has done not only this, but has given us a poem full of "the mellow juice of life," not perhaps as Bliss Carman meant it in his delightful lyric beginning: "Now the joys of the road are chiefly these," but he, Manning, has given us the last "Vigil of Brun-

*BRUNHILD. By Frederic Manning. Published in London.

hild" in vigorous colors and has drawn his characters humanly.

Neither a redaction of the story, nor yet the selections which follow, will give you the idea of the poem which I wish to convey, but for lack of better means I must give you the book in this manner until you are fortunate enough to come upon the full text.

Briefly, then, the scene and story are: Brunhild, at last taken by her enemies and condemned to death, is visited in prison by the priest, and to him, yet not as

a confession but rather in a soliloquy, that only now and then notes his presence, reviews the glory and sorrow, the war, life, lust, love, and all the varied splendor of that life of hers, of whom his poet Fortunatus says at the triumph:

"Lo, what a pearl Spain gave unto the world!" I give you the opening passage: Brunhild, with worn face framed in withered hands,

Sate in her wounded royalty; and seemed
Like an old eagle, taken in the toils,
And fallen from the wide extended sway
Of her dominion, whence the eye looks down
On mountains shrunk to nothing, and the sea
Fretting in vain against its boundaries.

And looking down upon her mountains shrunk to nothing, she tells how that sea-soul of hers had striven against the boundaries of her time.

I think you will grant me that if at some points the poem shows reminiscence of other poets (though at no time unrefreshed by a very individual and personal flavor), and if the author does overwork his splendid simile of the eagle, using it four times, and if in some places the metric is not polished to the verge of extinction, yet the lines reach out into senses beyond the literal and show the working of a very delightful quality of thinking intelligence behind them.

Again I must recall Coleridge's remark, that the charm of the real poet is not a charm of particular gaudy passages, but of the general undercurrent of feeling; and with this give you these stray lines recalling to you that they are but typical fragments.

Brunhild, speaking of her own voyage into that ". . . vast, unfathomable, angry sea, broken by no white gleam of friendly sails," says:

I go untrammelled by mere selfishness,
Conscious that many hopes converged on me,
Till I became a symbol in men's eyes;

And still more conscious of the silent strife
In mine own spirit when two courses lay
Before me, and a voice cried: "Choose the best!"
By what I choose now let my soul abide.
One thing I learned, which is a part of hope
With me: God knows how willing is man's soul,
Yet how his life is clouded o'er with doom,
And hindered with innumerable things;
So He will never judge by what I did,
But read my soul, and know thence what I was,
As no man knows me. Yet with tears I go;
For I have loved the green lap of the earth,

Later she repeats poetically what I have quoted in the introduction:

But in this little moment which is mine,
While all my foes are sleeping drunkenly,
Among the dying lights, the broken meats
Which the dogs tear upon the rush-strewed
floor,

While even the moonlight sleeps upon the hills,
I build again, out of my memories,
The storm and splendour of my troubled life.

Past the middle of the poem, in her dialog with Gregory of Tours, she says:

I have been blinded by the tears of Love,
Lulled into heavy slumber with his wine,
Till life slipped by me, fugitive as dreams,
While I lay drowned in an excess of joy,
Fed but unsated, and insatiable.
Ah! this interminable stress of life
Intruding on the splendid pageantry,
Wherein is decked the gaudy press of dreams,
and later

I am but half a dreamer, and can shut
My purpose close unto the narrow view,
To seize the nearest opportunity,
Weaving it into this strange web of life,
As now I make the fate of Merow mine.
Yet am I compact of so many moods,
That a great yearning comes on me at times
For an illimitable night of stars.

So much for the selections. I know not "what porridge had Frederic Manning," but he has caught much of the old Saxon vigor and some of that mediæval glamour that lies as April dew upon the works of William Morris, and I feel sure that I shall get nothing but thanks from such of you as through my measured praise are led to reading him.

Sestina : Altaforte

By Ezra Pound

LOCUTUR : *En Bertrams de Born.*

Dante Alighieri put this man in hell for that he was a stirrer-up of strife.

Eccovi !

Judge ye !

Have I dug him up again ?

The scene is at his castle, Altaforte. "Papiols" is his jongleur. "The Leopard," the *device* of Richard (Cœur de Lion).

I

DAMN it all ! all this our South stinks peace.
 You whoreson dog, Papiols, come ! Let's to music !
 I have no life save when the swords clash.
 But ah ! when I see the standards gold, vair, purple, opposing
 And the broad fields beneath them turn crimson,
 Then howl I my heart nigh mad with rejoicing.

II

In hot summer have I great rejoicing
 When the tempests kill the earth's foul peace,
 And the light'nings from black heav'n flash crimson,
 And the fierce thunders roar me their music
 And the winds shriek through the clouds mad, opposing,
 And through all the riven skies God's swords clash.

III

Hell grant soon we hear again the swords clash !
 And the shrill neighs of destriers in battle rejoicing,
 Spiked breast to spiked breast opposing !
 Better one hour's stour than a year's peace
 With fat boards, bawds, wine and frail music !
 Bah ! there's no wine like the blood's crimson !

IV

And I love to see the sun rise blood-crimson.
 And I watch his spears through the dark clash
 And it fills all my heart with rejoicing
 And prys wide my mouth with fast music
 When I see him so scorn and defy peace,
 His lone might 'gainst all darkness opposing.

V

The man who fears war and squats opposing
 My words for stour, hath no blood of crimson
 But is fit only to rot in womanish peace
 Far from where worth's won and the swords clash
 For the death of such sluts I go rejoicing ;
 Yea, I fill all the air with my music.

VI

Papiols, Papiols, to the music !
 There's no sound like to swords swords opposing,
 No cry like the battle's rejoicing
 When our elbows and swords drip the crimson
 And our charges 'gainst "The Leopard's" rush clash.
 May God damn for ever all who cry "Peace !"

VII

And let the music of the swords make them crimson
 Hell grant soon we hear again the swords clash !
 Hell blot black for alway the thought "Peace" !

C12 Continued

Piccadilly

By Ezra Pound

BEAUTIFUL, tragical faces,
 Ye that were whole, and are so sunken ;
 And, O ye vile, ye that might have been loved,
 That are so sodden and drunken,
 Who hath forgotten you?

O wistful, fragile faces, few out of many !
 'The gross, the coarse, the brazen,
 God knows I cannot pity them, perhaps as I should do,
 But, oh, ye delicate, wistful faces,
 Who hath forgotten you?

From *The Personae of Ezra Pound*.

C13

Three Poems

By Ezra Pound

BALLAD OF THE GOODLY FERÉ*

SIMON ZELOTES SPEAKS IT SOMEWHILE AFTER
 THE CRUCIFIXION

HA' we lost the goodliest fere o' all
 For the priests and the gallows tree ?
 Aye lover he was of brawny men
 O' ships and the open sea.

When they came wi' a host to take " Our Man,"
 His smile was good to see.
 " First let these go ! " quo' the Goodly Fere,
 " Or I'll see ye damned," says he.

* Fere, Anglo-Saxon and Old English, meaning mate, companion.

C14

C12 Continued

C13 PICCADILLY. *BookNews Monthly*, XXVII. 12 (Aug. 1909) 920.
 Reprinted from *Personae* (1909)—A3.

C14 THREE POEMS. *English Review*, III. 3 (Oct. 1909) 382-4.

Contents: Ballad of the Goodly Fere—Nils Lykke— Un retrato [*sic*. Reprinted as "Portrait from 'La mère inconnue.'"]

Aye he sent us out through the crossed high spears
 And the scorn o' his laugh rang free,
 "Why took ye not me when I walked about
 Alone in the town?" says he.

Oh, we drank his "Hale" in the good red wine
 When we last made company.
 No capon priest was the Goodly Fere
 But a man o' men was he.

I ha' seen him drive a hunderd men
 Wi' a bundle of cords swung free,
 That they took the high and holy house
 For their pawn and treasury.

They'll no' get him aa in a book I think
 Though they write it cunningly,
 No mouse of the scrolls was our Goodly Fere
 But aye loved the open sea.

If they think they ha' snared our Goodly Fere
 They are fools to the last degree.
 "I'll go to the feast," quo' our Goodly Fere,
 "Though I go to the gallows tree."

"Ye ha' seen me heal the lame and blind
 And awake the dead," says he,
 "Ye shall see one thing to master all,
 'T's how a brave man dies on the tree."

A son of God was the Goodly Fere
 That bade us his brothers be.
 I ha' seen him cow a thousand men.
 I have seen him upon the tree.

He cried no cry when they drave the nails
 And the blood gushed hot and free.
 The hounds of the crimson sky gave tongue
 But never a cry cried he.

I ha' seen him cow a thousand men
 On the hills o' Gallilee.
 They whined as he walked out calm between,
 Wi' his eyes like the grey o' the sea :

Like the sea that brooks no voyaging,
 With the winds unleashed and free,
 Like the sea that he cowed at Genseret
 Wi' twey words spoke' suddently.

A master of men was the Goodly Fere,
 A mate of the wind and sea.
 If they think they ha' slain our Goodly Fere
 They are fools eternaly.

I ha' seen him eat of the honey comb
 Sin' they nailed him to the tree.

NILS LYKKE

BEAUTIFUL, infinite memories,
 That are a-plucking at my heart,
 Why will you be ever calling and a-calling
 And a-murmuring in the dark there,
 And a-stretching out your long hands
 Between me and my beloved?

And why will you be ever a-casting
 The black shadow of your beauty
 On the white face of my beloved,
 And a-glinting in the pools of her eyes?

UN RETRATO

Now would I weave her portrait out of all dim splendour.
 Of Provence and far halls of memory,
 Lo, there come echoes, faint diversity
 Of blended bells at even's end, or
 As the distant seas should send her
 The tribute of their trembling, ceaselessly
 Resonant. Out of all dreams that be,
 Say, shall I bid the deepest dreams attend her?

Nay! for I have seen the purplest shadows stand
 Alway with reverent chere, that looked on her,
 Silence himself is grown her worshipper,
 And ever doth attend her in that land
 Wherein she reigneth, wherefore let there stir
 Naught but the softest voices, praising her.

CURRENT POETRY

MR. EYRA POUND is an American by birth who has made his home in England and gained recognition among the literary critics of his adopted country. His "Ballad of the Goodly Fere," which we quote from *The English Review*, is strong and original and its style shows that this youthful writer—he is only twenty-three—has felt the influence of Browning and especially of Walt Whitman. The character that the poet has assigned to Simon Zelotes is interesting, to say the least. If Simon has not been able to grasp, save in crude fashion, the gospel of mercy and pity, his weather-beaten heart, nevertheless, has felt and understood the sheer strength and manhood of the Master.

Ballad of the Goodly Fere*

*Simon Zelotes Speaks It Somewhile after the
Crucifixion*

BY EYRA POUND

Ha' we lost the goodliest fere o' all
For the priests and the gallows-tree?
Ay lover he was of brawny men
O' ships and the open sea.

When they came wi' a host to take "Our Man"
His smile was good to see.
"First let these go!" quo' the Goodly Fere,
"Or I'll see ye damned," says he.

Ay he sent us out through the crossed high spears
And the scorn o' his laugh rang free,
"Why took ye not me when I walked about
Alone in the town?" says he.

Oh, we drank his "Hale" in the good red wine
When we last made company.
No capon priest was the Goodly Fere
But a man o' men was he.

I ha' seen him drive a hundred men
Wi' a bundle of cords swung free,
That they took the high and holy house
For their pawn and treasury.

They'll no' get him aa in a book I think
Tho they write it cunningly.
No mouse of the scrolls was our Goodly Fere
But ay loved the open sea.

* Fere, Anglo-Saxon and Old English, meaning mate, companion.

If they think they ha' snared our Goodly Fere
They are fools to the last degree.
"I'll go to the feast," quo' our Goodly Fere,
"Tho I go to the gallows-tree."

"Ye ha' seen me heal the lame and blind
And awake the dead," says he,
"Ye shall see one thing to master all,
"T's how a brave man dies on the tree."

A son of God was the Goodly Fere
That bade us his brothers be.
I ha' seen him cow a thousand men.
I have seen him upon the tree.

He cried no cry when they drave the nails
And the blood gushed hot and free.
The hounds of the crimson sky gave tongue
But never a cry cried he.

I ha' seen him cow a thousand men
On the hills o' Gallilee.
They whined as he walked out calm between,
Wi' his eyes like the gray o' the sea:

Like the sea that brooks no voyaging,
With the winds unleashed and free,
Like the sea that he cowed at Genseret
Wi' tvey words spoke' suddently.

A master of meit was the Goodly Fere,
A mate of the wind and sea,
If they think they ha' slain our Goodly Fere
They are fools eternally.

I ha' seen him eat of the honey comb
Sin' they nailed him to the tree.

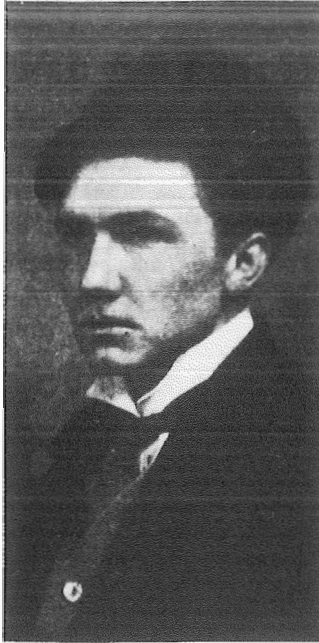
AN AMERICAN POET DISCOVERED IN ENGLAND

TO have *Punch* pun on your name and then make amends by saying that your verse is "the most remarkable thing in poetry since Robert Browning," ought to be something of a guaranty for fame. For this to fall to the lot of an American makes it necessary for us to know more of this man. His resounding name is Mr. Ezra Pound, over which *Punch* becomes antic and invents the alternative *Mr. Ezeziel Ton*, adding that he is "by far the newest poet going, whatever other advertisements may say."

If this is not saying enough *Punch* will enforce his claims to attention by this remarkable judgment: "He has succeeded, where all others have failed, in evolving a blend of the imagery of the unfettered West, the vocabulary of Wardour Street, and the sinister abandon of Borgiac Italy." Mr. Pound, so we learn from the English *Bookman*, has met an "unusually appreciative reception" in London. He "is a young American of English descent, his forebears having been among those early settlers who went out to the New World in the seventeenth century." On his mother's side he is distantly related to Longfellow, "whose poetry he does not admire." *The Bookman* gathers up such biographical facts as these:

"He is a Fellow of the University of Pennsylvania; has traveled much in Spain; lived for some while in Venice; and is now making his home in England with no particular desire to depart from us, tho he has a very much greater liking for the English people than for their climate. He has two other small books of verse to his name, 'A Lume Spento' and 'A Quinzaine for this Yule' which were printed in limited editions for private circulation. The smallness of his output does not indicate barrenness or indolence, but that he has a faculty of self-criticism; he has written and burned two novels and three hundred sonnets."

More recently Mr. Pound has published two small volumes of verse, "Personæ" and "Exultations." Mr. R. E. Scott-James, an English critic writing in the London *Daily News*, sees in Mr. Pound's verse "no eking out of thin sentiment with a melody or a song." On the other hand, "he writes out of an exuberance of incontinentally struggling ideas and passionate convictions. . . . He plunges straight into the heart of his theme, and suggests virility in action combined with fierceness, eagerness, and tenderness. . . . He has individuality, passion, force, and an acquaintance with things that are profoundly moving." In our issue for October



Copyrighted by Elliott & Fry.

EZRA POUND,

An American poet who blends, says an English critic, "the imagery of the unfettered West, the vocabulary of Wardour Street, and the sinister abandon of Borgiac Italy."

so we quoted his "Ballad of the Goodly Fere." We give here some taste of what Mr. Edward Thomas, in *The English Review*, calls the finest of his pieces—his love-poems. "In Praise of Ysolt," Mr. Thomas declares, shows "that the writer does not depend upon a single mood or experience. The beauty of it is the beauty of passion, sincerity, and intensity, not of beautiful words and images and suggestions; on the contrary, the expression is as austere as Biblical prose." To quote further:

"The thought dominates the words and is greater than they are.

"It opens:

In vain have I striven to teach my heart to bow;
In vain have I said to him
'There be many greater singers than thou.'

But his answer cometh, as winds and as lutaney,
As a vague crying upon the night
That leaveth me no rest, saying ever,
'Song, a Song.'

"In the 'Idyl for Glaucus' a woman hovers by the sea in search of Glaucus, who has tasted 'the grass that made him sea-fellow with the other gods.' Here the effect is full of human passion and natural magic, without any of the phrases which a reader of modern verse would expect in the treatment of such a subject. . . .

"And thus in Nineveh' we venture to quote in its entirety, not as the best but as the shortest of these love-poems, with this warning that, like the two last, it does not reveal Mr. Pound neat, tho we are confident that it will give conviction to our praise of his style:

Aye! I am a poet and upon my tomb
Shall maidens scatter rose leaves
And men myrtles, ere the night
Slaye day with her dark sword.

Lo! this thing is not mine
Nor thine to hinder,
For the custom is full old,

And here in Nineveh have I beheld
Many a singer pass and take his place
In those dim halls where no man troubleth
His sleep or song.
And many a one hath sung his songs
More craftily, more subtle-souled than I;
And many a one now doth surpass
My wave-worn beauty with his wind of flowers.
Yet am I poet, and upon my tomb
Shall all men scatter rose leaves
Ere the night slay light
With her blue sword.

It is not, Raama, that my song rings highest
Or more sweet in tone than any, but that I
Am here a poet, that doth drink of life
As lesser men drink wine.

"And on the same page is this wonderful little thing that builds itself so abruptly, swiftly, clearly into the air:

I ha' seen them 'mid the clouds on the heather.
Lo! they pause not for love nor for sorrow,
Yet their eyes are as the eyes of a maid to her lover,
When the white hart breaks his cover
And the white wind breaks the morn.
'Tis the white stag, Fame, we're a-hunting,
Bid the world's hounds come to horn!

One of Mr. Pound's poems bears the suggestive title "Revolt Against the Crepuscular Spirit in Modern Poetry." Mr. Thomas adds:

"To say what this poet has not is not difficult; it will help to define him. He has no obvious grace, no sweetness, hardly any of the superficial good qualities of modern versifiers; not the smooth regularity of the Tennysonian tradition, nor the wavering, uncertain languor of the new, tho there is more in his rhythms than is apparent at first through his carelessness of ordinary effects. He has not the current melancholy or resignation or unwillingness to live; nor the kind of feeling for nature that runs to minute description and decorative metaphor. He can not be usefully compared with any living writers, tho he has read Mr. Yeats."

Three Poems

By Ezra Pound

CANZON: THE YEARLY SLAIN

[WRITTEN IN REPLY TO MANNING'S "PERSEPHONE"]

[*"Et huiusmodi stantiae usus est Iere in omnibus cantionibus suis ARNALDUS DANIELIS, et nos cum secuti sumus"* (Dante, "*De Vulgari Eloquentia*," II. 10)]

I

AH ! red-leafed time hath driven out the rose
 And crimson dew is fallen on the leaf
 Ere ever yet the cold white wheat be sown
 That hideth all earth's green and sere and red ;
 The Moon-flower's fallen and the branch is bare,
 Holding no honey for the stary bees ;
 The Maiden turns to her dark lord's demesne.

II

Fairer than Enna's field when Ceres sows
 The stars of hyacinth and puts off grief,
 Fairer than petals on May mornings blown
 Through apple-orchards where the sun hath shed
 His fleet-foot messengers to make them fair ;
 Fairer than these the Poppy-crowned One flees.
 And Joy goes weeping in her scarlet train.

III

The faint damp wind that, ere the even, blows
 Piling the west with many a tawny sheaf,
 Then when the last glad wavering hours are mown
 Sigheth and dies because the day is sped ;
 This wind is like her and the listless air
 Wherewith she goeth by beneath the trees,
 The trees that mock her with their scarlet stain.

IV

Love that is born of Time and comes and goes !
 Love that doth hold all noble hearts in fief !
 As red leaves follow where the wind hath flown
 So all men follow Love when Love is dead.
 O Fate of Wind ! O Wind that can not spare,
 But drivest out the Maid, and pourest lees
 Of all thy crimson on the wold again,

V

Kore *₁ my heart is, let it stand sans gloze !
 Love's pain is long, and lo, love's joy is brief !
 My heart erst alway sweet is bitter grown.
 As crimson ruleth in the good green's stead
 So grief hath taken all mine old joy's share
 And driven forth my solace and mine ease
 Where pleasure bows to all-usurping pain.

VI

Crimson the hearth where one last ember glows !
 My heart's new winter hath no such relief,
 Nor thought of Spring whose blossom he hath known
 Hath turned him back where Spring is banished.
 Barren the heart and dead the fires there,
 Blow ! O ye ashes, where the winds shall please,
 But cry, "Love also is the Yearly Slain."

VII

Be sped, my Canzon, through the bitter air !
 To him who speaketh words as fair as these,
 Say that I also know the "Yearly Slain."

* The name "Korè" or "the Maiden" is especially used of Persephone with regard to her being stolen by Lord of Dis and thereby causing the death of summer.

CANZON: 'THE SPEAR

[This fashion of Stanza is used by Jaufré Rudel in the song "D'un amor de lonh."
The measure is rather to be sung than spoken.]

I

THE clear far light of love I praise
That steadfast gloweth o'er deep waters,
A clarity that gleams always.
Though man's soul pass through troubled waters,¹
Strange ways to him are openèd
To shore the beaten ship is sped
If only love of light give aid.

II

That fair far spear of light now lays
Its long gold shaft upon the waters.
Ah! might I pass upon its rays
To where it gleams beyond the waters,
Or might my troubled heart be fed
Upon the frail clear light there shed;
Then were my pain at last allay'd.

III

Although the clouded storm dismays
Many a heart upon these waters,
The thought of that far golden blaze
Giveth me heart upon the waters,
Thinking thereof my bark is led
To port wherein no storm I dread;
No tempest maketh me afraid.

IV

Yet when within my heart I gaze
Upon my fair beyond the waters
Meseems my soul within me prays
To pass straightway beyond the waters.
Though I be alway banishèd.
From ways and woods that she doth tread
One thing there is that doth not fade.

V

Deep in my heart that spear-print stays,
 That wound I got beyond the waters,
 Deeper with passage of the days
 That pass as swift and bitter waters,
 While a dull fire within my head
 Moveth itself if word be said
 Which hath concern with that far maid

VI

That one who is lovelier than the sprays
 Of eglantine above clear waters,
 Or whitest lilies that upraise
 Their heads in midst of moated waters
 No poppy in the May-glad mead
 Would match her quivering lips' red
 If 'gainst her lips it should be laid.

VII

The light within her eyes which slays
 Base thoughts and stilleth troubled waters
 Is like the gold where sunlight plays
 Upon the still o'er shadowed waters.
 When anger is there minglèd
 There comes a keener gleam instead
 Like flame that burns behind thin jade.

VIII

Know by the words here minglèd
 What love hath made my heart his stead,
 Glowing like flame beneath thin jade.

CANZON: TO BE SUNG BENEATH A WINDOW

[This manner of verse is used by Pierre Vidal in his song "Ab l'alen tir vas me l'aire." The measure fits song only and not speech.]

I

HEART mine, art mine whose embraces
 Clasp but wind that past thee bloweth ?
 E'en this air so subtly gloweth,
 Guerdoned with thy sun-gold traces,
 That my heart is half afraid
 For the fragrance on him laid :
 Even so love's might amazes.

II

Men's love follows many faces ;
 My love only one face knoweth,
 Toward thee only my love floweth
 And outstrips the swift stream's paces.
 Were this love well here display'd,
 As flame flameth 'neath thin jade
 Love should glow through these my phrases.

III

Though I've roamed through many places,
 None there is that my heart troweth
 Fair as that wherein fair groweth
 One whose laud here interlaces
 Tuneful words which I've assayed.
 Let this tune be gently played
 Which my voice herward upraises !

IV

If my song her grace effaces,
 Then 'tis not my heart that showeth
 But the skillless tongue that soweth
 Words unworthy of her graces.
 Tongue, that hath me so betrayed,
 Were my heart but here displayed,
 Then were sung her fitting praises !

"Mesmerism" is the tribute of a younger poet to one of his masters.

MESMERISM

BY EZRA POUND

"And a cat's in the water-but I"—Robert Browning.

Aye, you're a man that! ye old mesmerizer,
Tyin' your meanin' in seventy swadelin's;
One must of needs be a hang'd early riser
To catch you at worm turning. Holy Odd's boly-
kins!

"Cat's i' the water butt!" Thought's in your verse-
barrel.
Tell us this thing rather, then we'll believe you;
You, Master Bob Browning, spite your apparel,
Jump to your sense and give praise as we'd lief do.

You wheeze as a head-cold long-tongued Calliope,
But God! what a sight you ha' got o' our in'ards:
Mad as a hatter but surely no Myope,
Broad as all ocean and leanin' man-kin'ards.

Heart that was big as the bowels of Vesuvius,
Words that were wing'd as her sparks in eruption,
Eagled and thundered as Jupiter Pluvius,
Sound in your wind past all signs o' corruption.

Here's to you, Old Hippety-hop o' the accents!
True to the Truth's sake and crafty dissector,
You grabbed at the gold sure; had no need to pack
cents
Into your versicles. Clear sight's elector!

Evidently Mr. Pound believes that religion, as well as poetry, has grown weak, apologetic, and leaky and in the "Ballad for Gloom," and several other poems he attempts to reinstate some of its original vigor.

Ballad For Gloom

BY EZRA POUND

For God, our God, is a gallant foe
That playeth behind the veil.

I have loved my God as a child at heart
That seeketh deep bosoms for rest,
I have loved my God as maid to man
But lo, this thing is best:
To love your God as a gallant foe that plays behind
the veil,
To meet your God as the night winds meet beyond
Arcturus' pale.

I have played with God for a woman,
I have staked with my God for truth,
I have lost to my God as a man, clear eyed,
His dice be not of ruth.

For I am made as a naked blade,
But hear ye this thing in sooth:

Who loseth to God as man to man
Shall win at the turn of the game.
I have drawn my blade where the lightnings meet
But the ending is the same:
Who loseth to God as the sword blades lose
Shall win at the end of the game.

For God, our God, is a gallant foe that playeth be-
hind the veil,
Whom God deigns not to overthrow hath need of
triple mail.

C17a

England has recently discovered a young American poet, Ezra Pound. He is a young Philadelphian, twenty-four years of age, and the author of several small books of verse. *Punch* has said of our young compatriot that "he has succeeded, where all others have failed, in evolving a blend of the imagery of the unfettered West, the vocabulary of London streets, the sinister abandon of Borgiac Italy." His verse, we are told, is the most remarkable thing in poetry since Robert Browning. One of Mr. Pound's best known poems, "Ballad of the Goodly Fere," purports to be a speech made by Simon Zelotes, one of the least among the apostles, after the crucifixion. Fere is an old Saxon word meaning "mate" or "companion." We reprint the ballad and share in considerable degree the enthusiasm of our English contemporary. The poem certainly strikes a new and robust note, tho it may shock some of our more devout readers:

BALLAD OF THE GOODLY FERÉ

BY EZRA POUND

Ha' we lost the goodliest fere o' all,
For the priests and the gallows tree?
Aye lover he was of brawny men,
O' ships and the open sea.

When they came wi' a host to take "Our Man"
His smile was good to see—
"First let these go," quo' the Goodly Fere,
"Or I'll see ye damned," says he.

Ay, he sent us through the crossed high spears,
And the scorn o' his laugh rang free—
"Why took ye not me when I walked about
Alone in the town?" says he.

O, we drank his hale in the good red wine
When we last made company—
No capon priest was the Goodly Fere,
But a man o' men was he.

I ha' seen him drive a hundred men
Wi' a bundle o' cords swung free,
That they took the high and holy house
For their pawn and treasury.

They'll no' get him in a book, I think,
Tho' they write it cunningly—
No mouse o' the scrolls was our Goodly Fere,
But aye loved the open sea.

If they think they ha' snared our Goodly Fere,
They are fools to the last degree—
"I'll go to the feast," quo' our Goodly Fere,
"Tho' I go to the gallows tree!"

"Ye ha' seen me heal the lame and blind,
And awake the dead," says he;
"Ye shall see one thing to master all—
How a brave man dies on the tree."

A son of God was the Goodly Fere,
That bade us his brothers be—
I ha' seen him cove a thousand men,
I ha' seen him upon the tree.

He cried no cry when they drav' the nails,
And the blood gushed hot and free—
The hounds of the crimson sky gave tangle,
But never a cry cried he.

C18

C17a MESMERISM; BALLAD FOR GLOOM. *Literary Digest*, XL. 9 (26 Feb. 1910) 404.

Part of an article, "Current Poetry," pp. 402-4. Both poems reprinted from *A Lume Spento* ([1908])—A1—and *Personae* (1909)—A3. "Mesmerism" was reprinted also in *Reedy's Mirror*, XIX. 50 (10 Mar. 1910) 17, and "Ballad for Gloom" in the same periodical, XIX. 56 (21 Apr. 1910) 7.

C18 TWO POEMS. *Current Literature*, New York, XLVIII. 3 (Mar. 1910) 342-3.

Contents: Ballad of the Goodly Fere—Histrion. Reprinted from *Exultations* (1909)—A4.

I ha' seen him cove a thousand men
 On the hills o' Galilee—
 They whined as he walked out calm between
 Wi' his eyes like the gray o' the sea.

Like the sea that broke no voyaging,
 With the winds unleashed and free—
 Like the sea that he cowed at Genseret,
 Wi' tvey words spoke suddenly.

A master of men was the Goodly Fere,
 A mate o' the winds and the sea;
 If they think they ha' slain our Goodly Fere,
 They are fools eternally,
 I ha' seen him eat of the honey comb
 Sin' they nailed him to the tree.

The following poem, subtle, but daring, is
 also to our liking:

HISTRION

By EZRA POUND

"No man has dared to write this thing as yet,
 And yet I know how that the souls of men great
 At times pass through us,
 And we are melted into them, and are not
 Save reflections of their souls.
 Thus am I Dante for a space and am
 One Francois Villon, ballad-lord and thief,
 Or am such holy ones I may not write,
 Lest blasphemy be writ against my name;
 This for an instant and the flame is gone.

'Tis as in midmost us there glows a sphere
 Translucent, molten gold, that is the 'I,'
 And into this some form projects itself,
 Christus, or John, or eke the Florentine,
 And as the clear space is not if a form's
 Imposed thereon,
 So cease we from all being for the time,
 And these, the Masters of the Soul, live on!"

C18

LA REGINA AVRILLOUSE (My Queen April.)

Lady of rich allure,
 Queen of the spring's embrace,
 Your arms are long like boughs of ash,
 Mid laugh-broken streams, spirit of rain
 and sun,
 Breath of the jolly flower,
 All thy wood thy bower,
 And the hills thy dwelling place.

This will I no more dream,
 Warm is thine arm's allure,
 Warm is the gust of breath
 That e'er thy lips meet mine
 Kisseth my cheek and saith:
 "This is the joy of earth,
 Here is the wine of mirth,
 Drain ye one goblet sure.

Take ye the honey cup
 The honeyed song raise up,
 Drink of the springs allure,
 April and dew and rain;
 Brown of the earth sing sure,
 Cheeks and lips and hair,
 And soft breath that kisseth where
 Thy lips have come not as yet to drink.

Moss and the mold of earth,
 These be thy couch of mirth;
 Long arms thy boughs of shade,
 April-alluring, as the blade
 Do grass doth catch the dew
 And make it crown to hold the sun;
 Banner be you above my head,
 Glory to all wold displayed
 April-alluring, glory-bold.

—Ezra Pound, "A Lume Spento."

C19

C18 Continued

C19 LA REGINA AVRILLOUSE (MY QUEEN APRIL). *Philadelphia Ledger*, Philadelphia, Pa. (19 Mar. 1910).
 Reprinted from *A Lume Spento* ([1908])—A1.

Two Poems

By Ezra Pound

CANZON; OF INCENSE

[To this form sings Arnault Daniel, with seven stanzas instead of five]

I

Thy gracious ways,
 O Lady of my heart, have
 O'er all my thought their golden glamour cast ;
 As amber torch-flames, where strange men-at-arms
 Tread softly 'neath the damask shield of night,
 Rise from the flowing steel in part reflected,
 So on my mailed thought that with thee goeth,
 Though dark the way, a golden glamour falleth.

II

The censer sways
 And glowing coals some art have
 To free what frankincense before held fast
 Till all the summer of the eastern farms
 Doth dim the sense, and dream up through the light,
 As memory by new-born love corrected—
 With savour such as only new love knoweth—
 Through dim sweet ways the hidden pasts recalleth.

III

On barren days,
 At hours when I, apart, have
 Bent low in thought of the great charm thou hast,
 Behold with music's many stringèd charms

The silence groweth thou. O rare delight !
 'The melody upon clear strings inflected
 Were dull when o'er taut sense thy presence floweth
 With golden sound whose echo never palleth.

IV

The glowing rays
 'That from the low sun dart, have
 Turned gold each tower and every towering mast ;
 The saffron flame, that flaming nothing harms
 Hides Khadeeth's pearl and all the sapphire might
 Of burnished waves, before her gates collected :
 The cloak of graciousness, that round thee gloweth,
 Doth hide the thing thou art, as here befalleth.

V

All things worth praise
 That unto Khadeeth's mart have
 From far been brought through perils over-passed,
 All santal, myrrh, and spikenard that disarms
 The pard's swift anger ; these would weigh but light
 'Gainst thy delights, my Khadeeth !

 Whence protected
 By naught save her great grace that in him showeth,
 My song goes forth and on her mercy calleth.

VI

O censer of the thought that golden gloweth,
 Be bright before her when the evening falleth.

VII

Fragrant be thou as a new field one moweth,
 O song of mine that "hers" her mercy calleth.

THERSITES ; ON THE SURVIVING ZEUS

[With apologies to all the rhetorical odists]

I

IMMORTAL Ennui, that hath driven men
 To mightier deeds and actions than e'er Love
 With all his comfit kisses brought to be,
 Thee only of the gods out-tiring Time,
 That weariest man to glory ere the grave,
 Thee do we laud within thy greyest courts !
 O thou unpraisèd one, attend our praise !

II

Great Love hath turned him back but never thou,
 O steely champion, hast let slip the rein.
 Great deeds were thine in Rome and Macedon
 When small gods gleaned the stubble of man's praise,
 And silent thou alone didst know their birth.
 Revealed wast to none but thine elect
 Who trod the chaff of earth's death-dusty crowns.

III

Immortal Ennui that hath saved the world
 From dry contagion of man's great dull books,
 O Wisdom's self that stillest wisdom's voice,
 The frank Apollo never stole thy sheep,
 No song hath lured thee from thy granite throne.
 There is no bourne to thine insistency,
 No power to turn the sword of thy disdain.

IV

All deeds are dust and song is less than deed
 Thou dost beget such hunger in the soul.
 To mightier conquests and to wars more vain
 The sands of men are driven by thy breath ;
 Thine is the high emprise lordly lays.
 O thou inspiring Might, drink deep this praise,
 Ere our great boredom pass its several ways !

A CORRECTION.

TO THE EDITOR OF "THE NEW AGE."

In the last NEW AGE (page 589, second column) I read that "Geniuses should not be any more ashamed of their *warts* than of their heads." Accordingly, I lay my hand upon my wart and agree that warts are trumps.

E. P.

C20a

 THE VISION

EZRA POUND

I

WHEN first I saw thee 'neath the silver mist
 Ruling thy bark of painted sandal-wood,
 Did any know thee? By the golden sails
 That clasped the ribbands of that azure sea,
 Did any know thee, save my heart alone?
 O ivory woman with thy bands of gold,
 Answer the song my lute and I have brought thee!

II

Dream over golden dream, that secret cist,
 Thy heart, O heart of me, doth hold, and mood
 On mood of silver when the day's light fails.
 Say who hath touched the secret heart of thee
 Or who hath known what my heart hath not known!
 O slender pilot whom the mists enfold,
 Answer the song my lute and I have wrought thee!

III

When new love plucks the falcon from his wrist
 And cuts the gyve and casts the scarlet hood,
 Where is the heron heart whom flight avails?
 O swift to prize me Love, how suddenly
 From out the tumult truth hath ta'en his own
 And in this vision is our past unrolled.
 Lo! with a hawk of light thy love hath caught me.

IV

And I shall get no peace from eucharist,
 Nor doling out strange prayers before the rood
 To match the peace that thine hands' touch entails,
 Nor doth God's light match light shed over me
 When thy caught sunlight is about me thrown.
 Ah! for the very ruth thine eyes have told,
 Answer the rune this love for thee hath taught me.

C21

C20a Ⓢ A Correction. *New Age*, London, VI. 26 (28 Apr. 1910) 620.
 With reference to an article by E. Pugh in the issue for 21 Aug.

C21 THE VISION. *Forum*, New York, XLIV. 4 (Oct. 1910) 423-4.

V

After an age of longing, had we missed
 Our meeting and the dream, what were the good
 Of weaving cloth of words; were jeweled tales
 An opiate meet to quell the malady
 Of life unlived? In untried monotone
 Were not the earth as vain, and dry, and old
 For thee, O Perfect Light, had I not sought thee?

VI

Calais, in song where tone and word keep tryst,
 Behold my heart, and hear mine hardihood!
 Calais, the wind is come and heaven pales
 And trembles for the love of day to be.
 Calais, the words break and the dawn is shown!
 Ah! but the stars set when thou wast first bold:
 Turn! lest they say a lesser light distraught thee!

VII

O ivory thou, the golden scythe hath mown
 Night's stubble and my joy. Ah, Royal-souled,
 Favor the quest! Lo, Truth and I have sought thee!

C21

The Science of Poetry*

I would express my personal gratitude to Mr. Hudson Maxim for an attack upon our mutual enemy, the sentimentalist; a gratitude tempered with regret that his vigorous mind has entered the battle so poorly armed, seeing that he has neither an extended knowledge of the matter whereof he proposes to treat nor a taste and judgment to guide him in the choosing of examples.

Through the first three chapters of his book, one feels that with such a fool-killer abroad there is a chance for the oldest of the arts, even here in America. But in Chapter IV our valiant Ajax runs mad among asses, and the intellectual atmosphere smells of the tanyard. Surely Mr. Maxim must have a greater contempt for the general intelligence than even I, if he think this display necessary for the

reader's instruction. Why, for instance, drag such a corpse as that of Edmond Holmes through four fetid pages? Let us rather change our metaphor and remember that it was dead Hector and not some dead Helot whom Achilles drew three times round the towering wall of Troy.

Observe, genteel reader, not only do I criticize the book of Maxim, the last word from Sinai, the first revelation of poesy to the Americans, but I illustrate. Thus: The last sentence of the paragraph preceding is "potentry," it is also tropetry, *ergo*, it is, *sic* Maxim, according to the new chemical aspect of H. M., tro-potentry.

For examples of tro-tem-potentry I refer you to the quotations from Shakespeare and *Exm*, i. e., Maxim, in Maxim's revelations.

Seriously, if Mr. Maxim had confined himself to one-third the space, and given nothing but constructive theory, he might have produced a high-school manual of rhetoric which would be useful. The book as it stands is a curiosity. A vigorous

*THE SCIENCE OF POETRY AND THE PHILOSOPHY OF LANGUAGE. By Hudson Maxim. Funk & Wagnalls Company.

C22

C21 Continued

C22 The Science of Poetry. *Book News Monthly*, XXIX. 4 (Dec. 1910) 282-3.
 A review of *The Science of Poetry and the Philosophy of Language*, by Hudson Maxim.

mind, some sound pedestrian thought, warped by a colossal conceit, bad taste and an execrable style, backed up by flamboyant advertising. It all seems such a waste, in a way pathetic, because there is much worth reading in the book. Nothing particularly new. His first scientific definition of poetry depends on a word equally undefined, *i. e.*, "artistic." His second is more to the point, but is equally applicable to painting and sculpture. Throughout the book he seems to expect criticism for some revolutionary action. I have nothing but praise for his attempts, but he should do it better. If he is half a century ahead of the general public, he is equally far behind the vanguard. He is apparently ignorant equally of the older systems of verse of Dante, and of Symons and Yeats. If he begins by saying that six is more than four, he ends by saying that green is a prettier color than pink.

He confounds poetry with rhetoric and bombast. He mingles the sound and the unsound. I would not ridicule his new technical terms, were they not unnecessary.

I would fain praise the work, but if I did so I should have to demonstrate its errors, which would require a volume. On the whole, I should rather have my own poetry read by some one who had read Maxim than by some one who had read no criticism of poetry. But if Maxim is not sufficiently interested in language to learn to write moderately good prose, how can he expect us to take him seriously when he essays to bronco-bust that aged steed which has thrown many a more able rider? I regret to report that the book is a dismal failure.

And, despite this fact, I wish space permitted me to quote the sane things in it. Thus, in the middle of three pages quoted from Herbert Spencer:

"Cadence is the commentary of the emotions upon the propositions of the intellect."

Or, page 95, Mr. Maxim's own remarks on "dead metaphors"; or Chapter III, the best chapter in the book.

"By poetry a thought is presented with the utmost economy of symbols."

"Poetry is the expression of imaginative thought by means only of the essentials of thought."

This much of the definition, however, applies to painting, sculpture, and the equations of analytical geometry. Maxim's definition is, however, further qualified to exclude, I think, for most people, the equations of analytical geometry, which equations are, however, much nearer to poetry in their essential nature than anything Mr. Maxim succeeds in defining, and it seems strange that a scientist should not have noted the kinship. I suspect that the noted chemist is as little a mathematician as he is master of English.

Mind you, poetry *does* admit of scientific analysis and discussion; it is subject to law and laws. Mr. Maxim is right in these regards, but he is no innovator; we have been analyzing art since the days of Aristotle. We have been formulating its laws with more clarity and insight. Poetry admits new and profounder explanations in the light of modern science, but Mr. Maxim has not contributed to the advance of this critical science; he has given us a high-school textbook on *rhetoric* and has clothed it in purple and fine tinsel, and brought it forth indecently and with the noise of bassoons, without profundity, without illumination.

This much applies to the first part of the book. The closing chapters cannot be taken seriously. Mr. Maxim's laws for the counterfeiting of poetry do not produce counterfeits which deceive any but the ignorant. Hamlet's soliloquy is not improved in Mr. Maxim's paraphrase. The pretenses in the announcement of the book may have led certain people to read it for amusement's sake, but it is too dull to be even food for ridicule. It is designed, in short, for the store-post-office audience in Canastota and Pipe's End.

EZRA POUND.

The Sunday School Times

CHRISTMAS PROLOGUE

SCENE—IN THE AIR

The Lords of the Air :

What light hath passed us in the silent ways ?

The Spirits of Fire :

We are sustained, strengthened suddenly.

The Spirits of Water :

Lo, how the utmost deeps are clarified !

The Spirits Terrene :

What might is this more potent than the spring ?

Lo, how the night

Which wrapped us round with its most heavy cloths

Opens and breathes with some strange-fashioned
brightness !

IN HEAVEN

*Christ, the eternal Spirit in Heaven speaketh thus, over the
child of Mary :*

O star, move forth and write upon the skies,
" This child is born in ways miraculous."

.

O windy spirits, that are born in Heaven,
Go down and bid the powers of Earth and Air
Protect his ways until the Time shall come.

.

O Mother, if the dark of things to be
Wrap round thy heart with cloudy apprehensions,
Eat of thy present corn, the aftermath
Hath its appointed end in whirling light.
Eat of thy present corn, thou so hast share
In mightier portents than Augustus hath.

.

In every moment all to be is born,
Thou art the moment and need'st fear no scorn.

Echo of the Angels singing " Exultate " :

Silence is born of many peaceful things,
Thus is the starlight woven into strings
Wherein the Powers of peace make sweet accord.

Rejoice, O Earth, thy Lord

Hath chosen Him his holy resting-place.

Lo, how the winged sign

Flutters above that hallowed chrysalis.

IN THE AIR

The Invisible Spirit of the Star answers them :

Bend in your singing, gracious potencies,

Bend low above your ivory bows and gold !

That which ye know but dimly hath been wrought

High in the luminous courts and azure ways :

Bend in your praise ;

For though your subtle thought

Sees but in part the source of mysteries,

Yet are ye-bidden in your songs, sing this :

*" Gloria ! gloria in excelsis
Pax in terrae nativitate est."*

Angels continuing in song :

Shepherds and kings, with lambs and frankincense

Go and atone for mankind's ignorance :

Make ye soft savour from your ruddy myrrh.

Lo, how God's son is turned God's almoner.

Give ye this little

Ere he give ye all.

ON EARTH

One of the Magi :

How the deep-voiced night turns councillor !

And how, for end, our starry meditations

Admit us to his board !

A Shepherd :

Sir, we be humble and perceive ye are

Men of great power and authority,

And yet we too have heard.

Explicit.

Ezra Pound.

THE FAULT OF IT

EZRA POUND

"Some may have blamed you—"

SOME may have blamed us that we cease to speak
 Of things we spoke of in our verses early,
 Saying: a lovely voice is such and such;
 Saying: that lady's eyes were sad last week,
 Wherein the world's whole joy is born and dies;
 Saying: she hath this way or that, this much
 Of grace, this little misericorde;
 Ask us no further word;
 If we were proud, then proud to be so wise
 Ask us no more of all the things ye heard;
 We may not speak of them, they touch us nearly.

C24

I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By Ezra Pound.

(Under this heading Mr. Pound will contribute expositions and translations in illustration of "The New Method" in scholarship.—THE EDITOR.)

I.

(A translation from the early Anglo-Saxon text.)

THE SEAFARER.

MAY I for my own self song's truth reckon,
 Journey's jargon, how I in harsh days
 Hardship endured oft.
 Bitter breast-cares have I abided,
 Known on my keel many a care's hold,
 And dire sea-surge, and there I oft spent
 Narrow nightwatch nigh the ship's head
 While she tossed close to cliffs. Coldly afflicted,
 My feet were by frost benumbed.
 Chill its chains are; chaling sighs
 Hew my heart round and hunger begot
 Mere-weary mood. Lest man know not
 That he on dry land lovlieth liveth,
 List how I, care-wretched, on ice-cold sea,
 Weathered the winter, wretched outcast
 Deprived of my kinsmen;
 Hung with hard ice-flakes, where hail-scur flew,
 There I heard naught save the harsh sea
 And ice-cold wave, at whiles the swan cries,
 Did for my games the gannets' clamour,
 Sea-fowls' loudness was for me laughter,
 The mew's singing all my mead-drink.
 Storms, on the stone-cliffs beaten, fell on the stern
 In icy leathers, full oft the eagle screamed
 With spray on his pinion.

Not any protector
 May make merry man faring needy.
 This he little believes, who aye in winsome life
 Abides mid burghers some heavy bussiness,
 Wealthy and wine-flushed, how I weary oft
 Must bide above brine.
 Neareth nightshade, snoweth from north,
 Frost froze the land, hail fell on earth then,
 Corn of the coldest. Nathless there knocketh now
 The heart's thought that I on high streams

C25

The salt-wavy tumult traverse alone.
 Moaneth always my mind's lust
 That I fare forth, that I afar hence
 Seek out a foreign fastness.
 For this there's no mood-lofty man over earth's midst,
 Not though he be given his good, but will have in his
 youth greed;
 Nor his deed to the daring, nor his king to the faithful
 But shall have his sorrow for sea-fare
 Whatever his lord will.
 He hath not heart for harping, nor in ring-having
 Nor winsomeness to wife, nor world's delight
 Nor any whit else save the wave's slash.
 Yet longing comes upon him to fare forth on the water.
 Bosque taketh blossom, cometh beauty of berries,
 Fields to fairness, land fares brisker,
 All this admonisheth man eager of mood,
 The heart turns to travel so that he then thinks
 On flood-ways to be far departing.
 Cuckoo calleth with gloomy crying,
 He singeth summerward, bodeth sorrow,
 The bitter heart's blood. Burgher knows not—
 He the prosperous man—what some perform
 Where wandering them widest draweth.
 So that but now my heart burst from my breast-lock,
 My mood mid the mere-flood,
 Over the whale's acre would wander wide.
 On earth's shelter cometh oft to me,
 Eager and ready, the crying lone-flyer,
 Whets for the whale-path the heart irresistibly,
 O'er tracks of ocean; seeing that anyhow
 My lord deems to me this dead life
 On loan and on land, I believe not
 That any earth-weal eternal standeth
 Save there be somewhat calamitous
 That, ere a man's tide go, turn it to twain.
 Disease or oldness or sword-hate
 Beat out the breath from doom-gripped body.
 And for this every earl whatever, for those speaking
 after—
 Laud of the living, boasteth some last word,
 That he will work ere he pass onward,
 Frame on the fair earth 'gainst foes his malice,
 Daring ado,
 So that all men shall honour him after
 And his laud beyond them remain mid the English,
 Aye, for ever, a lasting life's-blast,
 Delight mid the doughy.

C24 THE FAULT OF IT. *Forum*, New York, XLVI. 1 (July 1911) 107.C25 I Gather the Limbs of Osiris . . . I. (A translation from the early Anglo-Saxon text). *New Age*, London, X. 5 (30 Nov. 1911) 107.

"(Under this heading Mr. Pound will contribute expositions and translations in illustration of 'The New Method' in scholarship.—The Editor.)" This first part of 12 is devoted to "The Seafarer," with a "Philological Note."

Days little durable,
 And all arrogance of earthen riches,
 There come now no kings nor Cæsars
 Nor gold-giving lords like those gone.
 Howe'er in mirth most magnified,
 Whoe'er lived in life most lordliest,
 Drear all this excellence, delights undurable,
 Waneth the watch, but the world holdeth,
 Tomb hideth trouble. The blade is layed low
 Earthly glory ageth and seareth,
 No man at all going the earth's gait;
 But age fares against him, his face paleth,
 Grey-haired he groaneth, knows gone companions,
 Lordly men are to earth o'ergiven,
 Nor may he then the flesh-cover, whose life ceaseth,
 Nor eat the sweet nor feel the sorry,
 Nor stir hand nor think in mid heart,
 And though he strew the grave with gold,
 His born brothers, their buried bodies
 Be an unlikely treasure hoard.

PHILOGICAL NOTE.—The text of this poem is rather confused. I have rejected half of line 76, read "Angles" for angels in line 78, and stopped translating before the passage about the soul and the longer lines beginning, "Mickle is the fear of the Almighty," and ending in a dignified but platitudinous address to the Deity: "World's elder, eminent creator, in all ages, amen." There are many conjectures as to how the text came into its present form. It seems most likely that a fragment of the original poem, clear through about the first thirty lines, and thereafter increasingly illegible, fell into the hands of a monk with literary ambitions, who filled in the gaps with his own guesses and "improvements." The groundwork may have been a longer narrative poem, but the "lyric," as I have accepted it, divides fairly well into "The Trials of the Sea," its Lure and the Lament for Age.

C25

I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By Ezra Pound.

[Under this heading Mr. Pound will contribute expositions and translations in illustration of the "New Method in Scholarship."—ED.]

A RATHER DULL INTRODUCTION.

I.

WHEN I bring into play what my late pastors and masters would term, in classic sweetness, my "unmitigated gall," and by virtue of it venture to speak of a "New Method in Scholarship," I do not imagine that I am speaking of a method by me discovered. I mean, merely, a method not of common practice, a method not yet clearly or consciously formulated, a method which has been intermittently used by all good scholars since the beginning of scholarship, the method of Luminous Detail, a method most vigorously hostile to the prevailing mode of to-day—that is, the method of multitudinous detail, and to the method of yesterday, the method of sentiment and generalisation. The latter is too inexact and the former too cumbersome to be of much use to the normal man wishing to live mentally active.

Axioms are the necessary platitudes of any science, and, as all sciences must start from axioms, most serious beginnings are affairs sententious, and pedagogical, bear with me a little; let me write a few pages of commonplace, of things which we all know and upon which we for the most part agree, and if you endure to the end of them you will know upon what section of

our common knowledge I am to build the airy fabric of my heresies. The former may not amuse you, but, in tolerance await, I ask you, for the irritation of the latter. These things pertain not only to education—always a painful and unpleasant process, but to an art not always the reverse.

The aim of right education is to lead a man out into more varied, more intimate contact with his fellows. The result of education, in the present and usual sense, is usually to rear between the "product of education" and the unproduced, a barrier, a *chevaux de frise* of books and of mutual misunderstanding. This refers chiefly to education in what are still called the "humanities," to processes by which, upon being examined, one becomes "bachelor" or "master" of the "liberal arts," or even "one learned in philosophy." In matters of technical and practical education, where the object is to make a man more efficiently useful to the community, things are better managed: there is here some obvious gauge of the result.

If a man owned mines in South Africa he would know that his labourers dug up a good deal of mud and an occasional jewel, looking rather like the mud about it. If he shipped all the mud and uncut stones northward and dumped them in one heap on the shore of Iceland, in some inaccessible spot, we should not consider him commercially sound. In my own department of scholarship I should say the operations are rather of this complexion. There are many fine things discovered, edited, and buried. Much very dull "literature" is treated in like manner. They are dumped in one museum and certain learned men rejoice in the treasure. They also complain of a lack of public interest in their operations. But let us finish our objecting. Obviously we must know accurately a great number of minute facts about any subject if we are really to know it. The drudgery and minutæ of method concern only the scholar. But when it comes to presenting matter to the public, to the intelligent, over-busy public, *bonæ voluntatis*, there are certain forms of civility, consideration, and efficiency to be considered.

Any fact is, in a sense, "significant." Any fact may be "symptomatic," but certain facts give one a sudden insight into circumjacent conditions, into their causes, their effects, into sequence, and law.

So-and-so was, in such-and-such a year, elected Doge. So-and-so killed the tyrant. So-and-so was banished for embezzling State funds. So-and-so embezzled but was not banished. These statements may contain germs of drama, certain suggestions of human passion or habit, but they are reticent, they tell us nothing we did not know, nothing which enlightens us. They are of any time and any country. By reading them with the blanks filled in, with the names written, we get no more intimate acquaintance with the temper of any period; but when in Burckhardt we come upon a passage: "In this year the Venetians refused to make war upon the Milanese because they held that any war between buyer and seller must prove profitable to neither," we come upon a portent, the old order changes, one conception of war and of the State begins to decline. The Middle Ages imperceptibly give ground to the Renaissance. A ruler owning a State and wishing to enlarge his possessions could, under one régime, in a manner opposed to sound economy, make war; but commercial sense is sapping this régime. In the history of the development of civilisation or of literature, we come upon such interpreting detail. A few dozen facts of this nature give us intelligence of a period—a kind of intelligence not to be gathered from a great array of facts of the other sort. These facts are hard to find. They are swift and easy of transmission. They govern knowledge as the switchboard governs an electric circuit.

C26

C25 Continued

C26 I Gather the Limbs of Osiris [II] . . . A Rather Dull Introduction. *New Age*, X. 6 (7 Dec. 1911) 130-1.
 Second version included as an example of Pound's revision.

II.

If on no other grounds than this, namely, that the eye-sight is valuable, we should read less, far less than we do. Moreover, the best of knowledge is "in the air," or if not the best, at least the leaven.

Being what we are, we have in certain matters an Accuracy of Sentiment. "Wireless," "Automobile," "Chippendale," "Figures out of Æschylus," are terms which convey to us definite meanings, which they would not convey to creatures of our own faculty but of an earlier time, or different in customs and in culture. "Derby," "Boxing Day," "Bank-holiday," are arcana to a citizen of Oshkosh, as are "Greece before Pericles," "The Eighth Century," "Trobar clus," "sublimation" to the general reader.

Certain knowledge comes to us very easily, and we no longer think of an automobile as having a door at the back. We are, that is, modern; if we desire accuracy of sentiment about a certain picture we go to see it, if it is inaccessible we buy a photograph and make allowance for the lack of colour, we read the date of painting, the artist's name, and begin our concept of the art of a certain place and time, a concept to be enlarged and modified by whatever other masterpieces we see of like place and time, of like place, before and after, of like time and different place. A few days in a good gallery are more illuminating than years would be if spent in reading a description of these pictures. Knowledge which cannot be acquired in some such manner as that of visiting galleries is relegated to the specialist or to his shadow, the dilettante.

As for myself, I have tried to clear up a certain messy place in the history of literature; I have tried to make our sentiment of it more accurate. Accuracy of sentiment here will make more accurate the sentiment of the growth of literature as a whole, and of the Art of poetry. I am more interested in the Arts than in the histories of developments of this and that, for the Arts work on life as history works on the development of civilisation and literature. The artist seeks out the luminous detail and presents it. He does not comment. His work remains

the permanent basis of psychology and metaphysics. Each historian will "have ideas"—presumably different from other historians—imperfect inductions, varying as the fashions, but the luminous details remain unaltered. As scholarship has erred in presenting all detail as if of equal import, so also in literature, in a present school of writing we see a similar tendency. But this is aside the mark.

I am more interested in life than in any part of it. As an artist I dislike writing prose. Writing prose is an art, but it is not my art. One word more of the plan I have followed in it. I have, if you will, hung my gallery, a gallery of photographs, of perhaps not very good photographs, but of the best I can lay hold of.

In "The Spirit of Romance" I attempted to present certain significant data on mediæval poetry in Southern Europe, of the troubadours, of the Tuscans, of Villon, and, coming on to the Renaissance, of Lope de Vega, of Camoens, of certain poets who wrote in Latin—to make a sort of chemical spectrum of their art. I have since augmented this study with translations from Guido Cavalcanti and Arnaut Daniel. I have allowed it to impinge on my own poetry in "Canzoni," which is a great fault in the eyes of those critics who think I should be more interested in the poetry which I write myself than in "fine poetry as a whole."

Personally, I think the *corpus poetarum* of more importance than any cell or phalange, and shall continue in sin.

I have, moreover, sought in Anglo-Saxon a certain element which has transmuted the various qualities of poetry which have drifted up from the south, which has sometimes enriched and made them English, sometimes rejected them, and refused combination.

This further work of mine will appear in part in book form, in part in these columns. I shall also set forth some defence of a hope which I have that this sort of work may not fail utterly to be of service to the living art. For it is certain that we have had no "greatest poet" and no "great period" save at, or after, a time when many people were busy examining the media and the traditions of the art.

I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By ~~Ezra Pound~~

[Under this heading Mr. Pound will contribute a position and transcripts in illustration of the review of the "Scholarship" by Mr. Pound.]

A RATHER DOLE INTRODUCTION.

I.

WHEN I bring into play what my late pastors and masters would term, in classic sweetness, my "unmitigated gall," and by virtue of it venture to speak of a "New Method in Scholarship," I do not imagine that I am speaking of a method by me discovered. I mean, merely, a method not of common practice, a method not yet clearly or consciously formulated, a method which has been intermittently used by all good scholars since the beginning of scholarship, the method of Luminous Detail, a method most vigorously hostile to the prevailing mode of to-day, ~~that is, the method of multitudinous detail,~~ and to the method of yesterday, the method of sentiment and generalisation. The latter is too inexact and the former too cumbersome to be of much use to the normal man wishing to live mentally active.

Axioms are the necessary platitudes of any science, and, as all sciences must start from axioms, most serious beginnings are ~~often~~ sententious, and pedagogical, ~~begin with me a little,~~ let me write a few pages of commonplace, of things which we all know, and upon which we for the most part agree, and if you endure to the end of them you will know upon what section of our common knowledge I ~~am to~~ build ~~my~~ airy fabric of ~~my~~ heresies. The former may not amuse you, but, in tolerance await, I ask you, for the irritation of the latter. These things pertain not only to education—always a painful and unpleasant process, but to an art not always the reverse.

The aim of right education is to lead a man out into more varied, more intimate contact with his fellows. The result of education, in the present and usual sense, is usually to rear between the "product of education" and the unproduced, a barrier, a chevaux de frise of books and of mutual misunderstanding. This refers chiefly to education in what are still called the "humanities," to processes by which, upon being examined, one becomes "bachelor" or "master" of the "liberal arts," or even "one learned in philosophy." In matters of technical and practical education, where the object is to make a man more efficiently useful to the community, things are better managed: there is ~~some~~ some obvious gauge of the result.

If a man owned mines in South Africa he would know that his labourers dug up a good deal of mud and an occasional jewel, looking rather like the mud about it. If he shipped all the mud and uncut stones northward and dumped them in one heap on the shore of Iceland, in some inaccessible spot, we should not consider him commercially sound. In my own department of scholarship I should say the operations are rather of this complexion. There are many fine things discovered, edited, and buried. Much very dull "literature" is treated in like manner. ~~They are dumped in one museum and certain learned men rejoice in the treasure. They also complain of a lack of public interest in their operations. But let us finish our objections.~~ Obviously we must know accurately a great number of minute facts about any subject if we are really to know it. The drudgery and minutæ of method concern only the scholar. But when it comes to presenting matter to the public, to the intelligent, over-busy public, *bonæ voluntatis*, there are certain forms of civility, consideration, and efficiency to be considered.

Any fact is, in a sense, "significant." Any fact may be "symptomatic," but certain facts give one a sudden insight into circumjacent conditions, into their causes, their effects, into sequence, and law.

So-and-so was, in such-and-such a year, elected Doge. So-and-so killed the tyrant. So-and-so was banished for

embezzling State funds. So-and-so embezzled but was not banished. These statements may contain germs of drama, certain suggestions of human passion or habit, but they are reticent, they tell us nothing we did not know ~~something which enlightens~~. They are of any time and any country. By reading them with the blanks filled in, with the names written, we get no more intimate acquaintance with the temper of any period; but when in Burckhardt we come upon a passage: "In this year the Venetians refused to make war upon the Milanese because they held that any war between buyer and seller must prove profitable to neither," we come upon a portent, ~~an order changing,~~ one conception of war and of the State begins to decline. The Middle Ages imperceptibly give ground to the Renaissance. A ruler owning a State and wishing to enlarge his possessions could, under one régime, in a manner opposed to sound economy, make war; but commercial sense is sapping this régime. In the history of the development of civilisation or of literature, we come upon such interpreting detail. A few dozen facts of this nature give us intelligence of a period—a kind of intelligence not to be gathered from a great array of facts of the other sort. These facts are hard to find. They are swift and easy of transmission. They govern knowledge as the switchboard governs an electric circuit.

II.

If on no other grounds than ~~that~~, that the eye-sight is valuable, we should read ~~far~~ far less than we do. ~~Amongst the best of knowledge is~~ "in the air," ~~or about the best, at least the heaven,~~

Being what we are, we have in certain matters an Accuracy of Sentiment. "Wireless," "Automobile," "Chippendale," "Figures out of Æschylus," are terms which convey to us definite meanings, which they would not convey to creatures of our own faculty but of an earlier time, or different in customs and in culture. "Derby," "Boxing Day," "Bank-holiday," are arcana to a citizen of Oshkosh, as are "Greece before Pericles," "The Eighth Century," "Trobar clus," "sublimation" to the general reader.

Certain knowledge comes to us very easily, and we no longer think of an automobile as having a door at the back. We are, that is, modern; if we desire accuracy of sentiment about a certain picture we go to see it, if it is inaccessible we buy a photograph and make allowance for the lack of colour, we read the date of painting, the artist's name, and begin our concept of the art of a certain place and time, a concept to be enlarged and modified by whatever other masterpieces we see of like place and time, of like place, before and after, of like time and different place. A few days in a good gallery are more illuminating than years would be if spent in reading a description of these pictures. Knowledge which cannot be acquired in some such manner as that of visiting galleries is relegated to the specialist or to his shadow, the dilettante.

~~As for myself,~~ I have tried to clear up a certain messy place in the history of literature; I have tried to make our sentiment of it more accurate. Accuracy of sentiment here will make more accurate ~~the~~ sentiment of the growth of literature as a whole, and of the Art of poetry. I am more interested in the Arts than in the histories of developments of this and that, for the Arts work on life as history works on the development of civilisation and literature. The artist seeks out the luminous detail and presents it. He does not comment. His work remains the permanent basis of psychology and metaphysics. Each historian will "have ideas"—presumably different from other historians—imperfect inductions, varying as the fashions, but the luminous details remain unaltered. As scholarship has erred in presenting all detail as if of equal import, so also in literature, in a present school of writing we see a similar tendency. ~~But this is outside the mark.~~

I am more interested in life than in any part of it. As an artist I dislike writing prose. Writing prose is an art, but it is not my art. One word more of the plan I have followed in it. I have, if you will, hung my

gallery, a gallery of photographs, of perhaps not very good photographs, but of the best I can lay hold of.

In "The Spirit of Romance" I attempted to present certain significant data on mediæval poetry in Southern Europe, of the troubadours, of the Tuscans, of Villon, and, coming on to the Renaissance, of Lope de Vega, of Camoens, of certain poets who wrote in Latin—to make a sort of chemical spectrum of their art. I have since augmented this study with translations from Guido Cavalcanti and Arnaut Daniel. I have allowed it to impinge on my own poetry in "Canzoni," which is a great fault in the eyes of those critics who think I should be more interested in the poetry which I write myself than in "fine poetry as a whole."

Personally, I think the *corpus poetarum* of more importance than any cell or phalange, and shall continue in sin.

I have, moreover, sought in Anglo-Saxon a certain element which has transmuted the various qualities of poetry which ~~has~~ drifted up from the south, which has sometimes enriched and made them English, sometimes rejected them, and refused combination.

This further work of mine will appear in part in book form, in part in these columns. I shall also set forth some defence of a hope which I have that this sort of work may not fail utterly to be of service to the living art. For it is certain that we have had no "greatest poet" and no "great period" save at, or after, a time when many people were busy examining the media and the traditions of the art.

C26

I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By Ezra Pound.

[Under this heading Mr. Pound will contribute expositions and translations in illustration of the "New Method in Scholarship."—ED.]

III.

GUIDO CAVALCANTI, born A.D. 1250, greatest of Dante's precursors in Tuscany. His poetry is interesting, apart from its beauty, for his exact psychology, for an attempt to render emotions precisely; emotions, uncommon, perhaps, save in a land of sun, where the soul and the senses are joined in a union different, may be, from that which occurs in other countries. He, first in Tuscany, chose the "Ballata," the popular song, and raised it to the purposes of "high poetry." His mind was in a way the matrix against which the mind of the young Dante formed itself.

(The following five translations are from "The Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti," about to be published by Swift and Co. No other parts of the book will be printed before the publication of the volume as a whole.)

SONNET VII.

'Who is she coming, drawing all men's gaze,
Who makes the air one trembling clarity
Till none can speak but each sighs piteously
Where she leads Love adown her trodden ways?

Ah, God! The thing she's like when her glance strays,
Let Amor tell. 'Tis no fit speech for me.
Mistress she seems of such great modesty
That every other woman were called "Wrath."

No one could ever tell the charm she hath
For toward her all the noble Powers incline,
She being beauty's godhead manifest.

Our daring ne'er before held such high quest;
But ye! There is not in you so much grace
That we can understand her rightfully.

C27

SONNET XXXV.

To Guido Orlando.

(He explains the miracles of the madonna of Or San Michele, by telling whose image it is.)

My Lady's face it is they worship there.
At San Michele in Orto, Guido mine,
Near her fair semblance that is clear and holy
Sinners take refuge and get consolation.
Whoso before her kneeleth reverently,
No longer wasteth but is comforted;
The sick are healed and devils driven forth,
And those with crooked eyes see straightway straight.
Great ills she cureth in an open place.
With reverence the folk all kneel unto her,
And two lamps shed the glow about her form.
Her voice is borne out through far-lying ways
'Till brothers minor cry: "Idolatry,"
For envy of her precious neighbourhood.

BALLATA V.

Light do I see within my Lady's eyes
And loving spirits in its plenisphere
Which bear in strange delight on my heart's care
Till Joy's awakened from that sepulchre.

That which befalls me in my Lady's presence
Bars explanations intellectual,
I seem to see a lady wonderful
Forth issue from Her lips, one whom no sense
Can fully tell the mind of, and one whence
Another fair, swift born, moves marvellous,
From whom a star goes forth and speaketh thus:
"Lo, thy salvation is gone forth from thee."

There where this Lady's loveliness appeareth,
There's heard a voice which goes before her ways
And seems to sing her name with such sweet praise
That my mouth fears to speak what name she beareth.
And my heart trembles for the grace she weareth,
While for in my soul's deep the sighs astir
Speak thus: "Look well! For if thou look on her,
Then shalt thou see her virtue risen in heaven."

BALLATA VII.

Being in thought of love I came upon
Two damsels strange
Who sang, "The joyous rains
Of love descend within us."

So quiet in their modest courtesies
Their aspect coming softly on my vision
Made me reply, "Surely ye hold the keys
O' the virtues noble, high, without omission.
Ah, little maids, hold me not in derision,
For the wound I bear within me
And this heart o' mine ha' slain me
Since I was toward Toulouse."

And then toward me they so turned their eyes
That they could see my wounded heart's ill ease,
And how a little spirit born of sighs
Had issued forth from out the cicatrice.
Perceiving so the depth of my distress,
She who was smiling, said,
"Love's joy hath vanquished
This man. Behold how greatly!"

Then she who had first mocked me, in better part
Gave me all courtesy in her replies.
She said, "That Lady, who upon thine heart
Cut her full image clear, by Love's device,
Hath looked so fixedly in through thine eyes
That she's made Love appear there;
If thou great pain or fear bear
Recommend thee unto him!"

C26 Continued

C27 I Gather the Limbs of Osiris, III. Guido Cavalcanti. *New Age*, X. 7 (14 Dec. 1911) 155-6.
Includes verse translations of Sonnets VII and XXXV, and Ballate V, VII, and IX by Cavalcanti.

Then the other piteous, full of misericorde.
 Fashioned for pleasure in love's fashioning:
 "His heart's apparent wound, I give my word,
 Was got from eyes whose power's an o'er great thing,
 Which eyes have left in his a glittering
 That mine can not endure.
 Tell me, hast thou a sure
 Memory of those eyes?"

To her dread question with such fears attended.
 "Maid o' the wood," I said, "my memories render
 Tolosa and the dusk and these things blended:
 A lady in a corded bodice, slender
 —Mandetta is the name Love's spirits lend her—
 A lightning swift to fall,
 And naught within recall
 Save, Death! My wounds! Her eyes!"

ENVOI.

Speed Ballatet' unto Tolosa city
 And go in softly 'neath the golden roof
 And there cry out, "Will courtesy or pity
 Of any most fair lady, put to proof,
 Lead me to her with whom is my behoof?"
 Then if thou get her choice
 Tell her with lowered voice,
 "It is thy grace I seek here."

BALLATA IX.

In wood-way found I once a shepherdess
 More fair than stars, are was she to my seeming.

Her hair was wavy somewhat, like dull gold.
 Eyes? Love-worn, and her face like some pale rose.
 With a small twig she kept her lambs in hold
 And bare her feet were bar the dew-drop's gloze;
 She sang as one whom made love holdeth close,
 And joy was on her for an ornament.

I greeted her in love without delaying:
 "Hast thou companion in thy solitude?"
 And she replied to me most sweetly, saying,
 "Nay, I am quite alone in all this wood,
 But when the birds 'gin singing in their coverts
 My heart is fain that time to find a lover."

As she was speaking thus of her condition
 I heard the bird-song 'neath the forest shade
 And thought me how 'twas but the time's provision
 To gather joy of this small shepherd maid.
 Favour I asked her, but for kisses only,
 And then I felt her pleasant arms upon me.

She held me with a dear wilfulness,
 Saying her heart had gone into my bosom;
 She drew me on to a cool leafy place
 Where I gat sight of every coloured blossom,
 And there I drank in so much summer sweetness
 Meseemed Love's god connived at its completeness.

I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By Ezra Pound.

[Under this heading Mr. Pound will contribute expositions
 and translations in illustration of the "New Method in
 Scholarship."—ED.]

IV.

A BEGINNING.

IN my opening chapter I said that there were certain facts or points, or "luminous details," which governed knowledge as the switchboard the electric circuit. In the study of the art of letters these points are particular works or the works of particular authors.

Let us suppose a man, ignorant of painting, taken into a room containing a picture by Fra Angelico, a picture by Rembrandt, one by Velasquez, Memling, Rafael, Monet, Beardsley, Hokusai, Whistler, and a fine example of the art of some forgotten Egyptian. He is told that this is painting and that every one of these is master-work. He is, if a thoughtful man, filled with confusion. These things obey no common apparent law. He confesses, if intelligent, to an ignorance of the art of painting. If he is a natural average human he hates part of the work, perhaps violently; he is attracted, perhaps, by the subjects of some of the pictures. Apart from the subject matter he accepts the Rafael, then, perhaps, the Rembrandt or the Velasquez or the Monet or the Memling, and then the Whistler or the Angelico or the Egyptian, and last the Beardsley. Or he does it in different order. He calls some ugly and some pretty. If, however, he is a specialist, a man thoroughly trained in some other branch of knowledge, his feelings are not unlike mine when I am taken into the engineering laboratory and shown successively an electric engine, a steam-engine, a gas-engine, etc. I realise that there are a number of devices, all designed for more or less the same end, none "better," none "worse," all different. Each, perhaps, slightly more fit for use under certain conditions for certain objects minutely differentiated. They all "produce power"—that is, they gather the latent energy of Nature and focus it on a certain resistance. The latent energy is made dynamic or "revealed" to the engineer in control, and placed at his disposal.

As for me—the visitor in the engine-room—I perceive "sources"—not ultimate sources, but sources—of light, heat, motion, etc. I realise the purpose and effect; I know it would take me some time really to understand the rules in accordance with which any engine works, and that these rules are similar and different with different engines.

* Herder, Humboldt and Voss were respectively examples of German thinkers, scientists and poets. The inhabitants of Weimar still point to a spot on the bank of the Ilm where Mrs. Herder had a scene with her husband, who, by the way, was a high dignitary of the Church. In a fit of passion she is said to have taken hold of his wig and to have thrown it into the river.—TR.

To read a number of books written at different ages and in different tongues may arouse our curiosity and may fill us with a sense of our ignorance of the laws of the art in accordance with which they are written. The fact that every masterpiece contains its law within itself, self-sufficing to itself, does not simplify the solution. Before we can discuss any possible "laws of art" we must know, at least, a little of the various stages by which that art has grown from what it was to what it is. This is simply restatement of what ought to be in every text-book, and has nothing to do with any "new method." The handiest way to some knowledge of these "various stages" is, however, by "the new method"—that of luminous detail.

Interesting works are of two sorts, the "symptomatic" and the "donative"; thus a *sestina* of Pico della Mirandola, concerned for the most part with Jove and Phœbus, shows us a Provençal form stuffed with revived classicism. Camoen's "Os Lusíadas" has a similar value. In them we find a reflection of tendencies and modes of a time. They mirror obvious and apparent thought movements. They are what one might have expected in such and such a year and place. They register.

But the "donative" author seems to draw down into the art something which was not in the art of his predecessors. If he also draw from the air about him, he draws latent forces, or things present but unnoticed, or things perhaps taken for granted but never examined.

Non e mai tarde per tentar l'ignoto. His forbears may have led up to him; he is never a disconnected phenomenon, but he does take some step further. He discovers, or, better, "he discriminates." We advance by discriminations, by discerning that things hitherto deemed identical or similar are dissimilar; that things hitherto deemed dissimilar, mutually foreign, antagonistic, are similar and harmonic.

Assume that, by the translations of "The Seafarer" and of Guido's lyrics, I have given evidence that fine poetry may consist of elements that are or seem to be almost mutually exclusive. In the canzoni of Arnaut Daniel we find a beauty, a beauty of elements almost unused in these two other very different sorts of poetry. That beauty is, or would be if you read Provençal, a thing apparent, at least, a thing not to be helped or thrust upon you by any prose of mine. In the translations (to follow next week) I give that beauty—reproduced, that is, as nearly as I can reproduce it in English—for what it is worth. What I must now do—as the scholar—in pursuance of my announced "method" is to justify my use of Arnaut's work as a strategic position, as "luminous detail."

We advance by discriminations, and to Arnaut Daniel we may ascribe discriminations. The poems of Arnaut were written in Provence about 1180-1200 A.D., about a century, that is, before the love poems of Dante and of Guido. And if he, Arnaut, frequented one court more than another it was the court of King Richard Cœur de Lion, "Plantagenet," in compliment to whose sister (presumably) he rimes to "genebres" in *Canzon XVI*.

Ans per s'amor sia laurs o genebres—"Her love is as the laurel or the broom is." The compliment is here given, presumably, to Mona Laura and the Lady Plantagenet (or, in Provençal, *Planta genebres*), or it is, may be, only in homage to the loyalty of Richard himself. After seven centuries one cannot be too explicit in the unravelling of personal allusion. To be born a troubadour in Provence in the twelfth century was to be born, you would say, "in one's due time." It was to be born after two centuries of poetic tradition, of tradition that had run in one groove—to wit, the-making of canzoni. The art might have, you would say, had time to come to flower, to perfect itself. Moreover, as an art it had few rivals; of painting and sculpture there was little or none. The art of song was to these people literature and opera: their books and their theatre. In the north of France the longer narrative poems held the field against it, but the two arts were fraternal, and one guild presided over them—not a formal guild, that is, but the same people purveyed them.

Now in the flower of this age, when many people were writing canzoni, or had just written them—Jaufre Rudel, Ventadorn, Borneilh, Marvail, de Born—Arnaut discriminated between rhyme and rhyme.

He perceived, that is, that the beauty to be gotten from a similarity of line-terminations depends not upon their multiplicity, but upon their action the one upon the other; not upon frequency, but upon the manner of sequence and combination. The effect of "lais" in monorhyme, or of a canzon in which a few rhymes appear too often, is monotonous, is monotonous beyond the point where monotony is charming or interesting. Arnaut uses what for want of a better term I call polyphonic rhyme.

At a time when both prose and poetry were loose-jointed, prolix, barbaric, he, to all intents and virtually, rediscovered "style." He conceived, that is, a manner of writing in which each word should bear some burden, should make some special contribution to the effect of the whole. The poem is an organism in which each part functionates, gives to sound or to sense something—preferably to sound and sense gives something.

Thirdly, he discerns what Plato had discerned some time before, that *μᾶλός* is the union of words, rhythm, and music (i.e., that part of music which we do not perceive as rhythm). Intense hunger for a strict accord between these three has marked only the best lyric periods, and Arnaut felt this hunger more keenly and more precisely than his fellows or his forerunners.

He is significant for all these things. He bears to the technique of *accented* verse of Europe very much the same relation that Euclid does to our mathematics. For these things Dante honoured him in his "Treatise on the Common Speech," and he honoured him in the "Divina Commedia" for these three things and for perhaps one other—a matter of content, not of artistry, yet a thing intimate and bound in with the other three. For that fineness of Arnaut's senses which made him chary of his rhymes, impatient of tunes that would have distorted his language, fastidious of redundancy, made him likewise accurate in his observation of Nature.

For long after him the poets of the North babbled of gardens where "three birds sang on every bough" and where other things and creatures behaved as in nature they do not behave. And, apart from his rhyme, apart from the experiments in artistry which lead in so great part to the conclusions in the "Treatise on the Common Tongue,"* it is this that Dante learns from him, this precision of observation and reference. "*Que jes Rosers*" sings Daniel, "*Dove l'Adige*" the other. And it will be difficult to prove that there is not some recognition and declaration of this in the passage in the *Purgatorio* (Canto XXVI.) where Arnaut is made to reply—

"E vei jausen lo jorn qu'esper denan"—
"I see rejoicing the day that is before."

If this is not definite allegory, it is at least clearer than many allegories that tradition has brought to us, bound in through the *commedia*. If Dante does not here use Arnaut as a symbol of perceptive intelligence, sincere, making no pretence to powers beyond its own, but seeing out of its time and place, rejoicing in its perspicacity, we can at least, from our later vantage, find in this trait of Arnaut's some germ of the Renaissance, of the spirit which was to overthrow superstition and dogma, of the "scientific spirit" if you will, for science is unpoetic only to minds jaundiced with sentiment and romanticism—the great masters of the past boasted all they could of it and found it magical; of the spirit which finds itself most perfectly expressed and formulated in this speech which Merckowski has set in the mouth of Leonardo da Vinci—I think on authority of the writings of the latter—when he is speaking of the artist, of the Greek and Roman classics, and of Nature: "Few men will drink from the cup when they may drink from the fountain."

* I do not mean that Dante here accepts all Arnaut's forms and fashions. Arnaut's work as we have it shows constant search and rejection.

ON THE "DECLINE OF FAITH."

Sir,—It is true that we no longer believe that the supreme and controlling power of this universe is a bigoted old fool or a Hebrew monopoly; this much the Rationalist has done for us.

Our creed may run riot somewhat as follows:—

I believe in the Divine, the ruler of heaven and earth, and in his most splendid protagonist, Christ Jesus our Lord, born of the Virgin Diana, succoured of Pallas Athene, Lord of Horus, Lord of Raa, Prince of the House of Angels; but to say that we are faithless in an age without faith is an absurdity.

E. P.

C29

I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By Ezra Pound.

[Under this heading Mr. Pound will contribute expositions and translations in illustration of the "New Method in Scholarship."—ED.]

V.

FOUR EARLY POEMS OF ARNAUT DANIEL.

THESE poems belong perhaps to Arnaut's early work—... In fact Canello's arrangement of the poems shows a steady development from first to last, and we may as well accept it as a working hypothesis until something better is offered or until this is proved erroneous. Let us say the poems were written about A.D. 1180-1185. The music to "Chanson doil" exists in MS. R. 71 Ambrosiana, Milan. The poem runs on four rhymes. Their order in the stanzas changes. Whether I have transgressed in translating with three rhymes and an assonance cannot be determined until we know more twelfth-century orthography and the various dialects of Provence. The second poem has a rhythm like a sea-chanty, and is almost more like an estampida or dance form than a canzon. It is an interesting experiment in "elevens" and a strong changing cæsura. All the poems must be considered as things to sing. The second two suggest the possible surrounding in which they may have been first presented. You will note that they are all free from what Morris and Rossetti—and the smaragdite poets generally—have taught us to regard as mediævalism, and that they undoubtedly contain many a turn which would have delighted Robert Browning—the third especially.

I do not mean to assail *plat ventre* the mediævalism of the Victorian mediævalists. Their mediævalism was that of the romances of North France, of magical ships, and the rest of it, of Avalons that were not; a very charming mediævalism if you like it—I do more or less—but there is also the mediævalism of mediæval life as it was.

"Bona es vida
pos joia la mante,"

bawls Arnaut in "Can chai la fueilla" "Bully is living where joy can back it up." This comes from a very real, very much alive young man who has kicked over the traces, told his instructors to go to hell, put his title "En" ("Sir") in his wallet, and set out to see life as a jongleur. He will see no stags with crosses growing from their foreheads, he will not fly to an imprisoned lady in the form of a hawk; he will, I think, preserve through life a pleasing sense of humour, he will dine often with the Cœur de Lion, he will form some sort of friendship with that dyspeptic curmudgeon, En Bertrands de Born, fourth holder in the tower of Altaforte. But this sort of thing belongs to the novelists and not to a pedagogue.

C30

CHANSSON DOIL.

I.

I'll make a song with exquisite
Clear words, for buds are blowing sweet
Where the sprays meet,
And flowers don
Their bold blazon
Where leafage springeth greenly
O'ershadowing
The birds that sing
And cry in coppice seemly.

II.

The bosques among they're singing fleet.
In shame's avoid my staves compete,
Fine-filed and neat,
With love's glaives on
His ways they run;
From him no whim can turn me,
Although he bring
Great sorrowing,
Although he proudly spurn me.

III.

For lovers strong pride is ill won,
And throweth him who mounts thereon.
His lots are spun
So that they fling
Him staggering,
His gaudy joys move leanly,
He hath grief's meat
And tears to eat
Who useth Love unseemly.

IV.

Though tongues speak wrong of wrangies none
Can turn me from thee. For but one
Fear I have gone
Dissembling;
Traitors can sting,
From their lies I would screen thee,
And as they'd treat
Us, with deceit,
Let fate use them uncleanly.

V.

Though my swath long 's run wavering
My thoughts go forth to thee and cling,
Wherefore I sing
Of joys replete
Once, where our feet
Parted, and mine eyes plainly
Show mists begun
And sweetly undone,
For joy's the pain doth burn me.

VI.

Save 'neath Love's thong I move no thing,
And my way brooks no measuring,
For right hath spring
In that Love's heat
Was ne'er complete
As mine, since Adam. 'Tween me
And sly treason
No net is spun,
Wherefore my joy grows greenly.

CODA.

Lady, whoe'er demean thee
My benison
Is set upon
Thy grace where it moves queenly.

C29 ☞ On the "Decline of Faith." *New Age*, X. 8 (21 Dec. 1911) 191.

Signed: E. P.

C30 I Gather the Limbs of Osiris, V. Four Early Poems of Arnaut Daniel. *New Age*, X. 9 (28 Dec. 1911) 201-2.

Includes verse translations of "Chanson doil," "Can chai la fueilla," "Lancan son passat il giure," and "For Right of Audience."

CAN CHAI LA FUEILLA.

I.

When faint leaf falleth
 From the high forky tips,
 And cold appalleth
 The parching shoots and slips
 And stills sweet quips
 Of birds so that none calleth,
 Still are my lips
 For Love, howe'er he galleth.

II.

Though all things freeze here
 I cannot feel the cold,
 For new love sees here
 My heart's new green and gold.
 And I am bold
 For love shuts out the breeze here,
 And hath me hold
 High valour well at ease here.

III.

Aye, life's a high thing
 Where joy's his maintenance,
 Who cries 'tis wry thing
 Hath danced never my dance,
 I can advance
 No blame against fate's tithing
 For my good chance
 Hath deemed the best thing my thing.

IV.

Of love's wayfaring
 I know no part to blame,
 All other paring,
 Compared, is set to shame,
 Since there's no flame
 Shineth fit for comparing
 To her; no dame
 But has the meaner bearing.

V.

I'll ne'er entangle
 My heart with other fair
 Although I mangle
 My joy by staying here.
 I have no fear
 That ever at Pontrangle
 You'll find her peer
 Or one that's worth a wrangle.

VI.

She'd ne'er destroy
 Her man with cruelty,
 'Twixt here 'n' Savoy
 There feeds no fairer she;
 She delights me
 'Till Paris ne'er had joy
 In such high fee
 From Helena of Troy.

VII.

She's so the rarest
 Who holdeth me thus gay,
 Her features fairest
 Lay thirty fair away.
 So it's fair play,
 Thou song of mine who bearest
 Such fair array,
 That I tell why thou darest.

VIII.

Chançon, nor stay,
 'Till to her thou declarest:
 "Arnaut would say
 Me not, wert thou not fairest."

LANCAN SON PASSAT LI GIURE.

I.

When the frosts are gone and over,
 And are stripped from hill and hollow,
 When, in close, the blossom blinketh
 From the spray where the fruit cometh,
 The flower and song, their benison
 For the season sweet and merry
 Bid me with high joy to bear me
 Through days while April's coming on.

II.

And joy is right hard to discover,
 Such sly ways doth false love follow,
 Only sure he never drinketh
 At the fount where true faith hometh;
 A thousand maids and hardly one
 Of her falsehoods over-chary
 Stabbing whom vows make unwary,
 Their tenderness is vilely done.

III.

The most wise runs drunkenest lover,
 Sans pint-pot or wine to swallow,
 If a whim her locks unlinketh
 One stray hair his noose becometh.
 When evasion's fairest shown
 Then the sly puss purrs most near ye,
 Innocents at heart beware ye
 When she seems colder than a nun.

IV.

See, I thought so highly of her!
 Trusted, but the game is hollow,
 Not one won piece soundly clinketh,
 All the cardinals that Rome hath,
 Yea, they all were put upon
 By my Lady Slyly-wary;
 Cunning are the threads they carry,
 Yet while they watched they'd be undone.

V.

Whom Love makes so mad a rover
 'Ll take a cuckoo for a swallow,
 If she say so, sooth, he thinketh
 There's a plain where Puy-de-Dome is.
 'Till his eyes and nails are gone
 Will he play and follow fairly
 —Sure as old tales never vary
 For his fond heart he is fordone.

VI.

Well I know sans writing's cover
 What a plain is, what's a hollow.
 I well know whose honour sinketh
 And who 'tis that shame consumeth.
 They meet, I loose reception.
 Shame's a hound too swift to harry,
 Mid false words I do not tarry
 But from her lordship I'll be gone.

VII.

Sir Bertrams sure, no pleasure's won
 Like this freedom, naught so merry
 'Twixt Nile 'n' where the suns miscarry
 To where the rain falls from the sun.

FOR RIGHT OF AUDIENCE.

I.

In a new cause my song again
 Moves in my throat, with altered mien,
 No, don't think any hope springs green
 Of making fair song of my pain;
 But 'till she who hath blamed me wrongly 'll cry
 "Mercy!" I'll sing it out before the crowd,
 For she'll not let me speak with her alone.

II.

'Tis grace and pardon I would gain
 Did not her action come between
 Me and my right of asking e'en,
 Though mercy could the thief sustain,
 When all of his own deeds had passed him by,
 Unto my life no respite is allowed
 Unless, where my rights fail, mercy be shown.

III.

Hath a man rights at love? No grain,
 Yet fools think they've some legal lien;
 And she'll blame you, with heart serene,

That ships for Bar* sink in mid-main
 Or 'cause the French don't come from Gascony.
 And for such faults I am nigh in my shroud,
 Since, by my God! I've shown such faults or none.

IV.

That place where his desire hath lain
 A man leaves loath, this I well ween,
 Yet there be some with breasts so mean
 That they to take back gifts are fain.
 As for myself, my love can not run dry,
 Not though she robs my all, where she's most proud.
 My love, in lack of joy, is stronger grown.

V. ENVOI.

Please ye, Lords fellows, now maintain
 Me, whom she would in all demean.
 Pray to her thus (until she lean
 Toward me and make her mercy plain):
 "Fair for our sake let Arnaut's song draw nigh!"
 I may not name her, cry ye all aloud
 That Arnaut came to court, his heart is known.

* Literally: "That ships wreck ere they get to Bar (*i.e.*,
 the port of Bari), and 'cause the French are not Gascons."

C30

ECHOS

BY EZRA POUND

I

(Trecento)

Guido Orlando, Singing:

BEFITS me praise thine empery,
 Lady of Valor,
 Past all disproving
 Thou art the flower to me—
 Nay, by Love's pallor—
 Of all good loving.

For thou alone art she
 In whom love's vested;
 And branch hath fairest flower
 Where fruit's suggested.

So great joy comes to me,
 To me observing
 How swiftly Thou hast power
 To pay my serving.

II

TWO CLOAKS

Thou keep'st thy rose-leaf
 Till the rose-time will be over,
 Think'st thou that Death will kiss thee?
 Think'st thou that the Dark House
 Will find thee such a lover
 As I? Will the new roses miss thee?

Prefer my cloak unto the cloak of dust
 'Neath which the last year lies,
 For thou shouldst more mistrust
 Time than my eyes.

EZRA POUND.

C31

C30 Continued

C31 ECHOS. *North American Review*, New York, CXCIV. 674 (Jan. 1912) 75.
 Contents: I (Trecento) Guido Orlando, Singing—II Two Cloaks [reprinted as "The Cloak"].

I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By Ezra Pound.

[Under this heading Mr. Pound will contribute expositions and translations in illustration of the "New Method in Scholarship."—ED.]

VI.

ON VIRTUE.

In an earlier chapter I said that interesting authors were either "symptomatic" or "donative"; permit me new diameters and a new circumscription, even if I seem near to repetition.

As contemporary philosophy has so far resolved itself into a struggle to disagree as to the terms in which we shall define an indefinable something upon which we have previously agreed to agree, I ask the reader to regard what follows not as dogma, but as a metaphor which I find convenient to express certain relations.

The soul of each man is compounded of all the elements of the cosmos of souls, but in each soul there is some one element which predominates, which is in some peculiar and intense way the quality or *virtù* of the individual; in no two souls is this the same. It is by reason of this *virtù* that a given work of art persists. It is by reason of this *virtù* that we have one Catullus, one Villon; by reason of it that no amount of technical cleverness can produce a work having the same charm as the original, not though all progress in art is, in so great degree, a progress through imitation.

This virtue is not a "point of view," nor an "attitude toward life"; nor is it the mental calibre or "a way of thinking," but something more substantial which influences all these. We may as well agree, at this point, that we do not all of us think in at all the same sort of way or by the same sort of implements. Making a rough and incomplete category from personal experience I can say that certain people think with words, certain with, or in, objects; others realise nothing until they have pictured it; others progress by diagrams like those of the geometricians; some think, or construct, in rhythm, or by rhythms and sound; others, the unfortunate, move by words disconnected from the objects to which they might correspond, or more unfortunate still in blocks and *clichés* of words; some, favoured of Apollo, in words that hover above and cling close to the things they mean. And all these different sorts of people have most appalling difficulty in understanding each other.

It is the artist's business to find his own *virtù*. This virtue may be what you will:—

Luteum pede soccum, . . .

Viden ut faces

Splendidas quatiunt comas? . . .

Luteumve pupauer.

It may be something which draws Catullus to write of scarlet poppies, of orange-yellow slippers, of the shaking, glorious hair of the torches; or Propertius to

Quoscumque smaragdus

Quosve dedit flavo lumine chrysolithos.

—"The honey-coloured light."

Or it may be the so attractive, so nickel-plated neatness which brings Mr. Pope so to the quintessence of the obvious, with:—

"Man is not a fly."

So far as mortal immortality is concerned, the poet need only discover his *virtù* and survive the discovery long enough to write some few scant dozen verses—provid-

ing, that is, that he have acquired some reasonable technique, this latter being the matter of a lifetime—or not, according to the individual facility.

Beyond the discovery and expression of his virtue the artist may proceed to the erection of his microcosmos.

"Ego tamquam centrum circuli, quae omnes circumferentiae partes habet equaliter, tu autem non sic"—"I am the centre of a circle which possesseth all parts of its circumference equally, but thou not so," says the angel appearing to Dante ("Vita Nuova," XII).

Having discovered his own virtue the artist will be more likely to discern and allow for a peculiar *virtù* in others. The erection of the microcosmos consists in discriminating these other powers and in holding them in orderly arrangement about one's own. The process is uncommon. Dante, of all men, performed it in the most symmetrical and barefaced manner; yet I would for you—as I have done already for myself—stretch the fabric of my critique upon four great positions.

Among the poets there have been four men in especial virtuous, or, since virtues are so hard to define, let us say they represent four distinct phases of consciousness:

Homer of the *Odyssey*, man conscious of the world outside him; and if we accept the tradition of Homer's blindness, we may find in that blindness the significant cause of his power; for him the outer world would have a place of mystery, of uncertainty, of things severed from their attendant trivialities, of acts, each one cloaked in some glamour of the inexperienced; his work, therefore, a work of imagination and not of observation;

Dante, in the "*Divina Commedia*," man conscious of the world within him;

Chaucer, man conscious of the variety of persons about him, not so much of their acts and the outlines of their acts as of their character, their personalities; with the inception of this sort of interest any epic period comes to its end;

Shakespeare, man conscious of himself in the world about him—as Dante had been conscious of the spaces of the mind, its reach and its perspective.

I doubt not that a person of wider reading could make a better arrangement of names than this is, but I must talk from my corner of the things that I know; at any rate, each of these men constructed some sort of world into which we may plunge ourselves and find a life not glaringly incomplete. Of the last three we know definitely that each of them swept into his work the virtues of many forerunners and contemporaries, and that in no case do these obtrude or disturb the poise of the whole.

I believe sincerely that any man who has read these four authors with attention will find that a great many other works, now accepted as classic, rather bore him; he will understand their beauty, but with this understanding will come the memory of having met the same sort of beauty elsewhere in greater intensity. It will be said, rather, that he understands the books than that the books enlighten him. In the culture of the mind, as in the culture of fields, there is a law of diminishing return. If a book reveal to us something of which we were unconscious, it feeds us with its energy; if it reveal to us nothing but the fact that its author knew something which we knew, it draws energy from us.

Now it is inconceivable that any knowledge of Homer, Dante, Chaucer, and Shakespeare could ever diminish our enjoyment of Sappho, or of Villon, or of Heine, or of the "*Poema del Cid*," or, perhaps, of Leopardi, though we would enjoy him in great part as a commentator, as a friend looking with us toward the classics and seeing, perhaps, into them further than we had seen.

The donative authors, or the real classics, interilluminate each other, and I should define a "classic" as a book our enjoyment of which cannot be diminished by any amount of reading of other books, or even—and this is the fiercer test—by a first-hand knowledge of life.

Any author whose light remains visible in this place where the greater lamps are flashing back and forth upon each other is of no mean importance; of him it can be said without qualification that he has attained his own *virtù*. It is true that the results of Guido Cavalcanti and of Arnaut Daniel are in great measure included in the "Divina Commedia," yet there remains over a portion not quite soluble, and in trying at this late date to reinstate them in our canon, I do nothing that Dante has not done before me; one reads their work, in fact, on his advice ("Purgatorio," XI and XXVI). In each case their virtue is a virtue of precision. In Arnaut, as I have said before, this fineness has its effect in his style, his form, the relation of his words and tune, and in his content.

I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By Ezra Pound.

[Under this heading Mr. Pound is contributing expositions and translations in illustration of the "New Method" of Scholarship.]

VII.

ARNAUT DANIEL: CANZONI OF HIS MIDDLE PERIOD.

Of these poems the first two show us how far Arnaut went in his endeavour to make his word structure march with the increasing complexity of Provençal music. The biographers of Jaufrè Rudel say of him, "He made good canzoni, with fine tunes and poor words to them"; and this is borne out in his music which has come down to us. The words are pulled out of shape for the tune's sake:

"Dou-ou-ou-ous cha-ans da-u ze-e-els de-e-e-lo-o-o-onh."

"Swe-e-e-et so-ong o-of bi-i-irds a-a-a-la-a-a-ar."

set to a beautiful melody, mind you!

In Arnaut's "Autet e bas" you will, if you try it in sing-song, notice that the short lines rhyming in "uce" break the rhythm of the long lines and sing themselves to the bird note itself.

"Mas pel us
Estauc clus."

The sound of the original is a little more clear and staccato than that of the words I have been able to find in English.

AUTET E BAS.

Now high and low where leaves are new,
The flower 's y-cummen on the bough,
And no throat or beak is muted,
But each bird his song unwasted
Letteth loose,
Singeth spruce;
Joy for them and spring would set
Song on me, but Love assaileth
Me and sets my words a-dancing.

C33

My God I thank, and my eyen two,
That their good cunning doth endow
Me with joy so wrath's refuted;
All the shameful shame I've tasted
Joys reduce,
So they noose
Me in Amor's trembling net,
Bound to her who most availeth,
Bonds meseem a gay advancing.

My thanks, Amor, that I win through!
Aye, 'twas long, take thanks enow.
In my marrow flames are rooted.
I'd not quench them. See, they've lasted,
Are profuse,
Held recluse
Lest knaves see our hearts are met.
Murrain on the mouth that aileth,
So it finds her not entrancing

He doth in Love's book misconstrue
And is a lover shamed, I vow;
Let him, if his speech recruited
Harsh heart-harming words, be blasted;
This abuse
Both traduce
Worth. Nay! I've no such regret
If man in his malice railleth.
Let him bite his tongue mischancing.

That I love her? Is pride; is true.
I hide what joy her joys allow.
Since Paul's writ was executed
Or the forty days first fasted,*

Not Christ
Could produce
One like her where one can get
Charm's total, for no charm faileth
Her whose memory's enhancing.
Charm and Valour, the keep of you
Is that Fair who holds me now,
The sole, I sole, of fast suited
Other ladies' charms are wasted,
And no truce
But misuse
Have I for them, they're not let
To my heart where she regaileth
Me with joy I'd not be chancing.
Arnaut loves and ne'er will fret
Love with speech, his wise throat quailleth,
Foolish gossip he's not chancing.

"L'AURA AMARA."

[In this opening we have the beginning of Petrarch's never-ending puns. "The bitter laurel, Laura, ah cruel, the bitter air."]

I.

The bitter air
Strips clear the boughs
Whereon
The softer winds set leaves;
The glad
Birds'
Throats grow mute and still,
Whether they be
Wed
Or unwed;
Wherefore I try
To speak and do
Her whim,
In this I strive,
Me hath she lifted so
That 'less she ease
My pain, 'tis death I'm fearing.

* The point is that his lady is the finest since the Virgin Mary; this is quite pious and restrained; he has already said (Canzon II) that he is the finest lover since Cain's time. In the next canzon he goes himself one better.

II.

So clear the flare
That turned my prow
Upon
Her whom my sight believes,
That bad
Curds*
Are worth others' skill.
Infrequently
Tread
Garlanded
My prayers to lie
Elsewhere; joy too
They brim
With, and revive
Hearing her words; I glow
Through all degrees
In her service appearing.

III.

Amor, beware!
Doth welcome rouse?
Not done,
My speech were such as grieves,
Turns sad,
Girds.
Nay, 'twere better kill
Thyself, agree!
Stead-
-y, well sped
In love, my high
Heart's strength keeps true
Words dim,
Yet snows that drive
And all the balms that grow
Could ne'er appease
My heart 'thout her lips nearing.

IV.

If she but care,
Who lightly crows
—I con,
As thou'rt above worth's eaves,
Mail-clad
Herds
Of close prayers on drill
will render see,
Spread
Thought's last shred
'Fore her. I'd die
But hopes renew
My vim
And pray her shrive
Them and cut short my woe.
Other joys please
Me less than apples searing.

V.

Sweet thou, ah fair
Each charm's own house,
I don
The pain that thy fate weaves,

For mad
Words
Suffering great ill,
When men mocked me
Dread
Words were said;
Yet for gold I
'll not turn from you.
I trim
A true course, I've
Spoken quite humbly though
God never sees
At Doma* aught so cheering.

VI.

My song, prepare
To meet king's brows,
For one
Will judge thee grain and sheaves;
We've had
Thirds
Of worth here, its fill
Is there; you'll see
Shed
Gold, and fed
You'll be; draw nigh,
Favoured, thereto.
Tell him:
"Arnaut's scarce 'live
Except in Arago."
With each day's breeze
Toward him I would be steering.

VII.

Cast is the die:
I'll look in through
Th' heart's rim
Each eve; deprive
Her never; my thoughts go
Herward; bend their knees,
Only for her endearing.

These choppy lines do not affect the rhythm for reading, directly or necessarily; the poems in the old manuscripts are written straight along like prose. I print the verses in this form only better to indicate the rhyme scheme. Thus, in stanza V, where my translation of the movement is the most felicitous, one can see that, for the purposes of rhythm, one should read the following groups of lines as single lines: 1 and 2; 3 and 4; 5, 6 and 7; 9 and 10; 11 and 12; and for the rest the lines are not "end-stopped."

The original rhymes in two places where I have used sound shading, but I did not notice the rhyme until

I had finished making my translation. I am not sure that I shirked a difficulty, for it would have been obviously less difficult to find a second six rhymes in "e" than it was to get the first six in "oughs." There is a prose rendering of this canzone in "The Spirit of Romance," more literal for stanza V, though I have in this metrical version corrected one or two errors of interpretation which occur in the earlier one. The form is good art because its complexity is not apparent until one searches for it or presents it thus dissected.

*"Aigonens" does not mean "curds"; but no one knows what it does mean; it is here used contemptuously, and the expression might be as well rendered "two beans" or "a brass farthing."

* Literally: "I desire you more than God desires her of Doma," i.e., Our Lady of Pui de Dome.

I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By Ezra Pound.

VIII.

CANZON: OF THE TRADES AND LOVE.

Manning, in his "Scenes and Portraits," compares Dante's similes, similes like those of the arsenal at Venice, or of the hoar frost, to the illuminated capital letters in mediæval manuscript. Daniel in the following canzon has produced the same effect, and solely by suggestion, by metaphor that is scarce metaphor, by suggestive verbs; thus in stanza I he makes his vignette in the shop of the joiner and finisher, in II the metal-worker's shop with a glimpse through the open window; in III the church, and in the last lines of it: "I love her more than one who should give me Lucerne," he puts in perhaps a woman, with the light of the altar candles about her, paying dues to the ecclesiastical suzerain; in IV the low-lying fields, where the grain is fostered by the river-flush; in V Rome, of the church and empire; in VI the suggestion is fainter, though it may be of a farm hand working in a grey, barren stretch of field. I have translated it badly even if my idiom does mean about the same as the Provençal.

The last line on "Moncli n'Audierna" has given rise to a good deal of fruitless conjecture. Obviously Arnaut cites them as a pair of famous lovers, just as he cites Paris and Helen in his third canzon, but no such lovers are to be found either in classical myth or in romance tradition.

Turning, however, to Virgil's ninth eclogue I find the following lines:—

Line 10.—*Omnia carminibus vestrum servasse Menalcan.*

M. Audieras, et fama fuit; sed carminia tantum, etc.
and line 44:

*Quid, quae te pura solum sub nocte canentem
Audieram?*

Given these lines in modern print, one would advance scarce further; Arnaut had been, however, to a monastic school: he knew some Latin; he knew not only of Paris and Helen but of Atalanta and Meleagar, though only one of their names is given in Ovid's account of the hunting through Caledon. His Latin was, let us say, no better than mine—learning for learning's sake had not appealed to him. His Latin text was not only in miniscule manuscript but it was full of all manner of abbreviations, and in the matter of unusual proper names—like *Menalcas*—the scribe would have been more than usually prone to go wrong.

This eclogue is not over easy to read. "*Menalcas*" appears in three different case forms—"an," "-as," "-a." The content of the eclogue is very like that of a Provençal canzon; parts of it are almost pure Provençal in the matter of vocabulary. It would have charmed by being not too unfamiliar. One more detail: the "M" in line 11, which stands for the speaker, *Moeris*, is not unlike the "N" which is Provençal for "donna," or "lady." The parts of the verb *audio*, in lines 11 and 45, both begin with capital letters; in both places the final consonant, "s" or "m," would or might have been written above the "a," with nothing to indicate whether it fell before or after. Translating on this hypothesis without too much regard to the Latin syntax, with which Arnaut would have been much less familiar than he was with the Latin vocabulary, we get, in the first case, something like this: "*Monalca*, or

Menacla (or some such person), served with songs (all yours, his, in all things), the lady *Audierna* or *Audieras*"; and in the second: "What, thou alone 'neath the clear night singing, *Audierna*." "*Audiart*" is, of course, perfectly good Provençal; *de Born* and others mention a lady of that name, so that if Arnaut had seen the first part of the name he might easily have mistaken it for a Latin form or variation; in any case, even supposing he had read it correctly and forgotten the spelling in the book, the transition was not beyond the bounds of the possible. At least, it is no worse a mistake than that by which "*Sir Sagramore the unbridled*" becomes "*Sir Sagramour the desirous*." I make the suggestion for what it is worth. The song is as follows:—

I.

Though this measure quaint confine me,
And I chip out words and plane them,
They shall yet be true and clear
When I finally have filed them.
Love glosses and gilds them knowing
That my song has for its start
One who is worth's hold and warrant.

II.

Each day finer I refine me
And my cult and service strain them
Toward the world's best, as ye hear,
"Hers" my root and tip have styled them.
And though bitter winds come blowing,
The love that rains down in my heart
Warmeth me when frost's abhorrent.

III.

To long masses I resign me,
Give wax-lights and lamps, maintain them
That God win me issue here.
Tricks of fence? Her charm's beguiled them.
Rather see her, brown hair glowing;
And her body fine, frail art,
Than to gain *Lucerna* for rent!

IV.

Round her my desires twine me
'Till I fear lest she disdain them.
Nay, need firm love ever fear?
Craft and wine, I have exiled them.
Yet her high heart's overflowing
Leaves my heart no parched part;
Lo, new verse sprouts in the current.

V.

If they'd th' empire assign me
Or the Pope's chair, I'd not deign them
If I could not have her near.
My heart's flames have so high piled them,
If she'll not, ere th' old year's going
Kiss away their deadly smart,
Dead am I and damned, I warrant.

VI.

Though these great pains so malign me
I'd not have love's powers restrain them
—Though she turn my whole life drear—
See, my songs have beamed and tiled them.
Yes, love's work is worse than mowing,
And ne'er pains like mine did dart
Through *Moncli* for *Audierent*.

VII.

I, Arnaut, love the wind, doing
My hare-hunts on an ox-cart,
And I swim against the torrent.

I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By Ezra Pound.

IX.

ON TECHNIQUE.

"Skill in technique," says Joseph Conrad, "is something more than honesty." And if this is applicable to the racing of yachts it should be no less applicable to the writing of poetry.

We can imagine easily the delight of Ysaye and M. Nickisch on being invited, firstly to dinner and secondly to listen to your fourteen-year-old daughter play Beethoven; or lifting the parallel to more exact preciseness, let us suppose the child, never having taken a music lesson in her life, hears Busoni play Chopin, and on the spur of the moment, thinking to produce similar effect, hires a hall and produces what she thinks sounds somewhat the same. These things are in the realm of music mildly unthinkable; but then the ordinary piano teacher spends more thought on the art of music than does the average "poet" on the art of poetry. No great composer has, so far as I know, boasted an ignorance of musical tradition or thought himself less a musician because he could play Mozart correctly. Yet it is not uncommon to hear practising "poets" speak of "technique" as if it were a thing antipathetic to "poetry." And they mean something that is more or less true. Likewise you will hear people, one set of them, raging against form—by which they mean external symmetry—and another set against free verse. And it is quite certain that none of these people have any exact, effable concept of what they do mean; or if they have a definite dislike of something properly dislikable, they only succeeded in expressing a dislike for something not quite it and not quite not it.

As for the ancients, we say for them it was quite easy. There was then an interest in poetry. Homer had the advantage of writing for an audience each of whom knew something of a ship and of a sword. One could allude to things that all understood.

Let us imagine to-day a contest between Jack Johnson and the surviving "White Hope"; let us imagine Court circles deeply interested; let us imagine Olympia filled half with the "flower of the realm" and half with chieftains from Zlyzmbaa; let us suppose that everyone had staked their last half-crown, and that the victors were going to rape all the wives and daughters of the vanquished, and there was a divorce scandal inextricably entangled in the affair; and that if the blacks won they were going to burn the National Gallery and the home of Sir Florence Tlallina-Lalina.

It is very hard to reproduce the simplicity of the epic period. Browning does, it is true, get at life almost as "simply" as did Ovid and Catullus; but then he was one "classicist" 'mid a host of Victorians. Even this is not Homer.

Let us return to our hypothetical prize-fight. In an account of the fight what details would we demand? Fine psychological analysis of the combatants? Character study? Or the sort of details that a sporting crowd want from a fight that they have stakes on? Left-lead for the jaw. Counter. If the fight were as important as the one mentioned they might even take it from one who called sacred things by uninitiated names: "an almighty swat in the thorax," "wot-for in the kisser," "a resounding blow upon the optic"—bad, this last. Leave it in the hands of the "descriptive writer." *Qui sono io profano.*

The very existence of the "descriptive writer" shows that the people are not without some vague, undefined hunger for euphuës, for the decorated "Elizabethan" speech. And the "descriptive writer" is so rare, I am told, that one "great daily" had to have their "coronation" done by an Italian and translated.

And as for poetry, for verse, and the people, I remember a series of "poems" in a new form that ran long in the "New York Journal," and with acclaim, one a day. Alas! I can only remember two of them, as follows:—

1. In the days of old Pompei
Did the people get away?
Nay! Nay!
2. In the days of Charlemagne
Did the people get champagne?
Guess again!

Yet even these verses will appeal only to "certain classes," and our prize-fight is a phantom, *Elieü fugaces!* How, then, shall the poet in this dreary day attain universality, how write what will be understood of "the many" and lauded of "the few"?

What interest have all men in common? What forces play upon them all? Money and sex and to-morrow. And we have called money "fate" until that game is played out. And sex? Well, poetry has been erotic, or amative, or something of that sort—at least, a vast deal of it has—ever since it stopped being epic—and this sort of thing interests the inexperienced. And to-morrow? We none of us agree about.

We are nevertheless one humanity, compounded of one mud and of one æther; and every man who does his own job really well has a latent respect for every other man who does *his* own job really well; this is our lasting bond; whether it be a matter of buying up all the little brass farthings in Cuba and selling them at a quarter per cent. advance, or of delivering steam-engines to King Menelek across three rivers and one hundred and four ravines, or of conducting some new crotchety variety of employers' liability insurance, or of punching another man's head, the man who really does the thing well, if he be pleased afterwards to talk about it, gets always his auditors' attention; he gets his audience the moment he says something so intimate that it proves him the expert; he does not, as a rule, sling generalities; he gives the particular case for what it is worth; the truth is the individual.

As for the arts and their technique—technique is the means of conveying an exact impression of exactly what one means in such a way as to exhilarate.

When it comes to poetry, I hold no brief for any particular system of metric. Europe supplies us with three or five or perhaps more systems. The early Greek system of measure by quantity, which becomes the convention of later Greek and of Latin verse; the Provençal system, measure (a) by number of syllables, (b) by number of stressed syllables, which has become the convention of most European poetry; the Anglo-Saxon system of alliteration; these all concern the scansion. For terminations we have rhyme in various arrangements, blank verse, and the Spanish system of assonance. English is made up of Latin, French, and Anglo-Saxon, and it is probable that all these systems concern us. It is not beyond the pales of possibility that English verse of the future will be a sort of orchestration taking account of all these systems.

When I say above that technique is the means of conveying an exact impression of exactly what one means, I do not by any means mean that poetry is to be stripped of any of its powers of vague suggestion. Our life is, in so far as it is worth living, made up in great part of things indefinite, impalpable; and it is precisely because the arts present us these things that we—humanity—cannot get on without the arts. The picture that suggests indefinite poems, the line of verse that means a gallery of paintings, the modulation that suggests a score of metaphors and is contained in none: it is these things that touch us nearly that "matter."

The artist discriminates, that is, between one kind of indefinability and another, and poetry is a very complex art. Its media are on one hand the simplest, the least interesting, and on the other the most arcane, most fascinating. It is an art of pure sound bound in through an art of arbitrary and conventional symbols. In so far as it is an art of pure sound, it is allied with music, painting, sculpture; in so far as it is an art of arbitrary symbols, it is allied to prose. A word exists when two or more people agree to mean the same thing by it.

Permit me one more cumbersome simile, for I am trying to say something about the masterly use of

words, and it is not easy. Let us imagine that words are like great hollow cones of steel of different dullness and acuteness; I say great because I want them not too easy to move; they must be of different sizes. Let us imagine them charged with a force like electricity, or, rather, radiating a force from their apexes—some radiating, some sucking in. We must have a greater variety of activity than with electricity—not merely positive and negative; but let us say +, -, x, ÷, +a, -a, xa, ÷a, etc. Some of these kinds of force neutralise each other, some augment; but the only way any two cones can be got to act without waste is for them to be so placed that their apexes and a line of surface meet exactly. When this conjunction occurs let us say their force is not added one's to the other's, but multiplied the one's by the other's; thus three or four words in exact juxtaposition are capable of radiating this energy at a very high potentiality; mind you, the juxtaposition of their vertices must be exact and the angles or "signs" of discharge must augment and not neutralise each other. This peculiar energy which fills the cones is the power of tradition, of centuries of race consciousness, of agreement, of association; and the control of it is the "Technique of Content," which nothing short of genius understands.

There is the slighter "technique of manner," a thing reducible almost to rules, a matter of "j's" and "d's," of order and sequence, a thing attenuable, a thing verging off until it degenerates into rhetoric; and this slighter technique is also a thing of price, notwithstanding that all the qualities which differentiate poetry from prose are things born before syntax; this technique of surface is valuable above its smoother virtues simply because it is technique, and because technique is the only gauge and test of a man's lasting sincerity.

Everyone, or nearly everyone, feels at one time or another poetic, and falls to writing verses; but only that man who cares and believes really in the pint of truth that is in him will work, year in and year out, to find the perfect expression.

If technique is thus the protection of the public, the sign manual by which it distinguishes between the serious artist and the disagreeable young person expressing its haedinus egotism, it is no less a protection to the artist himself during the most crucial period of his development. I speak now of technique seriously studied, of a searching into cause and effect, into the purposes of sound and rhythm as such, not—not by any means—of a conscientious and clever imitation of the master of the moment, of the poet in vogue.

How many have I seen, how many have we all of us known, young, with promising poetic insides, who produce one book and die of it? For in our time, at least, the little public that does read new poetry is not twice bored by the same aspirant, and if a man's first book has not in it some sign of a serious struggle with the basis of the art he has small likelihood of meeting them in a second. But the man who has some standard reasonably high—consider, says Longinus, in what mood Diogenes or Sophocles would have listened to your effusion—does, while he is striving to bring his work within reach of his own conception of it, get rid of the first froth of verse, which is in nearly every case quite like the first verse-froth of everyone else. He emerges decently clean after some reasonable purgation, not nearly a master, but licensed, an initiate, with some chance of conserving his will to speak and of seeing it mature and strengthen with the ripening and strengthening of the mind itself until, by the favour of the gods, he come upon some lasting excellence.

Let the poet who has been not too long ago born make very sure of this; that no one cares to hear, in strained iambs, that he feels sprightly in spring, is uncomfortable when his sexual desires are ungratified, and that he has read about human brotherhood in last year's magazines. But let a man once convince thirty people that he has some faint chance of finding, or that he, at least, is determined and ready to suffer all drudgery in attempting to find, some entanglement of words so subtle, so crafty that they can be read or heard without yawning, after the reading of Pindar and Meleager, and of "As ye came from the holy land of Walsingham" and "Tamlin," and of a passage from John Keats—let thirty or a dozen people believe this, and the man of whom they believe it will find friendship where he had little expected it, and delightful things will befall him suddenly and with no other explanation.

C35

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF T. E. HULME.

AUTUMN.

A touch of cold in the Autumn night—
I walked abroad,
And saw the ruddy moon lean over a hedge
Like a red-faced farmer.
I did not stop to speak, but nodded;
And round about were the wistful stars
With white faces like town children.

MANA ABODA.

Beauty is the marking-time, the stationary vibration, the feigned ecstasy of an arrested impulse unable to reach its natural end.

Mana Aboda, whose bent form
The sky in archèd circle is,
Seems ever for an unknown grief to mourn.
Yet on a day I heard her cry:
"I weary of the roses and the singing poets—
Josephs all, not tall enough to try."

CONVERSION.

Lighthearted I walked into the valley wood
In the time of hyacinths,
Till beauty like a scented cloth
cast over, stifled me. I was bound
motionless and faint of breath
By loveliness that is her own eunuch.
Now pass I to the final river
Ignominiously, in a sack, without sound
As any peeping Turk to the Bosphorus.

ABOVE THE DOCK.

Above the quiet dock in midnight,
Tangled in the tall mast's corded height,
Hangs the moon. What seemed so far away
Is but a child's balloon, forgotten after play.

EMBANKMENT.

(The fantasia of a fallen gentleman on a cold, bitter night.)

Once, in finesse of fiddles found I ecstasy,
In the flash of gold heels on the pavement hard.
Now see I
That warmth's the very stuff of poesy.
Oh, God, make small
The old star-eaten blanket of the sky,
That I may fold it round me and in comfort lie.

C35

C36

C35 Continued

C36 THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF T. E. HULME. *New Age*, X. 13 (25 Jan. 1912) 307.

Contents: Autumn—Mana Aboda—Conversion—Above the Dock—Embankment. (Probably not edited by Ezra Pound, but reprinted by him as appendix to *Ripostes* (1912)—A8.)

THE ART OF THE NOVEL.

Sir,—I have been interested in the recent flurry between "Your Novel Reviewer" and "A Publisher's Reader." I think I agree with the "Reviewer," but I do not find his letter in last number of *THE NEW AGE* sufficiently explicit: I think there may be a number of readers in like case with me. I should perhaps do better to stick to my own corner, but prose does interest me, though I know little or nothing about it.

"With the possible exception of Mr. Hardy," who seems rather of an older order than part of "contemporary letters," I read only two living novelists with anything like respect or attention, to wit, Anatole France, who is very uneven, and Henry James, who is interesting when he has the tact to choose an interesting subject. They are neither of them "English." France is perhaps better designated as "*causeur*." But "*La Rotisserie de la Reine Pedanque*" is certainly written from "the masculine point of view." James is, of course, quite as good, or better in short forms than in the novel. As for the "prevailing and ^{used}" name of Meredith, there is certainly nothing in his work that could not have been written by a female and a spinster. I drag him into the matter because his school and progeny we have with us in excess.

I am not here with a thesis, I am not a "novel-reader." I am an outsider, interested in all the arts, trying to ask questions about "the art of the novel," or at least trying to provoke such further discussion as will clarify the criticism of that art.

The "circulationist" howls about the borders of my Arcadia, and I want, if possible, some bacteriological explanation of him.

In a novel which appeared a couple of years ago I saw what seemed a gleam of hope, at least something explicable as art to me an artist. I speak of "*A Call*," where the author seemed to be aiming at something like definite "form," at a form that is as precise in comparison to prose as the sonnet is to verse.

EZRA POUND.

C37

PROLOGOMENA

TIME was when the poet lay in a green field with his head against a tree and played his diversion on a ha'penny whistle, and Cæsar's predecessors conquered the earth, and the predecessors of golden Crassus embezzled, and fashions had their say, and let him alone. And presumably he was fairly content in this circumstance, for I have small doubt that the occasional passer-by, being attracted by curiosity to know why any one should lie under a tree and blow diversion on a ha'penny whistle, came and conversed with him, and that among these passers-by there was on occasion a person of charm or a young lady who had not read *Man and Superman*, and looking back upon this naïve state of affairs we call it the age of gold.

Metastasio, and he should know if anyone, assures us that this age endures—even though the modern poet is expected to holloa his verses down a speaking tube to the editors of cheap magazines—S. S. McClure, or some one of that sort—even, though hordes of authors meet in dreariness and drink healths to the "Copyright Bill"; even though these things be, the age of gold pertains. Imperceptibly, if you like, but pertains. You meet unkempt Amyclas in a Soho restaurant and chant together of dead and forgotten things—it is a manner of speech among poets to chant of dead, half-forgotten things, there seems no special harm in it; it has always been done—and it's rather better to be a clerk in the Post Office than to look after a lot of stinking, verminous sheep—and at another hour of the day one substitutes the drawing-room for the restaurant and tea is probably more palatable than mead and mare's milk, and little cakes than honey. And in this fashion one survives the resignation of Mr Balfour, and the iniquities of the American customs-house, *e quel busera infernal*, the periodical press. And then the middle of it, there being apparently no other person at once capable and available one is stopped and asked to explain oneself.

I begin on the chord thus querulous, for I would much rather lie on what is left of Catullus' parlour floor and speculate the azure beneath it

C38

C37 ☞ The Art of the Novel. *New Age*, X. 13 (25 Jan. 1912) 311.C38 Prologomena [sic]. *Poetry Review*, London, I. 2 (Feb. 1912) 72-76. Includes "Credo."

and the hills off to Salo and Riva with their forgotten gods moving unhindered amongst them, than discuss any processes and theories of art whatsoever. I would rather play tennis. I shall not argue; besides, my arguments are already spread about in prefaces and in a series of articles now running in *The New Age*.

CREDO

Rhythm.—I believe in an “absolute rhythm,” a rhythm, that is, in poetry which corresponds exactly to the emotion or shade of emotion to be expressed. A man's rhythm must be interpretative, it will be, therefore, in the end, his own, uncounterfeiting, uncounterfeitable.

Symbols.—I believe that the proper and perfect symbol is the natural object, that if a man use “symbols” he must so use them that their symbolic function does not obtrude; so that a sense, and the poetic quality of the passage, is not lost to those who do not understand the symbol as such, to whom, for instance, a hawk is a hawk.

Technique.—I believe in technique as the test of a man's sincerity; in law when it is ascertainable; in the trampling down of every convention that impedes or obscures the determination of the law, or the precise rendering of the impulse.

Form.—I think there is a “fluid” as well as a “solid” content, that some poems may have form as a tree has form, some as water poured into a vase. That most symmetrical forms have certain uses. That a vast number of subjects cannot be precisely, and therefore not properly rendered in symmetrical forms.

“Thinking that alone worthy wherein the whole art is employed,”* I think the artist should master all known forms and systems of metric, and I have with some persistence set about doing this, searching particularly into those periods wherein the systems came to birth or attained their maturity. It has been complained, with some justice, that I dump my notebooks on the public. I think that only after a long struggle will poetry attain such a degree of development, of, if you will, modernity, that it will vitally concern people who are accustomed, in prose, to Henry James and Anatole France, in music to De Bussy. I am constantly contending that it took two centuries of Provence and one of Tuscany to develop the media of Dante's masterwork, that it took the latinists of the

* Dante in, I think, “Il Convito.”

Renaissance, and the Pleiade, and his own age of painted speech to prepare Shakespeare his tools. It is tremendously important that great poetry be written, it makes no jot of difference who writes it. The experimental demonstrations of one man may save the time of many—hence my furore over Arnaut Daniel—if a man's experiments try out one new rime, or dispense conclusively with one iota of currently accepted nonsense, he is merely playing fair with his colleagues when he chalks up his result.

No man ever writes very much poetry that "matters." In bulk, that is, no one produces much that is final, and when a man is not doing this highest thing, this saying the thing once for all and perfectly. When he is not matching Παικλόθρο', ἀθάνατ' Ἀφρόδιτα, or "Hist—said Kate the Queen," he had much better be making the sort of experiments which may be of use to him in his later work, or to his successors.

"The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne." It is a foolish thing for a man to begin his work on a too narrow foundation, it is a disgraceful thing for a man's work not to show steady growth and increasing fineness from first to last.

As for "adaptations"; one finds that all the old masters of painting recommend to their pupils that they begin by copying masterwork, and proceed to their own composition.

As for "Every man his own poet." The more every man knows about poetry the better. I believe in every one writing poetry who wants to, most do. I believe in every man knowing enough of music to play "God bless our home" on the harmonicum, but I do not believe in every man giving concerts and printing his sin.

The mastery of any art is the work of a lifetime. I should not discriminate between the "amateur" and the "professional," or rather I should discriminate quite often in favour of the amateur, but I should discriminate between the amateur and the expert. It is certain that the present chaos will endure until the Art of poetry has been preached down the amateur gullet, until there is such a general understanding of the fact that poetry is an art and not a pastime; such a knowledge of technique; of technique of surface and technique of content, that the amateurs will cease to try to drown out the masters.

If a certain thing was said once for all in Atlantis or Arcadia, in 450 Before Christ or in 1290 after, it is not for us moderns to go saying it over,

or to go obscuring the memory of the dead by saying the same thing with **less skill** and less conviction.

My pawing over the ancients and semi-ancients has been one struggle to find out what has been done, once for all, better than it can ever be done again, and to find out what remains for us to do, and plenty does remain, for if we still feel the same emotions as those which launched the thousand ships, it is quite certain that we come on these feelings differently, through different nuances, by different intellectual gradations. Each age has its own abounding gifts, yet only some ages transmute them into matter of duration. No good poetry is ever written in a manner twenty years old, for to write in such a manner shows conclusively that the writer thinks from books, convention and *cliché*, and not from life, yet a man feeling the divorce of life and his art may naturally try to resurrect a forgotten mode if he find in that mode some leaven, or if he think he see in it some element lacking in contemporary art which might unite that art again to its sustenance, life.

In the art of Daniel and Cavalcant, I have seen that precision which I miss in the Victorians—that explicit rendering, be it of external nature, or of emotion. Their testimony is of the eyewitness, their symptoms are first hand.

As for the nineteenth century, with all respect to its achievements, I think we shall look back upon it as a rather blurry, messy sort of a period, a rather sentimentalistic, mannerish sort of a period. I say this without any self-righteousness, with no self-satisfaction.

As for there being a “movement” or my being of it, the conception of poetry as a “pure art” in the sense in which I use the term, revived with Swinburne. From the puritanical revolt to Swinburne, poetry had been merely the vehicle—yes, definitely, Arthur Symons’ scruples and feelings about the word not withholding—the ox-cart and post-chaise for transmitting thoughts poetic or otherwise. And perhaps the “great Victorians,” though it is doubtful, and assuredly the “nineties” continued the development of the art, confining their improvements, however, chiefly to sound and to refinements of manner.

Mr Yeats has once and for all stripped English poetry of its perdamnable rhetoric. He has boiled away all that is not poetic—and a good deal that is. He has become a classic in his own lifetime and *nel mezzodel cammin*. He has made our poetic idiom a thing pliable, a speech without inversions.

Robert Bridges, Maurice Hewlett and Frederic Manning are in their different ways seriously concerned with overhauling the metric, in testing the language and its adaptability to certain modes. Ford Hueffer is making some sort of experiments in modernity. The Provost of Oriel continues his translation of the *Divina Commedia*.

As to Twentieth century poetry, and the poetry which I expect to see written during the next decade or so, it will, I think, move against poppy-cock, it will be harder and saner, it will be what Mr Hewlett calls "nearer the bone." It will be as much like granite as it can be, its force will lie in its truth, its interpretative power (of course, poetic force does always rest there); I mean it will not try to seem forcible by rhetorical din, and luxurious riot. We will have fewer painted adjectives impeding the shock and stroke of it. At least for myself, I want it so, austere, direct, free from emotional slither.

EZRA POUND

C38

POETRY

OBOES.

I.

FOR A BEERY VOICE.

Why should we worry about to-morrow,
When we may all be dead and gone?
Haro! Haro!

Ha-a-ah-rro!

There'll come better men
Who will do, will they not?
The noble things that we forgot.
If there come worse,

what better thing
Than to leave them the curse of our ill-doing!
Haro! Haro!

Ha-ah-ah-rro!

II.

AFTER HEINE.

And have you thoroughly kissed my lips?
There was no particular haste,
And are you not ready when evening's come?
There's no particular haste.

You've got the whole night before you,
Heart's-all-belovèd-my-own;
In an uninterrupted night one can
Get a good deal of kissing done.

III.

AN IMMORALITY.

Sing we for love and idleness,
Naught else is worth the having.

Though I have been in many a land,
There is naught else in living.

And I would rather have my sweet,
Though rose-leaves die of grieving,

Than do high deeds in Hungary
To pass all men's believing.

C39

C38 Continued

C39 POETRY. *Poetry Review*, I. 2 (Feb. 1912) 77-81.

Contents: Oboes (I. For a beery voice; II. After Heine; III. An Immorality)—Sub mare—L'Invitation—Salve Pontifex—Dieu! Qu'il la fait—Δωρισά.

SUB MARE.

It is, and is not, I am sane enough,
 Since you have come this place has hovered round me,
 This fabrication built of autumn roses,
 Then there's a goldish colour, different.

And one gropes in these things as delicate
 Algae reach up and out beneath
 Pale slow green surgings of the under-wave,
 'Mid these things older than the names they have,
 These things that are familiar of the god.

L'INVITATION.

Go from me. I am one of those who spoil
 And leave fair souls less fair for knowing them;
 Go from me, I bring light that blindeth men
 So that they stagger.

It doth ill become me.

Go from me. I am life the tawdry one,
 I am the spring and autumn.

Ah the drear

Hail that hath bent the corn!

The ruined gold!

SALVE PONTIFEX.

One after one they leave thee,
 High Priest of Iacchus,
 Intoning thy melodies as winds intone
 The whisperings of leaves on sun-lit days.
 And the sands are many
 And the seas beyond the sands are one
 In ultimate, so we here being many
 Are unity, nathless thy compeers,

Knowing thy melody,
 Lulled with the wine of thy music
 Go seaward silently, leaving thee sentinel
 O'er all the mysteries,

High Priest of Iacchus.

For the lines of life lie under thy fingers,
 And above the vari-coloured strands
 Thine eyes look out unto the infinitude
 Of the blue waves of heaven,
 And even as Triplex Sisterhood
 Thou fingerest the threads knowing neither
 Cause nor the ending,

High Priest of Iacchus,

Draw'st forth a multiplicity
 Of strands, and, beholding
 The colour thereof, raisest thy voice
 Towards the sunset,

O High Priest of Iacchus!

And out of the secrets of the inmost mysteries
 Thou chantest strange far-sourced canticles:

O High Priest of Iacchus!

Life and the ways of Death her
 Twin born sister, that is life's counterpart,
 And of night and the winds of night;
 Silent voices ministering to the souls
 Of hamadryads that hold council concealèd
 In streams and tree-shadowing
 Forests on hill slopes,

O High Priest of Iacchus,

All the manifold mystery
 Thou makest a wine of song,
 And maddest thy following even
 With visions of great deeds,
 And their futility,

O High Priest of Iacchus.

Though thy co-novices are bent to the scythe
 Of the magian wind that is voice of Persephone,
 Leaving thee solitary, master of initiating
 Maenads that come through the
 Vine-entangled ways of the forest
 Seeking, out of all the world

Madness of Iacchus,

That being skilled in the secrets of the double cup
 They might turn the dead of the world
 Into pæans,

O High Priest of Iacchus,
 Wreathed with the glory of thy years of creating
 Entangled music

Breathe!

Now that the evening cometh upon thee,
 Breathe upon us that low-bowed and exultant
 Drink wine of Iacchus, that since the conquering
 Hath been chiefly containèd in the numbers
 Of them that, even as thou, have woven
 Wicker baskets for grape clusters
 Wherein is concealèd the source of the vintage,

O High Priest of Iacchus,

Breathe thou upon us

Thy magic in parting!

Even as they thy co-novices,
 At being mingled with the sea,
 While yet thou madest thy canticles
 Serving upright before the altar
 That is bound about with shadows
 Of dead years wherein thy Iacchus
 Looked not upon the hills, that being
 Uncared for, praised not him in entirety,

O High Priest of Iacchus

Being now near to the border of the sands
 Where the sapphire girdle of the sea
 Encinctureth the maiden

Persephone, released for the spring.
 Look! Breathe upon us

The wonder of the thrice encinctured mystery
 Whereby thou being full of years art young,
 Loving even this lithe Persephone
 That is free for the seasons of plenty;
 Whereby thou being young art old
 And shalt stand before this Persephone

Whom thou lovest,

In darkness, even at that time
 That she being returned to her husband
 Shall be queen and a maiden no longer,
 Wherein thou being neither old nor young
 Standing on the verge of the sea
 Shalt pass from being sand,

O High Priest of Iacchus,

And becoming wave
 Shalt encircle all sands.
 Being transmuted through all
 The girdling of the sea.

O High Priest of Iacchus,
 Breathe thou upon us!

DIEU! QU'IL LA FAIT.

*From Charles D'Orleans
For music.*

God! that mad'st her well regard her
How she is so fair and bonny;
For the great charms that are upon her
Ready are all folk to reward her.

Who could part him from her borders
When spells are alway renewed on her.
God! that mad'st her well regard her,
How she is so fair and bonny.

From here to there to the sea's border
Dame nor damsel there's not any
Hath of perfect charms so many.
Thoughts of her are of dream's order,
God! that mad'st her well regard her.

C39

ΔΩΠΙΑ.

Be in me as the eternal moods
of the bleak wind, and not
As transient things are—
gaiety of flowers.
Have me in the strong loneliness
of sunless cliffs
And of grey waters.
Let the gods speak softly of us
In days hereafter,
The shadowy flowers of Orcus
Remember Thee.

EZRA POUND

CANZONE : OF ANGELS.

I

HE that is Lord of all the realms of light
Hath unto me from His magnificence
Granted such vision as hath wrought my joy.
Moving my spirit past the last defence
That shieldeth mortal things from mightier sight,
Where freedom of the soul knows no alloy
I saw what forms the lordly powers employ;
Three splendours, saw I, of high holiness,
From clarity to clarity ascending
Through all the roofless, tacit courts, extending
In æther which such subtle light doth bless
As ne'er the candles of the stars hath wooed;
Know ye herefrom of their similitude.

II .

Withdrawn within the cavern of his wings,
Grave with the joy of thoughts beneficent
And finely wrought and durable and clear,
If so his eyes showed forth the mind's content,
So sate the first to whom remembrance clings.
Tissued like bat's wings did his wings appear,
Not of that shadowy colouring and drear,
But as thin shells, pale saffron, luminous.
Alone, unlonely, whose calm glances shed
Friend's love to strangers though no word were said;
Pensive his godly state he keepeth thus.
Not with his surfaces his power endeth,
But is as flame that from the gem extendeth.

C40

III

My second marvel stood not in such ease,
 But he, the cloudy pinioned, winged him on
 Then from my sight as now from memory,
 The courier aquiline, so swiftly gone!
 The third most glorious of these majesties
 Give aid, O sapphires of th' eternal sea,
 And by your light illumine pure verity,
 That azure feldspar hight the microcline,
 Or, on its wing, the Menelaus weareth
 Such subtlety of shimmering as beareth
 This marvel onward through the crystalline:
 A splendid calyx that about her gloweth,
 Smiting the sunlight on whose ray she goeth.

IV

The diver at Sorrento from beneath
 The vitreous indigo, who swiftly riseth
 By will and not by action as it seemeth,
 Moves not more smoothly, and no thought surmiseth
 How she takes motion from the lustrous sheath
 Which, as the trace behind the swimmer, gleameth
 Yet presseth back the æther where it streameth.
 To her whom it adorns this sheath imparteth
 The living motion from the light surrounding;
 And thus my nobler parts, to grief's confounding,
 Impart into my heart a peace which starteth
 From one, round whom a graciousness is cast
 Which clingeth in the air where she hath past.

V.—TORNATA.

Canzon, to her whose spirit seems in sooth
 Akin unto the feldspar, since it is
 So clear and subtle and azure, I send thee, saying:
 That since I looked upon such potencies
 And glories as are here inscribed in Truth,
 New boldness hath o'erthrown my long delaying,
 And that thy words my new-born powers obeying—
 Voices at last to voice my heart's long mood—
 Are come to greet her in their amplitude.

EZRA POUND.

I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By Ezra Pound.

X.

ON MUSIC.

THE reasons why good description makes bad poetry, and why painters who insist on painting ideas instead of pictures offend so many, are not far to seek.

I am in sympathy equally with those who insist that there is *one* art and many media, and with those who cry out against the describing of work in any particular art by a terminology borrowed from all the others. This manner of description is objectionable, because it is, in most cases, a make-shift, a laziness. We talk of the odour of music and the timbre of a painting because we think we suggest what we mean and are too lazy to undertake the analysis necessary to find out exactly what we do mean. There is, perhaps, *one* art, but any given subject belongs to the artist, who must know that subject most intimately before he can express it through his particular medium.

Thus, it is bad poetry to talk much of the colours of the sunrise, though one may speak of our lady "of rosy fingers" or "in russet clad," invoking an image not present to the uninitiated; at this game the poet may surpass, but in the matter of the actual colour he is a bungler. The painter sees, or should see, half a hundred hues and varieties, where we see ten; or, granting we are ourselves skilled with the brush, how many hundred colours are there, where language has but a dozen crude names? Even if the poet understands the subtleties of gradation and juxtaposition, his medium refuses to convey them. He can say all his say while he is ignorant of the reality, and knowledge of the reality will not help him to say it better.

I express myself clumsily, but this much remains with me as certain: that any given work of art is bad when its content could have found more explicit and precise expression through some other medium, which the artist was, perhaps, too slothful to master.

This test should set to rest the vain disputes about "psychological" and "poetic" painting. If "Beata Beatrix," which is more poetic than all Rossetti's poetry, could have occurred in any other medium but paint, then it was bad art to paint her, and the painters should stick to chromatic harmonies and proportional composition.

This principle of the profundity of apprehension is the only one which can guide us through mixed or compound media; and by it we must form our judgments as to the "limitations of an art."

II.

After squandering a good deal of time and concentration on the question of the relation of poetry and music, it seems to me not only futile, but very nearly impossible, to lay down any principles whatever for the regulation of their conjunctions.

To join these two arts is in itself an art, and is no more capable of being reduced to formulæ than are the others. It is all very well for Plato to tell us that μέλο is the accord of rhythm and words and music (i.e., varied pitch). We find ourselves in the same case as Aristotle when he set out to define poetics—and in view of the fact that "The Stagirite" is, by reason of his admirers, become a Shavian holiday, let us observe that he—Aristotle—never attempts to restrict the working artist; he, and Dante after him, merely enumerate the means by which former artists have been successful.

Let us then catalogue, if possible, the simplest and briefest set of rules on which we may assume that intelligent musicians and poets are alike agreed:—

First, that the words of a song sung should be intelligible.

Second, that words should not be unreasonably distorted.

Third, that the rhythm of poetry should not be unreasonably ruined by the musician setting it to music.

I say "unreasonably" because it is quite certain that, however much this distortion may horrify the poet who,

having built his words into a perfect rhythm and speech-melody, hears them sung with regard to neither and with outrage to one or both; still we do derive pleasure from songs which distort words most abominably. And we do this in obedience to æsthetic laws; do it because the sense of musical period is innate in us. And because of this instinct there is deadly strife between musicians, who are usually, in the poet's sense, fools, and poets who are usually, in the musician's sense, unmusical.

When, if it ever was so, the lyre was played before the poet began his rhapsody, quantity had some vital meaning in the work. The quantity of later Greek poetry and of Latin is a convention, an imitation of models, not an interpretation of speech. If certain of the troubadours did attend to the strict relation of word and tune—*mots et son*—it was because of the strict relation between poet and composer, when they were not one and the same person. And in many an envoi we find such boast as So-and-so "made it, song and the words."

It is my personal belief that the true economy lies in making the tune first. We all of us compose verse to some sort of a tune, and if the "song" is to be sung we may as well compose to a "musician's" tune strung away. Yet no musician comes to one with a melody, but rather he comes wishing to set our words to music. And this is a far more subtle manœuvre. To set words to a tune one has but to let the musical accents fall upon words strong enough to bear them, to refrain from putting an over-long syllable under an over-short note, and to leave the word ligature rather loose; the singer does the rest quite well. One is spared all the finer workmanship which is requisite for good spoken verse. The stuff may not make good reading, but it is still finished art, suited to its purpose.

If, however, the verse is made to speak, it may have in it that sort of rhythm which not only makes music unnecessary, but which is repulsive to it; or it may have a rhythm which can, by some further mastery, be translated into a music subtler than either poetry or music would have separately attained. Or the poet may have felt a plucking of strings or a flurry of instrumental sound accompanying his words and been unable to record them, and be totally dependent on the musician for a completion of his work. And there may linger in his words some sign and trace of a hunger for this completion.

The musician working from here is apt to find barriers in the so-called "laws" of music or of verse. The obvious answer is that none of these laws are yet absolutely discerned. We do not know whether the first neumes indicated a rise or fall of voice by definite gradations of pitch, or whether they indicate simply rise or fall. The music of the troubadour period is without bars in the modern sense. There are little lines like them, but they mean simply a pause, a rest; the notes do not register differences of duration—i.e., halves, wholes, quarters are written alike. One reads the words on which the notes indubitably depended; a rhythm comes to life—a rhythm which seems to explain the music and which is not a "musician's" rhythm. Yet it is possible to set this rhythm in a musician's rhythm without, from the poet's feeling in the matter, harming it or even "altering it," which means altering the part of it to which he is sensitive; which means, again, that both poet and musician "feel around" the movement, "feel at it" from different angles. Some people "see colour" and some "line"; very few are in any way conscious of just what it is they do see. I have no desire to set up a babel of "post-impressionists in rhythm" by suggesting a kindred searching of hearts with regard to the perception of sound.

Yet it is quite certain that some people can hear and scan "by quantity," and more can do so "by stress," and fewer still feel rhythm by what I would call the inner form of the line. And it is this "inner form," I think, which must be preserved in music; it is only by mastery of this inner form that the great masters of rhythm—Milton, Yeats, whoever you like—are masters of it.

"Nel mezzo del camin di nostra vita." Let me take this as an example. Some people will find the movement repeated in—

"Eyes, dreams, lips and the night goes."

And some will find it in—

"If you fall off the roof you'll break your ankle." Some people will read it as if it were exactly the same "shape" as the line which follows it—

"Mi ritrovai per una selva oscura."

So eminent a scholar and so noted a lover of poetry as Mr. Edmund Gardener reads the sonnets of the "Vita Nuova" as if they were bad prose, and thinks me an outrageous liar for saying so. A certain Dalmatian loose upon the town reads Dante with no sense of epic line and as if it were third-rate dramatic dialogue by the author of "La Nave." Any reporter feels at liberty to object to the way a great poet reads his verses, yet it is not reported that men tried to tell Bach or Wagner how to play their own music, or that they offer like suggestions to M. Debussy.

"Quo tandem abutere?" Can we have a more definite criterion of rhythm than we have of colour? Do we any of us really see or hear in the same register? Are we made in groups and species, some of us capable of sympathetic audition and vision? Or is Machiavelli right when he says: "L'Uomo" or "L'Umanità vive in pochi"?—"The life of the race is concentrated in a few individuals."

III.

PITCH.

The preceding paragraphs have had to do with rhythm; the other limb of melody is the pitch and pitch-variation, and upon this our sole query is to be whether there is in speech, as there is in music, "tone-leading." We know that certain notes played in sequence call for other notes, for a "resolution," for a "close"; and in setting words to music it is often the hunger for this sort of musical apparatus that leads the musician away from the rhythm of the verse or makes him drag out the final syllables. What I want to get at is this: in the interpreting of the hidden melody of poetry into the more manifest melody of music, are there in the words themselves "tone-leading"? Granted a perfect accord of word and tune is attainable by singing a note to each syllable and a short or long note to short or long syllables respectively, and singing the syllable accented in verse on the note accented in the music, is there anything beyond this? Does, for instance, the voice really fall a little in speaking a vowel and nasal, and is a ligature of two notes one half-tone lower than the other and the first very short, a correct musical interpretation of such a sound as "son," "un," "cham"? And are there other such cases where a ligature is not so much distortion as explication.

Song demands now and again passages of pure sound, of notes free from the bonds of speech, and good lyric masters have given the musicians this holiday with stray nonsense lines or with "Hallelujah" and "Alba" and "Hey-nonny-nonny," asking in return that the rest of their words be left in statu.

No one man can set bounds to this sort of performance, and a full discussion of the case would fill a volume, which I have neither time nor inclination to write. The questions are, however, germane to the technique of our art.

A discussion of Arnaut Daniel's music—and Daniel is the particular slide in our microscope for the moment—would be, perhaps, too technical for these pages; but this much may be said, that his words, sung to the tunes he made for them, lose neither in beauty nor in intelligibility.

My questions may seem to be shot at random, but we are notably lacking in "song-literature," and if it is at all important to make good this deficit we must have first some consideration of the basic questions of mediation between word and tune, some close attention to the quality of our audition, some reasoning parley between the two people most concerned—the poet and the musician.

I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By Ezra Pound.

XI.

I HAVE been questioned, though rather in regard to "The Seafarer" than to Arnaut, how much of this translation is mine and how much the original. "The Seafarer" was as nearly literal, I think, as any translation can be. Nowhere in these poems of Arnaut's have I felt it my function to "ornament" the text. Nevertheless, I may be able to show more precisely the style of his language—now that I have conveyed the nature of his rhyme schemes—by giving one translation in prose.

Beyond its external symmetry, every formal poem should have its internal thought-form, or, at least, thought progress. This form can, of course, be as well displayed in a prose version as in a metrical one. It is usually the last thing to be learned by a maker of canzoni. In the present example it is neither remarkable nor deficient.

EN BREU BRISARAL TEMPS BRAUS.

I.

Soon will the harsh time break upon us, the north wind hoot in the branches which all swish together with their closed-over boughs of leaves; no bird sings nor "peeps" now, yet love teaches me to make a song that shall not be second nor third, but first for freeing the embittered heart.

II.

Love is the garden-close of worth, a pool of prowess (i.e., low flooded land) whence all good fruits are born if there be one to gather them faithfully; for not one does ice or snow destroy while the good trunk nourisheth them; but, if knave or coward break it, the sap is lost between the loyal.

III.

A fault mended is matter for praise; and I feel in both flanks that I have more love without thinking of it than have those who strut talking about it; it girds against my heart worse than a buckle. And as long as my lady shows her face angered against me, I'd rather bear pain in the desert where never bird hath eyrie.

IV.

Good doctrine and gentle, and the body clear, subtle and frank, have led me to the sure hold of love of her whom I most wish to receive me; for if she was harsh and crabbed with me, now would we cut long time short with pleasure, for she is more fine in my eyes and I am more set toward her than were Atalanta and Meleagar, the one to the other.

V.

I was so doubtful that for lack of daring I turned often from black to white, and desire so raids me and my mind that the heart knows not whether to dance or mourn; but Joy, who gives me faith to hope, blames me for not calling to her, for I'm so skilled at praying and have such slight wish for aught else except her.

VI.

It rests me to think of her, and I've both my eyes cankered when they're not looking at her; and think not that my heart turns from her, for neither prayers (*orars*—I think perhaps here, "prayers," ecclesiastical) nor jesting nor viol-playing can get me from her a reed's breadth. "From her!" What have I said?

C42

God cover me, may I perish in the sea (for setting those words together).

Arnaut would have his song offered up somewhere where a sweet word ends in "Agre."

This song invites comparison, in its subtle diagnosis, to Sappho's

φαίνεται μοι κήνος ἴσος θέοισιν,

or to Catullus' version:

"Ille mi par esse deo videtur,"

and to Guido's lines near:

"Gli occhi orbatì fa vedere scorti."

* * * * *

II.

I am not in the least sure that I have yet made clear the reasons for my writing these articles; one might conceivably translate a troubadour for one's own delectation, but explain him, never! Still, there is a unity of intention, not only in these rambling discourses, but in the translations of Arnaut and of the other poets.

As far as the "living art" goes, I should like to break up *cliché*, to disintegrate these magnetised groups that stand between the reader of poetry and the drive of it, to escape from lines composed of two very nearly equal sections, each containing a noun and each noun decorously attended by a carefully selected epithet gleaned, apparently, from Shakespeare, Pope, or Horace. For it is not until poetry lives again "close to the thing" that it will be a vital part of contemporary life. As long as the poet says not what he, at the very crux of a clarified conception, means, but is content to say something ornate and approximate, just so long will serious people, intently alive, consider poetry as balderdash—a sort of embroidery for dilettantes and women.

And the only way to escape from rhetoric and frilled paper decoration is through beauty—"beauty of the thing," certainly, but besides that, "beauty of the means." I mean by that that one must call a spade a spade in form so exactly adjusted, in a metric in itself so seductive, that the statement will not bore the auditor. Or again, since I seem to flounder in my attempt at utterance, we must have a simplicity and directness of utterance, which is different from the simplicity and directness of daily speech, which is more "curial," more dignified. This difference, this dignity, cannot be conferred by florid adjectives or elaborate hyperbole; it must be conveyed by art, and by the art of the verse structure, by something which exalts the reader, making him feel that he is in contact with something arranged more finely than the commonplace.

There are few fallacies more common than the opinion that poetry should mimic the daily speech. Works of art attract by a resembling unlikeness. Colloquial poetry is to the real art as the barber's wax dummy is to sculpture. In every art I can think of we are dammed and clogged by the mimetic; dynamic acting is nearly forgotten; the painters of the moment escape through eccentricity.

The second question across my path is: Is my direction the right one? "Technique," that much berated term, means not only suavity of exterior, but means the clinch of expression on the thing intended to be expressed. Through it alone has *the art*, as distinct from the work of the accidentally inspired genius, any chance for resurrection.

I have spent six months of my life translating fifteen experiments of a man living in what one of my more genial critics calls "a very dead past." Is this justifiable in anyone who is not purely a philologist?

Canello, who is a philologist, tells us that Arnaut used more different rhyme sounds than any other troubadour. I think it is ninety-two against Vidal's fifty-eight, and Vidal's work is far greater in bulk. I have forgotten the exact numbers. The statement is bare enough and sufficiently uninteresting.

I have no especial interest in rhyme. It tends to draw away the artist's attention from forty to ninety per cent. of his syllables and concentrate it on the admittedly more prominent remainder. It tends to draw him into prolixity and pull him away from the

thing. Nevertheless, it is one part, and a very small part of his technique. If he is to learn it with the least waste of energy, he might well study it in the work not of its greatest master, but of the man who first considered it critically, tried and tested it, and controlled it from the most diverse angles of attack. In a study of mathematics we pursue a course as sane as that which I here suggest.

I do not in the least wish to reinstate the Provençal canzon or to start a movement. The Italian canzone is in many ways more fit for general use, yet there are certain subjects which could be more aptly dealt with in the more centred Provençal forms.

This matter of rhyme may seem slight and far from life, yet out of the early study of Dante's writing there grew up the graceful legend that, while he was working at the "Commedia," all the Italian rhymes appeared to him each one embodied as a woman, and that they all asked him the honour of being included in the masterpiece, and that he granted all their requests, as you may see to-day, for not one of them is forgotten.

Yet a study of Dante gives one less real grip on the problem of rhyming than a study of Daniel; for Daniel comes with an open mind, he looks about him in all directions; while Dante, out of the wealth of experiment at his disposal, chooses a certain few arrangements which best suit his immediate purpose.

III.

As for the scholastic bearing, which matters much less than the artistic, if one wished an intimate acquaintance with the politics of England or Germany at certain periods, would one be wiser to read a book of generalities and then read at random through the archives, or to read through, let us say, first the State papers of Bismarck or Gladstone? Having become really conversant with the activities of either of these men, would not almost any document of the period fall, if we read it, into some sort of orderly arrangement? Would we not grasp its relation to the main stream of events?

Seeing that it is no mere predilection of my own, but an attempt to elucidate Dante's judgment, I am quite ready to hold the position that Arnaut is the finest of the troubadours against such modern scholars as happen to disagree.

I do not mean by that that he has written anything more poignant than de Born's "Si tuit li dol el plor el marrimen," or anything more haunting than Vidal's "Ab l'alen tir vas me l'aire," or that his personality was more poetic than that of Arnaut de Marvoil, or his mind more subtle than that of Aimeric de Belenoi; but simply that Arnaut's work as a whole is more interesting. They say that Marvoil is simpler; Daniel has his moments of simplicity.

"Pensar de lieis m'es repaus"—"It rests me to think of her." You cannot get statement simpler than that, or clearer, or less rhetorical. Still, this is a matter of æsthetic judgment, "de gusti bus."

In this paragraph I wish to be strictly pedagogical. Arnaut was at the centre of the thing. So intimate a study of nearly any other troubadour would bore one, and might not throw much light on the work of the others; having analysed or even read an analysis of Arnaut, any other Provençal canzon is clearer to one. Knowing him, I mean, one can read the rest of Provençal poetry with as little need for special introductions and annotation as one has in reading the Victorians. We know in reading, let us say, de Born, what part is personal, what part is technical, how good it is in manner, how good in matter. And this method of study seems to me the one in which the critic or professor presents the energetic part of his knowledge: the method by which the audience becomes most intelligent of or the most sensitive to the subject or period discussed.

The virtue of Arnaut's poetry as art is not antipathetic to his value as a strategic point in scholarship; but the two things should be held very distinctly separate in the mind of the reader. The first might exist quite independently of the latter. Villon's relation to his contemporaries is, for instance, most dissimilar.

I Gather the Limbs of Osiris.

By Ezra Pound.

XII.—THREE CANZONI OF ARNAUT DANIEL.

SOLS SUI QUE SAI.

I.

ONLY I know what over-anguish falls
Upon the heart of love so over-borne,
My over-longing that's so whole and strong
Turns not from her, nay, never since these eyes
First saw her has the flame upon them quailed.
And I, afar, speak to her words like flame,
And near her, having much, there's nought for saying.

II.

To others blind I am, deaf to their calls;
In solely her, sight, sound and wonder are born.
In all this speech I do the truth no wrong,
Yet my mouth cannot speak the heart's device;
Hills, dales, roads, plains! O'er all these were I haled
I'd find in no one form such charms to fame
As God hath set in her for their assaying.

III.

Truth, I have stood in many princely halls;
With her alone doth all praise seem but scorn.
Temper and wit are hers, to her belong
Beauty and youth, good deeds and fair emprise;
Courtesy brought her up, she is well mailed
'Gainst every sinister thing, and from her name
There's nothing good, I think, that's fled or straying.

IV.

Pleasure with her were never short or false.
I ask her watch what way my will is worn.
For ne'er shall she know it from open song
Unless my heart yield up his secrecies;
And never Rhonc, when he is most assailed
By hill-torrents, knows turmoil, but the same
Is less than my heart's pooled with her, and swaying.

V.

Faint lure of other fair goes stale and palls,
And those compared to her cannot but mourn,
Seeing her grace exult above their throng.
Ah, if I win not! keen my miseries!
And yet I laugh through pain and am regaled.
For I hold her in thought, this is my shame.
God, were this actual! Ah, hope's betraying!

VI.

I am grown foreign to the tilt-yard's walls,
And all the joy of joys is from me torn
Save that one joy that's never known among
Liars. And if I know her treasures . . .
Ill said? Perhaps, if with you I have failed,
For rather than speak words which draw your blame
I'd lose all words and voice and end all praying.

VII.

The song asks you to say he hath not failed.
Arnaut cares little who shall praise or blame
If only you welcome the song and saying.

RICA CONQUESTA.

THE SONG "OF HIGH ALL-ATTAINING."

I.

Did Lord Love lay upon me his wide largess
As I bear mine to her, with open heart,
He'd set no bar between me and the great,
For I'm borne up and fall as this love surges;

Yet, reckoning how she is the peak of worth,
I mount in mine own eyes by daring her
'Till heart and mind cry out that I'll attain
This rich conquest that's set for my attaining.

II.

I care not though delay delay enlarges,
For I sweep toward, and pool me in such part
That the mere words she speaks hold me elate.
I'd follow her until they sing my dirges.
Sure as I can tell gold from brassy earth
She is without alloy; without demur
My faith and I are steadfast in her train
Until her lips invest me, past all feigning.

III.

The good respite recalls me and then discharges
A sweet desire wherewith my flanks so smart,
Yet quietly I bear my beggared state
For o'er all other peaks her grace emerges;
Whoe'er is noblest seemeth of base birth
Compared to her; let him play justicer
Who 'th seen how charm, worth, wit and sense all
reign,
Increase and dwell and stay where she dwells reigning.

IV.

Don't think my will will waste it o'er its marges
(She is so fair!), divide it or depart;
Nay, by the dove, God's ghost, the consecrate,
My mind's not mine, nor hers if it diverges!
No man desires, in all the wide world's girth,
Fortune, with such desires as are astir
In me herward, and they reap my disdain
Who deem love's pain a thing for light sustaining.

V.

Ah "All-Supreme," leave me no room for charges
That you are miserly. My love's sans art,
Candid, my heart cannot shake off its weight;
It's not the sort that bottle-madness urges,
But, as night endeth day, doth day my mirth.
I bow me toward you where my vows concur,
Nor think my heart will ever be less fain,
The flame is in my head and burns unwaning.

VI.

A cursed flame eat through your tongues and targes,
Sick slanderers until your sick eyes start
And go blind; 'till your vile jests abate
We loose our steeds and mancs. And loss submerges
Almost love's self. God damn you that your dearth
Of sense brings down the shame that we incur.
Sad fools! What blighting-star grows you this bane
To kill in you th' effect of all our training?

VII.

Lady, I've borne delay and will again
Bear long delay in trust of high attaining.

BIRD-LATIN.

I.

Clamour, sweet cries,
And melodies are bruited
About by birds who in their Sunday-speech
Pray each to each in manner even as we
To those lief ladies whom our thoughts intend;
For this cause I, as toward the noblest tending,
Should make a song beyond all competition
Wherein there's no word false, no rhyme deflected.

II.

Strayed in no wise,
In no false path confuted,
I entered in that castle without breach
Wherein that lady dwells who hath famished me
With greater lack than wrought Sir Vivian's end.
I gape, I stretch. How oft ere one day's ending?
A thousand times for her whose 'bove position
As far as sheer joy is o'er wrath respected.

III.

With clear replies,
 And my talk undisputed,
 I was received. And nothing can impeach
 My choice of her. Good gold I got in fee,
 Not copper, when we kissed at that day's end.
 And she made over me a shield, extending
 Her mantle of indigo, fair, to th' excision
 Of liars' sight, who've serpents' tongues perfected.

IV.

God who did'st rise,
 And by whom were commuted
 Longinus his blind sin, Thee I beseech
 That we lie in some room communally
 And seal that pact whereon such joys attend.
 There with embraces and low laughter blending
 Until she give her body to my vision,
 There with the glamour of the lamp reflected:

V.

The floweret lies
 Before the branch hath fruited,
 Unfolded half, trembling where birds' beaks reach,
 But not more fresh than she. No empery,
 Not Rome, Jerusalem, nor Tyr could bend
 Me from her, as I give me, hands joined, bending
 In homage to her, and in like contrition
 Spain's king and Dover's might be more respected.

VI.

Mouth in what guise
 Speakst thou? Art thou deputed
 To spoil me of promised gifts such as could teach
 Honour to the Greek Emperor or to the
 Rulers of Rome, Palestine, Trebizend?
 Yet 'gainst love I've no power for my defending.
 O mouth, how fain thou art of my perdition.
 How mad that man who hath his joy rejected.

THE END.

C43

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

HIGH GERMANY. By Ford Madox Hueffer. (Duckworth. 1s. net.)

"MR HUEFFER is making some sort of experiment in modernity." The results will displease most readers. They are nevertheless interesting. They are more readable than the works of most of his contemporaries, because Mr Hueffer fills in the lacunæ between his occasional passages of poetry with doggerel instead of with dullness, rhetorical, heavy, ornate. The poems would be less significant if the author had not behind him a past of Pre-Raphaelite practices. The experiment is, that is to say, serious.

Three poems, "The Starling," "In the Little Old Market-Place," "To all the Dead," succeed. In them, the author, so over-susceptible to influence, shakes himself free; he does what he set out to do; he is like only himself. The faults, if they be faults, are faults of intention, not of performance.

Mr Hueffer is so obsessed with the idea that the language of poetry should not be a dead language, that he forgets it must be the speech of to-day, dignified, more intense, more dynamic, than to-day's speech as spoken.

Mr Hueffer's cadence is good because it fits the mood of his work.

His flaw is the flaw of impressionism, impressionism, that is, carried out of its due medium. Impressionism belongs in paint, it is of the eye. The cinematograph records, for instance, the "impression" of any given action or place, far more exactly than the finest writing, it transmits the impression to its "audience" with less work on their part. A ball of gold and a gilded ball give the same "impression" to the painter. Poetry is in some odd way concerned with the specific gravity of things, with their nature.

Their nature *and* show, if you like; with the relation between them, but not with show alone.

The *conception* of poetry is a process more intense than the *reception* of an impression. And no impression, however carefully articulated, can, recorded, convey that feeling of sudden light which the works of art should and must convey. Poetry is not much a matter of explications.

Thus in Mr Hueffer there is a fecundity of poetic idea and of impression, but the rendering, as in "All the Dead," first offends a little, then, as we see the relation of the conversational passages to those more intense, it impresses us. Here, we say, is life articulated; things in relation. It is Browning's method brought up to date. Yet on the third or fourth reading, the jokes are stale. We believe that which is really poetic in the poem could have been—with much more labour, to be sure, on the author's part—conveyed without them. Yet this poem, very strongly, and "The Starling," and "In the Little Old Market-Place," do convey the author's mood, a mood grown of his own life, his own belief, not second-hand, or culled from books. They are true music. They are rare music. And the book is interesting, let us say to me personally, because Mr Hueffer is searching—perhaps a little nonchalantly, but no matter—for a vital something which has in too great a degree slipped out of modern poetry.

EZRA POUND.

C44

C43 Continued

C44 The Book of the Month. *Poetry Review*, I. 3 (Mar. 1912) 133.
 A review of *High Germany*, by Ford Madox Hueffer.

THE WISDOM OF POETRY

EZRA POUND

A BOOK which was causing some clatter about a year ago, and which has been mercifully forgotten, a book displaying considerable vigorous, inaccurate thought, fathomless ignorance, and no taste whatever, claimed, among other things less probable, that it presented the first "scientific and satisfactory definition of poetry." The definition ran as follows: "Poetry is the expression of insensuous thought in sensuous terms by means of artistic trope, and the dignification of thought by analogically articulated imagery." The word "artistic" remains undefined and we have, therefore, one unknown thing defined in terms of another unknown thing of similar nature; a mode of definition neither "scientific" nor "satisfactory"—even though one should agree with the dogma of trope.

There follows this "more extended definition": "Poetry is the expression of imaginative thought by means only of the essentials to thought, conserving energy for thought perception—to which end all animate, inanimate and intangible things may assume the properties and attributes of tangible, living, thinking and speaking things, possessing the power of becoming what they seem, or of transfiguration into what they suggest."

This is applicable in part to the equations of analytics, *in toto* to painting, sculpture and certain other arts; for it is nonsense to consider words as the only "essentials to thought"; some people think in terms of objects themselves, some in pictures, diagrams, or in musical sounds, and perception by symbolic vision is swifter and more complex than that by ratiocination.

Throughout the volume our scientist shows himself incapable of distinguishing between poetry and a sort of florid rhetorical bombast, but the definitions quoted do not suffice to prove his ignorance of his subject. They betray rather his confused mode of thought and his nescience of the very nature of definition. I shall assume that any definition to be "scientific" or "satisfactory" should have at least four parts; it should define with regard to: purpose or function; to relation; to substance; to properties.

Poetry, as regards its function or purpose, has the common purpose of the arts, which purpose Dante most clearly indicates in the line where he speaks of:

“That melody which most doth draw
The soul unto itself.”

Borrowing a terminology from Spinoza, we might say: The function of an art is to free the intellect from the tyranny of the affects, or, leaning on terms, neither technical nor metaphysical: the function of an art is to strengthen the perceptive faculties and free them from encumbrance, such encumbrances, for instance, as set moods, set ideas, conventions; from the results of experience which is common but unnecessary, experience induced by the stupidity of the experiencer and not by inevitable laws of nature. Thus Greek sculpture freed men's minds from the habit of considering the human body merely with regard to its imperfections. The Japanese grotesque frees the mind from the conception of things merely as they *have been* seen. With the art of Beardsley we enter the realm of pure intellect; the beauty of the work is wholly independent of the appearance of the things portrayed. With Rembrandt we are brought to consider the exact nature of things seen, to consider the individual face, not the conventional or type face which we may have learned to expect on canvas.

Poetry is identical with the other arts in this main purpose, that is, of liberation; it differs from them in its media, to wit, words as distinct from pigment, pure sound, clay and the like. It shares its media with music in so far as words are composed of inarticulate sounds.

Our scientist reaching toward a truth speaks of “the essentials to thought”; these are not poetry, but a constituent substance of poetry.

The Art of Poetry consists in combining these “essentials to thought,” these dynamic particles, *si licet*, this radium, with that melody of words which shall most draw the emotions of the hearer toward accord with their import, and with that “form” which shall most delight the intellect.

By “melody” I mean variation of sound quality, mingling

with a variation of stress. By "form" I mean the arrangement of the verse, *sic* into ballades, canzoni, and the like symmetrical forms, or into blank verse or into free verse, where presumably, the nature of the thing expressed or of the person supposed to be expressing it, is antagonistic to external symmetry. Form may delight by its symmetry or by its aptness.

The methods of this fusing, tempering and shaping concern the artist; the results alone are of import to the public.

II

Poets in former ages were of certain uses to the community; i.e., as historians, genealogists, religious functionaries. In Provence the *gai savoir* was both theatre and opera. The troubadour and jongleur were author, dramatist, composer, actor and popular tenor. In Tuscany the canzone and the sonnet held somewhat the place of the essay and the short story. Elizabethan drama appeared at a time when it was a society fad to speak beautifully. Has the poet, apart from these obsolete and accidental uses, any permanent function in society? I attempt the following scientific answers:

Thought is perhaps important to the race, and language, the medium of thought's preservation, is constantly wearing out. It has been the function of poets to new-mint the speech, to supply the vigorous terms for prose. Thus Tacitus is full of Vergilian half lines; and poets may be "kept on" as conservators of the public speech, or prose, perhaps, becoming more and more an art, may become, or may have become already, self-sustaining.

As the poet was, in ages of faith, the founder and emendor of all religions, so, in ages of doubt, is he the final agnostic; that which the philosopher presents as truth, the poet presents as that which appears as truth to a certain sort of mind under certain conditions.

"To thine own self be true" were nothing were it not spoken by Polonius, who has never called his soul his own.

The poet is consistently agnostic in this; that he does not postulate his ignorance as a positive thing. Thus his observa-

tions rest as the enduring data of philosophy. He grinds an axe for no dogma. Now that mechanical science has realized his ancient dreams of flight and sejnct communication, he is the advance guard of the psychologist on the watch for new emotions, new vibrations sensible to faculties as yet ill understood. As Dante writes of the sunlight coming through the clouds from a hidden source and illuminating part of a field, long before the painters had depicted such effects of light and shade, so are later watchers on the alert for color perceptions of a subtler sort, neither affirming them to be "astral" or "spiritual" nor denying the formulæ of theosophy. The traditional methods are not antiquated, nor are poets necessarily the atavisms which they seem. Thus poets may be retained as friends of this religion of doubt, but the poet's true and lasting relation to literature and life is that of the abstract mathematician to science and life. As the little world of abstract mathematicians is set a-quiver by some young Frenchman's deductions on the functions of imaginary values—worthless to applied science of the day—so is the smaller world of serious poets set a-quiver by some new subtlety of cadence. Why?

A certain man named Plarr and another man whose name I have forgotten, some years since, developed the functions of a certain obscure sort of equation, for no cause save their own pleasure in the work. The applied science of their day had no use for the deductions, a few sheets of paper covered with arbitrary symbols—without which we should have no wireless telegraph.

What the analytical geometer does for space and form, the poet does for the states of consciousness. Let us therefore consider the nature of the formulæ of analytics.

By the signs $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$, I imply the circle. By $(a - r)^2 + (b - r)^2 = (c - r)^2$, I imply the circle and its mode of birth. I am led from the consideration of the particular circles formed by my ink-well and my table-rim, to the contemplation of the circle absolute, its law; the circle free in all space, unbounded, loosed from the accidents of time and place. Is the formula nothing, or is it cabala and the sign of unintelligible magic? The engineer, understanding and translating to the many, builds for

Patria Mia.

By Ezra Pound.

II.

THE Englishman, in dealing with the American, forgets, I think, that he has to do with a southerner, a man of the Mid. He thinks, erroneously, that the United States, once a set of his colonies, is by race Anglo-Saxon. More of that anon. New York is on the same parallel with Florence, Philadelphia is farther south than Rome. The Jew alone can retain his detestable qualities, despite climatic conditions. That is, perhaps, an overstatement, but it is certain that the climate has about as much to do with the characteristics of a people as has their ethnology. And especially if the race is mongrel, one stock neutralising the forces of the other, the climate takes up its lordship and decrees the nature of the people resulting.

America was found full of nomads, or rather of people ranging, restless within certain vaguely defined borders. Whatever the origin of the red man, his nature was neither that of the Esquimaux nor that of the Chinese.

In Europe, race after race has drifted into Spain, into France, into England. One finds types so diverse in all these countries and one finds a national average, and this latter is climatic.

The most apparent effect of the American climate is the American morale. Especially in matters of sex all concepts of right depend on the nerves, which depend on the sun, on the wind, the dryness or dampness of the air.

The morale of Massachusetts will never be that of South Carolina. No country but America could have produced the code that one finds, first, all about one and later, when one takes to reading anthologies, in Emerson's verses, ending :

When half-gods go
The gods arrive.

And having in another stanza the lines :—

Nor thou detain her vesture's hem,
Nor the palest rose she flung
From her summer diadem.

As every living writer either has written, or is writing, on sex, sex, sex, till there is no end of x's, I pray to be for a little space excused with the simple statement that there is an American variant of the prevailing legends. The Englishman, the Frenchman, and the American are, normally, mutually, equally shocked by each other's behaviour. Gaby Deslys presents the Gallic point of view, and one feels the English audience about one blushing to its ears. The Russian dancers present their splendid, luxurious paganism, and everyone with a pre-Raphaelite or Swinburnian education is in raptures. What "morality" will be two hundred years hence is beyond all prediction. Our present standards may seem as distasteful to that age as does mediæval asceticism to the present. It is probable at the date of this writing that "the American" would be less shocked at the French morality than at the English if he were brought face to face with either.

After the attempted revival of mysticism we may be in for a new donation, a sort of eugenic paganism.

In all this rambling I have my memory upon the uncertainty of standards which accompanied the Italian Renaissance, and was, perhaps, a symptom or forecast of it.

Having been brought up in the American mediæval system, I see also a sign in the surging crowd on Seventh Avenue (New York). A crowd pagan as ever

imperial Rome was, eager, careless, with an animal vigour unlike that of any European crowd that I have ever looked at. There is none of the melancholy, the sullenness, the unhealth of the London mass, none of the worn vivacity of Paris. I do not believe it is the temper of Vienna.

One returns from Europe and one takes note of the size and vigour of this new strange people. They are not Anglo-Saxon; their gods are not the gods whom one was reared to reverence. And one wonders what they have to do with lyric measures and the nature of "quantity."

And one knows they are the dominant people and that they are against all delicate things. So much for the crowd, the future. They will never imagine beautiful pleasantries.

Joseph Cambell once told me of a peasant whom he met in the middle of a peat bog. And he (Cambell) said : "It's rather dull here?" And the peasant said : "Faith, ye can sit on a middan and dream stars."

Now this new metropolitan has his desire sated before it is aroused. Electricity has for him made the seeing of visions superfluous. There is the sham fairyland at Coney Island, and, however sordid it is when one is in it, it is marvellous against the night as one approaches it or leaves it. And the city itself about him, Manhattan! Has it not buildings that are Egyptian in their contempt of the unit?

For that is the spirit of the down-town architecture, as surely as it was the spirit of the Pyramids. The Egyptian monarch despised the individual slave as effectively as the American despises the individual dollar.

And here, not in the contempt, perhaps, but surely in the architecture, is our first sign of the "alba" America, the nation, the embryo of New York. The city has put forth its own expression. The first of the arts arrives. Architecture that has never wholly perished from the earth, that has scarcely ever slept for so long a period as the other arts, has appeared amongst us.

It is natural that she should first appear. For is she not more closely allied to use and to the sense of property than are the other arts?

Did not the palaces of the Renaissance have an advertising value? Is it anything but normal that architecture should be first to answer the summons? At any rate, in these new buildings the mire of commerce has fostered the beautiful leaf. So commerce has, it would seem, its properties worthy of praise—apart from its utility.

And in our architecture the artist may set his hope, for after a people has learned a fineness of beauty from good buildings, after it has achieved thus the habit of discrimination, it will not be long patient of unsound and careless production in the other arts. And the intellectual hunger for beauty, which is begotten of comparisons, will not rest content with one food only.

It was part of our mediæval system that men should build themselves great houses. Thus there are, within a mile or two of my home, a castle something like Hawarden, and one something like Blenheim, and a great manor house (Elizabethan), and many smaller affairs of divers sort, and a number of older estates with splendid interiors; and none of this is architecture, it is all very ornamental, but architecture consists in fitting a form to a purpose, and a place fit to hold a garrison for defence is of little use to a man with no acquaintance.

The real achievement is in such work as the Pennsylvania R.R. station, in New York City, and the "Metropolitan Life" tower.

Patria Mia.

By Ezra Pound.

III.

He lacks originality of imagination. He? The plutocrat of our mediæval period. Wishing to magnify his name, his sole recourse is to do what some one else has done and to do it bigger.

Hence the great houses. Hence the feudal system, lacking in this, namely: That if we have had our Savarie de Malleon, no one has spread his rumour abroad.

There is a tale told of a certain man in, I think, Chicago, who was diverted by the personality of one Bill Donohue (or, perhaps, Murphy), a pugilist, and being led on by our American love of incongruities he left the said William Donohue alone in a drawing-room with certain ladies of society.

And the ladies had nothing to say. And Donohue had nothing to say. And things remained for some while in that status. And Donohue, in large kid gloves, sat on the edge of a small chair and he grew redder and redder. And finally, to relieve the tension, he broke forth:—

"Bet I can lift the piano!"

But no one took him up. And in due season the wag returned.

The "successful" American has found himself more than once in like pass. He looks at the civilised peoples of the world and bets he can lift the piano. And they seem to find the matter irrelevant, being imbedded in their own particular and more effete sorts of stupidity.

Nevertheless, after our period of beautiful castles there comes the beginning of our architecture.

And this is a Renaissance. As touching the metropolitan tower; the "campanile" form has been obsolete for some centuries. When towns ceased to need watch towers the "campanile" ceased as a living architectural mode.

With the advance of steel construction it has become possible to build in the proportions of the campanile something large enough to serve as an office building. This tower is some 700 odd feet high and dominates New York as the older towers dominate hill towns of Tuscany. It is white and very beautiful, and it is imperfect, for its clock projects in a very ugly manner. But no man with sensibilities can pass the base of it without some savour of pride and some thought beyond the moment.

And, beside, it is Dr. Parkhurst's new church, a gem to be sought from afar. (For God's sake don't go in while the assistant is preaching.) This scrap of building has, perhaps, little to do with the future, but it is a re-birth, a copy, as good as anything Palladio cribbed from Vitruvius.

It has what the more interesting experiments have not as yet achieved: to wit, correctness.

To return to the question of campanile, there is on Gramercy Park, and in sight of what were my windows, a candid and new building. Its ground plan is the shape you would have if you took three rows of three squares each on a checker-board and then removed the middle square of the front row.

And as the indenture is in shadow, one seems, in looking down Twenty-first Street and across the square, to see two twin towers. And this also is a very delightful use of the campanile motif. But the ass who built it has set a round water-tank just where it spoils the sky line. And for the next three decades nothing will prevent this sort of imbecility. It is convenient to have the water-tank higher than the top

floor. To build the water-tank as a turret, retaining the lines of the building, is, and will remain, beyond their aspiration.

The new library is another example of level, of false construction. The rear elevation is clever, it is well adapted to the narrow demand of light for the book stacks. But they have tried to conceal a third floor behind the balustrade. The balustrade becomes false, the third floor shows like an undershirt projecting beyond a man's cuffs. The shape of the roof is hideous. As the library is surrounded by tall buildings, the library is constantly seen from above. It violates the basic principle of art which demands that the artist consider from what angle and elevation his work is to be seen.

I found it impossible to make a younger member of the architect's firm understand any of this.

He said they needed the room. He would have said also in the other case that "they needed the tank." May God smite all his sort with the pip and send us another generation.

There is, nevertheless, a fine spirit of experiment at work. One man has built an apartment house west of the park and stuck on the façade of a Gothic cathedral. The result is bad, but the spirit which tries this sort of thing is bound to win to some better ending.

For the great Pennsylvania R.R. station they have copied the baths of Diocletian, or some such person. They have an entrance and a great passage, plain, well fit for a great swarming of people, yet the small approaches to the tracks are narrow, and you do not get through them without a sense of being cramped and crowded.

I was discussing the conditions of our architecture with a man (Edgar Williams) who has what is I suppose our "Prix de Rome"; at least there are ten Americans kept in the eternal city to learn all they can of the ancient excellence of painting, architecture and sculpture. And he and I were examining Italy. In "San Zeno" (at Verona) one finds columns with the artisan's signature at the base. Thus: "Me Mateus fecit." That is what we have not, where columns are ordered by the gross. And this is a matter of "industrial conditions." The perfect work is not yet.

Nevertheless, America is the only place where contemporary architecture may be held to be of any great interest. That art at least is alive.

And New York is the most beautiful city in the world?

It is not far from it. No urban night is like the nights there. I have looked down across the city from high windows. It is then that the great buildings lose reality and take on their magical powers. They are immaterial; that is to say one sees but the lighted windows.

Squares after squares of flame, set and cut into the æther. Here is our poetry, for we have pulled down the stars to our will.

As for the harbour, and the city from the harbour, a huge Irishman stood beside me the last time I went back there and he tried vainly to express himself by repeating:—

"It uccedes Lundun."

"It uccedes Lundun."

I have seen Cadiz from the water. The thin, white lotus beyond a dazzle of blue. I know somewhat of cities. The Irishman thought of size alone. I thought of the beauty, and beside it Venice seems like a tawdry scene in a play-house. New York is out of doors.

And as for Venice; when Mr. Marinetti and his friends shall have succeeded in destroying that ancient city, we will rebuild Venice on the Jersey mud flats and use the same for a tea-shop.

Patria Mia.

By Ezra Pound.

IV.

"It is strange how all taint of art or letters seems to shun that continent" (America).

said Mr. —.

No it is not strange, for every man, or practically every man, with enough mental energy to make him interesting is engaged in either business or politics. And our politics are by now no more than a branch of business.

"And why do interesting men concern themselves with such matters?" That question was asked me a week ago.

It is because these matters are very interesting. They are in flux. There is constant change of condition. The country is a different place each decade. There is no institution—bar the few general forms of government, of customs, of police, etc., there is no actual institution, no business relation, which is static, and none to which there is more than temporary allegiance.

It is very difficult for me to make clear my meaning, which is, in effect, simple enough.

The sort of man who made America is nomadic, or at least migratory. Europe, in the day of Clodovic, was not more prey to swirls and tides of peoples. Out of races static there came in the beginning the migratory element, and generation by generation this divided itself into parts, static and migratory, and the former was marooned and left inert, and the latter pushed on to new forests, to mines, to grazing land.

Of the sort that went into Kansas in "the 'fifties," there went over the border into the new lands of Canada and British Columbia 150,000 in, I think, 1907.

From the living members of my own family I know of types of phases of civilisation that have not only passed from one belt of land, but are even gone entirely.

The static element of the Anglo-Saxon migration is submerged and well nigh lost in the pool of the races which have followed them.

It is very hard, with so much unsorted matter in my mind, to hold closely to the theme I had intended to disentangle; to wit, that the business man of 1840-60, of '60-80, of 1912 is not the same.

Nothing much is the same, except the climate and its effects.

The type of man who built railways, cleared the forest, planned irrigation, is different from the type of man who can hold on to the profits of subsequent industry. Whereas this first man was a man of dreams, in a time when dreams paid, a man of adventure, careless—this latter is a close person, acquisitive, rapacious, tenacious. The first man had personality, and was, "god dam you" himself, Silas P. Hacker, or such like. The present type is primarily a mask, his ideal is the nickel-plated cash register, and toward the virtues thereof he doth continual strive and tend.

The first man dealt with men, the latter deals with paper. Apart from "business" he is a man "of little comfort" and lacking in conversation.

I do not mean to say that the adventurer is extinct among us, or that the Anglo-Saxon is extinct. I simply mean that the type of mind that brought business success in 1870 does not bring it in 1910, and as for adventure, I know two men in New York, full men, and they have fought in battles and sailed before the mast and lived on everything from \$2.50 per week, precarious, to \$7,500 per annum.

And once, when they were both for a space clerks in an insurance office, I fell in with a certain versifier, one not wholly lacking in talents of imitation, and I took him with me to their boarding house, partly because I wished to dilute the boredom which his unattended society was causing me, partly because I thought it might do him good to be, for a space, among men.

And in the course of the evening, he being bold as a lion, thinking himself in face of the representatives of hated commercialism, set himself to elevating conversation. He insisted on reading to us a bad poem—of someone else's (I say that, at least, for him)—from a current magazine, a profanation of some or other emotion.

And we three others were vastly embarrassed to maintain our respective gravities. For in the first place the clerks were born gentlemen, which the versifier was not, and in the second, they knew vastly more of books than ever he did, or than ever he will; and one of them has a rare bent for reading between Shakespeare and Rabelais, and he is a natural recounter of life, one wielding a vocabulary and a racy, painted speech that would do no shame to his Elizabethan namesake. So for a space this puppet, this poseur, who has never read anything printed before 1890, and whose whole art consists in the imitation of one living author, instructed us and simpered of higher things.

And that is "art in America," or rather it is "literature." And that is why "the American" cannot be expected to take it seriously, and why it is left to the care of ladies' societies, and of "current events' clubs," and is numbered among the "cultural influences." And the diseases of our art, or let me say, for the moment, of our literature, are several.

Poetry is, in letters, the earlier form; a nation writes good poetry before it begins to write good prose. We seem to reverse this. There are some American books—contemporary—which are, though half in argot, well written. They have the same excellencies which one finds among our "advt." writers. For in the composition of advertisements there is some attention paid to a living and effective style. Wherever there is an immediate ratio between action and profit the American will at once develop his faculties.

Apart from such symptomatic prose, there is no man now living in America whose work is of the slightest interest to any serious artist. It is the glory of a nation to achieve art which can be exported without bringing dishonour on its origin.

Letters are a nation's foreign office. By the arts, and by them almost alone do nations gain for each other any understanding and intimate respect.

It is the patriotism of the artist, and it is almost the only civic duty allowed him, that he achieve such work as shall not bring his nation into world's eyes ridiculous.

It is important that channels of the art be kept clear. Or, to leave all these metaphors and strain another: Letters are also to a nation what sextants and such like instruments are to a ship. It is of vital import that they be accurate.

It is of little matter if they are handled by only a few. By them, and by them almost alone, can the administration of the nation "know where she is at."

The diseases of American letters are, first, foremost, and primarily: dry-rot, magazitis. There are minor diseases; for instance, in poetry there are certain poxes as follows:—

There is the "school of virility," or "red blood"; it seems to imagine that man is differentiated from the lower animals by possession of the phallus. Their work reads like a Sandow booklet.

There is the "gorgeous school" following the respective worsts of Kipling and of Swinburne. Their aim is, it seems, to name as many constellations and to encumber them with as many polysyllabic adjectives as possible, appropriate or inappropriate.

There is the sociological school, which repeats in weak verse the ideas expressed in the prose of last year's magazines.

There are under similar banner the post-Whitmanians. Now Whitman was not an artist, but a reflex, the first honest reflex, in an age of papier-mache letters. He was the time and the people (of 1860-80); that is, perhaps, as offensive as anything one can say of either.

His "followers" go no further than to copy the defects of his style. They take no count of the issue that an honest reflex of 1912 will result in something utterly different from the reflex of 1865.

There is about the feet of all these splashes the school of "normal production," i.e., those who fill pages with nice domestic sentiments inoffensively versified.

And over all this there swells the appalling fungus of our "better magazines."

TO WHISTLER, AMERICAN

On the loan exhibit of his paintings at the Tate Gallery.

You also, our first great,
Had tried all ways;
Tested and pried and worked in many fashions,
And this much gives me heart to play the game.

Here is a part that's slight, and part gone wrong,
And much of little moment, and some few
Perfect as Dürer!

"In the Studio" and these two portraits,* if I had my choice!
And then these sketches in the mood of Greece?

You had your searches, your uncertainties,
And this is good to know—for us, I mean,
Who bear the brunt of our America
And try to wrench her impulse into art.

You were not always sure, not always set
To hiding night or tuning "symphonies";
Had not one style from birth, but tried and pried
And stretched and tampered with the media.

You and Abe Lincoln from that mass of dolts
Show us there's chance at least of winning through.

Ezra Pound

C52

*"Brown and Gold—de Race."
"Grenat et Or—Le Petit Cardinal."

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

MIDDLE-AGED

A STUDY IN AN EMOTION

" 'Tis but a vague, invarious delight
As gold that rains about some buried king.
As the fine flakes,
When tourists frolicking
Stamp on his roof or in the glazing light
Try photographs, wolf down their ale and ca
And start to inspect some further pyramid;
As the fine dust, in the hid cell beneath
Their transitory step and merriment,
Drifts through the air, and the sarcophagus
Gains yet another crust
Of useless riches for the occupants;
So I, the fires that lit once dreams
Now over and spent,
Lie dead within four walls
And so now love
Rains down and so enriches some stiff case,
And strews a mind with precious metaphors,
And so the space
Of my still consciousness
Is full of gilded snow,
The which, no cat has eyes enough
To see the brightness of."

C53

C52 TO WHISTLER, AMERICAN. ON THE LOAN EXHIBIT OF HIS PAINTINGS AT THE TATE GALLERY. *Poetry*, Chicago, Ill., I. 1 (Oct. 1912) 7.

The autograph manuscript of this poem, as submitted to Harriet Monroe for publication in *Poetry*, is reproduced in facsimile in *Famous Verse Manuscripts . . . Prepared by the Editors of Poetry* ([Chicago, 1954]), pp. 20–21.

C53 MIDDLE-AGED, A STUDY IN AN EMOTION. *Poetry*, I. 1 (Oct. 1912) 8.

A SELECTION FROM *THE TEMPERS*. By William Carlos Williams.

[Introductory Note by Ezra Pound.]

GOD forbid that I should introduce Mr Williams as a cosmic force. To give sound criticism of a man's work after it is published is so difficult a task that we find it rarely done well, but to criticize a man's work before it is written is a task so very difficult that even I hesitate before the undertaking.

Having said recently that no man now living in America writes anything that is of interest to the serious artist, my position is made none the more easy.*

Mr Williams may write some very good poetry. It is not every one of whom one can say that.

Mr Williams has eschewed many of the current American vices; I therefore respect him.

He has not sold his soul to editors. He has not complied with their niminy-piminy restrictions.

He apparently means what he says. He is not overcrowded with false ornament. He seems to have found his art very difficult and to be possessed of some sort of determination which has carried him through certain impasses, one can only hope that his grit is not yet exhausted.

* Without contradiction of this statement, let me add that I have greatly enjoyed "The Songs from Vagabondia" by Mr Bliss Carman and the late Richard Hovey, certain poems by Mr Cheyney and a chorus by Mr Robert Gilbert Welsh, and that, considering the tolerance accorded in England to such authors as Mr Noyes, Mr Abercrombie and Mr Figgis, I think there are a number of American works which might be with safety offered to the island market.

His cadence is, to my sense, genuine, and his verse is sound as a bell—at least in places (e.g., "Homage," second strophe).

But above all these he has one virtue pre-eminent: he has not the magazine touch.

And for this I welcome him. And when I received the sheaf of his verses six months ago, I was glad. I was more glad than I can rationally explain to a critical English audience. I had found at least one compatriot to whom I could talk without a lexicon; some one who had been through somewhat the same mill that I have been through; some one who has apparently a common aim with me. And I would rather confess to a feeling of companionship than to proceed with analysing verses which the gentle reader may very well judge for himself.

Yet I would mention one beautiful simile from another poem, not here printed, where he speaks of a thousand freshets

" . . . crowded
Like peasants to a fair,
Clear skinned, wild from seclusion."

PSYCHOLOGY AND TROUBADOURS.

EZRA POUND, M.A.

THERE sprang up in Provence, in the middle ages, a fashion of thought or of life which styled itself the 'love chivalric,' and through divers misunderstandings and parodies it is possible that the nature of this fashion has been completely or at least partially forgotten.

It is my intention here to set before the readers of THE QUEST one or two theories as to the inner significance of this thing—theories which may in some way promote an understanding of the poetry of the period, should one ever care to investigate it.

The 'love chivalric' is, as I understand it, an art, that is to say, a religion. I think that those modern authors who say that the writers of '*trobar clus*' taught obscurity for the sake of obscurity, are very silly indeed; and those who see in it a mere license and sensuality are equally stupid.

An art is vital only so long as it is interpretive, so long, that is, as it manifests something which the artist perceives at greater intensity and more intimately than his public. If he be the seeing one among the sightless, they will attend him only so long as his statements seem, or are proven true. If he forsake this honour of interpreting, if he speak for the pleasure of hearing his own voice, though they may listen for a while to the babble and to the sound of the painted words, there comes, after a little, a

murmur, a slight stirring, and then that condition which we see about us, and which is cried out upon as the 'divorce of art and life.'

The interpretive function is the highest honour of the arts, and because it is so we find that a sort of hyper-scientific precision is the touch-stone and assay of the artist's power and of his honour, of his authenticity. Constantly he must distinguish between the shades and the degrees of the ineffable.

If we apply this test, first, as to the interpretive intention on the part of the artist, second, as to the exactness of presentation, we shall find that the *Divina Commedia* is a single elaborated metaphor of life; it is an accumulation of fine discriminations arranged in orderly sequence. It makes no difference *in kind*, whether the artist treat of heaven and hell, of paradise upon earth and of the elysian enamelled fields beneath it, or of Love appearing in an ash-grey vision, or of the seemingly slight matter of birds and branches,—through one and the other of all these, there is to the artist a like honourable opportunity for precision, for that precision through which alone can any of these matters take on their immortality.

"*Magna pars mei*," says Horace, speaking of his own futurity, "that in me which is greatest shall escape dissolution"; but in some strange way the *accurate* artist seems to leave not only his greater self, but beside it, upon the films of his art, some living print of the very man, his taste, his temper and his foible,—of the things about which he felt it never worth his while to bother other people with speaking, the things he forgot for some major interest; or these, and of another class of things, things that his audience would have taken for granted; or thirdly, of

things about which he had, for some reason or other, a reticence. We find these not so much in the words—which anyone may read—but in the subtle joints of the craft, in the crannies perceptible only to the craftsman.

Such is the record left us by a man whom Dante found 'best verse-wright in the fostering tongue,' the *lingua materna*, Provençal Langue d'Oc; and in that affectionate epithet, *materna*, we have no slight evidence of the regard in which this forgotten speech was held by the Tuscan poets, both for its sound and for its matter.

From Limoges to Avignon and through the south of France a poetry, that was not folk-poetry, had flourished for a couple of centuries before it came to its flower, roughly about 1180-1208.

We have a 'dawn song,' of the 10th century, and songs by the Count of Poitiers (1086-1127). Jaufré Rudel lived 1140-70. But in 1190 there were alive: Bernart of Ventadorn, the first of the so-called great Troubadours of Limousin, son of a serving man who gathered brushwood for the castle; and, younger than he, Bertrams de Born, the most violent; and Girant of Bornelh, the popular singer; Vidal, Marvail, and the man I bring forward—Arnaut Daniel.

At this early date we find poetry divided into two schools; the first school complained about the obscurities of the second—we have them always with us. They claimed, or rather jeered in Provence, remonstrated in Tuscany, wrangle to-day, and will wrangle to-morrow—and not without some show of reason—that poetry, especially lyric poetry, must be simple, that you must get the meaning while the man sings it. This school had, and has always, the popular ear. The other school culminated in Dante Alighieri.

There is, of course, ample room for both schools. The ballad-concert ideal is correct, in its own way. A song is a thing to sing. If you approach the canzoni of the second school with this bias you will be disappointed, *not* because their sound or form is not as lyric as that of the canzoni of the first school, but because they are not always intelligible at first hearing. They are good art as the high mass is good art. The first songs are apt to weary you after you know them; they are especially tiresome if one tries to read them *after* one has read fifty others of more or less the same sort.

The second sort of canzoni is a ritual. It must be conceived and approached as ritual. It has its purpose and its effect. These are different from those of simple song. They are perhaps subtler. They make their revelations to those who are already expert.

My studies of Arnaut Daniel, his æsthetic merits, his position in the history of poetry, etc., either are or will be elsewhere available; it is not for his music, nor his verse, nor his style, nor even for the fineness of his observation and of his perceptive senses, that I bring him before the readers of *THE QUEST*, though all these things bear indirectly upon the case in hand. Besides, some careful consideration of the poems themselves would be necessary before one could weigh the evidence for and against the theories which I am about to set before you.

The crux of the matter might seem to rest on a very narrow base; it might seem to be a matter of taste or of opinion, of scarcely more than a personal predilection to ascribe or not to ascribe to one passage in the canzon '*Doutz brais e critz*,' a visionary significance, where (stanza iii.) he speaks of a castle, a

dream-castle, or otherwise—as you like—and says of the ‘lady’:

She made me a shield, extending over me her fair mantle of indigo, so that the slanderers might not see this.

This may be merely a conceit, a light and pleasant phrase; if we found it in Herrick or Decker, or some minor Elizabethan, we might well consider it so, and pass without further ado. If one considers it as historical, the protection offered the secret might seem inadequate. I have, however, no quarrel with those who care to interpret the passage in either of these more obvious and, to me, less satisfactory ways.

We must, however, take into our account a number of related things; consider, in following the clue of a visionary interpretation, whether it will throw light upon events and problems other than our own, and weigh the chances in favour of, or against, this interpretation. Allow for climate, consider the restless sensitive temper of our Jongleur, and the quality of the minds which appreciated him. Consider what poetry was to become, within less than a century, at the hands of Guinicelli, or of ‘*il nostro Guido*’ in such a poem as the *ballata*, ending:

*Vedrai la sua virtù nel ciel salita,*¹

and consider the whole temper of Dante’s verse. In none of these things singly is there any specific *proof*. Consider the history of the time, the Albigensian crusade, nominally against a sect tinged with Manichean heresy, and how the birth of Provençal song hovers about the Pagan rites of May-day. Provence

¹ In this *ballata*, Guido speaks of seeing issue from his lady’s lips a subtle body, from that a subtler body, from that a star, from that a voice, proclaiming the ascent of the *virtù*. For effect upon the air, upon the soul, etc., the ‘lady’ in Tuscan poetry has taken on all the properties of the Alchemist’s stone.

was less disturbed than the rest of Europe by invasion from the north in the darker ages; if Paganism survived anywhere it would have been, unofficially, in the Langue d'Oc. Of the Oriental religions in decadent Rome, I will speak later. That the spirit was, in Provence, Hellenic is seen readily enough by anyone who will compare the Greek Anthology with the work of the Troubadours. They have, in some odd way, lost the names of the gods and remembered the names of lovers. Ovid and *The Eclogues* of Virgil would seem to have been their chief documents.

The question I raise, is as follows: Did this 'close ring,' this aristocracy of emotion, evolve, out of its half memories of Hellenistic mysteries, a cult? a cult stricter, or more subtle, than that of the celibate ascetics, a cult for the purgation of the soul by a refinement of, and lordship over, the senses? Consider in such passages in Arnaut as

E quel remir contral lums de la lanpa,

whether a sheer love of beauty and a delight in the perception of it have not replaced all heavier emotion. See whether or no the thing has not become a function of the intellect.¹

Some mystic or other, I forget at the moment which one, speaks of the intellect as standing in the same relation to the soul as do the senses to the mind; and beyond a certain border, surely we come to this place where the ecstasy is not a whirl or a madness of

¹ Let me admit at once that a recent lecture by Mr. Mead on Simon Magus has opened my mind to a number of new possibilities. There would seem to be in the legend of Simon Magus and Helen of Tyre a clearer prototype of 'chivalric love' than in anything hereinafter discussed. I recognise that all this matter of mine may have to be reconstructed or at least re-oriented about that tradition. Such re-arrangement would not, however, enable us to dispense with a discussion of the parallels here collected, nor would it materially affect the manner in which they are treated.

the senses, but a glow arising from the exact nature of the perception. We find a similar thought in Spinoza where he says that "the intellectual love of a thing consists in the understanding of its perfections," and adds "all creatures whatsoever desire this love."

Now, if a certain number of people in Provence developed their own unofficial mysticism, basing it for the most part on their own experience, if the servants of Amor saw visions quite as well as the servants of the Roman ecclesiastical hierarchy, if they were, moreover, troubled with no 'dark night of the soul,' and the kindred incommodities of ascetic yoga, this may well have caused some scandal and jealousy to the orthodox. If we find a similar mode of thought in both devotions, we find a like similarity in the secular and sacred music. *Alba* was probably sung to *Hallelujah's* melody. Many of the Troubadours, in fact nearly all who knew letters or music, had been taught in the monasteries (St. Martial, St. Leonard and the other abbeys of Limoges). Visions and the doctrines of the early Fathers could not have been utterly strange to them. The rise of Mariolatry, its Pagan lineage, the romance of it, find modes of expression which verge over very easily into the speech and casuistry of Our Lady of Cypress, as we may see in Arnaut, as we see so splendidly in Guido's

Una figura della donna mia.

And there is the consummation of it all in Dante's glorification of Beatrice. There is the inexplicable address to the lady in the masculine. There is the final evolution of Amor by Guido and Dante, to whom he is in very truth a new and Paganish god, neither Erös nor an angel of the Talmud.

I believe in a sort of permanent basis in humanity,

that is to say, I believe that Greek myth arose when someone having passed through delightful psycho experience tried to communicate it to others and found it necessary to screen himself from persecution. Speaking æsthetically, the myths are explications of mood; you may stop there, or you may probe deeper. Certain it is that these myths are only intelligible in a vivid and glittering sense—are intelligible, vital, essential, only to those people to whom they occur. I know, I mean, one man who understands Persephone and Demeter, and one who understands the Laurel, and another who has, I should say, met Artemis. These things are for them *real*.

Likewise in this matter of Provence, I should seek my clue in the human composition. I shall speak of the nature of sex. I shall treat it as I should any other special manifestation of life or of the general energy of things,—as I should treat, for instance, a sub-species of electricity.

Let us consider the body as pure mechanism. Our kinship to the ox we have constantly thrust upon us; but beneath this is our kinship to the vital universe, to the tree and the living rock, and, because this is less obvious—and possibly more interesting—we forget it.

What I am driving at is the fact that we have about us the universe of fluid force, and below us the germinal universe of wood alive, of stone alive. Man is—the sensitive physical part of him—a mechanism, for the purpose of our further discussion a mechanism rather like an electric appliance, switches, wires, etc. Chemically speaking, he is, *ut credo*, a few buckets of water, tied up in a complicated sort of fig-leaf. As to his consciousness, the consciousness of some seems to

rest, or to have its centre more properly, in what the Greek psychologists called the *phantastikon*. Their minds are, that is, circumvolved about them and are like soap-bubbles reflecting sundry patches of the macrocosmos. And with certain others their consciousness is 'germinal.' Their thoughts are in them as the thought of the tree is in the seed, or of the grass, or the grain, or the blossom. And these minds are the more poetic, and they affect mind about them, and transmute it as the seed the earth. And this latter sort of mind is close on the vital universe; and the strength of the Greek beauty rests in this, that it is ever at the interpretation of this vital universe, by its signs of gods and godly attendants, and oreads.

And in the *trecento* the Tuscans are busy with their *phantastikon*. And in Provence we may find preparation for this, or we may find faint *reliqua* of the other, though one misses the pantheon. Line after line of Arnaut will repeat from Sappho, but the whole seems curiously barren if we turn suddenly from the Greek to it.

After the *trecento* we get Humanism, and as the art it carried northward we have Chaucer and Shakespeare. Man is concerned with man and forgets the whole and the flowing. And we have in sequence, first the age of drama, and then the age of prose. At any rate, when we do get into contemplation of the flowing we find sex, or some correspondence to it, 'positive and negative,' 'north and south,' 'sun and moon,' or whatever terms of whatever cult or science you prefer to substitute.

For the particular parallel I wish our handiest illustrations are drawn from physics: 1st, the common electric machine, the glass disc and rotary brushes;

2nd, the wireless telegraph receiver. In the first we generate a current, or if you like split up a static condition of things and produce a tension. This is focussed on two brass knobs or 'poles.' These are first in contact, and after the current is generated we can gradually widen the distance between them, and a spark will leap across it, the wider the stronger, until with the ordinary sized laboratory appliance it will leap over or around a large obstacle or pierce a heavy book-cover. In the telegraph we have a charged surface—produced in a cognate manner—attracting to it, or registering movements in the invisible æther.

Substituting in these equations a more complex mechanism and a possibly subtler form of energy is, or should be, simple enough. I have no dogma, but the figures may serve as an assistance to thought.

It is an ancient hypothesis that the little cosmos 'corresponds' to the greater, that man has in him both 'sun' and 'moon.' From this I should say that there are at least two paths—I do not say that they lead to the same place—the one ascetic, the other for want of a better term 'chivalric.' In the first the monk or whoever he may be, develops at infinite trouble and expense, the secondary pole within himself, produces his charged surface which registers the beauties, celestial or otherwise, by '*contemplatio*.' In the second, which I must say seems more in accord with '*mens sana in corpore sano*,' the charged surface is produced between the predominant natural poles of two human mechanisms.

Sex is, that is to say, of a double function and purpose: reproductive and educational; or, as we see in the realm of fluid force, one sort of vibration produces at different intensities, heat and light. No

scientist would be so stupid as to affirm that heat produced light, and it is into a similar sort of false ratiocination that those writers fall who find the source of illumination, or of religious experience, centred solely in the philo-progenitive instinct.

The problem, in so far as it concerns Provence, is simply this: Did this 'chivalric love,' this exotic, take on mediumistic properties? Stimulated by the colour or quality of emotion, did that 'colour' take on forms interpretive of the divine order? Did it lead to an 'exteriorisation of the sensibility,' an interpretation of the cosmos by feeling?

For our basis in nature we rest on the indisputable and very scientific fact that there are in the 'normal course of things' certain times, a certain sort of moment more than another, when a man feels his immortality upon him. As for the effect of this phenomenon in Provence, before coming to any judgment upon it we should consider carefully the history of the various cults or religions of orgy and of ecstasy, from the simpler Bacchanalia to the more complicated rites of Isis or Dionysus—sudden rise and equally sudden decline. The corruptions of their priesthoods follow, probably, the admission thereto of one neophyte who was not properly '*sacerdos*.'

There are, as we see, only two kinds of religion. There is the Mosaic or Roman or British Empire type, where someone, having to keep a troublesome rabble in order, invents and scares them with a disagreeable bogle, which he calls god.

Christianity and all other forms of ecstatic religion, on the other hand, are not dogma or propaganda of something called the *one truth* or the *universal truth*; they *seem* little concerned with ethics; their general

object appears to be to stimulate a sort of confidence in the life-force. Their teaching is variously and constantly a sort of working hypothesis acceptable to certain people of a certain range of temperament—a 'regola' which suits a particular constitution of nerves and intellect, and in accord with which the people of this temperament can live at greatest peace with 'the order,' with man and nature. The old cults were sane in their careful inquisition or novitiate, which served to determine whether the candidates were or were not of such temper and composition.

One must consider that the types which joined these cults survived, in Provence, and survive, to-day—priests, mænads and the rest—though there is in our society no provision for them.

I have no particular conclusion which I wish to impose upon the reader; for a due consideration of Provençal poetry in 'trobar clus,' I can only suggest the evidence and lines of inquiry. The Pauline position on wedlock is of importance—I do not mean by that its general and inimical disapproval, but its more specific utterances; the Pagan survivals in Mariolatry; the cult of virginity;—whatever one may think of these things, it is certain that nothing exists without due cause or causes. The language of the Christian mystics, of the 'bride' and the rest of it; the ancient ideas of union with the god, or with Queen Isis;—all these, as 'atmospheric influences,' must be weighed; together with the testimony of the arts, and their progression of content.

In Catullus' superb epithalamium '*Collis O Heliconii*,' we find the affair is strictly on one plane; the bride is what she is in Morocco to-day, and the function is 'normal' and eugenic. It is the sacrificial

concept. Yet Catullus, recording his own emotion, could say: "More as a father than a lover." It is Propertius who writes:

Ingenium nobis ipsa puella fecit.

Christianity, one might say, had brought in the mystic note; but this would be much too sweeping. Anatole France, in his learned commentary on Horace's '*Tu ne quaesaris*,' has told us a good deal of the various Oriental cults thronging the Eternal City. At Marseilles the Greek settlement was very ancient. How much of the Roman tone, or the Oriental mode, went out from Rome to the Roman country houses, which were the last hold of culture, we can hardly say; and from the end of the 6th century until the beginning of the 12th there is supposed to be little available evidence. At least we are a fair distance from Catullus when we come to Pier Vidal's:

Good Lady, I think I see God when I gaze on your delicate body.

You may take this if you like *cum grano*. Vidal was confessedly erratic. Still it is an obvious change from the manner of the Roman classics, and it cannot be regarded as a particularly pious or Christian expression. If this state of mind was fostered by the writings of the early Christian Fathers, we must regard their influence as purely indirect and unintentional.

Richard St. Victor has left us one very beautiful passage on the Splendours of Paradise.

They are (he says) ineffable and innumerable and no man having beheld them can fittingly narrate of them or even remember them exactly. Nevertheless by naming over all the most beautiful things we know we may draw back upon the mind some vestige of the heavenly splendour,

I suggest that the Troubadour, either more indolent or more logical, progresses from correlating all these details for purpose of comparison, and lumps the matter. The Lady contains the catalogue, is more complete. She serves as a sort of *mantram*.

The lover stands ever in unintermittent imagination of his lady (*co-amantis*).

This is clause 30 of a chivalric code in Latin, purporting to have been brought to the court of Arthur. This code is not, I should say, the code of the '*trobar clus*,' not the esoteric rule, but such part of it as had been more generally propagated for the pleasure of Eleanor of Poitiers or Marie de Champagne.

Yet there is, in what I have called the 'natural course of events,' the exalted moment, the vision unsought, or at least the vision gained without machination.

As I have said, our servants of Amor, though they went pale and wept and suffered heat and cold, still came on nothing so apparently morbid as the 'dark night.' The electric current gives light where it meets resistance. I suggest that the living conditions of Provence gave the necessary restraint, produced the tension sufficient for the results, a tension unattainable under, let us say, the living conditions of imperial Rome.

So far as 'morals' go, or at least a moral code in the modern sense, which might interfere in art, Arnaut can no more be accused of having one than can Ovid. Yet the attitude of the Latin *doctor amoris* and that of the *gran' maestro de amor* are notably different, as for instance on such a matter as delay. Ovid takes no account of the psychic function,

It is perhaps as far a cry from a belief in higher affection to a mediumistic function or cult of Amor, as is the latter from Ovid. One must consider the temper of the time, and some of the most interesting evidence as to this temper has been gathered by Remy de Gourment, in *Le Latin Mystique*, from which I quote these scattered passages :

Qui pascis inter lilia
 Septus choreis virginum.
 Quocumque pergis virgines
 Sequuntur, atque laudibus
 Post te canentes cursitant,
 Hymnosque dulces personant.¹

(From 'Hymns to Christ.')

Nard of Colomba flourisheth;
 The little gardens flame with privet;
 Stay the glad maid with flowers,
 Encompass her with apple-boughs.

(From 'Ode on St. Colum.')

As for the *personæ* of the Christian cult they are indeed treated as Pagan gods—Apollo with his chorus of Muses, Adonis, the early slain '*Victima paschalis*'; yet in the *sequaire* of Godeschalk, a monk in the 11th century, we see a new refinement, an enrichment, I think, of Paganism. The god has at last succeeded in becoming human, and it is not the beauty of the god but the wonderful personality which is the goal of the love and the invocation.

The Pharisee murmurs when the woman weeps, conscious of guilt.

Sinner, he despises a fellow-in-sin. Thou, unacquainted with

¹ Who feedest 'mid the lilies,
 Ringed with dancing maidens.
 Where'er Thou runnest, maidens
 Follow, and with praises
 Run behind Thee singing,
 Carolling their sweet hymns,

sin, hast regard for the penitent, cleansest the soiled one, lovest her to make her most fair.

She embraces the feet of the master, washes them with tears, dries them with her hair; washing and drying them she anointed them with unguent, covered them with kisses.

These are the feasts which please thee, O Wisdom of the Father!

Born of the Virgin, who disdained not the touch of a sinner.

Chaste virgins, they immaculately offer unto the Lord the sacrifice of their pure bodies, choosing Christ for their deathless bridegroom.

O happy bridals, whereto there are no stains, no heavy dolours of child-birth, no rival-mistress to be feared, no nurse molestful!

Their couches, kept for Christ alone, are walled about by Angels of the Guard, who, with drawn swords, ward off the unclean lest any paramour defile them.

Therein Christ sleepeth with them: happy is this sleep, sweet the rest there, wherein true maid is fondled in the embraces of her heavenly spouse.

Adorned are they with fine linen, and with a robe of purple; their left hands hold lilies, their right hands roses.

On these the lamb feedeth, and with these is he refreshed; these flowers are his chosen food.

He leapeth, and boundeth and gamboleth among them.

With them doth he rest through the noon-heat.

It is upon their bosoms that he sleepeth at mid-day, placing his head between their virgin breasts.

Virgin Himself, born of a virgin mother, virginal retreats above all he seeketh and loveth.

Quiet is his sleep upon their bosoms, that no spot by any chance should soil His snowy fleece.

Give ear unto this canticle, most noble company of virgin devotees, that by it our devotion may with greater zeal prepare a temple for the Lord.

With such the language of the cloisters, would it be surprising that the rebels from it, the clerks who

did not take orders, should have transferred something of the manner, and something of the spirit, to the beauty of life as they found it? that souls who belonged, not in heaven but, by reason of their refinement, in some subtle plaisance, above, yes, somewhat above the mortal turmoil, should have chosen some middle way, something short of grasping at the union with the absolute, nor yet that their cult should have been extra-marital? Arnaut was taught in cloister, Dante praises certain '*prose di romanzi*' and no one can say precisely whether or no they were such *prose* for music as the Latin sequence I have just quoted. Yet one would be rash to affirm that the '*passada folor*' which he laments (*Purg.* xxvi.) at almost the summit of the purifying hill, and just below the earthly paradise, was anything more than such deflection.

C55

EZRA POUND.

Patria Mia.

By Ezra Pound.

V.*

I HAVE mentioned this matter, and I may seem to attach to it an undue importance. I can only answer that a dead rat is no great affair unless it gets clogged in your water supply.

I have declared my belief in an imminent American Risorgimento. I have no desire to flatter my country into any belief that we are at present enduring anything except the Dark Ages.

The foreign critic going to America to fill his pockets finds flattery an all too easy means to his end. He makes the path of anyone who cares for coming improvement or present diagnosis that much the harder. It is of no great matter. Let us jeer him and pass to our mittens.

A Risorgimento means an intellectual awakening. This will have its effect not only in the arts, but in life, in politics, and in economics. If I seem to lay undue stress upon the status of the arts, it is only because the arts respond to an intellectual movement more swiftly and more apparently than do institutions, and not because there is any better reason for discussing them first.

A Risorgimento implies a whole volley of liberations; liberations from ideas, from stupidities, from conditions and from tyrannies of wealth or of arms.

One may as well begin by a discussion of ideas, their media of expression, and, in the present case, the means by which they are transported and kept in circulation. Among which latter are these highly respected and very decrepit magazines.

"The appalling fungus of our 'better' magazines! I do not speak of the frankly commercial ventures, but of those which profess to maintain the 'literary tone.'"

I take their attitude toward poetry as typical of their mental status. I am told that their attitude toward prose articles on exploration is the same—and that by a man who'd been to God-knows-where and back without their assistance.

It is well known that in the year of grace 1870 Jehovah appeared to Messrs. Harper and Co. and to the editors of "The Century," "The Atlantic," and certain others, and spake thus: "The style of 1870 is the final and divine revelation. Keep things always just as they are now." And they, being earnest, God-fearing men, did abide by the words of the Almighty, and great credit and honour accrued unto them, for had they not divine warrant!

And if you do not believe me, open a number of "Harper's" for 1888 and one for 1908. And I defy you to find any difference, save on the page where the date is.

Hence, when I say openly that there is more artistic impulse in America than in any country in Europe, I am in no peril of being believed. The documents are against me.

And when I add that there is no man now living in America whose art in letters is of the slightest interest to me, I am held for paradoxical. And the answer to that is, that there is practically no one in America who knows good work from bad—no such person, I mean, who is part of the system for circulation.

It is cheering to reflect that America accepted Whitman when he was properly introduced to them by William Michael Rossetti, and not before then.

When a young man in America, having the instincts and interiors of a poet, begins to write, he finds no one to say to him: "Put down exactly what you feel and mean! Say it as briefly as possible and avoid all sham and ornament. Learn what technical excellence you can from a direct study of the masters, and pay no attention to the suggestions of anyone who has not himself produced notable work in poetry. Think occasionally, as Longinus has aforesaid advised, what such or such a master would think if he heard your verses."

C56

On the contrary, he receives from editors such missives as this:—"Dear Mr. —, Your work, etc., is very interesting, etc., etc., but you will have to pay more attention to conventional form if you want to make a commercial success of it."

This comes from Mr. Tiddlekins, who has a kindly feeling for you. It is sent in good faith. And nothing terrene or supernal can get Mr. T. to see it in any light but his own. He has been brought up to respect eighteenth-century fashions. He has never once considered any fundamental issue of art or of aesthetics. He has been taught that one fashion is good. He is ubiquitous. (There is one man who learned 1890 instead of 1870, but he is equally stationary.)

A judgment a priori!!! Never!!! The person of the sacred emperor in a low tea-house?

Of course, art and prosperous magazines are eternally incompatible, for it is the business of the artist to tell the truth whoever mislike it, and it is the business of the magazine editor to maintain his circulation. The thing needful is that the young artist be taught a sufficiently galling contempt for magazines and publications as such. A good poet is not always an educated man. He is often eager to learn. Too eager. I remember that at twenty I should have counted it some honour to have been printed in the "Atlantic." There are any number of young people in America who know no better.

I met a man in New York. He is over thirty, he has never had time to get "educated." I liked some of his lyrics. I said, "Give me some more and I'll take 'em to London and have 'em published."

I found the rest of his work, poem after poem, spoiled. I said: "Why do you do this and this?" He said: "They told me to." I said: "Why have you utterly ruined this cadence, and used this stultifying inversion to maintain a worn-out metre that everyone is tired of?"

Same answer. I said: "Why do you say what you don't mean in order to get more rhymes than you need?" He said: "They told me it was paucity of rhyme if I didn't."

Then he read me the chorus of a play—in splendid movement. The form was within it and of it. And I said: "Mother of God! Why don't you do that sort of thing all the time?" And he said: "Oh! I didn't know that was poetry. I just did it as I wanted to—just as I felt it."

And, of course, the way to "succeed," as they call it, is to comply. To comply to formulæ, and to formulæ not based on any knowledge of the art or any care for it. Take example: A lady met me and gushed over me in a London studio. She approached me with befitting humility. "Would I favour their magazine, or did I look with scorn upon all things American?"

So I sent them a grammatical exercise, scrupulously correct, and gathered avowedly from the Greek anthology.

And they wrote that they were delighted, and paid me proportionately, and informed me that an aged member of the American Academy (Mr. Howells, to be precise) was very much pleased with the poem. So I sent them a real poem, a modern poem, containing the word "uxorious," and they wrote back that I used the letter "r" three times in the first line, and that it was very difficult to pronounce, and that I might not remember that Tennyson had once condemned the use of four s's in a certain line of a different metre.

And there you have it. There is money in grammatical exercises. If anyone wants it, let him rearrange the anthology. One man has done this sort of thing until this catchword floats about New York. (I change the name, but the substance is unaltered).

"Get out of here," the editor bawled,
"I buy my verse from Septimus Awld!"

There is also a market for optimism. Any pleasant thing in symmetrical trousers will find a purchaser.

Never once does the editor ask himself the only questions which the critic has a right to ask himself in weighing a work of art, to wit: Is this man a serious artist?

Does this work present what the artist intended it to present, effectively?

Does it comply with the laws inherent in itself?

Does the manner fit close the matter?

There is no interest whatever in the art of poetry, as a living art, an art changing and developing, always the same at root, never the same in appearance for two decades in succession. Or, perhaps, I might express the situation more succinctly if I said: They are meticulous to find out if a thing conforms to a standard, like the carpenter who sawed off the books. But they have no interest whatever in ascertaining whether new things, living things, seeking for expression, have found for themselves new and fitting modes wherein to be expressed. The Poetry Society of America was founded two years ago* to weaken the magazine clutch. And I hope it is succeeding. It gives at least opportunity for intercommunication between the authors. And there is a magazine, "Poetry," about to be started in Chicago which is, avowedly, to assist the art. And one can only pray that the discrimination of the editors will bear some resemblance to the common sense of the founders as expressed in their announcement.†

* (On very different lines from a society of similar name now making itself ridiculous in England.) Poetry is not a sort of embroidery, cross-stitch, crochet, for pensionnaires, nor yet a post-prandial soporific for the bourgeoisie. We need the old feud between the artist and the smuggler portions of the community revived with some virulence for the welfare of things at large.

† This article was written some weeks before I had any notion that I should be made foreign representative of this new periodical.—E. P.

Patria Mia.

By Ezra Pound.

VI.

I HAVE put belief in Utopias afar from me. Either this world is a sort of incubator out of which we hatch into some other better or worse state of being, or it is not. At any rate, there seems to be maintained upon it a mean temperature of stupidity, of tyranny, of intemperance, and laziness, and this results in a sort of fitful and partial enjoyment to those who happen to like it. And this status would seem to persist because of a certain balance of temperaments. It is improbable that any Utopia would satisfy more than the more energetic minority of the race. Yet if a final perfection and harmony be denied us, it seems still possible that we might make a number of improvements in the running of "things at large." It is all very well to say that Erasmus pointed out the folly of war before ever Mr. Shaw did, and that a stupid race goes on using muskets. But it is equally undeniable that some of the follies diagnosed by Erasmus have been, since his time, amended.

It is very likely true that we do not escape from tyrannies, but only from a more obvious tyranny into a tyranny of subtler form. There were, nevertheless, various inconveniences of mediæval life which I am very glad to be spared.

Despite Sismondi's remark in the preface to his "Italian Republics," I can never get any of my more progressive friends to believe that I have any better reason for studying the Middle Ages than is found in a crotchety humour and a pedagogical pedanticism. Sismondi said that one studied the past so as to learn how to deal with the present, or something of that sort. I forget his exact phrasing.

One wants to find out what sort of things endure, and what sort of things are transient; what sort of things recur, what propagandas profit a man or his race; to learn upon what are the forces, constructive and dispersive, of social order, move; to learn what rules and axioms hold firm, and what sort fade, and what sort are durable but mutable, what sort hold in letter, and what sort by analogy only, what sort by close analogy, and what sort by rough parallel alone.

In studying the course of Europe, I find that in the past certain things have worked and certain things have not. The scope of this article does not allow me any close or detailed presentation of argument; but here is one conclusion in brief:

All the fine dreams of empire, of a universal empire, Rome, the imperium restored, and so on, came to little. The dream, nevertheless, had its value, it set a model for emulation, a model of orderly procedure, and it was used as a spur through every awakening from the eighth century to the sixteenth. Yet it came to no sort of civic reality, either in the high sheriffage of Charles the Great, or in its atavistic parody under Napoleon.

On the other hand, the free cities now here, now there, contrived to hold out against the feudal system and are become the model for our present constitutional governments.

All this is stated very loosely, but I would use it to point toward a principle: that any scheme which demands the agreement of an innumerable multitude of people before it can become effective is little likely to achieve itself. Or, roughly, that State Socialism seems as impracticable as ever was Dante's scheme for a holy Roman Empire with one head and one central tribunal. On the other hand, any body of a few thousands of men

who really wish independence, liberty with responsibility, can achieve it under any system—under any feudalism—whether of arms or of money.

The Middle Ages set up an axiom, "No land without its lord," and they argued that the vassal needed a lord to protect him.

And capitalism sets up the axiom, "No factory without its entrepreneur." The labouring man needs some one to dispose of his products; to insure him against the vicissitudes of the trade.

It is true that we get on (in America and France) very well, not by belonging to an overlord, but by hiring a president and lower officials "to govern us"—i.e., to look after a lot of stupid details of administration.

What worked once on the plane of arms will work very well on the plane of money. We see about us plenty of the old feudal equations transposed in similar fashion. Where once we read "men," we read now "money."

I don't say that the burghers of free cities found life easier than did vassals. That is not the contention. I don't say that if the men owned the factories and employed their commercial agents they would get much better wages—and certainly they would not get them at the start. I don't say that the transfer of property would be easy. But I do say that it is a possible solution. And I have discussed it with at least one very intelligent and successful owner of factories; and, according to him, the only difficulty would lie in the men's unwillingness to take the risk.

I said, "If they assure you a salary of a good deal less than you now make, you would be willing to accept it?"

"Yes," he said, and then added to my further question: "There would be no use in my proposing such a scheme, or of owners proposing it, for the men would think something was up. They'd suspect some catch in it. Then, again, some years the profits are much less than others. They would not rest patient with the smaller profits of an off year. You couldn't get them to understand the necessity of sinking a certain very large part of the profits in the improvement of the plant. And if a man's business is not increasing he is slipping back."

There is in brief what I remember of his attitude. He is a successful man. And only among successful men will you find any belief in the possibilities of life; or in the possibility of a new order of procedure in their own sort of business.

This man is certainly a staunch Tory, but he sees a revolution and believes that the "upper classes" are to be in one way or another despoiled.

I don't imagine that there is anything new or diverting in the above paragraphs. The readers of contemporary works on social theory are doubtless far ahead of such naiveté as I have shown here.

Nevertheless, being ignorant of the detail of the Syndicalist tenants, and of the workings of the I.W.W., it seems worth while to set down a conclusion whereto I have arrived by a so different route, to wit, a capricious study of mediæval art and life.

This much is certain: the justice of cities and of industrial countries needs a measure different from that which applies in the open forest, or in new land, or among nomadic tribes. And "property" should be protected? And property has rights? Most assuredly. But there are two sorts of property. There is property passive, which is, in a sense, consumed or used by its owners, and which they must labour to keep in condition. A man's house is property passive.

And there is property active, the value of which depends almost entirely upon the labour of others. And the rights of these two sorts of property are wholly different.

Patria Mia.

By Ezra Pound.

VII.

It is permitted us to believe that the millionaire is no more a permanent evil than was the feudal over-lord. And it is permitted us to hope that his predominance will be of shorter duration. Nevertheless there seems to be no reason why he should not confer upon society, during his reign, such benefits as he is able. And the centralisation of power in his hands makes it very easy for him to display a virtue if he have one.

I am not much afraid that any donation from the wealthy will blind the people to the lay of things. Moreover, if the millionaire have by rare chance any acquaintance with history he will remember that the Medici—to use a hackneyed example—retain honour among us not for their very able corruption of the city of Florence, but because they housed Ficino and various artists and in so doing even reaped certain credit due to their forerunners, the Orsini.

In fostering and hastening a renaissance the millionaire may be often very useful. It is his function as it is the function of any aristocrat to die and to leave gifts. Die he must, and he may as well leave gifts, lest people spit upon his tomb and remember him solely for his iniquities.

Also his order must pass as all things pass from this earth, save masterwork in thought, and in art. It is well, therefore, that he leave behind him some record for consideration. When the fire of the old learning began to run subtly from one end of Italy to the other, certain rich collectors sent out their agents through Greece and through all the East to gather what fragments they might of the ancient beauty.

And I honour in Mr. Morgan (God damn his politics) and in our other American collectors a similar habit. Until a country hold within it many examples of fine work you will never find there that discrimination between the sham and the real which is essential to the fostering of all art worthy of the name.

American poetry is bad, not for lack of impulse, but because almost no one in that country knows true from false, good from bad. It is only by familiarity with masterwork that one has flair. There must be knowledge of degrees and differences at the hearth and in the city.

Nevertheless, a nation has honour not for what it acquires but for what it gives, and one would respect Mr. Morgan infinitely more if he employed, or bought from or subsidised contemporary American artists.

It might be a no less profitable investment, though I count this but little argument. An old thing has a sort of fixed value. If one acquire property in possessing it, it is a fairly safe investment. The clever dealer buys modern work cheap, and lives thereby; but there is more risk in so doing. "You never *know* unless you yourself happen personally to care."

Yet after the collectors of the fifteenth century there came the academies, and these likewise spread their enthusiasm. A real academy is not the kind of thing which we see now bearing that name in the United States. This latter is a sort of mortuary chamber wherein those who have earnestly endeavoured to succeed are for a few years, ante mortem, permitted to repose.

When a man has done his work, good or otherwise, you may as well chloroform him, give him a pension. You show a more kindly spirit if you feed him. You bolster up your own self-respect if you feed him. But you do nothing to assist awakenings or liberations. If it lie within your desire to promote the arts you must

not only subsidise the man with work still in him, but you must gather such dynamic particles together; you must set them where they will inter-act, and stimulate each other.

It is most economical to do this when they are in the most energetic state, to wit, the beginning of their course, during the years when they will work for least money. Any artist who is worth powder to blow him to Sheol wants, at the start, liberty to do his work and little beyond this.

I respect the founders of our academy in Rome, who subsidise ten artists to stay there and study and work together.

But there should be a respectable college of the arts in New York* (or Chicago, or San Francisco, or in all three), a college of one hundred members, chosen from all the arts, sculptors, painters, dramatists, musical composers, architects, scholars of the art of verse, engravers, etc., and they should be fed there during the impossible years of the artist's life—i.e., the beginning of his career.

As it is, you can, in the United States get subsidised for "research." You can make a commentary on Quinet and draw pay for three years doing it, or you can write learnedly on "ablauts" with similar result. And you can in all arts save literature and musical composition (there is one college in Ohio giving a special fellowship in original composition, but this is, I believe, the sole exception) get subsidies of one sort or another.

The cost of an efficient college of the arts, an institution not unlike a "graduate school" without professors, would be a trifle in comparison to the funds used in endowment of universities in which the system of instruction is already obsolescent—whenever it has concern with anything save utilitarian knowledge.

Wherever there is direct ratio between knowledge and immediate definite profit you will, as I have said, find the American marvellously efficient, both in intuition and in methods of training. It is, perhaps, foolish to print in detail the constitution of such a college as I propose. I tried vainly to get it printed in New York.

Yet this much is certain, if America has any desire to be a centre of artistic activity she must learn her one lesson from the Ptolomies. Art was lifted into Alexandria by subsidy, and by no other means will it be established in the United States.

It is not enough that the artist have impulse, he must be in a position to know what has been done and what is yet to do. He must not be like the plough-boy on the lonely farm who spent his youth devising agricultural machinery and found when he went out into the world that all his machines had been invented before he was born.

How often do I hear it said of the American writers, by the Europeans, "I can't see that they do anything but send us back copies of what we have already done."

"Transportation is civilisation" was Mr. Kipling's last intelligible remark, and it is doubly true in art and in thought.

The American artist must at least find out what is worth doing before he can expect either to do it or to be "taken seriously."

It is possible that "Individuals" cannot be produced except in old countries or from old stock. I am not sure of this. But this at least is true, that a man's mind must be hand-made and not machine-made if one is to take interest in it.

Patria Mia.

By Ezra Pound.

VIII.

AMERICA is the sort of country that loses Henry James and retains to its appreciative bosom a certain Henry Van Dyke.

This statement is a little drastic, but it has the facts behind it.

America's position in the world of art and letters is, relatively, about that which Spain held in the time of the Senecas. So far as civilisation is concerned America is the great rich, Western province which has sent one or two notable artists to the Eastern capital. And that capital is, needless to say, not Rome, but the double city of London and Paris.

From our purely colonial conditions came Irving and Hawthorne. Their tradition was English unalloyed, and we had to ourselves Whitman, "The Reflex," who left us a human document, for you cannot call a man an artist until he shows himself capable of reticence and of restraint, until he shows himself in some degree master of the forces which beat upon him.

And in our own time the country has given to the world two men, Whistler, of the school of masterwork, of the school of Durer, and of Hokusai, and of Velazquez, and Mr. Henry James, a follower in the school of Flaubert and Tourgueneff.

And if anyone is interested in American idiosyncrasies he will do well to read Henry James, who delineates these things to perfection. It is true that the more emotional American accuses Mr. James of want of feeling, and it is contended that one must know both Continents if one would fully understand or wholly appreciate him.

I think, in the constant turmoil of dispute about his style, many have failed to do justice to his propaganda, his continuing labour for individual freedom, his recurrent assaults upon cruelties and oppressions. Much of the real work of the world is done, and done almost solely by such quiet and persistent diagnoses as his are. This core of his work is not limited by America, yet no one has better understood the charm of all that is fine in American life, the uprights, or, so to speak, the piles that are driven deep, and through the sort of floating bog of our national confusion.

It is, perhaps, beside the mark to refer to his presentation of the national type* in the first volume of "The American," his fine dissection of the dilettante in his "Portrait of a Lady." How well one knows this type! Have I not met "Osmond" in Venice? He ornamented leather. What most distressed him in our national affairs was that Roosevelt had displayed the terrible vulgarity of appearing at King Edward's funeral in a soft felt hat.

But to return to Mr. Henry James and his presentations, how finely has he drawn the distinction between the "old" and the "new" in "Crafty Cornelia," our courteous, tawdry, quiet old, the new, nickel-plated, triumphant.

I cannot agree that diagnosis is "static" or that "Know Thyself" is a counsel of quiescence.

True, it is the novelist's business to set down exactly manners and appearances: he must render the show, he

* How thoroughly he has done this was brought home to me vividly not long since. In a wrangle of some years' standing I had finally made myself comprehensible to a certain friend of Anglo-Indian extraction and was greeted with this:

"Now I know what is the matter with Henry James' people. They are Americans."

I don't know that this covers the whole matter, but it may serve as a hint to the inquiring.

must, if the metaphor be permitted, describe precisely the nature of the engine, the position and relation of its wheels.

The poet or the artist—and this is a distinction I can never get the prose stylist to recognise—the poet is a sort of steam-gauge, voltmeter, a set of pipes for thermometric and barometric divination.

He is not even compelled to be logical. I mean logical with the sort of logic one expresses by a series of syllogisms.

Thus I have been delighted with the work of Mr. Henry James, and I do him such honour as my abilities permit.

I have in a wholly different degree been interested in the work of Graham Phillips—as one might be interested in a vilely painted portrait wherein the painter managed to get a likeness "of someone one knew."

Phillips delineated in bad prose such types of Americans as his social facilities permitted him to meet. I think the work is fairly representative of what America can "do on its own." Phillips' work was wholly native. A perusal of it will explain in some degree, to the inquisitive European, why one lives abroad. It is perhaps too trifling an affair to be dragged into so brief a summary as the present.

I was about to say, that while I had taken deep delight in the novels of Mr. Henry James, I have gathered from the loan exhibit of Whistler's paintings now at the Tate (September, 1912), more courage for living than I have gathered from the Canal Bill or from any other manifestation of American energy whatsoever.

And thereanent I have written some bad poetry and burst into several incoherent conversations, endeavouring to explain what that exhibit means to the American artist.

Here in brief is the work of a man, born American, with all our forces of confusion within him, who has contrived to keep order in his work, who has attained the highest mastery, and this not by a natural facility, but by constant labour and searching.

For the benefit of the reader who has not seen this exhibition I may as well say that it contains not the expected array of "Nocturnes," but work in many styles, pastels of Greek motif, one pre-Raphaelite picture and work after the Spanish, the northern and the Japanese models, and some earlier things under I know not what school.

The man's life struggle is set before one. He had tried all means, he had spared himself nothing, he had struggled in one direction until he had either achieved or found it inadequate for his expression. After he had achieved a thing, he never repeated. There were many struggles for the ultimate nocturnes.

I say all this badly. But here was a man come from us. Within him were drawbacks and hindrances at which no European can more than guess.

And Velazquez could not have painted little Miss Alexander's shoes, nor the scarf upon the chair. And Durer could not have outdone the two faces, "Grenat et Or" and "Brown and Gold—de Race." The first is called also "Le Petit Cardinal."

These two pictures have in them a whole Shakespearean drama, and Whistler's comprehension and reticence would never have permitted any but the most austere discussion of their technique, of their painting as painting. And this is the only field of the art critic. It is the only phase of a work of art about which there can be any discussion. The rest you see, or you do not see. It is the painter's own private affair which he shares with you, if you understand it. It has nothing in common with the picture which tells a story, against which sort he so valiantly inveighed.

But what Whistler has proved once and for all is that being born an American does not eternally damn a man or prevent him from the ultimate and highest achievement in the arts.

And no man before him had proved this. And he proved it over many a hindrance and over many baffled attempts. He is, with Abraham Lincoln, the beginning of our Great Tradition.

Patria Mia.

By Ezra Pound.

IX.

OUR manners and morals differ (thank God, they do differ!) from those of the English. And this is because our ethic has a different basis, and because our conventions have a different origin.

Let me confess that I know hardly any England save London, and my friends say that I really know nothing of the English because I meet only the few hyper-civilised people who are interested in the arts. From what I have seen, however, I should say that English conventions and manners are a system of defence, evolved with great skill and wisdom, born of the sort of necessity that presses upon people living close together.

One must maintain a certain amount of freedom. One cannot, in a city, know the people next door too intimately. They might be bores, and waste too much of one's time.

Everyone in London knows all the people he wants to know. He or she knows all the people he or she has time to know. One has known so many people of all sorts that there is no sort of person about whom one retains any curiosity.

A new acquaintance is an experiment, a new friend a peril. The acquisition of either means a derangement of one's system of life. It means rearranging one's time to admit the intruder.

This state of things has pertained in London for some centuries, and has bred a form of procedure.

These people have clubs, so that they can sample you and inspect you without inviting you to their houses. They have "tea," so that they can extend to you some sort of hospitality without inviting you to a meal.

They have luncheons, so that you can meet them without meeting their husbands.

And all these things are arranged with such sanity and neatness, and so conduce to the general convenience of a rather anæmic sort of life, that the patient foreigner can do little save admire the technique of the system.

The impatient foreigner, the impatient American, who has expected to treat the English precisely as he treated human beings "at home," is apt to "get in wrong," to get very disgusted with what seems selfishness and snobbery, and depart in a huff, convinced that "God's own country is west of the Atlantic."

The traveller should, until he has carefully observed their customs, treat the inhabitants of any strange country, in which he expects to stay more than one week, very much as he would treat mysterious and possibly dangerous insects.

This English procedure is rational, and very well suited to the metropolis of a fog-enshrouded island. Our procedure is wholly different, because its basis is different. We have another set of unconscious pre-occupations.

Our convention dates, not from an era of sedan-chairs and lackeys, but from a time when people lived at least ten miles apart, when you were friendly with your next neighbour because you wanted his help against savages.

No American ever knows all the interesting people he wants to know. We lack "centralisation." The American is constantly rushing into intimacies, in the hope that each new person may be the person for whom he is looking; the person with whom he can talk about this or that subject that no one of his acquaintance cares about.

He is dropping people with the same rapidity because he finds only a few of his discoveries worth retaining.

When people live far apart, each visitor brings news. He is fed as a matter of course. He stays to lunch. He stays on to dinner. Quite probably he spends the night, and stays to lunch the next day.

City life has not yet wholly obliterated these customs among us. It has, I think, not in the least changed our feelings about hospitality, about the details of it, about the things we take for granted.

Our servants are not shocked if we depart from the established ritual of the day. I hear that we have no "servants" in the English sense. Yet the following

tale of Vermont illustrates an extreme, not an average.

Mrs. J., of New York, spending her summer in the Green Mountain State, managed with difficulty to get a girl from a neighbouring farm to assist in the house-work. The girl's mother is heard in the post-office of the village to this effect: "An' there's that woman a-settin' at the head of her table, with her children about her, an' she'll go ringin' a little bell fer my Annie to come in out er the kitchen an' pass her somethin' off the dresser!"

Of course, the question of manner is referable not only to the conditions of life, from which it sprang, but also to our ethic.

So far as I can make out, there is no morality in England which is not in one way or another a manifestation of the sense of property.

A thing is right if it tends to conserve an estate, or to maintain a succession, no matter what servitude or oppression this inflict.

In America our presumption is that those things are right which give the greatest freedom, the greatest opportunity for individual development to the individual, of whatever age or sex or condition.

We are, I believe, the most generous people in the world, or, at least, the most catholic in our generosity.

William Blake has written: "The only evils are cruelties and repressions."

There is in the "Book of the Dead," in the negative confession a clause: "I have not repulsed God in his manifestations."

I think we, in America, hold by these elements—whether consciously or unconsciously.

It is certain that we "get the horrors" when we first come to know certain phases of English life and to understand them. They seem sordid and animal, and in the worst sense "mediæval."

To return to America is like going through some very invigorating, very cleansing sort of bath. At least, we feel it so. There may be evil in the country, but the odour of the rottenness is not continually obtruded upon one. You meet so many people who are innocent and unconscious of its existence—so many naïve grown children who miss a double entente.

I believe we are more like the French in believing that certain things cannot be taken seriously. The French morale starts with the belief in the familial unit. "If the family holds, the nation holds," and other details may be considered as frivolous.

We in America are horrified at the French matriarchate, at the tyranny of family, but hardly so much, I think, as at the English "chattel" system.

If we take sex more lightly, it is because we think that there are things of more importance.

The French take it lightly. They know, on an average, more about it, and more about its divergencies, as one can see from even their casual books.

But in England people take it seriously. If any man be abnormal or impotent, or very keen on that of which he has been able to get but little, or if he be in one of a number of known ways pathological, he sets to writing books on the matter and to founding cults and collecting proselytes. And he seems to expect society to reform itself according to his idiosyncrasies.

As for women, the Greek Pantheon represented the general types as well as any later writers have been able to do: Ceres, the mother, mother by nature, mother to anything that comes along, type recognised by the Eugenic Society.

Juno, the British matron type, propriety and social position to be maintained, no one's comfort considered. Women of this type have been always, and, thank God, always will be, deceived by their husbands.

Aphrodite—enough said. Pallas Athene, the much pitied intellectual. And Artemis.

There has been a deal of Artemis pose, and no one has taken much count of her in studying psychology.

Yet among us, perhaps because we are a young and inexperienced people, there remains a belief in this type—a type by no means simple—and likewise a belief in affection; in a sort, intimate sympathy which is not sexual.

Our family bond is so slight that we collect another family, not bound to us by blood, but by temperament. And I think it is very hard for Europeans to understand our process of doing this.

BOHEMIAN POETRY

An Anthology of Modern Bohemian Poetry, translated by P. Selver (Henry J. Drane, London).

This is a good anthology of modern Bohemian poetry, accurately translated into bad and sometimes even ridiculous English. Great credit is due the young translator for his care in research and selection. The faults of his style, though deplorable, are not such as to obscure the force and beauty of his originals.

One is glad to be thus thoroughly assured that contemporary Bohemia has a literature in verse, sensitive to the outer world and yet national. Mr. Selver's greatest revelation is Petr Bezruc, poet of the mines.

The poetry of Brezina, Sova and Vrchlicky is interesting, but Bezruc's *Songs of Silesia* have the strength of a voice coming *de profundis*.

A hundred years in silence I dwelt in the pit,
The dust of the coal has settled upon my eyes—
Bread with coal is the fruit that my toiling bore;—

That is the temper of it. Palaces grow by the Danube
nourished by his blood. He goes from labor to labor,
he rebels, he hears a voice mocking:

I should find my senses and go to the mine once more—

And in another powerful invective:

I am the first who arose of the people of Teschen.
They follow the stranger's plough, the slaves fare downwards.

He thanks God he is not in the place of the oppressor,
and ends:

Thus 'twas done. The Lord wills it. Night sank o'er my people.
Our doom was sealed when the night had passed;
In the night I prayed to the Demon of Vengeance,
The first Beskydian bard and the last.

This poet is distinctly worth knowing. He is the truth where our "red-bloods" and magazine socialists are usually a rather boresome pose.

As Mr. Selver has tried to make his anthology representative of all the qualities and tendencies of contemporary Bohemian work it is not to be supposed that they are all of the mettle of Bezruc.

One hears with deep regret that Vrchlicky is just dead, after a life of unceasing activity. He has been a prime mover in the revival of the Czech nationality and literature. He has given them, besides his own work, an almost unbelievable number of translations from the foreign classics, Dante, Schiller, Leopardi. For the rest I must refer the reader to Mr. Selver's introduction.

Ezra Pound

Patria Mia.

By EZRA POUND.

X.

"A SENSE of property," said I. "Which is very important," added a British editor.

The patient foreigner can only reflect that England is weighted with Imperial domain; that her Colonies are said to be well governed; that her government within the four seas of Britain is not such as to arouse envy.

Whatever the American sense of property may be, there has been a watchword used in the present presidential campaign that would scarcely have been used in any country except America or France.

"The first duty of a nation is to conserve its human resources."

I believe that this sentence contains the future greatness of America.

I believe that because of this perception we shall supersede you—or any other nation that attempts to conserve first its material resources.

I do not say that the American is wholly without sense of property, but his sense of play and of acquisition are much keener than his sense of retention.

The conception of things in staid and stodgy order has not permeated the American mind.

Anent which this incident: My father, in a western mining town, had one week hired a certain Jones to saw wood. Said wood having been burned, my father, meeting Jones after seven days, suggested that operation be repeated. To whom, the aforesaid Jones: "Saw wood? Homer, saw wood? Say, do you want to go east and sell a mine for me?" Jones had by this time \$10,000 in the bank, besides the mine.

You cannot under these conditions breed a belief that all welfare depends on having a certain amount of capital invested at three per cent.

That, however, was in a mining town nearly thirty years ago. You will get no idea of America if you try to consider it as a whole. At least you can make no more exact presentation of it than if you were trying to make generalities which would be equally applicable to Holland and to the South of France.

Colonies and caravans have gone out into our continent and "settled and been marooned." You can go thirty miles from Philadelphia and find quite a population; a settlement about 200 years old in which people do not, and very often cannot, speak English. They no longer speak German, but a "Pennsylvania Dutch."

In many sequestered places there is a like conservatism, not usually of language, but of customs and of fashions of thought.

There are towns in Upper New York State where they "don't know the Civil War is over," where they still speak of Clay and Webster and imagine the congressional debates are run by oratory.

In Aquitaine or in Hessen-Darmstadt one still finds types of the early tribes; Angeven, Pict, Teuton or Hunn. In America, also, one finds the natives showing perhaps less obvious, but no less distinct, differentiation. This thing is apparent in their household customs. I do not speak now of foreigners or naturalised citizens, but of families who have been there for several generations.

Coming on an unusually intelligent family in a most arid middle-Western town, I found that they were descended from the very early French settlers in those parts.

In another hundred years we may have a peasantry as stupid as any in Europe.

The worst element, from the intellectual point of view, are the "good families" in the small "lost towns." They own property. They are the most important factor in the place. They dare not let it be known that, if they budged from their own corner, they would be of no importance whatsoever. They maintain the status quo and repel all innovations.

Another change that has not yet been fully realised is the decadence of New England and "the South." Once these divisions were a good two-thirds of the animal, and suddenly it is perceived that they are no more than the ears of some new monster that is almost unconscious of them.

The lines of force run New York, Cincinnati, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco.

It is almost impossible, and it seems quite futile, to make general statements about a country which has no centre, no place by which it can be tested, no place that "says to-day what somewhere else will say to-morrow."

In matters of art and letters "the country" will repeat Paris and London. In matters of finance, I suppose, it repeats New York, but I am not quite certain.

It is misleading even to say that American "culture" follows London and Paris, unless one qualify the statement. The real process is about as follows:—

When a brilliant person or a specialist in London gets tired of a set of ideas, or of a certain section of his conversation, or when he happens to need the money, he refrigerates the ideas into a book. And the London reviewers and journalists review it, and absorb some of the ideas, and dilute them to ten per cent. of the original force. And the American Press dilutes the result to ten per cent. of the derivative strength, and the American public gets the "hog-wash." And if you try to talk on any such exotic matters with Americans, you get the hog-wash.

And if you have any vital interest in art and letters, and happen to like talking about them, you sooner or later leave the country.

I don't mean that the American is any less sensitive to the love of precision, *το καλον*, than is the young lady in English society. He is simply so much farther removed from the sources, from the few dynamic people who really know good from bad, even when the good is not conventional, even when the good is not freakish.

It has been well said of the "young lady in society" that art criticism is one of her functions. She babbles of it as of "the play," or of hockey, or of "town topics." She believes in catholicity of taste, in admiring no one thing more than anything else. But she is not ubiquitous. Even in London one may escape from her paths and by-ways.

At home, if the result in talk is similar, the causes of the result are different.

The American is often eager to know the good. He hasn't time to learn for himself. His news on these matters is poor. He thinks he is getting London opinion—that is to say, the opinion of the foreign specialist—when he is only getting foreign journalism. He takes this for gospel, and then flounders.

He can not and should not talk art. He can talk of the things he knows. He can talk well of politics, or of patent war machinery, or of the processes of one or a dozen trades, or of the technique of finance, and the artist and the specialist are glad to listen.

When it comes to a love or a perception of the impulse that makes for art, he is often in the position of the cowboy in the following jest:—

A young gentleman from Boston was painfully shocked at the manner in which the said cowboy was consuming food in a Wyoming restaurant. He was indiscreet enough to let it appear in his expression. To whom the cowboy: "See here, young feller, I got manners, but I ain't got time to use 'em."

Patria Mia.

By Ezra Pound.

XI.

I MIGHT go on objecting to details of the American order, and that would be perhaps easier than convincing a foreign audience that I am right to believe in our future.

I detest an education which tends to separate a man from his fellows. For the humanities rightly taught can but give one more points of contact with other men. I should like to see the universities and the arts and the system of publication linked together for some sort of mutual benefit and stimulus.

I detest what seems to me the pedantry of the "germanic system," although I am not insensible to the arguments in favour of this method and mechanism. I want all the accuracy of this system, but I want a more able synthesis of the results.

I want the duty on foreign books removed.

Si etais dieu le printemps soit eternel.

Yet the question seems not so much what I should like to see altered in the affairs of the United States as what force I rely on; why I believe that these changes and others will follow in due course.

I trust in the national chemical, or, if the reader be of Victorian sensibility, let us say the "spirit" or the "temper" of the nation.

I have found in "The Seafarer" and in "The Wanderer" trace of what I should call the English national chemical. In those early Anglo-Saxon poems I find expression of that quality which seems to me to have transformed the successive arts of poetry that have been brought to England from the South. For the art has come mostly from the south, and it has found on the island something in the temper of the race which has strengthened it and given it fibre. And this is hardly more than a race conviction that words scarcely become a man,

"Nor may the weary-in-mind withstand his fate,
Nor is high heart his helping.

For the doom-eager oft bindeth fast his thought
In blood-bedabbled breast."

The word I have translated "doom-eager" is "dom-georne." And "dom" is both "fate" and "glory." The "Dom georne" man is the man ready for his deed, eager for it, eager for the glory of it, ready to pay the price.

If a man has this quality and be meagre of speech one asks little beyond this.

These lines strike a keynote. I find the same sort of thing in Whitman. I mean I find in him what I should be as ready to call our American keynote as I am to call this the English keynote.

It is, as nearly as I can define it, a certain generosity.

A certain carelessness, or looseness, if you will; a hatred of the sordid, an ability to forget the part for the sake of the whole, a desire for largeness, a willingness to stand exposed.

"Camerado, this is no book;
Who touches this touches a man."

The artist personally is ready to endure a strain which his craftsmanship would scarcely endure.

Here is a spirit, one might say, as hostile to the arts as was the Anglo-Saxon objection to speaking at all.

Yet the strength of both peoples is just here; that one undertakes to keep quiet until there is something worth saying, and the other will undertake nothing in its art for which it will not be in person responsible.

This is, of course, the high ideal, not the standard or average of practice.

And my other hope is in this: that when an American in any art or *metier* has learned what is the best, he will never after be content with the second-rate.

It is by this trait that we are a young nation and a strong one.

An old nation weighs the cost of the best, and asks if the best is worth while.

But because we do not do this we shall move as fast as we learn, and knowledge and instinct are not to be over-quickly acquired; not in one generation. . . .

Yet where we have now culture and a shell we shall some day have the humanities and a centre.

"Poems and materials of poems shall come from their lives, they shall be makers and finders."

One reason why Whitman's reception in America has been so tardy is that he says so many things which we are accustomed, almost unconsciously, to take for granted.

He was so near the national colour that the nation hardly perceived him against that background.

He came at a time when America was proud of a few deeds and of a few principles. He came before the nation was self-conscious or introspective or subjective; before the nation was interested in being itself.

The nation had no interest in seeing its face in the glass. It wanted a tradition like other nations, and it got Longfellow's "Tales of a Wayside Inn" and "Hiawatha" and "Evangeline."

Whitman established the national *timbre*. One may not need him at home. It is in the air, this tonic of his:

But if one is abroad; if one is ever likely to forget one's birth-right, to lose faith, being surrounded by disparagers, one can find in Whitman the reassurance. Whitman goes bail for the nation.

And Whistler? Whistler is our martinet. He left a message almost as if by accident. It is, in substance, that being born an American is no excuse for being content with a parochial standard; that it does not prevent a man's attaining the highest mastery of an art or of whatever else he undertake, nor does it condone him for not doing so.

It is all very well to say that Whistler was European, but this does not affect the argument. If a man's work require him to live in exile, let him live in exile, let him suffer (or enjoy) his exile gladly.

But it would be about as easy for an American to become a Chinaman or a Hindoo as for him to acquire an Englishness or a Frenchness or a European-ness that is more than half a skin deep.

(FINIS.)

THE BLACK CRUSADE.

Sir,—If I did not know that THE NEW AGE was a free forum where every man is allowed to speak his mind I should be surprised at the appearance of "The Black Crusade" in its pages.

I write this lest the casual reader of the paper imagines that there is any unanimity in the matter, i.e., the Turco-Bulgarian war, among the regular contributors.

As an alien, and a man detached from immediate concern in the situation in so far as it concerns England, I would state my position in brief:

That of all the silly sentimentalism which I have met in post-Victorian England, this silly pro-Turkish sentimentalism is the silliest.

"Haw dem'me! El Islam!!" and the rest of it.

The disgrace to Europe is not that Turkey is about to be sent from Europe, but that she was not long since driven out.

If Turkey has been maintained in the "unspeakable" status quo, I should like to know by what force if not by the force of the allied monopolies of Europe? If it has not been to the interest of European capital to maintain the Turk, why has he persisted?

If an Oriental despotism is not lock, stock, and barrel of our matter with the industrial tyrannies of Europe, to

what is it allied? To the freedom of the individual? To equal opportunity for all? To the conservation of human energy and dignity? To any of the one and fifty causes to which we are pledged? No!

What has the labourer to gain by letting continue a model of tyranny more disgraceful than that whereunder he sweats? Turkey means monopoly. In her trouble she has asked loans of the monopolists of Europe and America.

If we cannot break the close ring in our own countries the next best thing is to see it broken elsewhere.

"Fellow Christians" and the rest of the cant, be hanged!

What could be more inane than Europe pretending to be Christian? "Fellow rebels" if you like. "Fellow fighters for fair play and an open game," we greet you and we wish you well. And we wish we could throw off the subtle strands of the hidden tyranny of the monopolists as swiftly and as cleanly as you are throwing off the yoke of a tyranny of arms.

Uncivilised Montenegrins, Servians, decadent Greeks, pestilent Bulgarians, I wish you well, and I pray that you conserve your ideal of freedom better than men have done in my own "free" country or in constitutional England.

EZRA POUND.

C64

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

TAGORE'S POEMS

The appearance of the poems of Rabindranath Tagore, translated by himself from Bengali into English, is an event in the history of English poetry and of world poetry. I do not use these terms with the looseness of contemporary journalism. Questions of poetic art are serious, not to be touched upon lightly or in a spirit of bravura.

Bengal is a nation of fifty million people. The great age of Bengali literature is this age in which we live. And the first Bengali whom I heard singing the lyrics of Tagore said, as simply as one would say it is four o'clock, "Yes, we speak of it as the Age of Rabindranath."

The six poems now published were chosen from a hundred lyrics about to appear in book form. They might just as well have been any other six, for they do not represent a summit of attainment but an average.

These poems are cast, in the original, in metres perhaps the most finished and most subtle of any known to us. If you refine the art of the troubadours, combine it with that of the *Pléiade*, and add to that the sound-unit principle of the most advanced artists in *vers libre*, you would get something like the system of Bengali verse. The sound of it when spoken is rather like good Greek, for Bengali is daughter of Sanscrit, which is a kind of uncle or elder brother of the Homeric idiom.

All this series of a hundred poems are made to music, for "Mr." Tagore is not only the great poet of Bengal,

C65

C64 ☞ The Black Crusade. *New Age*, XII. 3 (21 Nov. 1912) 69.

C65 Tagore's Poems. *Poetry*, I. 3 (Dec. 1912) 92-94.

On the six poems by Rabindranath Tagore, in his own prose translation from Bengali into English, printed in the same issue, pp. 84-86.

he is also their great musician. He teaches his songs, and they are sung throughout Bengal more or less as the troubadours' songs were sung through Europe in the twelfth century.

And we feel here in London, I think, much as the people of Petrarch's time must have felt about the mysterious lost language, the Greek that was just being restored to Europe after centuries of deprivation. That Greek was the lamp of our renaissance and its perfections have been the goal of our endeavor ever since.

I speak with all seriousness when I say that this beginning of our more intimate intercourse with Bengal is the opening of another period. For one thing the content of this first brief series of poems will destroy the popular conception of Buddhism, for we in the occident are apt to regard it as a religion negative and anti-Christian.

The Greek gave us humanism; a belief in *mens sana in corpore sano*, a belief in proportion and balance. The Greek shows us man as the sport of the gods; the sworn foe of fate and the natural forces. The Bengali brings to us the pledge of a calm which we need overmuch in an age of steel and mechanics. It brings a quiet proclamation of the fellowship between man and the gods; between man and nature.

It is all very well to object that this is not the first time we have had this fellowship proclaimed, but in the arts alone can we find the inner heart of a people. There is a deeper calm and a deeper conviction in this eastern expression than we have yet attained. It is by the arts alone that one people learns to meet another far distant people in friendship and respect.

I speak with all gravity when I say that world-fellowship is nearer for the visit of Rabindranath Tagore to London.

Ezra Pound

THE BLACK CRUSADE.

Sir,—I regret the haste and ill-considered phrasing of my letter of two weeks since. I regret its ambiguities. I have, it seems, been as much bored by uninformed pro-Turks as Mr. Pickthall has been by uninformed pro-Bulgars.

If, as I hear, Mr. Pickthall has been "muzzled" by other papers, I am very glad that THE NEW AGE should present his arguments. I meant no disrespect to his style which is certainly much better than my own. My dull shaft was aimed at other pro-Turkish articles which I had read, and I should have taken care enough with my letter to make this apparent.

My objection to Turkey is in no degree religious.

I am still unconvinced that a continuance of the Ottoman rule in Europe would have been of the slightest benefit to anyone.

I cannot be brought to believe in the fibre of a government that sends out starving troops and furnishes them with wooden bullets; that Sufism is preferable to Methodism I am quite ready to admit.

To argue that a government has been cheated out of its eye teeth by thieving neighbours is not to argue well in its favour. It is the business of a government not to be so cheated. When a government becomes susceptible to such fraud it has become archaic, and is a danger to itself and everyone else, and incompetence in high places is in itself a crime.

I have no doubt that there are charming personalities among the Turkish aristocracy, but any man who would put faith in the given word of England or of any other European Power, is utterly unfit to govern a modern state. He is the sort of man that would serve out wooden bullets.

If, as Mr. Pickthall contends, the heaviest burden of Turkish rule has fallen on Moslems, this must not be counted the least of Turkey's ill-doings.

I have a stupid prejudice in favour of straight roads and of public order.

I detest the established rights and capacities of capital as much as does Mr. Pickthall, but I have not yet rid my mind of the suspicion that he harbours a quaint and picturesque belief in the divine right of kings.

EZRA POUND.

C66

THE POEMS OF CAVALCANTI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE TIMES.

Sir,—I have to thank your critic for his courteous review of my "Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti"; but he seems to have misunderstood the aim of my work. I thought I had made clear in my preface that my endeavour was not to display skill in versification but to present the vivid personality of Guido Cavalcanti, a man of a very different temper from his associates. It was not practicable—for reasons of copyright and so on—to print an edition of Rossetti's partial translation with my version of the remainder. Moreover, in many places there would have been need of extensive notes and of a parallel translation where Rossetti diverged from the exact meaning. There being one melodious translation with orderly rhymes there was little need of another. Guido cared more for sense than for music, and I saw fit to emphasize this essential aspect of his work. The music is easily available for any one who will learn Italian pronunciation. The meaning is more than once in doubt even after long study. I thought I served my audience best by setting forth the meaning.

Surely Rossetti's preface and mine should show the reader that there could be no possible clash or contention between his æsthetic method and my scholastic one; he was as avowedly intent on making beautiful verses as I am on presenting an individual.

Your obedient servant,

10. Church-walk, Kensington, W.

EZRA POUND.

C67

C66 ☞ The Black Crusade. *New Age*, XII. 5 (5 Dec. 1912) 116.

C67 ☞ The Poems of Cavalcanti. *Times Literary Supplement*, London, 569 (5 Dec. 1912) 562. On the review of his *Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti*—B4b, and of Dante Gabriel Rossetti's *Poems and Translations* in the issue for 21 Nov. 1912.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

STATUS RERUM

London, December 10, 1912

HE state of things here in London is, as I see it, as follows:

I find Mr. Yeats the only poet worthy of serious study. Mr. Yeats' work is already a recognized classic and is part of the required reading in the Sorbonne. There is no need of proclaiming him to the American public.

As to his English contemporaries, they are food, sometimes very good food, for anthologies. There are a number of men who have written a poem, or several poems, worth knowing and remembering, but they do not much concern the young artist studying the art of poetry.

The important work of the last twenty-five years has been done in Paris. This work is little likely to gain a large audience in either America or England, because of its tone and content. There has been no "man with a message," but the work has been excellent and the method worthy of our emulation. No other body of poets having so little necessity to speak could have spoken so well as these modern Parisians and Flemings.

There has been some imitation here of their manner and content. Any donkey can imitate a man's manner. There has been little serious consideration of their *method*. It requires an artist to analyze and apply a method.

Among the men of thirty here, Padraic Colum is the one whom we call most certainly a poet, albeit he has written very little verse—and but a small part of that is worthy of notice. He is fairly unconscious of such words as "aesthetics," "technique" and "method." He is at his best in *Garadh*, a translation from the Gaelic, beginning:

O woman, shapely as a swan,
On your account I shall not die.
The men you've slain—a trivial clan—
Were less than I:

and in *A Drover*. He is bad whenever he shows a trace of reading. I quote the opening of *A Drover*, as I think it shows "all Colum" better than any passage he has written. I think no English-speaking writer now living has had the luck to get so much of himself into twelve lines.

To Meath of the pastures,
From wet hills by the sea,
Through Leitrim and Longford
Go my cattle and me.

I hear in the darkness
Their slipping and breathing.
I name them the bye-ways
They're to pass without heeding.

Then the wet, winding roads,
Brown bogs with black water;
And my thoughts on white ships
And the King o' Spain's daughter.

I would rather talk about poetry with Ford Madox Hueffer than with any man in London. Mr. Hueffer's beliefs about the art may be best explained by saying that they are in diametric opposition to those of Mr. Yeats.

Mr. Yeats has been subjective; believes in the glamour and associations which hang near the words. "Works of art beget works of art." He has much in common with the French symbolists. Mr. Hueffer believes in an exact rendering of things. He would strip words of all "association" for the sake of getting a precise meaning. He professes to prefer prose to verse. You would find his origins in Gautier or in Flaubert. He is objective. This school tends to lapse into description. The other tends to lapse into sentiment.

Mr. Yeats' method is, to my way of thinking, very dangerous, for although he is the greatest of living poets who use English, and though he has sung some of the moods of life immortally, his art has not broadened much in scope during the past decade. His gifts to English art are mostly negative; i. e., he has stripped English poetry of many of its faults. His "followers" have come to nothing. Neither Synge, Lady Gregory nor Colum can be called his followers, though he had much to do with bringing them forth, yet nearly every man who writes English verse seriously is in some way indebted to him.

Mr. Hueffer has rarely "come off." His touch is so light and his attitude so easy that there seems little likelihood of his ever being taken seriously by anyone save a few specialists and a few of his intimates. His last leaflet, *High Germany*, contains, however, three poems from which one may learn his quality. They are not Victorian. I do not expect many people to understand why I praise them. They are *The Starling*, *In the Little Old Market-Place* and *To All the Dead*.

The youngest school here that has the nerve to call itself a school is that of the *Imagistes*. To belong to a school does not in the least mean that one writes poetry to a theory. One writes poetry when, where, because, and as one feels like writing it. A school exists when two or three young men agree, more or less, to call certain things good; when they prefer such of their verses as have certain qualities to such of their verses as do not have them.

Space forbids me to set forth the program of the *Imagistes* at length, but one of their watchwords is Precision, and they are in opposition to the numerous and unassembled writers who busy themselves with dull and interminable effusions, and who seem to think that a man can write a good long poem before he learns to write a good short one, or even before he learns to produce a good single line.

Among the very young men, there seems to be a gleam of hope in the work of Richard Aldington, but it is too early to make predictions.

There are a number of men whose names are too well known for it to seem necessary to tell them over. America has already found their work in volumes or anthologies. Hardy, Kipling, Maurice Hewlett, Binyon, Robert Bridges, Sturge Moore, Henry Newbolt, McKail, Masfield, who has had the latest cry; Abercrombie, with passionate defenders, and Rupert Brooke, recently come down from Cambridge.

There are men also, who are little known to the general public, but who contribute liberally to the "charm" or the "atmosphere" of London: Wilfred Scawen Blunt, the grandest of old men, the last of the great Victorians; great by reason of his double sonnet, beginning—

He who has once been happy is for aye
Out of destruction's reach;

Ernest Rhys, weary with much editing and hack work, to whom we owe gold digged in Wales, translations, transcripts, and poems of his own, among them the fine one to Dagonet; Victor Plarr, one of the "old" Rhymers' Club, a friend of Dowson and of Lionel Johnson. His volume, *In The Dorian Mood*, has been half forgotten, but not his verses *Epitaphium Citharistriae*. One would also name the Provost of Oriel, not for original work, but for his very beautiful translations from Dante.

In fact one might name nearly a hundred writers who have given pleasure with this or that matter in rhyme. But it is one thing to take pleasure in a man's work and another to respect him as a great artist.

Ezra Pound

Through Alien Eyes.

By Ezra Pound.

I.

It is the day of loose impressions and I detest them, and the truth about a nation is a sacred mystery upon which none but the professional journalist may gaze unveiled. About one's own country one has convictions—more or less right, but about a foreign country one has only impressions. Take them for what they are worth; they will possibly offend you.

Why do I live in England? Because I am an artist of a sort—though poetry is not usually counted an art—still I am given to thinking of myself as an artist, so it comes to the same thing so far as I am concerned. And England is a comfortable, musty old studio where no one runs carpet-sweepers under my easel.

I know that I am perched on the rotten shell of a crumbling empire, but it isn't my empire, and I'm not legally responsible, and anyway the Germans will probably run it as well as you do. If they don't run it rather better I shall go to Paris, for I am not particularly fond of Germans.

One can write on "America" with what *THE NEW AGE* calls "moral indignation," for one has the flickering belief that one might thereby do a little good. Of course, we have just about as much muddle as you have, but our confusion is like a heap of iron filings, partially magnetized; while yours is a dead heap. Let me explain this metaphor.

If you pour a heap of iron filings on to a glass plate they form a heap; no amount of care and thought would make you able to arrange them bit by bit in a beautiful manner. Clap a strong enough magnet to the underside of the plate and at once the filings leap into order. They form a rose pattern on the lines of the electric force; move the magnet and they move in unison.

God forbid that I should deny that America is, economically, in a mess, but one feels, or believes one feels, some sort of force—call it the spirit of the country, or a belief in the future—moving to its assistance.

Does anyone honestly feel the same for England? As a stranger, who had been courteously received, I tried to maintain the illusion.

The archæologist told a friend of mine that centaurs had never existed, "For," said he, "if centaurs had existed we should have found skeletons of centaurs." And I said this was all nonsense; that of course, centaurs had existed; that centaurs were an article of faith; that next he would deny that unicorns ever existed, and "then the Empire *would* go to smash." I was told in the finest English accents, that the Empire *would*, unicorn or no unicorn. And that, under various wordy disguises would seem to be the gist of it.

I suppose the lion on your arms stands for strength, or what we call "bluff," and which you term "reserve," and the unicorn must stand for superstition. And your most scholarly strategists are busy telling you that your lion is stuffed with sawdust and cotton batting. And all this is perfectly natural.

Of course you need conscription. You need to conscribe the unemployed. You are wasting your human resources. But if you conscribe the unemployed you send up the price of wages, a thing which no Liberal Government would ever be persuaded to allow. And if you did send up wages your employers would import labour to send them down again, and then you'd get more unemployed to conscribe, and by this process you would get a plausible army which would be "a burden to the State."

And of course the State ought to be supported by a tax on unearned increment. There should be—with the possible exception of a light poll-tax—but one tax, and

that should be levied solely on what I have called "property active." It should be levied on men who make a profit on the labour of other men. It should not be levied on the land which *gives*, and which *should be* cheap. And this sort of tax would end the vicious circle whereby all labour is turned to the loss of the labourer.

Then, of course, your land tenure is utterly ridiculous. The American who comes here with the intention of starting business simply laughs at the system and goes elsewhere.

Of course these matters do not concern me. Simply, they are so obvious that even a more or less "impractical" person like myself has them thrown upon his retina.

And then, of course, you ought to have universal adult suffrage; not that one believes in popular government; not that any people ever would take the trouble to govern themselves; but it keeps the populace in a good temper, politically, if they think they have a share in the ordering of the nation. Suffrage is good for the national spirit, it produces political indifference. "The people" may know that things are not quite right, but they will have a vague suspicion that they are, themselves, to blame, and this will keep them quiet and affable.

It is conceivable that an oppressed and underfed producer might fight in defence of a country in which he thought he had some interest, but that he would show any energy in protecting property, let us say a factory which he has the month before been with difficulty restrained from destroying, is a doctrine to be held by no sound man.

Of course I am a pacifist; every American is a pacifist. War is a mess and a bother. It is, between nations of equal civilisation, an anachronism. And there is "England's danger." As we have seen in the past few weeks, an Oriental despotism has no show against a constitutional government; and between such dissimilar organisations there is but the one argument, force.

The Englishman has the sense of property—of his own property. It has made his empire; made it as fanaticism made the empire of the Crescent.

The German has the *sense of the State*. This is a thing more modern and destined for its own slow victory. All this is of little moment to me. I am disinterested and detached from the particular encounter as much as if I were a fairly perspicacious Chinaman. It is only a game of chess.

Yet from the personal side your sense of property is a never-failing source of astonishment to me. The emphasis which the British subject can put on the possessive pronoun strikes us transpontines as at once hateful and barbaric. In a world of flowing phenomena how comes it that this otherwise quiet person can burst into violence with a *my* house, *my* this, *my* that, or the other? We are startled. It is unpleasant, a little gruesome. We understand why the island is said to be full of ghosts haunting *their* houses. We fall back upon a questioning irony. That anyone could want to own anything so much! We understand the riddle of your burdensome possessions oversea. We understand why the Oriental stands back and lets you replace his governing class—which caste he never counted his highest.

This curious atavism! Is it a matter of climate? Did you descend from the walrus, while the rest of mankind was busy descending from the ape? Is there an original difference?

This curious fetish! You have gone to all lengths for it. You have made, over and over again, blood sacrifice. You have squandered human resources for the material resources. And where we seek liberty, or what I suppose you would call "irresponsibility" because you cannot see that is a feeling of being responsible for something else than the things for which you find it natural to feel responsible; where we seek liberty, you clamour for a sense of "safety," another *ignis fatuus*.

Through Alien Eyes.

By Ezra Pound.

II.

OF course, England is a charming place, or, rather, London contains a few thousand endurable people, and I have arranged my life so that I do not have to meet anyone I don't want to meet, and this is very comfortable.

It is not long since a friend said to me, "England? Bah! what do you know about England? You meet only a few over-civilised people who happen to like your verse or who think they ought to like it, or who think they might like it if they took the trouble to read it. The rest of the population is as stupid as if it were American."

Surprising as it may seem, I do not find my own country universally respected here, and no deference is paid to me because of my being a citizen of a free State, a member of the sovereign people.

Nevertheless, I am not wholly blind to the fact that this little howdah of Kensington and its environs is carried on the back of a very large and very sickly elephant.

During the prelude of my London existence—that is to say, before people began to let me into their drawing-rooms—I was permitted, even forced, to notice some of the viscera of this metaphorical beast.

Here, as in all countries, one may find the implacable dullness of Suburbia—often a healthy dullness. One may find here, as elsewhere, boarding-houses, complete with billiard table (no cushions), bath (out of order), hot and cold water (geyser not working), pink, frilly paper decorations, complete board and lodging, 12s. 6d. per week.

"*Wāt sē the cumadh.*"

"He knows who knoweth it
How sore is sorrow to bear,"

says the writer of the "Wanderer." Foods, unthinkable and unimaginable, odours, etc.! And I haven't been anywhere near to the bottom. I've been far enough.

I know that here, as elsewhere, the social scale goes down, by imperceptible gradations. There are in it no "discreet differences." It goes down and down until one is glad to lose sight of it, down to the slave of a slave and down beyond that, where we stop in our keeping count and call it simply "abyss."

I have seen two things in London that I can compare to nothing but Mr. Kipling's sea monster in "Many Inventions."

One in Regent Street, going towards Oxford Circus. It had lost a leg, from the knee. It must have been fresh from the hospital, for the cicatrice was still red. It must have had on the clothing worn at the time of the accident, for the breeches were torn, and showed the surgeon's job.

The other in Oxford Street, near Hyde Park. It was compact and beer-fed and sore-eyed and nearly blind with hunger.

These hulks were no worse to look at than many others, but they were striking in this, that they were not inert. They were not Verhaeren's *Pauvres gens aux gestes las et indulgents*.

The first moved swiftly, with great swings between its clumsy crutches; the second apparently slowly, yet with a recklessness that marked its movement from that of anything else in the crowd about the "bus stop. The legs moved stiff from the hips, with no bend at the knee or ankle. Each of these things moved to a rhythm regular as a metronome's, moved by a force as unreasoning as that in a tree or a flood. The first was young; the second about forty. Neither looked to right or left. They neither asked, nor gave one time to offer them alms. They made no protest.

I think that only this twice in my life have I seen bodies completely gripped by the will.

"Of course one cannot prevent. . . ."

I don't wish to prevent anything. I am not a humanitarian, but a humanist.

The drama of life depends upon inequalities. Let us maintain them? No. They will manage to maintain themselves without our meagre assistance.

But this much any sane man can see in England as elsewhere: The present system for educating the poor is asinine.

A child should be taught in school:—

(a) That the man who does not make something ought to starve. That if he does not make something he either will starve, or he must maintain himself by a series of shifts and dodges.

(b) He should be taught something useful. He should not be taught dabs of this, that and the other. He should be taught some one congenial thing until it is second nature.

(c) The three "R's" can be added, and beyond this the child should be free. It should not be in the school-room over three hours a day. It should be kept in the open; sent to a heath near the city for at least one day a week.

(d) It should not have poetry and literature and "compositions" made a drudgery. It should have access to books in a school library. It should be allowed to read in the afternoons, if it care to. There should be someone in the reading room to answer its questions—to answer them courteously and seriously.

I am not speaking merely from theory. I have some intimate knowledge of various processes and experiments whereby we attempt to clear up our American slums. I know their appeal and effect.

Thus, there is in Philadelphia, on South 10th Street, an institution for Italians—a church, if the name be not too misleading. During the week the children and those who are no longer children come there to learn wood-carving and modelling, and to give plays on a stage in the basement; and there is a day school. These Italians are for the most part sturdy peasants who make a living by working on railroads and as masons, or in various work of that sort. They come to the "church" for relaxation, for amusement; it is a decorative feature in their lives.

On the opposite corner there is an institution maintained by the Jews. Here you would find children huddled together, learning every sort of trade—shoemaking, the various specialities of tailoring, etc.

This wise and provident people, receiving its emigrants from Russia, from the afflicted districts, takes measures to prepare them as swiftly as possible to make their way among new surroundings, to acquire—and they do acquire—and buy up land and become rich in due season.

Of course, the Italians also go on raising their standard of living, but it is a new country. I point out the Jewish system of training as the wise means devised by one section of the poor, one nation of our country, to gain advantage over the rest. Which they very obviously do.

The term "church" may surprise you; but if any slum work is undertaken "interdenominationally" the Jew overruns it and gradually pushes out the others.

Acquisitive, he wants "culture," or anything else that he can get, free; and he has the foresight which is more or less lacking among the simpler, more sensuous emigrants: he knows that whatever he learns may come in handy some time or other.

It is obvious, though I express it clumsily, that an intelligent "lower class" would by instinct wish to learn trades and industries rather than "book learning." And it is obvious that this is a wise instinct, and that a sincere Government would try to give them facilities for acquiring such knowledge.

Concerning my paragraphs on conscription of the unemployed, which is a very different thing from universal service, I have noticed one effect in the handling of slum children—and any far-seeing slum work is work with children—we have an informal committee, which amuses itself by filling up a certain number of trams with slum-children of a Saturday, and dumping them in a park for their health's sake.

The effect of an "institution" on its surrounding slum is not always apparent, but if one is trying to manage a few thousand youngsters, in so simple a matter as getting on and off a tramcar, and giving them lunch, one has a sudden revelation of the difference between those who have been gathered through some "centre" or "settlement," and those who have been gathered at a corner grocery store.

It is unlikely that they are conscious of having discovered the value of order. But they do know that for their own convenience they get about quicker, get fed more, and are in general more comfortable if they obey a few general suggestions, to line up by twos or fours, to go this way rather than that, etc.

This is judging the wind by a straw's motion; but it is very instructive to watch this sort of straw.

All this is practical work. I know little of the corresponding activities in London. My impression of the few missions I've seen is that they are the old sort that teach the children to sing psalms and honour their landlord. But this is, perhaps, only an impression.

Through Alien Eyes.

By Ezra Pound.

III.

In my articles on America I compared that country to Spain at the time of the Senecas, saying it was not so much like a nation as like a province without a centre.

London, to carry out the simile, is like Rome of the decadence, so far, at least, as letters are concerned. She is a main and vortex drawing strength from the peripheries.

Thus the finest authors, in my judgment—Yeats, James, Hudson, and Conrad—are all foreigners, and among the prominent English writers vigour of thought, as in the cases of Wells and Bennett, is found only in conjunction with a consummate vulgarity. Among the tub-whackers the Briton fares scarcely better, and the bubbling G. K. C. makes a poor second to the bellowing Hilaire. Perched on the dry rim of the cauldron the naive transpontine observes the "British institutions," Gosse, Thackeray, Garnett, and their penumbra, the "powers in the world of letters," with Hampstead as a more hideous sort of Boston, Massachusetts. One knows that if one ascend up into height the manifestations of the *papier mâché* are before him, and if he descend into depth they are before him, and it is no use leaving one country to escape them.

Surely "The Sphere" and Mr. Clement Shorter are the real expression of British nationality? I ask it as a stranger, as one seeking for instruction in the peculiar conditions of a charming country wherein I find myself.

In journalism you have Garvin; but I come from the country of Brisbane and Willy Hearst, and you cannot expect me to be *épaté* by the author of "Doom" and "Gehenna" and "Whang" and all the mighty products of his trade.

It is not my business as an observer to speak of your hearts of oak, or to tap the marrow of your nation. I can only be expected to know what meets the eye of a stranger.

If anything were calculated to give me faith in the future of England and a belief in her present strength, it was your coal strike—which your papers misrepresented. This thing will be written in his history when the future produces a Burckhardt. A million men going

out of their work and keeping perfect order. No! This thing is stupendous; it is of far greater significance than this archaic row in the Balkans. Believe me: *Nascitur ordo.*

I know very well that there is no dearth of those who want to turn you into a nation of shopkeepers, to make you into a Venice for tourists.

Against this labour of your mines you have got the shop-keeping type. You have got your Bennett and Wells, your shopkeepers in "The realm of books."

You have got your parasitic East End; for the idle poor are as much against labour as the idle rich. And if one were to prophesy the future "type" from the seeing of London alone one would say: The future Briton will have the large buttocks of the Jew, the curious out-turning feet, and this will be surmounted by a bowler hat and a chest of the dimensions of those which one sees hovering about Eustace Miles' restaurant.

You have, of course, a fine physique among your Imperialists. And an Imperialist is, to foreign eyes, a fine, robust, old Tory gentleman with a stake in the country, and he bristles with "the state of Empire." He would rather reform the Empire in its peripheries than at its centre, for a change at the centre might disturb his tenures and gracious ease.

And you have Lord Roberts bidding you "Arm and Prepare." A very inspiring figure! Or, rather, he would be if he would drop his *cinque cento* attitude and face the whole of the matter, for the dilemma is not an army or a German invasion, but a German invasion or social reorganisation; and this later would mean a Government based on, and representative of, the real strength of the nation—i.e., the producers, the million men who struck and the rest of their sort and calibre.

There was once a beautiful lady, and she said to me: "I have just been lunching with six generals. Now I know why the war (in South Africa) took so long to get finished."

Of course, any sort of military discipline would be good for a nation like yours, which is primarily a nation of amateurs. It would make them immeasurably more fit to compete with a nation of specialists and professionals, but your salvation does not lie in a picturesque militarism of the pre-Napoleonic order. Nor does it lie, I think, in that very funny body which you call your House of Commons—not, at least, in its present condition or with the present electorate.

In fact, the pretences of the "House" are too feeble to deceive even so casual an observer as I am. The House has for so long been accustomed to see itself in the traditional pages of "Toby" that it may not be amiss for an outsider to say what he saw there. The diary runs as follows:—

This curious assembly is said to be descended from the moats of the folk and the *witan*. I saw the utterly disagreeable facing the utterly inefficient. At various places in the chamber men arose and began talking, and it reminded me of our junior debates in college—except that we had to get up our subject better; we were "flunked" (*Anglice*, ploughed) if we didn't.

We made occasional appeals to logic. Such would not seem to be Parliamentary form.

Your country was said to be in a crisis. I dare say it was very cleverly managed. I presume labour was "broken for the next thirty years."

But in the House of Commons one heard only a little ineffective banter. The Tories impressed me by a charm of manner, wholly absent from the Government side of the House. Some one who they told me was "Hugh Cecil" volunteered that "co-partnership" was the solution. He had great charm of manner, but seemed rather vague in his ideas as to just what or how "co-partnership" might be.

Lloyd George entered; he seemed almost as unpleasant as Mr. Churchill; he had a voice like a file in a bit of uneven steel. His speech was interesting psychologically, and the substance of his reply to the general objection to something rather undefined was

about as follows :—"That's all very well and *that's* all very well, but I'm the biggest dog in this kennel, and there's no use in arguing *that*."

I heard two things that sounded like sense—one from a man who knew something about the inside of a coal mine, and, later, another argument from a man who knew something about marine engines.

So I conclude the real division of the House is somewhere about the gangway, rather than a matter of left and right.

And as it is obvious that such a great world-empire as yours could not be governed by the lucubrations of this debating club, I am forced by the process *reductio ad absurdum* to conclude that it must be governed by something else.

Présences, par P. J. Jouve: Georges Crès, Paris.

I take pleasure in welcoming, in Monsieur Jouve, a contemporary. He writes the new jargon and I have not the slightest doubt that he is a poet.

Whatever may be said against automobiles and aeroplanes and the modernist way of speaking of them, and however much one may argue that this new sort of work is mannered, and that its style will pass, still it is indisputable that the vitality of the time exists in such work.

Here is a book that you can read without being dead sure of what you will find on the next page, or at the end of the next couplet. There is no doubt that M. Jouve sees with his own eyes and feels with his own nerves. Nothing is more boresome than an author who pretends to know less about things than he really does know. It is this silly sort of false naïveté that rots the weaker productions of Maeterlinck. Thank heaven the advance guard is in process of escaping it.

It is possible that the new style will grow as weak in the future in the hands of imitators as has, by now, the Victorian manner, but for the nonce it is refreshing. Work of this sort can not be produced by the yard in stolid imitation of dead authors.

I defy anyone to read it without being forced to think, immediately, about life and the nature of things. I have perused this volume twice, and I have enjoyed it.

E. P.

C72

Through Alien Eyes.

By Ezra Pound.

IV.

I SUBSCRIBE myself a "feminist"; that is to say, I am unmarried, I have no sisters and few aunts, and I do not live with my family. I am, therefore, most admirably fitted to treat of the abstraction "Woman" in a high and decorous fashion, with a mind untrammelled and with a temper unirritated by the minutiae of daily proceedings.

There will be no proper discussion of this matter until the frailer sex divides itself as frankly into "masculists" and "anti-masculists."

We Americans being by temper Latin rather than Icelandic have discovered long ago that the way to keep a woman in the state of proper docility and subjection is to give her what she says she wants with all convenient speed.

Thus, in those States of our Union where the ladies have had a vague idea that the vote would be of some use to them, or where they have thought they would derive any pleasure from exercising the franchise, we have permitted them to vote.

Your situation with regard to "suffrage" is to our mind frankly "impossible" and both your parties have been on our side of the water objects of ridicule rather than of sympathy.

To the sophisticated American mind it seems very odd that anyone should be really anxious to vote. It seems odd that anyone should imagine there was any particular use in voting. The obvious answer of any American to any lady asking for a vote is precisely the answer which I once got myself very much disliked for making: "You are perfectly welcome to mine."

That is precisely it in dialogue as follows:—

The Lady: "I want a vote."

The Male: "Well, of course, er—I don't know that I can do anything with the legislation on the matter. But if you really want a vote, for heaven's sake use mine. I, perhaps, will have to cast the ballot for you, but that's only the mechanical process."

Hence, I believe that women are of considerable use in the conduct of our American affairs.

Certainly as probation officers, in looking after the disorderly children of the slums, in the junior courts; as tenement inspectors in various like offices, and in various offices of the national and municipal house-keeping, they have proved themselves most valuable, and their opinions on many matters of detail are held in utmost respect.

The exercise of such functions has produced what is to my mind a very interesting type of woman. This type may exist in England, but I have not met it.

It is a woman of broad experience, of comprehension, usually of generous humour, a woman whose acquaintance with life has been at first hand and various. It is a little hard to express precisely what I mean, but the quality of her comprehension is distinctive because her experience has not come to her solely or predominantly by the channels of sex.

Heaven knows your Society women have, at times, humour and understanding and all the graces, but their minds are preponderantly derivative. They may have gathered from one man or from many, but their individuality, when they have any, is only a sort of guide to their eclectic processes. They are more than likely to accept an idea because they like the person who has it.

All this statement is very platitudinous. What I think I am driving at may be summed up in the following vague generality.

Our women in civil life may be said to have some sort of human experience unconditioned by sex or caste. In England it has been my lot to meet more often a woman of social experience.

A probation officer is eminently practical. She is perfectly well aware that no two human beings are much alike. She is a person very different from the female member of a "Society for the discussion of social problems." She may exist in England, but I have not met her, or her like.

It strikes me also that the suffragettes are losing much valuable time by their method of mobilisation.

There is nothing to prevent their calling an assembly, an assembly representing the towns and shires proportionately. In this assembly they might discuss in detail all matters of national economy. They might frame bills and proposals of legislation. And, this being done, they would have little difficulty in bringing these bills to the attention of the Government.

Their assembly would have no formal constitutional recognition, but, if their proposals should be found wise and proficient, this assembly might in time come to have the prestige of a Third or Preliminary Chamber. I am much mistaken if the Commons at their inception had much more weight than such a feminine assembly now would have.

The constitution of such an assembly would be far more impressive than breaking windows, burning mails, and heaving rocks at stupid old gentlemen.

The naïve transpontine is—on this matter of suffragettes—filled with a "horror and pale amaze" at your treatment of political offenders.

Half England shudders when a bill is brought forward for the flogging of pimps and half sits quiet in the face of forcible feeding and newspaper misrepresentations.

They say the flogging would "brutalise" some one or other. As a matter of fact, the results of the bill will be two in number: It will send a certain number of men back to Brussels with great celerity, and the pimp will be replaced by the nation in this primitive form of insurance.

Yet the country shudders and still injects soup through the female nose!

Well, England has been for centuries the "asylum of the oppressed." You may speak at Hyde Park Corner, you can write in socialistic journals, you can "let off the dangerous steam." It's a delightful land for the stranger..

There are cheap and convenient lodgings, though you ought to have more plumbing than is usually found in them.

And London is a great—and, if you like, unserious—picture-book, and its pages are of infinite variety.

There is no week without some new thing of interest, no fortnight in which some new and interesting personality is not whirled up against one. A month ago it was a great poet from Bengal, three weeks ago it was a renovator of an art that is almost new, three days ago it was some one en passant whose name I scarcely caught—the continuous torrent-process. These people come bringing you particles of knowledge and gossip, wearing you away little by little, filing against your salients.

And this process becomes so much the usual, the dull and accustomed, that one forgets the city ever had a lure and mystery. And all this sounds sadly like sentiment and rhetoric. And I dare say it is; so I end it.

IMAGISME*

Some curiosity has been aroused concerning *Imagisme*, and as I was unable to find anything definite about it in print, I sought out an *imagiste*, with intent to discover whether the group itself knew anything about the "movement." I gleaned these facts.

The *imagistes* admitted that they were contemporaries of the Post Impressionists and the Futurists; but they had nothing in common with these schools. They had not published a manifesto. They were not a revolutionary school; their only endeavor was to write in accordance with the best tradition, as they found it in the best writers of all time,—in Sappho, Catullus, Villon. They seemed to be absolutely intolerant of all poetry that was not written in such endeavor, ignorance of the best tradition forming no excuse. They had a few rules, drawn up for their own satisfaction only, and they had not published them. They were:

1. Direct treatment of the "thing," whether subjective or objective.
2. To use absolutely no word that did not contribute to the presentation.
3. As regarding rhythm: to compose in sequence of the musical phrase, not in sequence of a metronome.

By these standards they judged all poetry, and found most of it wanting. They held also a certain 'Doctrine of the Image,' which they had not committed to writing; they said that it did not concern the public, and would provoke useless discussion.

The devices whereby they persuaded approaching poetasters to attend their instruction were:

1. They showed him his own thought already splendidly expressed in some classic (and the school musters altogether a most formidable erudition).
2. They re-wrote his verses before his eyes, using about ten words to his fifty.

Even their opponents admit of them—ruefully—"At least they do keep bad poets from writing!"

I found among them an earnestness that is amazing to one accustomed to the usual London air of poetic dilettantism. They consider that Art is all science, all religion, philosophy and metaphysic. It is true that *snobisme* may be urged against them; but it is at least *snobisme* in its most dynamic form, with a great deal of sound sense and energy behind it; and they are stricter with themselves than with any outsider.

F. S. Flint

*Editor's Note—In response to many requests for information regarding *Imagism* and the *Imagistes*, we publish this note by Mr. Flint, supplementing it with further exemplification by Mr. Pound. It will be seen from these that *Imagism* is not necessarily associated with Hellenic subjects, or with *vers libre* as a prescribed form.

A FEW DON'TS BY AN IMAGISTE

An "Image" is that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time. I use the term "complex" rather in the technical sense employed by the newer psychologists, such as Hart, though we might not agree absolutely in our application.

It is the presentation of such a "complex" instantaneously which gives that sense of sudden liberation; that sense of freedom from time limits and space limits; that sense of sudden growth, which we experience in the presence of the greatest works of art.

It is better to present one Image in a lifetime than to produce voluminous works.

All this, however, some may consider open to debate. The immediate necessity is to tabulate A LIST OF DON'T'S for those beginning to write verses. But I can not put all of them into Mosaic negative.

To begin with, consider the three rules recorded by Mr. Flint, not as dogma—never consider anything as dogma—but as the result of long contemplation, which, even if it is some one else's contemplation, may be worth consideration.

Pay no attention to the criticism of men who have never themselves written a notable work. Consider the discrepancies between the actual writing of the Greek poets and dramatists, and the theories of the Graeco-Roman grammarians, concocted to explain their metres.

LANGUAGE

Use no superfluous word, no adjective, which does not reveal something.

Don't use such an expression as "dim lands of peace." It dulls the image. It mixes an abstraction with the concrete. It comes from the writer's not realizing that the natural object is always the *adequate* symbol.

Go in fear of abstractions. Don't retell in mediocre verse what has already been done in good prose. Don't think any intelligent person is going to be deceived when you try to shirk all the difficulties of the unspeakably difficult art of good prose by chopping your composition into line lengths.

What the expert is tired of today the public will be tired of tomorrow.

Don't imagine that the art of poetry is any simpler than the art of music, or that you can please the expert before you have spent at least as much effort on the art of verse as the average piano teacher spends on the art of music.

Be influenced by as many great artists as you can, but have the decency either to acknowledge the debt outright, or to try to conceal it.

Don't allow "influence" to mean merely that you mop up the particular decorative vocabulary of some one or two poets whom you happen to admire. A Turkish war correspondent was recently caught red-handed babbling in his dispatches of "dove-gray" hills, or else it was "pearl-pale," I can not remember.

Use either no ornament or good ornament.

C74 A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste. *Poetry*, I. 6 (Mar. 1913) 200-6.

Substantial portions of this and the preceding article by Flint are quoted by Rebecca West in her "Imagisme," in the *New Freewoman* for 15 Aug. 1913, pp. 86-87, introducing "The Contemporania of Ezra Pound" (see note to C76).

RHYTHM AND RHYME

Let the candidate fill his mind with the finest cadences he can discover, preferably in a foreign language so that the meaning of the words may be less likely to divert his attention from the movement; e. g., Saxon charms, Hebridean Folk Songs, the verse of Dante, and the lyrics of Shakespeare—if he can dissociate the vocabulary from the cadence. Let him dissect the lyrics of Goethe coldly into their component sound values, syllables long and short, stressed and unstressed, into vowels and consonants.

It is not necessary that a poem should rely on its music, but if it does rely on its music that music must be such as will delight the expert.

Let the neophyte know assonance and alliteration, rhyme immediate and delayed, simple and polyphonic, as a musician would expect to know harmony and counterpoint and all the minutiae of his craft. No time is too great to give to these matters or to any one of them, even if the artist seldom have need of them.

Don't imagine that a thing will "go" in verse just because it's too dull to go in prose.

Don't be "viewy"—leave that to the writers of pretty little philosophic essays. Don't be descriptive; remember that the painter can describe a landscape much better than you can, and that he has to know a deal more about it.

When Shakespeare talks of the "Dawn in russet mantle clad" he presents something which the painter does not present. There is in this line of his nothing that one can call description; he presents.

Consider the way of the scientists rather than the way of an advertising agent for a new soap.

The scientist does not expect to be acclaimed as a great scientist until he has *discovered* something. He begins by learning what has been discovered already. He goes from that point onward. He does not bank on being a charming fellow personally. He does not expect his friends to applaud the results of his freshman class work. Freshmen in poetry are unfortunately not confined to a definite and recognizable class room. They are "all over the shop." Is it any wonder "the public is indifferent to poetry?"

Don't chop your stuff into separate *iamb*s. Don't make each line stop dead at the end, and then begin every next line with a heave. Let the beginning of the next line catch the rise of the rhythm wave, unless you want a definite longish pause.

In short, behave as a musician, a good musician, when dealing with that phase of your art which has exact parallels in music. The same laws govern, and you are bound by no others.

Naturally, your rhythmic structure should not destroy the shape of your words, or their natural sound, or their meaning. It is improbable that, at the start, you will be able to get a rhythm-structure strong enough to affect them very much, though you may fall a victim to all sorts of false stopping due to line ends and caesurae.

The musician can rely on pitch and the volume of the orchestra. You can not. The term harmony is misapplied to poetry; it refers to simultaneous sounds of different pitch. There is, however, in the best verse a sort of residue of sound which remains in the ear of the hearer and acts more or less as an organ-base. A rhyme must have in it some slight element of surprise if it is to give pleasure; it need not be bizarre or curious, but it must be well used if used at all.

Vide further Vildrac and Duhamel's notes on rhyme in "*Technique Poetique*."

That part of your poetry which strikes upon the imaginative *eye* of the reader will lose nothing by translation into a foreign tongue; that which appeals to the ear can reach only those who take it in the original.

Consider the definiteness of Dante's presentation, as compared with Milton's rhetoric. Read as much of Wordsworth as does not seem too unutterably dull.

If you want the gist of the matter go to Sappho, Catullus, Villon, Heine when he is in the vein, Gautier when he is not too frigid; or, if you have not the tongues, seek out the leisurely Chaucer. Good prose will do you no harm, and there is good discipline to be had by trying to write it.

Translation is likewise good training, if you find that your original matter "wobbles" when you try to rewrite it. The meaning of the poem to be translated can not "wobble."

If you are using a symmetrical form, don't put in what you want to say and then fill up the remaining vacuums with slush.

Don't mess up the perception of one sense by trying to define it in terms of another. This is usually only the result of being too lazy to find the exact word. To this clause there are possibly exceptions.

The first three simple proscriptions* will throw out nine-tenths of all the bad poetry now accepted as standard and classic; and will prevent you from many a crime of production.

" . . . *Mais d'abord il faut etre un poete*," as MM. Duhamel and Vildrac have sai' at the end of their little book, "*Notes sur la Technique Poetique*"; but in an American one takes that at least for granted, otherwise why does one get born upon that august continent!

Ezra Pound

*Noted by Mr. Flint.

RABINDRANATH TAGORE.

THE appearance of "The Poems of Rabindranath Tagore" is, to my mind, very important. I am by no means sure that I can convince the reader of this importance. For proof I must refer him to the text. He must read it quietly. He would do well to read it aloud, for this apparently simple English translation has been made by a great musician, by a great artist who is familiar with a music subtler than our own.

It is a little over a month since I went to Mr. Yeats' rooms and found him much excited over the advent of a great poet, someone "greater than any of us."

It is hard to tell where to begin.

Bengal is a nation of fifty million people. Superficially it would seem to be beset with phonographs and railways. Beneath this there would seem to subsist a culture not wholly unlike that of twelfth-century Provence.

Mr. Tagore is their great poet and their great musician as well. He has made them their national song, their Marseillaise, if an Oriental nation can be said to have an equivalent to such an anthem. I have heard his "Golden Bengal," with its music, and it is wholly Eastern, yet it has a curious power, a power to move the crowd. It is "minor" and subjective, yet it has all the properties of action.

I name this only in passing, to show that he has sung of all the three things which Dante thought "fitting to be sung of, in the noblest possible manner," to wit, love, war and holiness.

The next resemblance to mediæval conditions is that "Mr. Tagore" teaches his songs and music to his jongleurs, who sing them throughout Bengal. He can boast with the best of the troubadours, "I made it, the words and the notes." Also, he sings them himself, I know, for I have heard him.

The "forms" of this poetry as they stand in the original Bengali are somewhere between the forms of Provençal canzoni and the roundels and "odes" of the Pleiade. The rhyme arrangements are different, and they have rhymes in four syllables, something, that is, beyond the "leonine."

Their metres are more comparable to the latest development of *vers libre* than to anything else Western.

The language itself is a daughter of Sanscrit. It sounds more like good Greek than any language I know of.

It is an inflected language, and therefore easy to rhyme in.

You may couple words together as you do in Greek or German. Mr. Tagore tells me that there is scarcely a poem where you do not make some such word combination.

I write this to show that it is an ideal language for poets; it is fluid, and the order is flexible, and all this makes for precision. Thus, you may invert in an inflected language, for this will not cause any confusion as to your meaning.

It makes for precision, since you can have a specific word for everything. For example, one of Mr. Tagore's friends was singing to me and translating informally, and he came to a word which a careless lexicographer might have translated simply "scarf," but no! It seems they wear a certain kind of scarf in a certain manner, and there is a special name for the little tip that hangs back over the shoulder and catches in the wind. This is the word that was used.

The hundred poems in the present volume are all songs to sing. The tunes and the words are knit together, are made together, and Oriental music would seem to fit this purpose better than our own.

Firstly, because it is unencumbered with a harmony.

Secondly, from the nature of the *ragini*, which are something in the nature of the Greek *modes*.

And in these *ragini* there is a magic of association. For certain of these scales are used only for song in the evening, or for song in the rainy season, or at sunrise, so that a Bengali hearing any opening bar knows at once the place and atmosphere of the poem.

For myself I should be apt to find a curious aptness in the correspondence of the *raga* with its own service. At least it lends a curious ritualistic strength to the art. And no separate poem or song can seem a scrap or a disconnected performance, but must seem a part of the whole order of song and of life. It takes a man more quickly from the sense of himself, and brings him into the emotion of "the flowing," of harmonic nature, of orderly calm and sequence.

"I do not know whether there is anything more in it. To us it means a great deal, perhaps it is only association." I quote here the author himself. The evening before he had asked me: "What is it you find in these poems (translated)? I did not know that they would interest a European."

And stripped of all the formal beauty of the original, of the tune, and of the rhythm, and of the subtle blendings of their rhyme, it is small wonder that Mr. Tagore should be curious as to the effect of what remains in the prose of an alien speech.

I must, from his point of view, have wasted a certain amount

of time in my answers, for I began to discuss his art and his manner of presentation, rather than his spirit and context.

The precision of his language remains.

The movement of his prose may escape you if you read it only from print, but read it aloud, a little tentatively, and the delicacy of its rhythm is at once apparent.

I think this good fortune is unconscious. I do not think it is an accident. It is the sort of prose rhythm a man would use after years of word arranging. He would shun kakophony almost unwittingly.

The next easiest things to note are the occasional brilliant phrases, now like some pure Hellenic, in "Morning with the golden basket in her right hand," now like the last sophistication of De Gourmont or Baudelaire.

But beneath and about it all is this spirit of curious quiet. We have found our new Greece, suddenly. As the sense of balance came back upon Europe in the days before the Renaissance, so it seems to me does this sense of a saner stillness come now to us in the midst of our clangour of mechanisms.

The "mens sana in corpore sano," the ethic of the Odyssey, came then upon the tortured habits of mediæval thought, and with no greater power for refreshment.

I am not saying this hastily, nor in an emotional flurry, nor from a love of brandishing statement. I have had a month to think it over.

Hearing his first Greek professor, hearing for the first time the curious music of Theocritus, coming for the first time upon that classic composure which Dante had a little suggested in his description of limbo, Boccaccio must have felt, I think, little differently from what we have felt here, we few who have been privileged to receive the work of Mr. Tagore before the public had heard it.

"This is my delight, to wait and watch at the wayside, where shadow chases light and the rain comes in the wake of the summer."

"No more noisy, loud words from me. . . . Henceforth I deal in whispers. . . . Full many an hour have I spent in the strife of the good and the evil, but now it is the pleasure of my playmate of the empty days to draw my heart on to him, and I know not why is this sudden call to what useless inconsequence!"

"In this play house of infinite forms I have had my play and here have I caught sight of him that is formless."

"And because I love this life, I know I shall love death as well."

If quotation is an unsatisfactory method still these five passages from as many poems might show a little the tone, and might certainly indicate the underlying unity of this whole series of spiritual lyrics.

It is not now the time to speak of Mr. Tagore's other work which still awaits translation. To find fitting comparison for the content of volume before us I am compelled to one sole book of my acquaintance, the *Paradiso* of Dante.

"Ecco qui creerà li nostri amori."

Dante hears "more than a thousand spirits" singing it as he comes into the fourth heaven. Yet the voice of the Brama Sumaj is different, the mysticism is calm rather than fervid. Such phrases as—

"Poi che furono giocondi della faccia di Dio"

would seem likely to break the stillness of this Oriental thought.

Perhaps the vision of the celestial bees "in-flowering themselves in the rose," is nearest the key of Tagore.

There is in him the stillness of nature. The poems do not seem to have been produced by storm or by ignition, but seem to show the normal habit of his mind. He is at one with nature, and finds no contradictions. And this is in sharp contrast with the Western mode, where man must be shown attempting to master nature if we are to have "great drama." It is in contrast to the Hellenic representation of man the sport of the gods, and both in the grip of destiny.

Oddly enough, I wrote some six months ago this passage, anent the introduction of humanism at the time of the Renaissance:—

"Man is concerned with man and forgets the whole and the flowing. And we have in sequence, first the age of drama, and then the age of prose."

And this sort of humanism, having pretty well run its course, it seems to me we have the balance and corrective presented to us in this writing from Bengal.

I cannot prove it. Every true criticism of an important work of art must be a personal confession rather than a demonstration.

"In the deep shadows of the rainy July, with secret steps, thou walkest, silent as night, eluding all watchers.

"To-day the morning has closed its eyes, heedless of the insistent calls of the loud east wind, and a thick veil has been drawn over the ever-wakeful blue sky.

"The woodlands have hushed their songs and doors are all shut at every house. Thou art the solitary wayfarer in this deserted street. Oh my only friend, my best beloved, the gates are open in my house—do not pass by like a dream."

This is one lyric of the hundred as you may have it in English; remember also what is gone, the form, delicate as a rondel, the music tenuous, restive. Remember the feet of the scansion, the

first note struck with an accent and three or four trailing after it, in a measure more than trochaic.

As fast as I select one poem for quotation, I am convinced, in reading the next one, that I have chosen wrongly, and that this next one would have more helped to convince you.

Perhaps simple confession is the best criticism after all. I do not want to confuse Mr. Tagore's personality with his work, and yet the relation between the two is so close that perhaps I may not offend by two statements, which I shall not attempt to explain.

When I leave Mr. Tagore I feel exactly as if I were a barbarian clothed in skins, and carrying a stone war-club, the kind, that is, where the stone is bound into a crotched stick with thongs.

Perhaps you will get some hint of the curious quality of happiness which pervades his poems from the following incident.

Mr. Tagore was seated on a sofa, and just beginning to read to me in Bengali, when our hostess's little girl of three ran into the room, laughing and making a most infernal clatter. Immediately the poet burst into laughter exactly like the child's.

It was startling and it was for a moment uncanny. I don't attempt to explain it.

Was he in some sudden and intimate connection with the child's gaiety, or was it merely some Oriental form of super-courtesy to prevent our hosts from guessing that he noticed an interruption? Was it a simple acknowledgment that the child's mirth was quite as important in the general scheme of things as was our discussion of international æsthetics?

"Thus it is that thy joy in me is so full." (Poem 27.)

If we take these poems as an expression of Bhuddistic thought, it is quite certain that they will change the prevailing conception of Bhuddism among us. For we usually consider it a sort of ultimate negation, while these poems are full of light, they are full of positive statement. They are far closer in temperament to what we are usually led to call Taoism.

Mr. Tagore has said that our greatest mistake in regard to Oriental religious thought is that we regard it as static, while it is, in reality, constantly changing and developing.

Briefly, I find in these poems a sort of ultimate common sense, a reminder of one thing and of forty things of which we are over likely to lose sight in the confusion of our Western life, in the racket of our cities, in the jabber of manufactured literature, in the vortex of advertisement.

There is the same sort of common sense in the first part of the New Testament, the same happiness in some of the psalms,

but these are so apt to be spoiled for us by association; there are so many fools engaged in mispreaching them, that it is pleasant to find their poetic quality in some work which does not bring into the spectrum of our thought John Calvin, the Bishop of London, and the loathly images of cant.

If these poems have a flaw—I do not admit that they have—but if they have a quality that will put them at a disadvantage with the “general reader,” it is that they are too pious.

Yet I have nothing but pity for the reader who is unable to see that their piety is the poetic piety of Dante, and that it is very beautiful.

“It is he who weaves the web of this *maya* in evanescent hues of gold and silver, blue and green, and lets peep out through its folds his feet, at whose touch I forget myself. (From Poem 86.)

“On the day when the lotus bloomed, alas, my mind was straying, and I knew it not. My basket was empty and the flower remained unheeded.” (From Poem 88.)

“Now is the time to sit quiet face to face with thee and to sing dedication of life in this silent and overflowing leisure.” (From Poem 87.)

Or, again, as he contemplates his departure from this life, in the sequence of the poems 39 to 41, we find the same serenity: “Wish me good luck, my friends. . . . We were neighbours for long, but I received more than I could give.”

I do not think I have ever undertaken so difficult a problem of criticism, for one can praise most poetry in a series of antitheses. In the work of Mr. Tagore the source of the charm is in the subtle underflow. It is nothing else than his “sense of life.” The sort of profound apperception of it which leads Rodin to proclaim that “Energy is Beauty.” It is the sort of apperception of it that we find in Swinburne’s ballad beginning:—

“I found in dreams a place of wind and flowers,”

where he says in allegory:—

“Now assuredly I see my lady is perfect, and transfigureth all sin and sorrow and death, making them fair as her own eyelids be.”

We have forgotten Swinburne’s early work over much. The whole force and drive of his message is concentrated in two early poems, “The Triumph of Time” and in his “Ballad of Life,” which I have quoted. And I think many people have done his memory wrong in remembering his lesser work in place of his greater, in forgetting such strophes as that one where he says:—

“Clear are these things; the grass and the sand.”

This seems a digression, but I am hard put to it to find comparisons for this new work before me. And, besides, it is not a

bad place for saying that there is more in Swinburne's work than luxury and decoration. Nothing could be more utterly different than the general atmosphere of Swinburne and the general atmosphere of Tagore, who can say with perfect truth :--

"My song has put off all her adornments. She has no pride of dress and decoration."

But upon this point, also, he is sound; he understands that a very strict form rigorously applied makes it possible for one to use the very plainest language. This is the greatest value of such complicated form, which is, on the other hand, a very dangerous trap for such authors as use it to hide their own vacuity.

Perhaps the reader is by now sufficiently interested in our author to endure a short and purely technical discussion, if not he may well skip the next few paragraphs.

If you have not heard any of the Bengali singers in London, you must imagine the following measure sung in "high-piping Pehlevi," or, rather, not in Pehlevi, for the Bengali is, as we have said, related to Sanscrit about as Italian is to Latin. And Mr. Tagore was rather distressed when I mentioned Omyr's calm in connection with his own, although he brightened at the name of Whitman and seemed interested in my quotation from Dante. He would have, I think, little use for "Art for Art's sake."

His second song, then, is rhymed as follows :

a , a , (b+b) , a , a ,

for the first strophe and in the second.

o , o , (d+d) , a , a .

The signs (b + b) and (d + d) indicate that the third and eighth lines have an inner rhyme. The rhymes are (a) *kanè kanè*, which is more than leonine and rhymes with *ganè ganè*, &c.

(b) is *echè*, (c) more than leonine, *iuria*, and (d) is *ète*.

This form is, as you see, bound in cunningly as a roundel, and the rhyme-chords are beautifully modulated.

This is the song beginning, "No more noisy, loud words for me. Henceforth I deal in whispers; the speech of my heart will be carried on in murmurings of a song." *Kanè kanè* is literally not "murmurings of a song," it is a colloquial use meaning "from ear to ear." It is Bengali for "whisper," but it is much more pictorial.

The third song is even more interesting in its construction,
VOL. XIII. N.S. P P

and is comparable to the first "*pes*" of the strophe in some very elaborate Tuscan canzoni. It is rhymed and measured as follows. We have no equivalent in Greek or English for these feet of five syllables, and the reader had better consider them purely as musical bars.

1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 — 1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 — 1	rhyme in <i>cho</i>
1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 — 1 , 2	rhyme in <i>tabo</i>
1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 — 1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 — 1	rhyme in <i>cho</i>
1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 — 1 , 2	rhyme in <i>tabo</i>

This is followed by three lines of

1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 — 1 , 2 , 3 , 4 , 5 — 1 , 2	rhyming in <i>tee rd</i>
(sio <i>tee rd</i> and <i>phird</i>)	

The third division is the same shape as the first, and rhymes

shé , kani , she , bani,

The fourth division is three lines like those in the second division, and rhymes,

bhari , bari , dari.

This metre is, as I have said, not quantitative as the Greek or Sanscrit measures, but the length of the syllables is considered, and the musical time of the bars is even. The measures are more interesting than any now being used in Europe except those of certain of the most advanced French writers, as, for instance, the arrangements of sound in Remy de Gourmont's "*Fleurs de Jadis*" or his "*Litanies de la Rose*."

In fact, this older language has already found that sort of metric which we awhile back predicted or hoped for in English, where all the sorts of recurrence shall be weighed and balanced and co-ordinated. I do not mean to say that the ultimate English metre will be in the least like the Bengali, but it will be equally fluid and equally able to rely on various properties. We will not rhyme in four syllables; we may scarcely rhyme at all; but there will be new melodies and new modulations.

It is interesting for the few who are mad enough to seek fundamental laws in word music to find here a correspondence with Western result, for Sappho could discover nothing better than three lines of eleven syllables relieved by one of five, and Dante, after careful analysis, could recommend nothing more highly than certain lines of eleven syllables relieved by some of

seven. Here in the Bengali the use of eleven or twelve is optional in the song last analysed.

For purely selfish reasons I want this book *Gitanjali* to be well received. Mr. Tagore's work does not consist wholly of such songs as these. There are plays and love lyrics still hidden in the original. The task on which he has already set forth is the translation of his children's songs, and I am anxious to see them.

When criticism fails one can do no more than go, personally, security for the value of the work one is announcing.

"Thou hast made me known to friends whom I knew not. Thou hast given me seats in houses not my own. Thou hast brought the distant near and made a brother of the stranger."

Says Mr. Tagore (poem 6), and he might have said it most truly of his own writings, and, indeed, of all great art, for it is only by the arts that strange peoples can come together in any friendly intimacy. By such expression they learn a mutual respect, and there is more marrow in such expression than in much propaganda for economic peace.

Rabindranath Tagore has done well for his nation in these poems. He has well served her Foreign Office.

He has given us a beauty that is distinctly Oriental, and yet it is almost severe, it is free from that lusciousness, that overprofusion which, in so much South-Oriental work, repels us. His work is, above all things, quiet. It is sunny, *Apricus*, "fed with sun," "delighting in sunlight."

One has in reading it a sense of even air, where many Orientals only make us aware of abundant vegetation. I will quote only one more poem, and bid you then go to the book.

"'I have come to the river,' she said, 'to float my lamp on the stream when the daylight wanes in the west.' I stood alone among tall grasses and watched the timid flame of her lamp uselessly drifting in the tide."

EZRA POUND.

Poetry
A Magazine of Verse

APRIL, 1913

CONTEMPORANIA

TENZONE

Will people accept them?
 (i. e. these songs).
As a timorous wench from a centaur
 (or a centurian),
Already they flee, howling in terror.
Will they be touched with the truth?
 Their virgin stupidity is untemptable.
I beg you, my friendly critics,
Do not set about to procure me an audience.

I mate with my free kind upon the crags;
 the hidden recesses
Have heard the echo of my heels.
 in the cool light,
 in the darkness.

THE CONDOLENCE

*A mis soledades voy,
De mis soledades vengo,
Porque por andar conmigo
Mi bastan mis pensamientos.*
Lope de Vega.

O my fellow sufferers, songs of my youth,
A lot of asses praise you because you are "virile,"
We, you, I! We are "Red Bloods"!
Imagine it, my fellow sufferers —
Our maleness lifts us out of the ruck.
 Who'd have foreseen it?

O my fellow sufferers, we went out under the trees,
We were in especial bored with male stupidity.
We went forth gathering delicate thoughts,
Our "fantastikon" delighted to serve us.
We were not exasperated with women,
 for the female is ductile.

And now you hear what is said to us:
We are compared to that sort of person
Who wanders about announcing his sex
As if he had just discovered it.
Let us leave this matter, my songs,
 and return to that which concerns us.

C76 CONTEMPORANIA. *Poetry*, II. 1 (Apr. 1913) 1-12.

Contents: Tenzone—The Condolence—The Garret—The Garden—Ortus—Dance Figure. For the Marriage in Cana of Galilee—Salutation—Salutation the Second—Pax Saturni [originally "Reflection and Advice"]—Commission—A Pact—In a Station of the Metro. Reprinted, omitting "The Condolence," "Ortus," "Pax Saturni," "Commission," and "A Pact," as "The Contemporania of Ezra Pound," in *New Freewoman*, London, I. 5 (15 Aug. 1913) 87-88, where the poems are introduced by Rebecca West's essay, "Imagisme," quoting portions of C73a and 74.

THE GARRET

Come let us pity those who are better off than we are.
 Come, my friend, and remember
 that the rich have butlers and no friends,
 And we have friends and no butlers.
 Come let us pity the married and the unmarried.

Dawn enters with little feet
 like a gilded Pavlova,
 And I am near my desire.
 Nor has life in it aught better
 Than this hour of clear coolness,
 the hour of waking together.

THE GARDEN

En robe de parade.
 Samain.

Like a skein of loose silk blown against a wall
 She walks by the railing of a path in Kensington Gardens,
 And she is dying piece-meal
 of a sort of emotional anemia.

And round about there is a rabble
 Of the filthy, sturdy, unkillable infants of the very poor.
 They shall inherit the earth.

In her is the end of breeding.
 Her boredom is exquisite and excessive.

She would like some one to speak to her,
 And is almost afraid that I
 will commit that indiscretion.

ORTUS

How have I labored?
 How have I not labored
 To bring her soul to birth,
 To give these elements a name and a centre!

She is beautiful as the sunlight, and as fluid.
 She has no name, and no place.
 How have I laboured to bring her soul into separation;
 To give her a name and her being!

Surely you are bound and entwined,
 You are mingled with the elements unborn;
 I have loved a stream and a shadow.

I beseech you enter your life.
 I beseech you learn to say "I"
 When I question you:
 For you are no part, but a whole;
 No portion, but a being.

DANCE FIGURE

For the Marriage in Cana of Galilee

Dark eyed,
 O woman of my dreams,

Ivory sandaled,
 There is none like thee among the dancers,
 None with swift feet.

I have not found thee in the tents,
 In the broken darkness.
 I have not found thee at the well-head
 Among the women with pitchers.

Thine arms are as a young sapling under the bark;
 Thy face as a river with lights.

White as an almond are thy shoulders;
 As new almonds stripped from the husk.

They guard thee not with eunuchs;
 Not with bars of copper.
 Gilt turquoise and silver are in the place of thy rest.
 A brown robe, with threads of gold woven in patterns,
 hast thou gathered about thee,
 O Nathat-Ikanaie, "Tree-at-the-river."

As a rillet among the sedge are thy hands upon me;
 Thy fingers a frosted stream.

Thymaidens are white like pebbles;
 Their music about thee!

There is none like thee among the dancers;
 None with swift feet.

SALUTATION

O generation of the thoroughly smug
 and thoroughly uncomfortable,
 I have seen fishermen picnicking in the sun,
 I have seen them with untidy families,
 I have seen their smiles full of teeth
 and heard ungainly laughter.

And I am happier than you are,
 And they were happier than I am;
 And the fish swim in the lake
 and do not even own clothing.

SALUTATION THE SECOND

You were praised, my books,
 because I had just come from the country;
 I was twenty years behind the times
 so you found an audience ready.

I do not disown you,
 do not you disown your progeny.

Here they stand without quaint devices,
 Here they are with nothing archaic about them.

Watch the reporters spit,
 Watch the anger of the professors,
 Watch how the pretty ladies revile them:

“ Is this,” they say, “ the nonsense
 that we expect of poets? ”

“ Where is the Picturesque? ”

 “ Where is the vertigo of emotion? ”

“ Nol his first work was the best.”

 “ Poor Dear! he has lost his illusions.”

Go, little naked and impudent songs,
 Go with a light foot!
 (Or with two light feet, if it please you!)
 Go and dance shamelessly!
 Go with an impertinent frolic!
 Greet the grave and the stodgy,
 Salute them with your thumbs at your noses.
 Here are your bells and confetti.
 Go! rejuvenate things!
 Rejuvenate even “ The Spectator. ”
 Go! and make cat calls!
 Dance and make people blush,
 Dance the dance of the phallus
 and tell anecdotes of Cybele!
 Speak of the indecorous conduct of the Gods!
 (Tell it to Mr. Strachey.)

Ruffle the skirts of prudes,
 speak of their knees and ankles.
 But, above all, go to practical people—
 go! jangle their door-bells!
 Say that you do no work
 and that you will live forever.

PAX SATURNI

*Once . . . the round world brimmed with hate,
 and the strong
 Harried the weak. Long past, long past, praise God,
 In these fair, peaceful, happy days.
 A Contemporary*

O smooth flatterers, go over sea,
 go to my country;
 Tell her she is “ Mighty among the nations ”—
 do it rhetorically!

Say there are no oppressions,
 Say it is a time of peace,
 Say that labor is pleasant,
 Say there are no oppressions,
 Speak of the American virtues:
 And you will not lack your reward.

Say that the keepers of shops pay a fair wage to the
 women:
 Say that all men are honest and desirous of good above
 all things:
 You will not lack your reward.

Say that I am a traitor and a cynic,
 Say that the art is well served by the ignorant pretenders:
 You will not lack your reward.

Praise them that are praised by the many:
 You will not lack your reward.

Call this a time of peace,
 Speak well of amateur harlots,
 Speak well of disguised procurers,
 Speak well of shop-walkers,
 Speak well of employers of women,
 Speak well of exploiters,
 Speak well of the men in control,
 Speak well of popular preachers:
 You will not lack your reward.

Speak of the profundity of reviewers,
 Speak of the accuracy of reporters,
 Speak of the unbiased press,
 Speak of the square deal as if it always occurred.
 Do all this and refrain from ironic touches:
 You will not lack your reward.

Speak of the open-mindedness of scholars:
 You will not lack your reward.

Say that you love your fellow men,
 O most magnanimous liar!
 You will not lack your reward.

COMMISSION

Go, my songs, to the lonely and the unsatisfied,
 Go also to the nerve-wracked, go to the enslaved-by-
 convention,
 Bear to them my contempt for their oppressors.
 Go as a great wave of cool water,
 Bear my contempt of oppressors.

Speak against unconscious oppression,
 Speak against the tyranny of the unimaginative,
 Speak against bonds.

Go to the bourgeoisie who is dying of her ennui,
 Go to the women in suburbs.

Go to the hideously wedded,
 Go to them whose failure is concealed,
 Go to the unluckily mated,
 Go to the bought wife,
 Go to the woman entailed.

Go to those who have delicate lust,
 Go to those whose delicate desires are thwarted,
 Go like a blight upon the dulness of the world;
 Go with your edge against this,
 Strengthen the subtle cords,
 Bring confidence upon the algae and the tentacles of the
 soul.

Go in a friendly manner,
 Go with an open speech.
 Be eager to find new evils and new good,
 Be against all forms of oppression.
 Go to those who are thickened with middle age,
 To those who have lost their interest.

Go to the adolescent who are smothered in family—
 Oh how hideous it is
 To see three generations of one house gathered together!
 It is like an old tree with shoots,
 And with some branches rotted and falling.

Go out and defy opinion,
 Go against this vegetable bondage of the blood.
 Speak for the free kinship of the mind and spirit.
 Go, against all forms of oppression.

A PACT

I make truce with you, Walt Whitman—
 I have detested you long enough.
 I come to you as a grown child
 Who has had a pig-headed father;
 I am old enough now to make friends.
 It was you that broke the new wood,
 Now is a time for carving.
 We have one sap and one root—
 Let there be commerce between us.

IN A STATION OF THE METRO

The apparition of these faces in the crowd :
 Petals on a wet, black bough .

Ezra Pound

REVIEWS

A Boy's Will, by Robert Frost, David Nutt, London

I had withdrawn in forest, and my song
Was swallowed up in leaves.

There is another personality in the realm of verse another American, found, as usual, on this side of the water, by an English publisher long known as a lover of good letters. David Nutt publishes at his own expense *A Boy's Will*, by Robert Frost, the latter having been long scorned by the "great American editors." It is the old story.

Mr. Frost's book is a little raw, and has in it a number of infelicities; underneath them it has the tang of the New Hampshire woods, and it has just this utter sincerity. It is not post-Miltonic or post-Swinburnian or post-Kiplonian. This man has the good sense to speak naturally and to paint the thing, the thing as he sees it. And to do this is a very different matter from gunning about for the circumplectious polysyllable.

It is almost on this account that it is a difficult book to quote from.

She's glad her simple worsted gray
Is silver now with clinging mist—

does not catch your attention. The lady is praising the autumn rain, and he ends the poem, letting her talk.

Not yesterday I learned to know
The love of bare November days,
Before the coming of the snow;
But it were vain to tell her so,
And they are better for her praise.

Or again:

There was never a sound beside the wood but one,
And that was my long scythe whispering to the ground.

My long scythe whispered and left the hay to make.

I remember that I was once canoeing and thirsty and I put in to a shanty for water and found a man there who had no water and gave me cold coffee instead. And he didn't understand it, he was from a minor city and he "just set there watchin' the river" and didn't "seem to want to go back," and he didn't much care for anything else. And so I presume he entered into Anunda. And I remember Joseph Campbell telling me of meeting a man on a desolate waste of bogs, and he said to him, "It's rather dull here;" and the man said, "Faith, ye can sit on a middan and dream stars."

And that is the essence of folk poetry with distinction between America and Ireland. And Frost's book reminded me of these things.

There is perhaps as much of Frost's personal tone in the following little catch, which is short enough to quote, as in anything else. It is to his wife, written when his grandfather and his uncle had disinherited him of a comfortable fortune and left him in poverty because he was a useless poet instead of a money-getter.

IN NEGLECT

They leave us so to the way we took,
As two in whom they were proved mistaken,
That we sit sometimes in a wayside nook,
With mischievous, vagrant, seraphic look,
And try if we cannot feel forsaken.

There are graver things, but they suffer too much by making excerpts. One reads the book for the "tone," which is homely, by intent, and pleasing, never doubting that it comes direct from his own life, and that no two lives are the same.

He has now and then such a swift and bold expression as

The whimper of hawks beside the sun.

He has now and then a beautiful simile, well used, but he is for the most part as simple as the lines I have quoted in opening or as in the poem of mowing. He is without sham and without affectation.

Helen Redeemed and other Poems, by Maurice Hewlett. The Macmillan Co.

Maurice Hewlett stands among the first dozen of living poets in England, but this fact is constantly being obscured by his popular reputation for prose and by his lack of self-intolerance, albeit he keeps his stuff by him often for more than the seven years prescribed.

His chief interest from the technical point of view lies in his skillful use of harsh rime to check the verse suddenly and to keep it in swift motion, a system of barring which is efficient in a manner similar to the Anglo-Saxon alliterative devices.

Somewhat over a year ago *The Agonists* proved that he could write, if not the only, at least the most readable "Greek Plays" in English.

The present collection of his verse, *Helen Redeemed and other Poems* (The Macmillan Co.), contains the title poem, one hundred and twenty pages long, in the regulation pentametric couplets, with the usual inversions, sometimes for the rime's sake, the long similes, etc., *cui amet*.

The three tales following are good tales well told, *Oreithyia*, *Clytie*, and the *Lai of Gaubertz*; so also the *Gnatho*. We do not hesitate to praise them, and if there is any stricture to be made it is so minute as to fall under the head of carping. Maurice Hewlett at his best has seen the elder gods and known their progeny. Such ventures will out. No hiding! Not even under the mask of the "man of letters," *le grand seigneur*, or, at worst, "the academician."

The *Oreithyia* is perhaps, as a whole, the best of the idyls; the *Gaubertz* shows best the knack of riming; the *Gnatho* has, I should say, the finest single lines. There is also a genuine octave to the sonnet on page 208, that ends,

I dare not love, fearing my poisonous thought.

It is significant or rather it is odd, or oddly natural, that Mr. Hewlett should regard Sturge Moore as the best poet now in England. For while no one can deny that Sturge Moore knows the feel of things; knows the feel of the grass growing and of the running hare, and while no sane man would withhold praise from parts of his work, as in "The Amazons," still his results are not infrequently more like colours mixed on a palette than like a picture displayed.

Ezra Pound

C78

C77

C77 [A review of] *A Boy's Will*, by Robert Frost. *Poetry*, II. 2 (May 1913) 72-74.

C78 [A review of] *Helen Redeemed and Other Poems*, by Maurice Hewlett. *Poetry*, II. 2 (May 1913) 74-76.

America: Chances and Remedies.

By Ezra Pound.

I.

WHEN I say that I believe in the imminence of an American Renaissance, I do not by any means intend this as a peculiar tribute to the intelligence of the American people. I have no wish to join the phalanx of "professionally tactful visitors," tactful at so much "per thou."

"Renaissance" is not *le mot juste*, but it has come by usage to mean almost any sort of awakening. "Risvegliamento" would be the better term if one must stick to Italian.

You may say that "The Awakening," if it comes at all, will move from the centre outwards, and that "the centre is in Europe," and there is much to be said on this side of the question.

On the other hand, if one will study the *cinque cento* minutely, one will perhaps conclude that the earlier renaissance had two things requisite, one, indiscriminate enthusiasm; two, a propaganda. I mean that and just that. There was behind the awakening a body of men, determined, patient, bound together informally by kindred ambitions, from which they knew that they personally could reap but little.

That awakening was the result and resolution of many forces; the usual catalogue: the fall of Constantinople, Columbus' discovery, the shaping up of Europe into larger political units, the invention of printing and the intellectual movements.

All through the Middle Ages there had been propaganda after propaganda for "the restoration of the Empire" and the "restoration of learning," and these came to little because of the tedium of reproducing books.

The intellectual impulse is in itself more complex than is usually reckoned. There was the legal and Latin impulse with Valla as perhaps its foremost representative, there was the Greek influence which is two-fold, there was the Greek ideal as one finds it in the Odyssey, roughly "humanism," and there was the impulse of the later Greek mystic writers, the neoplatonic, centring in the Florentine Academy, and fostered by the naïve and charming Filino. And there was the polyglot influx from Pico Mirandola. And one may still further separate the scientific impulse, and name in this connection Leonardo.

And all this took a good deal of time and required a deal of obscure and patient endeavour. A number of men, like Browning's "Grammarian,"

"settled *Hoti's* business—let it be!—

Properly based *Oun*—

Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,"

et cetera, and it is doubtful if every one of them felt that he was living in portentous times. And we do not know that they all went about shouting, "*nascitur ordo*."

If you have in mind the efflorescence, you will mistake me, you will say: "An epic in Portugal, a Pleiade in France, Drama in Spain and England, blue stockings and painters in Holland." There is nothing planned and concerted in these things. But if you consider Italy where the whole brew was concocted you will be able to find out at least this, namely, that the Italian scholars and enthusiasts were early and always in more or less intimate touch—hostile or otherwise—with their contemporaries, and that poems two lines long in Latin quantity went swiftly from one end of the peninsula to the other.

In Latin, and even in Greek, these men spread their praise and their malice. They even squabbled amongst themselves and plotted the modern world. Valla, when he praises Nicholas V, honouring him rather for his parts than for

his tenure of the Papal keys, mentions his brilliant conversation, based on a memory well stored; his keen opinion. But the list of subjects of this conversation is the thing of note: the humanities, history, speaking, grammatica (that would be of Latin), philosophy, poetry, and even metrics, superstitions, theology and civil and canon law.

Is it conceivable that one could converse profitably upon a similar list of topics with any living sovereign or prime minister? William II and Mr. Roosevelt would doubtless try to cover the allotment—substituting economics for "omnis juris" (which I have given as civil and canon law), but it is doubtful if their opinions on most of the topics would be of great interest to an expert.

Valla mentions poetry not because he is himself a poet; he wrote the best prose of his day, and no man ever wrote better. There was apparently no jealousy between the arts, nor did the writer of unmeasured lines find it necessary to revile writing in measured.

I mention the foregoing facts not as parts of a syllogism but as symptomatic of the time and illustrative. Credo:

First (and this is not my own formulation): The arts come into prominence and there is what is called an "age of art" when men of a certain catholicity of intelligence come into power. The great protector of the arts is rare as the great artist, or more so.

Second: The awakening comes when men decide that certain lines need no longer be stuck to . . . whether these be actual forgeries like the Bonation of Constantine which Valla himself exposed, or whether they are the unwritten fallacies of general credence. The arts are, when they are healthy, succinct.

A work of art need not contain any statement of a political or of a social or of a philosophical conviction, but it nearly always implies one.

The force of a work of art is this, namely, that the artist presents his case, as fully or as minutely as he may choose. You may agree or disagree, but you cannot refute him. He is not to be drawn into argument or weakened by quibbling. If his art is bad you can throw him out of court on grounds of his very technique. Whether he be "idealist" or "realist," whether he sing or paint or carve, visible actualities as they appear, or the invisible dream, bad technique is "bearing false witness."

The strength of the arts is this. Their statement is a statement of motor forces. Argument begets but argument and reflective reason if stated only as reflective reason begets either a state of argumentativeness or a desire for further information wherewith to refute the man who opposes your own comforting prejudice to the effect that you and your sort are right.

For instance, you can wrangle with any statement about the relationship of Christianity (one undefinable term) with Socialism (another undefinable term). But with Sabattè's painting, "Mort du premier Socialiste," you cannot argue.

The artistic statement of a man is not his statement of the detached and theoretic part of himself, but of his will and of his emotions. As touching "art for art's sake": the oak does not grow for the purpose or with the intention of being built into ships and tables, yet a wise nation will take care to preserve its forests. It is the oak's business to grow good oak.

As to working efficiency, there have been many martyrs for religion and few for philosophy. A religion is the artistic statement of a philosophy, hence its motive power. It is dangerous as any moving force is dangerous. A formula, unless it is "stated in art," is in swift peril of becoming what the weeklies call an "empty shibboleth," and all parties will interpret it as they like and use it to catch the mob.

The artist is free. The true artist is the champion of free speech from the beginning. "The artist is free," that is to say, he must be free, either by circumstance or by heroism. He must either have nothing

to gain that he counts gain or that he would count recompense for lost integrity, or he must have nothing to lose, and in this latter case his days are belike short and his labour is apt to be fitful. Even Dante and Villon had the salt bread of patrons, one when he had lost name and his city, the other isolated by his disgrace from any part in the world's affairs; although with Villon's throat one would not perhaps have noticed the salt much.

But the point towards which I strive through all this vagueness is that at no time was there such machinery for the circulation of printed expression—and all this machinery favours a sham. It favours either a false expression or a careless expression or else it favours a thing which is no expression at all. It favours stuff cooked up to suit some editorial palate. And even if a man be strong enough to overcome all these things his rare utterance will be for a time pushed aside by the continuous outpourings of fellows who having spent little or no pains and energy upon the work itself have abundant time for hawking it about.

I say "rare utterance" advisedly, for the number of man's real passions and convictions has a limit, and the true expression is not a thing done off-hand, but the thing of secondary intensity can flow out with scarce intermittance. In what manner shall we proceed?

America: Chances and Remedies.

By Ezra Pound.

II.

I SAID in the first article of this series that the two things requisite in the renaissance were enthusiasm and a propaganda. For America I would say that the one thing lacking is simply the propaganda, simply a more conscious and more far-calculating application of forces already present.

There need be little actual change even in the existing machinery.

The enthusiasm is indiscriminate, but no one who has at all watched its courses can doubt of its presence. The profits of monopoly after monopoly have been poured into the endowments of universities and libraries, and into the collection of works of art. And any hoax that is even labelled "culture" will sell like patent medicine. That this does little good to the arts I grant you. But up to the limits of their comprehension and imagination the American people have done their best. I think there has been hardly a scheme proposed for the advancement of "culture" that has not been accepted and carried out.

I believe that if the donors of endowment could be persuaded to study history more closely and to take some count of the nature of the arts and humanities, they would readily be persuaded to support a more efficient machinery for their propagation and preservation.

It is lamentably true that the colleges and universities talk democracy and breed snobbishness, and that they lean toward petty monopoly. But this breeds an occasional rebel, by a process not dissimilar to vaccination.

It is true that the large enrolment of students is deceptive—if one consider it as earnest of intellectual aspiration, for the great bulk of the students are engaged in purely technical and utilitarian courses. As for "the humanities," the courses in these branches would seem to draw a preponderance of the dullest or weakest of the students, to wit, men who at worst want to become schoolmasters, and, at best, professors. And even then they are subjected to a system which aims at mediocrity, which is set to crush out all impulse and personality; which aims not to make men but automata.

And as an American painter said to me last evening, "So far as I can see the only people who are interested in literature are the artists" (i.e., in colour).

Of the painters it may fairly be said that if they do not "know" very much of letters, still they do "care" and read . . . i.e., some of them.

As to the libraries, especially Dr. Carnegie's, they are much maligned. I, at least, can testify that once when I was stranded in a most God-forsaken area of the middle west, where the college library was utterly useless, I found great solace in the Carnegie foundation.

Naturally the library cannot be expected to be much better than the minds of the local directing board.

But my aim all through this is simply to affirm that the faults of these institutions cannot be charged to the men who endow them—not, that is, as a condemnation. For these men, however skilled they may be in finance, cannot be expected to be expert in directing the higher courses of civilisation.

Roughly, taking stock of the machinery to hand, one finds it—dissociated, any one part useless to any other—as follows:—

I. Art schools and their students, creative artists in all the media, from paint to music and literature.

II. Universities, with endowment and with provisions for fellowships in the dissection of every dead matter, and no provision whatever for the fostering of the creative energies.

III. The Press. The daily and Sunday Press and the ten and fifteen cent. magazines.

Of the so-called "better" magazines I have written elsewhere. They are more filled with intellectual stagnation than a university "graduate school" class-room, and they fear the vital and renovating strata of letters more than they would fear beri-beri and the noisomest pestilence.

Surely it is disgrace enough for one decade that one's nation should permit Mr. R. U. Johnson to choose even a part of its reading matter, or that a combined influence of college and magazines should force us to be represented at the Sorbonne by the Rev. H. Van Dyke.

I would not for a moment lay one atom of blame upon these gentlemen themselves. I have not the slightest doubt that they are, to the limit of their comprehension, virtuous, monogamists, and respectors of those who have taught them. But if a people will thrust weak-minded mediocrity into positions of prominence, everyone—as we have seen in the case of his most commendable excellency, Mr. Taft—must pay the price.

I do not speak from any possible personal malice. I have met neither of these gentlemen.

I have submitted no manuscript to Mr. Johnson, but I have seen his correspondence with an eminent English novelist anent certain passages in an accepted serial.

As for Mr. Van Dyke, I have even less against him. I once read his earlier prose with some pleasure, for there are times when it attains the level of Richard Le Gallienne's. And once I heard him deliver the most eloquent of sermons on the beautiful but non-extant spirit of Cornell University, a creature—as I gathered from his emotion—born of Artemis and the Virgin Maria, a sort of Super-Demeter with added and finishing touches. *Une dame fatale!*

Both of these gentlemen would have filled stations only slightly lower in the social order with utmost credit and assiduity. I regret the personal reference, but they are eminently "successful" and should be content to suffer for their type, a type noble and important in the eyes of Messrs. Scribner's subscribers.

Yet American taste and discrimination will be held ridiculous in the world's eyes until America learns to pay reverence to something better. And for that matter, America has learned. I should write "Until America learns to *limit* her reverence to something a cut above this." "I hear America a-singing."

"Fat, sleek, contented with emotions well
Below the far extended diaphragm."

I also hear something a long way more consoling. I hear the creakings of a scattered discontent. Hardly a week goes by but I meet or hear of someone who goes into voluntary exile—some reporter who throws up a steady job to "come to Europe and breathe"; some professor from a freshwater college who comes away on scant savings. Our artists are all over Europe. We do not come away strictly for pleasure. And we, we constantly-railed-at "expatriates," do not hear this with unconcern. We will not put up with it forever.

You may say of us for a while—"Si che per due fiata gli dispersi"; but we will have our reply.

"S' ei fur cacciati, ei tornar d'ogni parte."

We have all to-morrow against you.

The three applications which I propose be made of the forces which I have earlier mentioned are, roughly, as follows:—

I. To drive the actual artist upon the university seminary; to restore something like fervour and well-lit discussion, citing as precedent the conditions existing in the University of Paris in the time of Abelard.

II. To drive the theses and the seminary upon the Press.

III. The super-college.

These propositions require too much discussion to be broached further in this instalment. The first two may seem mad and the third is, as I state it, probably incomprehensible, but have patience, I may be nevertheless in the grip of my lucid interval.

America: Chances and Remedies.

By Ezra Pound.

III.

Proposition I—That I would "Drive the Auto on the Seminars."

WE read in the life of Abelard that, having learned to reason in the school of Rosclin he came down to Paris and there found someone, whose name I and nearly everyone else have forgotten, holding the chair of philosophy, and Abelard engaged the gentleman in dispute and very shortly thereafter the gentleman whose name we have forgotten was holding his classes at some place or other down the river, and Abelard was discoursing in Paris.

And in course of time Abelard was called home to attend to the execution of his father's will and estates or something of that sort. And the professor returned to Paris. And later Abelard returned to Paris, and the professor departed.

And Abelard took up the ascetic life and went into the wilderness, and five thousand students went after him and camped in the wilderness, enduring all manner of hardships. And all this befell at a time when the universities were a far from negligible factor in the intellectual life of Christendom.

Now it is inconceivable that in this day and decade any unknown man could oust any professor of anything by a mere display of superior intelligence.

I have no experience of technical schools, but I can conceive it possible that, say, a great engineer, one with monumental achievements behind him, if he could demonstrate to the governing board of some university that any bridge built according to the instructions of its head professor of engineering, must of necessity collapse, might get the head professor shifted into a less dangerous position after a long play of diplomacy.

But in the departments of the humanities, of letters, or of philosophy, such a cataclysm is merely unthinkable.

It is as wholly and utterly unthinkable as that a commercial periodical should demand its staff of critics to be reasonably trained, or that we, the community at large, should demand of our artists in letters that they have some knowledge of the great tradition, some trace of what is called the "literary conscience," or something above mediocrity of ambition.

I remember that I was once berating the present state of affairs to the president of a university, and he said he knew nothing about the matter (I think it was some question of graduate study and the system of presenting literature). Anyhow, he said that it was not his affair, he was putting his money into the institution because he wanted to leave a memorial to his father. He rather pitied me, I believe, for taking such a matter as the conservation of letters to heart. I respect his feeling for his father. I don't much mind a man's wanting to erect memorials. I respect his standing by his staff. But this is not the spirit that goes to the making of Risvegliamenti.

Now let us suppose the usual graduate seminar, the usual professors as they exist in America, one out of every twenty, intelligent, perhaps a humanist, the other nineteen perhaps passionately devoted to literature (we are supposing for the moment a seminar in some branch of letters); passionately devoted, let us say, to literature, or more likely, each one of them devoted to some period, about which he knows more definite facts than any artist who lived in it!

Let us suppose that most of them hate vulgarity, detest the "Press," disapprove of the present. Let us suppose a few of them believe in the future, by which they mean "the nineties."

Now let us suppose the normal protagonist of contemporary literary production be thrust in amongst them. He is ignorant as Ham, as blatant and purposeless as G. K. Chesterton, as free from any desire of producing lasting works of art as a "Times" reporter, or he is as dull as the "slicer" poets, or as "gaga" as the survivors, or he is something else as bad, or worse as the case may be. And with literature as a whole, with the lasting laws he is unacquainted as a graduate student in chemistry. If he writes novels, he has never heard of Flaubert. If he is a southerner, he believes that the French excel in all other branches of literature except the novel. (This is not a whim, but an actual incident. An American novelist, a successful novelist, actually had the nerve to explain to me just what it was in the French social system that made it impossible for a novel to come out of France. But let this pass.)

My contention is that some sort of conference between these two sets of "influences," let us say amical debate, would be highly instructive to the students who should witness it.

It would provide a means for discerning the difference between the tyro, the dilettante, the drifter, and splurger in verse or prose, and the serious artist.

If fee were given, it would provide for the serious artist some means of support, other than that of overproduction and hurried production.

On the whole, the professors would shine, for they have at least some hoard of knowledge to bank on. The professor who couldn't manage the normal literatist would be a fairly poor lot. But on the contrary, when the seminar managed to hit on an artist of parts, the debate would be enlightening both to faculty and students. New life would be infused into the study of letters. Literature would come to be regarded as something living, something capable, constant transformation, and rebirth.

The effect on writers would be even more worth while, for the normal magazinist, confronted for once, at least, in his life, with the array of past achievement, or drubbed by what he would regard as a fossil, might be driven to consider his art as an art. He might on being invited to debate be brought for once to question himself about his reasons for existence.

In fact, the whole outrageous scheme would stir up more than a few backwaters of mental stagnation.

In deciding what authors should be summoned, the students should have some voice.

The conferences should take place, I should think, monthly.

If space permitted me I should point out that this sort of infiltration of ideas is precisely what does take place in capitals, where the best artists and scholars occasionally meet by accident. The decentralised state of America makes it all the more desirable that some other machinery should be devised for this purpose.

America: Chances and Remedies.

By Ezra Pound.

IV.

Proposition II—That I would drive the Seminars on "The Press."

AFTER devising the new castes, to wit, of professors who could meet a creative artist without being made to appear ridiculous, and of artists who could meet a decently informed professor without being shown for charlatans, I would consider the matter of the thesis.

The "Thesis" as an institution may need some explanation to the present reader; be it known then that in the United States of America, possibly in the United States of Brazil, in France, Germany, and most civilised countries except England, the seats of learning confer the higher degree of "Doctor of Philosophy" in most cases upon students who have never studied and who never intend to study any philosophy, but no matter, it is an old custom and worthy of reverence, and it dates from the time when people did study philosophy and the liberal arts. "Ph.D." after your name implies that you have done at least three years' hard work on some two or three special branches of learning after and above what you did for your baccalaureate degree, and part of this work is a thesis which is supposed to make some new contribution to the pre-existing sum of knowledge.

Now this is a very fine system, it is a tremendous machinery for accumulating minute information, and I speak of it, and in especial of its inventor, with nothing save the deepest respect. But this system implies that after every hundred or so of such theses there should come a super thesis, the product of some intelligent person capable of efficient synthesis.

In the branches of science it is possible that such synthesis actually occurs. In the history of letters, and possibly in other branches, there are two obstacles to be considered. First, the American universities are not in such close touch with each other as are the German universities. Second, there is no British Museum catalogue from which a man may start.

From these and other causes the scholar Quixote often sets out on his quest of the unknown without fitting orientation. Original documents are fairly scarce in America. If he come abroad he will possibly fall upon some ill-catalogued library. He is little likely to have been told how to use the various European libraries. He may not even know that you save about three months' time by spending a week in the British Museum before you set out on any task of research. If he can only afford one summer abroad this knowledge is apt to be costly. The result of this, and of divers minor causes, is that, even if he does by chance discover something of importance, his monograph is very apt to be like one pillar of a temple raised in the desert that no one will ever visit.

In the meantime, good introductory works are sadly lacking. The disconnected method of research is beginning to be realised. Anent this, I had a joyous passage with a don at Oxford. Another don had been inspecting American universities and he had found one proud head of a department who had correlated every-

thing pertaining thereto. He took the Oxonian to a room completely filled with cubby-holes and from these he drew forth in alphabetical order the lists of all the books and articles that had even been written about any classic author, BUT . . . ! and here the don paused as if to overwhelm me with the approaching marvel. "But," I said quietly, "there were no texts of the authors themselves."

"What!" he said, "is it possible? I thought perhaps Murray was exaggerating."

Now I had no idea what university was in question, so there could have been nothing personal in my expectation of what the visiting Oxonian might have found. Nevertheless, one cannot feel that this system is likely to breed that fine sense, that exiguous discrimination which shall enable us to preserve and to propagate "The Best."

The visit to Oxford brought me another gem. I was seated next a very reverend head of something-or-other and someone had just shown him "A new poem, 'The Hound of Heaven,'" but he "Couldn't be bothered to stop for every adjective."

Now I could scarcely have heard this at home. Firstly, if the old gentleman had not seen the poem a decade ago it is unlikely that anyone would have thrust it upon him in the year of grace 1913. Secondly, if it were out of his own line he would probably have accepted authority that it was a masterpiece. Thirdly, nothing under the American heaven would have evoked that swift and profound censure, that scrap of criticism which touches the root and seed of Thompson's every defect.

This may seem beside the mark, but the crux of the matter is this: The graduate student is not taught to think of his own minute discoveries in relation to the subject as a whole. If that subject happen to be the history of an art he is scarce likely ever to have considered his work in relation to the life of that art.

On the other hand newspapers, especially the huge Sunday editions, are constantly printing interviews and impressions about recent discoveries in every field of knowledge; these are often vague and worthless.

No minute detail of knowledge is ever dull if it be presented to us in such a way as to make us understand its bearing on the whole of a science. Gaston Paris notably, and S. Reinach, especially in his *Manual of Classical Philology*, have presented detailed knowledge in such a way that any one can approach it; that anyone who likes may learn of what the subject consists and may study as much of it, or precisely that part of it which suits his purposes.

The usual doctor's thesis is dull, is badly written, the candidate usually has to pay for the printing of the required copies, as even the special journals will not be bothered with the average thesis.

My suggestion is the very simple one that the thesis be briefed, that the results, with due introduction and with due explanation of their bearing on the whole of the science or on the particular period of history, be published in some newspaper of standing, which should become in some measure the organ of the university. Secondly, that the minutæ of the thesis be typewritten and placed in the university library to be printed only if they happen to be of general interest or if the results and conclusions of the thesis based upon them are called into question.

The benefits of this scheme as I conceive it would be as follows:—

First, the student would have to get some clear notion of his work in its relation to life. Second, the newspaper which is fond of calling itself the great educator, etc., would be brought into touch with a new set of specialists, and aside from the thesis printed, the editor would know whom to call upon for an article on any special topic.

Note that I am not writing this for London.

America: Chances and Remedies.

By Ezra Pound.

V.

Proposition III—The College of the Arts.

IN America you can be subsidised to study the development of ablauts in Middle High German; to make comments on the works of Quinet; to read Assyrian tablets; even to paint pictures, to sculp, and in one western college a man has been given a fellowship in musical composition. (I believe this happened at Oberlin and I pay the trustees my respects.)

No institution that I know of subsidises literary creation or experiment. There are certain prizes awarded. One man is being paid to translate the Divina Commedia into terza rima with feminine endings. The German Emperor encourages the ex-Germans in, I think, California. Mr. Fells is patron to a poet who advertised for a patron and whose name is not known to me.

Mr. Morgan, in finance, advocates "backing the man," and says he has lent a million dollars more than once to men whom he knew had nothing. In the arts he encourages the dead. I am very glad he sees fit to collect, for the presence of masterwork in the country will, in time, beget some sort of discrimination.

Retiring professors are pensioned by Mr. Carnegie, and all this is very nice and humane, but the careful expenditure of a bare two million dollars would bear a deal more fruit in sheer artistic creation, and would eventually pay the country many times over in actual possessions obtained; but let us have done with practicalities. I speak of something better.

The whole question of art patronage is too wide to go into, suffice it that the Ptolemies when they wished to lift the centre of the world's culture bodily into Alexandria, could find no better device. Cosimo de Medici, who may be regarded as a sound man and one little given to toying with chimeras, was of like mind in Florence.

I do not propose to talk social theory. I treat an immediate issue. I think there is any amount of willingness to patronise the arts now present in America, and that the point of fact need hardly be argued.

The question of the most advisable method remains. The American Academy at Rome is a most commendable model. Ten men are kept there, for a term of three years each—painters, sculptors, architects.

But why of necessity Rome? Why only ten men? Why only three sorts of art?

The mingling of young men engaged in *all* the different sorts of art has always proved most fruitful. One comes to a capital, in fact, in order that one may find the most dynamic minds of each variety.

My proposal is of the simplest. I want not ten men but a hundred. I want not Rome, but New York or Chicago.

I want these hundred men chosen with regard to their intentions and their capacities, not by an academic foot-rule. I want them to be men who have done enough to show that their work is neither a passing whim nor a commercial predilection. I want painters, sculptors, musical composers, architects, scholars in the art of verse, and in the art of prose for that matter, and those who show some signs of being dramatists, and I should admit the occasional artists in the slightly divergent arts, say etchers or workers in bronze or in stained glass.

I should leave the charter so open that no dynamic man need be excluded. I should not have a freak com-

mittee, but as no institution has ever yet proved too revolutionary I should base the qualifications for admittance largely upon originality. I should insist, on the contrary that, save in rarest cases, the candidate should have reasonable knowledge of the prevailing fashions in the technique of his art. There is no effective revolution in art except that which comes from men who cast off bonds which they show themselves able to bear.

I would rather have the whole hundred of these artists chosen by one efficient artist than by any staid committee that was not composed of efficient artists. There is no hope for such an institution as this, unless the selecting committee be guided by an almost blind hatred of mediocrity, unless they have it branded and engraved upon their consciousness that one fragment of perfect work outweighs forty salons of exhibitions without such a perfect fragment.

Longinus said it long ago in his book to young writers, "When you have composed such and such a thing, think how it would be received by Sophocles or Demosthenes." Until the American artist can work with some thought in his mind of how such and such a work would appeal to, let us say, Rodin, Anatole France, Henry James, or whatever master you will, dead or living, who is known to be reasonably severe, and to have a decent hatred of botches, until just such time is there no use in taking the American writer or artist seriously or of providing him with any plum cakes whatsoever.

But to return to our college. Presumably after the American neophyte in the arts has been beaten with a rope-end until he knows those things which any decent sailor man should know blind, drunk, or a-sleepin' :

I should turn a hundred of him into a super-college, to wit, a college with no professors. I should give him enough yearly income (ranging from £100 to £200) so that he needn't worry about his actual food and lodging. I should take him on during the impossible years of an artist's life, to wit, along between twenty and thirty. I should keep him for from one to three years, according to his earnestness and his performance. (I would not have the three year limit absolute, though I think special provision outside the college could be made for unusual cases.) I would require nothing of him except that he painted the thing as he saw it, at his own rate and time, and that he showed up at a general sort of club rooms reasonably often, to quarrel, to dispute, to fraternise with, to backbite and to accelerate his fellows.

I would have at least ten per cent. of the fellows, foreigners summoned from abroad.

I would not have over twenty per cent. notably of any one religion.

I would have a reasonable fund to provide for bringing great artists from the corners of the earth to lope about the club room and abuse the bad work of the fellows of the college, or to commend it on such rare occasions as any of it seemed worthy of commendation.

New York is an exceedingly beautiful city; any more than one intelligent man might find a worse way of spending a vacation.

The art of the world has come out of the capitals of the world, because it is only in the capitals of the world at certain favoured periods, that the best minds among the older men and the ready minds of the younger enthusiasts have mingled and have taken fire one from another.

America is saved when she manages to make a capital, the segregation of officials at Washington has not done this. The game was better played at Alexandria and at Florence.

I write of this little school perhaps lightly, but it do not feel the need of it lightly, nor is my intention of seeing it real a passing fancy of the hour.

CERTAIN POEMS OF KABIR

TRANSLATED BY KALI MOHAN GHOSE AND EZRA POUND

From the edition of Mr. Kshiti Mohan Sen.

I

The spring season is approaching,
 Who will help me meeting with
 my dearest?
 How shall I describe the beauty
 of the dearest,
 Who is immersed in all beauties?
 That colour colours all the pictures
 of this universe,
 Body and mind alike
 Forget all things else in that beauty.
 He who has these ideas,
 The play of the spring is his.
 This is the word which is unutterable.
 Saith Kabir: There are very few
 who know this mystery.

II

My beloved is awakened, how can I sleep?
 Day and night he is calling me,
 And instead of responding to his call
 I am like an unchaste girl, living
 with another.
 Saith Kabir: O clever confidant,
 The meeting with the dearest is not
 possible without love.

III

The scar aches day and night.
 Sleep is not come.
 Anxious for meeting with the dearest,
 The father's house is not attractive at all.
 The sky-gate opens,
 The temple is manifested,
 There now is the meeting with
 the husband.
 I make oblation of my mind and body:
 To the dearest the cup of the dearest!
 Let flow the quick shower of rain
 from your eyes.

Cover your heart
 With the intense deep blue
 Assembling of the cloud.
 Come near to the ear of the dearest,
 Whisper to him your pain.
 Saith Kabir: Here bring the
 meditation of the dearest,
 Today's treasure of the heart.

IV

It is true, I am mad with love. And
 what to me
 Is carefulness or uncaredfulness?
 Who, dying, wandering in the wilderness,
 Who is separated from the dearest?
 My dearest is within me, what do I care?
 The beloved is not asundered from me,
 No, not for the veriest moment.
 And I also am not asundered from him.
 My love clings to him only,
 Where is restlessness in me?
 Oh my mind dances with joy,
 Dances like a mad fool.
 The rāginis of love are being played day
 and night,

All are listening to that measure.
 Rāhu, the eclipse, Ketu, the Head of
 the Dragon,
 And the nine planets are dancing,
 And Birth and Death are dancing, mad
 with Ananda.
 The mountain, the sea and the earth are
 dancing.
 The Great Adornment is dancing with
 laughter and tears and smiles.
 Why are you leaving, 'The world,'
 You, with the *tilak*-mark on your fore-
 head?
 While my mind is a-dancing through the
 thousand stages of its moon,
 And the Lord of all his creation has
 found it acceptable dancing.

V

O deserted bride,
 How will you live in the absence of your
 beloved,
 Without hunger in the day,
 Sleepless in the night-watches,
 And every watch felt as if
 It were the æon of Kaliyuga?
 The beautiful has deserted you in the
 full passion of his April.
 Alas the fair is departed!
 O thou deserted,
 Now begin to give up your house and
 your having.
 Go forth to the lodge of the forest,
 Begin to consider his name.
 And if there he shall come upon you,
 Then alone will you be come to your joy.
 Eager as the caught fish for its water,
 Be thou so eager to return!
 Shapeless, formless and without line,
 Who will be come to meet you,
 O beautiful lady?
 Take recognisance of your own wed Lord,
 Behold him out of the centre of your
 meditations,
 Strip off the last of your errors,
 And know that Love is your lord.
 Saith Kabir: There is no second. Æon
 After æon
 Thou and I are the same.

VI

Very difficult is the meeting with him,
 How shall I be made one with my beloved?
 After long consideration and after caution
 I put my feet on the way, but every time
 They have trembled and slipped aside.
 The slippery path leads upward
 and the feet can not hold to it.
 The mind is taken in shyness,
 For fear of the crowd
 And out of respect to the family.
 Oh where is my far beloved?

And I in the family dwelling!
And I can not escape my shyness!

VII

How shall it be severed,
This love between thee and me?
Thou art lord, and I servant,
As the lotus is servant of water.
Thou art lord, and I servant,
As the Chakora is servant of moonlight
And watches it all the night long.
The love between thee and me
is from beginning to ending,
How can it end in time?
Saith Kabir: As the river is immersed in
the ocean,
My mind is immersed in thee.

VIII

Rishi Nārad, that hast walked upon the
winding path of the air,
That hast walked there playing the Vinā
and singing thy song to Hari,
Rishi Nārad, the beloved is not afar off,
I wake not, save in his waking,
I sleep not, save in his slumber.

IX

O receiver of my heart,
Do thou come into my house.
My mind and body
Are but a pain, in thy absence.
When they say that I am your mistress
The shame of it is upon me.
If heart lie not upon heart,
How is the heart of love there?
The rice has no savour, the night is passed
and is sleepless.
In the house and in the way of the forest
my mind and thought have no rest.
Love-cup to the maid: water-cup to
famished of thirst.

Is there one, bearer of fortune, to make
clear my heart to my beloved?
Kabir is at the end of his patience
And dies without sight of his beloved.

X

O bearer of love, give voice to the
well-omened song.
The great lord is come to my house,
After employing my body in his love
I shall employ my mind.
The five mysteries will be enlightened
with love.
The receiver of my heart, to-day is the
guest in my house,
I am grown mad with my youth.
The pool of my body will be the place
of pilgrimage.
Near by will Brahmā chant Vedas,
The mind will be fused with my lover.
O opportune, and well-omened,
The three and thirty tunes of curious
sound here with the sound of Ananda.
The paired lovers of the universe are
assembled.
Saith Kabir: This day I set out for my
marriage
With a bridegroom who is deathless.
In the quarter of my body there
is music in process,
Thirty and six rāginis are bound up
into the burthen.
The bridegroom hath April play with me.
As Krishna with Rādhā, playing at
the spring festival of Horililā,
I play at the spraying of colours,
I and my beloved.
The whole universe is curious today.
Love and the rain of love are come
hither with their showers.

America: Chances and Remedies.

By Ezra Pound.

VI.

SUCH, then, are my three measures. First, the plan for bringing the faculties for the preservation of the history of letters and the arts into immediate contact with the few men who are seriously working at keeping the arts alive, and who take thought that the art shall be reborn in each age, vital, with the qualities of the age inherent.

Second, that the cloister and the Press lay aside the more stupid parts of their warfare, for the newspaper special article would be no less interesting if it had the force of exact knowledge behind it, and a man is no less a scholar for being able to express himself clearly and without a welter of undefined technicalities.

Thirdly, as a balance both against the Press and the cloister I would set the pick of the young artists free of both of them. The arts have at least the dignity of the processes of science; anyone who does not understand this is confusing art with the sham; he is confusing it with the fancy work of faintly emotional ladies and with the amusements of dilettantes.

If the results of an artist's experiment are to have any value whatsoever they must be attained as impartially as are the results of the experiments in a chemical laboratory. The schools dye a man so deep, not usually in the tradition which is a noble thing, but in some sort of woodenish acquiescence with a prevailing mode. Something is interposed between the artist and the thing he should see directly.

The Press drives, and in far more pernicious degree the periodicals drive, the writer to attend so much to the thing of the moment that this transient element overbalances his work; the notes of the durable things are lost to him. I say the periodicals are worse than the daily Press, for they are at heart journalistic, and they lie about it and cover it over with a sham.

Good art does not mean flattery, and no good work of art was ever wrought out of flattery either of a man's looks or of his stupidities.

Not only must the artist be able "to look any damn man in the face and tell him to go to hell," but he must be able to do this quietly, seriously, without needless bravura or bombast. His work must not resemble the powerless curses and futile shots from a sinking vessel. "A clear mirror reflecting all things" was Leonardo's phrase. The element of hysteria is only too apt to weaken the work of a man who sees his predilection for speaking out driving him daily further and further from food and lodging.

Villon is the stock example of those who advocate the starvation of artists, but the crux is here, to wit, that Villon had nothing whatsoever to gain by producing a bastard art. No harpies besought him for smooth optimism, for patriotic sentiment, and for poems "to suit the taste of our readers." If he had

nothing to lose by one sort of writing he had equally little to gain by any other.

As for the relation of these things to the present the American "Nation" last month suggests that America takes the arts too seriously. Why? The brilliant editorial is evoked by this fact. Some triple-X idiot of an editor has boomed a bad poem and called it worthy of Shelley. As if Shelley the revolutionist, Republican, propagandist, writer of canzoni, would, were he alive in 1913, be content with the same mannerisms of expression that suited him in the year of grace 1813.

Criticism being a far more civilised form of conscious activity than is artistic creation, it is natural that American criticism should be in a more deplorable state than American creative art. Indiscriminating energy may produce a work, but it has never yet brought forth a critique.

There is "flair," a natural sort of sense, a faculty for sniffing the scent of the artist's energies. But beyond this there is the critical faculty that knows *why* a thing is good or bad. This faculty is the result of flair plus training. The decent critic must know enough master-work wrought in enough different and apparently contradictory processes to be undeceived by surface appearance or by the banging of drums. Technique is machinery for the transmission of power. You do not judge an engine merely by the polish on the outside of the boiler nor by the shriek of its whistle. One might be supposed to consider the precision of its driving machinery. This sort of mechanical sense has not yet descended upon the American editor or critic. (As for the state of things on this island, I leave that to be treated by THE NEW AGE.)

As for my compatriots they strain at the gnat and swallow the camel. If the choosers of the national reading matter were set to buying machinery, they, female graduates of high-schools for the greater part, and for the lesser part old gentlemen with minds like the minds of such female graduates, would object to the hair-spring of a watch on the ground that it lacked strength, and to a machine for driving piles on the ground that it was wanting in finish.

In Italy you may see many little stone balconies carved, with little stone lions looking over the edges or with heads carved upon their corners. An American architect from the school in Rome was complaining to me that for all the glory of our new buildings we could not get fine detail. "Ainsi le bon temps regretons," time was when the artist grew out of the master craftsman. Before art was arty, before the artist was recruited from the ranks of the vegetarian and the simple-lifer, before the per-damnable habit of modelling in clay, in place of cutting stone direct, had come to curse us with sculpture that resembles piles of spaghetti, before these abominations the artist had first to have the common-sense requisite for a decent carpenter's job or for something of that sort. Out of such times came Dürer.

When we get some sense of values, when we come to take a common-sense view of the arts, as something normal, refreshing, sustaining, we may again find artists. When the young sculptor is willing to work at columns not for a fancy price, but for, say, double the stone cutter's wages, when the house becomes again individual and ceases to be a thing made by the dozen and hundred to a mould, when the caste which now takes to connoisseurship out of hope of gain, the sort who know good pictures because there is chance of acquiring property thereby, shall also know the fine points of a poem or a musical composition from which there is no profit to be made, when all these impossibilities shall have become possible, and above all when the arts shall cease to be regarded as a dope, a drug, a narcotic, as something akin to disease, and when they shall be regarded as sustenance—as clear channels for the transmission of intelligence, then may America and then even England may be a place wherein it is fitting that man made in the image of the invisible should draw breath into his nostrils.

[THE END.]

HOW I BEGAN.—BY EZRA POUND.

Poet and Critic: Author of "Personæ," "Canzoni," "Ripostes," &c.

If the verb is put in the past tense there is very little to be said about this matter.

The artist is always beginning. Any work of art which is not a beginning, an invention, a discovery, is of little worth. The very name Troubadour means a "finder," one who discovers.

So far as the public is concerned my "career" has been of the simplest; during the first five years of it I had exactly one brief poem accepted by one American magazine, although I had during that time submitted "La Fraïno" and various other poems now held as a part of my best work. Net result of my activities in cash, five dollars which works out to about 4s. 3d. per year.

Mr. Elkin Mathews was the first publisher to whom I submitted my work in London. He printed my first three volumes, "Personæ," "Exultations," and "Canzoni," at his own expense. So far as I can remember our only discussion of business was as follows:—

Mr. E. M.: "Ah, eh, do you care to contribute to the costs of publishing?"

Mr. E. P.: "I've got a shilling in my clothes, if that's any use to you."

Mr. E. M.: "Oh well, I rather want to publish 'em anyhow."

I have not yet received a brass farthing from these books, nor do I think that Mr. Mathews has up to date a clear balance against his expense. One's name is known, in so far as it is known at all widely, through hearsay and reviews and through a wholesale quotation.

My books have made me friends. I came to London with £3 knowing no one.

I had been hungry all my life for "interesting people." I wanted to meet certain men whose work I admired. I have done this. I have had good talk in plenty.

I have paid a certain price, I have endured a certain amount of inconvenience, enough to put an edge on my enjoyment. I believe I have had more solid pleasure in life than any fellow of my years whom I have ever met.

I have "known many men's manners and seen many cities."

Besides knowing living artists I have come in touch with the tradition of the dead. I have had in this the same sort of pleasure that a schoolboy has in hearing of the star plays of former athletes. I have renewed my boyhood. I have repeated the sort of thrill that I used to have in hearing of the deeds of T. Truxton Ware; the sort that future Freshmen will have in hearing how "Mike" Bennet stopped Weeks. I have relished this or that about "old Browning, or Shelley sliding down his front banisters" "with almost incredible rapidity."

There is more, however, in this sort of Apostolic Succession than a ludicrous anecdote, for people whose minds have been enriched by contact with men of genius retain the effects of it.

I have enjoyed meeting Victorians

and Pre-Raphaelites and men of the nineties through their friends. I have seen Keats' proof sheets, I have had personal tradition of his time at second-hand. This, perhaps, means little to a Londoner, but it is good fun if you have grown up regarding such things as about as distant as Ghengis Khan or the days of Lope de Vega.

If by the question "How I began?" you mean "How did I learn my trade?" it is much too long to answer, and the details would be too technical.

I knew at fifteen pretty much what I wanted to do. I believed that the "Impulse" is with the gods; that technique is a man's own responsibility. A man either is or is not a great poet, that is not within his control, it is the lightning from heaven, the "fire of the gods," or whatever you choose to call it.

His recording instrument is in his own charge. It is his own fault if he does not become a good artist—even a flawless artist.

I resolved that at thirty I would know more about poetry than any man living, that I would know the dynamic content from the shell, that I would know what was accomplished poetry everywhere, what part of poetry was "indestructible," what part could not be lost by translation, and—scarcely less important—what effects were obtainable in one language only and were utterly incapable of being translated.

In this search I learned more or less of nine foreign languages, I read Oriental stuff in translations, I fought every University regulation and every professor who tried to make me learn anything except this, or who bothered me with "requirements for degrees."

Of course, no amount of scholarship will help a man to write poetry, it may even be regarded as a great burden and hindrance, but it does help him to destroy a certain percentage of his failures. It keeps him discontented with mediocrity.

I have written a deal about technique for I detest a botch in a poem or in a donkey engine. I detest people who are content with botches. I detest a satisfaction with second-rateness.

As touching the Impulse, that is another affair. You may even call it "Inspiration." I do not mind the term, although it is in great disfavour with those who never experience the light of it.

The Impulse is a very different thing from the *furor scribendi*, which is a sort of emotional excitement due, I think, to weakness, and often preceding or accompanying early work. It means that the subject has you, not you the subject. There is no formula for the Impulse. Each poem must be a new and strange adventure if it is worth recording at all.

I know that for days the "Night Litany" seemed a thing so little my own that I could not bring myself to sign it. In the case of the "Goodly Fere" I was not excited until some hours after I had written it. I had

been the evening before in the "Turkish Coffee" café in Boho. I had been made very angry by a certain sort of cheap irreverence which was new to me. I had lain awake most of the night. I got up rather late in the morning and started for the Museum with the first four lines in my head. I wrote the rest of the poem at a sitting, on the left side of the reading-room, with scarcely any erasures. I lunched at the Vienna Café, and later in the afternoon, being unable to study, I peddled the poem about Fleet Street, for I began to realise that for the first time in my life I had written something that "everyone could understand," and I wanted it to go to the people.

The poem was not accepted. I think the "Evening Standard" was the only office where it was even considered. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer first printed the poem in his review some three months afterwards.

My other "vigorous" poem, the "Alta forte" was also written in the British Museum reading-room. I had had De Blom on my mind. I had found him untranslatable. Then it occurred to me that I might present him in this manner. I wanted the curious involuntariness and recurrence of the Sestina. I knew more or less of the arrangement. I wrote the first strophe and then went to the Museum to make sure of the right order of permutations, for I was then living in Langham Street, next to the "pub," and had hardly any books with me. I did the rest of the poem at a sitting. Technically it is one of my best, though a poem on such a theme could never be very important.

I waited three years to find the words for "Piccadilly," it is eight lines long, and they tell me now it is "sentimental." For well over a year I have been trying to make a poem of a very beautiful thing that befell me in the Paris Underground. I got out of a train at, I think, La Concorde and in the jostle I saw a beautiful face, and then, turning suddenly, another and another, and then a beautiful child's face, and then another beautiful face. All that day I tried to find words for what this made me feel. That night as I went home along the rue Raynouard I was still trying. I could get nothing but spots of colour. I remember thinking that if I had been a painter I might have started a wholly new school of painting. I tried to write the poem weeks afterwards in Italy, but found it useless. Then only the other night, wondering how I should tell the adventure, it struck me that in Japan, where a work of art is not estimated by its acreage and where sixteen syllables are counted enough for a poem if you arrange and punctuate them properly, one might make a very little poem which would be translated about as follows:—

"The apparition of these faces in the crowd:
"Petals on a wet, black bough,"

And there, or in some other very old, very quiet civilisation, some one else might understand the significance.

Love Poems and Others, by D. H. Lawrence. Duckworth.

The *Love Poems*, if by that Mr. Lawrence means the middling-sensual erotic verses in this collection, are a sort of pre-raphaelitish slush, disgusting or very nearly so. The attempts to produce the typical Laurentine line have brought forth:

I touched her and she shivered like a dead snake.

which was improved by an even readier parodist, to

I touched her and she came off in scales.

Jesting aside, when Mr. Lawrence ceases to discuss his own disagreeable sensations, when he writes low-life narrative, as he does in *Whether or Not* and in *Violets*, there is no English poet under forty who can get within shot of him. That Masefield should be having a boom seems, as one takes count of these poems, frankly ridiculous.

It is no more possible to quote from them as illustration than it would be to illustrate a Rembrandt by cutting off two inches of canvas. The first is in mood-ridden *chiaroscuro*, the characters being a policeman, his sweetheart, his mother, and a widow who has taken advantage of his excitement and by whom he has had a child. It is sullen and heavy, and as ugly as such a tale must be.

Yi, tha'rt a man, tha'rt a fine big man, but never a baby had eyes
As sulky an' ormin as thine.

I damn well shanna marry 'er,
So chew at it no more,
Or I'll chuck the flamin' lot of you—
You needn't have swore.

So much for the tonality. Kipling has never done it as well in verse, though he gets something like the same range in his prose of *Bedelia Harrodsfoot*. The comparison with Masefield is, as I have said, ridiculous. It is what Masefield would like to do and can not.

Violets presents two girls and another at the funeral of a young fellow who has died among

Pals worse n'r any name as you could call.

Ah know tha liked 'im better nor me. But let
Me tell thee about this lass. When you had gone
Ah stopped behind on t' pad i' th' drippin' wet
An' watched what 'er 'ad on.

If this book does not receive the Polignac prize* a year from this November, there will be due cause for scandal.

Mr. Lawrence was "discovered" by Ford Madox Hueffer during the latter's editorship of the *English Review*, about four years ago. Some of his verses appeared then, and he has since made a notable reputation by his prose works, *The White Peacock* and *The Trespasser*.

His prose training stands him in good stead in these poems. The characters are real. They are not stock figures of "the poor," done from the outside and provided with *cliché* emotions.

I expect you know who I am, Mrs. Naylor!
—Who yer are? yis, you're Lizzie Stainwright.
An' 'appen you might guess what I've come for?
—'Appen I mightn't, 'appen I might.

Mr. Lawrence has attempted realism and attained it: He has brought contemporary verse up to the level of contemporary prose, and that is no mean achievement. These two poems at least are great art.

Ezra Pound

*This prize, awarded by the British academic committee to Walter de la Mare in 1911, to Masefield in 1912, is given for a work of imagination which must have appeared before the November previous.

Odes et Prières, par Jules Romains. Mercure de France, Paris.

Monsieur Romains is one of the most interesting of Parisian poets, well acclaimed. The *Mouvement Unanimiste*? — it is Romains. The movement would seem to be, primarily, philosophic, or, as Romains himself proclaims it, "religious." It is the adoration of the group unit or something of that sort. The Japanese state religion is perhaps its closest prototype, but these good orientals do not allow this to infect their art. If it be permitted a foreigner to decry what the French have themselves accepted, I should say, with all respect, that the poetry actually produced by the *Unanimistes* has at least one blemish, from the point of view of the craftsman. As a philosophic movement it may affect the bases of aesthetics, it is a manifestation of unquestionable energy, and it therefore concerns us, who are concerned with the art; but Romains' much lauded *Ode to the Crowd here Present* is rhetoric; it is very fine and intoxicating rhetoric, no doubt, but as poetry it harks back to the pre-Victorian era, when Shelley set out to propagandize the world. It is of the time of Leopardi. If Romains had lived earlier he would have written *Night thoughts on Death and Immortality* or on *The Grave*; now-a-days the craze is for social theory or crowd psychology. This work is symptomatic. It is post-Whitman with a vengeance.

It is the same with Verhaeren's *City*. It is good rhetoric, very good. If we had found the passage in a prose work we should have thought it rather fine. Perhaps it gains a little by being in verse, I am not sure; but it is not to be confused with true Helicon. It belongs to that sort of "imaginative reason" wherefrom William Blake was divinely sent to deliver us. Verhaeren is not so much Whitman as a sort of lesser Wordsworth, with a sense of Flamand country and of people of labour. In "Les Pauvres" he is as far above our objections or our praise as is Wordsworth at his best from the usual charge of dulness.

As for Romains, we state against him that the art is too high a thing to be hitched to any single propaganda, however noble, and even this objection might be narrowed to almost a quibble. Romains is a man with his work before him, and he will have little care, and no need whatever of caring, for either praise or stricture. As for his language, "strict, chaste, severe," we join the little weight of our praise to that of the intelligent critic M. Georges Duhamel, and give thanks for Romains and his vigorous production.

If this review seem lacking in due warmth, it is only that I speak of a man in the mid-flow of acclamation, an acclamation which seems to me at times a little heedless of the possible dangers being courted by its object.

Ezra Pound

Art and Swadeshi, by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy, D. Sc. pub. Ganesh & Co., Madras: (With numerous reproductions of Indian works of art.)

This inspiring book contains two chapters on poetry—one on the repertoire of a Panjabi singer, with translations of lines not unworthy of the Greek Anthology, one on Rabindranath Tagore. The translations are slightly marred by inversions, by too frequent use of the second person singular, and—in their attempt to preserve the simplicity of the originals—by an occasional word or phrase which has been too far degraded by music-hall use to be longer effective in English.

Among the Panjabi folksongs there is one which says that the Sandal-tree grows where Lachchi spills water.

Aha, Lachchi asks the girls,
Oh what coloured veil suits a fair complexion?
.....
Your friendship with the goat-herds is sundered,
Who will give you milk to drink?

Among the poems of Rabindranath not included in *Gitanjali* is found this quatrain:

O Death, hadst thou been but emptiness,
In a moment the world would have faded away.
Thou art Beauty: the world like a child,
Rests on thy bosom forever and ever.

Even without the chapters on poetry the book is so full of profound and natural sense on matters of art industry and education that anyone who reads it will be grateful for this suggestion.

E. P.

C89

POEMS

By Ezra Pound

N. Y.

MY City, my beloved, my white!
Ah, slender,
Listen! Listen to me, and I will breathe into thee a soul.
Delicately upon the reed, attend me!

*Now do I know that I am mad,
For here are a million people surly with traffic;
This is no maid.
Neither could I play upon any reed if I had one.*

My City, my beloved,
Thou art a maid with no breasts,
Thou art slender as a silver reed.
Listen to me, attend me!
And I will breathe into thee a soul,
And thou shalt live forever.

A GIRL

THE tree has entered my hands,
The sap has ascended my arms,
The tree has grown in my breast—
Downward,
The branches grow out of me, like arms.

C90

C89 [A review, signed: E. P., of] *Art and Swadeshi*, by Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. *Poetry*, II. 6 (Sept. 1913) 226–7.

C90 POEMS. *Smart Set*, XLI. 1 (Sept. 1913) 17–18.

Contents: N[ew]. Y[ork].—A Girl—An Immorality—A Virginal—Sub mare—Pan Is Dead. Reprinted from *Ripostes* (1912)—A8.

Tree you are,
 Moss you are,
 You are violets with wind above them.
 A child—*so* high—you are,
 And all this is folly to the world.

AN IMMORALITY

SINCE we for love and idleness,
 Naught else is worth the having.

Though I have been in many a land,
 There is naught else in living.

And I would rather have my sweet,
 Though rose leaves die of grieving,

Than do high deeds in Hungary
 To pass all men's believing.

A VIRGINAL

No, no! Go from me. I have left her lately.
 I will not spoil my sheath with lesser brightness,
 For my surrounding air has a new lightness;
 Slight are her arms, yet they have bound me straitly
 And left me cloaked as with a gauze of ether;
 As with sweet leaves; as with a subtle clearness.
 Oh, I have picked up magic in her nearness
 To sheathe me half in half the things that sheathe her.

No, no! Go from me. I have still the flavor,
 Soft as spring wind that's come from birchen bowers.
 Green come the shoots, aye April in the branches,
 As winter's wound with her slight hand she staunches,
 Hath of the tress a likeness of the savor:
 As white their bark, so white this lady's hours.

SUB MARE

It is, and is not; I am sane enough,
 Since you have come this place has hovered round me,
 This fabrication built of autumn roses,
 Then there's a goldish color, different.

And one gropes in these things as delicate
 Algæ reach up and out beneath
 Pale slow green surgings of the under wave,
 'Mid these things older than the names they have,
 These things that are familiars of the god.

PAN IS DEAD

PAN is dead. Great Pan is dead.
 Ah, bow your heads, ye maidens all,
 And weave ye him his coronal.

There is no summer in the leaves,
 And withered are the sedges;
 How shall we weave a coronal,
 Or gather floral pledges?

That I may not say, ladies.
 Death was ever a churl.
 That I may not say, ladies.
 How should he show a reason,
 That he has taken our Lord away
 Upon such hollow season?

In Metre.

Love Poems and Others. By D. H. Lawrence. (Duckworth & Co.).

Peacock Pie. By Walter De la Mare. (Constable Limited).

A Boy's Will. By Robert Frost. (David Nutt.)

The disagreeable qualities of Mr. Lawrence's work are apparent to the most casual reader, and may be summed up in the emotion which one gets from the line of parody:

"Her lips still mealy with the last potato."

Love consisteth (at least we presume that it consisteth) not so much in the perception of certain stimuli, certain sensations, whereof many would seem—if we are to believe Mr. Lawrence—rather disagreeable, but in a certain sort of enthusiasm which renders us oblivious, or at least willing to be oblivious, of such sensuous perceptions as we deem derogatory to the much derided pleasures of romance.

Having registered my personal distastes let me say without further preamble that Mr. Lawrence's book is the most important book of poems of the season. With the appearance of "Violets" and "Whether or Not" the Mansfield boom may be declared officially and potentially over.

Mr. Lawrence, almost alone among the younger poets, has realized that contemporary poetry must be as good as contemporary prose if it is to justify its publication. In most places Mr. Lawrence's poetry is not quite as good as his own prose, but, despite his (to me) offensive manners of rhyming and of inverting and of choosing half of his words, his verse is considerably better than what we call "contemporary" verse.

I know of no one else who could have presented the sordid tragedy of "Whether or Not" with such vigour and economy. "Violets" at the pen of any of the other younger men would have descended into music-hall sentiment. As it is both poems are great art. The poems are narrative and quotation in fragments is therefore worse than useless. It is for this narrative verse that I think Mr. Lawrence is to be esteemed almost as much as we esteem him for his prose. He is less happy in impressions—I suppose he classifies himself as an "Impressionist"—and the following composition shows his good as well as his bad:—

MORNING WORK.

A gang of labourers on the piled wet timber
That shines blood-red beside the railway siding
Seem to be making out of the blue of the morning
Something fiery and fine, the shuttles sliding,
The red-gold spools of their hands and faces shuttling
Hither and thither across the morn's crystalline frame
Of blue: trolls at the cave of ringing cerulean mining,
And laughing with work, living their work like a game.

To the first five lines one can make little objection beyond stating that they are not particularly musical, but when it comes to "Morn's crystalline frame of

blue," "ringing cerulean mining" we are back in the ancient kingdom of ornaments and block phrases and ready, quite ready, to forget that Mr. Lawrence is a distinguished writer of prose.

"Peacock Pie" is not, is most emphatically NOT a book to review. Mr. De la Mare, the laureled of the Academic Committee, hovers between his own "Listeners" and a very charming sort of "Mother Goose." It does one no good to "Get a book of De la Mare's and read it," extracted from Mudie's he is worse than useless. If you try to read De la Mare he simply declines to impress you. If you keep De la Mare on your shelf until the proper time, a time when all books disgust you and when you are feeling slightly pathetic, you may open him querulously. And gradually, your over-modernized intellect being slightly in abeyance—if you are favoured of the gods—it may dawn upon your more intelligent self that Mr. De la Mare is to be prized above many blustering egoists.

I suppose the present volume will add little to the bays or laurels or whatever vegetable decoration the author is supposed to have received for his earlier labour. It may however confirm a few of his readers in the belief that the spirit of Tom Hood is nearer the earth than some think it, and that the humour of the "Good King Wismamitra" has not followed the gods and the fairies into parts too remote for our comfort and convenience. And as for laurels? Mr. De la Mare is certainly less concerned about such trumpery than any other "poet" now living.

Mr. Frost comes speaking as simply as does Mr. De la Mare and more soberly, without the wanton vagrancy of fancy, without the balladeering flourish, yet I am not sure that one could not slip some of his verse into Peacock book without anyone being the wiser.

"I dwell in a lonely house I know
That vanished many a summer ago,
And left no truce but the cellar walls."

Mr. Frost has sought the natural cadences of the speech. Many of his opening lines are the lines of common conversation. His language is for the most part natural and simple. The wind working against him in the dark, the noise of his scythe in the grass are very real to him, and it is with little surprise that we learn that his knowledge is actual and not theoretic. He has written life as he has lived it. His very table of contents is not a scheme written into, as the stupidest of his reviewers has said, but simply a statement of his own discovery that some continuity underlies all of the lyrics. In fact what one gets from the book is not any pleasure in pyrotechnics but a conviction of poetic personality, the feel of some sober local wood god, innocent for the most part of our language, half indifferent to, and half dismayed at our customs.

E. P.

The Approach to Paris.

By Ezra Pound.

I.

PARIS is a civilisation almost wholly surrounded by cafés; few travellers arrive there. In the borders of this great oasis one may observe "the world *yanqui-polonaise*" which sits at the farthest tables and drinks the same drinks and regards the same boulevards and apparently the same gardens—with a difference. In the world *yanqui-polonaise* reside the English and the outcast, and they talk with great volubility and a moderate vacuity and they know next to nothing at all. They have "Hope"—rather like Watts—and they have vague beliefs and intentions, and throughout the Quartier, art dilutes itself impalpably into life, and life is by no means regimented into the realm of the arts. It needs a native like Gautier to call a garret a garret.

Beyond the tables where they talk a great deal are the tables where they talk scarcely less—the tables of the Gallic periphery, of the Parisian Devonshire Street. L'Union Poétique Français or something of that sort they call it.

And beyond these faintly illumined borders sits Monsieur le Prince des Poètes in the Café Lilas with his hierarchy. They talk appreciably less, but their smiles are of the utmost benignity. It is part of the modern culture to speak well of the genial Paul Fort. They say his things have "The tone," and I believe that this is the fact, although there are a good number of poets in Paris who are far more likely to stir the alien pulses. It is possible that one must hear Fort's work read aloud by some perfect reader before one can realise how much Fort is Paris; just that—not an excerpt, not a portent, the tone!

Driving beyond this, beyond the sight of this table where men spoke in decent and fitting voices such as I have heard even in drawing rooms, I fetched up in the cellar of the "Chatelet." It is hopeless to speak in general terms; the voyager can but tell his private adventures; so be it. I found about twenty men in an alcove. They were rather tense and laconic. The brains of to-morrow's Paris were holding a council of war; it was not a plot against the State but only against the general stupidity. They have almost elected a lunatic to be member of the Chamber of Deputies. They lacked only about £60 for bribes. In the course of that pleasing campaign they had called a public meeting—"To protest against the earthquake in Messina." They are capable of unveiling statues to Vercingetorix, of bamboozling chefs-de-gare, or rigging the daily Press, and of creating temporal princes.

I think no one of them spoke more than one sentence at a time. Their war against stupidity is a merciless war-to-the-knife. There seemed to be present among them some, perhaps inarticulate, consciousness that intelligence is always an oasis. Whether it be in Athens or in Alexandria there is always the world without. The barbarians, whether they are actually illiterate or whether they depend on a subsidised press, are always equally far from the living thought of the hour, equally far from to-morrow, equally a prey to superstitious conviction.

So for three satiric hours I watched the little flame of free intelligence at strife for its very existence. I saw Paris conscious of being Paris, indifferent to everything beyond Paris, knowing for a truth that if any prophet should arise in the wilderness Paris would know his message before his neighbours had heard it. I felt this pleasing, insolent consciousness that every thought, every invention that was worth considering, would be brought before them without any expenditure of effort on their part. As for the mob: "Nothing affects these people except our conversation." This group did not bother to say that. Thinking with good cause that Paris is always at least twenty years ahead of all other "worlds of letters" they deem with almost equal warrant that if an original mind appear in any other country he will be driven to

Paris to get his first recognition. This may not be the case, but it is near enough to go by.

Beyond this bivouac there are, I suppose, the peaceful temples of that city. De Regnier possesses a house; at least he has been photographed sitting in something that would seem to be his own drawing-room; and he has written one noteworthy poem about young men who came there to see him. I am led to believe, on hearsay, that even in Paris certain lives are passed with that decorous order which is supposed to be produced only in England. Monsieur Remy de Gourmont must also have a *salotto*, for there has come to me, also by hearsay, the most delightful of pictures of M. Anatole France on this threshold in act of greeting the company, with his own perfection of style and with an ultimate finality, "Nous parlons de Cleopatre."

Yet these things are beyond my knowledge. I have never come into Paris. I have walked about in France. I know I have been in England, and by that I do not mean that I pay room-rent in London. I have been in a curious place where people move and speak as they do in Mrs. Ward's novels, and where the very illustrations of "The Century" would seem to have life and being. I am aware that this was a very high place and that having been born in Finisterre, in the peaks of Darien, it might be thought that I had attained the summit of mortal glory. It may easily be held that my desire toward Paris is a morbidity. Yet I do not precisely admit a "desire toward Paris." There are just two things in the world, two great and interesting phenomena: the intellectual life of Paris and the curious teething promise of my own vast occidental nation.

And London? Is just an easy-chair, the most comfortable place in the world. And the London life of letters? In my five years of residence I have found exactly one man who is really happy when someone else writes a good book; one man with a passion for good-writing! and a few with whom one can talk.

I do not mean to say that the island is wholly denuded of writers. There are older and unattainable writers—Henry James and W. H. Hudson—with whom one has had the chance of a few words in passing. There is in the background a sort of mythological Hardy, whom we vaguely believe to have been a crony of the late Walter Scott, Bart. There are a few foreigners, who come here for the quiet life. There are certain names spread over the Press, certain "abundant natures" who believe in doing things badly, provided you do enough. There are certain, even efficient, writers who stand for everything that the serious artist must most abundantly detest. There is at least one notable poet, and perhaps a dizaine of men who have written delightful poems, and, perhaps, a half-dozen young men who want really to come at good writing.

And I suppose that is really enough, and that mortal man who lives but a little space between block pavements should not seek from the gods any further surroundings. Such, at least, is the insular view. Ever esurient, I have sent forth my vagrant thoughts. They have ventured to cross the Channel. I do not propose, in the following papers, to provide the culturing audience with a complete guide to Paris. I do not pretend to any exhaustive knowledge of the contemporary writers of France. I have browsed about among their books and come upon matter of interest.

I have found men who were content to do their own job. I have found no one trying to be a super-Racine, or even a super-Béranger.

This lack of the atavistic tendency is piquante.

Roughly, I intend to make a few general remarks about English foreign relations and to discuss in a more or less haphazard manner the work of Remy de Gourmont, Romains, Vildrac, de Regnier, Corbière, Tailhade, possibly Rimbaud if the topic is not outworn, possibly Paul Fort if, as a foreigner, I find it possible to say anything intelligent about this so peculiarly French author. I reserve the privilege of dragging in anything else I like from "Emaux et Camées" to "Alcools" by Apollinaire.

The Approach to Paris.

By Ezra Pound.

II.

FOR the best part of a thousand years English poets have gone to school to the French, or one might as well say that there never were any English poets until they began to study the French. The Plantagenet princes despised the northern jargon, and their laureates sang Provençal. Chaucer began our tradition with adaption and translation and he did better than Chrétien de Troyes and in this manner English became a respectable speech. I am well aware that poetry was written on this island before Chaucer. St. Colum wrote it in Latin, Cædmon wrote it in a tongue still more unintelligible and in a metric even less familiar. The history of English poetic glory is a history of successful steals from the French. It is, I dare say, the right of domination; Shakespeare is more to be prized than Ronsard; and yet the assiduous Pléiade had made all the experiments and provided the Elizabethans with all the technique that had not been left them by earlier adapters from the Language of "Oc," or from that of "Oil," from the North French or from Provençal—or from, perhaps, the thin stream that came straight from Italy and a rather inefficient jet from the Latin. The great periods of English have been the periods when the poets showed greatest powers of assimilation; even in the less glorious eras we see Browning and Swinburne leaning somewhat upon Hugo. Swinburne is impartially eclectic, and he was almost the first writer since Herrick's time to treat poetry as an art and not as a vehicle for the distribution of philosophy. Even the nineties were fed upon the traditional exotic, and the work of that period shows virtues new in London, but already well known to the readers of the early Gautier. Lionel Johnson alone would seem to have reached the polish and fineness of "Emaux et Camées" in those few poems of his where he seems to be moved by emotion rather than by the critical spirit.]

It is nearly 1,500 years since the charges of "Ignorance and Arrogance, and of having made a trade of their art" were brought against the bards at Drumceit. I suppose things were always about the same. I suppose it has always been equally dangerous to tell the confraternity anything it does not know, either about the development of some part of the art in the past, or about new findings abroad. I am not prone to acting *laudator temporis acti*; the curious phase of the case before the Drumceit parliament might appear to have been that the bards were recognised as having an art, an asset from which to make a trade.

There are two ways of being influenced by a notable work of art: the work may be drawn into oneself, its mastery may beget a peculiar hunger for new sorts of mastery and perfection; or the sight of the work may beget simply a counterfeiting of its superficial qualities. This last influence is without value, a dodge of the arriviste and of the mere searcher for novelty.

The first influence means a new keenness of the ear, or a new flair for wording, or a deeper desire for common sense if the work is what is properly called classic.

The present day English versifier having with that thoroughness which characterises all his acts, searched all the treasuries of the past, that is to say, having drunk in Greek strophes at Eton or at a board school, having traced the accented strophe to the ballade and to the canzon, might do worse than look once more to the Mt. St. Geneviève and its purlieus.

M. Remy de Gourmont (b. 1858, etc.) is the author of "Le Latin mystique" and many other works—among them "Le Livre des Litanies" now part of "Le Pèlerin du Silence." I suppose M. De Gourmont knows more about verse-rhythm than any man now living; at least he has made a most valuable contribution to the development of the strophe. It seems to me the most

valuable since those made by Arnaut Daniel, but perhaps I exaggerate.

Fleur hypocrite,
Fleur du silence.

he begins, setting the beat of his measure.

Rose couleur de cuivre, plus frauduleuse que nos joies,
rose couleur de cuivre, embaume-nous dans tes mensonges,
fleur hypocrite, fleur du silence.

Rose au visage peint comme une fille d'amour, rose au
cœur prostitué, rose au visage peint, fais semblant d'être
pitoyable, fleur hypocrite, fleur du silence.

Rose à la joue puérile, ô vierge des futurs trahisons,
rose à la joue puérile, innocente et rouge, ouvre les rets
de tes yeux clairs, fleur hypocrite, fleur du silence.

Rose aux yeux noirs, miroir de ton néant, rose aux
yeux noirs, fais-nous croire au mystère, fleur hypocrite,
fleur du silence.

Rose couleur d'argent, encensoir de nos rêves, rose
couleur d'argent prends notre cœur et fais-en de la fumée.
fleur hypocrite, fleur du silence.

Rose au front d'ivoire jaune, amante de toi-même, rose
au front d'ivoire jaune, dis-nous le secret de tes nuits
virginales, fleur hypocrite, fleur du silence.

Rose violette, ô modestie des fillettes perverses, rose
violette, tes yeux sont plus grands que le reste, fleur
hypocrite, fleur du silence.

Rose incarnate, rose stupide et pleine de santé, rose
incarnate, tu nous abreuves et tu nous leures d'un vin
très rouge et très bénin, fleur hypocrite, fleur du silence.

Rose ardoise, grisaille des vertus vaporeuses, rose
ardoise, tu grimpes et tu fleuris autour des vieux bancs
solitaires, rose du soir, fleur hypocrite, fleur du silence.

So you will say it is a mere catalogue.

Rose pivoine, modeste vanité des jardins plantureux,
rose pivoine, le vent n'a retroussé tes feuilles que par
hasard, et tu n'en fus pas mécontente, fleur hypocrite,
fleur du silence.

Rose topaze, princesse de légendes abolies, rose topaze,
ton château-fort est un hôtel au mois, ton donjon marche
à l'heure et tes mains blanches ont des gestes équivoques,
fleur hypocrite, fleur de silence.

And so it runs with ever more sweeping cadence with
ever more delicate accords, and if you are not too drunk
with the sheer naming over of beauty you will wake at
the end of the reading and know that the procession of
all women that ever were has passed before you.

It is not a thing to argue over, it is a thing to attend.
I dare say these fragments are unconvincing, but I
cannot quote the whole poem in this notice. Neither
can I, for the benefit of those deaf to accords, go over
the strophes quoted and point out every resolution of
sound and every repetition subtler than rhyme. If a
man is incapable of hearing this litany I cannot help it.
If he is incapable of discerning any melody of words less
delicate than that which is marked off by the emphasising
of such obvious similarities as *cat* and *bat*, again
I cannot help it.

The world is still encumbered by "musical" people
who cannot receive the music of Debussy.

To my mind, M. De Gourmont has given us the pro-
cession of all women that ever were; you may say that
he has not. In "Fleurs du jadis" he has given us the
pageant of modern Paris, with this same shadowy sug-
gestion, this same indirectness.

Je vous préfère aux cœurs les plus galants, cœurs
trépassés, cœurs de jadis.

Jonquille, Narcisse et Souci, je vous préfère aux plus
claires chevelures, fleurs trépassés, fleurs de jadis.

Nielle un peu gauche, mais duvetée comme un col
de cygne,

Gentiannelle, fidèle amante du soleil, Asphodèle, épi
royal, sceptre incrusté de revêts, reine primitive induite
en la robe étroite des Pharaons,

Nielle, Gentiannelle, Asphodèle, je vous préfère à la
grace des vraies femelles, fleurs trépassés, fleurs de jadis.

I give one strophe entire to illustrate the wave-length
of his rhythm. And this is no slight matter if we con-

sider that the developement of the Greek verse-art came with the lengthening of the foot or bar.

His strophe is here slightly longer than in the litany of the rose:—

Pivoine, amoureuse donzelle, mais sans grâce et sans sel,

Ravenelle, demoiselle dont l'œil a des fades mélancolies,

Ancolies, petit pensionnat d'impubères jolies, jupes courtes, jambes grêles et des bras vifs comme des ailes d'hirondelle,

Pivoine, Ravenelle, Ancolie, je vous préfère à des chairs plus prospères, fleurs trépassés, fleurs de jadis.

I have given, perhaps, enough to indicate the form and the convention of these poems. As for sources of inspiration there was, you will say, a catalogue of names by Mendes, which ends with

Et j'en oublie.

There were the Tuscan *stornelli*, such as Browning adapts in his "Fra Lippo Lippi"; "Flower o' the quince," etc.

And there were the mediæval litanies and sequaires of which M. De Gourmont has written in "Le Latin Mystique." And there was among these that marvellous sequaire of Godeschalk, with its

Amas ut facias pulchram.

But neither in these nor in the teaching of Mallarmé shall we find all the elements of the poems before us. M. De Gourmont has made his own gift.

"Le Livre des Litanies" contains "Le dit des Arbres" beside the works I have mentioned. The author's latest achievement is the "Sonnets in Prose" which have appeared in the "Mercure" but are not available in book form.

You may lead a fool to perfection, but you cannot make him regard it. The discovery of radium and the transmutation of elements are less a matter of comment among savages than the size of an anchor-chain. That a man may write in new wave-length concerns few people enough.

Bergère née en Lorraine,
Jeanne qui avez gardé les moutons en robe de futaine,
Et qui avez pleuré aux misères du peuple de France,
Et qui avez conduit le Roi à Reims parmi les lauces,
Jeanne qui étiez un arc, une cross, un glaive, une lance,
Jeanne que les gens aimaient comme leur père et leur mère,

Jeanne blessée et prise, mise au cachot par les Anglais,
Jeanne brûlée à Rouen par les Anglais,
Jeanne qui ressemblez à un ange en colère.
Jeanne d'Arc, mettez beaucoup de colère dans nos cœurs.

This last is from "Les Saintes du Paradis," and again, if a man cannot understand the significance of these rhythms, the critic is powerless to help him.

The quotations which I have given are to be considered, not in themselves, but as parts of the rhythmic structure.

A rhythm-structure may be built up of parts which are homogeneous or of parts which differ among themselves. As the general reader is probably more accustomed to think in terms of design than in terms of rhythm one may make comparison with another art: thus, it is quite easy to think of a geometrical pattern made up of homogeneous units. It is very difficult to think of a picture made up of homogeneous units (unless they were very minute in comparison with the size of the whole).

It is also easy to think of a design made up of half a dozen kinds of unit arranged symmetrically.

I set out these platitudes because very few people can be persuaded to think of the art of poetic rhythm as an art, and even when some intelligent critic has thought upon these matters seriously he is so apt to be followed by a horde of Boileaus, professors, teachers, jackals and "vanqui editors of chaste magazines," that the effect of his intelligence is almost nullified.

Thus, Aristotle wrote a fairly decent treatise in which he said, figuratively, that a certain shade of blue was delectable; the next thing we know there springs up a sect of "critics" who say that this shade of blue is obligatory. Then comes an intelligent person who says that a certain shade of crimson is delectable, and he is held by the vulgar to be heretical. And in the face of the third dilution of critics *he* is held to be blasphemous, and *they* talk about the tradition. Because I praise these rhythm-units of M. De Gourmont and because they happen to be homogeneous, or very nearly so, I do not wish to appear hostile to rhythm-structures composed of units which differ among themselves. I do not hold a brief either for symmetrical or for asymmetrical structure; these things are a matter of music; they are perhaps as complicated as any problems of musical construction. No one who has not some fairly complete musical training should give opinion on such matters, and no comprehending musician will bind himself either to the conventions of the sixteenth century or to those of the nineteenth. These are problems like any other problems. The problem of how far principles of pictorial design can be applied, by a sort of parallel, in verse, is a problem like any other. The problem of how far the laws or conveniences of "musical" rhythm can be applied to word-rhythms is a problem like any other.

It is possible that the problems of an art are no less complicated than those of a science. The intelligent scientist is one who does not think that he has exhausted the possibilities of physics when he has seen steam hoist the lid of his tea-kettle. The intelligent artist is one who does not think he has exhausted poetic craftsmanship when he can find five rhymes for a sonnet.

My constation regarding these poems by M. De Gourmont is that the layman may find them delectable, either because of the matter, or because of the consonance of the words, or because of the rhythm.

The student may find them interesting, that is to say, they may appeal to his historical sense, because of their relation to other rhythm-structures composed of homogeneous, or of almost homogeneous, units. He may find them not unworthy of comparison with the strophes of "The Hounds of Spring" or of "The old blackthorn tree."

And lastly, the artist may find these poems provocative, by which I mean that they may stimulate his old habits of perception, or they may even bring into being new modes of perception. He may begin to think about rhythm in slightly different manner; or to feel sound, or to gather up sounds in his mind with a slightly different sort of grouping. He may, it is true, imitate M. De Gourmont, but such imitation is scarcely more than a closer sort of study of the original. Such study may be more "provocative" than a casual reading, and therefore of value to the artist, so long as it does not impede him in his task of making new and original structures.

For those who seek refreshment in the arts, a new principle of grouping is far from negligible. It is a far from casual matter.

In Metre.

The Dominant City. By John Gould Fletcher. (Max Goschen. 2/6.)

Fool's Gold. By John Gould Fletcher. (The same.)

Mr. Fletcher's "music" is more comparable to that made by a truck-load of iron rails crossing a cobbled pavement than to the wailful sound of violins. Mr. Fletcher has not the faults of the mellifluous versifier, of the great horde of publishing authors whose product reminds one more of perfumed suet than of any other nameable commodity. Mr. Fletcher has a fine crop of faults—mostly his own. He has such distinction as belongs to a man who dares to have his own faults, who prefers his own to those of anyone else.

Mr. Fletcher has apparently read a good deal of contemporary French work—and avowedly, for one volume begins with a salutation to the French Poets of To-day, and the other with a list of *Poètes Maudits*, including Corbière, de Lautréamont, Rimbaud, Laforgue and Aurier. I cannot see that his reading has harmed him or that he is guilty of what they call "servile imitation" of either one or all of his continental models. Mr. Fletcher is one of the very few men on this side of the channel who are in any sense in touch of the poetic activity on the other. And in a country where it is rank heresy to recognise any foreign discovery, whether in art or in science, there is little use in concealing the fact that Mr. Fletcher is a rank heretic.

To him French Poetry does not mean Verlaine and Baudelaire alone. It does not mean such fashions of the young Gautier as were imported to this island in "The Nineties." The fashions of Verlaine, Baudelaire and the earlier Gautier are now accepted in England, they are respectable, they are "sanctioned by the tradition." As for Mr. Fletcher, he saith "a *fico* for the tradition," he biteth his thumb.

"The Nineties" never got even so far as "Emaux et Camées," they stopped with "Elegies" and "Albertus."

I doubt if they ever took pleasure in "L'Hippopotame." At any rate, a good deal of Seine water has flowed seaward since the days of The Rhymers' Club and France has not remained the France of Dowson and Arthur Symons.

I do not think Mr. Fletcher is an imitator, he is influenced, if you like, as all the younger Frenchmen are influenced. If you ask south of the channel *à quoi revent les jeunes gens?* you might find that their reveries are not unlike those of Mr. Fletcher, and that a good number of them have learned to express themselves better than he does. Still, if a poem by this author were read in the café du Châtelet it would not be regarded as an antique or a grotesque, which is more than can be said for nine-tenths of his English contemporaries.

It is not my intention to subject these two books to the measuring instruments which apply in my own school or in anybody else's. It is enough that I have read "The Dominant City" without being bored to death, without being choked on gobbets of sham Keats, and on fricasseed Francis Thompson.

To the other Thompson, the half-forgotten fellow, and to the late suicided John Davidson our author is more nearly akin.

It is a pleasure, as it is a rarity, to find an author who really cares about anything, and it is quite impossible to read Mr. Fletcher without being convinced that he cares a great deal for the truth. About beauty, I am not so sure. It is quite possible that the sense of beauty may be drawn down upon the mind of the reader by keeping it, beauty, austere off the page. I am not sure that even this is Mr. Fletcher's intention. His art is an art that dares to

go to the dust-bin for its subjects. There are moods and times when no other sort of art seems worth the petrol to start it.

If one were to go through these two books with the usual sort of appraising one might note that the author has the following virtues—virtues I mean as the reviewers on the "Times" and "Spectator," and the other echoes of the past, count virtues:

He has an abundant imagery. He gets it not out of books but from his own impulse and observation. "The Nation" would call it, at times, "bizarre."

He has an ability to build his poems into a book, he sustains "the tone" throughout.

He shows, often at his roughest, a determination to fight out his own rhythms. He declines to accept the hackneyed cadence, though he does not always escape it.

He is obviously striving "to render his own time" if not in the syntax of his own time at least in a vocabulary of his own time. He is not afraid of the unused and of the unsanctioned. This tendency will not be accounted unto him for a virtue, by any of the above mentioned worthies.

"Fool's Gold" lacks the unity of "The Dominant City," yet there are within it touches of a thoroughly pleasing grimness.

E. P.

C94

The Approach to Paris.

By Ezra Pound.

III.

In the second article of this series I pointed out that M. Remy de Gourmont had invented a new sort of beauty (or resuscitated an old one almost wholly forgotten). I implied that this resurrection or discovery had, for those who think that beauty is important, the same sort of interest that a new discovery in medicine might have for those to whom the science of medicine seems important. I have no inclination to argue about these affairs; I have called this series of papers an "Approach." I say simply there is a book called "Livre des Litanies," it is written in such and such wave-lengths. There is another work called "Les Saints du Paradis"; perhaps the all merciful Father has given you wit to understand them, and then he perhaps may not have. For the convenience of the intelligently curious I am willing to say the "Livre des Litanies" is republished in a collection called "Le Pèlerin du Silence." (Mercure de France, 26, Rue de Condé.)

MONSIEUR ROMAINS, UNANIMIST.

My first impression of Romains' work was that he erred towards rhetoric, but then I began with his orize ode, "To the Crowd Here Present," a possibly bad beginning. It is good rhetoric if that is what one wants. I said as much to M. Vildrac, and he told me Romains was very important. "Il a changé le pathétique."

I have lived several years on this island, that may account for my phlegm; at any rate I don't much care about having my pathétique interfered with. It does very well as it is. I do not by any means feel that I have exhausted its possibilities. As for Paris, I dare say that its pathétique is worn out, and that it thoroughly needs a new one. I exhibit towards a new pathétique precisely the bourgeois attitude. I am as incurious about a new pathétique as, let us say, Mrs. Meynell or William Watson might be about a new metric. Nothing short of my inherited conscience could drive me into taking the slightest notice of M.

C95

C94 In Metre. *New Freewoman*, I. 7 (15 Sept. 1913) 131-2.

A review, signed: E. P., of *The Dominant City* and *Fool's Gold*, by John Gould Fletcher.

C95 The Approach to Paris . . . III. ["Monsieur Romains, Unanimist"]. *New Age*, XIII. 21 (18 Sept. 1913) 607-9.

Includes prose translation of a long passage from *Puissances de Paris*, by Jules Romains.

Romains' new pathétique. It is wholly devoid of allures. I approach it as a student and specialist, not as layman reading for his private diversion. If we must have a new pathétique it is part of my job to know what it consists of. I came precious near to reading Romains for the sake of my general culture.

As for his style, or at least his syntax, I grant that it is "strict, chaste, severe," and on these grounds worthy of approbation; but these qualities of language would seem to be marks of a group.

There would seem to be a certain agreement between the styles of Romains, Duhamel, Vildrac, Jouve, Arcos, Chenevière, and a few others, though Romains may have been the prime mover for their sort of clarification of the speech. At least this group of men respect him, and not one of them is a fool. Monsieur Romains is very clever; there may be a good deal more to it. In short, I approach Romains' work with that reluctance which is characteristic of man in the face of anything likely to require serious attention.

Let one not be alarmed!

I do not expect to divulge, in fifty pages, an æsthetic, metaphysic, the origins of tragedy and the development of the race.

It will be enough if I present certain succinct affirmations.

So begins M. Romains in the preface to "L'Armée dans la Ville." At least here is something to go by. He says that the "grand art dramatique" has gone to pot, that drama of the second order has attained a perfection, perhaps greater than it has had before. "Picard et Scribe ont été surpassés." We thought as much. "The individual is merely an entity; yet an entity admitted for so many centuries that it passes a reality pure and simple. By a pleasant irony the poets who wish to dissipate this illusion get themselves treated as "abstracteurs." At the end of "Puissances de Paris" he says:—

There are to-day many men ready to recognise that man is not the most *real* thing in the world. One admits the life of combinations greater than our bodies. Society is not merely an arithmetical total or a collective designation. One even believes that there are intermediate groups between the individual and the State. But these opinions appear by abstract deduction or by rational experience, etc. . . . Man did not wait for physiology to give him a notion of his body. Car la raison conçoit l'homme; mais le cœur perçoit la chair de l'homme. In the same manner it is necessary that we should know the groups that englobe us not by exterior observation but by organic consciousness. Alas! it is not sure that the rhythms wish to have their nodes in us who are not the centres of groups. We can only become such. Let us hollow out our souls, deep enough, emptying them of individual dreaming, let us make so many ditches to them that the souls of groups will of necessity flow there.

I have attempted nothing else in this book. Certain groups here come to consciousness. They are still quite rudimentary, and their spirit is but a flavour in the wind. Beings as inconsistent as the *rue du Harve*, and the *place de la Bastille*, as ephemeral as the *people in an omnibus*, or the *audience at the Opéra-Comique* need not have great complexity of thought or of organism. And I daresay people will think I have taken needless trouble in plucking out these strands, rather than in carding once again the enormous heap of the individual soul.

I believe that the *groups* are at the most moving period of their evolution. The groups of the future will deserve, perhaps, less love, and we will hide better the basis of things. . . . One can learn the essential forms of life more easily from a mushroom than from an oak.

The groups prepare more of the future than is absolutely needful. We have the great good fortune to be present at the beginning of a reign. . . . It is not a progress, it is a creation. The groups will not continue the work of animals and of man; they will recommence everything according to their need. . . .

Already our ideas on the *being* (l'être) are correcting themselves. We hesitate, moreover, in finding a distinction of nature between that which really exists and that which does not exist. In thinking by turns of the *place de l'Europe*, of the *place des Vosges*, and of a gang of navvies, one sees that there are plenty of nuances between *nothing* and *something*. Before resorting to groups one is sure of discerning a being by a simple idea. One knows that a dog exists, that he has an interior, independent unity; one knows that a table or a mountain does not exist, and that nothing but our language separates them

from the universal nothing. But the streets (*les rues*) mark all the nuances between verbal expression and autonomous existence.

Thus one ceases to believe that *limit* is indispensable to beings. Where does the *Place de la Trinité* begin. The streets mingle their bodies. The squares isolate themselves with difficulty. The crowd of the theatre does not take contours until it has lived long and vigorously. A being has a centre, or centres in harmony; a being is not compelled to have limits. Many exist in one place. . . . a second being begins without the first having ceased. Each being has a maximum *somewhere* in space. Only individuals with ancestors possess affirmative contours, a skin which makes them break with the infinite.

Space belongs to no one. And no being has succeeded in appropriating a morsel of space to saturate with its unique existence. All intercrosses, coincides, cohabits. Each point serves as perch to a thousand birds. There is Paris, there is the *rue Montmartre*, there is an assembling, there is a man, there is a cellule on the very pavement. A thousand beings are concentric. One sees a little of some of them.

How can we go on thinking that an individual is a thing which is born, grows, reproduces itself and dies? That is a superior and inveterate manner of being an individual. But groups! They are not precisely born. Their life makes and unmakes itself, as an unstable state of matter, a condensation which does not endure. They show us that life is, at the origin, a provisory attitude, a moment of exception, an intensity between abatements, nothing continuous, nothing decisive. The first *togethers* take life by a sort of slow success, then they extinguish themselves without catastrophe, no element perishing in the breaking of the whole. The crowd before the foreign barracks comes to life little by little as water in a kettle that sings and evaporates. The galleries of the *Odéon* do not live at night; every day they are real for certain hours. At the start life seems momentary; then life is intermittent. To make it durable, that it should become a development and a destiny, that it should be clearly marked off at two ends by birth and death, a deal of habit is required.

All these primitive forms are not of equal rank.

There is a natural hierarchy among groups. The streets have no fixed centre, no true limits, they have their content in a long life and a vacillating, and night submerges this almost to the verge of nothing. Places and Squares have already taken their contours seizing more firmly upon the nodes of the rhythms. And other groups have a fashioned body, they endure a little, they almost know how to die, and some are brought to life again by fits and starts; the habit of existence commences, they have set their heart upon it; it is this which makes them breathless."

And that will perhaps do for the present, although M. Romains looks into the future and dimly mutters "new gods."

Les groupes ont beau n'avoir qu'une conscience. Confuse, et n'apercevoir le monde qu'à travers une gelée tremblante, ils sentiront, peut-être, le signe que je leur fais, et il y en aura un, peut-être, qui, pour l'avoir senti, saura devenir un dieu.

I leave his gods and his future. I have given, I think, enough in this translation to make his poems intelligible. I have shown by his own words what they mean by the new pathétique.

In "Un Etre en Marche" M. Romains presents us a being already possessed of some general consciousness and of an intermittent life; a being with some habit of life, with even fixed habits of life, a being known humorously as "The Crocodile," and familiar to us all. In case there is anyone who does not know that a crocodile when it is not a four-footed beast is a beast with many feet, I hasten to reveal that "A being out for a walk" treats of the procession of school-girls, pension de jeunes filles, first shuffling in the hall, preparing to set out, traces of individual life still present. You might think you were in for a longish series of poems rather like two by the fourteenth-century Italian, Franco Sacchetti—at least I think it was Sacchetti who wrote of the crowd of girls getting caught by a rain-storm. But with the second poem by Romains one begins to perceive a difference.

Les plus petites filles marchent en avant

Pour attendre l'espace,

La pension caresse avec leurs pieds d'enfants

La rue où elle passe.

Elle grandit d'un rang à l'autre, sans surprise,
Comme une rive en fleurs,
He then turns his attention to the street :—
La rue a besoin d'un bonheur.

La rue aime la pension de jeunes filles . . .
Pour son air de petite foule neuve et peinte ;
Pour sa façon d'aller comme le vent la pente,
A troop of soldiers passes and the pension
. . . continue à sourire
Elle disperse l'invisible
Avec le bout de ses ombrelles.

Despite one's detestation of crocodiles, M. Romains makes us take interest in his particular crocodile, in its collective emotions, in the emotions of its surroundings.

Elle monte en wagon ; les jupes
Escladent les marchepieds ;

La pension s'effraye un peu,
Car le train a plus d'âme qu'elle ;
They go out into the country and meet a flock of geese :
C'est un rythme lent qui tangué et titube,
C'est un troupeau d'oies qui vient vers le groupe.

Presque immobiles sur le sable, les deux groupes
Se caressent de loin, d'une extrême pensée,
Et tâchent de croiser prudemment leurs destins.

There seems to be no reason why this poem should not mean to the new patheticists more or less what the "Symphonie en blanc majeur" meant to the old-fashioned æsthetes.

C'est étonnant tout le silence qu'il y a !

The crocodile goes over a still field and into a wood.
They enter a village. They find a solitary fisherman,
and the author unburdens himself of a little theorising
to the effect that each man thinks that he is alone and
that the world is about him.

Inconscient et familier
Comme le brouillard d'une pipe.

By this time one has become so entangled in the life of the crocodile that this individual seems not unlike some curious relic of the past. The girls dance at sunset. The "Poème Epique" ends with the crocodile put to bed. It is possibly the nearest approach to true epic that we have had since the middle ages.

The author has achieved a form which fully conveys the sense of modern life. He is able to mention any familiar thing, any element of modern life without its seeming incongruous, and the result is undeniably poetic. I, personally, may prefer the theory of the dominant cell, a slightly Nietzschean biology, to any collectivist theories whatsoever. I may be very decidedly opposed to a new pantheon composed of crocodiles in a state of apotheosis, but the "Poème Epique" is not, on that account, the less agreeable to me.

I penetrated the first third of the "Poème Lyrique" in a state of confusion. M. Romains appears to be exposing his subjectivities. He sits in his arm chair. He goes forth. At p. 121 he seems to become more or less coherent.

J'ai dépassé le mur qui brisait mon amour ;
Cette rue est à moi jusqu'au bout, maintenant.

Plus de rue
Qui me tienne par
Les talons !

Une grue
Me jette aux chalands ;
Et je pars.

La rue est un moignon sanglant.

He discovers that he is enjoying himself, he begins to take note of his surroundings, of the line of wagons, of an automobile swifter than the rest, which escapes. His auditory nerves resume their function.

Comme une flamme sur un verre d'alcool
Les mots sont allumés au-dessus de la foule ;
Later his body becomes discouraged and no longer loves the crowd, etc., he returns to his room and finds his arm chair, and incidentally throws some light on the preceding pages by saying, toward the conclusion
Il a été le corps en marche ;
Il a marché pendant au jour ;
Il a percé les carrefours
L'un après l'autre avec sa marche.

I am not sure that this half of the volume can be called enjoyable.

Turning to "Odes et Prières" I find that the odes leave me as unmoved as when the first time I read them. II, 4, has, to be sure, its individual nuance.

Le temps de ma jeunesse
Est à demi passé.
Déjà bien des mensonges
N'abusent plus de moi.

But there is another book on my shelf, wherein I might read

Je plains le temps de ma jeunesse,
Ou quel j'ai plus qu'autre gallé.

It is perhaps foolish to make such dull comparisons. However much I may lose in my deafness to the odes, I find with the beginning of the prayers a new note. I find the words of a man curiously and intently conscious. In the second prayer to the couple we read :—

Je ne te voyais pas dans l'ombre des tentures,
O nous ! Je n'essayais pas même de te voir ;
Je me disais : "Nous sommes seuls ! Nous sommes moi !"

Et l'air était goûté de notre solitude.

From here his consciousness moves out in ever widening and ever vivifying circles, to the family ; to the group, to his house about him ; to the street and to the village.

Ma peau frissonne à cause de toi, groupe amer !

Il n'y a pas ici que nous deux, ma maison ?

Vois ! mon âme s'allonge, remue et vacille
Comme la flamme dans la lanterne fendue.

D'autres dieux sont entrés, d'autres, plus grands que toi.

And to the street he prays :—

Tu seras divine au lieu d'être immense.

Arrache-toi rudement à la ville
Comme un lézard à la poigne d'un homme ;

The opening of the second prayer to the village would be poetry even if it were not unammisme :

La fin du jour est belle et j'ai couru longtemps ;
La bicyclette osseuse a pourchassé les routes ;

O village inconnu qui me tiens dans le soir,
Dis-moi pourquoi je suis joyeux, pourquoi je ris,
and there is, I believe, the note of sincere conviction
in the second prayer to "Several Gods" where he says :

O gods whom I have known, are you near me ?
You have not left me when the train blotted me out,
You, the strongest, you who most crush me into nothing,
You whom a thousand departures tear to pieces in vain ?

And you, that other, uncertain as mist and water,
You, who seem ever not to desire us,
You, seizer of hearts who think themselves alone,
Master of the step without cause, and of the sleep that moves ?

And he shows a knowledge that is not limited to his own peculiar pantheon in the verse beginning :—

je ne veux pas murmurer un seul nom,
Ce soir ; je ne veux pas tenter les ombres ;

If one retain any doubt as to Romains' deed to Paris, this poem should serve for proof.

Whatever we may think of his theories, in whatever paths we may find it useless to follow him, we have at last the poet, and our best critique is quotation.

"THE APPROACH TO PARIS."

Sir,—Your critic ("R. H. C.") seems to labour under certain misapprehensions as to the purpose of my articles. First, I have not, at least not to my knowledge, made any claims to the title or appurtenances of Buckhurst. Second, I have not set out to claim that the young writers, or even the living writers of France were gods walking as men. To disprove my assertions your correspondent will not need to prove that the living writers of France are inferior to Quinet, but simply that the work of the younger, or the living writers of England is, from the point of view of the artist and craftsman, more interesting, and in a higher state of development than that of their contemporaries south of the channel; or if this be too difficult he may present us with citations from the classic authors of this island which forestall the artistic discoveries of to-day's Paris. EZRA POUND.

C96

The Approach to Paris.

By Ezra Pound.

IV.

It is a silly thing to give people labels, and I am, I dare say, no more fortunate in conferring the title of Humanist on M. Vildrac than was Georges Duhamel in calling his chapters "Jules Romains et les dieux," and "Charles Vildrac et les hommes." No one who has read "Un Etre en Marche" would say that M. Romains is less interested in humanity than is his friend. I do not know whether M. Vildrac subscribes to the unanimist "religion." Or perhaps no cult has ever more than one member. Vildrac's "Gloire" might, at first sight, seem a sort of counterblast to the "Ode à la foule qui est ici." M. Romains flows into his crowd, or at least he would have us believe so. The subject of M. Vildrac's poem is of the Nietzschean, pre-unanimist type. He tries to impress his personality on the crowd and is disillusioned.

The poems are in contrast, not in contradiction, and they make interesting comparison.

The "Ode to the crowd here present" begins roughly as follows:—

O crowd, you are here in the hollow of the theatre
Docile to the walls, moulding your flesh to the shell,
And your black ranks go from me as a reflux.
You exist.

This light where I am, is yours.

The city is outside, quite near, but you no longer hear it;
In vain will she make large the rumour of her streets
To beat against your walls and to wish your death;
You will not hear it, you will be full
Of your own peculiar silence and of my voice.
He feels the warmth of the crowd, he feels the focus of eyes.

Je ne vois pas si sa prunelle est noire ou bleue;
Mais je sens qu'il me touche;

He becomes the "crater" or vortex.

Ecoute; Little by little the voice issues from my flesh—
And seeks you—and trembles—and you tremble.

The voice is within the crowd "invasion and victory"
The crowd must think his words:—

Ils pénètrent en rangs dans les têtes penchées,
Ils s'installent brutalement, ils sont les maîtres;
Ils poussent, ils bousculent, ils jettent dehors
L'âme qui s'y logeait comme une vieille en pleurs.

All the meditations of these people here,
The pain they have carried for years,
The sorrow born yesterday, still increasing, and the grief

That they do not speak of, of which they will not speak,
That sorrow that gives them tears to drink in the evening,

And even that desire which dries their lips,
Is over. Is needless. I do not will it. I drive it out.

C97

Crowd, your whole soul is upright in my flesh.
A force of steel, whereof I hold the two ends
Pierces your mass, and bends it.

Ta forme est moi. Tes gradins et tes galeries,
C'est moi qui les empoigne ensemble et qui les plie,
Comme un paquet de souples joncs, sur mon genou.

Do not defend yourself crowd-woman,

Soon you will die, beneath the feet of your hours,
Men, unbound, will flow away through the doors,
The nails of darkness will tear you apart.
What of it.

You are mine before death.

As for the bodies here,
let the city take them!

They will keep upon their foreheads the ashen cross,
Your sign, god that you are for the moment.

Such, in rough outline, is the "Ode à la foule qui est ici." I have naturally lost all semblance of the original sweep and of the original sound, partly because the translation rights are reserved and there is not

time to write for permission to break them, partly because I do not wish to interpose a pretentious translation between the reader and the easily obtainable original.

M. Vildrac's poem begins almost as if in antistrophe.

GLOIRE.

He had been able to gain to him
Many men together
With a cry that they all loved to hear
With a high deed whereof they spoke together.

There was a scrap of the world
Where they knew his life
His acts and his face.

He stood up before the crowd
And knew the drunkenness
Of feeling them submissive to his speech
As wheat-blades are to the wind.

And his happiness was to believe
That, when he left the crowd,
Each one of these men loved him
And that his presence lasted
Innumerable and strong among them
As, in brands dispersed,
The gift and mark of the fire.

Or un jour il en suivit un
Qui retournait s'chez soi, tout seul;
Et il vit son regard s'éteindre
Dès qu'il fut un peu loin des autres.

Then he meets a man who remembers him, "mais n'avait rien gardé de lui dans son esprit ni dans son cœur," and then he sees a crowd under the influence of a charlatan.

Then he knew that he had conquered too much
And too little . . .

That to make a crowd-soul
Each man lends for an instant
But the surface of his own.

He had reigned over a people—
As a reflection on water;
As a flame of alcohol
Which takes no grip,
Which burns what it strokes
Without warming.

Then he begins to take men one at a time.
En demeurant et devisant avec chacun
Quand ils étaient bien eux, quand ils étaient bien seuls.

However far these compositions may be from "poetry" it cannot be denied that they contain poetical lines, and the latter poem is convenient to quote as it gives us, I think, a fair clue to M. Vildrac's attitude.

M. Vildrac is, I dare say, over prone to imaginative reason, still it is not my intention to discuss the shortcomings of contemporary French authors, but to tell what virtues and what matters of interest I have found in their works. If M. Vildrac were merely a writer with a philosophy of life slightly different from that of M. Romains I would not trouble to read him, but M. Vil-

drac is an artist. He is at his best, I think, in short narrative sketches such as "Visite" and "Une Auberge" (both in "Livre d'Amour," published by E. Figuière, 7, Rue Corneille). "Visite" has been often quoted and, I believe, translated, but as I have not the translation by me, I give a rough prose version of my own, printing, where convenient, line for line of the original.

VISITE.

He was seated before his table,
His dreams indolently marked out
Within the domain of his lamp
And he heard against his window
The fragile attacks of the snow.

And suddenly he thought
Of a man whom he knew
And whom he had not seen for a long time.
And he felt an oppression in his throat,
Part sadness and part chagrin.

He knew that this man was without pride
Either in heart or in word
And that he was without charm
Living like the trees
Isolated, on a barren plain;

He knew that for months
He had been promising this man
To visit him,
And that the other
Had thanked him gently for each one of these promises
And had pretended to believe it.

He goes out through the snow to pay the long-deferred visit. After the first words, when he had come into the light and sat down, between this man and his companion, both surprised and "empresés"—however you want to translate it. Eager.

Il s'aperçut qu'on lui ménageait.

(Another intranslatable word, I suppose we might say, "He felt that they were beating about the bush.")

These silences full of questions
Like the white that one leaves
In a design of writing—
He noted upon their faces
A furtive inquietude
He thought, and then understood it.

These people did not believe
That he had come without forethought
So late, from such distance, through the snow
Merely for his pleasure and theirs,
Merely to keep his promise:

And both of them were waiting
Until he should disclose, of a sudden,
The real cause of his visit.
They were anxious to know
What fortune he brought
Or what service he wished of them.

He wished to speak all at once.

He wished to undeceive them but
He was thus separated from them
Until the long delayed moment
When he rose to go.

Then there was a "detente" (literally a discharge as of a pistol).

Then they ventured to understand
He had come for them!
Someone had wanted to see them,
Just that, to see them, to be in their house,
To talk with them and to listen,
And this desire had been
Stranger than the cold and than the snow!
In short, someone had come.

Their eyes were gay now,
And tender
They spoke very quickly
And both together
Trying to keep him.
They stood up before him
Betraying a childish need
Of skipping and clapping their hands . . .

He promised to come again.
But before reaching the door
He set clearly in his memory
The place that bordered their lives,
He looked carefully at each object
Then at the man and woman also,
Such fear did he have at the bottom of his heart
That he would never come back.

I have been told that this is sentiment and therefore damned. I am not concerned with that argument. I dare say the poem makes a poor showing in this rough and hurried translation; the point is that M. Vildrac has told a short story in verse with about one fifth of the words that a good writer of short stories would have needed for the narrative. He has conveyed his atmosphere, and his people, and the event. He has brought narrative verse into competition with narrative prose without giving us long stanzas of bombast.

You may make whatever objection you like to genre painting. My only question is: would it be possible to improve on M. Vildrac's treatment of the given situation?

M. Vildrac had given us a more serious story in "Une Auberge," I think he has written two lines too many; I mean the last two lines of the poem; but he has achieved here some of his finest effects, in such lines as:

Mais comme il avait l'air cependant d'être des nôtres!
The poem begins:—

C'est une ab auberge qu'il y a
Au carrefour des Chétives-Maisous,
Dans le pays où il fait toujours froid.

There are three houses there:—

Et la troisième est cette auberge au cœur si triste
C'est seulement parce qu'on a soif qu'on entre y boire.

Et l'on n'est pas forcé d'y raconter son histoire.

A work-wrecked man drifts in, leans heavily on the table.

Il mange lentement son pain
Parce que ses dents sont usées,
Quand il a fini
Il hésite, puis timide
Va s'asseoir un peu
A côté du feu.

He sits there all in a heap, until a child comes in
Et voilà qu'elle approche tout doucement
Et vient appuyer sur la main de l'homme
La chair enfantine de sa bouche;
Et puis lève vers lui ses yeux pleins d'eau
Et lui tend de tout son frère corps
Une pauvre petite fleur d'hiver qu'elle a.
Et voilà que l'homme sanglote . . .

Then the drab woman at the counter begins her narrative:—

Il est venu un homme ici qui n'était pas des nôtres.
Il n'était pas vieux comme nous, de misère et de peine.
Il était comme sont sans doute les fils des reines.
Mais comme il avait l'air cependant d'être des nôtres!

Et quand il s'est levé, a fallu que je pleure.
Tellement il ressemblait à celui de mes seize ans . . .

Il ouvrait déjà la porte
Pour retourner dans le vent
Mais quand il apprit pourquoi
Me venaient des larmes,
Il la renferma, la porte.
. . . malgré sa jeunesse et malgré mon lit si froid,
Malgré mes seins vidés et mes épaules si creuses,

To some these very simple tales of M. Vildrac will mean a great deal, and to others they will mean very little. If a person of this latter sort dislikes the choice of subject he may do worse than to consider the method of narration. Mr. D. H. Lawrence can do, I dare say, as well, but M. Vildrac's stories are different; they are, I think, quite his own.

As to the method of verse, if the reader's ear be so constituted that he derives no satisfaction from the sound of

Et il vit son regard s'éteindre
Dès qu'il fut un peu loin des autres.

One cannot teach him by theory to derive satisfaction from this passage, or from the assonance of ensemble and entendre, drawn at the end of their lines, or from half a hundred finer and less obvious matters of sound.

I do not think that the public is under any moral obligation to take interest in such affairs.

If the gentle reader wishes to
Crush the something drops of pleasure
From the something grapes of pain.

It is certainly no concern of mine. I, personally, happen to be tired of verses which are left full of blank spaces for interchangeable adjectives. In the more or less related systems of versification which have been adopted by Romains, Chennevière, Vildrac, Duhamel, and their friends, I do not find such an excessive allowance of blank spaces, and this seems to me a healthy tendency.

If the gentle reader still enjoys reading or writing such "amorous twins" as mountain and fountain, mother and brother, him and forests dim, God forbid that I should interfere with his delights.

If a man wants his jokes in "Punch" and his rhymes where he expects them it is no affair of mine. God forbid that I should exhort any man to satisfactions of the senses finer than those for which nature has designed him.

I am aware that there are resolutions of sound less obvious than rhyme. It requires more pains and intelligence both to make and to hear them. To demand rhyme is almost like saying that only one note out of ten need be in melody, it is not quite the same. No one would deny that the final sound of the line is important. No intelligent person would deny that all the accented sounds are important. I cannot bring myself to believe that even the unstressed syllables should be wholly neglected.

I cannot believe that one can test the musical qualities of a passage of verse merely by counting the number of syllables, or even of stressed syllables, in each line, and by thereafter examining the terminal sounds.

God, or nature, or the Unanim, or whoever or whatever is responsible or irresponsible for the existence of the race has given to some men a sense of absolute pitch, and to some a sense of rhythms, and to some a sense of verbal consonance, and some are colour-blind, and some are tone-deaf, and some are almost void of intelligence, hence we are lead to believe that it would be foolish to expect to move the hearts of all men simultaneously either by perfection of musical sounds, either articulate or inarticulate, or by an arrangement of colours or by a sane and sober exposition in wholly logical prose.

Those who are interested in ritual and in the history of invocation may have been interested in M. De Gourmont's litanies, those who are interested in a certain purging of the poetic idiom may be interested in the work of such men as Vildrac and P. J. Jouve.

"THE APPROACH TO PARIS."

Sir,—As ever, it has been the custom of the English people, the dominant race, the parent of my own glorious nation, etc., to discourage artistic experiment. They will have Minervas sprung full-fledged from the godly brow. They will have epics even if they have to have bad ones.

That certain writers of vers libre endure better the tests of the phonoscope than do certain writers in the "regular metres" is a matter of no importance, it is merely a technical point. The question of vers libre in choruses of the Greek dramatists can be of interest only to those interested either in Greek or in the art of verse.

As to certain clever misinterpretations of my last article:—

M. De Gourmont's age has nothing to do with the matter. I did not pledge myself to confine my criticism to writers with minds as immature as Mr. Lister's.

As to Saxon. I may be permitted to remind the reader that I have done my part in bringing the early Saxon poems before the present-day public. Also I have been at pains to point out precisely what strength there was in that early literature, and to define what seems to me the national genius, or chemical, which has made it possible for the English writers to assimilate foreign elements without great detriment. I did not say that Chaucer was inferior to Clofinel. I was, in fact, quite clear in saying that Chaucer and the Elizabethans had surpassed their predecessors. The fact, nevertheless, remains that the tools were nearly always invented south of the Channel. The passionate patriots will soon write to your paper that there was no Norman Conquest; that the English language has in it no words derived from the French, or from the Latin through French. They will begin to exalt the Davidians.

As to the English talent for adopting, God forbid that I should slander it. Our literature is ever ready for advancement. Our literature already shows the effects of my fragile critique of Paris. Our literature is already enriched by an incomparable parody from the pen of "T. K. L." M. De Gourmont may thank us, for now he is assured of immortality not only in his own tongue but in ours. I rejoice that I have been incidental to such service.

"T. K. L." has been wholly successful; he has invoked the image of the cow, the sacred beast of India. I admit he has given the goddess strange attributes, but then the cow in certain of the Vedas is also wrapped in incongruities. Still, no one will deny "T. K. L." the glory of having invoked and brought to the mental eye of the reader the vision of cows galore.

As for Shakespeare's "Come away Death," I am sure I never dispraised the poem. The author was an artist, a very serious artist, much concerned with technique. Part of this technique was inherited. "Both assonance and rhyme . . . beautifully mingled," were familiar to the Provençal poets as early, at least, as A.D. 1190. That game was not invented in Britain.

It does not advance the discussion to misapply what I say about technical devices, and to pretend that I am speaking about the relative vigour of authors. When it comes to the question of vigour, the French had François Villon, and the English have never been able to follow him or to match him in poignancy.

Replying to Mr. Fanning: I think St. Colum was at some time in England. He was, assuredly, in Scotland, which is part of this island. And even if I should have written "Islands," is not the greatest "English Poet" of to-day an Irishman? Is it not our manner of speaking? And for that matter I am not sure that the second best is not also an Irishman. At least, after Mr. Yeats, I would rather have written two or three of the poems of Eadric Colum than anything by any living Englishman, unless it be, perhaps, Mr. Scawen Blunt's double sonnet beginning:—

"He who has once been happy is for aye
Out of destruction's reach."

EZRA POUND.

C98

C97

PARIS

The limitations of space forbid our giving anything like a complete or adequate chronicle of contemporary French publications. Those who desire such a chronicle should follow M. Duhamel's fortnightly rubric in the *Mercure de France*, and they should subscribe to *L'Effort Libre*, *Les Bandeaux d'Or*, *La Nouvelle Revue Française*, or some other French magazine.

I have just finished a series of critical articles on French verse (*The New Age*, Sept. 4 and following). I propose to give here merely a summary of my conclusions.

I think if our American bards would study Remy de Gourmont for rhythm, Laurent Tailhade for delineation, Henri de Régnier for simplicity of syntactical construction, Francis Jammes for humanity, and the faculty of rendering one's own time; and if they would get some idea of intensity from Tristan Corbière (since they will not take their Villon in the original), there might be some hope for American poetry.

If our writers would keep their eye on Paris instead of on London—the London of today or of yesterday—there might be some chance of their doing work that would not be *démodé* before it gets to the press. Practically the whole development of the English verse-art has been achieved by steals from the French, from Chaucer's time to our own, and the French are always twenty to sixty years in advance. As the French content and message are so different from the American content and message, I think the Americans would be less likely to fall into slavish imitation and would learn hardly more than the virtues of method.

Tristan Corbière is dead. His work was known to Verlaine and to Richépin, yet he can scarcely be said to have been published until the nineties. He is gaunt as the Breton coast, where his personal appearance had earned him the nickname of an *ankou* (a corpse). Verlaine compared him to Francois Villon, not without reason. He is not Villon, but he is poignant and very much himself.

The work of M. Henri de Régnier has the fineness and the limitations of Greek vase-painting.

M. Remy de Gourmont has made a most valuable contribution to our knowledge of rhythm-structure in his very beautiful *Livre de Litanies*, now contained in *Le Pèlerin du Silence*.

The satires of M. Laurent Tailhade are altogether uproarious and delectable.

The work of M. Francis Jammes is perhaps the most varied and the most human. Its qualities are such that the two papers by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, recently printed in this magazine, might have been written for the express purpose of praising it. I am inclined to think that he is the most important poet in France, but my reading is not exhaustive and this must be taken as a temporary estimate.

M. Verhaeren is held by some to be the greater poet. M. Paul Fort has been elected *Prince des Poètes*. I do

C99 Paris. *Poetry*, III. 1 (Oct. 1913) 26–30.

"I have just finished a series of critical articles on French verse (*The New Age*, Sept. 4 and following [C92, 93, 95, 97, 104, 105, and 108]). I propose to give here merely a summary of my conclusions." A few sentences from this article relating to Henri-Martin Barzun were quoted on page [5] of a seven-page prospectus for Barzun's *Panharmonie Orphique, Poème Orchestral*, issued in New York in Nov. 1924 by W. E. Rudge Inc.

not wish to speak of M. Paul Claudel until I have had time to study him entire both in his prose and in his verse.

Most of the younger men would seem to be descended from these authors.

M. Jules Romains is perhaps the most commanding figure among *les jeunes*. He has, as they say, "*changé la pathétique*." There is a very clear exposition of the Unanimist doctrines at the end of *Les Puissances de Paris*. I recommend the *Poème Epique* in *Un Etre en Marche* and the *Prières* in *Odes et Prières*.

M. Charles Vildrac has a charming narrative gift, and M. André Spire is something very like an Imagiste.

M. Henri-Martin Barzun stands apart from the rest and preaches "Simultaneity," which is to say, he wishes us to write our poems for a dozen voices at once as they write an orchestral score. M. Jammes has done something like this in *Le Triomphe de la Vie*. M. Barzun's ideas, as expressed in *L'Ere du Drame*, are interesting, and *L'Hymne des Forces* moved me by its content and underlying force rather than by its execution. The proletariat would seem to be getting something like a coherent speech. This seems to me significant. Though M. Barzun's propositions may seem, at first, fitted for comic rather than for serious expression, I am not sure that he has not hit upon the true medium for democratic expression, the fitting method of synthesis.

Those desiring an introduction to a greater number of French poets are referred to: *Poètes d'Aujourd'hui*, by A. Van Bever and Paul Leautaud, pub. *Mercur de France*, 26 rue de Conde, Paris; *Une Anthologie*, pub. *L'Effort Libre*, Galerie Vildrac, 11 rue deSeine; and to F. S. Flint's notes in *Poetry and Drama*, especially the number for August, 1912.

I know that the most difficult part of approaching a foreign literature, especially the contemporary foreign literature, consists in finding what books to begin on. I know that I spent about four years puddling about on the edges of modern French poetry without getting anywhere near it. I therefore give the following list of books for the convenience of those who want to read books worth while, and who want to form some general and not inaccurate idea of what the term "Modern French Poetry" means: Tristan Corbière: *Les Amours Jaunes*; pub. A. Messein, 19 Quai Saint-Michel. Henri de Régnier: *Oeuvres*, or *Les Jeux Rustiques et Divins*, and *Les Médailles d'Argile*; *Mercur de France*. Laurent Tailhade: *Poèmes Aristophanesques*; *Mercur*. Remy de Gourmont: *Le Pèlerin de Silence*; Prose works: *Le Latin Mystique*, *Les Chevaux de Diomèdes*, etc.; *Mercur*. Francis Jammes: *De l'Angélus de l'Aube à l'Angélus du Soir*, *Le Deuil des Primevères*, *Le Triomphe de la Vie*, *Clairières dans le Ciel*, and prose works; *Mercur*.

This list is not intended to be complete. I simply refer you to those books which are, among those I have had time to go over, the most worth reading. I have mentioned none that is not very much worth reading.

M. Rimbaud is also very important, if you do not know him already. Among the younger men I should note Jules Romains: *Un Etre en Marche* (to be read before *Odes et Prières*; also prose works; Mercure. Charles Vildrac: *Livre d'Amour*; pub. Eugène Figuière, 7 rue Corneille. Henri-Martin Barzun: *Hymne des Forces*; prose, *L'Ère du Drame*; Figuière. André Spire: *Versets*; Mercure. Also *Alcools*, by Guillaume Apollinaire (Mercure), is clever.

C99

Ezra Pound

Poems and Songs (second series), by Richard Middleton.
Fisher Unwin.

These are the poems of a distinguished amateur who is nearly always a poet. And as amateurishness is the note of the time in contemporary England, it may be well contended that he expresses his decade. And surely few will reproach him that he cared little for the steely perfections of art, seeing that there is in his work so much that is sympathetic, so much that is human, and so much pathos that is in no way egotistic.

He wrote many poems that will not serve as models, but scarcely one without some touch of beauty that was distinctly his own, and interpreted by his own emotions.

His poetry is primarily poetry of the emotions, and intended for readers rather than for the cold senate of craftsmen. And so one finds this *Carol of the Poor Children*:

We are the poor children, come out to see the sights
On this day of all days, on this night of nights.

Our bellies are so empty we have no singing voice,
But on this night of all nights good children must rejoice.

We do rejoice, we do rejoice as hard as we can try.
A fine star, a new star is shining in the sky.

Lovers of Riley will go mad over him. He is artistically about as good as Symons and he proves that English poetry did not stop with the nineties. His first volume appeared posthumously in May, 1912. There can be no hesitation in granting him a permanent place among the personalities of English verse, among the post-Victorians.

C100

E. P.

Art. 6.—TROUBADOURS: THEIR SORTS AND CONDITIONS.

THE argument as to whether or no the troubadours are a subject worthy of study is an old and respectable one. It is far too old and respectable to be decided hastily or by one not infallible person. If Guillaume, Count of Peiteus, grandfather of King Richard Cœur de Lion, had not been a man of many energies, there might have been little food for this discussion. He was, as the old book says of him, 'of the greatest counts in the world, and he had his way with women.' Besides this he made songs for either them or himself or for his more ribald companions. They say also that his wife was Countess of Dia, 'fair lady and righteous,' who fell in love with Raimbaut d'Aurenga and made him many a song. However that may be, Count Guillaume made composition in verse the best of court fashions, and gave it a social prestige which it held till the accursed crusade of 1208 against the Albigenses. The mirth of Provençal song is at times anything but sunburnt, and the mood is often anything but idle. The forms of the poetry are highly artificial, and as artifice they have still for the serious craftsman an interest, less indeed than they had for Dante, but by no means inconsiderable. No student of the period can doubt that the involved forms, and especially the veiled meanings in the 'trobar clus,' grew out of living conditions, and that these songs played a very real part in love intrigue and in the intrigue preceding warfare. The time had no press and no theatre. If you wish to make love to women in public, and out loud, you must resort to subterfuge; and Guillaume St Leider even went so far as to get the husband of his lady to do the seductive singing.

If a man of our time be so crotchety as to wish emotional, as well as intellectual, acquaintance with an age so out of fashion as the 12th century, he may try in several ways to attain it. He may read the songs themselves from the old books—from the illuminated vellum—and he will learn what the troubadours meant to the folk of the century just after their own, as well as a little about their costume from the illuminated capitals. Or he may try listening to the words with the music, for,

thanks to Jean Beck and others, it is now possible to hear the old tunes. They are perhaps a little Oriental in feeling, and it is likely that the spirit of Sufism is not wholly absent from their content. Or, again, a man may walk the hill-roads and river-roads from Limoges and Charente to Dordogne and Narbonne and learn a little, or more than a little, of what the country meant to the wandering singers. He may learn, or think he learns, why so many canzos open with speech of the weather; or why such a man made war on such and such castles. Once more, he may learn the outlines of these events from the 'razzos,' or prose paragraphs of introduction, which are sometimes called 'lives of the troubadours.' And, if he have mind for these latter, he will find in the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris the manuscript of Miquel de la Tour, written, perhaps, in the author's own handwriting; at least we read 'I Miquel de la Tour, scryven, do ye to wit.'

Miquel gives us to know that such and such ladies were courted or loved or sung with greater or less good fortune by such and such minstrels of various degree, for one man was a poor vavassour, and another was King Amfos of Aragon; and another, Vidal, was son of a furrier, and sang better than any man in the world; and another was a poor knight that had but part of a castle; and another was a clerk,* and he had an understanding with a *borgesa* who had no mind to love him or to keep him, and who became mistress to the Count of Rodez. 'Voila l'estat divers d'entre eulx.'

There was indeed a difference of estate and fortune between them. The monk, Gaubertz de Poicebot, 'was a man of birth; he was of the bishopric of Limozin, son of the castellan of Poicebot. And he was made monk when he was a child in a monastery, which is called Sain Leonart. And he knew well letters, and well to sing, and well *trobar*.† And for desire of woman he went forth from the monastery. And he came thence to the man to whom came all who for courtesy wished honour and good deeds—to Sir Savaric de Malleon—and this man gave him the harness of a joglar and a horse and clothing; and then he went through the courts and composed and

* Ralmon de Miraval and Uc Brunecs respectively.

† Poetical composition, literally 'to find.'

made good canzos. And he set his heart upon a donzella gentle and fair and made his songs of her, and she did not wish to love him unless he should get himself made a knight and take her to wife. And he told En Savaric how the girl had refused him, wherefore En Savaric made him a knight and gave him land and the income from it. And he married the girl and held her in great honour. And it happened that he went into Spain, leaving her behind him. And a knight out of England set his mind upon her and did so much and said so much that he led her with him, and he kept her long time his mistress and then let her go to the dogs (*malamen anar*). And En Gaubertz returned from Spain, and lodged himself one night in the city where she was. And he went out for desire of woman, and he entered the *alberc* of a poor woman; for they told him there was a fine woman within. And he found his wife. And when he saw her, and she him, great was the grief between them and great shame. And he stopped the night with her, and on the morrow he went forth with her and took her to a nunnery where he had her enter. And for this grief he ceased to sing and to compose.' If you are minded, as Browning was in his 'One Word More,' you may search out the very song En Gaubertz made, riding down the second time from Malleon, flushed with the unexpected knighthood.

'Per amor del belh temps suau
E quar fin amor men somo.'*

'For love of the sweet time and soft' he besesches this 'lady in whom joy and worth have shut themselves and all good in its completeness' to give him grace and the kisses due to him a year since. And he ends in envoi to Savaric.

'Senher savaric larc e bo
Vos troba hom tota fazo
Quel vostre ric fag son prezan
El dig cortes e benestan.'†

* 'For love of the fair time and soft,
And because fine love calleth me to it.'

† 'Milord Savaric, generous
To thy last bond, men find thee thus,
That thy rich acts are food for praise
And courtly are thy words and days.'

La Tour has given us seed of drama in the passage above rendered. He has left us also an epic in his straightforward prose. 'Piere de Maensac was of Alverne (Auvergne) a poor knight, and he had a brother named Austors de Maensac, and they both were troubadours and they both were in concord that one should take the castle and the other the *trobar*.' And presumably they tossed up a *marabotin* or some such obsolete coin, for we read, 'And the castle went to Austors and the poetry to Piere, and he sang of the wife of Bernart de Tierci. So much he sang of her and so much he honoured her that it befell that the lady let herself go (*furar a del*). And he took her to the castle of the Dalfin of Auvergne, and the husband, "in the manner of the golden Menelaus," demanded her much, with the church to back him and with the great war that they made. But the Dalfin maintained him (Piere) so that he never gave her up. He (Piere) was a straight man (*dreitz om*) and good company, and he made charming songs, tunes and the words, and good coblas of pleasure.' And among them is one beginning

'Longa saison ai estat vas amor
Humils e francs, y ai faich son coman.'*

Dante and Browning have created so much interest in Sordello that it may not be amiss to give the brief account of him as it stands in a manuscript in the Ambrosian library at Milan. 'Lo Sordels *si fo di Mantovana*. Sordello was of Mantuan territory of Sirier (this would hardly seem to be Goito), son of a poor cavalier who had name Sier Escort (Browning's El Corte), and he delighted himself in chançons, to learn and to make them. And he mingled with the good men of the court. And he learned all that he could and he made coblas and sirventes. And he came thence to the court of the Count of St Bonifaci, and the Count honoured him much. And he fell in love with the wife of the Count, in the form of pleasure (*a forma de solatz*), and she with him. (The Palma of Browning's poem and the Cunizza of Dante's.) And it befell that the Count stood ill with her brothers.

* 'For a long time have I stood toward Love
Humble and frank, and have done his commands.'

And thus he estranged himself from her, and from Sier Sceillme and Sier Albrics. Thus her brothers caused her to be stolen from the Count by Sier Sordello and the latter came to stop with them. And he (Sordello) stayed a long time with them in great happiness, and then he went into Proenssa where he received great honours from all the good men and from the Count and from the Countess who gave him a good castle and a wife of gentle birth.'

The luck of the troubadours was as different as their ranks, and they were drawn from all social orders. We are led away far indeed from polite and polished society when we come to take note of that Gringoire, Guillem Figiera, 'son of a tailor; and he was a tailor; and when the French got hold of Toulouse he departed into Lombardy. And he knew well *trobar* and to sing, and he made himself *joglar* among the townfolk (*ciutadine*). He was not a man who knew how to carry himself among the barons or among the better class, but much he got himself welcomed among harlots and slatterns and by inn-keepers and taverners. And if he saw coming a good man of the court, there where he was, he was sorry and grieved at it, and he nearly split himself to take him down a peg (*et ades percussava de lui abaissar*).'

For one razzo that shows an unusual character there are a dozen that say simply that such or such a man was of Manes, or of Cataloigna by Rossilon, or of elsewhere, 'a poor cavalier.'* They made their way by favour at times, or by singing, or by some other form of utility. Ademar of Gauvedan 'was of the castle Marvois, son of a poor knight. He was knighted by the lord of Marvois. He was a brave man but could not keep up his estate as knight, and he became jongleur and was respected by all the best people. And later he went into orders at Gran Mon.' Elias Cairels 'was of Sarlat; ill he sang, ill he composed, ill he played the fiddle and worse he spoke, but he was good at writing out words and tunes. And he was a long time wandering, and when he quitted it, he returned to Sarlat and died there.' Perdigo was the son of a fisherman and made his fortune by his art. Peirol was a poor knight who was fitted out by the Dalfin of

* For example, Pelre Bregon and Palazol.

Auvergne and made love to Sail de Claustra ; and all we know of Cercamon is that he made *vers* and *pastorelas* in the old way and that 'he went everywhere he could get to.' Pistoleta 'was a singer for Arnaut of Marvoil, and later he took to *trobar* and made songs with pleasing tunes and he was well received by the best people, although a man of little comfort and of poor endowment and of little stamina. And he took a wife at Marseilles and became a merchant and became rich and ceased going about the courts.' Guillems the skinny was a joglar of Manes, and the capital letter shows him throwing 3, 5, and 4, on a red dice board. 'Never had he on harness, and what he gained he lost *malamen*, to the taverns and the women. And he ended in a hospital in Spain.'

The razzos have in them the seeds of literary criticism. The speech is, however, laconic. Aimar lo Ners was a gentleman. 'He made such songs as he knew how to.' Aimeric de Sarlat, a joglar, became a troubadour, 'and yet he made but one song.' Peire Guillem of Toulouse 'Made good coblas, but he made too many.' Daude of Pradas made cansos 'per sen de trobar,' which I think we may translate 'from a mental grasp of the craft.' 'But they did not move from love, wherefore they had not favour among folk. They were not sung.' We find also that the labour and skill were divided. One man played the viol most excellently, and another sang, and another spoke his songs to music,* and another, Jaufre Rudel, Brebezieu's father-in-law, made good tunes with poor words to go with them.

The troubadour's person comes in for as much free criticism as his performance. Elias fons Salada was 'a fair man verily, as to feature, a joglar, no good troubadour.' † But Faidit, a joglar of Uzerche, 'was exceedingly greedy both to drink and to eat, and he became fat beyond measure. And he took to wife a public woman ; very fair and well taught she was, but she became as big and fat as he was. And she was from a rich town Alest of the Mark of Provenca from the seignory of En Bernart d'Andussa.'

* Richard of Brebezleu (disia sons).

† The 'joglar' was the player and singer, the 'troubadour' the 'finder or composer of songs and words.

One of the noblest figures of the time, if we are to believe the chronicle, was Savaric de Mauleon, a rich baron of Peitieu, whom I have mentioned above, son of Sir Reios de Malleon; 'lord was he of Malleon and of Talarnom and of Fontenai, and of castle Aillon and of Boet and of Benaon and of St Miquel en Letz and of the isle of Ners and of the isle of Mues and of Nestrine and of Engollius and of many other good places.' As one may read in the continuation of this notice and verify from the razzos of the other troubadours, 'he was of the most open-handed men in the world.' He seems to have left little verse save the tenzon with Faidit.

'Behold divers estate between them all!' Yet, despite the difference in conditions of life between the 12th century and our own, these few citations should be enough to prove that the people were much the same, and if the preceding notes do not do this, there is one tale left that should succeed.

'The Vicomte of St Antoni was of the bishopric of Caortz (Cahors), Lord and Vicomte of St Antoni; and he loved a noble lady who was wife of the seignor of Pena Dalbeges, of a rich castle and a strong. The lady was gentle and fair and valiant and highly prized and much honoured; and he very valiant and well trained and good at arms and charming, and a good trobaire, and had name Raimons Jordans; and the lady was called the Vicontesse de Pena; and the love of these two was beyond all measure. And it befell that the Viscount went into a land of his enemies and was grievously wounded, so that report held him for dead. And at the news she in great grief went and gave candles at church for his recovery. And he recovered. And at this news also she had great grief.' And she fell a-moping, and that was the end of the affair with St Antoni, and 'thus was there more than one in deep distress.' 'Wherefore' Elis of Montfort, wife of William à-Gordon, daughter of the Viscount of Trozena, the glass of fashion and the mould of form, the pride of 'youth, beauty, courtesy,' and presumably of justice, mercy, long-suffering, and so forth, made him overtures, and successfully. And the rest is a matter of so much sweetness and honey that I do not venture to transcribe it.

If humanity was much the same, it is equally certain

that individuals were not any more like one another ; and this may be better shown in the uncommunicative *canzoni* than in the razzos. Thus we have a pastoral from the sensitive and little known Joios of Tolosa :

'Lautrier el dous temps de pascor
En una ribeira,'

which runs thus :

'The other day, in the sweet time of Easter, I went across a flat land of rivers hunting for new flowers, walking by the side of the path, and for delight in the greenness of things and because of the complete good faith and love which I bear for her who inspires me, I felt a melting about my heart and at the first flower I found, I burst into tears.

'And I wept until, in a shady place, my eyes fell upon a shepherdess. Fresh was her colour, and she was white as a snow-drift, and she had doves' eyes,'

and the rest of it.

And in very different key we find the sardonic Count of Foix, in a song which begins mildly enough for a spring song :

'Mas qui a flor si vol mesclar,'

and turns swiftly enough to a livelier measure :

'Ben deu gardar lo sieu baston
Car frances sabon grans colps dar
Et albirar ab lor bordon
E nous fizes in carcasses
Ni en genes ni en gascon.' *

My purpose in all this is to suggest to the casual reader that the Middle Ages did not exist in tapestry alone, nor in the 14th century romances, but that there was a life like our own, no mere sequence of citherns and citoles, nor a continuous stalking about in sendal and diaspre. Men were pressed for money. There was unspeakable boredom in the castles. The chivalric singing

* 'Let no man lounge amid the flowers
Without a stout club of some kind.
Know ye the French are still in stours
And sing not all they have in mind,
So trust ye not in Carcason
In Genovese nor in Gascon.'

was devised to lighten the boredom; and this very singing became itself in due time, in the manner of all things, an ennui.

There has been so much written about the poetry of the best Provençal period, to wit the end of the 12th century, that I shall say nothing of it here, but shall confine the latter part of this essay to a mention of three efforts, or three sorts of effort which were employed to keep poetry alive after the crusade of 1208.

Any study of European poetry is unsound if it does not commence with a study of that art in Provence. The art of quantitative verse had been lost. This loss was due more to ignorance than to actual changes of language, from Latin, that is, into the younger tongues. It is open to doubt whether the Æolic singing was ever comprehended fully even in Rome. When men began to write on tablets and ceased singing to the *barbitos*, a loss of some sort was unavoidable. Propertius may be cited as an exception, but Propertius writes only one metre. In any case the classic culture of the Renaissance was grafted on to medieval culture, a process which is excellently illustrated by Andrea Divus Iustinopolitanus' translation of the *Odyssey* into Latin. It is true that each century after the Renaissance has tried in its own way to come nearer the classic, but, if we are to understand that part of our civilisation which is the art of verse, we must begin at the root, and that root is medieval. The poetic art of Provence paved the way for the poetic art of Tuscany; and to this Dante bears sufficient witness in his treatise 'De Vulgari Eloquentia.' The heritage of art is one thing to the public and quite another to the succeeding artists. The artist's inheritance from other artists can be little more than certain enthusiasms, which usually spoil his first work, and a definite knowledge of the modes of expression which goes to perfecting his more mature performance. All this is a matter of technique.

After the compositions of Vidal and of Rudel and of Ventadour, of Bornelh and Bertrans de Born and Arnaut Daniel, there seemed little chance of doing distinctive work in the 'canzon de l'amour courtois.' There was no way, or at least there was no man in Provence capable

of finding a new way of saying in seven closely rhymed strophes that a certain girl, matron or widow was like a certain set of things, and that the troubadour's virtues were like another set, and that all this was very sorrowful or otherwise, and that there was but one obvious remedy. Richard of Brebezieu had done his best for tired ears; he had made similes of beasts and of the stars which got him a passing favour. He had compared himself to the fallen elephant and to the self-piercing pelican, and no one could go any further. Novelty is reasonably rare even in modes of decadence and revival. The three devices tried for poetic restoration in the early 13th century were the three usual devices. Certain men turned to talking art and æsthetics and attempted to dress up the folk-song. Certain men tried to make verse more engaging by stuffing it with an intellectual and argumentative content. Certain men turned to social satire. Roughly, we may divide the interesting work of the later Provençal period into these three divisions. As all of these men had progeny in Tuscany, they are, from the historical point of view, worth a few moments' attention.

The first school is best represented in the work of Giraut Riquier of Narbonne. His most notable feat was the revival of the *Pastorela*. The *Pastorela* is a poem in which a knight tells of having met with a shepherdess or some woman of that class, and of what fortune and conversation befell him. The form had been used long before by Marcabrun, and is familiar to us in such poems as Guido Cavalcanti's 'In un boschetto trovai pastorella,' or in Swinburne's 'An Interlude.' Guido, who did all things well, whenever the fancy took him, has raised this form to a surpassing excellence in his poem 'Era in pensier d'Amor, quand' io trovai.' Riquier is most amusing in his account of the inn-mistress at Sant Pos de Tomeiras, but even there he is less amusing than was Marcabrun when he sang of the shepherdess in 'L'autrier iost' una sebissa.' Riquier has, however, his place in the apostolic succession; and there is no reason why Cavalcanti and Riquier should not have met while the former was on his journey to Campostella, although Riquier may as easily have been in Spain at the time. At any rate the Florentine noble would have heard the *pastorelas* of Giraut; and this may have set him to his *ballate*, which

seems to date from the time of his meeting with Mandetta in Toulouse. Or it may have done nothing of the kind. The only settled fact is that Riquier was then the best-known living troubadour and near the end of his course.

The second, and to us the dullest of the schools, set to explaining the nature of love and its affects. The normal modern will probably slake all his curiosity for this sort of work in reading one such poem as the King of Navarre's 'De Fine amour vient science e beautez.' 'Ingenium nobis ipsa puella facit,' as Propertius put it, or *anglice* :

'Knowledge and beauty from true love are wrought,
And likewise love is born from this same pair;
These three are one to whoso hath true thought,' etc.

There might be less strain if one sang it. This peculiar variety of flame was carried to the altars of Bologna, whence Guinicello sang :

'Al cor gentil ripara sempre amore,
Come l'augello in selva alla verdura.'

And Cavalcanti wrote : 'A lady asks me, wherefore I wish to speak of an accident which is often cruel.' Upon this poem there are nineteen great and learned commentaries. And Dante, following in his elders' footsteps, has burdened us with a 'Convito.'

The third school is the school of satire, and is the only one which gives us a contact with the normal life of the time. There had been Provençal satire before Piere Cardinal; but the sirventes of Sordello and de Born were directed for the most part against persons, while the Canon of Clermont drives rather against conditions. In so far as Dante is critic of morals, Cardinal must be held as his forerunner. Miquel writes of him as follows :

'Peire Cardinal was of Veillac of the city Pui Ma Donna, and he was of honourable lineage, son of a knight and a lady. And when he was little his father put him for canon in the *canonica major* of Pui; and he learnt letters, and he knew well how to read and to sing; and when he was come to man's estate he had high knowledge of the vanity of this world, for he felt himself gay and fair and young. And he made many fair arguments and fair songs. And he made cansos, but he made only a few of these, and sirventes; and he did best in the said sirventes where he set forth many fine

arguments and fair examples for those who understand them; for much he rebuked the folly of this world and much he reproved the false clerks, as his sirventes show. And he went through the courts of kings and of noble barons and took with him his joglar who sang the sirventes. And much was he honoured and welcomed by my lord the good king of Aragon and by honourable barons. And I, master Miquel de la Tour, escruian (scribe), do ye to wit that N. Peire Cardinal when he passed from this life was nearly a hundred. And I, the aforesaid Miquel, have written these sirventes in the city of Nomze (Nimes) and here are written some of his sirventes.'

If the Vicontesse de Pena reminds us of certain ladies with whom we have met, these sirventes of Cardinal may well remind us that thoughtful men have in every age found almost the same set of things or at least the same sort of things to protest against; if it be not a corrupt press or some monopoly, it is always some sort of equivalent, some conspiracy of ignorance and interest. And thus he says, 'Li clerc si fan pastor.' The clerks pretend to be shepherds, but they are wolfish at heart.

If he can find a straight man, it is truly matter for song; and so we hear him say of the Duke of Narbonne, who was, apparently, making a fight for honest administration:

'Coms raymon duc de Narbona
 Marques de proensa
 Vostra valors es tan bona
 Que tot lo mon gensa,
 Quar de la mar de bayona
 En tro a valenca
 Agra gent falsae fellona
 Lai ab vil temensa,
 Mas vos tenetz vil lor
 Q'n frances bevedor
 Plus qua * perditz auster
 No vos fan temensa.' †

* Here lies the difficulty of all this sort of scholarship! Is this 'qua' or 'que'? The change of the letter will shift us into irony.

† 'Now is come from France what one did not ask for'—he is addressing the man who is standing against the North—

'Count Raymon, Duke of Narbonne,
 Marquis of Provence,
 Your valour is sound enough
 To make up for the cowardice of
 All the rest of the gentry.

Cardinal is not content to spend himself in mere abuse, like the little tailor Figcira, who rhymes Christ's 'mortal pena' with

'Car voletz totzjors portar la borsa plena,'

which is one way of saying 'Judas!' to the priests. Ho, Cardinal, sees that the technique of honesty is not always utterly simple.

'Li postilh, legat ellh cardinal
Fa cordon tug, y an fag establir
Que qui nos pot de traisson esdir,'

which may mean, 'The pope and the legat and the cardinal have twisted such a cord that they have brought things to such a pass that no one can escape committing treachery.' As for the rich:

'Li ric home an pietat tan gran
Del autre gen quon ac caym da bel
Que mais volon tolre q loḡ no fan
E mais mentir que tozas de bordelh.*'

Of the clergy, 'A tantas vey baylia,' 'So much the more do I see clerks coming into power that all the world will be theirs, whoever objects. For they'll have it with taking or with giving' (i.e. by granting land, belonging to one man, to someone else who will pay allegiance for it, as in the case of De Montfort), 'or with pardon or with hypocrisy; or by assault or by drinking and eating; or by prayers or by praising the worse; or with God or with devilry.' We find him putting the age-long query about profit in the following.

'He may have enough harness
And sorrel horses and bays;

For from the sea at Bayonne,
Even to Valence,
Folk would have given in (sold out),
But you hold them in scorn,
[Or, reading "l'aur," "scorn the gold."]
So that the drunken French
Alarm you no more
Than a partridge frightens a hawk.'

* 'The rich men have such pity
For other folk—about as much as Cain had for Abel.
For they would like to leave less than the wolves do,
And to lie more than girls in a brothel.'

Tower, wall, and palace,
 May he have
 —The rich man denying his God.'

The stanza runs very smoothly to the end

'Si mortz no fos
 Elh valgra per un cen.' *

The modern Provençal enthusiast who is in raptures at the idea of chivalric love (a term which he usually misunderstands), and who is little concerned with the art of verse, has often failed to notice how finely the sound of Cardinal's poems is matched with their meaning. There is a lash and sting in his timbre and in his movement. Yet the old man is not always bitter; or, if he is bitter, it is with the bitterness of a torn heart and not of a hard one. It is so we find him in the *sirvente* beginning:

'As a man weepeth for his son or for his father,
 Or for his friend when death has taken him,
 So do I mourn for the living who do their own ill,
 False, disloyal, felon, and full of ill-fare,
 Deceitful, breakers-of-pact,
 Cowards, complainers,
 Highwaymen, thieves-by-stealth, turn-coats,
 Betrayers, and full of treachery,
 Here where the devil reigns
 And teaches them to act thus.'

He is almost the only singer of his time to protest against the follies of war. As here:

'Ready for war, as night is to follow the sun,
 Readier for it than is the fool to be cuckold
 When he has first plagued his wife!
 And war is an ill thing to look upon,
 And I know that there is not one man drawn into it
 But his child, or his cousin or someone akin to him
 Prays God that it be given over.'

He says plainly, in another place, that the barons make war for their own profit, regardless of the peasants. 'Fai mal senher vas los sieu.' His sobriety is not to be fooled

* 'A hundred men he would be worth
 Were there no death.'

with sentiment either martial or otherwise. 'There is in him little of the fashion of feminolatry, and the gentle reader in search of trunk-hose and the light guitar had better go elsewhere. As for women: 'L'una fai drut.'

'One turns leman for the sake of great possessions;
And another because poverty is killing her,
And one hasn't even a shift of coarse linen;
And another has two and does likewise.
And one gets an old man—and she is a young wench,
And the old woman gives the man an elixir.'

As for justice, there is little now: 'If a rich man steal by chicanery, he will have right before Constantine (i.e. by legal circumambience), but the poor thief may go hang.' And after this there is a passage of pity and of irony fine-drawn as much of his work is, for he keeps the very formula that De Born had used in his praise of battle, 'Belh mes quan vey'; and, perhaps, in Sir Bertrams' time even the Provençal wars may have seemed more like a game, and may have appeared to have some element of sport and chance in them. But the 12th century had gone, and the spirit of the people was weary, and the old canon's passage may well serve as a final epitaph on all that remained of silk thread and *cislatons*, of viol and *gai saber*.

'Never again shall we see the Easter come in so fairly,
That was wont to come in with pleasure and with song.
No! but we see it arrayed with alarms and excursions,
Arrayed with war and dismay and fear,
Arrayed with troops and with cavalcades,
Oh yes, it's a fine sight to see holder and shepherd
Going so wretched that they know not where they are.'

EZRA POUND.

C101

"PHASELLUS ILLE"

By Ezra Pound

THIS *papier-mâché*, which you see, my friends,
Saith 'twas the worthiest of editors.
Its mind was made up in "the seventies,"
Nor hath it ever since changed that concoction.
It works to represent that school of thought
Which brought the haircloth chair to such perfection;
Nor will the horrid threats of Bernard Shaw
Shake up the stagnant pool of its convictions;
Nay, should the deathless voice of all the world
Speak once again for its sole stimulation,
'Twould not move it one jot from left to right.

Come Beauty barefoot from the Cyclades,
She'd find a model for St. Anthony
In this thing's sure *decorum* and behavior.

C102

Reviews.

There can be little doubt that we, we the reviewers, we the readers, we the voice of rumour, *on dit* etcetera, that the aforesaid we spend a deal too much of our time both in reading and in writing reviews. A single review in any single mentionable paper gives out no more than the puny preference of the puny and individual reviewer or at most the creaking and habitual voice of his organ.

We propose the scientific norm.

After years of assiduous study, after hours of patient comparison we are lead to believe that there are only a certain number of things that can be said about a book, or at least about any work of fiction, poetry or belles lettres. I neglect certain nuances and variants for there are, even in the exact science of mathematics, certain nuances and fractions which we are permitted to neglect when we make practical computations of certain sorts, as par example when dealing with "limits and variables."

Obviously the function and intent of all these pages of reviews which we have, daily, weekly, monthly, spread before us is that they should serve the public, that the more intelligent public should be spared the trouble of reading the books reviewed and that the less intelligent public should be told what books it had best read for its moral and intellectual advancement. . . . It is true that there exist certain contumacious persons who say, or at least are reported to have said that "reviewing is not criticism, but merely a branch of publishers' advertising," but it is generally believed that such persons do not belong to the world of letters.

Not only do we believe that there are only a limited number of remarks that can be made about any given literary creation but we believe that they are, in actuality, made about so vast a percentage of the works actually published that we will save the reader considerable time by presenting him with the following table of opinions. We believe that only those most versed in the productions of the day will be able to remember any work about which they have not or might not have been said.

Thus:

TABLE.

1. Mr. Henry James has never heard of this author.
2. Mr. Thomas Hardy "ditto."
3. Mr. Yeats believes the author to be meritorious and possibly excellent, he regrets that he has not had time to read the work in question and refers the reader to Mr. T. Sturge Moore for a lucid opinion.
4. Mr. Edmund Gosse says that if the young author will only go on in the way he has begun, he will add to English literature something which is unusual riches.
5. Mr. Abercrombie thinks the work epoch-making.
6. Mr. Figgis considers that the merits of this author, while approaching those of Frank Harris, Abercrombie and Shakespeare, do not in all points attain those of Mr. Abercrombie.
7. Mr. Ezra Pound says that someone else has praised this book and that therefore it must be bad.
8. Mr. W. W. Gibson avoids a definite committal but says of the author: "What? Oh I like him awfully."
9. Mrs. Beatrice Hastings says this work is unadulterated rotti, besides the phrase "blue ships" on p. 421 is weak in comparison with the "Black Ships" of Homer (vide Butcher and Lang, book II.)
10. Sister Mildred (West London Mission) says: "I think the story is wonderful and very true. It will make a great impression."

11. Rev. Father Jay (Shoreditch): "The book is very very fine, it will be a tremendous success." (Similar expressions from T. P. O'Connor, Archdeacons Wilberforce and Sinclair, William Canton, R. Leighton, and others.)
12. Weary Haggis says: "I used this sort of book forty years ago, since when I have used no other."
13. The "Spectator" says: "This author goes from strength to strength."
14. Several people say it is the greatest book since _____.
15. Mr. Edward Thomas says the author has a beautiful soul.
16. Mr. Alfred Noyes refuses to give an opinion until he has had access to the publisher's accounts. He is not sure whether the author is self-supporting.
17. The "Evening News" says: 'The author is a medical doctor by profession, but his thoughts early turned to literature (says the "Daily Mail") and he early began to publish his works privately.
18. Mr. Courtney's new typist says the book is published by MacMilstable and will therefore need half a column.

It will be seen that we have here the opinions of not of all the leaders of thought at least of leaders who are typical of all the brands of thought now thought in England. As the number of clauses which apply to any given possible book is very greatly in excess of the number of those which do not apply, the reviews will consist simply of the numerals belonging to the clauses which do NOT apply. Thus:

SAMPLE REVIEWS.

New Edition of Flaubert: 1, 4. That is to say:

1. Mr. Henry James HAS heard of this author.
4. Mr. Gosse does not think it will add much to English literature in any case.
- "Flowers of the Wild," by the honourable Florus Q. (second cousin to the Minister of Finance, or the conservative whip): 3. That is to say:
- Mr. W. B. Y. considers that this young man is too beautiful to be anything more than some fine lady's darling.
- "Lap dogs and Incubi," by Vanvan: 5, 10.
5. Mr. Abercrombie does not consider it epoch-making.
10. Neither does sister Mildred.

If the subscriber will retain the table given in this issue, he will be able completely to follow all current publications with very little effort.

Z.

The Approach to Paris.

By Ezra Pound.

V.

IF Vildrac has laid himself open to the charge of almost professional kindness, there are I think few who would bring such an accusation against M. Laurent Tailhade.

If the crowd of men who gather about "L'Effort Libre" have set about clarifying the poetic diction it is equally certain that the author of "poèmes Aristophanesques" writes in accordance with a tradition of speech which has no need of clarification.

C103

C104

C103 Reviews. *New Freewoman*, I. 8 (1 Oct. 1913) 149-50.

Proposing a mock "scientific norm" for reviews. Signed: Z. Almost certainly by Ezra Pound.

C104 The Approach to Paris . . . V. *New Age*, XIII. 23 (2 Oct. 1913) 662-4.

Contents: [I.] Laurent Tailhade—II. De Regnier—III. Corbière.

Täglich geht sie dort spazieren,
Mit zwei hässlich alten Damen—

wrote Heine with his eye very much on the object.

Carmen est maigre—un trait de bistré . . .

wrote Gautier. I think this sort of clear presentation is of the noblest traditions of our craft. It is surely the scourge of fools. It is what may be called the "prose tradition" of poetry, and by this I mean that it is a practice of speech common to good prose and to good verse alike. It is to modern verse what the method of Flaubert is to modern prose, and by that I do not mean that it is not equally common to the best work of the ancients. It means constatation of fact. It presents. It does not comment. It is irrefutable because it does not present a personal predilection for any particular fraction of the truth. It is as communicative as Nature. It is as uncommunicative as Nature. It is not a criticism of life, I mean it does not deal in opinion. It washes its hands of theories. It does not attempt to justify anybody's ways to anybody or anything else. It calls a calf a calf, it does not attempt to prove that the proverbial "two-year" old calf should have been brought to that age in six weeks. It is open to all facts and to all impressions.

Sur le petit bateau-mouche,
Les bourgeois sont entassés,
Avec les enfants qu'on mouche,
Qu'on ne mouche pas assez.

The presentative method does not attempt to "array the ox with trappings." It does not attempt to give dignity to that which is without dignity, which last is "rhetoric," that is, an attempt to make important the unimportant, to make more important the less important. It is a lie and a distortion.

The presentative method is equity. It is powerless to make the noble seem ignoble. It fights for a sane valuation. It cannot bring fine things into ridicule. It will not pervert a thing from its true use by trying to ascribe to it alien uses.

It is also the scourge of fools.

Les femmes laides qui déchiffrent des sonates
Sortent de chez Erard, le concert terminé
Et, sur le trottoir gras, elles heurtent Phryné
Offrant au plus offrant l'or de ses fausses nattes
Elles viennent d'ouïr Ladislas Talapoint,
Pianiste hongrois que le Figaro vante.

This is what is called "rendering one's own time in the terms of one's own time." Heine wrote in this manner, and so did Catullus, and so for that matter did Aristophanes for whom M. Tailhade names the present volume. M. Tailhade has translated Petronius; it is what one would expect him to do.

He invokes "panurge daube et Sannio craquète" very much as one has cried out in holy fervour.

Sweet Christ from hell spew up some Rabelais.

And in his premonitory ballade he writes—

Vous effarez le Muffe ivre de cant :
Ce que j'écris n'est pas pour ces charognes.

"Muffe" is literally "muzzle" or "snout," and I suppose we may render his first fasciculus, "The Land of the Mugs," it is inscribed to that profound and delicate genius, Marcel Schwob—

Trop de merluce et des lentilles copieuses
—Seule réfection tolérée aux croyants—
Eujolivent de certains rots édifiants
La constipation des personnes pieuses.

Dans l'omnibus aucunement blasphématoire
Montent force nonnains, coiffes et canezou,
Et c'est un air de deuil en les boutiques où
Sourit la poire du Bienheureux Peyreboire.

Quelques petits enfants—dirai-je masturbés ?
Vers Saint-Sulpice, et leurs maîtres, larges abbés,
Du goguenot prochain, éjouissent la vue.

He is, one finds, full of tricks out of Rabelais and out of Villon, and of mannerisms brought from the *Pléiade*. He is a gourmand of great books; he is altogether unabashed and unashamed.

Entre les sièges où des garçons volontaires
Entassent leur chalants parmi des boulingrins,
La famille Feyssard, avec des airs sereins,
Discute longuement les tables solitaires.

La demoiselle a mis un chapeau rouge vif
Dont s'honore le bon faiseur de sa commune,
Et madame Feyssard, un peu hommasse et brune,
Porte une robe loutre avec des reflets d'il.

He is equally vivid in his—

QUATRIÈME LATIN.

Dans le bar où jamais le parfum des brévas
Ne dissipa l'odeur de vomis qui la navre
Triomphe les appas de la mère Cadavre
Dont le nom est fameux jusque chez les Howas.

Brune, elle fut jadis vantée entre les brunes,
Tant que son souvenir au Vaux-Hall est resté.
Et c'est toujours avec beaucoup de dignité
Qu'elle rince le zinc et détaille les prunes.

The Louvre itself is versified with no less aptness—

Ces voyageurs ont des waterproofs d'un gris jaune
Avec des brodequins en allés en bateau ;
Devant Reubens, devant Rembrandt, devant Watteau,
Ils s'arrêtent, pour consulter le Guide Joanne.

When M. Tailhade parodies the antique is considerably more than a parodist. He writes to his subject and the "snatches of ancient psalmody" are but a part of the music. The cadence and the rhymes are sufficiently ridiculous, and these also are a mockery. That is to say, he is a satirist, he does not imitate a form merely for the sake of imitating. He plays with his old authors as easily as Lorenzo de Medici played with the cadences of the "primi secol" poets, as easily as Leopardi when he writes—

Tutti desti cantando erano i galli.

E porporina i sempiterni calli,
etc.,

in "Paralipomeni." Tailhade enjoys himself as Cervantes enjoyed himself with the "Diana" of Montemayor. It is a pleasing and erudite irony such as should fill the creative artist with glee and might well fill the imitator with a species of apostolic terror.

Par example, this ballade "de la parfaite admiration," how uncomfortable for those writers who think that a derivative mysticism is valid excuse for bad verses.

BALLADE.

Voici venir le Buffle, le Buffle des buffles!—le Buffle.
Lui seul est buffle et tous les autres ne sont que des
boeufs. Voici venir le Buffle, le Buffle des buffles—le
Buffle!

Le verbe sesquipédalier,
Le discours mitré, la faconde
Navarroise du Chevalier,
A Poissy comme dans Golconde,
Essorillent le pleutre immonde.
Mais, loin de tout bourgeois nigaud,
Hurle ta palabre féconde :
Sois grandiloque et bousingot.

II.

DE REGNIER.

If Laurent Tailhade has sought to follow the fashion of Aristophanic Greece, Henri De Regnier has conformed. He tended himself with the tradition of vase-painters. The reader will, I suppose, be much annoyed with me for praising a man after he has been made a member of the French Academy, but I cannot bring myself to reject the "Odelettes" merely because misfortune has fallen upon their author since the date of their composition. Their "souplesse de rythme" has not grown stiff during the sixteen years that have passed since their publication.

Un petit roseau m'a suffi
Pour faire frémir l'herbe haute
Et tout le pré
Et les doux saules
Et le ruisseau qui chante aussi ;
Un petit roseau m'a suffi
A faire chanter la forêt.

These lines and the rest of this odelette have long been recognised as M. De Regnier's declaration of his

intent. Almost any of the poems of this sequence would serve to show his method of rhyme, and of the blending of rhyme-sounds, as par exemple :—

Si tu disais :
Voici l'Automne qui vient et marche
Doucement sur les feuilles sèches,
Écoute le heurt de la hache
Qui, d'arbre en arbre, dans la forêt
Sape et s'ébrèche ;
Regarde aussi sur le marais
Les oiseaux tomber, flèche a flèche,
Les ailes lâches.

The author is, I suppose, the last of the Parnasiens, or at the least the last one who counts. His melody presents nothing that is any longer new or startling. The perfection of his melody will interest none save the lovers of melody. If Romans has tried to bring in new and incongruous gods, it is apparent to the least observant dilettante that M. De Regnier is quite content with divinities long since enshrined and established. If he has succeeded better than anyone else in persuading the last faun to run through his woodland, that is his affair and the faun's. If he has enticed the coyest goddess to reappear it is no concern of any save her worshippers. If his work has the beautiful fineness it is of no importance—save to the lovers of beauty.

J'ai feint que les Dieux m'aient parlé ;
Celui-là ruisselant d'algues et d'eau,
Cet autre lourd de grappes et de blé,
Cet autre ailé,
Farouche . . .

What in God's name has the world of to-day, a world of motor-cars and steel architecture that pretends to be built of stone, etc., etc., what has this world to do with a man who passes his time in such a manner, or with one who can write :—

Ma tristesse me vient de plus loin que moi-même.

We live in an era of progress and should congratulate ourselves continually. The last auto-da-fé was held in A.D. 1759, but tempora mutantur, our spirit outpours itself, if in 1959 there remains upon this planet any man who dares to have a beautiful or melancholy emotion he will certainly be stoned in public and his skeleton hung from St. Paul's.

If a man has no other innovations to offer, that is to say, nothing but a few perfect lyric forms, and if he wishes to worship very ancient gods, it is perhaps well that he should do so in the most nearly perfect manner. There are those who consider that M. De Regnier has felt this more deeply than have certain of his contemporaries north of the Channel. It is fairly obvious that there exists in Paris a numerous and clamorous younger generation who consider M. De Regnier a back number. It is equally obvious that there are among the English writers many who have not attained to any standards more recent than those employed by this author. We venture to doubt whether there is in England any great body of serious criticism based upon a belief in the obscurity of either their methods or of those of this distinguished academician. I have at least one friend who even ventures to doubt whether there exists in England at the time of this present writing any body of serious criticism whatsoever, but it is obvious that this doubt exists only in the mind of a very young man, one not yet competent to write for the graver reviews.

[By a serious critic I mean one reasonably conversant with the practices and bases of the art, both during the several thousand years of the known past, and in the present, both in Britain and beyond her borders. Of course a "serious" critic is not necessarily competent; to be a competent critic one should be possessed both of insight and of intelligence. It is thus to be seen that a serious critic would be able to tell what part of a man's work is original and what part derivative. He should be able to tell what things are in accord with the most vital tradition and what part are innovation. A competent critic would be able to tell whether the innovations were significant or trivial, and whether the tradi-

tion part were able to stand comparison with the earlier resembling performance.

As touching innovations in the specific art of metric, I think De Regnier has given us little that we might not have had from the author of lines, "Sopra un basso rilievo" or of the "Ultimo canto di Safo." Still he has given us something. On the other hand, there would be a great advance in the standard of English verse writing if the poets north of the Channel would learn to write with such limpidity of syntax as De Regnier uses in his passage about the centaur :—

Il s'avanca de quelques pas dans les roseaux,
Flaira le vent, hennit, repassa l'eau.

Nevertheless, I do not believe that any man should need two thousand odd pages to say that he delights in gardens full of statues and running water and that Greek mythology is enchanting.

This is the characteristic French limitation, we go to the work of these authors and there is scarcely one from whom we might not learn something to our advantage as craftsmen, but it is nearly impossible to find a volume of French poems that one wants to read entire. From a dozen or so of compositions, you get a flair of personality, of something new and entertaining, and then you simply cannot be bothered to go on cutting the pages.

It would seem as if the French versifiers had become so engrossed in matters of craftsmanship as to forget that the first requisite of a work of art is that it be interesting. It is of no use to aim an empty gun correctly. It is equally useless to fire a perfectly loaded gun unless you point it at precisely what you want to hit. By this pleasing allegory I mean to speak of style as the perfect aiming and of "what the man has to say" as the powder.

It is certain that the method of constatation drifts off imperceptibly into description and that pages of poetic description can have no interest save for those particularly interested in the things described, or for those interested in language as language.

III.

CORBIERE.

But all France is not Paris, and if anything were needed to refute these generalities it could be found in the work of Corbière. Tristan Corbière is dead, but his work is scarcely known in England, and for all his having been a contemporary of Verlaine his work can hardly be said to have been "published" until the 'ninties. He has left only one book and this alone would set him apart from "the French poets" and place him in that very narrow category which contains Villon and Rimbaud. He was in fact Breton and had about as much affiliation with his Parisian contemporaries as had J. M. Synge with the London æsthetes.

Because his versification is more English than French, because he was apparently careless of all versification, I think that his one volume will lie half open on the tables of all those who open it once. They said he was careless of style, etcetera! He was as careless of style as a man of swift mordant speech can afford to be. For the quintessence of style is precisely that it should be swift and mordant. It is precisely that a man should not speak at all until he has something (it matters very little what) to say.

Je voudrais être alors chien de fille publique
Lécher un peu d'amour qui ne soit pas payé ;

Or earlier in the same poem :—

Ah si j'étais un peu compris! Si par pitié
Une femme pouvait me sourire à moitié,
Je lui dirais : oh viens, ange qui me consoles! . . .
. . . Et je la conduirais à l'hospice des folles.

The dots are in the original.

Damme-toi, pure idole! et ris! et chante! et pleure,
Amante! et meurs d'amour! . . . à nos moments perdus.

Or again by way of encouragement.

Couronne tes genoux! . . .

Mais . . . nous avons la police,
Et quelque chose en nous d'éunuque et de recors.

These scraps are from his Parisian gasconadings, but even in Paris he looked the thing in the eye and was no more minded to be a "stand-pater" or to soothe the world or the world-of-letters with flattery than he would have been to deceive himself about the state of the Channel off his native village, the fishing town where his personal appearance had earned him the nickname "an Ankou" (the corpse).

He "stands," as the phrase is, by his songs of the Breton coast, and the proper introduction to him is "La Rapsode Foraine," or the song in it, to St. Anne.

Mère taillée à coups de hache.

Bâton des aveugles! Néquille
Des vieilles! Bras des nouveau-nés!
Mère de madame ta fille!
Parente des abandonnés!

Des croix profondes sont tes rides,
Tes cheveux sont blancs comme fils . . .

Fais venir et conserve en joie
Ceux à naître et ceux qui sont nés.
Et verse, sans que Dieu te voie,
L'eau de tes yeux sur les damnés!

One garbles it so in quotation and it is much too long to give in full.

The note of the sea is in the sound of his

AU VIEUX ROSCOFF.
Trou de filibustiers, vieux nid
A corsaire! . . .

Dors: tu peux fermer ton Oeil borgne
Ouvret sur le large, et qui lorgue
Les Anglais, depuis trois cent ans. . .

One has got a long way from that mélange of satin and talcum powder which we are apt to believe to be French verse. And Corbière himself is most capable of defining those qualities of the national literature which least attract one.

Ne m'offrez pas un trône!
A moi tout seul je fris,
Drôle, en ma sauce jaune
De chic et de mépris.

Que les bottes vernies
Pleuvent du paradis. . .

It was he who called Hugo "Garde national épique" and Lamartine

Inventeur de la larme écrite,
Lacrymatoire d'abonnés!

He is more real than the "realists" because he still recognises that force of romance which is a quite real and apparently ineradicable part of our life, he preceded and thereby escaped that spirit or that school which was to sentimentalise over ugliness with a more silly sentimentality than the early romanticists had shown toward "the beauties of nature."

In short, I go on reading him even though I have finished my article.

I feel at present as if I had found another poet to put on the little rack with Villon and Heine, with the poets whom one actually reads. This is, I dare say, an enthusiasm of the moment, a thing of no critical value. I tell it for what it is worth.

The Approach to Paris.

By Ezra Pound.

VI.

WHEN I began these articles I had no intention of proclaiming that M. Jammes was the most important writer in France. I don't know that I shall do so

even now. It is foolish to say that "this apple is more important than that quince." I don't know that I shall even call him "the greatest of the living French poets," for he completely escapes from all computation and from the adjectives of magnitude. Time was, we have heard, when the people trod upon Chimborazzo, and Mrs. Barbuld's cousin bade her—

Seize, seize the lyre! resume the lofty strain.

Time was, it was several years before the times of the worthy Lucretia, when people, or at least bards, did go about seizing lyres and tom-toms, and when the "Enthusiast" enfrenzied his audience or his agora, in his town or in his Hellenic state respectively. And Victor Plarr tells me that savage tribes still strut forth to war with their noble bards who do valiantly insult the grandparents of the tribal enemies, in, presumably, the lofty strain. And Noyes is persistently with us, or rather he is at Yale, or in Kansas, or in the "Daily Mail" around the corner. And as long as England is England, she will have her lofty strain. "It is one dam'd thing after another," and if it isn't tribal wars, it will be post-Fabian pamphlets, and if the dear nation can't have her great figures she will have her Hall Caines and her Chestertons until the end of the régime. And they'll have her lofty strains for her. The which is no concern of good letters.

When the bard did actually toy with the plectrum or flatter the Pythian victor, or present a tragedy with masks, we believe he had some relation to his day's normalities. Someone was, may be, amused, or their sporting instincts were flattered, or they were paid to attend.

'Αναξίφορμιγγες ἴμνοι,
τίνα θεόν, τίς ἦρωα, τίνα, δ' ἄνδρα κελυδοῦσιν;
began Pindar. How he'd have "done" a baseball game! And what an ass you or I would look if we began an account of the Derby with a query as to "what God, what hero, or what man," it was fitting to shout for.

M. Francis Jammes does not ramp about seeking barbitoi. The hair of dear lute players would be perfectly safe in his keeping.

M. Jammes is a part of our normal life; he is not the least bit less a poet. We read his books of verse. It is as if he entered our room. He speaks in a normal tone. He produces a conversation. He does not seem to monopolise it. He seems to speak, and to wait, and to answer. And then he says something. He says it without undue haste. He does not seem to be trying. We are pleased—a little surprised—so few people ever do say anything.

He comes again. He "drops in," as we say in my country. He gets the habit of "dropping in." He usually says something, and gradually we perceive a man of "original mind." (If I am permitted that cliché.)

I think M. Jammes can touch nothing without making that thing his own. It is better than being King Midas. It is, I think, the great gift. At least it is "style" in the fine sense. It is, in the fine sense, literature. It is the manner of Montaigne. It is, with both these men, naturalness and humanity.

They tell me "Verhaeren is the greatest poet," etcetera, but much of Verhaeren is what I have called elsewhere "Syntomatic." That is, it is a sort of barometer. It is based on an economic condition. M. Jammes has based his work upon our nature as humans, and the economic condition is but one symptom of this nature.

This author delineates as clearly as Laurent Tailhade, but he does so without irritation. Irritation with the general asininity is a passion common enough in great minds, and sufficiently pardonable to the intelligent, but it is not, after all, the highest of human emotions. And even scorn, which is a very fine thing indeed, is not the one thing essential. Next to exasperating "Le Muffle" there are few things more delightful than to watch someone else do it well. And yet there are things beyond this. M. Jammes compares himself to a donkey—

J'aime l'âne si doux,

which does not mean "I love the donkey," but "I like

the donkey walking about the holly trees. He waggles his ears, and is on guard against bees; and he carries the poor people and the sacks full of barley. He goes near the ditches with a little halting step. The lady with me thinks he is stupid because he is a poet, etc." This poem is not very important. Let us turn to another—

I was going to Lourdes by rail, beside a mountain stream, blue as air. The mountains seemed tin in the sunlight, and they were singing, "Sauvez! Sauvez!" in the train. There was a crowd crazy, excited, all over dust and sunlight.

There are cripples, and a priest in a pulpit covered with blue cloth, and women who every now and again sing "Sauvez."

And the procession sings—

Les drapeaux
se penchaient avec leurs devises en or.

Le soleil était blanc sur les escaliers,
dans l'air bleu, sur les clochers déchiquetés,

Mais sur un branchard, portée par ses parents,
son pauvre père tête nue et priant,

Et ses frères qui disaient : "ainsi soit-il,"
une jeune fille sur le point de mourir.

Oh! qu'elle était belle! elle avait dix-huit ans,
et elle souriait; elle était en blanc.

Et la procession chantait. Les drapeaux
se penchaient avec leurs devises en or.

Moi je serrais les dents pour ne pas pleurer,
et cette fille, je me sentais l'aimer.

Oh! elle m'a regardé un grand moment,
une rose blanche en main, souriant.

Mais maintenant où es-tu? dis, où es-tu?
Es-tu morte? je t'aime, toi qui m'as vu.

Si tu existes, Dieu, ne la tue pas :
elle avait des mains blanches, de minces bras.

Dieu ne la tue pas!—et ne serait-ce que
pour son père nu-tête qui priaient Dieu.

[You will see that the author does not sentimentalise. He portrays a situation full of feeling, or emotion, and, if you like, of sentiment. He distorts nothing. He does not try to make the thing any more pathetic than it was. He does not weep any imaginary tears, and he does not call upon the reader to weep any. As for being sentimental, you might as well call "Steve" Crane sentimental. You might, if you like, say that the next poem is irony. Yet, is it precisely that? It is simple and adequate statement. The author does not forbid you to add to it. It is simple and adequate statement—

La Jeune Fille. . . .

The young girl is white; she has green veins on her wrists, inside her open sleeves.

One does not know why she laughs. She cries out all of a sudden, and this is shrill.

Est-ce qu'elle se doute
qu'elle vous prend le coeur
en cueillant sur la route
des fleurs?

On dirait quelquefois
qu'elle comprend des choses.
Pas toujours. Elle cause
Tout bas

"Oh, ma chère! oh! là là . . .
. . . Figure-toi . . . mardi
je l'ai vu . . . j'ai ri!"—Elle dit
comme ça.

Quand un jeune homme souffre
d'abord elle se tait :
elle ne rit plus, tout
étonnée.

Dans les petits chemins
elle remplit ses mains
de piquants de bruyères
de fougères.

Elle est grande, elle est blanche,
elle a des bras très doux.
elle est très droite et penche
le cou.

Finis. Richard of St. Victor who was half a neo-platonist, tells us that by naming over all the beautiful things we can think of, we may draw back upon our minds some vestige of the unrememberable beauties of paradise. (If we are not given to mystical devotions we may suspect that the function of poetry is, in part, to draw back upon our mind a paradise, if you like, or, equally, one's less detestable hours and the outrageous hopes of one's youth.) However that may be, I get a distinct pleasure when M. Jammes writes—

J'ai vu, dans de vieux salons, des tableaux flammands,
où, dans une auberge noire, on voyait un type
qui buvait de la bière, et sa très mince pipe
avait un point rouge et il fumait doucement.

And he had heavy ships, probably from China and the Indies and so on—the poem is a bit long to quote here in full. Anyway, I get a vision of the old château-inn at La Tour, near Marueil, where I lunched slap in the middle of a Rembrandt. It is not M. Jammes' picture; he is talking of a Dutch merchant; but my picture is near enough; he gives me his, and he gives me back my own. I have the pleasures of comparison, and mine is like enough for me to know that his is reliable. And when he writes "Le Paysan. . . ." I get a very clear sight of the ruined Rocafixada crouched on its needle of rock and of an old peasant driving home his very scraggly herd of sheep and cows and goats, with a dog and a stray colt or so, in attendance. And he had a son who was a waiter in Toulouse or some such place. And if I married and increased the population I'd soon learn where the money goes and so on. M. Jammes' peasant was on a different road; his "brebis se mettent à courir fort parfois. . . . cela fait de la poussière." My peasant and his crowd of beasts made no dust. It was an evening all pink and green like bronze.

Of course, if you like to make comparisons you may say of the poem beginning "L'enfant lit l'almanach" that Laurent Tailhade, with his Greek tradition would have stopped when he finished the picture. He would not have gone on to speculate about the child's thoughts of heaven. And M. De Regnier would have told us that the "Belier" was the ram which "Bore Phryzus and Helle upon his golden back." He would have described the beast in a field with burrs gleaming one colour in a fleece which gleamed another, etc. I have no particular quarrel with any of these methods—

L'enfant lit l'almanach près de son panier d'oeufs.

As M. Jammes does not seem to repeat himself it would seem impossible to give anything like a complete impression of him in a review. One could not omit the charming air of tale-telling in his "Amsterdam," nor the humour of "Je m'embête," nor the delicacy of such poems as that beginning—

Tu seras nue dans le salon aux vieilles choses,
fine comme un fuseau de roseau de lumière.

It might be claimed by one's adversaries that Francis Jammes is for the most part only a *causeur* in verse, as, for example, in his "Je pense à Jean-Jacques. . ." I do not know. I think, however, that a man reading Jammes about A.D. 2500 might get a fair idea of our life, the life of A.D. 1913. I think he might get a fairly intimate sense of this life and be drawn into it very much as I have been drawn into some study of mediæval conditions by the reading of Dante. I do not for a moment compare the four volumes of Jammes with the *Divina Commedia*. M. Jammes' work resembles the *Musee du Louvre* far more than it resembles the *Acropolis* but after all, the highest symbols of national desire and of our present civilisation are our great picture galleries. Each city must have one, from Edinburgh to Indianapolis, just as in the Middle Ages or in classic times each city would have had its cathedral or its abbey or its temple. I admit that the sensation of transcending one's time is wholly and thoroughly delightful. Never-

theless if a poet manages to be, in sort, the acme and epitome of his time and of the civilisation from which he is sprung, I think it is all that we may justly demand of him. The people were given epics when they were given to building temples, and a "Commedia" when they were addicted to cathedrals. Now they are disposed to hang, in impressive buildings, a multitude of square yards of canvas of all times and countries and to gather bibelots, and they have, in return from the poets, M. De Regnier's collection of the antique and the various collections of Jammes.

I know that cathedrals are built even to-day, as a sort of "stunt" or propaganda. They are less interesting than such spontaneous creations as the Metropolitan Life Insurance building on Madison Square; they are copies and adaptations. One might say that this new architecture has also its parallels in the attempted epics of Romans or in M. Barzun's plans for a sort of orchestration in writing, of which I will speak later.

As for Jammes and his common sense, he has perhaps put a good deal of it into the elegy:—

Il va neiger dans quelques jours. Je me souviens de l'an dernier.

Mais moi j'étais bête parce que ces choses ne pouvaient pas changer et que c'est une pose de vouloir chasser les choses que nous savons.

Thus far I have quoted from books written before 1900, Jammes had also written two novels, "Clara d'Ellébeuse, ou l'histoire d'une ancienne jeune fille" and "Almaïde d'Etremont, ou l'histoire d'une jeune fille passionnée." "Le Triomphe de la Vie" is dated 1900-1901, the second part of this book, "Existences," is of special interest. "Et c'est ça qui s'appelle la vie."

Huysmans in the preface to "A Rebours," done twenty years after that book, writes as follows:—

On était alors en plein naturalisme; mais cette école, qui devait rendre l'inoubliable service de situer des personnages réels dans des milieux exacts, était condamnée à se rabâcher, en piétinant sur place. . . . S'efforçait . . . de créer des êtres qui fussent aussi semblables que possible à la bonne moyenne des gens. . . . L'Education sentimentale de Gustave Flaubert . . . était pour nous tous . . . une véritable bible; mais il ne comportait que peu de moutures. Il était parachevé, irrecouvrable pour Flaubert même; nous en étations donc, tous, réduits, en ce temps-là, à louvoyer, à rôder par des voies plus ou moins explorées, tout autour.

"Parachevé!" If l'Education Sentimentale left little to be done with a young man loose on the town, "Madame Bovary" left an equally difficult problem for the next author who wished to treat "Mœurs de l'Province."

Huysmans escaped by putting an exceptionally dull young decadent in the midst of no milieu whatever. Francis Jammes was, in 1900, in much fuller naturalism than was the author of "A Rebours" in '84.

To write a novel in verse as a series of scenes with the speakers marked as in a play, is nothing new or strange. True, it has hardly been done successfully since Diego Pudeser composed the "Celestina," but no matter. The interesting fact is that Mr. Jammes has done it successfully. He has given us "Mœurs de Province"; he has given us more than that, he has given us the life of every small town in France, with the faint rumour of events and countries beyond the province. He has done this in 175 pages, that is to say, in less space and with about one tenth the number of words that a novelist would have needed.

Except with Tourganev, I think we often feel that the novelist gives us all of life except the things which need a poet to see them. I think Jammes has

left out scarcely anything that a novel writer would have given us. The action moves swiftly, yet he does not fail to convey the air of inestimable boredom. He presents his characters, and they are numerous. He delineates their specific brands of stupidity and detestability and their pathos. The book is a vigorous arraignment of provincial life. One cannot garble the more serious, or the more tragic scenes by lifting them from their context. I take two, one from the really dull soirée:

Le Poète (peuse)

C'est drôle . . . Cette petite sera bête
Comme ces gens-là, comme son père et sa mère.
Et cependant elle a une grâce infinie.
Il y a en elle l'intelligence de la beauté
C'est délicieux, son corsage qui n'existe pas,
Son derrière et ses pieds. Mais elle sera bête
Comme une oie dans deux ans d'ici. Elle va jouer
Bénétte (joue la valse des elles).

Chapter 25 (forty pages further on):

Le Lendemain Matin (Mme. Larribeau ouvre subitement la porte de la chambre de la bonne. Larribeau en caleçon est assis sous la bonne).

Mme. Larribeau: Vvveu . . . Vvveu . . . ez . . . gueu gueu gueu gueu.

Larribeau et Jeanne: . . .

Mme. Larribeau (étouffant ses cris avec son mouchoir): Gueu gueu gueu gueu gueu—gueu gueu gueu gueu gueu.

Jeanne (s'arrange et sourit): . . .

Mme. Larribeau: Gueu gueu gueu gueu.

Larribeau (toujours en caleçon, à genoux et les mains suppliantes): A . . . line?

Mme. Larribeau: Gueu gueu gueu gueu.

Larribeau: Oooooooooooooo Aline? . . . Aline? . . . Oo Aline? . . .

Mme. Larribeau: Gueu gueu gueu gueu.

Larribeau: Les hommes sont des brutes . . . Je ne voulais pas. . . C'a été plus fort que moi. . . C'était l'animal qui parlait. . . Je t'aime. Oooooo.

Mme. Larribeau: Gueu gueu gueu gueu.

The book is, however, not only clever but grave. It is exceptionally clever for all that—the usual phrases: not a dull moment, etc., can all of them be applied. And beyond this there are such passages as the reverie in chapter twenty-one where the poet of the story writes "J'aurai bientôt trente-deux ans." It is too long to quote just here.

Having delineated the provinces in such a way that no flâneur, however bored with metropolitan life, will ever be without at least one consolation, to wit, that he does not live in the provinces, M. Jammes evidently attained such celebrity that he was able either to live in Paris or to come there whenever he pleased. I am not absolutely sure of my dates, but shortly after this he began to believe in the divine beneficence, and his next volume of poems bears a note stating that some of them were written "après mon retour au catholicisme." There is a notable difference between the kind of man who "returns," and the kind of man who gets converted—a difference in favour of the former. I feel that the discussion of this later work belongs rather to a detailed study of Jammes' development than to a hurried and rather superficial survey of the contemporary poetry of France. I think M. Jammes sees quite clearly, and that the "return" is more than a literary pose. To the critic not wholly in sympathy, most religious poetry is apt to seem as the Whistler nocturnes seemed to certain critics, "merely another unsuccessful attempt to paint the night."

On the other hand it is quite clear that there awaits a very definite place in our own literature for the man who will do for the English or American small city what Jammes has done for the French in "Existences." And that is a silly sort of thing to say, for no one will.

Published the 1st and 15th of each month.

THE NEW FREEWOMAN

AN INDIVIDUALIST REVIEW.

No. 9 Vol. I.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15th, 1913.

SIXPENCE.

Editor:

DORA MARSDEN, B.A.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE		PAGE
THE SERIOUS ARTIST. By Ezra Pound.	161	<i>Serial Story—</i>		RELIGIO.	173
VIEWS AND COMMENTS.	163	THE HORSES OF DIOMEDES. (Ch. 9.) The Swan.	169	THE CONVERSION OF A SPECIALIST. By D. M. Richardson.	174
ON INTERFERENCE WITH THE ENVIRONMENT. By Steven T. Byington.	167	(Ch. 10). The Hands. By Remy de Gourmont.		SCIENCE OF SOCIETY. By H. S. W.	175
UN MONOLOGUE DIRISOIRE. By Richard Aldington.	168	SCENTED LEAVES FROM A CHINESE JAR. By Allen Upward.	172	CORRESPONDENCE.	176

THE SERIOUS ARTIST.

By EZRA POUND.

I.

IT is curious that one should be asked to rewrite Sidney's "Defence of Poesy" in the year of grace 1913. During the intervening centuries, and before them, other centres of civilisation had decided that good art was a blessing and that bad art was criminal, and they had spent some time and thought in trying to find means whereby to distinguish the true art from the sham. But in England now, in the age of Gosse as in the age of Gossen we are asked if the arts are moral. We are asked to define the relation of the arts to economics, we are asked what position the arts are to hold in the ideal republic. And it is obviously the opinion of many people less objectionable than the Sydney Webbs that the arts had better not exist at all.

I take no great pleasure in writing prose about æsthetic. I think one work of art is worth forty prefaces and as many apologiæ. Nevertheless I have been questioned earnestly and by a person certainly of good will. It is as if one said to me: what is the use of open spaces in this city, what is the use of rose-trees and why do you wish to plant trees and lay out parks and gardens? There are some who do not take delight in these things. The rose springs fairest from some buried Cæsar's throat and the dogwood with its flower of four petals (our dogwood, not the tree you call by that name) is grown from the heart of Aucassin, or perhaps this is only fancy. Let us pursue the matter in ethic.

It is obvious that ethics are based on the nature of man, just as it is obvious that civics are based upon the nature of men when living together in groups.

It is obvious that the good of the greatest number cannot be attained until we know in some sort of what that good must consist. In other words we must know what sort of an animal man is, before we can contrive his maximum happiness, or before we can decide what percentage of that happiness he can have without causing too great a percentage of unhappiness to those about him.

The arts, literature, poesy, are a science, just as chemistry is a science. Their subject is man, mankind and the individual. The subject of chemistry is matter considered as to its composition.

The arts give us a great percentage of the lasting and unassailable data regarding the nature of man, of immaterial man, of man considered as a thinking and sentient creature. They begin where the science of medicine leaves off or rather they overlap that science. The borders of the two arts overcross.

From medicine we learn that man thrives best when duly washed, aired and sunned. From the arts we learn that man is whimsical, that one man differs from another. That men differ among themselves as leaves upon trees differ. That they do not resemble each other as do buttons cut by machine.

From the arts also we learn in what ways man resembles and in what way he differs from certain other animals. We learn that certain men are often more akin to certain especial animals than they are to other men of different composition. We learn that all men do not desire the same things and that it would therefore be inequitable to give to all men two acres and a cow.

It would be manifestly inequitable to treat the ostrich and the polar bear in the same fashion, granted that it is not unjust to have them pent up where you can treat them at all.

An ethic based on a belief that men are different from what they are is manifestly stupid. It is stupid to apply such an ethic as it is to apply laws and morals designed for a nomadic tribe, or for a tribe in the state of barbarism, to a people crowded into the slums of a modern metropolis. Thus in the tribe it is well to beget children, for the more strong male children you have in the tribe the less likely you are to be bashed on the head by males of the neighbouring tribes, and the more female children the more rapidly the tribe will increase. Conversely it is a crime rather worse than murder to beget children in a slum, to beget children for whom no fitting provision is made, either as touching their physical or economic wellbeing. The increase not only afflicts the child born but the increasing number of the poor keeps down the wage. On this count the bishop of London, as an encourager of this sort of increase, is a criminal of a type rather lower and rather more detestable than the souteneur.

I cite this as one example of inequity persisting because of a continued refusal to consider a code devised for one state of society, in its (the code's) relation to a different state of society. It is as if, in physics or engineering, we refused to consider a force designed to affect one mass, in its relation (i.e. the force's) to another mass wholly differing, or in some notable way differing, from the first mass.

As inequities can exist because of refusals to consider the actualities of a law in relation to a social condition, so can inequities exist through refusal to consider the actualities of the composition of the masses, or of the individuals to which they are applied.

If all men desired above everything else two acres and a cow, obviously the perfect state would be that state which gave to each man two acres and a cow.

If any science save the arts were able more precisely to determine what the individual does actually desire, then that science would be of more use in providing the data for ethics.

In like manner, if any sciences save medicine and chemistry were more able to determine what things were compatible with physical wellbeing, then those sciences would be of more value for providing the data of hygiene.

This brings us to the immorality of bad art. Bad art is inaccurate art. It is art that makes false reports. If a scientist falsifies a report either deliberately or through negligence we consider him as either a criminal or a bad scientist according to the enormity of his offence, and he is punished or despised accordingly.

If he falsifies the reports of a maternity hospital in order to retain his position and get profit and advancement from the city board, he may escape detection. If he declines to make such falsification he may lose financial rewards, and in either case his baseness or his pluck may pass unknown and unnoticed save by a very few people. Nevertheless one does not have to argue his case. The layman knows soon enough on hearing it whether the physician is to be blamed or praised.

If an artist falsifies his report as to the nature of man, as to his own nature, as to the nature of his ideal of the perfect, as to the nature of his ideal of this, that or the other, of god, if god exist, of the life force, of the nature of good and evil, if good and evil exist, of the force with which he believes or disbelieves that, that or the other, of the degree in which he suffers or is made glad; if the artist falsifies his reports on these matters or on any other matter in order that he may conform to the taste of his time, to the proprieties of a sovereign, to the conveniences of a preconceived code of ethics, then that artist lies. If he lies out of deliberate will to lie, if he lies out of carelessness, out of laziness, out of cowardice, out of any sort of negligence whatsoever, he nevertheless lies and he should be punished or despised in proportion to the seriousness of his offence. His offence is of the same nature as the physician's and according to his position and the nature of his lie he is responsible for future oppressions and for future misconceptions. Albeit his lies are known to only a few, or his truth-telling to only a few. Albeit he may pass without censure for one and without praise for the other. Albeit he can only be punished on the plane of his crime and by nothing save the contempt of those who know of his crime. Perhaps it is caddishness rather than crime. However there is perhaps nothing worse for a man than to know that he is a cur and to know that someone else, if only one person, knows it.

We distinguish very clearly between the physician who is doing his best for a patient, who is using drugs in which he believes, or who is in a wilderness, let us say, where the patient can get no other medical aid. We distinguish, I say, very clearly between the failure of such a physician, and the act of that physician, who ignorant of the patient's disease, being in reach of more skilful physicians, deliberately denies

an ignorance of which he is quite conscious, refuses to consult other physicians, tries to prevent the patient's having access to more skilful physicians, or deliberately tortures the patient for his own ends.

One does not need to read black print to learn this ethical fact about physicians. Yet it takes a deal of talking to convince a layman that bad art is "immoral." And that good art however "immoral" it is, is wholly a thing of virtue. Purely and simply that good art can not be immoral. By good art I mean art that bears true witness, I mean the art that is most precise. You can be wholly precise in representing a vagueness. You can be wholly a liar in pretending that the particular vagueness was precise in its outline. If you cannot understand this with regard to poetry, consider the matter in terms of painting.

If you have forgotten my statement that the arts bear witness and define for us the inner nature and conditions of man, consider the Victory of Samothrace and the Taj of Agra. The man who carved the one and the man who designed the other may either or both of them have looked like an ape, or like two apes respectively. They may have looked like other apelike or swinelike men. We have the Victory and the Taj to witness that there was something within them differing from the contents of apes and of the other swinelike men. Thus we learn that humanity is a species or genus of animals capable of a variation that will produce the desire for a Taj or a Victory, and moreover capable of effecting that Taj or Victory in stone. We know from other testimony of the arts and from ourselves that the desire often overshoots the power of efficient presentation; we therefore conclude that other members of the race may have desired to effect a Taj or a Victory. We even suppose that men have desired to effect more beautiful things although few of us are capable of forming any precise mental image of things, in their particular way, more beautiful than this statue or this building. So difficult is this that no one has yet been able to effect a restoration for the missing head of the Victory. At least no one has done so in stone, so far as I know. Doubtless many people have stood opposite the statue and made such heads in their imagination.

As there are in medicine the art of diagnosis and the art of cure, so in the arts, so in the particular arts of poetry and of literature. There is the art of diagnosis and there is the art of cure. They call one the cult of ugliness and the other the cult of beauty.

The cult of beauty is the hygiene, it is sun, air and the sea and the rain and the lake bathing. The cult of ugliness, Villon, Baudelaire, Corbière, Beardsley are diagnosis. Flaubert is diagnosis. Satire, if we are to ride this metaphor to staggers, satire is surgery, insertions and amputations.

Beauty in art reminds one what is worth while. I am not now speaking of shams. I mean beauty, not slither, not sentimentalising about beauty, not telling people that beauty is the proper and respectable thing. I mean beauty. You don't argue about an April wind, you feel bucked up when you meet it. You feel bucked up when you come on a swift moving thought in Plato or on a fine line in a statue.

Even this pother about gods reminds one that something is worth while. Satire reminds one that certain things are not worth while. It draws one to consider time wasted.

The cult of beauty and the delineation of ugliness are not in mutual opposition.

II.

I have said that the arts give us our best data for determining what sort of creature man is. As our treatment of man must be determined by our knowledge or conception of what man is, the arts provide data for ethics.

These data are sound and the data of generalising psychologists and social theoreticians is usually

unsound, for the serious artist is scientific and the theorist is usually empiric in the mediæval fashion. That is to say a good biologist will make a reasonable number of observations of any given phenomenon before he draws a conclusion, thus we read such phrases as "over 1100 cultures from the secretions of the respiratory tracts of over 500 patients and 30 nurses and attendants." The results of each observation must be precise and no single observation must in itself be taken as determining a general law, although, after experiment, certain observations may be held as typical or normal. The serious artist is scientific in that he presents the image of his desire, of his hate, of his indifference as precisely that, as precisely the image of his own desire, hate or indifference. The more precise his record the more lasting and unassailable his work of art.

The theorist, and we see this constantly illustrated by the English writers on sex, the theorist constantly proceeds as if his own case, his own limits and predilections were the typical case, or even as if it were the universal. He is constantly urging someone else to behave as he, the theorist, would like to behave. Now art never asks anybody to do anything, or to think anything; or to be anything. It exists as the trees exist, you can admire, you can sit in the shade, you can pick bananas, you can cut firewood, you can do as you jolly well please.

Also you are a fool to seek the kind of art you don't like. You are a fool to read classics because you are told to and not because you like them. You are a fool to aspire to good taste if you haven't naturally got it. If there is one place where it is idiotic to sham that place is before a work of art. Also you are a fool not to have an open mind, not to be eager to enjoy something you might enjoy but don't know how to. But it is not the artist's place to ask you to learn, or to defend his particular works of art, or to insist on your reading his books. Any artist who wants your particular admiration is, by just so much, the less artist.

The desire to stand on the stage, the desire of plaudits has nothing to do with serious art. The serious artist may like to stand on the stage, he may, apart from his art, be any kind of imbecile you like, but the two things are not connected, at least they are not concentric. Lots of people who don't even pretend to be artists have the same desire to be slobbered over, by people with less brains than they have.

The serious artist is usually, or is often as far from the ægrum vulgus as is the serious scientist. Nobody has heard of the abstract mathematicians who worked of the determinants that Marconi made use of in his computations for the wireless telegraph. The public, the public so dear to the journalistic heart, is far more concerned with the shareholders in the Marconi company.

The permanent property, the property given to the race at large is precisely these data of the serious scientist and of the serious artist; of the scientist as touching the relations of abstract numbers, of molecular energy, of the composition of matter, etc.; of

the serious artist, as touching the nature of man, of individuals.

Men have ceased trying to conquer the world, and to acquire universal knowledge. Men still try to promote the ideal state. No perfect state will be founded on the theory, or on the working hypothesis that all men are alike. No science save the arts will give us the requisite data for learning in what ways men differ.

The very fact that many men hate the arts is of value, for we are enabled by finding out what part of the arts they hate, to learn something of their nature. Usually when men say they hate the arts we find that they merely detest quackery and bad artists.

In the case of a man's hating one art and not the others we may learn that he is of defective hearing or of defective intelligence. Thus an intelligent man may hate music or a good musician may detest very excellent authors.

And all these things are very obvious.

Among thinking and sentient people the bad artist is contemned as we would condemn a negligent physician or a sloppy, inaccurate scientist, and the serious artist is left in peace, or even supported and encouraged. In the fog and the outer darkness no measures are taken to distinguish between the serious and the unserious artist. The unserious artist being the commoner brand and greatly outnumbering the serious variety, and it being to the temporary and apparent advantage of the false artist to gain to rewards proper to the serious artist, it is natural that the unserious artist should do all in his power to obfuscate the lines of demarcation.

Whenever one attempts to demonstrate the difference between serious and unserious work, one is told that "it is merely a technical discussion." It has rested at that—in England it has rested at that for more than three hundred years. The people would rather have patent medicines than scientific treatment. They will occasionally be told that art as art is not a violation of God's most holy laws. They will not have a specialist's opinion as to what art is good. They will not consider the "problem of style." They want "The value of art to life" and "Fundamental issues."

As touching fundamental issues: The arts give us our data of psychology, of man as to his interiors, as to the ration of his thought to his emotions, etc., etc., etc.

The touchstone of an art is its precision. This precision is of various and complicated sorts and only the specialist can determine whether certain works of art possess certain sorts of precision. I don't mean to say that any intelligent person cannot have more or less sound judgment as to whether a certain work of art is good or not. An intelligent person can usually tell whether or not a person is in good health. It is none the less true that it takes a skilful physician to make certain diagnoses or to discern the lurking disease beneath the appearance of vigour.

It is no more possible to give in a few pages, full instructions for knowing a masterpiece than it would be to give full instructions for all medical diagnosis.

(To be continued.)

Religio,

OR THE CHILD'S GUIDE TO KNOWLEDGE.

What is a god?

A god is an eternal state of mind.

What is a faun?

A faun is an elemental creature.

What is a nymph?

A nymph is an elemental creature.

When is a god manifest?

When the states of mind take form.

When does a man become a god?

When he enters one of these states of mind.

What is the nature of the forms whereby a god is manifest?

They are variable but retain certain distinguishing characteristics.

Are all eternal states of mind gods?

We consider them so to be.

Are all durable states of mind gods?

They are not.

By what characteristic may we know the divine forms?

By beauty.

And if the presented forms are unbeautiful?

They are demons.

If they are grotesque?

They may be well-minded genii.

What are the kinds of knowledge?

There are immediate knowledge and hearsay.

Is hearsay of any value?

Of some.

What is the greatest hearsay?

The greatest hearsay is the tradition of the gods.

Of what use is this tradition?

It tells us to be ready to look.

In what manner do gods appear?

Formed and formlessly.

To what do they appear when formed?

To the sense of vision.

And when formless?

To the sense of knowledge.

May they when formed appear to anything save the sense of vision?

We may gain a sense of their presence as if they were standing behind us.

And in this case they may possess form?

We may feel that they do possess form.

Are there names for the gods?

The gods have many names. It is by names that they are handled in the tradition.

Is there harm in using these names?

There is no harm in thinking of the gods by their names.

How should one perceive a god, by his name?

It is better to perceive a god by form, or by the sense of knowledge, and, after perceiving him thus, to consider his name or to "think what god it may be,"

Do we know the number of the gods?

It would be rash to say that we do. A man should be content with a reasonable number.

What are the gods of this rite?

Apollo, and in some sense Helios, Diana in some of her phases, also the Cytherean goddess.

To what other gods is it fitting, in harmony or in adjunction with these rites, to give incense?

To Korè and to Demeter, also to lares and to oreiads and to certain elemental creatures.

How is it fitting to please these lares and other creatures?

It is fitting to please and to nourish them with flowers.

Do they have need of such nutriment?

It would be foolish to believe that they have, nevertheless it bodes well for us that they should be pleased to appear.

Are these things so in the East?

This rite is made for the West.

C106a

To the Editor of THE NEW FREEWOMAN.

THE ORDER OF THE BROTHERS MINOR.

MADAM,

The "Chancellor" of the Angel Club is, from his writing, a very intelligent man. As the unknown powers send but few intelligent men to this planet, I will say that he is one of the most intelligent men of our generation. I do not ask his name, for it is well that intelligence should remain impersonal and anonymous.

I do not know that I care to retire to a free state. My natural cruelty permits me to take some pleasure in the antics of a capital. My means are scarcely sufficiently independent to permit me to retire to Mt. Athos or to an island in the Aegean, also I am, I dare say, without that wisdom which the Chancellor demands for admission to his order, nevertheless I petition him to consider a certain request, a request from another unfounded order, we may call it the Brothers Minor.

He says in his article: "All thoughtful minds are now awake to the fact that we are being drawn into the shadow of another dark age." I cannot answer for all thoughtful minds, for I know only a few thoughtful people. I can only say that for so long as I can remember thinking at all, I can remember wanting some pyramid safer than that of Cheops wherein to preserve the things that I care for against the forces now manifest in the world. I have longed for some order more humane than the Benedictines who should preserve even the vestiges of our present light against that single force whereof the "ha'-penny" press and the present university and educational systems are but the symptoms of surface. I have longed to do, or to see done, for such an order, something of what St. Benedict and Cassiodorus did for the Benedictines of the sixth century of our era. Namely, to place the great works in their keeping and to enjoin upon them certain attentions. Not at all! It was only with regard to the pagan works, the works that did not fall under the system of instruction, that this precaution was of much use.

I want an order to foster the arts as the church orders fostered painting.

Naturally I do not want such an order to be academic, but the gods alone can avail it in that regard. Neither do I labour under the delusion that such an order would be all availing, or, beyond a certain point, even useful.

In any case I ask the Chancellor of the Angel Club to consider taking such an order, in some measure for his accomplice, an order secular, in proportion as his order would seem to be monastic; an order of poor men who must for food's sake, as well as for art's sake, remain scattered abroad in the world.

In so far as he cares for the truth, I would remind him that the mediaeval penalty for heresy was the stake. For modern heresy—and the only modern heresy is an uncontrollable propensity for telling the truth—the penalty is starvation, or at least forced and irregular fasting, which doth little good to the soul.

I suggest that he add to his clubs proposed utilities; that he consider the subsidizing of artists, that is, of artists of recognizable value. If his club is a nation, he may as well have an "established church": the church of *Genius in Crucem*.

EZRA POUND.

C107

The Approach to Paris.

By Ezra Pound.

VII.

BREVITY is the one virtue that our writers do not need to learn from the French. It is the one virtue which the French writers persistently refuse to acquire. I do not mean that England has no writers who should learn to write less. And the French, on the other hand, may produce an occasional writer who does not write too much. There is the stock example of Rimbaud.

But Rimbaud is not really an exception, he did not learn to produce little. He simply quit writing. I drag in Rimbaud because he is a difficult case. He does not belong in a discussion of living writers except on the ground that the living writers in Paris might have learned certain things from him. As an actual fact I think Rimbaud was probably more right than his critics, when he wrote :—

Que comprendre à ma parole ?
Il fait qu'elle fuie et vole !

However, one cannot neglect a poet who has written :

Tendent leurs oreilles risibles et têtus.

Aux femmes, c'est bien de faire des bancs lisses
Après les six jours noirs ou Dieu les fait souffrir !
Elles bercent, tordus d'étranges pelisses,
Des espèces d'enfants qui pleurent à mourir.

Yet Rimbaud's work, or at least a great part of it, is perhaps more comparable to the beautiful forms made by chance in some process like the oxidation of silver crystals than to figures carved by an artist. As one often finds, in very early work of one's own, chance hints of things that are only reacquired with great labour, so one might find in Rimbaud's work promise of things that the rest of the French writers have scarcely yet acquired. One is not forced on this account to consider Rimbaud as their teacher, or as a man born before his time.

In "Tête de Faune" he has produced an almost perfect example of almost exactly the sort of beauty that we are, in this particular month and year, in search of. I am not sure that we would notice the poem if we had not come, by our own route, to this precise desire.

For what it is worth, Paris had Rimbaud's work. Certain things had been done haphazard. Paris might have learned from this work a certain sort of conciseness. Yet Rimbaud's work is presented in such a way that I am not sure that anyone could or can be expected to learn from Rimbaud anything that he has not already found out for himself.

By that I mean that Rimbaud should neither be underestimated as a poet nor over-estimated as a factor in the development of the art.

As for prose-poetry, I suppose no one will deny that it is at least as old as Ossian. Rimbaud's "Aube" and "Vierge Folle" do not need any charm of novelty, and things like "Villes" are a great comfort. It is true that they are bitten with the pox of rhetoric, but a knowledge of them enables one to take the wind of many later sails. "Des groupes de beffrois chantent les idées des peuples" and all that fashion of speaking. Yes, it is often a great comfort to know that bad artists have not even that flavour of novelty upon which they pride themselves. From amateur mystics and from all rhetoricians and more especially from amateur French mystics and from French rhetoricians "Good Lord deliver us !"

Rimbaud does not belong in either of these categories. It is true that he can scarcely ever let out a noun unchaperoned, but in return we must remember that his own faults so displeased him that he left off composing. He has left some things perfect and some things instinct with vigour and some of curious interest. I mention Rimbaud in this place because I think certain English readers and critics are apt to estimate present-day poets in France without taking due count of his pre-existence, and because they seem to give credit for certain discoveries to those who have not really made them.

2.

There remain numerous writers whom one might discuss at some length. I shall not write of Verhaeren, for everybody writes of Verhaeren, οὐδὲ κελεύθῳ χάρμα, τίς πολλοὺς ὄδεε καὶ ὄδεε φέρει. Besides, what in heaven's name can one say of Verhaeren? I believe him the sincerest of men. When he writes as in "Les Pauvres"

plus lourds de peine et de fardeaux
que les toits des cassines brunes,
parmi les dunes.

or :

aux gestes las et indulgent

he is a very fine poet, and when he speaks of the Flamand country he speaks as hardly anyone has been able to speak since Wordsworth, and when he writes about "le bondissant tocsin des vérités vivantes, etc., etc.," he is just a hopeless rhetorician, with great "nobility of soul."

3.

And there is M. le Prince des Poètes, Paul Fort, with a delicate, ironical and kindly temper.

"Pourtant, à la même heure, ou peu s'en faut (dites-moi, qu'est une heure devant Dieu? un jour? un mois? un an?—un an, voire, ce n'est pour lui le temps de manger une poire), à cette hour donc, Warwick, qui s'était avisé de retrôner Lancaestre pour s'immortaliser," and so on. One must read Fort aloud, or hear him so read. He is delicacy and charm, and he is much more civilised than we shall ever care to be and he is what they call "The Last Bohemian."

To exhibit Paul Fort to a foreign public by means of criticism! It would be like trying to exhibit butterflies with a threshing machine.

Ce soir, on vend des fleurs sur le Pont au Change. L'air par bouffées, sent la tubéreuse et la poussière. C'est demain Sainte-Marie. Une heure dorée coule au fond du ciel occidental et sur les quais, et jette un éclat fauve au milieu de la foule. On voit le mouvement trouble de la plac du Chatelet.

Sept heures vont sonner à l'horologe du Palais. L'occident, sur Paris, est comme un lac d'or plain. Dans l'est nuageux gronde un orage incertain. L'air est chaud par bouffées, à peine l'on respire. Et je songe à Manon et deux fois je soupire. L'air est chaud par bouffées et berce l'odeur large de ces fleurs qu'on écrase. . . On soupire en voyant de frais courants violets s'étirer sous les arches du Pont-Neuf qui poudroie sur le soleil morant. "Tu le sais, toi, Manon, si je t'ai bien aimée!" L'orage gronde au loin. L'air est chaud par bouffées.

It is as natural as that. I give part of a strophe and one whole strophe from a poem containing five.

I do not know that he has given a name to his system of metric. We shall probably adopt the Greek system of quantitative verse in English before we try this subtle combination of accordes. Also the Greek system is probably more germane to the nature of our speech.

I shall not preach Paul Fort in these islands for I do not think these islands want him. Poetry is not like an economic idea, there is no reason why any person, or nation, should accept the kind of poetry it does not like.

Or perhaps this is a misstatement; perhaps I should say that it is in the nature of economic ideators to try to make nations and persons accept distasteful ideas.

The difference is that good poetry is free; it is at the disposal of anyone who wants it; and wealth is not—hence the difference between the position of the critic of poetry and that of the economic ideator. It is the function of the art-critic to bring his public, as expeditiously as possible, to those works of art in which they may take pleasure.

4.

I shall not write of Paul Claudel until I have had further opportunity to read his prose as well as his verse—and then Claudel has the cry. Perhaps he will have a craze like Maeterlinck and Bergson, and then I shall not have to write about him.

5.

Among the men who are neither old nor young, André Spire is well worth attention. He has learned

not to slop over: The quality of his charm is perhaps best presented by quotation. "Dames Anciennes" begins with him in his attic, "le poêle de faïence blanche," etc.

Mère, le printemps aux doigts tièdes
A soulevé l'espagnolette
De mes fenêtres sans rideaux.
Faites taire toutes ses voix qui montent
Jusqu'à ma table de travail.

Ce sont les amies de ma mère
Et de la mère de ton père,
Qui cause de leurs maris morts,
Et de leurs fils partis.

Avec, au coin de leurs lèvres,
Ces moustaches de café au lait?
Et dans leurs mains ces tartines?
Dans leurs bouches ces kougelofs?

Ce sont des cavales anciennes
Qui mâchonnent le peu d'herbe douce
Que Dieu veut bien leur laisser.

Mère, les maitres sensible
Lâchent les juments inutiles
Dans les prés, non dans mon jardin!

Sois tranquille, mon fils, sois tranquille,
Elles ne brouteront pas tes fleurs

Mère, que n'y occupent-elles leurs lèvres,
Et leurs trop courtes dents trop blanches
De porcelaine trop fragile!

Mon fils, fermez votre fenêtre.
Mon fils, vous n'êtes pas crétien!

In the earlier work "Et Vous Riez," he writes with a deal more eagerness; with a rather fine, embittered impatience, first with his literary friends because they persist in concerning themselves exclusively with their craft, instead of attempting to uplift the proletariat; second, with the proletariat because it won't let him civilise it, and won't civilise itself in three weeks. The book is a sort of autobiography of the modern Faust in pilgrimage. The modern Faust does not wish to conquer the world; he does not desire to dominate the whole province of knowledge; he desires to arrange the equitable social order. It is a finer ambition. And then, no one has conquered the world—to his own satisfaction, and no one has attained to universal knowledge. So Spire says they told him to sing for the people, dance-songs for their children, etc., and "cris pour ses colères," and then he met the best sons of the people.

Les sombres militants, plus tristes que moi-même.
Ils m'ont dit . . .
Assemble les oiseaux . . .
Et chante leur.
Mais tenter d'exalter ces hommes sans désirs,
Ce peuple qui se traîne!
Tu n'as donc pas encore regardé ses yeux vides?
Viens avec nous,
Rythme-nous des injures pour fouetter son dos mou.
Par crainte de nos coups il lèvera la tête,
Et, nous le lancerons contre ceux qui l'oppriment.
Il n'a pas relevé la tête.
Il a gémi:
"A quoi bon ces grands cris sur mes épaules lasses.
Mes yeux regarderont toujours mes pieds trop lourds.
J'ai cru longtemps, j'ai cru me posséder un jour.
Mais, chaque fois qu'un peu de sève m'est donnée,
L'un de vous me la prend, pour s'en faire homme."

I think Spire is honest and that he writes from himself. Among the younger men Jouve seems to me to show promise and Apollinaire has brought out a clever book.

6.

M. Henri-Martin Barzun has an idea that we should write poems like orchestral scores with a dozen voices at once. The page would look not unlike the page of Jammes quoted in last week's essay. People do read orchestral scores. I suppose one could learn to read five or ten lines at once or at least to imagine that the five or ten sounds represented in the different lines were

all going on at once. There are in this plan both opportunities and dangers. One might save a good deal of time—in dispensing with descriptive passages of the novel for example. One might represent the confusion of metropolitan life where too much does certainly happen all at once. M. Barzun offers a mode of synthesis that is not to be despised. Of course there are any number of objections. If you insist in being all apperception and all sorts of apperception at once you are in danger of paralysing thought; of bringing all your other faculties to a standstill. Art is, at least to some extent, selection. If you merely drape an idea in this complicated paraphernalia you have not much advanced. At the same time there is no reason why solos of clear thought or emotion should not emerge like arias from the grumbling of M. Barzun's orchestration.

M. Barzun's "Hymne des Forces" moved me, although I thought it rhetorical. It seemed to me significant that the voice of the mass should have come so near to being coherent. M. Barzun is nowhere near being content with the book above-mentioned. The polyphonic method will be justified when a great work is presented through it. In the meantime there is no use blinding oneself to the fact that the next great work may be written in this manner. It is not an impossibility, and M. Barzun is not altogether an imbecile.

7.

It is not possible for me to discuss all the fifty-three authors contained in Van Bever and Létaud's anthology. There are a host of younger writers who will doubtless receive fitting recognition at the hands of Mr. Flint. My intention at the outset was to write in conversational tone of my personal adventure; of such French poetry of to-day as had seemed of interest to one as easily bored as I am.

A curious objection has been brought forth that I breathe "too freely in the atmosphere of Paris for great respect." Now the good artist is not a mastodon nor the lion of Androcles that one should be constrained or ill at ease in his presence. The good artist is a person whose intelligence functions—at least in certain directions—exceptionally well. As intelligence is as rare as it is charming, one takes delight either in the presence or in the works of a good artist. One is only constrained in the presence of a good artist when he happens to possess very bad manners, and bad manners are not inseparable from the good artist. Of course, bad manners in anyone but a good artist do not make one ill at ease—one merely passes the other way; but with a good artist one's interest in him and his work may have led one into an exposed position, one may have displayed this interest rashly or in such a way that his display of bad manners is sudden and disconcerting.

Wherever an artistic standard exists one does not demand constraint, one does not demand that the artist be a member of the London County Council, or Sir Dash, or Lord UnTel, in order that one may respect him. Where a scientific standard exists we demand of the scientist only that his discoveries or his knowledge be sound and interesting. Where no artistic standard exists a man's work is judged by his respectability and his social position. Only in a state of Victorian darkness can the oversquashing "Great Figure" exist. Intelligent respect does not afflict one's respiration.

My contention was that Paris is rather better off for poets than London is, or if you like, "that Paris is twenty, at least twenty, years ahead of the other worlds of letters." This is perhaps a rash statement. I have no intimate acquaintance with the state of literary affairs in Tibet, or in Kiev, or in Umhatuumgam. It is possible that London is not second or third, but ninth. Still, I do not think Madrid or Rome will enter the contest, nor yet Budapest. Let us, however, be safe; let us say that Paris is better off at the moment than London.

! Dante defined poetry as a composition of words set to music. With the passage of the centuries poetry has been gradually divorced from the art of music, as the term "music" is generally used, i.e., from melody

of pitch-variation. The art of music which still remains to the poet is that of rhythm, and of a sort of melody dependent on the order and arrangement of varied vowel and consonantal sounds. The rhythm is a matter of duration of individual sounds and of stress, and the matter of the "word melody" depends largely on the fitness of this duration and stress to the sounds wherewith it is connected.

In determining the relative state of art in Paris and in London, one would consider rhythm, word melody, and the composition of words, of words that is, considered as language not as sound.

As to rhythm, I doubt if there is in England at the time of this writing, anyone whose rhythm and word melody are comparable to those of Remy de Gourmont or of Paul Fort, or of De Regnier in the "Odelettes." I think there is no one who writes English as well as De Regnier writes French, or whose work has the quality of seeming so *modo pumice expolitum*. Neither have we a satirist comparable to Laurent Tailhardte, nor yet a poet who delineates his time as clearly as does Francis Jammes.

Nor, for that matter, can I see about me any young man whose work is as refreshing as Romain's'. It is true that there are a few writers who are attempting a simplification of structure, somewhat like that attempted by the crowd gathered about "L'Effort Libre"; but for the most part both writers and critics in England are so ignorant that if a man attempt these finer accords and simplicities there is hardly anyone who can tell what he is up to. Neither do I believe that the excellences referred to will appear in English writing until at least twenty years after their respective appearances in France. And with that I rest my case.

C108

POEMS

ANCORA

Good God! They say you are *risqué!*
 O canzonetti,
 We who went out into the four A. M. of the world,
 Composing our albas;
 We who shook off our dew with the rabbits;
 We who have seen even Artemis a-binding her sandals,
 Have we ever heard the like! O mountains of Hellas!

Gather about me, O Muses!
 When we sat upon the granite brink in Helicon
 Clothed in the tattered sunlight,
 O Muses with delicate shins,
 O Muses with delectable knee-joints,
 When we splashed and were splashed with
 The lucid Castalian spray,
 Had we ever such an epithet
 Cast upon us!

SURGIT FAMA

Fragment from an unwritable play

There is a truce among the gods,
 Korè is seen in the North
 Skirting the blue-gray sea
 In gilded and russet mantle.

C109

C108 Continued

C109 POEMS. *Poetry*, III. 2 (Nov. 1913) 53-60.

Contents: Ancora—Surgit fama. Fragment from an unwritable play—The Choice—April—Gentildonna—Lustra (I. [The Rest]; II. [Les Millwin]; III. Further Instructions)—Xenia (I. The Street in Soho; II. "The cool fingers of science delight me"; III-V [A Song of the Degrees, I-III]; VI [Ité]; VII. Dum capitolium scandet). ("Xenia, I-VII" reprinted in *Paideuma*, Orono, Me., X. 2 (Fall 1981) 240-1.)

The corn has again its mother and she, Leuconoë,
That failed never womén,
Fails not the earth now.

The tricksome Hermes is here;
He moves behind me
Eager to catch my words,
Eager to spread them with rumor;
To set upon them his change
Crafty and subtle;
To alter them to his purpose;
But do thou speak true, even to the letter:

"Once more in Delos, once more is the altar a-quiver.
Once more is the chant heard.
Once more are the never abandoned gardens
Full of gossip and old tales."

THE CHOICE

It is true that you say the gods are more use to you
than fairies,
But for all that I have seen you on a high, white, noble
horse,
Like some strange queen in a story.
It is odd that you should be covered with long robes
and trailing tendrils and flowers;
It is odd that you should be changing your face and
resembling some other woman to plague me;
It is odd that you should be hiding yourself in the cloud
of beautiful women, who do not concern me.

And I, who follow every seed-leaf upon the wind!
They will say that I deserve this.

APRIL

Three spirits came to me
And drew me apart
To where the olive boughs
Lay stripped upon the ground:

Pale carnage beneath bright mist.

GENTILDONNA

She passed and left no quiver in the veins, who now—
Moving among the trees, and clinging
in the air she severed,
Fanning the grass she walked on then—endures:

Gray olive leaves beneath a rain-cold sky.

LUSTRA

I

O helpless few in my country,
O remnant enslaved!

Artists broken against her,
A-stray, lost in the villages,
Mistrusted, spoken-against,

Lovers of beauty, starved,
Thwarted with systems,
Helpless against the control;

You who can not wear yourselves out
By persisting to successes,
You who can only speak,
Who can not steel yourselves into reiteration;

You of the finer sense,
Broken against false knowledge,
You who can know at first hand,
Hated, shut in, mistrusted:

Take thought.
I have weathered the storm,
I have beaten out my exile.

II

The little Millwins attend the Russian Ballet.
The mauve and greenish souls of the little Millwins
Were seen lying along the upper seats
Like so many unused boas.

The turbulent and undisciplined host of art students—
The rigorous deputation from "Slade"—
Was before them.

With arms exalted, with fore-arms
Crossed in great futuristic X's, the art students
Exulted, they beheld the splendors of *Cleopatra*.

And the little Millwins beheld these things;
With their large and anaemic eyes they looked out upon
this configuration.

Let us therefore mention the fact,
For it seems to us worthy of record.

III Further Instructions

Come, my songs, let us express our baser passions.
Let us express our envy for the man with a steady job
and no worry about the future.

You are very idle, my songs,
I fear you will come to a bad end.

You stand about the streets. You loiter at the corners
 and bus-stops,
 You do next to nothing at all.
 You do not even express our inner nobility,
 You will come to a very bad end.

And I? I have gone half cracked.
 I have talked to you so much
 that I almost see you about me,
 Insolent little beasts! Shameless! Devoid of clothing!

But you, newest song of the lot,
 You are not old enough to have done much mischief.
 I will get you a green coat out of China
 With dragons worked upon it.
 I will get you the scarlet silk trousers
 From the statue of the infant Christ at Santa Maria
 Novella;

Lest they say we are lacking in taste,
 Or that there is no caste in this family.

XENIA

I. *The Street in Soho*

Out of the overhanging gray mist
 There came an ugly little man
 Carrying beautiful flowers.

II

The cool fingers of science delight me;
 For they are cool with sympathy,
 There is nothing of fever about them.

III

Rest me with Chinese colors,
 For I think the glass is evil.

IV

The wind moves above the wheat—
 With a silver crashing,
 A thin war of metal.

I have known the golden disc,
 I have seen it melting above me.
 I have known the stone-bright place,
 The hall of clear colors.

V

O glass subtly evil, O confusion of colors!
 O light bound and bent in, O soul of the captive,
 Why am I warned? Why am I sent away?
 Why is your glitter full of curious mistrust?
 O glass subtle and cunning, O powdery gold!
 O filaments of amber, two-faced iridescence!

VI

Go, my songs, seek your praise from the young and
 from the intolerant,
 Move among the lovers of perfection alone.
 Seek ever to stand in the hard Sophoclean light
 And take your wounds from it gladly.

VII *Dum Capitolium Scandet*

How many will come after me
 singing as well as I sing, none better;
 Telling the heart of their truth
 as I have taught them to tell it;
 Fruit of my seed,
 O my unnamable children.

Know then that I loved you from afore-time,
 Clear speakers, naked in the sun, untrammelled.

C109

Ezra Pound

PORTRAIT D'UNE FEMME

By Ezra Pound

YOUR mind and you are our Sargasso Sea,
 London has swept about you this score years
 And bright ships left you this or that in fee:
 Ideas, old gossip, oddments of all things,
 Strange spars of knowledge and dimmed wares of price.
 Great minds have sought you—lacking someone else.
 You have been second always. Tragical?
 No. You preferred it to the usual thing:
 One dull man, dulling and uxorious,
 One average mind—with one thought less, each year.
 Oh, you are patient, I have seen you sit
 Hours, where something might have floated up.
 And now you pay one. Yes, you richly pay.
 You are a person of some interest; one comes to you
 And takes strange gain away:
 Trophies fished up; some curious suggestion;
 Fact that leads nowhere; and a tale for two,
 Pregnant with mandrakes, or with something else
 That might prove useful and yet never proves,
 That never fits a corner or shows use,
 Or finds its hour upon the loom of days:
 The tarnished, gaudy, wonderful old work;
 Idols and ambergris and rare inlays,
 These are your riches, your great store; and yet
 For all this sea hoard of deciduous things,
 Strange woods half sodden, and new brighter stuff:
 In the slow float of differing light and deep,
 Not there is nothing! In the whole and all,
 Nothing that's quite your own.
 Yet this is you.

C110

Rabindranath Tagore.

HIS SECOND BOOK INTO ENGLISH.

"The yellow bird sings in their tree and makes my heart dance with gladness.

We both live in the same village, and that is our one piece of joy.

Her pair of pet lambs come to graze in the shade of our garden trees.

If they stray into our barley field, I take them up in my arms.

The name of our village is Khanjana, and Anjana they call our river.

My name is known to all the village, and her name is Ranjana."

It is always better to quote Mr. Tagore than to review him. It is always much more convincing. Even when I tried to lecture about him I had to give it up and read from the then proofs of *Gitanjali*.

Mr. Tagore has come and gone, he has been wept over and he has been prayed over and they tried to get him into the academy and they tried to make him poet laureate. He suffered many fools with great patience. He went as quietly as he came. With—to use his own words—"With no exaggerated idea of his own importance." His attitude was the same the last time I saw him as it was almost the first, when he said to me quite simply, "What is it that you see in these translations? I did not know that they would interest a European."

If his admirers have confused his position in English literature with his position in Bengal literature, it is equally certain that he has not. If his entourage has presented him as a religious teacher rather than as an artist, it is much to be lamented. "I do not wish to be represented in English by *Gitanjali* alone," said this author whose voice has almost as many shades as one might have expected from Voltaire; and whose sense of humour is as delicate as that of any writer in Paris, and who might have written as well as another,

"Ouquel j'ay plus qu'autre gallé."

He has written something of the sort, and was vastly amused at the consternation which it caused among the pious of New York.

Why the good people of this island are unable to honour a fine artist as such; why they are incapable, or apparently incapable, of devising for his honour any better device than that of wrapping his life in cotton wool and parading about with the effigy of a sanctimonious moralist, remains and will remain for me an unsolvable mystery.

Rabindranath Tagore is not to be confused with that jolly and religious bourgeois Abdul Baha; nor with any Theosophist propaganda; nor with any of the various missionaries of the seven and seventy isms of the mystical East.

In *Gitanjali* he gave us the poems of his later life, poems which Davray of the *Mercur* de France calls "plus pur que les psaumes de David." It is a phrase which only a Frenchman would apply to the work of that barbarous Hebrew king.

Let us clear away the rubbish. Let me deny that Mr. Tagore is, in any exact sense, a mystic. Let us confine ourselves to a consideration of his art, as such, and as such sufficient.

Let us say that Mr. Tagore has an emotional contact with nature, an intuition more beautiful, in its own peculiar way, than any I have yet found in poetry. I do not mean to say that there are not other beauties just as beautiful. I do not mean to say that his sense of the life-flow and sun-flow is more beautiful than the mythopœic sense. It is different.

The Gardener. By Rabindranath Tagore. (Macmillan & Co. 4/6 net.)

It is by virtue of this sense that his poems, his poems translated as they now are into French and English have a certain place in world-literature, a place quite different from that which the originals, furnished with all sorts of rhyme and technical fineness, hold in the literature of contemporary India.

In *Gitanjali* he gave us the reflective songs of his late period, in "The Gardener"* he gives us the Theocritan idylls of his youth. He gives us pure Imagisme in such verses as:

"Over the green and yellow rice fields sweep the shadows of the autumn clouds, followed by the swift-chasing sun.

The bees forget to sip their honey; drunken with light they foolishly hum and hover; and the ducks in the sandy riverbank clamour in joy for mere nothing.

None shall go back home, brothers, this morning, none shall go to work.

We will take the blue sky by storm and plunder the space as we run.

Laughters fly floating in the air like foams in the flood.

Brothers, we shall squander our morning in futile songs."

(I give the poem as it originally appeared in English, the later version is available in "The Gardener.")

I am not writing this article for Mr. Tagore's admirers, who have already canonized and deified him and set him with a tin harp on the right hand of God the Father Almighty world without end amen.

There have been various attacks on Mr. Tagore. Some have accused him of insincerity. They think that no man can be sincere unless he is also embittered.

Some have said that he was reaping credit really due to the older writers of India. I think they do not know how diligent Mr. Tagore has been in his endeavours to get earlier Hindi and Bengali poems edited and translated. I know that it was he who urged the Bengali edition of Kabir and I know that he has helped with the English translation of that author, and that he has urged other translations.

I do not think that an appreciation of Mr. Tagore's work need in any way interfere with an appreciation of Pratara Chandra Ray's heroic translation of the *Mahabharata*. The slow recognition of this latter work is a disgrace to the English world of letters, but Mr. Tagore cannot be held responsible.

The fact that this great classic is practically unavailable is a disgrace to English publishers. They have printed a rhymed synopsis, which is about what one might expect.

To say that Mr. Tagore did not compose the *Mahabharata*, is to say that Meleagar did not write the *Odyssey*. I cannot see that it pertains. Mr. Tagore is a lyric poet, it is with lyricists that one should compare him, and among them he will find his position.

In estimating his lyrics the critic should consider two things: the original and the translation. Any translation is a makeshift, it is one side of an original. Consider what would remain of most of our best loved songs if they were turned into German prose; or into Italian or Russian prose. Consider that in any volume of Mr. Tagore's lyrics all the subtle varieties of rhyme order and of cadence which diversify a collection of the originals, must of necessity be lost. The refreshment which would come in the change from one meter to another is of necessity sacrificed. The intelligent reader will do more than read the prose, he will try to reconstruct some idea of the original, of the long hyper-feminine rhymes, of the rhyme-arrangements like those of the *pleiade*, of the long bars of the Oriental *ragini*. He will try to fit into this sound picture the meaning expressed in translation. No one but an imbecile ever tries to

read a translation without attempting in some way to reconstruct the original setting.

With that in mind the reader may turn to the poem (44), "Reverend sir, forgive this pair of sinners," or to 49 which is even less set in the English, or to 57 or 62, or to 43 where he re-echoes the delicacy of La Chastelaine de St. Gilles, which itself echoes an older ballad,

" Nus de dois les le bois aller
Sanz son compaignette."

"No, my friends, I shall never be an ascetic, whatever you may say."

I think what I am trying to say about these poems is that one must read each poem as a whole and then reconceive it as a song, of which you have half forgotten the words. You must see them not as you see stars on a flag but as you half see stars in the heaven.

The joy is in the under-running quality of the emotion, not in verbal felicities. It is where only the wise will seek it.

"I tried to answer, but our language had been lost and forgotten. . . . our names would not come to my mind."

"Yes, Tagore is a good lover" (as a friend from Burmah has said of him). It is not the Vita Nuova but it is as delicate. He kisses a chance-passing blind girl and says: you are as blind as your flowers. Where the young Dante would have written, and does write constantly "*Donna, gloriosa, della mia mente*," Tagore sees the figure always or nearly always out of doors, or at least among real surrounding; as if "*Cantando ed iscegliendo fior da fiore*." He belongs "*nel Paradiso terrestre*."

"Volsesi in sui vermigli ed in sui gialli."

"Non di più colpo, che soave vento."

"Ed una melodia dolce correva
Per l'aer luminoso."

How many of the lines of these canti are in keeping with Rabindranath's content! How they come back upon one's mind as one reads him!

EZRA POUND.

C111

The Serious Artist.

III.—EMOTION AND POESY.

OBVIOUSLY, it is not easy to be a great poet. If it were, many more people would have done so. At no period in history has the world been free of people who have mildly desired to be great poets and not a few have endeavoured conscientiously to be such.

I am aware that adjectives of magnitude are held to savour of barbarism. Still there is no shame in desiring to give great gifts and an enlightened criticism does not draw ignominious comparisons between Villon and Dante. The so-called major poets have most of them given their own gift, but the peculiar term "major" is rather a gift to them from Chronos. I mean that they have been born upon the stroke of their hour and that it has been given them to heap together and arrange and harmonize the results of many men's labour. This very faculty for amalgamation is a part of their genius and it is, in a way, a sort of modesty, a sort of unselfishness. They have not wished for property.

The men from whom Dante borrowed are remembered as much for the fact that he did borrow as for

C112

their own compositions. At the same time he gave of his own, and no mere compiler and classifier of other men's discoveries is given the name of "major poet" for more than a season.

If Dante had not done a deal more than borrow rhymes from Arnaut Daniel and theology from Aquinas he would not be published by Dent in the year of grace 1913.

We might come to believe that the thing that matters in art is a sort of energy, something more or less like electricity or radio-activity, a force transmuting, welding, and unifying. A force rather like water when it spurts up through very bright sand and sets it in swift motion. You may make what image you like.

I do not know that there is much use in composing an answer to the often asked question: What is the difference between poetry and prose?

I believe that poetry is the more highly energized. But these things are relative. Just as we say that a certain temperature is hot and another cold. In the same way we say that a certain prose passage "Is poetry" meaning to praise it, and that a certain passage of verse is "only prose" meaning dispraise. And at the same time "Poetry!!!" is used as a synonym for "Bosh! Rott!! Rubbish!!!" The thing that counts is "Good Writing."

And "Good writing" is perfect control. And it is quite easy to control a thing that has in it no energy—provided that it be not too heavy and that you do not wish to make it move.

And, as all the words that one would use in writing about these things are the vague words of daily speech, it is nearly impossible to write with scientific preciseness about "prose and verse" unless one writes a complete treatise on the "art of writing," defining each word as one would define the terms in a treatise on chemistry. And on this account all essays about "poetry" are usually not only dull but inaccurate and wholly useless. And on like account if you ask a good painter to tell you what he is trying to do to a canvas he will very probably wave his hands helplessly and murmur that "He—eh—eh—he can't talk about it." And that if you "see anything at all, he is quite—eh—more or less—eh—satisfied."

Nevertheless it has been held for a shameful thing that a man should not be able to give a reason for his acts and words. And if one does not care about being taken for a mystificateur one may as well try to give approximate answers to questions asked in good faith. It might be better to do the thing thoroughly in a properly accurate treatise, but one has not always two or three spare years at one's disposal, and one is dealing with very subtle and complicated matter, and even so, the very algebra of logic is itself open to debate.

Roughly then, Good writing is writing that is perfectly controlled, the writer says just what he means. He says it with complete clarity and simplicity. He uses the smallest possible number of words. I do not mean that he skimps paper, or that he screws about like Tacitus to get his thought crowded into the least possible space. But, granting that two sentences are at times easier to understand than one sentence containing the double meaning, the author tries to communicate with the reader with the greatest possible despatch, save where for any one of forty reasons he does not wish to do so.

Also there are various kinds of clarity. There is the clarity of the request: Send me four pounds of ten-penny nails. And there is the syntactical simplicity of the request: Buy me the kind of Rembrandt I like. This last is an utter cryptogram. It presupposes a more complex and intimate understanding of the speaker than most of us ever acquire of anyone. It has as many meanings, almost, as there are persons who might speak it. To a stranger it conveys nothing at all.

It is the almost constant labour of the prose artist to translate this latter kind of clarity into the former; to say "Send me the kind of Rembrandt I like" in the terms of "Send me four pounds of ten-penny nails."

The whole thing is an evolution. In the beginning simple words were enough: Food; water; fire. Both prose and poetry are but an extension of language. Man desires to communicate with his fellows. He desires an ever increasingly complicated communication. Gesture serves up to a point. Symbols may serve. When you desire something not present to the eye or when you desire to communicate ideas, you must have recourse to speech. Gradually you wish to communicate something less bare and ambiguous than ideas. You wish to communicate an idea and its modifications, an idea and a crowd of its effects, atmospheres, contradictions. You wish to question whether a certain formula works in every case, or in what percent. of cases etc. etc. etc. you get the Henry James novel.

You wish to communicate an idea and its concomitant emotions, or an emotion and its concomitant ideas, or a sensation and its derivative emotions, or an impression that is emotive, etc. etc. etc. You begin with the yeowl and the bark, and you develop into the dance and into music, and into music with words, and finally into words with music, and finally into words with a vague adumbration of music, words suggestive of music, words measured, or words in a rhythm that preserves some accurate trait of the emotive impression, or of the sheer character of the fostering or parental emotion.

When this rhythm, or when the vowel and consonantal melody or sequence seems truly to bear the trace of emotion which the poem (for we have come at last to the poem) is intended to communicate, we say that this part of the work is good. And "this part of the work" is by now "technique." That "dry, dull, pedantic" technique, that all bad artists rail against. It is only a part of technique, it is rhythm, cadence, and the arrangement of sounds. Also the "prose," the words and their sense must be such as fit the emotion. Or, from the other side, ideas, or fragments of ideas, the emotion and concomitant emotions of this "Intellectual and Emotional Complex" (for we have come to the intellectual and emotional complex) must be in harmony, they must form an organism, they must be an oak sprung from one acorn.

When you have words of a lament set to the rhythm and tempo of "There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town to-night" you have either an intentional burlesque or you have rotten art. Shelley's "Sensitive Plant" is one of the rottenest poems ever written, at least one of the worst ascribable to a recognized author. It jiggles to the same tune as "A little peach in the orchard grew." Yet Shelley recovered and wrote the fifth act of the Cenci.

II.

It is occasionally suggested by the wise that poets should acquire the graces of prose. That is an extension of what has been said above anent control. Prose does not need emotion. It may, but it need not, attempt to portray emotion.

Poetry is a centaur. The thinking word, arranging, clarifying faculty must move and leap with the energizing, sentient, musical faculties. It is precisely the difficulty of this amphibious existence that keeps down the census record of good poets. The accomplished prose author will tell you that he "can only write poetry when he has a belly-ache" and thence he will argue that poetry just isn't an art.

I dare say there are very good marksmen who just can't shoot from a horse.

Likewise if a good marksman only mounted a few times he might never acquire any proficiency in shooting from the saddle. Or leaving metaphor, I suppose that what, in the long run, makes the poet is a sort of persistence of the emotional nature, and, joined with this, a peculiar sort of control.

The saying that "a lyric poet might as well die at thirty" is simply saying that the emotional nature seldom survives this age, or that it becomes, at any rate, subjected and incapable of moving the whole man. Of course this is a generality, and, as such, inaccurate.

It is true that most people poetize more or less, between the ages of seventeen and twenty-three. The emotions are new, and, to their possessor, interesting, and there is not much mind or personality to be moved. As the man, as his mind, becomes a heavier and heavier machine, a constantly more complicated structure, it requires a constantly greater voltage of emotional energy to set it in harmonious motion. It is certain that the emotions increase in vigour as a vigorous man matures. In the case of Guido we have his strongest work at fifty. Most important poetry has been written by men over thirty.

"En l'an trentiesme de mon eage," begins Villon and considering the nature of his life thirty would have seen him more spent than forty years of more orderly living.

Aristotle will tell you that "The apt use of metaphor, being as it is, the swift perception of relations, is the true hall-mark of genius." That abundance, that readiness of the image is indeed one of the surest proofs that the mind is upborne upon the emotional surge.

By "apt use," I should say it were well to understand, a swiftness, almost a violence, and certainly a vividness. This does not mean elaboration and complication.

There is another poignancy which I do not care to analyze into component parts, if, indeed, such vivisection is possible. It is not the formal phrasing of Flaubert (which you have seen recently praised by another writer in these columns) much as such formality is desirable and noble. It is such phrasing as we find in

"Era gla l'ora che volge il disio
Ai naviganti"

Or the opening of the ballata which begins:

"Perch'io non spero di tornar gla mai
Ballateita, in Toscana."

Or

"S'ils n'ayment fors que pour l'argent,
On ne les ayme que pour l'heure."

Or, in its context:

"The fire that stirs about her, when she stirs,"

or, in its so different setting,

"Ne maeg werigmod wyrde widhstondan
ne se hreo hyge helpe gefremman:
for (d)on domgeorne dreorigne oft
in hyra breostcofan bindath faeste."

For these things have in them that passionate simplicity which is beyond the precisions of the intellect. Truly they are perfect as fine prose is perfect, but they are in some way different from the clear statements of the observer. They are in some way different from that so masterly ending of the Herodias: "Comme elle etait tres lourde ils la portaient alternativement," or from the constation in St. Julian Hospitalier: "Et l'idee lui vient d'employer son existence au service des autres."

The prose author has shown the triumph of his intellect and one knows that such triumph is not without its sufferings by the way, but by the verses one is brought upon the passionate moment. This moment has brought with it nothing that violates the prose simplicities. The intellect has not found it but the intellect has been moved.

There is little but folly in seeking the lines of division, yet if the two arts must be divided we may as well use that line as any other. In the verse something has come upon the intelligence. In the prose the intelligence has found a subject for its observations. The poetic fact pre-exists.

In a different way, of course, the subject of the prose pre-exists. Perhaps the difference is undemonstrable, perhaps it is not even communicable to any save those of good will. Yet I think this orderliness in the greatest poetic passages, this quiet statement that partakes of the nature of prose and is yet afloat and tossed in the emotional surges, is perhaps as true a test as that mentioned by the Greek theoretician.

EZRA POUND.

(To be continued.)

The Divine Mystery.*

"I was sitting like Abraham in my tent door in the heat of the day, outside a Pagan city of Africa, when the lord of the thunder appeared before me, going on his way into the town to call down thunder from heaven upon it.

"He had on his wizard's robe, hung round with magical shells that rattled as he moved; and there walked behind him a young man carrying a lute. I gave the musician a piece of silver, and he danced before me the dance that draws down the thunder. After which he went his way into the town; and the people were gathered together in the courtyard of the king's house; and he danced before them all. Then it thundered for the first time in many days; and the king gave the thunder-maker a black goat—the immemorial reward of the performing god.

"So begins the history of the Divine Man, and such is his rude nativity. The secret of genius is sensitiveness. The Genius of the Thunder who revealed himself to me could not call the thunder, but he could be called by it. He was more quick than other men to feel the changes of the atmosphere; perhaps he had rendered his nervous system more sensitive still by fasting or mental abstraction; and he had learned to read his own symptoms as we read a barometer. So, when he felt the storm gathering round his head, he put on his symbolical vestment, and marched forth to be its Word, the archetype of all Heroes in all Mysteries."

So begins the most fascinating book on folk-lore that I have ever opened. I can scarcely call it a book on "folk-lore," it is a consummation. It is a history of the development of human intelligence. It is not a mass of theories, it is this history told in a series of vivid and precise illustrations, like the one I have chosen for quotation. It is not a philosophy, yet it manages to be an almost complete expression of philosophy. Mr. Upward has been "resident" in Nigeria; he has had much at first hand, and in all his interpretation of documents he has never for an instant forgotten that documents are but the shadow of the fact. He has never forgotten the very real man inside the event or the history. It is this which distinguishes him from all the encyclopædists who have written endlessly upon corn gods, etc.

Moreover, he thinks.

He thinks, *il pense*. He is intelligent. Good God! is it not a marvel that in the age of Cadbury and Northcliffe, and the "Atlantic Monthly" and the present "English Review," etc., etc., ad nauseam, is it not an overwhelming wonder that a thinking sentient being should still inhabit this planet and be allowed to publish a book!!

Very well then. Mr. Upward is intelligent. He is cognizant of the forces of intelligence and has traced, in some measure, their influence. He has traced the growth of religion and superstition from the primitive type of the thunder-maker to the idea of the messiah. He has traced many of the detestable customs of modern life to their roots in superstition.

The first half of the book is planned, if it can be called so, on the slow recognition of the sun. That is to say, primitive man turns from his worship of the dead, and of the earth and of various fears, to a worship of the life-giving Helios. The solar missionary says it is unnecessary to bury a man in the cornfield in order that crops shall rise by virtue of his spirit. The Aten disc is explained. The "Dies Irae" turns out to be a relic of fire worship. The "Divine Mystery" necessitates a new translation of the bible. And if the ecclesiastical mind were not ossified beyond all hope of revivification we should see the introductory notes above the chapters abandoned in favour of something related to truth.

Mr. Upward has left the charming pastoral figure of Jesus in a more acceptable light than have the advocates of "That religion which the Nazarene has been accused of having founded."

He has derived the word God from the word Goat, which will be a satisfaction to many. He has related prophesy to astrology, and has shown the new eras to be related to the ascent of the successive signs of the zodiac in which the sun appears, changing his mansion about once in each eight centuries.

The book itself is a summary, a leisured summary, that does not cut corners, or leave one with insufficient information. Still it contains so much and so much of vivid interest that it is very nearly impossible to review it.

It is a book full of suggestion for half a dozen sorts of specialist, at the same time it is legible and so clearly written that one has no need of specialized knowledge to read it.

I, personally, find in it clues and suggestions for the Provençal love customs of the Middle Ages—in the chapter on early marriage laws. Modern marriage is, apparently, derived from the laws of slave concubinage, not from the more honourable forms of primitive European marriage. So much for the upholders of "Sacrament."

It is great satisfaction to find a nice, logical book, where all the canting fools who have plagued one are—no, not "abused," but where an author, writing in a gentle and reasonable tone, presenting simple fact after simple fact, undermines their position, and shows them naked in all their detestability, in all their unutterable silliness.

The lovely belief in a durable hot hell dates back to the Parsee who squatted over a naphtha volcano. And various other stupidities still prevalent are shown to be as little inspired by either divine or human intelligence. It is a great book for liberations.

Someday, when the circulationists are neatly forgotten, people will take note of Mr. Upward's work in fundamentals. His "The New Word" will be recognised, instead of being ranted about by a few enthusiasts.

He is wholly careless of certain matters; he is apparently quite willing that his work should be immortal in general belief, instead of being "preserved" in specific works.

This author is a focus, that is to say he has a sense of major relations. The enlightenments of our era have come to him. He has seen how the things "put together."

It is pleasing to know that the ordinary native's hunt in Africa sets out with an ark of the covenant every whit as sacred as the junk box which the Israelites carried before them.

Especially if one has been "reared in the Christian faith" and been forced to eat at the same table with ministers and members of the Y.M.C.A., it is pleasant to know for certain just what part of their conversation is pure buncombe.

I do not wish to lead anyone into the belief that this is an impious book. I believe Allen Upward to be one of the devoutest men of the age. He insists that the real God is neither a cad nor an imbecile, and that is, to my mind, a fairly good ground for religion.

"All that has been was right, and will be wrong." He shows that even the crusades of the earlier and now detestable religions came in their own time as liberations.

It is a very difficult work to review. How Mr. Upward has managed to tell so many interesting facts in three hundred pages, is somewhat beyond me. It is, I must repeat, a clarifying book, it is not a set of facts very rigorously chosen in proportion to their interest. The idea of the goddess, the mother goddess, is analyzed; queenship and kingship and the priesthood are treated. Mr. Upward is not only perspicacious, but his mind is balanced by nature and by a knowledge of the Chinese classics. He is nowhere content with a sham.

Speaking in moderation, I suppose one might call "The Divine Mystery" a book indispensable to

*The Divine Mystery. By Allen Upward. (Garden City Press. 10/6.)

clergymen, legislators, students of folk-lore, and the more intelligent public.

I do not write this as a specialist; but judging by those points where Mr. Upward's *specialité* coincides with my own, I should say that he was led a scholarship not only wide but precise. He shows remarkable powers of synthesis.

However correct or incorrect I may be in my estimate, of this at least I am certain: no sane man will be bored during the hours he gives to the reading of this book.

EZRA POUND.

C113

The Serious Artist.

IV.

La poésie, avec ses comparaisons obligées, sa mythologie que ne croit pas le poète, sa dignité de style à la Louis XIV., et tout l'attirail de ses ornements appelés poétiques, est bien au-dessous de la prose dès qu'il s'agit de donner une idée claire et précise des mouvements du cœur; or, dans ce genre, on n'émeut que par la clarté."—*Stendhal*.

AND that is precisely why one employs oneself in seeking precisely the poetry that shall be without this flummery, this fustian à la Louis XIV., "*farcié de comme*." The above critique of Stendhal's does not apply to the Poema de Cid, nor to the parting of Odysseus and Calipso. In the writers of the duo-cento and early tre-cento we find a precise psychology, embedded in a now almost unintelligible jargon, but there nevertheless. If we cannot get back to these things; if the serious artist cannot attain this precision in verse, then he must either take to prose or give up his claim to being a serious artist.

It is precisely because of this fustian that the Parnassiads and epics of the eighteenth century and most of the present-day works of most of our contemporary versifiers are pests and abominations.

As the most efficient way to say nothing is to keep quiet, and as technique consists precisely in doing the thing that one sets out to do, in the most efficient manner, no man who takes three pages to say nothing can expect to be seriously considered as a technician. To take three pages to say nothing is not style, in the serious sense of that word.

There are several kinds of honest work. There is the thing that will out. There is the conscientious formulation, a thing of infinitely greater labour, for the first is not labour at all, though the efficient doing of it may depend on a deal of labour foregoing.

There is the "labour foregoing," the patient testing of media, the patient experiment which shall avail perhaps the artist himself, but is as likely to avail some successor.

The first sort of work may be poetry.

The second sort, the conscientious formulation, is more than likely to be prose.

The third sort of work savours of the laboratory, it concerns the specialist, and the dilettante, if that word retains any trace of its finer and original sense. A dilettante proper is a person who takes delight in the art, not a person who tries to interpose his inferior productions between masterwork and the public.

I reject the term *connaissanceurship*, for "*connaissanceurship*" is so associated in our minds with a desire for acquisition. The person possessed of *connaissanceurship* is so apt to want to buy the rare at one price and sell it at another. I do not believe that a person with this spirit has ever *seen* a work of art. Let me restore the foppish term *dilettante*, the synonym for folly, to its place near the word *diletto*.

The dilettante has no axe to grind for himself. If he be artist as well, he will be none the less eager to preserve the best precedent work. He will drag out "sources" that prove him less original than his public would have him.

As for Stendhal's stricture, if we can have a poetry that comes as close as prose, *pour donner une idée claire et précise*, let us have it, "*E di venire a ciò io studio quanto posso . . . che la mia vita per alquanti anni duri*." . . . And if we cannot attain to such a poetry, noi altri poeti, for God's sake let us shut up. Let us "Give up, go down," etcetera; let us acknowledge that our art, like the art of dancing in armour, is out of date and out of fashion. Or let us go to our ignominious ends knowing that we have strained at the cords, that we have spent our strength in trying to pave the way for a new sort of poetic art—it is not a new sort but an old sort—but let us know that we have tried to make it more nearly possible for our successors to recapture this art. To write a poetry that can be carried as a communication between intelligent men.

To this end *io studio quanto posso*. I have tried to establish a clear demarcation. I have been challenged on my use of the phrase "great art" in an earlier article. It is about as useless to search for a definition of "great art" as it is to search for a scientific definition of life. One knows fairly well what one means. One means something more or less proportionate to one's experience. One means something quite different at different periods of one's life.

It is for some such reason that all criticism should be professedly personal criticism. In the end the critic can only say "I like it," or "I am moved," or something of that sort. When he has shown us himself we are able to understand him.

Thus, in painting, I mean something or other vaguely associated in my mind with work labelled Durer, and Rembrandt, and Velasquez, etc., and with the painters whom I scarcely know, possibly of T'ang and Sung—though I dare say I've got the wrong labels—and with some Egyptian designs that should probably be thought of as sculpture.

And in poetry I mean something or other associated in my mind with the names of a dozen or more writers.

On closer analysis I find that I mean something like "maximum efficiency of expression"; I mean that the writer has expressed something interesting in such a way that one cannot re-say it more effectively. I also mean something associated with discovery. The artist must have discovered something—either of life itself or of the means of expression.

Great art must of necessity be a part of good art. I attempted to define good art in an earlier chapter. It must bear true witness. Obviously great art must be an exceptional thing. It cannot be the sort of thing anyone can do after a few hours' practice. It must be the result of some exceptional faculty, strength, or perception. It must almost be that strength of perception working with the connivance of fate, or chance, or whatever you choose to call it.

And who is to judge? The critic, the reviewer, however stupid or ignorant, must judge for himself. The only really vicious criticism is the academic criticism of those who make the grand abnegation, who refuse to say what they think, if they do think, and who quote accepted opinion; these men are the vermin, their treachery to the great work of the past is as great as that of the false artists to the present. If they do not care enough for the heritage to have a personal conviction, then they have no licence to write.

Every critic should give indication of the sources and limits of his knowledge. The criticism of English poetry by men who knew no language but English, or who knew little but English and school-classics, has been a marasmus.

When we know to what extent each sort of expression has been driven, in, say, a dozen great

C114

literatures, we begin to be able to tell whether a given work has the excess of great art. We would not think of letting a man judge pictures if he knew only English pictures, or music if he knew only English music—or only French or German music for that matter.

The stupid or provincial judgment of art bases itself on the belief that great art must be like the art that it has been reared to respect.

EZRA POUND.

C114

Ikon

It is in art the highest business to create the beautiful image; to create order and profusion of images that we may furnish the life of our minds with a noble surrounding.

And if—as some say, the soul survives the body; if our consciousness is not an intermittent melody of strings that relapse between whiles into silence, then more than ever should we put forth the images of beauty, that going out into tenantless spaces we have with us all that is needful—an abundance of sounds and patterns to entertain us in that long dreaming; to strew our path to Valhalla: to give rich gifts by the way.

E.P.

C114a

PEALS OF IRON

Fire and Wine, by John Gould Fletcher. Grant Richards
London.

The Dominant City, by John Gould Fletcher. Max
Goschen, London.

Sing, O ye poets, sing on,
Of golden summer's gales;
Of patented magic casements,
And copyright nightingales!

Thus Mr. Fletcher in the earlier book, while he still sat under the aegis of Verlaine. Mr. Fletcher has left that aegis. He has left his native Arkansas. It is five years since he took that step which would seem to be almost imperative for any American who has serious intentions toward poetry. He left the virgin republic of the west as a duckling departs from a hen. For five years he has kept an indifferent silence, and now with an equally indifferent bravura, he puts forth five volumes at once—some of them, or at least some parts of them good, and at least one of them important.

And I did not rush
To print my teething pains,

he says in an earlier work. Whatever lines in these books may be classified under that title have been given out with deliberation. Yet having been convinced by *The Dominant City* that this author is not wholly a fool, one is heartened for the search of the other books. And even these are not without their charm, are not without touches of beauty, of mockery and of grimness. Here is an author set to portraying the real; he is contemporary, he has heard of the city of Paris, and even if his book had been written in French it would not be called old-fashioned. This would be bad enough in an Englishman, but in an American, in a compatriot of five thousand professors of literature who have never heard of any French author since Béranger, it is wholly and simply appalling.

Mr. Fletcher's English is not always good, for he is trying to use the speech of his time, which renders him inelegant, and he does not escape all the prevalent faults of his continental contemporaries; that is to say, he falls into rhetoric and into using abstractions. Yet he talks about a factory as if it were a factory and not a mythological beast. He can at his best be concrete and grim and specific. He still likes to lump his "griefs," and things of that sort, into some general term, and he still writes of life, hope, pleasure, death, lust, and that sort of thing, but so does the great Verhaeren. At least Mr. Fletcher has never mentioned

Le bondissant tocsin des vérités vivantes.

As with Barzun's *Hymne des Forces*, I have here come upon a work that moves me, although my own canons suffer violence.

E. P.

ZENIA

By Ezra Pound

WHO am I to condemn you, O Dives,
 I who am as much embittered
 With poverty
 As you are with useless riches?

II

As cool as the pale wet leaves
 of lily-of-the-valley
 She lay beside me in the dawn.

III

(EPITAPH)

Leucis, who intended a Grand Passion,
 Ends with a willingness-to-oblige.

IV

Come let us play with our own toys,
 Come my friends, and leave the world to its muttoms,
 You were never more than a few,
 Death is already amongst you.

V

She had a pig-shaped face, with beautiful coloring,
 She wore a bright, dark-blue cloak,
 Her hair was a brilliant deep orange color
 So the effect was charming
 As long as her head was averted.

VI

I join these words for four people,
 Some others may overhear them.
 World, I am sorry for you.
 You do not know the four people.

VII

As a bathtub lined with white porcelain,
 When the hot water gives out or goes tepid,
 So is the slow cooling of our chivalrous passion,
 O my much praised but-not-altogether-satisfactory lady.

VIII

The bashful Arides
 Has married an ugly wife,
 He was bored with his manner of life,
 Indifferent and discouraged he thought he might as
 Well do this as anything else.

Saying within his heart "I am no use to myself,
 Let her, if she wants me, take me,"
 He went to his doom.

IX

All the while that they were talking the new morality
 Her eyes explored me.
 And when I arose to go
 Her fingers were like the tissue
 Of a Japanese paper napkin.

X

SIMULACRA

Why does the horse-faced lady of just the unmention-
 able age
 Walk down Longacre reciting Swinburne to herself,
 inaudibly?
 Why does the small child in the soiled-white imitation
 fur coat
 Crawl in the very black gutter beneath the grape stand?
 Why does the really handsome prostitute approach me
 in Sackville Street
 Undeterred by the manifest age of my trappings?

XI

(TAME CAT)

"It rests me to be among beautiful women.
 Why should one always lie about such matters?"

I repeat:
 It rests me to converse with beautiful women
 Even though we talk nothing but nonsense,

The purring of the invisible antennæ
 Is both stimulating and delightful."

Reviews.

*The Tempers.

Mr. Williams' poems are distinguished by the vigour of their emotional colouring. He makes a bold effort to express himself directly and convinces one that the emotions expressed are veritably his own, wherever he shows traces of reading, it would seem to be a snare against which he struggles, rather than a support to lean upon. It is this that gives one hopes for his future work, and it is his directness coupled with the effect of colour—and the peculiarly vivid and rich range of colour in which his emotions seem to present themselves, "gold against blue" to his vision—that produces the individual quality of his verse. His metres also are bold, heavily accented, and built up as part of himself.

The mood of "The Tempers" varies from that of the splendid "Postlude" (which appeared in these pages some weeks since—in a group of poems headed "The Newer School"), with its

" Let there be gold of tarnished masonry,
Temples soothed by the sun to ruin
That sleep utterly.
Give me hand for the dances,
Ripples at Philæ, in and out,
And lips, my Lesblan,
Wall flowers that once were flame."

to the macabre humour of "Hic Jacet," which I quote entire.

" The coroner's merry little children
Have such twinkling brown eyes,
Their father is not of gay men
And their mother jocular in nowise,
Yet the coroner's merry little children
Laugh so easily.

They laugh because they prosper.
Fruit for them is upon all branches.
Lo! how they jibe at loss, for
Kind heaven fills their little paunches!
It's the coroner's merry, merry children
Who laugh so easily.

At times he seems in danger of drifting into imaginative reason, but the vigour of his illogicalness is nearly always present to save him; and he is for the most part content to present his image, or the bare speech of his protagonist, without border or comment, as he does in the "Crude Lament":

" The men that went a-hunting
Are asleep in the snowdrifts.
You have kept the fire burning!
Crooked fingers that pull
Fuel from among the wet leaves,"

or in the more or less unintelligible rune of "The Ordeal," where someone is evidently praying to the fire-spirit to save a companion from witchcraft or some other magic.

One is disappointed that Mr. Williams has not given a larger volume, and one hopes for more to come.
E. P.

*Paul Castiaux

Of course you never know where you are, in treating a foreign work of your own day. In your own country or in your own proper language you know, if you know your subject at all, that there are a dozen or so serious workers, as for the rest you can divide them fairly easily into well-meaning amateurs, charlatans, and ill-meaning amateurs. There are also the stationary, who are beyond the pale of description.

But in a foreign tongue you never quite know. You know what moves and what pleases you, the rest is approximation. The finer shades may escape you. You are never quite sure of the clichés. You never know the precise moment at which the adjective "tiède" should have been for once and all discarded.

You know fairly clearly that there came a time when you personally ceased to be able to read French verse that went in slabs on the pages. You know vaguely when a new book seems like ninety-eight other books you have opened.

I think the one thing which does not escape you is a passionate vigour of language, or some new form of intensity. One does not doubt Corbière. It does not require a critic to find him. With impressionists it is undoubtedly different. An impressionist is one who does not seek to impress us. An impressionist cares little either about us or himself. He is neither pleased nor displeased with his subject. He is mildly pleased to be conscious.

This attitude is so irritating to some that we have fallen into new movements.

We have ninety-eight new schools of Passionate Indignationists who move under all sorts of names in divers sorts of North-West, and no one dares say "Hawk" to a Henshaw for fear that he might be mistaken.

I have received a pleasing book from M. Paul Castiaux. After what I have said I cannot call M. Castiaux an impressionist. I had better quote his "PAYSAGE."

" De fines toiles d'araignée tombent du ciel.
Il pleut fin et perpétuel
Du ciel distant au ciel prochain de ma fenêtre.
La cendre minuscule et ténue de la pluie
Choit leutement, comme une trame de soie grise
Brûlée par les années, imperceptible poudre.

Un peu de l'ame omniprésente de la pluie
Vient jusqu' à moi et mouille un peu mon cœur
lassé.

La bruine plane sur les toits roses et bleus,
Sur les rochers massifs et gris,
Et sur ce petit village de là-bas.
Hier si clair,

Impuissant aujourd'hui, et cherchant à tâtons.
De pointe, avec l'épée luisant du clocher
L'azur dormant bien haut sur des coussins de pluie.

Un bateau gros et bas
Passe entre les rochers accroupis sur l'eau verte,
Avec des voiles couleur du temps et du pays,
Pour sa besogne si mer-à-mer de tons les jours.

Et quelque part, une batteuse mécanique
Ronfle sans répit, ronfle depuis le matin,
Encombrant le silence à plat sous le ciel gris,
Ronfle et vrombit,
Avec son bruit pareil à celui qui ferait,
Un lourd frelon géant rôdant sur la campagne."

Such is the *paysage* as M. Castiaux and perhaps other writers have seen it.

E. P.

C118

C117

- C117 The Tempers. *New Freewoman*, I. 12 (1 Dec. 1913) 227.
A review, signed: E. P., of *The Tempers*, by William Carlos Williams.
C118 Paul Castiaux. *New Freewoman*, I. 12 (1 Dec. 1913) 227.
A review, signed: E. P., of "*Lumières du monde*" *poèmes*, by Castiaux.

Poems.

By EZRA POUND.

FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.

Come, my songs, let us express our baser passions.
Let us express our envy for the man with a steady job
and no worry about the future.

You are very idle, my songs,
I fear you will come to a bad end.
You stand about the streets. You loiter at the
corners and bus-stops,
You do next to nothing at all.
You do not even express our inner nobility,
You will come to a very bad end.

And I? I have gone half cracked.
I have talked to you so much
that I almost see you about me,
Insolent little beasts! Shameless! Devoid of
clothing!

But you, newest song of the lot,
You are not old enough to have done much mischief.
I will get you a green coat out of China
with dragons worked upon it.

I will get you the scarlet silk trousers
From the statue of the infant Christ at Santa Maria
Novella;

Lest they say we are lacking in taste,
Or that there is no caste in this family.

LES MILLWIN.

The little Millwins attend the Russian Ballet.
The mauve and greenish souls of the little Millwins
Were seen lying along the upper seats
Like so many unused boas.

The turbulent and undisciplined host of art students—
The rigorous deputation from "Slade"—
Was before them.

With arms exalted, with fore-arms
Crossed in great futuristic X's, the art students
Exulted, they beheld the splendors of *Cleopatra*.

And the little Millwins beheld these things;
With their large and anæmic eyes they looked out
upon this configuration.

Let us therefore mention the fact,
For it seems to us worthy of record.

ANCORA.

Good God! They say you are *risqué*!
O canzonetti,
We who went out into the four a.m. of the world
Composing our albas;
We who shook off our dew with the rabbits;
We who have seen even Artemis a-binding her
sandals,
Have we ever heard the like!
O mountains of Hellas!

Gather about me, O Muses!
When we sat upon the granite brink in Helicon
Clothed in the tattered sunlight,
O Muses with delicate shins,
O Muses with delectable knee-joints,
When we splashed and were splashed with
The lucid Castalian spray
Had we ever such an epithet
Cast upon us!

APRIL.

Three spirits came to me
And drew me apart
To where the olive boughs
Lay stripped upon the ground:
Pale carnage beneath bright mist.

GENTILDONNA.

She passed and left no quiver in the veins, who now—
Moving among the trees, and clinging
in the air she severed,
Fanning the grass she walked on then—endures:
Gray olive leaves beneath a rain-cold sky.

SURGIT FAMA.

There is truce among the gods,
Korè is seen in the North
Skirting the blue-gray sea
In gilded and russet mantle.
The corn has again its mother and she, Leucōnoë,
That failed never women, fails not the curth now.
The tricksome Hermes is here;
He moves behind me
Eager to catch my words,
Eager to spread them with rumour;
To set upon them his change
Crafty and subtle;
To alter them to his purpose;
But do thou speak true, even to the letter:
"Once more in Delos, once more is the altar a-quiver,
Once more is the chant heard,
Once more are the never abandoned gardens
Full of gossip and old tales."

CONVICTIONS.

I.

Rest me with Chinese colours,
For I think the glass is evil.

II.

The wind moves above the wheat—
With a silver crashing,
A thin war of metal.

I have known the golden disc,
I have seen it melting above me.
I have known the stone-bright place,
The hall of clear colours.

III.

O glass subtly evil, O confusion of colours!
O light bound and bent in, O soul of the captive,
Why am I warned? Why am I sent away?
Why is your glitter full of curious mistrust?
O glass subtle and cunning, O powdery gold!
O filaments of amber, two-faced iridescence!

THE CHOICE.

It is true that you say the gods are more use to you
than fairies,
But for all that I have seen you on a high, white,
noble horse,
Like some strange queen in a story.
It is odd that you should be covered with long
robes and trailing tendrils and flowers;
It is odd that you should be changing your face and
resembling some other woman to plague me;
It is odd that you should be hiding yourself in the
cloud of the beautiful women, who do not
concern me.
And I, who follow every seed-leaf upon the wind!
They will say that I deserve this.

THE REST.

O helpless few in my country,
O remnant enslaved!
Artists broken against her,
A-stray, lost in the villages,
Mistrusted, spoken-against.
Lovers of beauty, starved,
Thwarted with systems,
Helpless against the control;
You who can not wear yourselves out
By persisting to successes,
You who can only speak,
Who can not steel yourselves into reiteration;
You of the finer sense,
Broken against false knowledge,
You who can know at first hand,
Hated, shut in, mistrusted:
Take thought.
I have weathered the storm,
I have beaten out my exile.

Ford Madox Hueffer.

MR. FORD MADOX HUEFFER is presented to us as the father or at least the shepherd of English Impressionist writers—not that Mr. Hueffer is an institution. Mr. Hueffer is younger by a decade than most of the English Institutions. Mr. Hueffer has preached "Prose" in this Island ever since I can remember. He has cried with a high and solitary voice and with all the fervors of a new convert. "Prose" is his own importation. There is no one else with whom one can discuss it. One is thankful for Mr. Hueffer in land full of indigenous institutions like Gosse, and Saintsbury, and the "Daily Mail" professor at Cambridge for the reluctance of Abraham to take these three upholders of obsolete British taste to his once commodious bosom is a recurring irritation to nearly every young artist.

Mr. Hueffer having set himself against them and their numerous spiritual progeny, it is but natural that he is "not taken seriously" in Institutional quarters.

Mr. Hueffer has written some forty books, very good, quite bad, and indifferent. He can and, sometimes, does write prose. I mean Prose with a very big capital letter. Prose that really delights one by its limpidity.

And now they have collected his Poems. And he has written a charmingly intelligent and more or less inconsequent preface. He has written a preface that one can take seriously as criticism because he declines to lie. He frankly says what he likes—a paradigm for all would-be critics. And for the most part the things he likes are good and the things he dislikes abominable.

It is true that he invents a class of German lyricists, and endows them with qualities more easy to find among the French writers. He supposes a whole tribe of Heines, but no matter. The thing that he praises is good; it is direct speech and vivid impression.

As for the poems themselves one does not need to be a devotee of letters to be amused by "Süssmund's Address to an Unknown God." It is a "conversation" such as one might have heard from the author in any drawing-room at any one of his mote exasperated moments this five years. We feel that that author has expressed himself and has mirrored the world of his day. His world that is, London, a circle of diners and writers. And his refrain.

"God, fill my purse and let me go away:"

is its soul cry and its sum of all wisdom.

The acme of intelligence is again reached in "The Three-Ten."

"When in the prime of May-Day time dead lovers went a-walking,

How bright the grass in lads' eyes was, how easy poets talking.

Here were green hills," etc.

The stanza is rather obscure, but we learn that he is comparing the past and present, the fields of Bayswater with the present pavement, and implying the difference in custom. He ends,

"But see, but see! The clock marks three above the Kilburn Station,

Those maids, thank God! are 'neath the sod and all their generation."

It is a light song, but one has only to open the pages of Cowper to return and sing it with fervour.

"Collected Poems," By Ford Madox Hueffer.
(Max Goschen. 5/- net.)

Of course Mr. Hueffer is obscure, but after knowing his poems for three or four years one finds oneself repeating his phrases with an ever-increasing passion.

When Mr. Hueffer is not reactive; when he is not "getting things off his chest" and off all our chests altogether, he shows himself capable of simple, quite normally poetic poetry, as in "Finchley Road."

"You should be a queen or a duchess rather,"

In some very ancient day and place as follows:

"Lost in a great land, sitting alone

And you'd say to your shipmen: 'Now take your ease,

To-morrow is time enough for the seas.'

And you'd set your bondmen a milder rule

And let the children loose from school.

No wrongs to right and no sores to fester.

In your small, great hall 'neath a firelit dais,

You'd sit, with me at your feet, your jester,

Stroking your shoes where the seed pearls glisten,

And talking my fancies. And you, as your way is,

Would sometimes heed and at times not listen,

But sit at your sewing and look at the brands."

Mr. Hueffer has in his poems the two faces that one has long known in his novels—the keen modern satires as in that flail of pomposities "Mr. Fleight" and the pleasant post-pre-Raphaelite tapestry as we find in such chapters as that on the young knight of Edgerton in his bath, or in "The Young Lovel."

His emotions make war on his will, but his perception of objects is excellent. From a technical point of view the first poems in the book are worthy of serious study. Because of his long prose training Mr. Hueffer has brought into English verse certain qualities which younger writers would do well to consider. I say younger writers for the old ones are mostly past hope.

I do not mean that one should swallow the impressionist manner whole or without due discrimination.

In "The Starling" the naturalness of the language and the suavity with which the rhyme-sounds lose themselves in the flow of the reading, are worthy of emulation.

Naturalness of speech can of course be learned from Francis Jammes and other French writers, but it is new and refreshing in contemporary English.

As Mr. Hueffer in his opening bow declares himself to be, not a poet but merely a very distinguished amateur stepping into verse from the sister art, one need not carp at his occasional lapses. And there is no doubt whatever that this is the most important book of verse of the season, and that it, moreover, marks a phase in the change which is—or at least which one hopes is coming over English verse. (I refer to the first three sections of the book, the reprints of earlier work need not come into discussion.) Mr. Hueffer has also the gift for making lyrics that will sing, as for example the "Tandaradei" more or less after Von der Vogelweide, and "The Three-Ten" which I have mentioned. This is no despicable gift and there is no man now living in England who is possessed of it in more notable degree.

Hang it all, if "a lyric" means a song calculated to be sung to music such as we know it, we would not be far wrong in calling Mr. Hueffer the best lyricist in England. This métier he certainly knows and he calculates for both composer and vocalist. The "Tandaradei" is one of the few things in modern English that Brahms might have set without being wholly disgusted.

EZRA POUND.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE TRADITION

Penitus enim tibi O Phoebe attributa est cantus.



HE tradition is a beauty which we preserve and not a set of fetters to bind us. This tradition did not begin in A. D. 1870, nor in 1776, nor in 1632, nor in 1564. It did not begin even with Chaucer.

The two great lyric traditions which most concern us are that of the Melic poets and that of Provence. From the first arose practically all the poetry of the "ancient world," from the second practically all that of the modern. Doubtless there existed before either of these traditions a Babylonian and a Hittite tradition whereof knowledge is for the most part lost. We know that men worshipped Mithra with an arrangement of pure vowel-sounds. We know that men made verses in Egypt and in China, we assume that they made them in Uruk. There is a Japanese metric which I do not yet understand, there is doubtless an agglutinative metric beyond my comprehension.

As it happens, the conditions of English and forces in the English tradition are traceable, for the most part, to the two traditions mentioned. It is not intelligent to ignore the fact that both in Greece and in Provence the poetry attained its highest rhythmic and metrical brilliance at times when the arts of verse and music were most closely knit together, when each thing done by the poet had some definite musical urge or necessity bound up within it. The Romans writing upon tablets did not match the cadences of those earlier makers who had composed to and for the Cÿthera and the Barbitos.

As touching the parallel development of the twin arts in the modern world, it may be noted that the *canzon* of Provence became the *canzone* of Italy, and that when Dante and his contemporaries began to compose philosophic treatises in verse the *son* or accompaniment went maying on its own account, and in music became the sonata; and from the date of that divorce poetry declined until such time as Baif and the Pléiade began to bring Greek and Latin and Italian renaissance fashions into France, and to experiment in music and "quantity."

The Italians of that century had renewed the art, they had written in Latin, and some little even in Greek, and had used the Hellenic meters. DuBellay translated Navgherius into French, and Spenser translated DuBellay's adaptations into English, and then as in Chaucer's time and times since then, the English cribbed their technique from over the channel. The Elizabethans "made" to music, and they copied the experiments of Paris. Thus as always one wave of one of these traditions has caught and overflowed an earlier wave receding. The finest troubador had sung at the court of Coeur de Lion. Chaucer had brought in the "making" of France and ended the Anglo-Saxon alliterative fashions. The

canzon of Provence which had become the *canzone* and sonnet, had become *Minnesang*; it had become the ballade and it became many an "Elizabethan" form. And at that age the next wave from Paris caught it, a wave part "Romance" (in the linguistic sense) and part Latin. But Provence is itself Latin, in a way, for when the quantities of syllables had been lost through the barbarian invasions, rhyme had come in as courtly ornament. The first fragment of Provençal poetry is Latin with a Provençal refrain.

Dr. Ker has put an end to much babble about folk song by showing us *Summer is ycummen in* written beneath the Latin words of the first known example of a canon.

II

A return to origins invigorates because it is a return to nature and reason. The man who returns to origins does so because he wishes to behave in the eternally sensible manner. That is to say, naturally, reasonably, intuitively. He does not wish to do the right thing in the wrong place, to "hang an ox with trappings," as Dante puts it. He wishes not pedagogy but harmony, the fitting thing.

This is not the place for an extensive discussion of technical detail. Of the uses and abuses of rhyme I would say nothing, save that it is neither a necessity nor a taboo.

As to quantity, it is foolish to suppose that we are incapable of distinguishing a long vowel from a short one, or that we are mentally debarred from ascertaining how many consonants intervene between one vowel and the next.

As to the tradition of *vers libre*: Jannaris in his study of the Melic poets comes to the conclusion that they composed to the feel of the thing, to the cadence, as have all good poets since. He is not inclined to believe that they were much influenced by discussions held in Alexandria some centuries after their deaths.

If the earnest upholder of conventional imbecility will turn at random to the works of Euripides, or in particular to such passages as *Hippolytus*, 1268 *et Seq.*, or to *Alkestis* 266 *et seq.*, or *idem* 455 *et seq.*, or to *Phoenissae* 1030 *et circa*, or to almost any notable Greek chorus, it is vaguely possible that the light of *vers libre* might spread some faint aurora upon his cerebral tissues.

No one is so foolish as to suppose that a musician using "four-four" time is compelled to use always four quarter notes in each bar, or in "seven-eighths" time to use seven eighth notes uniformly in each bar. He may use one $\frac{1}{2}$, one $\frac{1}{4}$ and one $\frac{1}{8}$ rest, or any such combination as he may happen to choose or find fitting.

To apply this musical truism to verse is to employ *vers libre*.

To say that such and such combinations of sound and tempo are not proper, is as foolish as to say that a painter

should not use red in the upper left hand corners of his pictures. The movement of poetry is limited only by the nature of syllables and of articulate sound, and by the laws of music, or melodic rhythm. Space forbids a complete treatise on melody at this point, and forbids equally a complete treatise on all the sorts of verse, alliterative, syllabic, accentual, and quantitative. And such treatises as the latter are for the most part useless, as no man can learn much of these things save by first-hand, untrammelled, unprejudiced examination of the finest examples of all these sorts of verse, of the finest strophes and of the finest rhyme-schemes, and by a profound study of the art and history of music.

Neither is surface imitation of much avail, for imitation is, indeed, of use only in so far as it connotes a closer observation, or an attempt closely to study certain forces through their effects.

Ezra Pound

Ferrex on Petulance.

MY gracious, superior and I need scarcely say elder friend constantly remonstrates with me for the petulance of me and my generation. He says I cannot get Lord Howard de Walden to buy "The Times" and suppress it, or Lord Alfred Douglas to assassinate the most odious editor of a very odious monthly, or, in short, have any effect on superior circles unless I lay aside all petulance, and persuade my generation to do so.

"In short, the younger generation is ill-fed, and its petulance betrays its ill-feeding, and therefore no superior person will believe in the loftiness and unbiasedness of its ill-fed opinion." True it is that the younger generation is ill-fed and worse-mannered. No longer do kings in African cities array the aspiring writers in flowery-broidered robes, to observe the Kalends of Mahomet. No longer doth W. E. Henley from the lowlands of Scotland put forth an ægis of style above the head of the rising author. My elder and superior friend talks of three guineas a page as minimum wages, my younger and extremely superior friend talks of Paris where no one gets paid at all—and the annalists prate of the nineties.

In all this there is no high moral lesson. *Quis accuratè loquitur, nisi qui vult putidè loqui?* "Who speaketh elaborately but he that means to speak unsavourily?" as Florio has rendered it.

"A generation came down to London resolved to speak as they wrote." For all that disastrous decade men spoke with the balanced sentence. There was great awe in the world.

And then there came to London a generation that tries to write as it speaks—and these young men are termed petulant—a praise by faint condemnation?

Let us admit the defect. We cannot read Thomas Browne to develop a cadence, or rather if we did, or even do, the cadence escapes us when we become hot in composition.

We have attained to a weariness more highly energised than the weariness of the glorious nineties, or at least more obviously volcanic. We see on the one side the elaborate prose period and we see on the other some highly systematised smugness—as for instance "The Times," and when we try to treat one with the other, when we try to speak of, say, "The

Times" with, say, the cadence of *Urn Burial*, we lose the connection. There is within us nothing to say beyond the Gallic "five letters," it is so with many things that have outworn their day. We feel that we have showed all possible moderation if we have been able to dilute our profane and emotional utterance into any sort of syntax at all.

We gaze, glance, or anmadvert upon any one of a number of organs and institutions no one of which has ever, in any emergency, or upon any tide of impulse, been known to depart from its professional position of supporting the upper dog. We do not see through the eyes of romance nor of impressionism. These organisations do not represent a worthy stolidity. They no longer affect one as Lions in Trafalgar Square. They exist in the open. They ask for concessions of territory, or for concessions in intellectual territory. They criticise books with an elaborate pomposity of ignorance that no longer deceives any but rustics. And in the face of this are we in the heat of our declining youth expected to stretch the one word *merde* over eighteen elaborate paragraphs? Are we expected to write of these things with such involved ambiguity that people with whom we dine later will not know that their relatives have been insulted? Are we to carry the courtesy of Urbino to the shambles?

You will say that we should preserve a lofty indifference—surely we have mentioned these things very seldom. We have gone our own gait—and they call that "neglecting life," and "devalitalising one's writing." There is some excuse, even for Monsieur Marinetti, not much—but a little.

• • • •

It is possible that England tolerates only two sorts of writers: the institution or the outlaw, and that being the case, a young writer would probably fare better in writing for "Modern Society" than in contributing to "The Spectator"—a serious writer I mean—one who had some hunger for immortality and some hope of meeting De Maupassant in the not too celestial paradise.

At any rate, let me draw to the end of my gentle homily, cautioning the "young writer" to seek out henceforth a not too honied suavity in dealing with "current questions," for by this means alone shall he gain empery over the moderate minds of his elders.

FERREX.

PORREX ON FERREX.

WE must really explain that Ferrex is a fine specimen, *pulcher ac fortissimus, sarcinis aptissimus*, but he fails to understand our passions. It may be that we as the youngest generation are truly well opinioned of our parts, that we write with truculence rather than with that air of triumph which designates and distinguishes those authors who are getting well on toward forty. For all that I am in unison with a certain distinguished papist who says that certain things do not matter. As for influencing the suet-like minds of our prosperous forerunners—why should we bother? These men will probably die in due season and we shall be left to insult above their tribe with a placid insouciance. Why should we bother to express ourselves at length and in flowing periods? Is it not cogent argument enough to say we see through you, you are a kettle of wind and transparent? Is it not enough to insure them that their tombstone will not endure a day beneath our hands?

This criticism by institutional method that Ferrex rails at is not really a force that matters. Saintsbury cannot possibly matter in 1941, he is as little alive as William of Orange.

As for petulance among the younger writers, I confess I do not much find it—save possibly in some weeklies.

They may say that we are lacking in deference for our elders, but if we consider these elders we see that in their youth they may have had causes for deference to Browning and Fitzgerald and Rossetti. Yet what have they left us?

The decade of vilanelle left us nothing and the hyper-æsthetes left us a fine large stench to grow up in. And as for the survivors: what have they to do with the deeds of our timorous laureate, or with the cult of the utterly innocuous, or with an academic committee which has made itself the laughing-stock of Europe by failing to elect Rabindranath Tagore?

Surely there was never a time when the English "elder generation as a whole" mattered less or had less claim to be taken seriously by "those on the threshold,"

C122a

PORREX.

MR. HAWKINS ON MR. CARTER.

To the Editor of THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

Dear Editor if yewll fergive me fer being so konfideshul loike wot i wants to say is this that ere Untly Carter es a jolly good chap e is wot i allways ses is wots the good of it all? all this ere poetry and stile and tawkin and jawin yer ead off like the missus does if yer as a drop but Untly es got stile e as tawk abaht shikespier and g. r. Sims wy they aint nowheres in it. i ses give me a feller wot knows is bisness i ses an dont go gassin abaht things wot fellers like us dont know and dont want ter know i ses oo wants ter ere a lot o jaw abaht immiges and forun langwidges and sich? call it dam blarsted forun cheek i do if youll pawdon me missy fer sayin so thow yewre a b.a. still i rekkon the bord schools good enuf fer Untly and me and chaps like us wot as to rool the kuntry

dear missy i wants yew ter write an tell Untly that me an my mates we loike is stile we do an if he loikes ter kum dahn ar elly baht arf pas nine satdy nite weel giv im a nice of dish a pigs troters and sum beer an pudin an if so be e loikes a gaime o aipny nep we don min taikin a hand or a bit o kok-fightin like jes ter amewse us pore fellers an tell Untly from us that e ort to be primminister e ort its a shime thats wot it is fer a feller like that ter be waisted on jurnalissum dear missy tell im not ter ferget next satdy arf pas nine crooks elly of kent rowd clos ter the ol megpy and gawd bless yer Untly

Henery Hawkins.

C123

C122a Porrex on Ferrex. *Egoist*, I. 1 (1 Jan. 1914) 10.
Signed: Porrex.

C123 Mr. Hawkins on Mr. Carter. *Egoist*, I. 1 (1 Jan. 1914) 19.

In Cockney dialect, signed: Henery Hawkins; concerning Huntly Carter. Almost certainly by Ezra Pound.

C124 A Curious History. *Egoist*, I. 2 (15 Jan. 1914) 26-27.

On James Joyce and *Dubliners*. Reprinted, May 1917, as a broadside (see E2d).

A Curious History.

THE following statement having been received by me from an author of known and notable talents, and the state of the case being now, so far as I know, precisely what it was at the date of his last letter (November 30th), I have thought it more appropriate to print his communication entire than to indulge in my usual biweekly comment upon books published during the fortnight.

Mr. Joyce's statement is as follows:—

The following letter, which gives the history of a book of stories, was sent by me to the Press of the United Kingdom two years ago. It was published by two newspapers so far as I know: "Sinn Fein" (Dublin) and the "Northern Whig" (Belfast).

Via della Barriera Vecchia 32 III.,
Trieste,
Austria.

SIR,

May I ask you to publish this letter, which throws some light on the present conditions of authorship in England and Ireland?

Nearly six years ago Mr. Grant Richards, publisher, of London, signed a contract with me for the publication of a book of stories written by me, entitled "Dubliners." Some ten months later he wrote asking me to omit one of the stories and passages in others which, as he said, his printer refused to set up. I declined to do either, and a correspondence began between Mr. Grant Richards and myself which lasted more than three months. I went to an international jurist in Rome (where I lived then) and was advised to omit. I declined to do so, and the MS. was returned to me, the publisher refusing to publish, notwithstanding his pledged printed word, the contract remaining in my possession.

Six months afterwards a Mr. Hone wrote to me from Marseilles to ask me to submit the MS. to Messrs. Maunsel, publishers, of Dublin. I did so; and after about a year, in July, 1909, Messrs. Maunsel signed a contract with me for the publication of the book on or before 1st September, 1910. In December, 1909, Messrs. Maunsel's manager begged me to alter a passage in one of the stories, "Ivy Day in the Committee Room," wherein some reference was made to Edward VII. I agreed to do so, much against my will, and altered one or two phrases. Messrs. Maunsel continually postponed the date of publication and in the end wrote, asking me to omit the passage or to change it radically. I declined to do either, pointing out that Mr. Grant Richards, of London, had raised no objection to the passage when Edward VII. was alive, and that I could not see why an Irish publisher should raise an objection to it when Edward VII. had passed into history. I suggested arbitration or a deletion of the passage with a prefatory note of explanation by me, but Messrs. Maunsel would agree to neither. As Mr. Hone (who had written to me in the first instance) disclaimed all responsibility in the matter and any connection with the firm I took the opinion of a solicitor in Dublin, who advised me to omit the passage, informing me that as I had no domicile in the United Kingdom I could not sue Messrs. Maunsel for breach of contract unless I paid £100 into court, and that even if I paid £100 into court and sued them, I should have no chance of getting a verdict in my favour from a Dublin jury if the passage in dispute could be taken as offensive in any way to the late King. I wrote then to the present King, George V., enclosing a printed proof of the story, with the passage therein marked, and begging him to inform me whether in his view the passage (certain allusions made by a person of the story in the idiom of his social class) should be withheld from publication as offensive to the memory of his father. His Majesty's private secretary sent me this reply:—

C124

Buckingham Palace.

The private secretary is commanded to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. James Joyce's letter of the 1st instant, and to inform him that it is inconsistent with rule for his Majesty to express his opinion in such cases. The enclosures are returned herewith.
11th August, 1911.

(The passage in dispute is on pp. 193 and 194 of this edition from the words *But look* to the words *play fair*.)

I wrote this book seven years ago and hold two contracts for its publication. I am not even allowed to explain my case in a prefatory note: wherefore, as I cannot see in any quarter a chance that my rights will be protected, I hereby give Messrs. Maunsel publicly permission to publish this story with what changes or deletions they may please to make, and shall hope that what they may publish may resemble that to the writing of which I gave thought and time. Their attitude as an Irish publishing firm may be judged by Irish public opinion. I, as a writer, protest against the systems (legal, social, and ceremonious) which have brought me to this pass.

Thanking you for your courtesy,

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JAMES JOYCE.

18th August, 1911.

I waited nine months after the publication of this letter. Then I went to Ireland and entered into negotiations with Messrs. Maunsel. They asked me to omit from the collection the story, "An Encounter," passages in "Two Gallants," the "Boarding House," "A Painful Case," and to change everywhere through the book the names of restaurants, cake-shops, railway stations, public-houses, laundries, bars, and other places of business. After having argued against their point of view day after day for six weeks and after having laid the matter before two solicitors (who, while they informed me that the publishing firm had made a breach of contract, refused to take up my case or to allow their names to be associated with it in any way), I consented in despair to all these changes on condition that the book were brought out without delay and the original text were restored in future editions, if

such were called for. Then Messrs. Maunsel asked me to pay into their bank as security £1,000 or to find two sureties of £500 each. I declined to do either; and they then wrote to me, informing me that they would not publish the book, altered or unaltered, and that if I did not make them an offer to cover their losses on printing it they would sue me to recover same. I offered to pay sixty per cent. of the cost of printing the first edition of one thousand copies if the edition were made over to my order. This offer was accepted, and I arranged with my brother in Dublin to publish and sell the book for me. On the morning when the draft and agreement were to be signed the publishers informed me that the matter was at an end because the printer refused to hand over the copies. I took legal advice upon this, and was informed that the printer could not claim the money due to him by the publisher until he had handed over the copies. I then went to the printer. His foreman told me that the printer had decided to forego all claim to the money due to him. I asked whether the printer would hand over the complete edition to a London or Continental firm or to my brother or to me if he were fully indemnified. He said that the copies would never leave his printing-house, and added that the type had been broken up, and that the entire edition of one thousand copies would be burnt the next day. I left Ireland the next day, bringing with me a printed copy of the book which I had obtained from the publisher.

JAMES JOYCE.

Via Donato Bramante 4, II.,
Trieste,
30th November, 1913.

The other events in the world of publication have been the appearance of a new volume of poems by Arthur Symons. The publisher neglects to send it to us for review. A similar complaint against him appeared recently in "The Outlook," over a popular novel.

"The English Review" for the month contains the outpourings of Messrs. Crowley, Edmund Gosse, and George Moore. Mr. Moore has succeeded in falling below even his usual level of mendacious pusillanimity.

EZRA POUND.

DES IMAGISTES

AN ANTHOLOGY



NEW YORK
ALBERT AND CHARLES BONI
38 FIFTH AVENUE
1914

Δ'ΩΡΙΑ

Be in me as the eternal moods
 of the bleak wind, and not
 As transient things are—
 gaiety of flowers.
 Have me in the strong loneliness
 of sunless cliffs
 And of grey waters.
 Let the gods speak softly of us
 In days hereafter,
 The shadowy flowers of Orcus
 Remember Thee.

EZRA POUND

THE RETURN

See, they return; ah, see the tentative
 Movements, and the slow feet,
 The trouble in the pace and the uncertain
 Wavering!

See, they return, one, and by one,
 With fear, as half-awakened;
 As if the snow should hesitate
 And murmur in the wind
 and half turn back;
 These were the "Wing'd-with-Awe,"
 Inviolable.

Gods of the winged shoe!
 With them the silver hounds
 sniffing the trace of air!
 Haie! Haie!
 These were the swift to harry;
 These the keen-scented;
 These were the souls of blood.

Slow on the leash,
 pallid the leash-men!

EZRA POUND

AFTER CH'U YUAN

I will get me to the wood
 Where the gods walk garlanded in wisteria,
 By the silver-blue flood move others with ivory cars.
 There come forth many maidens
 to gather grapes for the leopards, my friend.
 For there are leopards drawing the cars.

I will walk in the glade,
 I will come out of the new thicket
 and accost the procession of maidens.

EZRA POUND

LIU CH'E

The rustling of the silk is discontinued,
 Dust drifts over the courtyard,
 There is no sound of footfall, and the leaves
 Scurry into heaps and lie still,
 And she the rejoicer of the heart is beneath them:

A wet leaf that clings to the threshold.

EZRA POUND.

FAN-PIECE FOR HER IMPERIAL LORD

O fan of white silk,
 clear as frost on the grass-blade,
 You also are laid aside.

EZRA POUND

TS'AI CHI'H

The petals fall in the fountain,
 the orange coloured rose-leaves,
 Their ochre clings to the stone.

EZRA POUND.

TO HULME (T. E.) AND FITZGERALD

Is there for feckless poverty
 That grins at ye for a' that!
 A hired slave to none am I,
 But under-fed for a' that;
 For a' that and a' that,
 The toils I shun and a' that,
 My name but mocks the guinea stamp,
 And Pound's dead broke for a' that.

Although my linen still is clean,
 My socks fine silk and a' that,
 Although I dine and drink good wine—
 Say, twice a week, and a' that;
 For a' that and a' that,
 My tinsel shows and a' that,
 These breeks 'll no last many weeks
 'Gainst wear and tear and a' that.

Ye see this birkie ca'ed a bard,
 Wi' cryptic eyes and a' that,
 Aesthetic phrases by the yard;
 It's but E. P. for a' that,
 For a' that and a' that,
 My verses, books and a' that,
 The man of independent means
 He looks and laughs at a' that.

One man will make a novelette
 And sell the same and a' that.
 For verse nae man can siller get,
 Nae editor maun fa' that.
 For a' that and a' that,
 Their royalties and a' that,
 Wib time to loaf and will to write
 I'll stick to rhyme for a' that.

And ye may prise and gang your ways
 Wi' pity, sneers and a' that,
 I know my trade and God has made
 Some men to rhyme and a' that,
 For a' that and a' that,
 I maun gang on for a' that
 Wi' verse to verse until the hearse
 Carts off me wame and a' that.

WRITTEN FOR THE CENACLE OF 1909 VIDE INTRO-
 DUCTION TO "THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF T. E.
 HULME," PUBLISHED AT THE END OF "RIPOSTES."

BIBLIOGRAPHY

F. S. FLINT—"The Net of the Stars." Published by Elkin Mathews, 4 Cork St., London, W.

EZRA POUND—Collected Poems (Personae, Exultations, Canzoni, Ripostes). Published by Elkin Mathews.

TRANSLATIONS:

"The Sonnets and Ballate of Guido Cavalcanti."
Published by Small, Maynard & Co. Boston.

The Canzoni of Arnaut Daniel. R. F. Seymour & Co., Fine Arts Bldg., Chicago.

PROSE:

"The Spirit of Romance." A study of mediaeval poetry. Dent & Sons. London.

FORD MADOX HUEFFER—"Collected Poems." Published by Max Goschen, 20 Gt. Russel St., London. Forty volumes of prose with various publishers.

ALLEN UPWARD—Author of "The New Word," "The Divine Mystery," etc., etc.
The "Scented Leaves" appears in "Poetry" for September 1913.

WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS—"The Tempers." Published by Elkin Mathews.

AMY LOWELL—"A Dome of Many Coloured Glass." Published by Houghton, Mifflin. Boston.

The Bourgeois.

ONE of the boudoir school of journalists, or rather I should say "bedroom journalists" for the term "houidoir" suggests the lightness of a rather higher phase of the social order, at any rate one of those illegitimate descendants of Suetonius has made a rather interesting error. He has attacked Mr. Yeats because Mr. Yeats has, according to him, attacked the bourgeoisie. As a matter of fact Mr. Yeats was, in the particular speech referred to, attacking the aristocracy, which needs it, but no matter. The journalist has given his impression. He says that Mr. Yeats attacked the bourgeoisie and that Mr. Yeats talks as if he wasn't born of the bourgeoisie, to wit the middle classes. And with our timorous laureate chattering about pure English, and especially about the adoption of foreign words we feel it is necessary to assist, at this point, the lexicographers.

The word "bourgeois" is not applied to the middle classes to distinguish them from the aristocracy. It might be but that is scarcely its historical usage. The bourgeoisie is a state of mind. It is as a term of opprobrium, used by the bohemian, or the artist in contempt of the citizen. The bourgeoisie is digestive. The bourgeois is the lineal descendant of the "honest citizen" of the Elizabethan. The "honest citizen" was the person who was so overjoyed when he found out that Ben Jonson had made him a cuckold. He gained in distinction not because Ben Jonson was a great author, but because Ben Jonson sometimes appeared at court. The bourgeois is, roughly, a person who is concerned solely with his own comfort or advancement. He is, in brief, digestive. He is the stomach and gross intestines of the body politic and social, as distinct from the artist, who is the nostrils and the invisible antennæ.

I do not mean to say that there never was an ideal bourgeois who was a notable person, a power in the Hanseatic league, a lesser Cosimo, an upholder of liberties, a senator of Strasbourg, *qui porte sa bourgeoisie comme une marquise*. I mean simply that the word is scarcely ever used with this honorific significance. It has become a term of contempt. It has replaced the term *épicier*, or rather it has not replaced that term of contempt, for "épicier" was used by the aristocracy as a term of contempt, whereas "bourgeois," as a discourtesy, has come from the artist.

So that our journalist is as inaccurate in his language as in his facts. He has mistaken a term which is the censure of a whole code of morals and of ethics for a term of social snobbery, which is perhaps natural, as he himself would fall under either censure.

BASTIEN VON HELMHOLTZ.

C126

John Synge and the Habits of Criticism.

"SHE was so fine, and she was so healthy that you could have cracked a flea on either one of her breasts," said the old sea captain bragging about the loves of his youth. It seems a shame that the only man who could have made any real use of that glorious phrase in literature, is dead. He has fallen prey to a dull and scholastic biographer who has gathered facts from the very parasites and detractors whom Synge has so caustically described as attending his funeral, "small but select."

It is a comment on the general passion for the perfectly innocuous that this writer of theses should have listened to all witnesses irrespective of their

C127

C126 The Bourgeois. *Egoist*, I. 3 (2 Feb. 1914) 53.

Signed: Bastien [*i.e.* Baptiste] von Helmholtz.

C127 John Synge and the Habits of Criticism. *Egoist*, I. 3 (2 Feb. 1914) 53-54.

Signed: Bastien von Helmholtz. A brief paragraph was reprinted in *Agenda*, XVII. 3/4/XVIII. 1 (Autumn/Winter/Spring 1979/1980) 71.

vigour or sympathy or intelligence, and that he should have taken, not those salient details which are in accord with, or in a sort of complimentary antithesis to the man Synge as manifest in his work, but that he should have presented a sort of drab least common denominator. It is not important. It is not surprising. It will do no particular harm to Synge's memory. It is a tabulation of certain facts and dates and as such might be left to the museum catalogue without comment, were it not a symptom of the scholastic process everywhere at work obscuring the vitality of literature and bringing comfort to mediocrity. Rousseau in the hands of his disciples has become as pestilent almost, as Christ in the hands of the empire created christians. The "Confessions" having done their work have left a field for Bergson and for a democracy of commentators who believe not only that every man is created free and equal with a divine right to become an insignificant part of a social system but that all books are created equal and that all minds are created equal and that any distinct and distinguishing faculty should be curtailed and restricted.

Carlyle idealized the hero. The Victorian age went in for great figures and the world was overrun with people pretending to be great figures. Our decade has reacted against great figures and the scholast has become ashamed. The publicist has become apologist. They are now pretending that there never were any great figures and they are trying to prevent the possibility of recurrence. The mediocre have set up a cult of mediocrity, and deal in disparagement. And the party that should be making opposition, the indignant, have lost their clear-sightedness, they are so honest that they can only express their bitterness in abuse. They have not yet conspired.

There is no truce between art and the vulgo. There is a constant and irrefutable alliance between art and the oppressed. The people have never objected to obscurity in ballads. The bitterest and most poignant songs have been often written in cypher—of necessity. It is not for nothing that Verdi's name was cheered hysterically after his operas; was cheered for its half secret anagram V.E.R.D.I., Vittorio Emanuele Re d'Italia, cheered in cities where in Verdi's obscure, but not quite sufficiently obscure, chorus "Liberta" had been changed by the censors to "lealta."

The oppressed have never set a hand against their artists but the half taught have always done so, the bureaucracy have always done so, and a bureaucracy is not only political but literary, it demands the semi-efficient.

There is a bond between the artist and the inventor and the able man in a system. Each is feared by the inefficient man who holds the administrative grade just above him. I have seen an inventor treated by capitalists exactly as a good writer before he is "recognized," is treated by inefficient editors.

It is not a question of profession but of temperament. The consumer, the digestive man fears the dynamic man. He is perfectly right to do so. The dynamic man exists. Nothing can inhibit his existence. He exists on a desert island. Starve him, you give edge to his style and double the acidity of his will force. Against him society has but the one weapon, seduction.

The static man has no existence apart from his system. Let us take the anonymous "Times" reviewer, or better still Mr. Gosse who is what every "Times" reviewer would like to be, or Dr. Nicoll who is a degraded sort of Gosse. Consider any one of these people apart from their automatic position. Mr. Gosse would exist as the author of "Father and Son" and be universally respected. The rest would disappear, they would have not even that ephemeral and faintly stuffy and venomous existence which is now permitted them. Hence their necessity for hanging together. Hence their necessity of keeping

the administrative power out of the hands of an occasional genius who would see through them and sweep them out of "published opinion."

Here is an unconscious revelation in the "Times": "Among the best things in the Cambridge anthology is Mr. Brooke's 'Grantchester' and Mr. Flecker's 'Golden Journey to Samarkand.' But we are most concerned with the younger men."

Now that appears to say very little apart from being slightly ridiculous, for one would suppose that Mr. Brooke was about as near to puberty as any man producing serious poetry could be expected to be.

The press having no ambition for literature, having no ideal that it is willing to work for save an ideal of mediocrity, welcomes about twenty per cent. of new writers indiscriminately. It praises the first book or so and damns the rest. That is, it tries to swell the numbers and importance of the lower literary world. It wishes the young men to enter and remain expectant of press favours. It wants a proletariat of young writers who still believe in the intelligence or potential intelligence of reviewers.

The "Times" is a particularly poisonous source for the very reason that it is still, despite its flaws, the best of the dailies. A "Times" reviewer knows more than most men. As the Japanese ambassador said of Gladstone: "He seems so very well informed about all countries except Japan."

The "Times" reporter fools you until he tackles a subject that you really know something about. Ever after you discount him. He knows the accepted platitudes of every subject. He is therefore against the discoverer. He is like the professor who rejects new facts because they would make it necessary for him to rewrite his lectures. Having nothing at stake he is placid. He writes better than the believer for he has nothing to think about save his paragraphs. He is stupid, he is even ridiculous but he is never discomposed. He is suave and unreliable and credible, and he is therefore a menace.

BASTIEN VON HELMHOLTZ.

C127

The New Sculpture.

I.

SOME nights ago Mr. T. E. Hulme delivered to the Quest Society an almost wholly unintelligible lecture on cubism and new art at large. He was followed by two other speakers equally unintelligible. With the artists themselves fighting through the obscurities of a new convention it is foolish, or very nearly so, to expect a critic—even an amateur critic—to put forth generalities which shall wholly satisfy both artist and public.

One may stand and say "I believe." One can say with equal dignity "This stuff is a d—n sight more interesting than Rodin at his plaster-castiest or than the Florentine Boy." But whether one can lay down axioms of criticism that will not only *have* but *convey* a meaning is a thorny outrageous question.

The Greeks!!! Even the Greeks whose sculpture reminds all rightly constituted young futurists of cake-icing and plaster of Paris; even the Greeks had one ideal for their drama and another for cutting stone. They had Praxiteles to make them super-fashion plates; immortal and deathless lay-figures, and they had tragedy to remind them of chaos and death and the then inexplicable forces of destiny and nothingness and beyond.

Their sculpture has at certain recurring periods been an ideal for super-æsthetes and matinee girls. The placid have excused the Greek drama by the Aristotelian fable that it was made for purgation, that you beheld Clytemnestra and then retreated

home to do differently. You exhausted your unseemly emotions by the use of vicarious horror and returned to an orderly life.

Of course the Greeks never did return to an orderly life. They were addicted to more disreputable vices than can be mentioned in modern society or even in "Modern Society." With the exception of a few plausible writers they were probably the most unpleasant set of people who ever existed, so that taking it all in all, it is not necessary to believe that the Aristotelian theory is pragmatical.

Mr. Hulme told us that there was *vital* art and *geometric* art. Mr. Lewis compared the soul to a bullet. I gathered from his speech that you could set a loaf of bread in an engine shop and that this would *not* cause said loaf to produce cubist paintings.

A third speaker got himself disliked by saying that one might regard the body either as a sensitized receiver of sensations, or as an instrument for carrying out the decrees of the will (or expressing the soul, or whatever you choose to term it). These two views are opposed and produce two totally opposed theories of æsthetic. I use the word æsthetic paradoxically, let us say two theories of art.

Finding this statement unfavourably received and wishing to be taken for a man of correct and orthodox opinions; trimming his words to the wind, he then said that you could believe that man was the perfect creature, or creator, or lord of the universe or what you will, and that there was no beauty to surpass the beauty of man or of man as conceived by the late Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema; or that on the contrary you could believe in something beyond man, something important enough to be fed with the blood of hecatombs.

This last seemed to cheer the audience. Mr. Hulme had also expressed it.

II.

Humanism having had no chance in the occident, in life, I mean, save for an occasional decade which has usually been followed by some pest like the counter-reformation or Pralse-God Barebones or the most estimable S. Webbs & Co., Humanism has, I was about to write, taken refuge in the arts.

The introduction of Djinns, tribal gods, fetiches, etc. into the arts is therefore a happy presage.

The artist has been for so long a humanist! He has been a humanist out of reaction. He has had sense enough to know that humanity was unbearably stupid and that he must try to disagree with it. But he has also tried to lead and persuade it; to save it from itself. He has fed it out of his hand and the arts have grown dull and complacent, like a slightly uxorious spouse.

The artist has at last been aroused to the fact that the war between him and the world is a war without truce. That his only remedy is slaughter. This is a mild way to say it. Mr. Hulme was quite right in saying that the difference between the new art and the old was not a difference in degree but a difference in kind; a difference in intention.

The old-fashioned artist was like a gardener who should wish to turn all his garden into trees. The modern artist wishes dung to stay dung, earth to stay earth, and out of this he wishes to grow one or two flowers, which shall be something emphatically *not* dung, *not* earth. The artist has no longer any belief or suspicion that the mass, the half-educated simpering general, the semi-connoisseur, the sometimes collector, and still less the readers of the "Spectator" and the "English Review" can in any way share his delights or understand his pleasure in forces.

He knows he is born to rule but he has no intention of trying to rule by general franchise. He at least is born to the purple. He is not elected by a system of plural voting. There has been a generation of artists who were content to permit a familiarity between themselves and the "cultured" and, even worse, with the "educated," two horrible classes composed of suburban professors and their gentler relations.

C128

C127 Continued

C128 The New Sculpture. *Egoist*, I. 4 (16 Feb. 1914) 67-68.

This time is fortunately over. The artist recognises his life in the terms of the Tahitian savage. His chance for existence is equal to that of the bushman. His dangers are as subtle and sudden.

He must live by craft and violence. His gods are violent gods. A religion of fashion plates has little to say to him, and that little is nauseous. An art of the fashion plates does not express him.

There is a recognition of this strife in the arts—in the arts of the moment.

Those artists, so called, whose work does not show this strife, are uninteresting. They are uninteresting because they are simply insensible. And being insensible they are not artists.

One therefore says that Epstein is the only sculptor in England. One hears whispers of a man called Gill (the present author knows nothing about him). And more recently one has come into contact with the work of a young sculptor Gaudier-Brzeska (reproduced in this issue).

It is not to be denied that Mr. Epstein has brought in a new beauty. Art is to be admired rather than explained. The jargon of these sculptors is beyond me. I do not precisely know why I admire a green granite, female, apparently pregnant monster with one eye going around a square corner.

When I say that I admire this representation more than an earlier portrait of the same monster (in the shape of a question mark) I am told "It is more monumental."

These men work in an unchanging world. Their work permits no argument. They do not strive after plausibility. I think we are sick to death of plausibilities; of smooth answers; of preachers who "prophecy not the deaths of kings."

It is easier to get at our comfort, our exultation, our quiet in this new sort of sculpture, it is easier, I am trying to say, to get at or explain this by negative statements. We are sick to death of the assorted panaceas, of the general acquiescence of artists, of their agreement to have perfect manners, and to mention absolutely nothing unpleasant. We are equally sick of the psycho-intellectual novel—the analytical method of pretending that all hateful things are interesting and worthy of being analysed and recorded.

Therefore this sculpture with its general combat, its emotional condemnation, gives us our strongest satisfaction.

A sculpture expressing desire, and aware of the hindrance, a sculpture recognising inertia and not trying to persuade us that there is any use in analysing that inertia into seven and seventy sorts of mental and temperamental debility, such a sculpture has come to us in good hour and all one can say is that one is grateful and that it is very difficult to express this gratitude.

Realism in literature has had its run. For thirty or more years we have had in deluge, the analyses of the fatty degeneration of life. A generation has been content to analyse. They were necessary. My generation is not the generation of the romanticists. We have heard all that the "realists" have to say. We do not believe in Eutopias, we accept all that the realist has said. We do not think his statement complete, for he has often dissected the dead and taken no count of forces. To the present condition of things we have nothing to say but "merde"; and this new wild sculpture says it.

The artist has been at peace with his oppressors for long enough. He has dabbled in democracy and he is now done with that folly.

We turn back, we artists, to the powers of the air, to the djinns who were our allies aforetime, to the spirits of our ancestors. It is by them that we have ruled and shall rule, and by their connivance that we shall mount again into our hierarchy. The aristocracy of entail and of title has decayed, the aristocracy of commerce is decaying, the aristocracy of the arts is ready again for its service.

Modern civilisation has bred a race with brains like those of rabbits and we who are the heirs of the

witch-doctor and the voodoo, we artists who have been so long the despised are about to take over control.

And the public will do well to resent these "new" kinds of art.

EZRA POUND.

An Essay in Constructive Criticism.

WITH APOLOGIES TO MR. F- -D M-D-X H- -FF-R
IN THE "STOUTLOOK."

OF course you know, or, if you don't know, you jolly well ought to know that it's a jolly difficult job to introduce a sporting page into a quiet literary review like *THE ECOIST*. However golf is golf and as I have noticed—for I look about a bit and see a lot of things that you and your likes would never think of seeing—I have noticed, I was about to say, and will say in the run of a page or so that golfers get jolly narrow-minded and get into clubs and pay no attention to the great mass of people who don't know a cleek from a bunker, and I think it a perfect shame so I am going with a certain non-chalance to be sure, I am going to start some free and constructive criticism to broaden the golfing mind.

And now if you'd believe it, though you won't, for you don't run around with such a variegated lot of folk as I do, but there are a lot of nice quiet well-dressed people, not people like us who wear made-to-order boots and Scotch tweed, but nevertheless people whose opinion the golfing world should attend to. There are a lot of such people, members of the saddlers' guild and of the protective Dorcas association who go whole days with never a hole of golf or so much as reading the newspaper accounts of the matches.

And of course this is journalism and this is der alte England (perfidie albio, my aunt Cynthia always used to call it) so I can't get on to my point much quicker than I'm doing at present. And anyway there are a lot of silly golfing prejudices to be got rid of before we can chat comfortably together. Now prejudice is a very grave thing and a very Jutish thing and there is a lot to be said about Jutes and gravity but I'm on prejudice and that reminds me of a prejudice of my own about a chap who used to use pink clubs. Always hated that chap for using pink clubs but now by jingo after all these years, and I think it a crying shame that even I had to wait ten years to get over that prejudice and find out what a fine game he plays . . . just my sort of game. He don't play golf, he just gives the impression of it. . . . Beautiful form, of course not much direction—THANK GOD I not much direction . . . doesn't get his ball into the holes but that is a rather silly thing to do with a golf-ball anyhow. And I think it a crying shame with Ouimet winning a cup in America that that splendid chap with the pink golf clubs has never had his due recognition among golfers. I do Indeed, my dear friend.

Well now there's a friend of my aunt's who practically never plays golf, or rather he don't play the regulation golf, shinny he calls it, hits the ball all right, it's a game like hockey or Celtic hurling . . . but I hate everything Celtic. But it doesn't much matter, my point is that golfers ought to quit playing golf that is only appreciated by golfers. They ought to play a good vigorous colloquial sort

C129

C128 Continued

C129 An Essay in Constructive Criticism. With Apologies to Mr F--d M-d-x H--ff-r in the "Stoutlook." *Egoist*, I. 4 (16 Feb. 1914) 76. Signed: Herrmann Karl Georg Jesus Maria. With footnote at end signed: William Michael R-s-tti. Almost certainly by Ezra Pound.

of game that will appeal to chaps like myself who have a go at literature in our spare moments. They ought to play the sort of golf that interests one's literary friends, if one's got 'em. It's silly to get clubs that appeal to a golfer and not to an artist like Wyndham Lewis. And if you only ran about with literary and artistic people like I do you'd jolly well see that the country will go to pot if the British golfer don't broaden his mind, and throw away his stupid conventions.

Now I'm not a member of any golf club. I don't like that sort of organisation, it limits the game. But they wanted me to protest to the committee. Dam the committee says I (like my friend Bullheim who resigned from the House of Lords because he didn't like the sort of Jews he had to meet there), you want me to bring a perfectly obscure body of men into the glare of publicity, you want me to martyrise 'em and establish 'em in the hearts of the people. I jolly well won't. And that reminds me of another golfer or rather he was a pugilist, John L. Sullivan, and he was an out an' outer till he was done for by Fitzsimmons (*vide foot-note*). Well anyhow despite my uncle's interruption Sullivan gave the impression of being a sportsman and the only thing that matters is the impression. So in following numbers I'm going to instruct the reader in constructive criticism of golf by giving my impression of such noted golfers as Rachel Annand Taylor, R. A. Scott-James, Joseph Conrad and Christina Rossetti.

HERRMANN KARL GEORG JESUS MARIA.

FOOT-NOTE.—My grand nephew in law is at this, as at most points, wilfully mendacious. It was not Fitzsimmons but "Gentleman Jim" Corbett who, in my grand nephew in law's vulgar phrase, "did for" Mr. John L. Sullivan, who now has a public house named after him on Lower Broadway, New York, not far from Walt Whitman's old Dwelling. Your obedient svt. WILLIAM MICHAEL R-S-TTI.

C129

A CORRECTION.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

By some slight error, my note entitled "The Bourgeois" has appeared over the signature of my brother, Bastien von Helmholtz. BAPTISTE VON HELMHOLTZ.
[We offer to our contributor sincere apologies for the oversight.—
ED., THE EGOIST.] .

C130

C129 Continued

C130 ☒ A Correction. *Egoist*, I. 4 (16 Feb. 1914) 79.

Signed: Baptiste von Helmholtz; pointing out that his note "The Bourgeois"—C126—appeared "by some slight error" over the signature of his brother, Bastien von Helmholtz. (Both names are pseudonyms of Ezra Pound.)

HOMAGE TO WILFRID BLUNT

On Sunday, January 18th, a committee of poets—Messrs. W. B. Yeats, T. Sturge Moore, Frederic Manning, John Masefield, Victor Plarr, F. S. Flint, Richard Aldington and Ezra Pound—presented to Wilfrid Scawen Blunt “in token of homage,” a reliquary carved in Pentelican marble by the brilliant young sculptor Gaudier Brzeska, ornamented with a female nude recumbent and an inscription, “Homage to Wilfrid Blunt.”

Mr. Blunt is perhaps known in America rather for his various political martyrdoms than for his poems. His claims upon posterity would, however, be sufficiently established if he had written no more than the double sonnet *With Esther*:

He who has once been happy is for aye
Out of destruction's reach. His fortune then
Holds nothing secret; and Eternity,
Which is a mystery to other men,
Has like a woman given him its joy.
Time is his conquest. Life, if it should fret,
Has paid him tribute. He can bear to die,

He who has once been happy! When I set
The world before me and survey its range,
Its mean ambitions, its scant fantasies,
The shreds of pleasure, which for lack of change
Men wrap around them and call happiness,
The poor delights which are the tale and sum
Of the world's courage in its martyrdom;

When I hear laughter from a tavern door,
When I see crowds agape and in the rain
Watching on tiptoe and with stifled roar
To see a rocket fired or a bull slain,
When misers handle gold, when orators
Touch strong men's hearts with glory till they weep,
When cities deck their streets for barren wars
Which have laid waste their youth, and when I keep
Calmly the count of my own life and see
On what poor stuff my manhood's dreams were fed
Till I too learn'd what dole of vanity
Will serve a human soul for daily bread—
Then I remember that I once was young
And lived with Esther the world's gods among.

Mr. Blunt is about the last man who has been able to use the old-fashioned Elizabethan “grand style” effectively.

The reliquary contained the following verses of homage signed by the committee:

Because you have gone your individual gait,
Written fine verses, made mock of the world,
Swung the grand style, not made a trade of art,
Upheld Mazzini and detested institutions;

We, who are little given to respect,
Respect you, and having no better way to show it,
Bring you this stone to be some record of it.

Beneath this there was an interesting collection of manuscripts: Mr. Manning's *Koré*, Mr. Plarr's *Epitaphium Cytheristriae* from the first book of the old Rhymers' Club, Mr. Moore's *The Dying Swan*, an unpublished

C131 Homage to Wilfrid Blunt. *Poetry*, III. 6 (Mar. 1914) 220-3.

This account by Ezra Pound of the presentation “in token of homage” to W. S. Blunt, on Sunday, 18 Jan., of “a reliquary carved in Pentelican marble by the brilliant young sculptor Gaudier Brzeska,” reprints the “verses of homage signed by the committee” and read by Pound, who also wrote them, anonymously. The poem had been printed with title “To Wilfrid Blunt” in the *Times*, London, for 20 Jan. 1914 (p. 5), and was included also in Richard Aldington's account of the ceremony, “Presentation to Mr. W. S. Blunt,” in the *Egoist* for 2 Feb. 1914 (p. 56). It was reprinted, with suggested attribution to Pound, in Harold Monro's *Some Contemporary Poets (1920)* (London, Leonard Parsons [1920]), p. 37, and appeared also in Edith Finch's *Wilfrid Scawen Blunt 1840-1922* (London, Jonathan Cape [1938]), p. 337.

poem by Mr. Yeats called *When Helen Lived, The Return*, Mr. Masefield's *Truth*, Mr. Flint's *Third Poem in Unrhymed Cadence*, and Mr. Aldington's *In Via Sistina*.

Mr. Blunt said, in his speech of acceptance, that this was the first time in his life that any admiration of his poetry had been expressed to him; that he had been honored only as a politician and as a breeder of horses.

The committee had proposed a large dinner of honor, but Mr. Blunt pleaded age as an excuse, and preferred to receive the committee in private. This he did with great charm, regaling us with the roast flesh of peacocks at Newbuildings, a sixteenth-century defensible grange in Sussex.

Had he accepted the dinner he might have had about him all the reputable poets of England, save those who hold official positions; for he is a little Englander and has never ceased to protest against the tyrannies and swindles of the Empire, "a Semitic invention of Disraeli's." As it was, the committee may be considered representative of the present vitality of English verse, although there were, among the younger men, unavoidable omissions, as follows: Mr. D. H. Lawrence, who is in Italy; Mr. Padraic Colum, now in Ireland; Mr. James Joyce, in Austria; and Mr. Rupert Brooke, somewhere in the South Pacific. Still it was a fairly complete sort of tribute, representing no one clique or style but a genuine admiration for the power behind all expression, for the spirit behind the writing.

Mr. Yeats, replying for the committee, summarized this admiration as follows:

When you published your first work, it was at the very height of the Victorian period. The abstract poet was in a state of glory. One no longer wrote as a human being, with an address, living in a London street, having a definite income, and a definite tradition, but one wrote as an abstract personality. One was expected to be very much wiser than other people. . . . The only objection to such a conception of the poet was that it was impossible to believe he existed. . . . Now instead of abstract poetry, you wrote verses which were good poetry because they were, first of all, fine things to have thought or to have said in some real situation in life. . . . We are now at the end of Victorian romance—completely at an end. One may admire Tennyson, but one can not read him. . . . If I take up today some of the things that interested me in the past I can no longer use them. They bore me. Every year some part of my poetical machinery suddenly becomes of no use. . . .

Stendhal said it some time ago, and said it rather better, for he was writing instead of speaking impromptu:

La poésie, avec ses comparaisons obligées, sa mythologie que ne croit pas le poète, sa dignité de style à la Louis XIV, et tout l'attirail de ses ornements appelés poétiques, est bien au-dessous de la prose dès qu'il s'agit de donner une idée claire et précise des mouvements du coeur; or, dans ce genre, on n'émeut que par la clarté.

It is poetry's job to catch up.

For an unabridged account of the speeches see *The Egoist* for February 1st.

Ezra Pound

EZRA POUND

I.—ALBATRE

THIS lady in the white bath-robe, which she calls a peignoir,
Is, for the time being, the mistress of my friend,
And the delicate white feet of her little white dog
Are not more delicate than she is,

Nor would Gautier himself have despised their contrasts in whiteness
As she sits in the great chair
Between the two indolent candles.

II.—SOCIETY

THE family position was waning,
And on this account the little Aurelia,
Who had laughed on eighteen summers,
Now bears the palsied contact of Phidippus.

III.—TO FORMIANUS' YOUNG LADY FRIEND

(*After VALERIUS CATULLUS*)

ALL Hail! young lady with a nose
by no means too small,
With a foot unbeautiful
and with eyes that are not black,
With fingers that are not long, and with a mouth undry,
And with a tongue by no means too elegant,
You are the friend of Formianus, the vendour of cosmetics,
And they call you beautiful in the province,
And you are even compared to Lesbia.
O most unfortunate age!

IV.—COITUS

THE glided phaloi of the crocusses
are thrusting at the spring air.
Here is there naught of dead gods
But a procession of festival,
A procession, O Julio Romano,
Fit for your spirit to dwell in!

Dione, your nights are upon us.
The dew is upon the leaf.
The night about us is restless.

V.—HEATHER

THE black panther treads at my side
 And above my fingers
 There float the petal-like flames.

The milk-white girls
 Unbend from the holly-trees
 And their snow-white leopard
 Watches to follow our trace.

VI.—THE FAUN

HA! Sir, I have seen you sniffing and snoozling
 about among my flowers.
 And what, pray, do you know about horticulture,
 you capriped?

“Come, Auster; come, Apeliota,
 And see the faun in our garden;
 But if you move or speak
 This thing will run at you
 And scare itself to spasms.”

VII.—TEMPORA

IO! Io! Tamuz!
 The Dryad stands in my court-yard
 With plaintive, querulous crying.
 (Tamuz! Io! Tamuz!)
 Oh no, she is not crying: “Tamuz.”
 She says, “May my poems be printed this week?
 The god Pan is afraid to ask you,
 May my poems be printed this week?”

VIII.—A TRANSLATION FROM THE PROVENÇAL
 OF EN BERTRANS DE BORN

Original composed about 1185 A.D.

LADY, since you care nothing for me,
 And since you have shut me away from you
 Causelessly,
 I know not where to go seeking,
 For certainly
 I will never again gather

Joy so rich, and if I find not ever
 A lady with look so speaking
 To my desire, worth yours whom I have lost,
 I'll have no other love at any cost.

And since I could not find a peer to you,
 Neither one so fair, nor of such heart,
 So eager and alert,
 Nor with such art
 In attire, nor so gay,
 Nor with gift so bountiful and so true,
 I will go out a-searching,
 Culling from each a fair trait
 To make me a borrowed lady
 Till I again find you ready.

Bels Cembelins, I take of you your colour,
 For it's your own, and your glance,
 Where love is ;
 A proud thing I do here,
 For, as to colour and eyes
 I shall have missed nothing at all
 Having yours.
 I ask of Midons Aelis (of Montfort)
 Her straight speech free-running,
 That my phantom lack not in cunning.

At Chalais of the Viscountess, I would
 That she give me outright
 Her two hands and her throat,
 So take I my road
 To Rochechouart,
 Swift-foot to my Lady Anhes,
 Seeing that Tristan's lady Iseutz had never
 Such grace of locks, I do ye to wit,
 Though she'd the far fame for it.

Of Audiart at Malemort,
 Though she with a full heart
 Wish me ill,
 I'd have her form that's laced
 So cunningly,
 Without blemish, for her love
 Breaks not nor turns aside,
 I of Miels'de'ben demand
 Her straight fresh body,
 She is so supple and young
 Her robes can but do her wrong,

Her white teeth, of the Lady Faidita
 I ask, and the fine courtesy
 She hath to welcome one,
 And such replies she lavishes
 Within her nest.
 Of Bels Mirals, the rest :
 Tall stature and gaiety,
 To make these avail
 She knoweth well, betide
 No change nor turning aside.

Ah, Belz Senher, Maent, at last
 I ask naught from you
 Save that I have such hunger for
 This phantom
 As I've for you, such flame-lap.
 And yet I'd rather
 Ask of you than hold another,
 Mayhap, right close and kissed.
 Ah, lady, why have you cast
 Me out, knowing you hold me so fast ?

The Causes and Remedy of the Poverty of China.



[NOTE.—The following MSS. was left with me by a Chinese official. I might have treated it in various ways. He suggested that I should rewrite it. I might excerpt the passages whereof I disapprove but I prefer to let it alone. At a time when China has replaced Greece in the intellectual life of so many occidentals, it is interesting to see in what way the occidental ideas are percolating into the orient. We have here the notes of a practical and technical Chinaman. There are also some corrections, I do not know by whom, but I leave them as they are.—EZRA POUND.]

C133

Exhibition at the Goupil Gallery

THE exhibition of new art now showing at the Goupil Gallery deserves the attention of everyone interested in either painting or sculpture.

The latter art is represented by the work of Epstein and of Gaudier Brzeska. I endeavoured to praise these men about a month ago and shall again so endeavour.

Jacob Epstein has sent in three pieces: a "Group of birds" placid with an eternal placidity, existing in the permanent places. They have that greatest quality of art, to wit: certitude.

"A Bird Pluming itself" is like a cloud bent back upon itself—not a woolly cloud, but one of those clouds that are blown smooth by the wind. It is gracious and aerial.

These things are great art because they are sufficient in themselves. They exist apart, unperturbed by the pettiness and the daily irritation of a world full of Claude Phillipses, and Saintsburys and of the constant bickerings of uncomprehending minds. They infuriate the denizens of this superficial world because they ignore it. Its impotences and its importances do not affect them. Representing, as they do, the immutable, the calm thoroughness of unchanging relations, they are as the gods of the Epicureans, apart, unconcerned, unrelenting.

This is no precious or affected self-blinding aloofness. Mr. Epstein has taken count of all the facts. He is in the best sense realist.

The green fenite woman expresses all the tragedy and enigma of the germinal universe: she also is permanent, unescaping.

This work infuriates the superficial mind, it takes no count of this morning's leader; of transient conditions. It has the solemnity of Egypt.

It is no use saying that Epstein is Egyptian and that Brzeska is Chinese. Nor would I say that the younger man is a follower of the elder. They approach life in different manners.

Brzeska is in a formative stage, he is abundant and pleasing. His animals have what one can only call a "snuggly," comfortable feeling, that might appeal to a child. A very young child would like them to play with if they were not stone and too heavy.

C134

Of the two animal groups, his stags are the more interesting if considered as a composition of forms. "The Boy with a Coney" is "Chou," or suggests slightly the bronze animals of that period. Brzeska is as much concerned with representing certain phases of animal life as is Epstein with presenting some austere permanence; some relation of life and yet outside it. It is as if some realm of "Ideas," of Platonic patterns, were dominated by Hathor. There is in his work an austerity, a metaphysics, like that of Egypt—one doesn't know quite how to say it. All praise of works of art is very possibly futile—were it not that one finds among many scoffers a few people of good will who are eager for this new art and not quite ready.

It is perhaps unfitting for a layman to attempt technicalities, the planes of Mr. Epstein's work seem to sink away from their outline with a curious determination and swiftness.

Last evening I watched a friend's parrot outlined against a hard grey-silver twilight. That is a stupid way of saying that I had found a new detail or a new correlation with Mr. Epstein's stone birds. I saw anew that something masterful had been done. I got a closer idea of a particular kind of decision.

II.

It is much more difficult to speak of the painting. It is perhaps further from one's literary habit, or it is perhaps so close to one's poetic habit of creation that prose is ill got to fit it.

Wyndham Lewis is well represented, especially by his "Columbus."

One can only pause to compliment the Countess Drogheda that she has set a good example to London.

Mr. Etchells has gained greatly in strength.

Edward Wadsworth has shown a number of canvases with brilliant and interesting refractions. I would mention especially the moods "Scerzo" and "Vivace," and his "Radiation" which is the "pictorial equivalent" of a foundry as perceived—and there is no need to ridicule these terms before having considered them—as perceived by the retina of the intelligence. It is expressed in terms of arabesque.

In general one may say to the uninitiated curious that cubism is an art of patterns. It differs from the pre-renaissance Italian patterns, and from the Japanese or from the pattern of art of Beardsley in that these arts treat a flat space. They make a beautiful

C133 [Introductory note to the first instalment of] The Causes and Remedy of the Poverty of China. By F. T. S. *Egoist*, I. 6 (16 Mar. 1914) 105.

(The same note was repeated before the second and third instalments in the *Egoist*, I. 7 (1 Apr. 1914) 131, and I. 10 (15 May 1914) 195.)

C134 Exhibition at the Goupil Gallery. *Egoist*, I. 6 (16 Mar. 1914) 109.

Contents: I. [Sculpture]—II. [Painting]. Part I was reprinted as "Ezra Pound's Estimate" in Jacob Epstein's *Let There Be Sculpture* ([1940])—B45—pp. 71-72.

arrangement of lines or colour shapes on a flat surface. Their first consideration is the flat space to be used.

Cubism is a pattern of solids. Neither cubism nor these other arts of pattern set out primarily to mirror natural forms. Thus one is removed from Andrea del Sarto and Carlo Dolce and from the discussions of art in "Il Cortegiano" and from all those people who are preoccupied with mimicry.

It is difficult to speak of the rest of this exhibit in detail, one may as well fall back upon impressionism as some of the painters have done.

There were so many pictures and so many people. They were a glittering confusion. There was someone after Van Gogh. And some one doing music halls not quite à la Degas. And there were people complaining about the Camden Town group and people very much relieved to find that there was still something which didn't threaten their early habits of thought. And it was—I mean the private view was—as they say in the "Times," "A very brilliant occasion."

EZRA POUND.

THE CARESSABILITY OF THE GREEKS.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

Your correspondent, Auceps, complains that I have not stopped to quote the whole of Reinach's "Apollo" in my 1000-word article on "The New Sculpture." He is angry because I have not filled my page with ideas out of Pater and the Encyclopædia Britannica. He is more interested in preserving the label "Hellenic" than in the vitality of the arts. The difference between serious controversy and journalistic controversy is that, in the former, one is seeking a precise definition and, in the latter, one is trying to "do in" one's opponent.

I will therefore try to restate the disputed passages of my article rather than spend space in the analysis of the young Auceps who is sufficiently apparent in his letter.

I.

The gods forbid that I should set myself up as an art critic. I do not much believe in any criticism of the arts save that which is made by artists, that is I want a painter on painting, a poet on verse, a musician on music. Their criticism can be technical and exact.

Beyond this there is a realm of opinion. The layman can say that he likes or that he dislikes. He may explain his reasons. They may be interesting. If he is a thoughtful man or a man skilled in some other art they very probably are interesting. They are not, or in most cases they are not in the least likely to be the artist's reasons.

I say for instance that Epstein is a very great sculptor and that after him Brzeska is more interesting than any other sculptor in England. I don't in the least suppose that I like a work of Epstein's for the same reasons that he likes it. If I were more interested in form than in anything else I should be a sculptor and not a writer. Epstein working in form produces something which moves me who am only moderately interested in form. Rummel who is interested in sound produces a composition of sounds which moves me who am only moderately sensitive to sound. I, if I am lucky, produce a composition of words which moves someone else who is only moderately interested in words.

This faculty for being moved is not criticism but appreciation. There is no need to confuse them. It interests me to find that my surest critic is a contemporary painter who knows my good work from my bad—nor by a critical process, at least not by a technical process. It is interesting philosophically or whatever you choose to call it. Anyhow it indicates a "life" or a sameness somewhere that we are both trying with our imperfect means to get at.

Our alliance must be with our own generation and usually with workers in other arts. No two of us have precisely the same function, and it is certain that the universe will not so suddenly alter its method that any two of us will suddenly come into complete understanding or accord.

II.

Regarding this pother about the Greeks: Some few of us are at last liberated from the idea that "THE BEAUTIFUL" is the caressable, the physically attractive.

C135

C134 Continued

C135 ☐ The Caressability of the Greeks. *Egoist*, I. 6 (16 Mar. 1914) 117.

C136 On Certain Reforms and Pass-Times. *Egoist*, I. 7 (1 Apr. 1914) 130-31.
Signed: Herman [sic] Carl Georg Jesus Maria. Almost certainly by Ezra Pound.

Art is not particularly concerned with the caressable.

The modern renaissance, or awakening, is very largely due to the fact that we have ceased to regard a work of art as good or bad in accordance with whether it approaches or recedes from the "Antique," the "classical" models.

We have come to recognise that that Greek work was not a uniform and unattainable perfection, but that out of a lot of mediocre work; out of a lot of remnants and fragments there remain certain masterpieces to be set apart and compared with other masterpieces from Egypt and from India and from China, and possibly from the south seas and other districts equally remote from Victorian or Pateresque culture.

Let us confess that we have derived more pleasure from the works of Wyndham Lewis than from the works of Poussin or of Apelles.

Let us take note that the Hellenist no longer takes his stand upon Tadema and Praxiteles.

Let us confess that we admire some Greek works more than others. Even the young Auceps may do some service in defending specific Greek works from the general contempt which is beginning to be hurled upon "the Greek," the Greek "as a whole," the Paterine sentimentalesque Hellenism. But he will not perform this service by refusing to see the force of other conventions, by resolutely entrenching himself in prejudice. By limiting his perceptions.

London.

EZRA POUND.

On Certain Reforms and Pass-Times.

"THE Church of England," began my friend Bullheim, "is a cross between a comedy and an annoyance."

As a loyal churchman I hastened to contradict this slander upon the ark of our faith.

"The church of England," continued my friend Bullheim, "is undoubtedly an annoyance, it rings bells in our noisiest cities, thereby adding to the already intolerable clatter of modern life. It is undoubtedly a comedy for it ends in unhealthy curates and it culminates in bishops who commemorate the fall of our first parent in the pattern of their arrayment. The head of the English church is the Emperor of India. When in York he is a heretic to the faith of Scotland whereof he is likewise the rightful and lawful head. When in Berwick-on-Tweed he is either an atheist or a Buddhist for the Royal Borough of Berwick is neither fish, flesh nor fowl, neither Scotch, English nor Ulsterian, therefore the religion of the king of England when he rests in Berwick-on-Tweed is, we suppose, a holy mystery to which all answers are equally heretical, and . . ."

"My dear Bullheim," I expostulated, "you . . ."

"I," continued the imperturbable Bullheim, "was about to say that the late Edward the seventh was of so tactful, retiring and conscientious a nature that he would never journey to Berwick for fear of straining his conscience and . . ."

"My dear Bullheim," I finally stopped him, "do any of these things really matter?"

"Really matter!! Do you take me for a writer of paragraphs in the 'Evening Eve'?' It isn't so much that they matter as that they contain that salt of incongruity which causes me to speak of the Anglican religion as comic, now I, as an Englishman, fail to see why I should leave the church of my fathers . . ."

"No one," said I, "has the least desire to see you forsake Al Koran, or the Cabala or the Talmud, or whatever they call it."

The above rather stupid conversation with an old but casual friend, a thing slight enough in itself, set me to thinking: Man, in the words of Shakespeare, Bacon, Tolstoi and others, "is an animal no better than woman, or any other animal." "Man is a loquacious creature fallible in regard to all matters save those which concern its stomach, and even in gastronomic not wholly above the commission of

C136

mistakes. Man is egregious and gregarious. Man may be divided into several species and some of it goes to church. Some of it does not go to places of public worship but maintains that such places are useful, or curious, or ornamental or monumental, or that the buildings serve as demonstration of how modern buildings should not be erected. In fact there is no limit to the varieties of opinion regarding the old but not immemorial institution, "religion."

"He was so old that he was an atheist," said a friend of mine about a character in some obscure Russian novel. Years and years ago in the time of Darwin and Huxley there actually were such people as atheists, and back before that there were deists, and all this is very, very difficult to explain to a little child, and if I hadn't two young children I wouldn't mind it at all. But how is one to explain all this to a child or a savage? I ask the gentle reader, or the information column, or anyone at all that you like, or the Bishop of Zanzibar whom nobody does seem to like though some of his confrères support him, I ask, in all humility, how is one to explain all this, or any part of this, or nothing but this, to either a child or a savage?

And besides this there is nothing more annoying than having chimes near one's house, chimes that are ill rung, and oft rung, and rung at all times out of season. For they ring chimes at weddings, and in Morocco they beat tom-toms at weddings to drown out the shrieks of the bride who is usually nine or twelve years of age, and dislikes the ceremony, and with all this and with motor-lorries belching smoke in one's face whenever one rides down Kensington Gore I can't help wondering why, really why, we pay the parson, or keep up a lot of ludicrous institutions.

I'm quite serious about this matter though my style is a little confused. But wouldn't we be really better with no institutions at all? With a really clean sweep of the matter? Isn't it, I mean, the way out, the solution? For the noble Lords want to hang the socialists, and the socialists, a loquacious and tiresome people, want to deport the noble Lords, and nearly everyone who is anything wants to do something to someone who is someone else. It don't really matter to me, for I never meet a noble Lord, and I never want to meet a socialist, but my grandmother, or rather my great aunt, for my real grandmother really died before I was born, but any way the old lady always did want me to do something for the advancement and uplift of humanity, and if you want to advance and uplift humanity there is nothing like writing in the press to do it, and do it quickly.

In fact the cause of humanity, the machinery for the advancement of humanity by writing in the daily press has itself become, in our happy age, an art, a science, an institution, and of course there is no use trying to do anything until you get an institution to do it. So I flatter myself, or rather I don't, I just feel my real value when I say that, even if my tone is somewhat light, that, I am actually contributing to the progress of the race by this little causerie. So I will go on with my argument.

My friend Bullheim was really wrong about the church, for if the church was really comic it wouldn't be an annoyance. And if we want complete peace we simply must do away with all institutions and return to a state of savagery more primitive than that of the Fabian society, and then we shall have complete peace and no contentment, and contentment is bad for a man, for as soon as a man is really contented he stops trying to develop his higher nature, and every public speaker and every owner or editor of a daily paper and nearly every influential man, all of 'em, the whole lot believe that man has a higher nature and that he is sent into this world to develop it and that he wants to develop it and that therefore he shouldn't be contented or he won't. And that always did seem to me a contradiction, or rather a baseness in some politicians, who in arguing against those in power, say that the governed are discontented. But life is very complex.

Life is so very complex that even a simple question like this as to whether we ought or ought not to have any institutions at all, seems to lend itself to a great lot of quite different treatments.

I begin with the church because the church is undoubtedly an institution, and I find it unpleasant to have anything to do with a man who knows so little about music as the curates and vicar of this parish. Quakers recognise their incapacity for producing music at 11 a.m. on Sunday and therefore keep quiet, but churchmen and nonconformists to a man and a woman—with a few notable and eccentric exceptions—do not recognise anything of the sort. It therefore narrows itself down to a question of whether we shall abolish the churches or teach all curates to distinguish between Bach and Debussy, and to teach all congregations to sing or to listen, and as this latter is manifestly impossible, I think we had better abolish the churches, or at least limit them by a local option law as is done with saloons, for a "pub" may be noisy if it is just under your window, but you can hear a church a block off and a church is therefore the greater nuisance of the two.

And the form of this essay may be a bit puzzling but I assure the gentle reader that it is modelled on the first and last speech which I ever heard in the House of Commons, which my irreverent Scotch friend calls a "jaw-house." And therefore I don't see why we shouldn't abolish that too, for it also is an institution and the cause of countless dissensions. They talk about abolishing the Lords (I heard of that even in Italy), why not the Commons? "WHY NOT THE COMMONS!!!?" as the "Evening Eve" would say.

I realise, regarding these reforms, that it is not so much a question as to whether they are desirable as to "whether they are feasible," and if feasible, in how far they may be carried out without endangering governmental stability, social stability, moral stability and ecclesiastical stability.

Having decided those points it will be necessary to consider whether any of these four kinds of stability are desirable, or inevitable or insupportable. And this cannot be decided without some animadversion upon the agents, that is upon those who are to desire, support or avoid these various stabilities. And the trouble with all modern argument is that it simply will not consider serious matters with that detailed and perfected thoroughness which was, in happier ages, bestowed even upon matters which now appear to us trumpery and effete and metaphysical.

We therefore see that we cannot properly or fittingly undertake the discussion of these affairs without discussing, first, the educational system and deciding whether Mazzini was right in saying "the only remedy is to educate." And that is a very grave question to raise, for it opens the old problem propounded by Machiavelli, viz. "Is it better to be governed by one fool or by several?"

Poor Machiavelli! he said, "If the people are behaving stupidly, some intelligent person may arrive and persuade them to do differently, but a foolish and obstinate prince, who can dissuade him?" Poor Machiavelli, he lived at a most interesting time, in an age fairly dripping with tyrants, and he believed in democracy. Democracy had existed for him only as an intellectual pass-time.

We live in the presence of democracies, and there is not one of us who does not believe in his holy of holies that a "government, of the people, by the people and for the people" is the worst thing on the face of the earth. We therefore indulge in intellectual pass-times like Machiavelli, we agitate for forty-nine sorts of freedom, all theoretical. We would like freedom from the tyranny of the Gas and Coke company or from our just debts. This would not be an intellectual pass-time, but a relief. It can never therefore become a political issue, or a moral issue or an ecclesiastical issue. In the face of such a monstrous injustice as gas bills, coke bills, coat bills we can utter nothing save cheques.

It is therefore impossible that any broad-minded man should have "principles" regarding a reform

of, or a reformation of, gas bills, for a principle must be something one can talk about. It must be something high, lofty, impracticable. It must lead us toward something useless and undesired, which we, ourselves, do not want or need and by which we can in no wise benefit. We should either believe or pretend that it will confer inestimable benefit on someone whom we have not met and whom we never will meet, and preferably upon a class not a person, or better yet a nation.

This is the quaintest of quixotisms for at no time in the history of the world has a "nation" ever profited by any one thing or measure. And this brings us to the wholly unsolvable problem: If everyone devoted himself to getting what he or she wanted, instead of agitating for something supposedly desired by a vague and indefinite "they," would we or would we not see the country not "going to" but actually arriving at that vague and indefinite bourne called categorically "The Dogs"? I ask all these various questions, and propound all these arguments in that sort of serious helplessness which is the hall-mark and ear-mark of the especially modern man. It all depends on the vote.

HERMAN CARL GEORG JESUS MARIA.

"THE PERFECT POET."

(To the Editor.)

Sir.—Mr. Arober's gracious article is evidently based on misunderstanding. He appears to think that the few passages from an article of mine, quoted by your interviewer, comprise some sort of "decalogue" or "heptalogue." The "Decalogue" itself is a fragmentary orb from a longer Egyptian document, so I suppose there is good precedent for being slightly misrepresented; since even the famous patriarchal djinn of the Hebrews, apparently, has not escaped that fate. I must, however, in this instance ask you to correct certain misapprehensions.

"Imagisme" as a technical term may be used in two senses. "Lyricism" means a sort of poetry where music is just forcing itself into articulate speech. "Imagisme" in this sort of use would mean that sort of poetry where painting or sculpture is just "forcing" itself, or just "bursting" into articulate speech. I dislike both the words "forcing" and "bursting" in this connection; it is a process as gracious as that of the tree bud forcing aside the green sheath.

"Imagisme" in a less important sense is a term applied more or less loosely to certain parts of my own work and to that of a few of my friends, in this sense it has no general interest, and may be left out of the discussion.

The three primary tenets of Imagisme are set down in Mr. F. S. Flint's little article in "Poetry" for March, 1913. They were as follows:

1. Direct treatment of the "thing," whether subjective or objective.
2. To use absolutely no word that did not contribute to the presentation.
3. As regarding rhythm: to compose in sequence of the musical phrase, not in sequence of a metronome.

My so-called "heptalogue" (with no mystical connotations, s.v.p.) is taken from a longer article by myself. This "article" was originally designed as a sort of primer slip to be enclosed with manuscripts rejected by the same American magazine, "Poetry," which has set itself the quixotic task of stirring up some general interest in that art in the dark continent; and of accelerating or stimulating the younger American writers to a higher efficiency. Nowhere in the list of minute cautions have I said one word against spontaneity. But any fool can be spontaneous. Most of the cautions apply equally well to the writing of prose.

In no case have I attempted to mount any of traditional restra. As one craftsman to another I have given a few "tips," or, if you like, I have given away a few of the simplest "trade-secrets." It is to be observed that I do not claim for these brief hints any supernatural efficiency. I have not suggested that they would make poets where there were not poets before.

EZRA POUND.

Holland-place-chambers, Kensington, W.

C136a

C136 Continued

C136a "The Perfect Poet" (Letter to the Editor). *Daily News and Leader*, London (8 Apr. 1914) 4. Cited in W. C. Wees, *Vorticism and the English Avant-Garde* (London, 1972), p. 258, and in Richard Cork, *Vorticism and Abstract Art* (London, 1976), II, 577.

Allen Upward Serious.

By Ezra Pound.

"It is a curious thing about England"???? No, it is not a "curious" thing" about England or about anywhere else, it is a natural habit of il mal seme d' Adamo that they neglect the clear thinker in his own day. And if a man have done valuable work of one sort, and have, at the same time, done vendible work of another, the vendible work will kill him among the little clique who decide whether or no one is to be "taken seriously." So Mr. Upward is known for short stories of a sort, and not for two books, as interesting philosophically as any that have been written in our time.

Of course, any man who thinks is a bore. He will either make you think or he will despise, irritate and insult you if you don't, and all this is very distressing.

What for instance could be more distressing to a wooden-headed imbecile, fat with his own scholastic conceit, than such a clearly-written paragraph as that which follows?

"That old talk about the Gods, which is called mythology, is confused in many ways, partly because all language is confused, partly because it is a layer of many languages. When the talkers no longer used the beast as an idol they used it as a symbol, in short a word; when they no longer slew the real Christ at Easter they named the sun at Easter, Christ. Their language is tangled and twisted beyond our power wholly to unravel because it was beyond their power; because it began as a tangle when man's mind was still a blur, and he saw men as trees walking, and trees as men standing still. How hard the old cloistered scholarship to which the Nobels of a bygone age gave their endowments has toiled to understand the word glaukopsis given to the goddess Athene. Did it mean blue-eyed or grey-eyed, or—by the aid of Sanskrit—merely glare-eyed? And all the time they had not only the word glaux staring them in the face, but they had the owl itself cut at the foot of every statue of Athene and stamped on every coin of Athens, to tell them that she was the owl-eyed goddess, the lightning that blinks like an owl. For what is characteristic of the owl's eyes is not that they glare, but that they suddenly leave off glaring like lighthouses whose light is shut off. We may see the shutter of the lightning in that mask that overhangs Athene's brow and hear its click in the word glaukos. And the leafage of the olive whose written trunk bears, as it were, the lightning's brand, does not glare but glitters, the pale under face of the leaves alternating with the dark upper face, and so the olive is Athene's tree and is called glaukos. Why need we carry owls to Oxford?"

That is the sort of clarity and hard writing that one finds all through "The New Word." Of course, it is very irritating: if you suggest to Mr. Upward that his mind is as clear as Bacon's, he will agree with you. If you suggest to Mr. Upward that his middles are less indefinite than Plato's, he will agree with you. If you suggest to him that one man who thinks is worth a dozen ambulating works of reference, he will agree with you; and all this is very annoying to the supporters of things at large, for our ambulating works of reference are far more numerous than our thinkers.

The writer of this present essay has suffered from a modern education; he has met a number of ambulating works of reference; his respect for the mnemonic mind has been lessened by contact, and by the presence in the modern world of the cinematograph and the gramophone.

Mr. Upward has taken up the cause of intelligence, of the perceptive man; it is the height of quixotism on his part. If you refer to him as a thinker, if you say his mind is less messy than Bergson's, they tell you he writes detective stories. Yet if "The New Word" and "The Divine Mystery" had been written by a civil servant or a clerk in a dry goods shop, or by a broken-down parson, they would have been acclaimed as great works. They would have been patted on their covers by "The Edinburgh," etc.

But there is something so degrading—at least, one would think that there were something so degrading in the practice of writing as a trade—that anyone who has once earned a livelihood, or part of it, obviously and openly, by popular writing, can never be seriously regarded by any great number of people. And then, of course, "he does too much." The populace, the reading populace, is like the fat critic in "Fanny's First

Play," it cannot conceive the same man doing two kinds of work, or at least it won't. It is perfectly logical. It is insanely logical.

On the other hand, one clear, hard paragraph like the one quoted is enough to queer a man's chances. "How," say the professors, "is this man a classicist? Why does he not stick to his trade? Why does he expose our patient error? To hell with him!"

"How!" says the windy logomachist, who believes that if a thing is worth doing it is worth doing badly. "Clear, hard, serious, specialised writing from a journalist. Damn him."

And then, of course, there's the church; nearly everybody has an uncle or a cousin who gets paid for believing, officially, in the established church. It won't do to think about religion too seriously or else we'll have to scrap the lot: all the established salaries. We must not treat this gentleman too gravely. Let us label him a brilliant superficial writer. So it goes.

Mr. Upward has taken up the cause of the sensitive; and the sensitives are too few and too indolent to support him, save in their slow and ultimately victorious manner.

Of course, what Mr. Upward says will be believed in another twenty or fifty or a hundred years, just as a lot of Voltaire's quiet thrusts are now a part of our gospel. Mr. Upward will be nicely buried and no living curate will be out of a job, so that will be all right.

Mr. Upward takes on the lot of 'em. If he were content to poke fun at one science . . . ah! But he says most scientists are stupid, or something of that sort: most of the rank and file—but what is the use of talking about mosts?

Let us search for Mr. Upward's dangerous and heretical doctrines. Most mild is their aspect. Thus:

"When, instead of thinking of men one by one you think of them all at once and call your thought humanity, you have merely added a new word to the dictionary and not a new thing to the contents of the universe."

That ought to be fairly obvious.

"Altruism is the principle that mankind ought to serve those who are serving it, but not those who are not serving it."

Ah!

"It used to be written . . . 'All men are liars.' . . . 'It repented the Lord that he had made man.' No one would dare to say such things about Humanity."

"The religion of Humanity is not the worship of the best man nor of the best in man. It is the worship of the middling man."

This begins to look ugly.

And still he goes on. He draws an invidious comparison between science and "scientology." He propounds riddles. He asks: "When is the good not good?" and answers, "When it is an abstract noun." Perplexing!

"In the beginning the Goat created heaven and earth."

It is the astrological goat, but it gets the churchman's.

"The religion which that Idealist (i.e., Christ) has been accused of founding."

"The ultimate nature of Materialism is the worship of fixity under a hundred names."

"I think that no two men have ever had wholly the same religion, and I am sure no two men ought to."

"Whatever is has been right and will be wrong."

"The Churchmen had no doubt that Aquinas was a saint. They applied a simple test and found that, however impartial might be the summing up, the verdict was always in their favour."

"To-day this book (Aquinas), the greatest book of Catholic Theology, ranks as a curiosity rather than as literature. And that is not because, like the book of Copernicus it has done its work, but because no one any longer hopes that it can do any work."

"The bloodiest iconoclasts the world has ever seen ought not to whine so miserably when their own idol is being washed."

Of course, Mr. Upward should not assail the scientists, the philologists and the churchmen all in one book. What faction will come to his aid? What formed party will support him?

The clear-headed logician has lost sight of psychology, of crowd psychology. One should always compromise with fools, one should always be sure to please a majority of the dullards, if one desire immediate results.

What! Not desire immediate results? Do I suggest that any man is content to await the verdict of the future, or at least of the next generation?

Supposing I do?

Of course, I am not an impartial judge. I think all established churches an outrage, save in so far as they teach medicine and courage to the more obfuscated heathen, and they don't do such a lot of that.

But on the whole they are nearly as great a pest as were the "fat bellies of the monks toward the end of the Middle Ages"; they sit in fat livings; they lead lives of intellectual sloth supported by subsidies originally intended, at least in part, for "clerks," for clerics who were supposed to need a certain shelter wherein to conduct the intellectual life of the race. One demands purely and simply that people oust the parson from his feathered eyrie, and put in it some constructive person, some thinker, or artist, or scientific experimenter, or some teacher of something or other, which he can himself take seriously, and which might conceivably be of some use to the race. They might take to reading Confucius . . . if it amused them. Or they might even talk seriously about their professed religion instead of playing the barrister. But this is a matter aside. It is one of the minute corollaries of Mr. Upward's work as I understand it. It is a part of what he calls "Altruism."

I recognise the danger of leaving Mr. Upward at large. Not an immediate peril! I recognise also the need of some sort of delayed book reviewing. I mean that the present advertising system provides that all books of whatever merit shall be praised by a certain number of people the instant they appear; that certain kinds of books, or certain particular books, shall be largely circulated; and that certain, practically all, books, save books of verse, go into desuetude within a year or so.

There should be a new sort of semi-critic, semi-reviewer, to go over the mess of books that are a few years old and pick out the few worth saving, the few that he still remembers. It is something of that sort that I am trying.

We all recognise the type of writer produced by present conditions, who keeps in the public eye by a continuous output of inferior work. He is known for his persistent ubiquity. Damn him! I want some more efficient machinery for the preservation of the sort of writer who only writes when he has something to say, who produces odd sorts of books in uncommercial sizes.

I think also that we should try to discriminate between the real man and his secondary emanations. Does

it matter the least whether Mr. Upward plays golf or writes detective stories in the intervals between his serious work?

I present Mr. Upward's dicta rather jerkily, partly because I think the readers of *THE NEW AGE* are heartily sick of my writing, and partly because I believe they do not want their pabulum diluted, and that they are able to build up the intellectual consequences of a given theme. However, I cannot quote Mr. Upward entire, and I cannot adequately represent his trend in scattered quotations, so I must needs make a partial summary of certain things that he stands for, or that he appears to me to stand for; certain conclusions which I draw more or less from his books.

1. That a nation is civilised in so far as it recognises the special faculties of the individual, and makes use thereof. You do not weigh coals with the assayer's balance.

1a. Corollary. Syndicalism. A social order is well balanced when the community recognises the special aptitudes of groups of men and applies them.

2. That Mr. Upward's propaganda is for a syndical of intelligence; of thinkers and authors and artists.

2a. That such a guild is perfectly in accord with Syndicalist doctrines. That it would take its place with the guilds of more highly skilled craftsmen.

3. That Mr. Upward "sees further into a mile-stone, etc.," I mean that his propaganda is for the recognition of the man who can see the meaning of data, not necessarily as opposed to, but as supplementary to, the man who is only capable of assembling or memorising such data. NOTE.—This latter sort of man is the only sort now provided for by the American University system. I cannot speak for the English.

Aristotle said something about "the swift perception of relations." He said it was the hall mark of genius.

The "Century Magazine" wants to bring its fiction "as near to truth, and make it as interpretive of life, as conditions allow" ("Century Magazine" for September, 1913, page 791, col. 2, lines 29 and 30). Mr. Upward has nothing to do with this spirit. "As conditions allow" !!!!! "Let the bridge come as near to bearing the strain of traffic 'as conditions allow.'"

4. That since Christ's notable success—in gaining a reputation, I mean—a number of people have desired to "save the world" without undergoing the inconvenience of crucifixion.

5. That Mr. Upward is a very capable thinker, and that he deserves more attention than he now gets.

Poetry

A Magazine of Verse

MAY, 1914.

NISHIKIGI

I

[The Noh stage has one set scene for all plays. A conventional form of plot is that the Waki or subsidiary character shall go a journey and meet with some genius loci or some returning spirit. In NISHIKIGI (Love-wands, or Charm-sticks) the Waki is journeying near Mount Shinobu and meets the ghosts of two lovers.]

C138

C137 Continued

C138 NISHIKIGI [TRANSLATED FROM THE JAPANESE OF MOTOKIYO BY ERNEST FENOLLOSA]. *Poetry*, IV. 2 (May 1914) 35-48.
Edited by Ezra Pound.

PART FIRST

Waki, a Priest. There never was anybody heard of Mt. Shinobu but had a kindly feeling for it; so I, like any other priest that might want to know a little bit about each one of the provinces, may as well be walking up here, along the much travelled road.

I have not yet been about the east country, but now I have set my mind to go as far as the earth goes, and why shouldn't I, after all?—seeing that I go about with my heart set upon no particular place whatsoever, and with no other man's flag in my hand, no more than a cloud has! It is a flag of the night I see coming down upon me. I wonder now, would the sea be that way, or the little place Kefu that they say is stuck down against it.

Shite and Tsure. [*The ghosts of two lovers long dead, and not yet really united.*] Times out of mind am I here setting up this bright branch, this silky wood with the charms painted in it as fine as the weave you'd get in the grass-cloth of Shinobu, that they'd be still selling you in this mountain.

Shite. [*To Tsure.*] Tangled, we are entangled. Whose fault was it, dear? Tangled up as the grass patterns are tangled up in this coarse cloth, or as the little Mushi that lives on and chirrups in dried sea-weed. We do not know where are today our tears in the undergrowth of this eternal wilderness. We neither wake nor sleep, and passing our nights in a sorrow, which is in the end a vision, what are these scenes of spring to us? This thinking in sleep of someone who has no thought of you, is it more than a dream? And yet surely it is the natural way of love. In our hearts there is much and in our bodies nothing, and we do nothing at all, and only the waters of the river of tears flow quickly.

Chorus.

Narrow is the cloth of Kefu, but wild is that river, that torrent of the hills, between the beloved and the bride.

The cloth she had woven is faded, the thousand one hundred nights were night-trysts watched out in vain.

Waki. [*Not recognizing the nature of the speakers.*] Strange indeed, seeing these town-people here.

They seem like man and wife,
And the lady seems to be holding something
Like a cloth woven of feathers,
While he has a staff or a wooden sceptre
Beautifully ornate.
Both of these things are strange;
In any case, I wonder what they call them.

Tsure. [*The woman.*] As for this, it is but a narrow cloth called hosonuno;
It is just the breadth of the loom.

Shite. [*The man.*] As for this, it is merely wood painted,
And for both of these things this place is famous.
Would you be wishing to buy them?

Waki. Indeed, indeed, as for the cloths of this place and the lacquers, they are famous things that I have already had opportunity to hear about, and yet I still wonder why they have such great reputation.

Tsure. Ah, well now, that's a disappointment. Here they say perfectly for the wood "Nishikigi" and "Hosonuno" for the woven stuff, and yet you come saying that you have never heard why, and never heard the story. Is it reasonable?

Shite. No, no, that is reasonable enough. What can people be expected to know of these affairs when it is more than they can do to keep abreast of their own?

Both. [*To the Priest.*] Ah well, you look like a person who has abandoned the world; it is reasonable enough that you should not know the worth of wands and cloths, with love's signs painted upon them, with love's marks painted and dyed.

Waki. That is a fine answer. So you would tell me that Nishikigi and Hosonuno are names bound over with love?

Shite. They are names in love's list surely. Every day for a year—for three years come to their full—were wands, Nishikigi, set up, until there were a thousand in all. And they are in song in your time, and will be. "Chidzuka" they call them.

Tsure. These names are surely a by-word.
As the cloth hosonuno is narrow of weft,
More narrow than the breast,
We say it of any love
Whose breasts are hard to come nigh to.
It is a name in books of love.

Shite. 'Tis a sad name to look back on.

Tsure. A thousand wands were in vain.
A sad name, set in a story!

Shite. A seed pod void of the seed,
We had no meeting together.

Tsure. Let him read out the story.

Chorus.

I

At last they forget, they forget.
The wands are no longer offered,
The custom is faded away.

The narrow cloth of Kefu
Will not meet over the breast.

'Tis the story of Hosonuno,

This is the tale:

These bodies, having no weft,
Even now are not come together.

Truly a shameful story!

A tale to bring shame on the gods.

II.

Ah names of love,
Now for a little spell,
For a faint charm only,
For a charm as slight as the binding together
Of pine-flakes in Iwashiro,
And wishing over them toward the sunset,
We return, and return to our lodging.

The evening sun leaves a shadow.

Waki. Ah, go on, tell out all of the story.

Shite. It is an old custom of this country that we make wands of mediation, and deck them with symbols, and set them before a gate, when we are suitors.

Tsure. And we take up a wand of one we would meet with, and let the others lie, for a hundred nights it may be, or for a thousand nights in three years, till there are a thousand wands here in the shade of this mountain.

And here is the funeral cave of such a man, who had watched out the thousand nights—a bright cave, for they have buried him with all his wands. The wand-cave they call it.

Waki. I will go to that love-cave;
It will be a tale to take back to my village.
Will you show me my way there?

Shite. So be it, I will teach you the path.

Tsure. Tell him to come to this side.

Both. Here are the pair of them
Going along before the traveller.

Chorus.

We have spent the whole day until dusk
Pushing aside the grass
From the over-grown way at Kefu.
Where, indeed, is the love-cave?

O you man, cutting grass on the hill,
Please set your mind on this matter.

"You'd be asking where the dew is
"While the frost's lying here on the road.
"Who'd tell you that now?"

Be that as you will, yet we are in earnest.

Shite. 'There's a cold feel in the autumn.
Night comes.

Chorus.

And storms; trees, giving up their leaf,
Spotted with sudden showers!
Autumn! Our feet are clogged
In the dew-drenched, entangled leaves.
The perpetual shadow is lonely,
The mountain shadow is lying alone.
The owl cries out from the ivies
That drag their weight on the pine.

Among the orchids and chrysanthemum flowers
The hiding fox is now lord of that love-cave,
Nishidzuka,
That is dyed like the maple's leaf.

They have left us this thing for a saying.
That pair have gone into the cave.

[*Sign for the exit of Shite and Tsure.*]

PART SECOND

[*The Waki has taken the posture of sleep. His respectful visit to the cave is beginning to have its effect.*]

Waki. [*Restless.*] It seems that I can not sleep
For the length of a cricket's horn—
Under October wind, under pines, under night!
I will perform voice-service to Butsu.

Tsure. Aiel honored priest,
You do not dip in one river
Beneath the same tree's shadow
Without bonds in some other life.

Hear sooth-say,

 Now is there meeting between us,
Between us who were until now
In life and in after-life kept apart.

A dream-bridge over wild grass,
Over the grass I dwell in.
O honored, do not awake me by force.
I see that the law is perfect.

Shite. [*Supposedly invisible.*] It is a good service you
 have done, sir,
A service that spreads in two worlds,
And binds up an ancient love
That was stretched out between them.

I had watched for a thousand days.
I give you largess,
For this meeting is under a difficult law.
And now I will show myself, in the form of Nishikigi.
I will come out now for the first time in color.

[*The characters announce or explain their acts, as these are mostly symbolical. From now on comes the final dance which both chorus and the two chief actors are explaining.*]

Chorus. The three years are over and past—
All that is but an old story.

Shite. To dream under dream we return.
Three years! . . . And the meeting comes now!
This night has happened over and over,
And only now comes the tryst.

Chorus. Look there to the cave
Beneath the stems of the Suzuki!
From under the shadows of the love-grass—
See! see how they come forth and appear—
For an instant! . . . Illusion!

Shite. There is at the root of hell
No distinction between princes and commons!
Wretched for me! 'Tis the saying.

Waki. Strange! what seemed so very old a cave
Is all glittering-bright within,
Like the flicker of fire.
It is like the inside of a house.
They are setting up a loom
And heaping up charm-sticks. No!
The hangings are out of old time.
Is it illusion? Illusion!

Tsure. Our hearts have been in the dark of the falling
 snow,
 We have been astray in the flurry,
 You should tell better than we
 How much is illusion—
 You who are in the world!
 We have been in the whirl of
 those who are fading.

Shite. Indeed in old times Narihira said—
 And as he vanished with the years—
 "Let a man who is in the world tell the fact."
 It is for you, traveller,
 To say how much is illusion.

Waki. Let it be a dream, or a vision,
 Or what you will, I care not.
 Only show me the old times over-past and snowed under!
 Now! Soon! While the night lasts!

Shite. Look sharp then, for old times are shown.
 Faint as the shadow-flower shows in the grass that bears it,
 And you've but a moon for lanthorn.

Tsure. The woman has gone into the cave.
 She sets up her loom there
 For the weaving of hosonuno,
 Thin as the heart of Autumn.

Shite. The suitor for his part, holding his charm-sticks,
 Knocks on a gate which was barred.

Tsure. In old time he got back no answer,
 No secret sound at all
 Save

Shite. The sound of the loom.

Tsure. It was a sweet sound like katydids and crickets—
 A thin sound, like the Autumn.

Shite. It was what you would hear any night.

Tsure. Kiri.

Shite. Hatari.

Tsure. Cho.

Shite. Cho.

Chorus. [*Mimicking the sound of crickets.*]
 Kiri, hatari, cho, cho,
 Kiri, hatari, cho, cho,
 The cricket sews on at his old rags
 With all the new grass in the field—sho,
 Churr, isho, like the whirl of a loom: churr.

Chorus. [*Antistrophe.*]
 Let be, they make grass-cloth in Kefu,
 Kefu, the land's end, matchless in the world.

Shite. That is an old custom, truly,
 But this priest would look on the past.

Chorus. The good priest himself would be saying:
 Even if we weave the cloth, hosonuno,
 And set up the charm-sticks
 For a thousand, a hundred nights,
 Even then our beautiful desire will not pass—

 Nor fade nor die out.

Shite. Even today the difficulty of our meeting is remem-
 bered,

 Is remembered in song.

Chorus.

That we may acquire power,
 Even in our faith substance,
 We will show forth even now.
 And though it be but in a dream—
 Our form of repentance.

[Explaining the action.]

There he is carrying wands
 And she has no need to be asked.
 See her within the cave,
 With a cricket-like noise of weaving.
 The grass-gates and the hedge are between them,—
 That is a symbol.
 Night has already come on.

[Now explaining the thoughts of the man's spirit.]

Love's thoughts are heaped high within him,
 As high as the charm-sticks,
 As high as the charm-sticks, once colored,
 Now fading, lie heaped in this cave.
 And he knows of their fading, he says:
 I lie a body, unknown to any other man,
 Like old wood buried in moss.
 It were a fit thing
 That I should stop thinking the love-thoughts.
 The charm-sticks fade and decay,
 And yet
 The rumor of our love
 Takes foot and moves through the world.
 We had no meeting
 But tears have, it seems, brought out a bright blossom
 Upon the dyed tree of love.
Shite. Tell me, could I have foreseen,
 Or known what a heap of my writings
 Should lie at the end of her shaft-bench?

Chorus.

A hundred nights and more
 Of twisting, encumbered sleep
 And now they make it a ballad,
 Not for one year or for two only
 But until the days lie deep
 As the sand's depth at Kefu.
 Until the year's end is red with autumn,
 Red like these love-wands,
 A thousand nights are in vain.
 I too stand at this gate-side—
 You grant no admission, you do not show yourself,
 Until I and my sleeves are faded.
 By the dew-like gemming of tears upon my sleeve,
 Why will you grant no admission?
 And we all are doomed to pass,
 You, and my sleeves and my tears.
 And you did not even know when three years had come
 to an end.
 Cruel, ah cruel!
 The charm-sticks . . .
 Shite. Were set up a thousand times.

Then, now, and for always.

Chorus. Shall I ever at last see into that room of hers
which no other sight has traversed?

Shite. Happy at last and well-starred!
Now comes the eve of betrothal—

We meet for the wine-cup.

Chorus. How glorious the sleeves of the dance
That are like snow-whirls!

Shite. Tread out the dance.

Chorus. Tread out the dance and bring music.

This dance is for Nishikigi.

Shite. This dance is for the evening plays
And for the weaving.

Chorus. For the tokens between lover and lover!
It is a reflecting in the wine-cup.

Chorus.

Ari-aki—

The dawn!

Come! we are out of our place—

Let us go ere the light comes!

[*To the Waki.*]

We ask you, do not awake.

We all will wither away,

The wands and this cloth of a dream.

Now you will come out of sleep,

You tread the border and nothing

Awaits you—no, all this will wither away.

There is nothing here but this cave in the field's midst.

Today's wind moves in the pines.

A wild place, unlit, and unfilled!

Translated from the Japanese of *Motokiyo*
by *Ernest Fenollosa*.

THE LATER YEATS.

Responsibilities, by W. B. Yeats. The Cuala Press, Churchtown, Dundrum.

I live, so far as possible, among that more intelligently active segment of the race which is concerned with today and tomorrow; and, in consequence of this, whenever I mention Mr. Yeats I am apt to be assailed with questions: "Will Mr. Yeats do anything more?", "Is Yeats in the movement?", "How *can* the chap go on writing this sort of thing?"

And to these inquiries I can only say that Mr. Yeats' vitality is quite unimpaired, and that I dare say he'll do a good deal; and that up to date no one has shown any disposition to supersede him as the best poet in England, or any likelihood of doing so for some time; and that after all Mr. Yeats has brought a new music upon the harp, and that one man seldom leads two movements to triumph, and that it is quite enough that he should have brought in the sound of keening and the skirl of the Irish ballads, and driven out

C139

the sentimental cadence with memories of *The County of Mayo* and *The Coolun*; and that the production of good poetry is a very slow matter, and that, as touching the greatest of dead poets, many of them could easily have left that *magnam partem*, which keeps them with us, upon a single quire of foolscap or at most upon two; and that there is no need for a poet to repair each morning of his life to the *Piazza dei Signori* to turn a new sort of somersault; and that Mr. Yeats is so assuredly an immortal that there is no need for him to recast his style to suit our winds of doctrine; and that, all these things being so, there is nevertheless a manifestly new note in his later work that they might do worse than attend to.

"Is Mr. Yeats an Imagiste?" No, Mr. Yeats is a symbolist, but he has written *des Images* as have many good poets before him; so that is nothing against him, and he has nothing against them (*les Imagistes*), at least so far as I know—except what he calls "their devil's metres."

He has written *des Images* in such poems as *Braseal and the Fisherman*; beginning, "Though you hide in the ebb and flow of the pale tide when the moon has set;" and he has driven out the inversion and written with prose directness in such lyrics as, "I heard the old men say everything alters"; and these things are not subject to a changing of the fashions. What I mean by the new note—you could hardly call it a change of style—was apparent four years ago in his *No Second Troy*, beginning, "Why should I blame her," and ending—

Beauty like a tightened bow, a kind
That is not natural in any age like this,
Being high and solitary and most stern?
Why, what could she have done being what she is?
Was there another Troy for her to burn?

I am not sure that it becomes apparent in partial quotation, but with the appearance of *The Green Helmet and Other Poems* one felt that the minor note—I use the word strictly in the musical sense—had gone or was going out of his poetry; that he was at such a cross roads as we find in

Voi che intendendo il terzo ciel movete.

And since that time one has felt his work becoming gaunter, seeking greater hardness of outline. I do not say that this is demonstrable by any particular passage. *Romantic Ireland's Dead and Gone* is no better than Red Hanrahan's song about Ireland, but it is harder. Mr. Yeats appears to have seen with the outer eye in *To a Child Dancing on the Shore* (the first poem, not the one printed in this issue). The hardness can perhaps be more easily noted in *The Magi*.

Such poems as *When Helen Lived* and *The Realists* serve at least to show that the tongue has not lost its cunning. On the other hand, it is impossible to take any interest in a poem like *The Two Kings*—one might as well read the *Idyls* of another. *The Grey Rock* is, I admit, obscure, but it outweighs this by a curious nobility, a nobility which is, to me at least, the very core of Mr. Yeats' production, the constant element of his writing.

In support of my prediction, or of my theories, regarding his change of manner, real or intended, we have at least two

pronouncements of the poet himself, the first in *A Coat*,^{*} and the second, less formal, in the speech made at the Blunt presentation.† The verses, *A Coat*, should satisfy those who have complained of Mr. Yeats' four and forty followers, that they would "rather read their Yeats in the original." Mr. Yeats had indicated the feeling once before with

'Tell me, do the wolf-dogs praise their fleas?
which is direct enough in all conscience, and free of the "glamour." I've not a word against the glamour as it appears in Yeats' early poems, but we have had so many other pseudo-glamours and glamourlets and mists and fogs since the nineties that one is about ready for hard light.

And this quality of hard light is precisely what one finds in the beginning of his *The Magi*:

Now as at all times I can see in the mind's eye,
In their stiff, painted clothes, the pale unsatisfied ones
Appear and disappear in the blue depth of the sky
With all their ancient faces like rain-beaten stones,
And all their helms of silver hovering side by side.

Of course a passage like that, a passage of *imagisme*, may occur in a poem not otherwise *imagiste*, in the same way that a lyrical passage may occur in a narrative, or in some poem not otherwise lyrical. There have always been two sorts of poetry which are, for me at least, the most "poetic;" they are firstly, the sort of poetry which seems to be music just forcing itself into articulate speech, and, secondly, that sort of poetry which seems as if sculpture or painting were just forced or forcing itself into words. The gulf between evocation and description, in this latter case, is the unbridgeable difference between genius and talent. It is perhaps the highest function of art that it should fill the mind with a noble profusion of sounds and images, that it should furnish the life of the mind with such accompaniment and surrounding. At any rate Mr. Yeats' work has done this in the past and still continues to do so. The present volume contains the new metrical version of *The Hour Glass*, *The Grey Rock*, *The Two Kings*, and over thirty new lyrics, some of which have appeared in these pages, or appear in this issue. In the poems on the Irish gallery we find this author certainly at *prise* with things as they are and no longer romantically Celtic, so that a lot of his admirers will be rather displeased with the book. That is always a gain for a poet, for his admirers nearly always want him to "stay put," and they resent any signs of stirring, of new curiosity or of intellectual uneasiness. I have said the *The Grey Rock* was obscure; perhaps I should not have said so, but I think it demands unusually close attention. It is as obscure, at least, as *Sordello*, but I can not close without registering my admiration for it all the same. *Exra Pound.*

* *Vide this issue, page 60.*

† *Vide POETRY for March, 1914, p. 223.*

MR. HUEFFER AND THE PROSE TRADITION IN VERSE

Collected Poems, by Ford Madox Hueffer. Max Goschen, London.

In a country in love with amateurs, in a country where the incompetent have such beautiful manners, and personalities so fragile and charming, that one can not bear to injure their feelings by the introduction of competent criticism, it is well that one man should have a vision of perfection and that he should be sick to the death and disconsolate because he can not attain it.

Mr. Yeats wrote years ago that the highest poetry is so precious that one should be willing to search many a dull tome to find and gather the fragments. As touching poetry this was, perhaps, no new feeling. Yet where nearly everyone else is still dominated by an eighteenth-century verbalism, Mr. Hueffer has had this instinct for prose. It is he who has insisted, in the face of a still Victorian press, upon the importance of good writing as opposed to the opalescent word, the rhetorical tradition. Stendhal had said, and Flaubert, De Maupassant and Turgenev had proved, that "prose was the higher art"—at least their prose.

Of course it is impossible to talk about perfection without getting yourself very much disliked. It is even more difficult in a capital where everybody's Aunt Lucy or Uncle George has written something or other, and where the victory of any standard save that of mediocrity would at once banish so many nice people from the temple of immortality. So it comes about that Mr. Hueffer is the best critic in England, one might say the only critic of any importance. What he says today the press, the reviewers, who hate him and who disparage his books, will say in about nine years' time, or possibly sooner. Shelley, Yeats, Swinburne, with their "unacknowledged legislators," with "Nothing affects these people except our conversation," with "The rest live under us;" Rémy De Gourmont, when he says that most men think only husks and shells of the thoughts that have been already lived over by others, have shown their very just appreciation of the system of echoes, of the general vacuity of public opinion. America is like England, America is very much what England would be with the two hundred most interesting people removed. One's life is the score of this two hundred with whom one happens to have made friends. I do not see that we need to say the rest live under them, but it is certain that what these people say comes to pass. They live in their mutual credence, and thus they live things over and fashion them before the rest of the world is aware. I dare say it is a Cassandra-like and useless faculty, at least from the world's point of view. Mr. Hueffer has possessed the peculiar faculty of "foresight," or of constructive criticism, in a pre-eminent degree. Real power will run any machine. Mr. Hueffer said fifteen years ago that a certain unknown Bonar Law would lead the conservative party. Five years ago he said with equal impartiality that Mr. D. H. Lawrence would write notable prose, that Mr. De la Mare could write verses, and that *Chance* would make Conrad popular.

Of course if you think things ten or fifteen or twenty years before anyone else thinks them you will be considered absurd and ridiculous. Mr. Allen Upward, thinking with great lucidity along very different lines, is still considered absurd. Some professor feels that if certain ideas gain ground he will have to rewrite his lectures, some parson feels that if certain other ideas are accepted he will have to throw up his position. They search for the forecaster's weak points.

Mr. Hueffer is still underestimated for another reason also: namely, that we have not yet learned that prose is as precious and as much to be sought after as verse, even its shreds and patches. So that, if one of the finest chapters in English is hidden in a claptrap novel, we cannot weigh the vision which made it against the weariness or the confusion which dragged down the rest of the work. Yet we would do this readily with a poem. If a novel have a form as distinct as that of a sonnet, and if its workmanship be as fine as that of some Pleiade rondel, we complain of the slightness of the motive. Yet we would not deny praise to the rondel. So it remains for a prose craftsman like Mr. Arnold Bennett to speak well of Mr. Hueffer's prose, and for a verse-craftsman like myself to speak well of his verses. And the general public will have little or none of him because he does not put on pontifical robes, because he does not take up the megaphone of some known and accepted pose, and because he makes enemies among the stupid by his rather engaging frankness.

We may as well begin reviewing the *Collected Poems* with the knowledge that Mr. Hueffer is a keen critic and a skilled writer of prose, and we may add that he is not wholly unsuccessful as a composer, and that he has given us, in *On Heaven*, the best poem yet written in the "twentieth-century fashion."

I drag in these apparently extraneous matters in order to focus attention on certain phases of significance, which might otherwise escape the hurried reader in a volume where the actual achievement is uneven. Coleridge has spoken of "the miracle that might be wrought simply by one man's feeling a thing more clearly or more poignantly than anyone had felt it before." The last century showed us a fair example when Swinburne awoke to the fact that poetry was an art, not merely a vehicle for the propagation of doctrine. England and Germany are still showing the effects of his perception. I can not belittle my belief that Mr. Hueffer's realization that poetry should be written at least as well as prose will have as wide a result. He himself will tell you that it is "all Christina Rossetti," and that "it was not Wordsworth, for Wordsworth was so busied about the ordinary word that he never found time to think about *le mot juste*."

As for Christina, Mr. Hueffer is a better critic than I am, and I would be the last to deny that a certain limpidity and precision are the ultimate qualities of style; yet I can not accept his opinion. Christina had these qualities, it is true—in places, but they are to be found also in Browning and even in Swinburne at rare moments. Christina very often sets my teeth on edge,—and so for that matter does Mr. Hueffer. But it is the function of criticism to find what

a given work is, not what it is not. It is also the faculty of a capital or of high civilization to value a man for some rare ability, to make use of him and not hinder him or itself by asking of him faculties which he does not possess.

Mr. Hueffer may have found certain properties of style first, for himself, in Christina, but others have found them elsewhere, notably in Arnaut Daniel and in Guido and in Dante, where Christina herself would have found them. Still there is no denying that there is less of the *ore rotundo* in Christina's work than in that of her contemporaries, and that there is also in Hueffer's writing a clear descent from such passages as:

I listened to their honest chat:
Said one: "Tomorrow we shall be
Plod plod along the featureless sands
And coasting miles and miles of sea."
Said one: "Before the turn of tide
We will achieve the eyrie-seat."
Said one: "To-morrow shall be like
To-day, but much more sweet."

We find the qualities of what some people are calling "the modern cadence" in this strophe, also in *A Dirge, in Up Hill*, in—

Somewhere or other there must surely be
The face not seen, the voice not heard,
and in—

Sometimes I said: "It is an empty name
I long for; to a name why should I give
The peace of all the days I have to live?"—
Yet gave it all the same.

Mr. Hueffer brings to his work a prose training such as Christina never had, and it is absolutely the devil to try to quote snippets from a man whose poems are gracious impressions, leisurely, low-toned. One would quote *The Starling*, but one would have to give the whole three pages of it. And one would like to quote patches out of the curious medley, *To All the Dead*,—save that the picturesque patches aren't the whole or the feel of it; or Sussmund's capricious *Address*, a sort of *Inferno* to the *Heaven* which we are printing for the first time in another part of this issue. But that also is too long, so I content myself with the opening of an earlier poem, *Finchley Road*.

As we come up at Baker Street
Where tubes and trains and 'buses meet
There's a touch of fog and a touch of sleet;
And we go on up Hampstead way
Toward the closing in of day. . . .

You should be a queen or a duchess rather,
Reigning, instead of a warlike father,
In peaceful times o'er a tiny town,
Where all the roads wind up and down
From your little palace—a small, old place
Where every soul should know your face
And bless your coming.

I quote again, from a still earlier poem where the quiet of his manner is less marked:

Being in Rome I wonder will you go
Up to the Hill. But I forget the name . . .
Aventine? Pincio? No: I do not know
I was there yesterday and watched. You came.

(I give the opening only to "place" the second portion of the poem.)

Though you're in Rome you will not go, my You,
Up to that Hill . . . but I forget the name.
Aventine? Pincio? No, I never knew . . .
I was there yesterday. You never came.

I have that Rome; and you, you have a Me,
 You have a Rome, and I, I have my You;
 My Rome is not your Rome: my You, not you.

. For, if man knew woman
 I should have plumbed your heart; if woman, man,
 Your Me should be true I . . . If in your day—
 You who have mingled with my soul in dreams,
 You who have given my life an aim and purpose,
 A heart, an imaged form—if in your dreams
 You have imagined unfamiliar cities
 And me among them, I shall never stand
 Beneath your pillars or your poplar groves, . . .
 Images, simulacra, towns of dreams
 That never march upon each other's borders,
 And bring no comfort to each other's hearts!

I present this passage, not because it is an example of Mr. Hueffer's no longer reminiscent style, but because, like much that appeared four years ago in *Songs from London*, or earlier still in *From Inland*, it hangs in my memory. And so little modern work does hang in one's memory, and these books created so little excitement when they appeared. One took them as a matter of course, and they're not a matter of course, and still less is the later work a matter of course. Oh well, you all remember the preface to the collected poems with its passage about the Shepherd's Bush exhibition, for it appeared first as a pair of essays in *POETRY*, so there is no need for me to speak further of Mr. Hueffer's aims or of his prose, or of his power to render an impression.

There is in his work another phase that depends somewhat upon his knowledge of instrumental music. Dante has defined a poem as a composition of words set to music, and the intelligent critic will demand that either the composition of words or the music shall possess a certain interest, or that there be some aptitude in their jointure together. It is true that since Dante's day—and indeed his day and Cassella's saw a re-beginning of it—"music" and "poetry" have drifted apart, and we have had a third thing which is called "word music." I mean we have poems which are read or even, in a fashion, intoned, and are "musical" in some sort of complete or inclusive sense that makes it impossible or inadvisable to "set them to music." I mean obviously such poems as the First Chorus of *Atalanta* or many of Mr. Yeats' lyrics. The words have a music of their own, and a second "musician's" music is an impertinence or an intrusion.

There still remains the song to sing: to be "set to music," and of this sort of poem Mr. Hueffer has given us notable examples in his rendering of Von der Vogelweide's *Tandarabei* and, in lighter measure, in his own *The Three-Ten*:

When in the prime and May-day time dead lovers went a-walking,
 How bright the grass in lads' eyes was, how easy poet's talking!
 Here were green hills and daffodils, and copses to contain them:
 Daisies for floors did front their doors agog for maids to chain
 them.

So when the ray of rising day did pierce the eastern heaven
 Maids did arise to make the skies seem brighter far by seven.
 Now here's a street where 'bus routes meet, and 'twixt the wheels
 and paving
 Standeth a lout who doth hold out flowers not worth the
 having.

But see, but see! The clock strikes three above the Kilburn
 Station,
 Those maids, thank God, are 'neath the sod and all their gen-
 eration.

What she shall wear who'll soon appear, it is not hood nor
 wimple,
 But by the powers there are no flowers so stately or so simple.
 And paper shops and full 'bus tops confront the sun so
 brightly,

That, come three-ten, no lovers then had hearts that beat so
lightly
As ours or loved more truly,
Or found green shades or flowered glades to fit their loves more
duly.

*And see, and see! 'Tis ten past three above the Kilburn Station,
Those maids, thank God! are 'neath the sod and all their gen-
eration.*

Oh well, there are very few song writers in England,
and it's a simple old-fashioned song with a note of futurism
in its very lyric refrain; and I dare say you will pay as little
attention to it as I did five years ago. And if you sing it
aloud, once over, to yourself, I dare say you'll be just as
incapable of getting it out of your head, which is perhaps one
test of a lyric.

It is not, however, for Mr. Hueffer's gift of song-writing
that I have reviewed him at such length; this gift is rare but
not novel. I find him significant and revolutionary because
of his insistence upon clarity and precision, upon the prose
tradition; in brief, upon efficient writing—even in verse.

Ezra Pound.

Note. Mr. Hueffer is not an *imagiste*, but an *impressionist*.
Confusion has arisen because of my inclusion of one of his poems in
the *Anthologie des Imagistes*. E. P.

FAN-PIECE FOR HER IMPERIAL LORD.

By *Ezra Pound*

O fan of white silk,
clear as frost on the grass-blade,
You also are laid aside.

TS'AI CHI'H. By *Ezra Pound*

The petals fall in the fountain,
the orange coloured rose leaves,
Their ochre clings to the stone.

C141

Reviews.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse.

THIS forlorn hope was started in Chicago about a year and a half ago. And in the dark occidental continent its editress raised the quixotic standard, "We intend to print the best poetry written in English." And the odd thing is that this provincial paper should, to some extent, have done it. I don't mean constantly or consistently, but every now and again some really good poem finds its way to the light in these small pages, and every now and again they print a presentable number. It is also safe to say that they print more important poems than all the rest of the American magazines put together.

One is not much concerned with American magazines, any more than one is concerned with the colonial press. It interests one to learn that Masfield and Filson Young have arrived in New Zealand simultaneously, and that they are simultaneously hailed as "leaders" of English something or other, and in the same way, one occasionally opens an American periodical in search of the grotesque.

So it is all the more surprising to find an American paper that seems every now and again, for the fraction of a number to be trying to introduce an international standard.

There have been numbers of "Poetry" that bored one, let us however give praise now that we have the opportunity. The May number contains a very interesting group of poems by W. B. Yeats, nine pages, in his slightly more modern manner, harder, gaunter than his earlier work. It contains the first of the Fenollosa translations from the Japanese "Noh." It is beginning to be whispered that Ernest Fenollosa was one of the most important men of his time; that he was part, in some way, of a sort of obscure renaissance; that his work on Chinese and Japanese art was only a part of the work he accomplished as Imperial Commissioner of Arts in Japan. It is known that he left a great mass of manuscript relating to Chinese and Japanese verse. The play "Nishikigi" which appears in this number of Poetry is to be produced by Nugent Monck in England this coming September.

The May "Poetry" contains also work by Cannell and Bliss Carmen, a modernish criticism of Yeats' later work and an editorial which should enlighten the foreign reader somewhat concerning the sort of imbecility which the Editress has had to contend with in her own district. From this side of the water one can only wonder, perhaps, that such odd fish as "The Dial" persist into our era, had we not their like about us, even in "Liberal" England.

One must congratulate Miss Monroe on this number and one might even promise her that if she would modernise herself considerably more, and stay modernised, she might find some support from the more intelligent reader who won't be bored to subscribe to her paper as it has been, but who likes an occasional number, which is usually unprocurable in England, because there is no demand for the intermediate numbers. The current number is one of those which are worth getting.

BASTIEN VON HELMHOLTZ.

C142

First Novels.

THERE is no peace between art and any commercial system." There is no truce with Adam Zad. I do not know that there is any need to write an article on this subject but one would like to call the attention of the gentle reader to the last wheeze of "the Publisher," the general advertising of "First Novels." Is this a sincere constructive effort on the part of the publishers? Are these persevering, self-sacrificing philanthropists

C143

trying to find new talent; to fish up unrecognised genius from its obscurity?

"In the days of Charlemagne
Did the people get champagne?
Guess again."

Non, mes enfants. Lest any great artist rise among you, lest any man should gather to himself the power resulting from superiority there is this fresh and futile assault. They want the mediocre. They want to swell the ranks. They don't want to pay the good author his price. They have erected one barrier between literature and the public in the form of the Hall-Carite, the "popular" author. It is they who have made him, with his excessive demands for payment. And now they are trying to unmake him. One doesn't much care. It is a battle of spiders. But one does want to keep on the alert, one wants to be quite frank in the expression of one's alertness.

There will be two sets of slim-flam between the serious writer and the public; between the sincere writer and the "general reader." We are to have not only the popular author but we are to have the "First-novelist" vide *All* the daily papers and all the publishers' catalogues.

I have heard the good Hillary Belloc, or Beljoc as his ancestors would perhaps have spelled it, I have heard him complaining most eloquently that the British public so treated its poets, namely that it caressed and flattered them for a year or two in the houses of the rich and then let them starve. But now it goes over to prose. The first novelist is to be caught up, paid handsomely, led to think literature will support him, and then, as in most cases he won't have any gift, he will be dropped. He will be no good for anything else. He will fill the "ranks," he will beat down the price of good work, he will simply have to live by his pen. *O cave!* That is all, merely *caveat publicum, caveat scriptor.*

Is there any reason why we should be flooded with incompetent work? Is there any reason why Hudson for instance shouldn't be shoved down the throat of the rabble instead of this harvest of incompetents? Heaven knows Mr. Aldington's article is all too tepid in its praise of this author.

Have we no good writers in England that we should be perpetually reminded of bad ones? Is English prose in the hopeless condition one might be led to suppose from any of the daily or weekly publications of this realm from the dry-rotted "Spectator" and the Giddy one-a-penny "Times" to the Goss-ridden "New Weekly"?

One sits wondering what to read, one takes in despair to French authors. And yet even after one has read something not written in English and thereby disqualified oneself, for ever, from making a living from the English press—I mean one has lost one's respect for Goss, Saintsbury, Quiller-Couch & Co.—even then one comes back to read English and finds a few bearable and enjoyable and living authors. What is to say one finds Hudson, the author of the "Purple Land," and James, and F. M. Hueffer, and Conrad, and D. H. Lawrence and a "chap named Tomlinson" and James Joyce who is now in these columns, and Cunninghame-Graham.

Let us hear no more of "first novelists." If "The publisher" wants to advertise his wares let him at least pretend that they have some virtue other than that of being a first emanation. Mind you this is not an attack on new writers, a writer's newness is not a fatal obstacle to his goodness. I don't in the least believe that England is destitute of authors who can stand the strain of comparison with writers abroad, nor do I believe that they are numerous, nor do I believe that they are all known to the public, but let them have honourable introduction if they are new, not this latest catch-penny trick of the shopkeeper.

BAPTISTE VON HELMHOLTZ.

C142 Poetry: A Magazine of Verse. *Egoist*, I. 11 (1 June 1914) 215.
Signed: Bastien von Helmholtz. Under the heading: "Reviews."

C143 First Novels. *Egoist*, I. 11 (1 June 1914) 215.
Signed: Baptiste von Helmholtz. Under the heading: "Reviews."

Revolutionary Maxims.

"The position of Keats among our poets is no longer questioned."

—Ernest de Selincourt in the
Times Literary Supplement.

"a Francis Jommes."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"Leighton, who, with all his perfection of manner and his genuine goodness of heart, was a little too Olympian, and a little too cosmopolitan, to be the head of a body of British artists."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"Claudel almost unheard of in England."

"Is there no translator brave enough to undertake 'L'Otage,' the most accessible of his plays, or 'L'Annonce Faite à Marie,' so like the poems of our own Pre-Raphaelites?"

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"Whatever we think of the poet's message and his mission, there is enough truth, life, and poetry in these dramas to make them intensely interesting. The public which enjoys Thomas Hardy's 'Dynasts' or Doughty's plays of Britain should not find them extraordinarily difficult."

—"The Thunderer."

"The burning story of Parnell's"

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"No one who has been privileged to visit Rio de Janeiro will dispute the appropriateness of the title given to his book."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"Men have been tired of the merely intellectual pastime called thinking."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

MY COUNTRY!

"Muscular effort, human dignity: these are one to the English; his very morality is muscular. Gradually from her page there rises the grim and colossal figure of the Englishman whom Taine after his manner evoked, awe-stricken, admiring in a 'sacred horror.' No weary Titan, he lords the earth as he treads. Mountainous, he hides lava-streams of passion beneath a pall of ice. His religion is deep, silent, sombre, entirely personal. A rebel at heart, he yet craves for authority, for certainty, that so he may clear the ground for incessant action. His is a dumb tragedy, fought within himself by his profound pride and still more profound humility. A Stoic, dogged in endurance, needing sternly to repress the fire within him, his heart is all sweet with tenderness and loyalty, though he would rather die than reveal himself."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"The opening chapter on Ancient Sites is a very useful and informing summary, written in just proportion and with restraint."

"It is, however, the other six chapters which, to our mind, give the book a permanent value. They describe for us the dwellings, the furniture, the implements of the native Cypriotes."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"—has written a capital story of love and of the Stock Exchange."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"Sir Sidney Colvin's discriminating comment."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"Among the admirers of Wagner—and who is not among them?"

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"But if this is, as Johnson asserts."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"Mr. Bowles's previous volume, entitled 'My Garden in Spring,' was eagerly bought by garden lovers and is still on sale."

—*Times Literary Supplement* advt.

"His wise counsel, learn to tolerate your own work."

—*Times Literary Supplement* on "Dowden."

GREEK ART.

"No one will quarrel with the statement that 'though power of expression is the artist's gift, the soul that shines through his work is the soul of a nation.'"

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"Its ending, and the sequel—both in the life of Doris and her mother—bring out with force and restraint, and towards the close with no little pathos, the futility of this kind of theorising, and the truer and firmer principles which are emphasized by the actual experiences of life."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"The open spaces of nature are the chief, but not the only, inspiration of these little pieces. Their virtue is that every one of them has in it something of original thought; the contemplative spirit which runs through them always gets from its subject something fresh and individual."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"THE ENGLISH SPRING."

—*Times Literary Supplement* (headline.)

"Fashions—especially literary fashions—may be trivial things in themselves; yet in the sum-total of fashions a certain not altogether superficial tendency of the mind may be discovered."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"Joshua, for example, is considered under three divisions—the Faithful Servant, the Victorious Soldier, and the Resolute Reformer. Under the first we have nearly four pages devoted to a description of the man and the book which bears his name."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"Mr. Haile's treatment of Cardinal Allen's life is, of necessity, greatly concerned with contemporary history."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"THE ROYA LACADEMY."

THE INNER LIFE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY."

—*Times Literary Supplement*, p. 231, ADVT.

"THE ACADEMY FROM WITHIN."

THE INNER LIFE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, with an account of its Schools etc."

"Mr. Leslie, who is still a practising painter, is 79 years old, and as his father used to take him in to carry his brushes on varnishing days when he was a boy of nine, he has seventy years of actual Academic experience to look back upon."

—*Times Literary Supplement*, p. 232.

"More than once he will suggest to us a Pindar disguised in the mantle of St. Thomas Aquinas; he is often as unreal as Il Greco!"

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

From the Celtic name of London there follows a strong presumption that there was a Celtic village or town, but as it has left no mark it was probably a small place."

—Idem.

"The Life of Charles, Third Earl Stanhope."

—Adv., idem, p. 236.

"The Life of Charles, Third Earl Stanhope."

—*Times Literary Supplement*, p. 234.

"The poet, therefore, is no idle singer of an empty day; his heroes, too, are men of action."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"Too often we find ourselves saying, 'It may be so, but, on the other hand, it may not.'"

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

THE DANGERS OF OCCULTISM.

To the Editor THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

I trust no one will take Mr. Blins too seriously. Mr. Blins evidently believes in a general djinn like Jehovah having drolle du Seigneur over all his female connections. If the gay drolle du Seigneur over all his female connections, Mr. Blins objects to M. Du Gaballu, permit me to object to Mr. Blins.

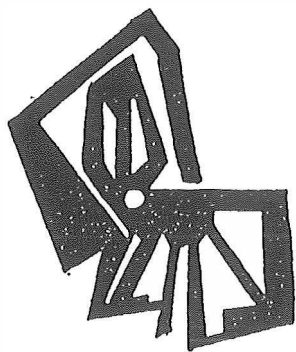
EZRA POUND.

C145

Wyndham Lewis.

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS is one of the greatest masters of design yet born in the occident. Mr. Lewis has in his "Timon" gathered together his age, or at least our age, our generation, the youth-spirit, or what you will, that moves in the men who are now between their twenty-fifth and thirty-fifth years.

It is no easy matter to express the Zeitgeist nor even immediately to comprehend it when we find it laid forth before us in word or in diagram.



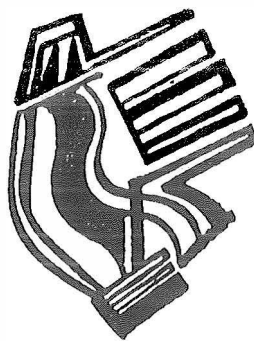
The "man in the street" cannot be expected to understand the "Timon" at first sight. Damn the man in the street, once and for all, damn the man in the street who is only in the street because he hasn't intelligence enough to be let in to anywhere else, and who does not in the least respect himself for being in the street, any more than an artist would respect himself for being hung in the Royal Academy.

But the man whose profoundest needs cannot be satisfied by Collier or by Mr. Sargent's society pretties, the man who has some sort of hunger for life, some restlessness for a meaning, is willing to spend six months, any six months, in a wilderness of doubt if he may thereby come to some deeper understanding; to some emotion more intense than his own; to some handling of life more competent than his own fumbling about the surface.

So it is amply worth while taking half a year to get at the "Timon," fumbling about, looking at Matisse and Cézanne and Picasso, and Gauguin and Kandinski, and spoiling sheet after sheet of paper in learning just how difficult it is to bring forth a new unit of design.

C146

As there is poetry which is creation and not merely a spreading of Keatsian decoration over different but similar surfaces, so is there design which is creation and not merely applying the formula of Manet to different vistas.



So one throws these two accompanying blocks at the spectator. The flying harp and the tom-cat or whatever it is. One throws them with the same confidence and with the same indifference that Giotto sent back his circle to the pope or whoever it was who wanted a sample of workmanship. Maestria is evident in small works as in great ones. If you cannot see the control and skill and power in these two designs, God help you.

"But what are they?" "What is it?" etc. When Ruskin was telling Oxford and the wives of the Oxford dons about the effects that could only be got with the pallet-knife, Pater was learning "that all the arts approach the conditions of music." It is therefore to be expected that lovers of mediocrity will object to any art that attains to the conditions of music.

The rabble and the bureaucracy have built a god in their own image and that god is Mediocrity. The great mass of mankind are mediocre, that is axiomatic, it is a definition of the word mediocre. The race is however divided into disproportionate segments: those who worship their own belly-buttons and those who do not.

There are some of us who do not need to be told that it is a nasty thing to marry off a young girl to a diseased old gentleman whom she dislikes, and who therefore have no need, no profound spiritual need of Mr. Collier's presentation of that fact.

If a man have gathered the force of his generation or of his clan, if he has in his "Timon" expressed the sullen fury of intelligence baffled, shut in by the entrenched forces of stupidity, if he have made "Timon" a type emotion and delivered it in lines and masses and planes, it is proper that we should respect him in a way that we do not respect men blaring out truisms or doing an endless embroidery of sentiment.

In Mr. Lewis' work one finds not a commentator but a protagonist. He is a man at war. He has, in superlative degree, a sense of responsibility and of certitude. He does not declare gaily that the intelligence can exist without aid of the body. He declares somberly, if you will, but indubitably that the intelligent god is incarnate in the universe, in struggle with the endless inertia.

Our life has not the pageantry of Waterloo to give us a send-off for the beginning of a new "Chartreuse de Parme." This is no cause for complaint. From the beginning of the world there has been the traditional struggle, the struggle of Voltaire, of Stendhal and of Flaubert, the struggle of driving the shaft of intelligence into the dull mass of mankind.

I daresay one's own art seems always the hardest. One feels that Mr. Lewis has expressed this struggle. One feels that in literature it is almost impossible to express it for our generation. One has such trivial symbols arrayed against one, there is only "The Times" and all that it implies, and the "Century Magazine" and its likes and all that they imply, and the host of other periodicals and the states of mind represented in them. It is so hard to arrange one's

mass and opposition. Labour and anarchy can find their opponents in "capital" and "government." But the mind aching for something that it can honour under the name of "civilisation," the mind, seeing that state afar off but clearly, can only flap about pettishly striking at the host of trivial substitutes presented to it. One's very contentions are all in the nature of hurricanes in the traditional teapot.

The really vigorous mind might erect "The Times," which is of no importance, into a symbol of the state of mind which "The Times" represents, which is a loathsome state of mind, a malbolge of obtuseness.

And having done so, some æsthete left over from the nineties would rebuke one for one's lack of aloofness.

I have heard people accuse Mr. Lewis of lack of aloofness, yet Mr. Lewis has been for a decade one of the most silent men in London.

Whenever a man finds the accepted media of an art insufficient or unsuitable for expressing his particular content, and having found them inadequate develops new media of his own he is accused of "trying to attract attention" by strangeness. Any man who uses a means of expression which Lord Haldane cannot understand must naturally be trying to appeal to Lord Haldane's particular mentality.

I have also read in some reputable journal that one shouldn't use irony in England, because it wouldn't be understood.

Therefore I will not use irony, I will say quite squarely and openly that Mr. Lewis is a great artist. I suppose that I am writing for the few people who no longer expect one to argue about cubism and expressionism. I suppose that everyone save Sir Claude Phillips has ceased to take Picasso as a joke.

I sit here at my typewriter with two little black designs on the wall before me; they give me pleasure.

I have here also the design out of "Timon," marked act III., and a Japanese print which is curiously cubist. Plenty of people admire the latter and I am at a loss to know why they cannot admire the former. I have also another "full-sheet" black and white design out of the "Timon," the one with the big circular arrow, and that seems to me the strongest of them all, the one that has most moved me to this rhapsody.

I think if anyone asked me what I mean—not what I mean by any particular statement, but what I mean, I could point to that design and say "That is what I mean" with more satisfaction than I could point to any other expression of complex intense emotion. I mean that Mr. Lewis has got into his work something which I recognise as the voice of my own age, an age which has not come into its own, which is different from any other age which has yet expressed itself intensely. We are not *les jeunes* of "The thirties" nor of "the nineties" nor of any other decade save our own. And we have in Mr. Lewis our most articulate voice. And we will sweep out the past century as surely as Attila swept across Europe. We can therefore be content to live in our own corner, and to await to be pleased by the deaths of survivors of an age which we detest. That is not, I suppose, a courteous remark but it is a quite true one. Whatever energy may have been in the Victorian age, and whatever may have been the virtues of distinct individuals who reached towards ours, it is certain that the voice of Victorianism is now only the meowing of understrappers and sub-editors and survivors and that one need not profoundly mind it. It is an annoyance to see water-logged minds in administrative positions, but it is no more than an annoyance. It is a bore that the present members of the Royal Academy cannot go with their works to Buenos Aires and New Zealand, and that space and air should be occupied by the remnants of divers æsthetic movements. We who are not yet thirty or forty are ineffably bored by these anomalies. There is no reason why we should not say so, or why we should not deride young men who still prowling among the marcescent remains. All of this boredom and derision and so on, being quite distinct from the very sincere respect we feel for any

man of ourselves who brings great art to the world, and very distinct also from the respect which we feel for great artists who expressed the life of their times in the past. This is not futurism. The futurists are evidently ignorant of tradition. They have learned from their grandfathers that such and such things were done in 1850 and they conclude that 1850 was all "the past." We do not desire to cut ourselves off from the past. We do not desire to cut ourselves off from great art of any period, we only demand a recognition of contemporary great art, which cannot possibly be just like the great art of any other period.

At no time in the world has great art been exactly like the great art of any other time. A belief that great art will always be like the art of 1850 is "Pastism," a belief that great art will always be like the art of 1911 is "futurism." One hopes that one is not afflicted by either of these diseases.

One hopes that one likes Confucius, and that one has faith in a sort of germinal perfect.

It is one of the hardest things in the world to say anything sensible about works of art at all.

Mr. Lewis has said what there was to say. He has expressed great things in the "Timon." He has presented cool beauty in his later "Portrait of a typical English Woman." There is no doubt whatsoever about his mastery over his craft.

One can only stand by and say "Credo," and the cursed thing is that one cannot make even the statement of one's belief in the form one would like to make it. One can't "get the punch" into one's article, because of "the pressure of time," from the sheer and damnable fact that if "I," in the present case, take time to go back and rewrite this article in the way, or in approximately the way, it should be written, it means a shortage in my accounts.

EZRA POUND.

Revelations.

"Poetry in Germany has a very ancient history."
—*Times Literary Supplement*.

"Tennyson's art and craft for long forbade Mr. Catty 'new effort.'"
(One column to Mr. Catty.)
—*Times Literary Supplement*.

"Poets, like Pierrots, indeed, in the days of their youth should think no longer than a minute at a time, at any rate while with pen in hand."
—*Times Literary Supplement*.

"An Englishman, even if at times he can mouth the formulas of democracy, tends to accept the assurances of the highly born and still has a sneaking belief that what he reads in a newspaper must be true."
—*Times Literary Supplement*.

"Fortunately, however, it is not necessary to decide what a lyric is or is not in order to appreciate it or to judge it; and although Mr. Lees has not, we think, led off very well, the rest of his volume contains a sound and workmanlike account of the principal German lyrical poets and of their work."
Model of sentence construction from
—*Times Literary Supplement*.

"These are only spots in the sun."
—*Times Literary Supplement*.

"There is one consolation in the prospective German empire in Mesopotamia—which might have been an English one if General Francis Chesney's Euphrates scheme had been adopted eighty years ago—and that is that archæological exploration is sure to be liberally encouraged."

Example of fluidity from
—*Times Literary Supplement*.

C147

C146 Continued

C147 Revelations [I]. *Egoist*, I. 12 (15 June 1914) 234–5.

Quotations from the *Times Literary Supplement*, London, with one short one from the *Times*, London; selected, anonymously, by Ezra Pound.

" Labour should be less dangerous and more democratic than a monopoly controlled by a section of Capital." —*Times Literary Supplement*.

Coming on.

" It has been said that doctors when they write well write very well; and Dr. Raymond Crawford writes very well."

(Fine opening, but why not begin with the words " Dr. Raymond," &c.?)

" Dr. Crawford stops at 1800." Excellent!

" The Prophet himself knew the allurements of the desert, the thirst for the camel's milk, and warned his followers that this ' passion for milk will lead you to abandon the centres of reunion and to return to nomad existence.' " —*Times Literary Supplement*.

" Russian letters have regained their pristine purity." —*Times Literary Supplement*.

" Besides being, as the title indicates, an attempt to prove the transcendent merits of orthodoxy, it is really a comprehensive review of all the great works on religion, a digest of all the great systems of philosophy, and an exhaustive analysis of the human soul." —*Times Literary Supplement*.

" For too many people the cooking of breakfast in the early morning is peevish work."

—*Times Literary Supplement*.

" The whole book, in truth, is like an essay on the good will of the human family, a sort of study that goes to prove how real goodness is inherent in most people, which is an agreeable theme in itself, all the more to be commended because it is carried out with a certain graceful acceptance of the Dickens tradition." —*Times Literary Supplement*.

" One shudders slightly to read such phrases as ' we are no mopes, I hope,' or ' they became simply round-headed,' or to imagine a woman exclaiming ' Don't you understand that I am entirely through with you ' to a man who has told her that he no longer loves her.' " —*Times Literary Supplement*.

" Lucille is a heroine worthy of love."

—Literary Criticism in *The Times*.

" He sees that this question of Church versus Dissent is one of the great problems of the day."

—*Times Literary Supplement*.

" The book is worthy of its publishers."

—*Times Literary Supplement*.

" THE BROAD HIGHWAY."

: *Times Literary Supplement* advt. (? or confession).

POEMS

BY

EZRA POUND.

SALUTATION THE THIRD.

Let us deride the smugness of "The Times":
GUFFAW!

So much the gagged reviewers,
 It will pay them when the worms are wriggling in their vitals;
 These were they who objected to newness,
HERE are their **TOMB-STONES**.

They supported the gag and the ring:
 A little black **BOX** contains them.

SO shall you be also,
 You slut-bellied obstructionist,
 You sworn foe to free speech and good letters,
 You fungus, you continuous gangrene.

Come, let us on with the new deal,
 Let us be done with Jews and Jobbery,
 Let us **SPIT** upon those who fawn on the **JEWS** for their money,
 Let us out to the pastures.

PERHAPS I will die at thirty,
 Perhaps you will have the pleasure of defiling my pauper's grave,
 I wish you **JOY**, I proffer you **ALL** my assistance.
 It has been your **HABIT** for long to do away with true poets,
 You either drive them mad, or else you blink at their suicides,
 Or else you condone their drugs, and talk of insanity and genius,
BUT I will not go mad to please you.

I will not **FLATTER** you with an early death.
OH, NO! I will stick it out,

I will feel your hates wriggling about my feet,
 And I will laugh at you and mock you,
 And I will offer you consolations in irony,
 O fools, detesters of Beauty.

I have seen many who go about with supplications,
 Afraid to say how they hate you.
HERE is the taste of my **BOOT**,
CARESS it, lick off the **BLACKING**.

MONUMENTUM AERE, Etc.

You say that I take a good deal upon myself ;
That I strut in the robes of assumption.

In a few years no one will remember the "buffo,"
No one will remember the trivial parts of me,
The comic detail will not be present.
As for you, you will lie in the earth,
And it is doubtful if even your manure will be rich enough
To keep grass
Over your grave

COME MY CANTILATIONS.

Come my cantilations,
Let us dump our hatreds into one bunch and be done with them,
Hot sun, clear water, fresh wind,
Let me be free of pavements,
Let me be free of the printers.
Let come beautiful people
Wearing raw silk of good colour,
Let come the graceful speakers,
Let come the ready of wit,
Let come the gay of manner, the insolent and the exulting.
We speak of burnished lakes,
And of dry air, as clear as metal.

BEFORE SLEEP.

I.

The lateral vibrations caress me,
They leap and caress me,
They work pathetically in my favour,
They seek my financial good.

She of the spear, stands present.
The gods of the underworld attend me, O Annuls.
To these are they of thy company.
With a pathetic solicitude, they attend me.
Undulant,
Their realm is the lateral courses.

II.

Light!

I am up to follow thee, Pallas.
 Up and out of their caresses.
 You were gone up as rocket,
 Bending your passages from right to left and from left to right
 In the flat projection of a spiral.
 The gods of drugged sleep attend me,
 Wishing me well.
 I am up to follow thee, Pallas.

HIS VISION OF A CERTAIN LADY POST MORTEM.

A brown, fat babe sitting in the lotus,
 And you were glad and laughing,
 With a laughter not of this world.
 It is good to splash in the water
 And laughter is the end of all things.

EPITAPHS.

FU I.*

“Fu I loved the green hills and the white clouds,
 Alas, he died of drink.”

LI PO.

And Li Po also died drunk.
 He tried to embrace a moon
 In the yellow river.

FRATRES MINORES.

Certain poets here and in France
 Still sigh over established and natural fact
 Long since fully discussed by Ovid.
 They howl. They complain in delicate and exhausted metres

*Fu I was born in 554 A.D. and died in 639. This is his epitaph very much as he wrote it.

WOMEN BEFORE A SHOP.

The gew-gaws of false amber and false turquoise attract them.
"Like to like nature." These agglutinous yellows!

L'ART.

Green arsenic smeared on an egg-white cloth,
Crushed strawberries! Come let us feast our eyes.

THE NEW CAKE OF SOAP.

Lo, how it gleams and glistens in the sun
Like the cheek of a Chesterton.

MEDITATIO.

When I carefully consider the curious habits of dogs,
I am compelled to admit
That man is the superior animal.

When I consider the curious habits of man,
I confess, my friend, I am puzzled.

PASTORAL.

"The Greenest Growth of Maytime."—A. C. S.

The young lady opposite
Has such beautiful hands
That I sit enchanted

While she combs her hair in décolleté.

I have no shame whatever
In watching the performance,
The bareness of her delicate

Hands and fingers does not

In the least embarrass me,

BUT God forbid that I should gain further acquaintance,
For her laughter frightens even the street hawker
And the alley cat dies of a migraine.

VORTEX.

POUND.

The vortex is the point of maximum energy,

It represents, in mechanics, the greatest efficiency.

We use the words "greatest efficiency" in the precise sense—as they would be used in a text book of MECHANICS.

You may think of man as that toward which perception moves. You may think of him as the TOY of circumstance, as the plastic substance RECEIVING impressions.

OR you may think of him as DIRECTING a certain fluid force against circumstance, as CONCEIVING instead of merely observing and reflecting.

THE PRIMARY PIGMENT.

The vorticalist relies on this alone; on the primary pigment of his art, nothing else.

Every conception, every emotion presents itself to the vivid consciousness in some primary form.

It is the picture that means a hundred poems, the music that means a hundred pictures, the most highly energized statement, the statement that has not yet SPENT itself its expression, but which is the most capable of expressing.

THE TURBINE.

All experience rushes into this vortex. All the energized past, all the past that is living and worthy to live. All MOMENTUM, which is the past bearing upon us, RACE; RACE-MEMORY, instinct charging the PLACID,
NON-ENERGIZED FUTURE.

The DESIGN of the future in the grip of the human vortex. All the past that is vital, all the past that is capable of living into the future, is pregnant in the vortex, NOW.

Hedonism is the vacant place of a vortex, without force, deprived of past and of future, the vertex of a still spool or cone.

Futurism is the disgorging spray of a vortex with no drive behind it, DISPERSAL.

EVERY CONCEPT, EVERY EMOTION PRESENTS ITSELF TO THE VIVID CONSCIOUSNESS IN SOME PRIMARY FORM. IT BELONGS TO THE ART OF THIS FORM. IF SOUND, TO MUSIC; IF FORMED WORDS, TO LITERATURE; THE IMAGE, TO POETRY; FORM, TO DESIGN; COLOUR IN POSITION, TO PAINTING; FORM OR DESIGN IN THREE PLANES, TO SCULPTURE; MOVEMENT TO THE DANCE OR TO THE RHYTHM OF MUSIC OR OF VERSES.

Elaboration, expression of second intensities, of dispersedness belong to the secondary sort of artist. Dispersed arts HAD a vortex.

Impressionism, Futurism, which is only an accelerated sort of Impressionism, DENY the vortex. They are the CORPSES of VORTICES. POPULAR BELIEFS, movements, etc., are the CORPSES OF VORTICES. Marinetti is a corpse.

THE MAN.

The vorticist relies not upon similarity or analogy, not upon likeness or mimicry.

In painting he does not rely upon the likeness to a beloved grandmother or to a caressable mistress.

VORTICISM is art before it has spread itself into a state of flaccidity, of elaboration, of secondary applications.

ANCESTRY.

"All arts approach the conditions of music."—*Pater*.

"An Image is that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time."—*Pound*.

"You are interested in a certain painting because it is an arrangement of lines and colours."—*Whistler*.

Picasso, Kandinski, father and mother, classicism and romanticism of the movement.

POETRY.

The vorticist will use only the primary media of his art.

The primary pigment of poetry is the IMAGE.

The vorticist will not allow the primary expression of any concept or emotion to drag itself out into mimicry.

In painting Kandinski, Picasso.

In poetry this by, "H. D."

Whirl up sea —
Whirl your pointed pines,
Splash your great pines
On our rocks,
Hurl your green over us,
Cover us with your pools of fir.

SUFFRAGETTES.

THERE is perhaps nothing more enjoyable, nothing so sustaining to the inner sense of one's own nobility than to suffer martyrdom or exile for the sake of a cause or of an idea which one believes noble. Miss Christabel Pankhurst has about as much intellect as a guinea-pig but she has a sense of values, of subjective emotional values, which is sound beyond question. And Sylvia, her sister, is also getting a lot out of life. It is glorious and stimulating to ride on a stretcher at the head of a loyal mob. I do not pity these young ladies. I regard them with envy, at least they "will have lived," they will always have that to look back upon if they survive it.

As to "the cause," it is just—and in a sense absurd. I mean there is only one valid argument against the suffrage. The clique which runs this country must, oh, at all costs, *must* keep up the fiction that the vote is of some use.

They fear presumably that if the masses should ever find out or begin to believe in the incompetence of the vote, they would then begin to act. We suppose that they would be shot! Let us cease to talk about "ifs." It suits the convenience of our rulers that we should believe in voting, in suffrage as a universal panacea for our own stupidities. As a syndicalist, somewhat atrabilious, I disbelieve vigorously in any recognition of political institutions, of the Fabian Society, John Galworthy, and so on.

The duty of literate men and of all women is to keep alight some spark of civilisation at the summit of things. It is the duty of everyone who is intelligent enough to read this paper to spend his or her energies setting some model of life to the rabble and to agos to come. It is not our duty to fuss about Sunday closing or minimum wage or any other attempt to make hell less hell-like for the lower classes.

Economics are not the muddle that they are made out to be. Were it not for the hideous immoralities preached by the established churches we should go at this matter somewhat straighter. States are not run by paternosters. Economics are pragmatical. And simple. If a family of two have two hundred or even one hundred pounds a year of more or less regular income, they can live as befits rational literate animals. If they have children, or if they have too many, they sink.

The rich are those who do not have too many children. The poor are those who do have too many children. It takes a generation or so to establish the classes.

A sensible man or woman attempts to earn food, and not to have more wives, husbands, and children than he or she can support.

He or she will not waste his or her energy in mucking with politics or economics but in keeping alight the flame of science and knowledge and the arts, and in setting a fine example of living.

It is only the discoveries of science and of genius that remain. You can preach till you are blue about the iniquitous folly of being taxed to support a few war-trucks, a few factories that provide war gear and war scares. You have half a billion sterling set up against you. Submarines, and Ulivi if he perfects his machine, do the job before or without you. The needs pass. Politics are fit for a certain type of arrested man. A mediæval king was a sort of high sheriff. No one now cares a hang about mediæval kings and no one wants to be chief of police.

Only a few people, and those not of the nicest, have any hankering after the job of Prime Minister. Some one ought to be employed to look after our traffic and sewage, one grants that. But a superintendence of traffic and sewage is not the sole function of man. Certain stupid and honest people should, doubtless, be delegated for the purpose. There politics ends for the enlightened man.

The enlightened man should foregather with other enlightened men and plot for the preservation of enlightenment. That is to say, he should form his syndicat. The joiners, etc., who have interests in common should form their syndicates.

These syndicates should work on things as they are, on inevitable and implacable hostilities, on various forms of sloth and avarice. One puts up with the infamy of an over-stocked government service, and a lot of lazy over-paid parsons, etc., etc., because life is too short to waste it reforming or trying to reform this inferno.

As for feminine suffrage in its relations to present conditions.

We have to do not with justice, not with truth—no barrister, no judge, no politician deals with, or searches for these things. We have to do with something like the laws of bridge-whist, which do not pretend to be a research after justice and the primal verities.

We have a set of more or less competent, more or less avaricious, more or less well-meaning persons who "must," or at least will, under all circumstances, think about their own preservation, and advantage. They are in charge of a mechanism called the "state." They run it by chicanery and catch-words. The catch-words are a very powerful part of chicanery. The catch-words are limitedly capable of both good and evil. They may even run away with their inventors. I mean a man who gets on by bawling "justice" may in rare cases get himself caught in a nasty corner where he has to play according to whatever catch-word he has used or invented. He may even respect the words, and they may be a part of his "better nature."

Now there is no known definition of "justice" as that term is used in representative governments, limited monarchies, constitutional monarchies, etc., which can be used against the present demand for the enfranchisement of women. Their demand is irrevocably just.

Any minister, any man impassioned for "justice" must grant that the demand for suffrage is just.

On the other hand it is foolish. It is foolish because it is a demand for a shadow, a useless thing, but it is a thing to which the women have every "right."

The suffragettes as a body are foolish, not only because they demand a shadow, but because of their tactics. They seem to have very little intellect back of their campaign, and yet the proposition before them is so difficult that they have need of a very great deal of intellect if they are to win out.

I don't mean that they are all utter imbeciles. Their position is very difficult. It is quite possible that if all the "male" "intellect" in the country went over to their side they would not even then hold the cards for a win.

As for their actions of late: It is rot to say "we deplore violence"; we all like the violence so long as they don't smash our own windows. We all like to see big headlines. We like the papers to have racy bits of news in 'em. We like to read of bombs and explosions. The undergraduate in all of us survives up to that extent—unless we have property or interests in danger.

To be logical, however, the suffragettes should destroy only national property. They are, strictly speaking, outlaws. They are, however, outlaws enjoying as much protection from the state by which they are outlawed as do the active members of that state, i.e., the voters. It may not be the height of prudence to forfeit that even incomplete protection from violence and some other sorts of annoyance. They are outlaws under a truce, under a truce which they have every "right" to forfeit if they choose.

Their right to attack in that case is the right to attack national property, national pictures, etc., not pictures belonging to Mr. Sargent. Their smashing of national treasures is more commendable, for instance, than would be a smashing of Mr. Asquith, who is not a national treasure, but only the treasure of a faction. So that in so far as they have refrained from assassinations, etc., they have been wise. They have been more just than their opponents.

Their attack on a hospital doctor would seem also logical. No man is by virtue of his contract as prison surgeon bound to take part in tortures worthy of a mediæval dungeon. The surgeon would seem to be exceeding the functions demanded of him by his state or syndicat. It is natural that a hostile syndicat should single him out for a particular vendetta. I doubt if that wretched male had anyone's sympathy.

The practical question is not one of "justice"; it is simply, will the country give the vote to women out of sheer boredom?

Will exaggerated ennui and exasperation drive "the ruling syndicat" to a just act. These maligned women (who are for the most part misrepresented by the Press), are they foolish beyond measure? A revolution is a successful rebellion. If the ruling syndicat recognises the outlawry and withdraws its tacit habitual protection of the outlaws, have they any chance of success sufficient to warrant their war?

I mean simply that a general who takes certain risks in war is court-martialled if he fails.

Personally I want them to vote. They have played a sporting game. If men like Balfour of Burleigh have a "right" to play a certain silly form of tip-cat called voting, then women who are willing to die for an idea (however stupid) have an equal right to spend a few minutes a year in a stuffy polling booth.

"Ultimately" . . . one says, "they must win." Ideas, however stupid, that people are willing to suffer for, always "win." I mean they get a run for their money, they rule, sooner or later, for an indefinite period. Those who oppose the suffrage lay up for themselves a period of future infamy. That much they can promise themselves. A certain number of people will spit upon their tombs.

I write from outside the struggle. It is all one to me whether these women want to vote about district inspection of milk-cans, or whether they want the right to walk on shepherds' stilts.

The forces against them are sufficiently discussed elsewhere. They have for them, boredom, the weariness of "the unjust judge." They have the mob's tacit approval of violence, of anything that causes excitement, they have their own conviction, their own love of adventure, their hatred of traditional forms of feminine ennui, they have the force of male sentimentality or chivalry working in their favour. They have the "justice" of their cause, for whatever that bagatelle may be worth. The intellectuals' hatred of politicians and of politics is in their favour, this is only the passive favour of spectators who will do nothing for them save talk now and then.

They have the passionate fury that official caddishness or the spectacle of Sir Almoth Wright stirs up in the intelligent mind.

The Male mind does not want to be bothered with Asquith or Wright or their kind. Politics is unfit for men, it may be good enough for women, we doubt it. The male mind does not want a state run by women, or by "old women." Torture disgusts the male mind. The male parent disturbed by a row is apt to chastise all the disturbers quite impartially.

In the middle ages the "affairs" were, we suppose, in the hands of Jews and lawyers. The male muddled. He fought and occasionally won castles and lost them by chicanery. If the control of the state were in "male" control, women would have the vote for the asking . . . and it would do them no good.

This argument, like all political arguments, runs in a circle. Unlike political arguments it confesses its circularity.

[I.]

As for the anti-militants, tax-resisters, etc., nothing has at any time prevented these people from summoning a women's parliament. It would have no legal status but it could deliberate, and its decisions, if they were at all sensible, would carry weight. They could recommend laws to the House of Commons. The opening of polls for delegates, suffrage, anti-suffrage and all, would force the women who "do not want votes" to vote for delegates to the women's congress or else to see "feminine opinion" effectually recorded against them. Mrs. Humphry Ward, for whom permit me to express my contempt in passing, would have to appear in such a contest, or else keep quiet.

[II.]

One supposes the talk about deadlock is all humbug, but even if there were a deadlock nothing would prevent the present ministry from instituting a women's chamber

(women elected by woman's vote) and giving it the right to initiate legislation on questions of woman's labour, and such other matters as concern women in particular. Such powers could be slowly increased if the chamber proved competent.

That would do away with the objection to giving the suffrage to a lot of untrained voters.

A division of the houses of government into a male and female is far more in accord with contemporary ideas than a division of the houses into "commons" and "lords." One would, of course, hate to abolish that picturesque relic "The Lords," though the thought of being even slightly controlled by a body containing bishops is both painful and ridiculous.

BASTIEN VON HELMHOLTZ.

REVELATIONS.

"In 'Paradise Lost' the epic type, as we now understand it, has perfected and exhausted itself. The force, not of nature, but of the supernatural, can no farther go."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"If Homer is authentic, so is Milton, though with a slight difference."

—Yes, a slight difference.
—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"Before yellow fever was introduced the climate must have been delightful, and the Yucatecos of to-day are extremely lively and energetic."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"Mr. Abercrombie has judged the great epics; and as his judgment coincides generally with that of the secure world, it is the best of testimonies to its soundness."

—*Times "Literary."*

"To him, as to all Yorkshiremen, the horse was a noble animal."

—*Idem.*

"These men are robust, self-opinionated, stout lovers of their friends, haters of all shams, enthusiastic, fiery, impatient of contradiction, rebels who would dominate for the best of motives."

—I and a *Times* Reviewer commend them?

"This is a very interesting and suggestive book written by a lady professor who holds a post under the French Government. The writer holds very advanced views; she much prefers the French girl of to-day to the French girl of yesterday, and she is strongly in favour of secularized education."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"This is the last volume of what had been, to innumerable readers who desire to keep in touch with Paris life, a truly delightful series."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"Cities all over the world have their particular characteristics."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"If, then, people, invested their money which they do not spend on necessaries, and did not waste it on diamond necklaces and motor-cars and high living, and all the petty pomps and shows of everyday life, more of the necessaries of life, such as boots, would be produced, and there would be more wages, and more profits and more new capital with which to produce still more boots."

"Of course nobody will deny that there is good deal of truth in all this."

—Economics in *Times* Literary Supplement.

"Those who think with him, etc. . . . will find him a helpful and stimulating guide."

—*Times* Literary Supplement.

"A study of passion which is not without power—in the person of a young Devonshire doctor, happily married, who comes under the spell of an alluring (half French) degenerate and enters, to the ruin of his career, on a wild intrigue of erotic abandonment—until, as the story proceeds, his moral sanity reasserts itself."

—Idem.

"FOOTPRINTS OF THE ANCIENT SCOTTISH CHURCHES."

—?

"JOHN LONG'S POPULAR NOVELS."

—*Times* Literary Supplement advt.

"In Milton epic poetry culminates and Mr. Abercrombie, who is nothing if not a Miltonian, explains why."

—*Times* Literary Supplement. Why?

"There are so many critics and their criticisms are so very varied, and so few observers really come with open minds and observe with the strictly impersonal impartiality which should be the mark of the scientist. Some insist that our policy is overripe for dissolution, others that it is an outrage upon the sacred name of civilisation, while a third set opine that all is for the best in the best of all possible states. The Chief of Ichalkaranji belongs rather to the third category, and in giving ample evidence of the keenness of his observations has with the perfection of politeness allowed himself to be dumb as to the shortcomings of his hosts and has permitted the hand of courtesy to turn aside the doubtless well-merited scourge of reproof."

—Idem.

"For many years past there has existed an indefinable prejudice in the West against Armenians."

—Idem.

"25s. net.

"Strong is the power of family life."

—Idem.

"Not thus did travellers write in the old days when the Grand Tour was made in a post chaise; but times have changed."

Have they?

—Idem.

"He lets his æsthetic judgment choose its own sweet course, and as his standard of taste is high he wastes no time on the tribal lay or the ballad."

—Ditto.

"It is no new thing to discover how much may be gleaned from well-harvested fields by a skillful and patient toiler."

—Zeus.

"This method and this attitude of mind have great merits, but it must be confessed that they also have rather serious defects."

—Idem.

"In Tasso and Camoens the consciousness of Europe awakens."

—*Times* Literary Supplement.

"The general moral of the whole volume we take to be, that important as the study of war on land is to military officers and the study of war on the sea to naval officers, and difficult as the pursuit of both these studies must be, alike from the nature of the case and from the intractability and inaccessibility of much of their

material, yet far more important, and certainly not less difficult, is the synthetic study of war simultaneously conducted both on land and on the sea."

—*Times* Literary Supplement.

"They are very human letters; and the humanity of them flashes upon us when we inquire which of the many sights he saw excited the young traveller's keenest admiration. It was not the Parthenon, or St. Sophia, or St. Peter's, or anything in any of the museums or picture galleries—it was Lady Hamilton."

—*Times* Literary Supplement.
Dénouement.

"NET SALES.

(Since we followed *The English Review* and 'came down' to a penny)

The net sales for the ten issues since the change in the price of *The Times* have been as follows:—

Issue of March 10	35,530
" " "	26	42,942
" " April 2	43,830
" " "	9	43,170
				etc."

—*Times* Literary Supplement.

"What the lyric really is, he discusses in his opening chapter, but decides, so far as we can gather, that the lyric is really indefinable—something, as Mr. E. B. Reed puts it, 'above any formula that may be devised.'"

—*Times* Literary Supplement.

"On Tuesday next Messrs. Macmillan will issue a volume entitled 'The Mind of the Disciples,' by the Rev. Neville S. Talbot, Fellow, Tutor, and Chaplain of Balliol College, Oxford, written for those members of the Church who, while the search for historical truth in regard to Christianity becomes more and more complex and specialised, may feel in doubt respecting what they should believe and teach."

—*Times* again Literary Supplement.

"This study of the Egyptian Queen will command the attention due to the work of a writer who, as Inspector-General of Antiquities for the Government of Egypt, has had for many years a close association with Alexandria, Cleopatra's capital, and a daily familiarity with Greek and Egyptian antiquities; and the more so, perhaps, as far as the general public is concerned, because he has definitely avoided encumbering his pages with historical references and apparatus. His object, in estimating Cleopatra, is to realise more fully than is usually done her own point of view, her difficulties, and the moral standard of her time; and so to award her a fairer judgment."

—Ditto.

"It is all to the good, therefore, that they should be out of the common ruck; they have a consistency of their own, and their creator must not be judged by other people's standards. That is to say, Miss Kaye-Smith has reached an enviable stage among novelists."

—Ditto.

"Lucille is a heroine worthy of love."

—Literary Criticism in *The Times*.

"He sees that this question of Church *versus* Dissent is one of the great problems of the day."

—*Times* Literary Supplement.

"Virile in method, the scope of the action also is far-flung. Whether in the English scenes or amidst the arid setting of the East—whether Mars or Venus be in the ascendant—Mr. Wren makes his plunges boldy."

—*Times* Literary Supplement.
(Chaste and restrained.)

"DUBLINERS" AND MR. JAMES JOYCE.

FREEDOM from sloppiness is so rare in contemporary English prose that one might well say simply, "Mr. Joyce's book of short stories is prose free from sloppiness," and leave the intelligent reader ready to run from his study immediately to spend three and sixpence on the volume.

Unfortunately one's credit as a critic is insufficient to produce this result.

The readers of *THE EGOTIST*, having had Mr. Joyce under their eyes for some months, will scarcely need to have his qualities pointed out to them. Both they and the paper have been very fortunate in his collaboration.

Mr. Joyce writes a clear hard prose. He deals with subjective things, but he presents them with such clarity of outline that he might be dealing with locomotives or with builders' specifications. For that reason one can read Mr. Joyce without feeling that one is conferring a favour. I must put this thing my own way. I know about 168 authors. About once a year I read something contemporary without feeling that I am softening the path for poor Jones or poor Fulano de Tal.

I can lay down a good piece of French writing and pick up a piece of writing by Mr. Joyce without feeling as if my head were being stuffed through a cushion. There are still impressionists about and I dare say they claim Mr. Joyce. I admire impressionist writers. English prose writers who haven't got as far as impressionism (that is to say, 95 per cent. of English writers of prose and verse) are a bore.

Impressionism has, however, two meanings, or perhaps I had better say, the word "impressionism" gives two different "impressions."

There is a school of prose writers, and of verse writers for that matter, whose forerunner was Stendhal and whose founder was Flaubert. The followers of Flaubert deal in exact presentation. They are often so intent on exact presentation that they neglect intensity, selection, and concentration. They are perhaps the most clarifying and they have been perhaps the most beneficial force in modern writing.

There is another set, mostly of verse writers, who founded themselves not upon anybody's writing but upon the pictures of Monet. Every movement in painting picks up a few writers who try to imitate in words what someone has done in paint. Thus one writer saw a picture by Monet and talked of "pink pigs blossoming on a hillside," and a later writer talked of "slate-blue" hair and "raspberry-coloured flanks."

These "impressionists" who write an imitation of Monet's softness instead of writing in imitation of Flaubert's definiteness, are a bore, a grimy, or perhaps I should say, a rosy, floribund bore.

The spirit of a decade strikes properly upon all of the arts. There are "parallel movements." Their causes and their effects may not seem, superficially, similar.

This mimicking of painting ten or twenty years late, is not in the least the same as the "literary movement" parallel to the painting movement imitated.

The force that leads a poet to leave out a moral reflection may lead a painter to leave out representation. The resultant poem may not suggest the resultant painting.

Mr. Joyce's merit, I will not say his chief merit but his most engaging merit, is that he carefully avoids telling you a lot that you don't want to know. He presents his people swiftly and vividly, he does not sentimentalise over them, he does not weave convolutions. He is a realist. He does not believe "life" would be all right if we stopped vivisection or if we instituted a new sort of "economics." He gives the thing as it is. He is not bound by the tiresome convention that any part of life, to be interesting, must be shaped into the conventional

form of a "story." Since De Maupassant we have had so many people trying to write "stories" and so few people presenting life. Life for the most part does not happen in neat little diagrams and nothing is more tiresome than the continual pretence that it does.

Mr. Joyce's "Araby," for instance, is much better than a "story," it is a vivid waiting.

It is surprising that Mr. Joyce is Irish. One is so tired of the Irish or "Celtic" imagination (or "phantasy" as I think they now call it) flopping about. Mr. Joyce does not flop about. He defines. He is not an institution for the promotion of Irish peasant industries. He accepts an international standard of prose writing and lives up to it.

He gives us Dublin as it presumably is. He does not descend to farce. He does not rely upon Dickensian caricature. He gives us things as they are, not only for Dublin, but for every city. Erase the local names and a few specifically local allusions, and a few historic events of the past, and substitute a few different local names, allusions and events, and these stories could be retold of any town.

That is to say, the author is quite capable of dealing with things about him, and dealing directly, yet these details do not engross him, he is capable of getting at the universal element beneath them.

The main situations of "Madame Bovary" or of "Doña Perfecta" do not depend on local colour or upon local detail, that is their strength. Good writing, good presentation can be specifically local, but it must not depend on locality. Mr. Joyce does not present "types" but individuals. I mean he deals with common emotions which run through all races. He does not bank on "Irish character." Roughly speaking, Irish literature has gone through three phases in our time, the shamrock period, the dove-grey period, and the Kiltartan period. I think there is a new phase in the works of Mr. Joyce. He writes as a contemporary of continental writers. I do not mean that he writes as a faddist, mad for the last note, he does not imitate Strindberg, for instance, or Bang. He is not ploughing the underworld for horror. He is not presenting a macabre subjectivity. He is classic in that he deals with normal things and with normal people. A committee room, Little Chandler, a nonentity, a boarding house full of clerks—these are his subjects and he treats them all in such a manner that they are worthy subjects of art.

Francis Jammes, Charles Vildrac and D. H. Lawrence have written short narratives in verse, trying, it would seem, to present situations as clearly as prose writers have done, yet more briefly. Mr. Joyce is engaged in a similar condensation. He has kept to prose not needing the privilege supposedly accorded to verse to justify his method.

I think that he excels most of the impressionist writers because of his more rigorous selection, because of his exclusion of all unnecessary detail.

There is a very clear demarcation between unnecessary detail and irrelevant detail. An impressionist friend of mine talks to me a good deal about "preparing effects," and on that score he justifies much unnecessary detail, which is not "irrelevant," but which ends by being wearisome and by putting one out of conceit with his narrative.

Mr. Joyce's more rigorous selection of the presented detail marks him, I think, as belonging to my own generation, that is, to the "nineteen-tens," not to the decade between "the 'nineties" and to-day.

At any rate these stories and the novel now appearing in serial form are such as to win for Mr. Joyce a very definite place among English contemporary prose writers, not merely a place in the "Novels of the Week" column, and our writers of good clear prose are so few that we cannot afford to confuse or to overlook them.

EZRA POUND.

"Dubliners," by James Joyce. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.

NORTHCLIFFE'S NICE PAPER AGAIN.

"Greatness of birth and fine correctness of manners came natural to him."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"He was sensitive, fastidious, unmarried, fragile of health, and nervous over such health as he might have enjoyed; in the affairs of his spiritual life a true lover of religion, pure and undefiled; in his home life, a most perfect and delightful brother and friend."

—*Times Literary Supplement* continuing.

"Then, too, the spread of the English language and literature are agencies of unification never before known."

—*Times Literary.*

"Take the relations with the Mother Country to the Colonies; we are apt to assume, as Sir Charles Lucas points out in his chapter upon 'Administration,' that there are two parties only concerned."

—*Times Literary.*

"Mr. Philip has not omitted to see Dalecarlia; he has inspected one of the iron districts."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"SWEDEN IN SUMMER."

—*Idem.*

"Across this scene of incipient terror waltzes, as airy as a sylph, the Austrian attaché."

—*The same.*

"Mr. Baring writes for the average man."

—*The same.*

"As he confesses in a dedicatory letter to Mr. H. G. Wells, the author was piqued at discovering by accident how very greatly Russia may be misunderstood in this country."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"There is something magnificent and fascinating in the very idea of a survey of the British Empire."

—*Same.*

"Leads us out of the little aims and the conventional considerations to the simple duty of following the call of what we know to be the truth."

—*Yet again.*

"N.B.—These Novels are among the successes of the Season, and are all in 2nd Editions, except 'Sunrise Valley,' which has reached, etc."

—*Times Literary Supplement* advt.

"This book embodies the results of an inquiry suggested by the Birmingham City Council into the 'causes of the deterioration in character and earning capacity' which has been observed to take place in a great number of the working boys of that city within two or three years from the time at which they leave the elementary school. The author obtained from the Juvenile Labour Exchange names and particulars, etc."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"This fiction ranges the world's oceans. Its men and women are of divers races, of four continents. Even its simplest seaman is something of a rare bird."

—*Times, of course.*

"In spite of all this never were sheep more rigorously divided from goats than were Greeks from Turks—as perhaps may be shown by Aunt Kalliroë's attitude."

—*Times Literary Supplement.*

"But comedy, flourishing in a world which gravely doubts the necessity of laughter, has too often been held in an undeserved suspicion."

—*Same.*

"This is not biography. Well, then, is it science? *Expende Hannibalem*: weigh Galton, account for him: discover in him the Promethean *particulam undique descriptam*: go back to all the stocks and strands and bloods and blends that you can find: are you not landed, at last, in surmises and hypotheses, in probabilities and possibilities?"

—*Same.*

Poetry

A Magazine of Verse

AUGUST, 1914

POEMS

TO ΚΑΛὸΝ



VEN in my dreams you have denied yourself
to me,
You have sent me only your handmaids.

THE STUDY IN AESTHETICS

The very small children in patched clothing,
Being smitten with an unusual wisdom,
Stopped in their play as she passed them
And cried up from their cobbles:

Guarda! Ahi, Guarda! ch'e b'ea!

But three years after this
I heard the young Dante, whose last name I do not know—
For there are, in Sirmione, twenty-eight young Dantes and
thirty-four Catulli;
And there had been a great catch of sardines,
And his elders
Were packing them in the great wooden boxes
For the market in Brescia, and he
Leapt about, snatching at the bright fish
And getting in both of their ways;
And in vain they commanded him to *sta fermo!*
And when they would not let him arrange
The fish in the boxes
He stroked those which were already arranged,
Murmuring for his own satisfaction
This identical phrase:
Ch'e b'ea.

And at this I was mildly abashed.

THE BELLAIRES

*Aus meinen grossen Schmerzen
Mach' ich die kleinen Lieder.*

The good Bellaires
Do not understand the conduct of this world's affairs.
In fact they understood them so badly
That they have had to cross the channel.

Nine lawyers, four counsels, five judges and three proctors
of the King,

Together with the respective wives, husbands, sisters and
 heterogeneous connections of the good Bellaires,
 Met to discuss their affairs;
 But the good Bellaires have so little understood their affairs
 That now there is no one at all
 Who can understand any affair of theirs. Yet
 Fourteen hunters still eat in the stables of
 The good Squire Bellaire;
 But these may not suffer attainder,
 For they may not belong to the good Squire Bellaire
 But to his wife.
 On the contrary, if they do not belong to his wife,
 He will plead
 A "freedom from attainder"
 For twelve horses and also for twelve boarhounds
 From Charles the Fourth;
 And a further freedom for the remainder
 Of horses, from Henry the Fourth.
 But the judges,
 Being free of mediaeval scholarship,
 Will pay no attention to this,
 And there will be only the more confusion,
 Replevin, estoppel, espavin and what not.

Nine lawyers, four counsels, etc.,
 Met to discuss their affairs,
 But the sole result was bills
 From lawyers to whom no one was indebted,
 And even the lawyers
 Were uncertain who was supposed to be indebted to them.

Wherefore the good Squire Bellaire
 Resides now at Agde and Biaucaire.
 To Carcassonne, Pui, and Alais
 He fareth from day to day,
 Or takes the sea air
 Between Marseilles
 And Beziers.

And for all this I have considerable regret,
 For the good Bellaires
 Are very charming people.

SALVATIONISTS

I

Come, my songs, let us speak of perfection—
 We shall get ourselves rather disliked.

II

Ah yes, my songs, let us resurrect
 The very excellent term *Rusticus*.
 Let us apply it in all its opprobrium
 To those to whom it applies.

And you may decline to make them immortal,
 For we shall consider them and their state
 In delicate
 Opulent silence.

III

Come, my songs,
 Let us take arms against this sea of stupidities—
 Beginning with Mumpodorus;
 And against this sea of vulgarities—
 Beginning with Nimmim;
 And against this sea of imbeciles—
 All the Bulmenian literati.

AMITIÉS!

Old friends the most.
W. B. Y.

I

To one, on returning certain years after.

You wore the same quite correct clothing,
 You took no pleasure at all in my triumphs,
 You had the same old air of condescension
 Mingled with a curious fear
 That I, myself, might have enjoyed them.

Te voila, mon Bourrienne, you also shall be immortal.

II

To another.

And we say good-bye to you also,
 For you seem never to have discovered
 That your relationship is wholly parasitic;
 Yet to our feasts you bring neither
 Wit, nor good spirits, nor the pleasing attitudes
 Of discipleship.

III

But you, *bos amic*, we keep on,
 For to you we owe a real debt:
 In spite of your obvious flaws,
 You once discovered a moderate chop-house.

IV

*Iste fuit vir incultus,
 Deo laus, quod est sepultus,
 Vermes habent eius vultum—
 A-a-a—A-men.
 Ego autem jovialis
 Gaudebo in contubernalis
 Cum jocunda femina.*

LADIES

Agathas

Four and forty lovers had Agathas in the old days,
 All of whom she refused;

And now she turns to me seeking love,
And her hair also is turning.

Young Lady

I have fed your lar with poppies,
I have adored you for three full years;
And now you grumble because your dress does not fit
And because I happen to say so.

Lesbia Illa

Memnon, Memnon, that lady
Who used to walk about amongst us
With such gracious uncertainty,
Is now wedded
To a British householder.
Lugete, Veneres! Lugete, Cupidinesque!

Passing

Flawless as Aphrodite,
Thoroughly beautiful,
Brainless,
The faint odor of your patchouli,
Faint, almost, as the lines of cruelty about your chin,
Assails me, and concerns me almost as little.

THE SEEING EYE

The small dogs look at the big dogs;
They observe unwieldly dimensions
And curious imperfections of odor.

Here is a formal male group:
The young men look upon their seniors,
They consider the elderly mind
And observe its inexplicable correlations.

Said Tsin-Tsu:
It is only in small dogs and the young
That we find minute observation.

ABU SALAMMAMM—A SONG OF EMPIRE

*Being the sort of poem I would write if King George V should
have me chained to the fountain before Buckingham Palace,
and should give me all the food and women I wanted.
To my brother in chains Bonga-Bonga.*

Great is King George the Fifth,
for he has chained me to this fountain;
He feeds me with beef-bones and wine.
Great is King George the Fifth—
His palace is white like marble,
His palace has ninety-eight windows,
His palace is like a cube cut in thirds,

Abu Salammamm—A Song of Empire

It is he who has slain the Dragon
 and released the maiden Andromeda.
 Great is King George the Fifth;
 For his army is legion,
 His army is a thousand and forty-eight soldiers
 with red cloths about their buttocks,
 And they have red faces like bricks.
 Great is the King of England and greatly to be feared,
 For he has chained me to this fountain;
 He provides me with women and drinks.
 Great is King George the Fifth
 and very resplendent is this fountain.
 It is adorned with young gods riding upon dolphins
 And its waters are white like silk.
 Great and Lofty is this fountain;
 And seated upon it is the late Queen, Victoria,
 The Mother of the great king, in a hoop-skirt,
 Like a woman heavy with child.

Oh may the king live forever!
 Oh may the king live for a thousand years!
 For the young prince is foolish and headstrong;
 He plagues me with jibes and sticks,
 And when he comes into power
 He will undoubtedly chain someone else to this fountain,
 And my glory will
 Be at an end.

Ezra Pound.

GOD IN LONDON.

A.D. 1914.

SOME views without comments: special ones of the state of intelligence in Britain in the year 1914: absent-mindedly snapshotted by "The Times" of this year's date. We put them on record for the diversion of the slightly increased host of intelligent who will be found offering fancy prices for early copies of *THE EGOTIST* two hundred years or so hence. The occasion is the framing of a new motto for the London County Council upon their inclusion of additional areas into Larger London. The appended suggestions for mottoes have been offered in response to an invitation issued by "The Times," from whose pages we extract them. They provide their own commentary.

* * *

First "The Times":—"The selection of a motto for London is no easy task, but if it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. What principles should guide our choice? Should the words, which must be few, state a fact or express an aspiration? The sentence founded on Tacitus, 'The sweetness of the place holds us,' made a statement at once simple and interesting, and one which was in many ways in accordance both with the feelings of Londoners and with the spirit of a tolerant and rather easy-going age, in that it spoke of the pleasure of living in London rather than of the greatness of the city or the responsibilities of the citizens. It would have been a natural, if not a wholly creditable, product of our time. . . . But . . . in its moral tone it is far inferior to the motto of the City, *Domine dirige nos* . . . But among the poets the locus classicus on London is in Spenser. From him we might borrow the petition—'Sweet Thames run softly.' Thousands must know these words, even if they know nothing else of Spenser's. The Thames has made London; its waters will glide past the County Council's new senate-house; is it not worthy to be held in remembrance? We throw this out merely as a suggestion, and we invite our readers to come forward with others." And they come forward.

* * *

- "God encompass us."—G. Binney Dibblee.
 "A goodly heritage."—Henry Lygon.
 "God guide us."—"R. L. A."
 "God our help."—Rev. A. W. Lawson.
 "The Majesty of London is our Care."—Everard Green.
 "With God's help faithful and free."—Geoffrey Drage.
 "God of Mercy Guard us, Guard us"; "Guide our Counsels O Lord."—E. A. Harthill.
 "He shall stand at the right hand of the poor";
 "O prosper Thou our handywork."—George Berwood.
 "Lord direct us."—Norton.
 "Lord Guide us."—William Thompson.
 "Onwards London."—Robert Gladstone.
 "Freely ye received, Freely give."—G. H. Weeks.
 "God with us."—Lord Mexborough.
 "Dwell together in Unity"; "Order is heaven's first law."—Dean of St. Pauls.
 "Let not your own interests move you but rather the wishes of the public."—Arthur G. M. Hasillrige.
 "God encompass all."—Rev. E. D. Stone.
 "God encompasseth us."—"R. C. S."
 "God encompass her."—Mr. C. V. Bagot.
 "God encompass."—Mr. J. F. Nicholson.
 "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth" (Ps. xlviii, 2).—Rev. A. S. W. Young.
 "For God and the common weal."—Rev. W. J. Batchelor.
 "God our Help."—"R. S. M."
 "Lead, Kindly Light."—Mr. H. O. Huskisson and "R. W. B."
 "Lord keep our city"; or "God, encompass our city."
 "Long Years in London."
 "In the peace thereof shall ye have peace" (Jer. xxix.).—Rev. S. Levy.
 "God's Providence is mine inheritance"; or "God guard us."—Mr. A. E. Snelson.
 "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us."—Miss Emily Davies.
 "Fight the good fight" (1 Tim. vi, 12).—M. Grove.
 "God guard the axle."—The Rev. Lionel S. Lewis.
 "Peace be within thy walls."—Mr. J. Wodehouse.
 "God's grace our guide."—Sir Henry Samuelson.
 "God fend and further us."—Mr. A. G. Watson.
 "God guard the Nation's heart."—Mr. Henry Sharman.
 "Excel in all things but in goodness most."—E. A. Woodley.
 "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."—Mr. J. H. Hodge.
 "Not by might nor by power."—Mr. W. Marshall.
 "The Lord is our strength."—Mr. H. Montefiore Schloss.
 "Broad is our heritage, may our aims be high."—Canon Parkinson.
 "Surrounded with God's Protection" (Milton).—"D." London.—Mr. J. Draper Bishop.
 "My word is my bond."—Mr. W. Robinson.
 "For the King and the Nation."—Mrs. Stavrinides.
 "London, the heart of the British Empire."—Mr. F. W. D. Mitchell.
 "There is no wealth but life."—Mr. E. K. Allen.
 "Queen of Commerce."—Mr. W. A. Maggs.
 "Our word and Truth," or "Truth and our Word."—Mr. Edward Belshaw.
 "Labour and Wait."—Mr. F. M. P. Higgins.
 "I stand for freedom."—"W. P. E."
 "She sits serene" (Smollett).—"Falmouth."
 "Live and let live."—Mr. W. Nicholls.
 "Be first in endeavour."—Mr. Emile Bucher.
 "God's Free Men."—"X. Δ"
 "Move On."—Mr. Robert A. Johnson.
 "London, the heart of the World."—"E. V."
 "Let us be an example."—"H. R. K."
 "Be just and fear not."—Miss Evelyn Clarke.
 "Principles, not men."—Dr. W. W. Hardwicke.
 "Onward and upward."—Mrs. T. W. Morrison.
 "How London doth pour out her citizens" (Shakespeare).—Mr. John Booth.
 "Augusta."—Mr. C. McNaught.
 "Now more august" (Dryden, "An. Mir.," 295).—Mrs. A. W. Verrall.
 "Great England's glory and the World's wide wonder" (Spenser).—Mr. R. Cromwell Edwards.
 "Great is London."—Mr. J. Stephens.
 "Flow Thames, flourish London."—Mr. T. E. Morris.
 "London great and noble."—Mr. John Lloyd.
 "London's thrift, God's gift."—Rev. W. H. Langhorne.
 "Faith, Fellowship, and Fortitude."—Rev. J. Phillips-Dickson.
 "Charity never faileth."—Mr. G. P. Ridley.
 "Me, too."—Owen John.
 "London for Ever."—Lieutenant-General A. F. Gatliff.
 "God give us ayde" or "God giveth the increase."—"G. K. B."
 "Faith then greatness."—Mr. A. J. Keen.
 "Lord, may London ne'er be undone."—Mr. J. W. Oddie.
 "Here's to London Town."—Mr. John Donham Parsons.
 "Counsel in Council."—Mr. G. Smith.
 "Strong with a Spirit Free" (M. Arnold).—Mr. G. Rothnie.
 "Advance."—Mr. J. Lomasney.
 "Home."—Mr. E. B. de Colepepper.
 "London, the glory of the Western side, throughout the World is lovely London famed" (G. Peele).—Mr. A. W. Lockhart.

THE GLAMOUR OF G. S. STREET.

THERE is in the work of Mr. G. S. Street a simple and naïve constation. "It is with pleasure." . . . Yes it is with very great pleasure that I pause amid my furies to state this. The generation of men who have preceded me is in the main so loathsome. The very mention of their names fills me with such a nausea, that I am glad of a change. It is a demand of the system not a mere craving for the bizarre that leads me thus to risk the scorn of my contemporaries and speak well of a book written in the "nineties" or even in 1800. "The older men are such lice."

Thus from a friendly bookcase I take out works that are quite unknown to me and my "clique"—yes, people who do not know how my friends detest each other, ignorant old novelists and such like, are said to call it a *clique*. I take down, I say, books that are quite new to me and read with pleasure. Mr. Street unfolds his panorama so deftly . . . like the descent of disease in "Candide," he unfolds the life of the richly uncultured. Let us refer to his "Bantocks," they might have been the proprietors of powerful "organs," alas it was only a bank. The vision of rigging finance through the Press had not descended upon them.

We, the young men of my decade, with our coarser touch are too prone to abridgment, we do not make ourselves so amusing. Mr. Street is never in haste, his style is, I think, as near perfect, at least it is as near the most fitting as mortal stylist may attain. His sentence is brief and revealing. He raises no moral issue. He moves with gracious precision. He solves such multitudinous doubts. We have always wondered, for instance, who buys Mr. Collier's pictures; who lives in such and such houses; how . . . in God's name how the consummate idiocy of a country can put up with "The Times" and Lord . . . and Lord . . . and all the other institutions; and why Mr. . . . isn't hanged.

All these and a world of minor matters are explained to us. I feel we should revive Mr. Street. I feel that we of this generation should turn toward him, that our souls should imitate the commendable sunflower and learn at . . . should receive his beneficent rays. He brings such calm to the mind. He melts away one's resentment. He spreads before us such a world. A world that is drifting "out of our ken." One supposes it drifts on to somewhere. Somewhere in the backwaters of Mayfair, somewhere in the sinks of Belgravia or the stews of Bayswater such people exist.

But literature and the excitable world are losing touch with them. Suburbia is invading the novel. The short story is a prey to the Strindbergian backwash. But no one does "this sort of people." For instance, there was a loathsome woman in court the other day who said "was absinthe a drink, she didn't know about such things!" You didn't wonder her daughter had gone to the bad. You were mildly surprised that the coroner had attributed her fall to suffragette doctrines, but you didn't know *how* the mother thought, you didn't know the state of mind that had produced that coroner.

Now all these people belong to Mr. Street's England. And the censor of plays has just taken the bann off Ibsen's "Ghosts," and this is an up-to-date country.

I suppose Mr. Street has, or had, or however one is to put it, a better prose style than anyone who wrote here in the "nineties." This is a very rash statement, for I do not spend the greater part of my time reading "the 'nineties," but it is so refreshing to come, in English, modern, prose, upon a sophisticated mind that one is a little off guard. Mr. Street has no pose. When I look over the list of dull duffers who compose the "Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature," I find no trace of his name.

I can only recall again the grave warnings that have been wasted upon me. I can only remember again that I have been cautioned against the use of irony, that I have been told what "*can not be done.*" For instance, "you mustn't *dénigrer* A. Mary F. Robinson." "No paper will stand it."

How well I remember that lesson! I had been given certain books to review, by the uprightest of critics on the most impartial of dailies. One book was silly, and in the innocence of my heart I said so. I had no more books to review. And I sorely needed that money.

Now, Mr. Street's books explain such matters. After reading them one understands "the finer feelings" which keep this great city together.

And then Mr. Street is such an example. An example, I mean, about using irony and about beautiful writing. Sister Myrtle isn't quoted about enjoying his ninetieth thousand. The grateful millions do not hang in suspense at his name. He does not own a motor or even a private yacht, though I once saw him crossing the Channel.

I do not hear his name spoken with awe in the literary gatherings of my contemporaries, or even by such elder literati as my liability to sudden and unspeakable boredom still permits me to frequent.

Neither has Mr. Street sought to assuage me in private. He has regarded me with a frank and genial aversion, such as one would show to a dangerous bit of flotsam which might contain explosives or at least stinging fish. His newly-found books delight me on their own, and unaided, account. One envies Mr. Street his great patience. One feels that his decade may have something said in its favour. Or perhaps not his decade.

One feels rather that he may have something which we sorely lack in our own decade. We are perhaps too prone to name the detestable, to blast it outrightly. To say we wish so-and-so were dead and such things abolished. But Mr. Street's writing is like some subtle fluid which both annihilates and preserves. (I believe arsenic has some such action.) The dead form of his era are, so to speak, clearly discernible in his bottle of alcohol. And we lack his touch. We are no longer able to say: Lord Northcliffe was such and such, and such and such. We have never set eyes on Northcliffe. We don't even know that he reads his own paper, and we say out and out, "Damn Lord Northcliffe!" holding him responsible for "The Times," which doesn't so much *really matter*.

How different is Mr. Street's sweetness! How gently and how simply he lays bare the quiet life of "The Bantocks." With what infinite patience must he have sat at So-and-so's dinners. With what fortitude must he have gone daily abroad. With what consummate patience must he have laboured at his writing till every phrase tells. Surely no word is wasted. It gently ripples along.

The late 'nineties seem to have hovered between Gomorrah and Hampstead. That is to say, I don't know. I wasn't here, but as nearly as I can compute the time, it must have been so. By "Hampstead" I mean the undertow. The pre-Raphaelite doctrine of love on a full stomach giving way to vegetarianism; Morrisism declining into the Fabians, etc. Amid all this rummage our author treads with delicate feet. As much of his personality as gleams through his writings would lead us to picture him as one with a distinguished love of ease . . . for which we feel the most profound sympathy.

His own sympathy with more spacious days imparts a certain spaciousness to his style, a certain breadth of vision.

EZRA POUND.

EDWARD WADSWORTH, VORTICIST.

An authorised appreciation by EZRA POUND.

IT is no more ridiculous that one should receive or convey an emotion by an arrangement of planes, or by an arrangement of lines and colours than that one should convey or receive such an emotion by an arrangement of musical notes."

That proposition is self-evident to all save the more retarded types of mentality.

Programme music is, for the most part, inferior music. Painting that relies on mimicry rather than on "arrangement" is for the most part inferior painting.

Innocuous people come to me and tell me that all vorticist painters are alike, or that they are like modern painters of other schools, etc. They say with fluttering voices, "I don't see where this new art is going," etc.

The new art in so far as it is the art of Mr. Lewis, Mr. Etchells and Mr. Wadsworth is. If you want art that is "going," go to the Royal Portrait Painters' show, that art is going, passing, marasmic. The futurists had a good painter named Severini, they still have a good painter, an expressionist named Balla. The vorticists have at least three good painters and more coming on.

These painters are not all alike, they are none of them like Balla. One of them agrees with what Kandinsky has written, but his work is not in the least like Kandinsky's. The new painters are no more "all alike" than Chinamen are "all alike." To the unobserving or untrained mind all Chinamen may look alike. A good vorticist painting is more likely to be mistaken for a good expressionist painting than for the work of Mr. Collier. I trust no one would mistake the work of even a vorticist student for the work of any R.A. or A.R.A. or R.P.P. or anything of that sort.

A Zulu might be unable to tell the difference between a Lavery, a John and a Sargent. They are "all alike," yet even George Moore could tell the difference between them. These men all work "on more or less the same principle." You would explain their differences partly in terms of technical efficiency, partly in terms of taste and personality. A good John is something different from a good or a bad Sargent. Even a good Lavery is something different from a mediocre Sargent.

These statements are absurdly simple, but they are no more simply absurd than the general talk one hears about the new art, and the general tone of the press thereabout.

II.

The vorticist movement is a movement of individuals, for individuals, for the protection of individuality. If there is such a process as evolution it is closely associated with the differentiation of species. Humanity has been interesting, more interesting than the rest of the animal kingdom because the individual has been more easily discernible from the herd. The idiosyncrasy is more salient.

The vorticist movement is not less unanimous because its two best known painters, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Wadsworth, are quite different, both in their works and in their *modus vivendi*.

Mr. Lewis is a restless, turbulent intelligence bound to make himself felt. If he had not been a vorticist painter he would have been a vorticist something else. He is a man full of sudden, illuminating antipathies. I remember a remarkable study by him in the "English Review" (before it fell into its present condition), I remember his comments, years ago, of some French story or other, a mind always full of thought, subtle, swift-moving.

A man with his kind of intelligence is bound to be always crashing and opposing and breaking. You can not be as intelligent, in that sort of way, without being prey to the furies.

If, on the other hand, Mr. Wadsworth had not been a vorticist painter he would have been some other kind of painter. Being a good painter, born in England in such and such a year of our era, the time, the forces of nature, etc., have made him a vorticist. It is as hard to conceive Mr. Wadsworth expressing himself in any other medium save paint as it is to conceive Mr. Lewis remaining unexpressed.

This almost too obvious difference in temperament has, naturally, a resulting difference in the work of these two men. One's differentiation of the two groups of pictures arranges itself almost as a series of antitheses. Turbulent energy: repose. Anger: placidity, and so on.

It is natural that Mr. Lewis should give us pictures of intelligence gnashing teeth with stupidity, that he should choose "Timon" for a subject, and that he should stop design and burst into scathing criticism, as in his drawing of centaurs and sacred virgins.

It is equally natural that Mr. Wadsworth should take his delight in ports and harbours and in the vernal processes of nature; and that even his machinery should tend toward an oriental angular grace.

I can not recall any painting of Mr. Wadsworth's where he seems to be angry. There is a delight in mechanical beauty, a delight in the beauty of ships, or of crocuses, or a delight in pure form. He liked this, that, or the other, and so he sat down to paint it.

I trust the gentle reader is accustomed to take pleasure in "Whistler and the Japanese." Otherwise he had better stop reading my article until he has treated himself to some further draughts of education.

From Whistler and the Japanese, or Chinese, the "world," that is to say, the fragment of the English-speaking world that spreads itself into print, learned to enjoy "arrangements" of colours and masses.

(A word here about representative art: At the vorticist dinner, a large gentleman inclining to futurism said that some tell you they "represent" and some that they "don't represent," etc. The vorticist can represent or not as he likes. He *depends*—depends for his artistic effect—upon the arrangement of spaces and line, on the primary media of his art. A resemblance to natural forms is of no consequence one way or the other.)

I have hanging before me one of Mr. Wadsworth's arrangements in pure form, called (simply because it is necessary to call pictures something or other for ease of reference in conversation) "Khaki." It happens to have a khaki-ish sort of colour for ground and is therefore easy to remember as "Khaki."

This picture does not "look like" anything, save perhaps a Chinese or Japanese painting with the representative patches removed. The feeling I get from this picture is very much the feeling I get from certain eastern paintings, and I think the feeling that went into it is probably very much the same as that which moved certain Chinese painters. It is a feeling that moves men to paint in periods before their form or "school" of art has decayed and become sentimental.

I have at my right an amazingly fine line block of "Vlissingen." The "motif" is ships in a harbour. It is a very fine organisation of forms. That is to say, there are a whole lot of forms, all in keeping, and all contributing to the effect. There is no use saying that the masts and sails are like the lances in a Paolo Ucello. They are not. Yet one might say that the organisation of forms was good in Wadsworth's drawing and in the well-known Ucello for somewhat similar or even for the very same reason. This is a bad way to criticise. One only refers to some old picture for the sake of getting the reader or the spectator who is hostile to, or unfamiliar with, the new painting to consider it from an impartial position.

There is a definite, one might say a musical or a music-like pleasure for the eye in noting the arrangement of the very acute triangles combined like "notes in a fugue" in this drawing of Mr. Wadsworth's. One is much more at ease in comparing this new work to music.

I recall a black and white of Mr. Wadsworth's, a thing like a signal arm or some other graceful unexplained bit of machinery, reaching out, and alone, across the picture, like a Mozart theme skipping an octave, or leaving the base for the treble.

It is possibly wrong to try to find names for one's pleasures. The pleasures of any one art are best rendered in the terms of that art, yet one may perhaps "talk around them"—one cannot help it, in fact. It is impossible to hear a fine musician without saying later that one has heard him, and without making comments, ending, of course, with "but what is the use in talking." One doesn't talk while the music is going on. One doesn't pretend that one's comments have the value of painting. When one sees some form of beauty attacked, some beautiful form uncomprehended, one takes up its defence, automatically almost. It is natural to praise and defend those who have given us pleasure.

SOME REJECTED MOTTOES.

The following appropriate mottoes for London were not published in the "Times":—

- "Geourgeois."—The King.
- "'Odds on and evens,'
Cries the bell of St. Stephens."—Lloyd George.
- "Shekled and Shawn."—G. B. Shaw.
- "Harmsworthy."—Northcliffe.
- "All my realm reels back into the beast."—Mrs. Pankhurst.
- "BOOM—STIR!!!!"—Marinetti.
- "Aphrodite Pandamos."—Professor Geddes.
- "To my heart, O Israel."—Cecil Chesterton.
- "Hell, etC., etC."—Father Vaughan.
- "The Star-spangled manner."—Ambassador Page.
- "God bless my unmitigated ha'pennyness."—"Daily Mail."
- "London, the human touch that means so much."—Victor V. Branford.
- "The Mitey Atom."—Marie Corelli.
- "In me behold the jumpaboutity New Age."—A. Ripvanwinkle Orage.
- "'Appy and gloriuth."—Lord Chief Justice.
- "I play the (party) game."—Mons. Hilaire Belloc.
- "There's no place like RHome."—Pope G. K. Chesterton.
- "By my Parliament (Act) ye shall know me."—Asquith.
- "Tush, Mush and Slush," or "Tosh, Bosh and Slosh."
—God (new version).

VORTICISM.

"It is no more ridiculous that a person should receive or convey an emotion by means of an arrangement of shapes, or planes, or colours, than that they should receive or convey such emotion by an arrangement of musical notes."

I suppose this proposition is self-evident. Whistler said as much, some years ago, and Pater proclaimed that "All arts approach the conditions of music."

Whenever I say this I am greeted with a storm of "Yes, but" "But why isn't this art futurism?" "Why isn't?" "Why don't?" and above all: "What, in Heaven's name, has it got to do with your Imagiste poetry?"

Let me explain at leisure, and in nice, orderly, old-fashioned prose.

We are all futurists to the extent of believing with Guillaume Apollinaire that "On ne peut pas porter *partout* avec soi le cadavre de son père." But "futurism," when it gets into art, is, for the most part, a descendant of impressionism. It is a sort of accelerated impressionism.

There is another artistic descent *via* Picasso and Kandinsky; *via* cubism and expressionism. One does not complain of neo-impression or of accelerated impressionism and "simultaneity," but one is not wholly satisfied by them. One has perhaps other needs.

It is very difficult to make generalities about three arts at once. I shall be, perhaps, more lucid if I give, briefly, the history of the vorticist art with which I am most intimately connected, that is to say, vorticist poetry. Vorticism has been announced as including such and such painting and sculpture and "Imagisme" in verse. I shall explain "Imagisme," and then proceed to show its inner relation to certain modern paintings and sculpture.

Imagisme, in so far as it has been known at all, has been known chiefly as a stylistic movement, as a movement of criticism rather than of creation. This is natural, for, despite all possible celerity of publication, the public is always, and of necessity, some years behind the artists' actual thought. Nearly anyone is ready to accept "Imagisme" as a department of poetry, just as one accepts "lyricism" as a department of poetry.

There is a sort of poetry where music, sheer melody, seems as if it were just bursting into speech.

There is another sort of poetry where painting or sculpture seems as if it were "just coming over into speech."

The first sort of poetry has long been called "lyric." One is accustomed to distinguish easily between "lyric" and "epic" and "didactic." One is capable of finding the "lyric" passages in a drama or in a long poem not otherwise "lyric." This division is in the grammars and school books, and one has been brought up to it.

The other sort of poetry is as old as the lyric and as honourable, but, until recently, no one had named it. Ibycus and Liu Ch'o presented the "Image." Dante is a great poet by reason of this faculty, and Milton is a wind-bag because of his lack of it. The "image" is the furthest possible remove from rhetoric. Rhetoric is the art of dressing up some unimportant matter so as to fool the audience for the time being. So much for the general category. Even Aristotle distinguishes between rhetoric, "which is persuasion," and the analytical examination of truth. As a "critical" movement, the "Imagisme" of 1912 to '14 set out "to bring poetry up to the level of prose." No one is so quixotic as to believe that contemporary poetry holds any such position. . . . Stendhal formulated the need in his *De L'Amour* :—

"La poésie avec ses comparaisons obligées, sa mythologie que ne croit pas le poète, sa dignité de style à la Louis XIV. et tout l'attirail de ses ornements appelé poétique, est bien au dessous de la prose dès qu'il s'agit de donner une idée claire et précise des mouvements du cœur, or dans ce genre on n'émeut que par la clarté."

Flaubert and De Maupassant lifted prose to the rank of a finer art, and one has no patience with contemporary poets who escape from all the difficulties of the infinitely difficult art of good prose by pouring themselves into loose verses.

The tenets of the Imagiste faith were published in March, 1913, as follows :—

I. Direct treatment of the "thing," whether subjective or objective.

II. To use absolutely no word that does not contribute to the presentation.

III. As regarding rhythm: to compose in sequence of the musical phrase, not in sequence of the metronome.

There followed a series of about forty cautions to beginners, which need not concern us here.

The arts have indeed "some sort of common bond, some inter-recognition." Yet certain emotions or subjects find their most appropriate expression in some one particular art. The work of art which is most "worth while" is the work which would need a hundred works of any other kind of art to explain it. A

fine statue is the core of a hundred poems. A fine poem is a score of symphonies. There is music which would need a hundred paintings to express it. There is no synonym for the *Victory of Samothrace* or for Mr. Epstein's flemings. There is no painting of Villon's *Frères Humains*. Such works are what we call works of the "first intensity."

A given subject or emotion belongs to that artist, or to that sort of artist who must know it most intimately and most intensely before he can render it adequately in his art. A painter must know much more about a sunset than a writer, if he is to put it on canvas. But when the poet speaks of "Dawn in russet mantle clad," he presents something which the painter cannot present.

I said in the preface to my *Guido Cavalcanti* that I believed in an absolute rhythm. I believe that every emotion and every phase of emotion has some toneless phrase, some rhythm-phrase to express it.

(This belief leads to *vers libre* and to experiments in quantitative verse.)

To hold a like belief in a sort of permanent metaphor is, as I understand it, "symbolism" in its profounder sense. It is not necessarily a belief in a permanent world, but it is a belief in that direction.

Imagisme is not symbolism. The symbolists dealt in "association," that is, in a sort of allusion, almost of allegory. They degraded the symbol to the status of a word. They made it a form of metonymy. One can be grossly "symbolic," for example, by using the term "cross" to mean "trial." The symbolist's *symbols* have a fixed value, like numbers in arithmetic, like 1, 2, and 7. The imagiste's images have a variable significance, like the signs *a*, *b*, and *x* in algebra.

Moreover, one does not want to be called a symbolist, because symbolism has usually been associated with mushy technique.

On the other hand, Imagisme is not Impressionism, though one borrows, or could borrow, much from the impressionist method of presentation. But this is only negative definition. If I am to give a psychological or philosophical definition "from the inside," I can only do so autobiographically. The precise statement of such a matter must be based on one's own experience.

In the "search for oneself," in the search for "sincere self-expression," one gropes, one finds some seeming verity. One says "I am" this, that, or the other, and with the words scarcely uttered one ceases to be that thing.

I began this search for the real in a book called *Personæ*, casting off, as it were, complete masks of the self in each poem.

I continued in long series of translations, which were but more elaborate masks.

Secondly, I made poems like "The Return," which is an objective reality and has a complicated sort of significance, like Mr. Epstein's "Sun God," or Mr. Brzeska's "Boy with a Coney." Thirdly, I have written "Heather," which represents a state of consciousness, or "implies," or "implicates" it.

A Russian correspondent, after having called it a symbolist poem, and having been convinced that it was not symbolism, said slowly: "I see, you wish to give people new eyes, not to make them see some new particular thing."

These two latter sorts of poems are impersonal, and that fact brings us back to what I said about absolute metaphor. They are Imagisme, and in so far as they are Imagisme, they fall in with the new pictures and the new sculpture.

Whistler said somewhere in the *Gentle Art*: "The picture is interesting not because it is Trotty Veg, but because it is an arrangement in colour." The minute you have admitted that, you let in the jungle, you let in nature and truth and abundance and cubism and Kandinsky, and the lot of us. Whistler and Kandinsky and some cubists were set to getting extraneous matter out of their art; they were ousting literary values. The Flaubertians talk a good deal about "constatation." "The 'nineties" saw a movement against rhetoric. I think all these things move together, though they do not, of course, move in step.

The painters realise that what matters is form and colour. Musicians long ago learned that programme music was not the ultimate music. Almost anyone can realise that to use a symbol *with an ascribed or intended meaning* is, usually, to produce very bad art. We all remember crowns, and crosses, and rainbows, and what not in atrociously mumbled colour.

The Image is the poet's pigment.¹ The painter should use his colour because he sees it or feels it. I don't much care whether he is representative or non-representative. He should *depend*, of course, on the creative, not upon the mimetic or representational part in his work. It is the same in writing poems, the author must use his *image* because he sees it or feels it, *not* because he thinks he can use it to back up some creed or some system of ethics or economics.

An *image*, in our sense, is real because we know it directly. If it have an age-old traditional meaning this may serve as proof to the professional student of symbology that we have stood in the deathless light, or that we have walked in some particular

(1) The image has been defined as "that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time."

harbour of his traditional paradise; but that is not our affair. It is our affair to render the *image* as we have perceived or conceived it.

Browning's "Sordello" is one of the finest *masks* ever presented. Dante's "Paradise" is the most wonderful *image*. By that I do not mean that it is a perseveringly imagistic performance. The permanent part is Imagisme, the rest, the discourses with the calendar of saints and the discussions about the nature of the mood, are philology. The form of sphere above sphere, the varying reaches of light, the minutiae of pearls upon foreheads, all these are parts of the *Image*. The image is the poet's pigment; with that in mind you can go ahead and apply Kandinsky; you can transpose his chapter on the language of form and colour and apply it to the writing of verse. As I cannot rely on your having read Kandinsky's *Ueber die Geistige in der Kunst*, I must go on with my autobiography.

Three years ago in Paris I got out of a "metro" train at La Concorde, and saw suddenly a beautiful face, and then another and another, and then a beautiful child's face, and then another beautiful woman, and I tried all that day to find words for what this had meant to me, and I could not find any words that seemed to me worthy, or as lovely as that sudden emotion. And that evening, as I went home along the Rue Raynouard, I was still trying, and I found, suddenly, the expression. I do not mean that I found words, but there came an equation . . . not in speech; but in little splashes of colour. It was just that—a "pattern," or hardly a pattern, if by "pattern" you mean something with a "repeat" in it. But it was a word, the beginning, for me, of a language in colour. I do not mean that I was unfamiliar with the kindergarten stories about colours being like tones in music. I think that sort of thing is nonsense. If you try to make notes permanently correspond with particular colours, it is like tying narrow meanings to symbols.

That evening, in the Rue Raynouard, I realised quite vividly that if I were a painter, or if I had, often, *that kind* of emotion, or even if I had the energy to get paints and brushes and keep at it, I might found a new school of painting, of "non-representative" painting, a painting that would speak only by arrangements in colour.

And so, when I came to read Kandinsky's chapter on the language of form and colour, I found little that was new to me. I only felt that someone else understood what I understood, and had written it out very clearly. It seems quite natural to me that an artist should have just as much pleasure in an arrangement of planes or in a pattern of figures, as in painting portraits

of fine ladies, or in portraying the Mother of God as the symbolists bid us.

When I find people ridiculing the new arts, or making fun of the clumsy odd terms that we use in trying to talk of them amongst ourselves; when they laugh at our talking about the "ice-block quality" in Picasso, I think it is only because they do not know what thought is like, and that they are familiar only with argument and gibe and opinion. That is to say, they can only enjoy what they have been brought up to consider enjoyable, or what some essayist has talked about in mellifluous phrases. They think only "the shells of thought," as De Gourmont calls them; the thoughts that have been already thought out by others.

Any mind that is worth calling a mind must have needs beyond the existing categories of language, just as a painter must have pigments or shades more numerous than the existing names of the colours.

Perhaps this is enough to explain the words in my "Vortex"¹:—

"Every concept, every emotion, presents itself to the vivid consciousness in some primary form. It belongs to the art of this form."

That is to say, my experience in Paris should have gone into paint. If instead of colour I had perceived sound or planes in relation, I should have expressed it in music or in sculpture. Colour was, in that instance, the "primary pigment"; I mean that it was the first adequate equation that came into consciousness. The Vorticist uses the "primary pigment." Vorticism is art before it has spread itself into flaccidity, into elaboration and secondary applications.

What I have said of one vorticist art can be transposed for another vorticist art. But let me go on then with my own branch of vorticism, about which I can probably speak with greater clarity. All poetic language is the language of exploration. Since the beginning of bad writing, writers have used images as ornaments. The point of Imagisme is that it does not use images as ornaments. The image is itself the speech. The image is the word beyond formulated language.

I once saw a small child go to an electric light switch and say, "Mamma, can I *open* the light?" She was using the age-old language of exploration, the language of art. It was a sort of metaphor, but she was not using it as ornamentation.

One is tired of ornamentations, they are all a trick, and any sharp person can learn them.

The Japanese have had the sense of exploration. They have

(1) Appearing in the July number of *Blast*.

understood the beauty of this sort of knowing. A Chinaman said long ago that if a man can't say what he has to say in twelve lines he had better keep quiet. The Japanese have evolved the still shorter form of the *hokku*.

"The fallen blossom flies back to its branch :
A butterfly."

That is the substance of a very well-known *hokku*. Victor Plarr tells me that once, when he was walking over snow with a Japanese naval officer, they came to a place where a cat had crossed the path, and the officer said, "Stop, I am making a poem." Which poem was, roughly, as follows :—

"The footsteps of the cat upon the snow :
(are like) plum-blossoms."

The words "are like" would not occur in the original, but I add them for clarity.

The "one image poem" is a form of super-position, that is to say it is one idea set on top of another. I found it useful in getting out of the impasse in which I had been left by my metro emotion. I wrote a thirty-line poem, and destroyed it because it was what we call work "of second intensity." Six months later I made a poem half that length; a year later I made the following *hokku*-like sentence :—

"The apparition of these faces in the crowd :
Petals, on a wet, black bough."

I dare say it is meaningless unless one has drifted into a certain vein of thought.¹ In a poem of this sort one is trying to record the precise instant when a thing outward and objective transforms itself, or darts into a thing inward and subjective.

This particular sort of consciousness has not been identified with impressionist art. I think it is worthy of attention.

The logical end of impressionist art is the cinematograph. The state of mind of the impressionist tends to become cinematographical. Or, to put it another way, the cinematograph does away with the need of a lot of impressionist art.

There are two opposed ways of thinking of a man; firstly, you may think of him as that toward which perception moves, as the toy of circumstance, as the plastic substance *receiving* impressions; secondly, you may think of him as directing a certain fluid force against circumstance, as *conceiving* instead of merely

(1) Mr. Flint and Mr. Rodker have made longer poems depending on a similar presentation of matter. So also have Richard Aldington, in his *In Via Scartina*, and "H. D." in her *Oread*, which latter poems express much stronger emotions than that in my lines here given.

reflecting and observing. One does not claim that one way is better than the other, one notes a diversity of the temperament. The two camps always exist. In the 'eighties there were symbolists opposed to impressionists, now you have vorticism, which is, roughly speaking, expressionism, neo-cubism, and imagism gathered together in one camp and futurism in the other. Futurism is descended from impressionism. It is, in so far as it is an art movement, a kind of accelerated impressionism. It is a spreading, or surface art, as opposed to vorticism, which is intensive.

The vorticist has not this curious tic for destroying past glories. I have no doubt that Italy needed Mr. Marinetti, but he did not set on the egg that hatched me, and as I am wholly opposed to his æsthetic principles I see no reason why I, and various men who agree with me, should be expected to call ourselves futurists. We do not desire to evade comparison with the past. We prefer that the comparison be made by some intelligent person whose idea of "the tradition" is not limited by the conventional taste of four or five centuries and one continent.

Vorticism is an intensive art. I mean by this, that one is concerned with the relative intensity, or relative significance, of different sorts of expression. One desires the most intense, for certain forms of expression *are* "more intense" than others. They are more dynamic. I do not mean they are more emphatic, or that they are yelled louder. I can explain my meaning best by mathematics.

There are four different intensities of mathematical expression known to the ordinarily intelligent undergraduate, namely: the arithmetical, the algebraic, the geometrical, and that of analytical geometry.

For instance, you can write

$$3 \times 3 + 4 \times 4 = 5 \times 5,$$

$$\text{or, differently, } 3^2 + 4^2 = 5^2.$$

That is merely conversation of "ordinary common sense." It is a simple statement of one fact, and does not implicate any other.

Secondly, it is true that

$$3^2 + 4^2 = 5^2, \quad 6^2 + 8^2 = 10^2, \quad 9^2 + 12^2 = 15^2, \quad 39^2 + 52^2 = 65^2.$$

These are all separate facts, one may wish to mention their underlying similarity; it is a bore to speak about each one in turn. One expresses their "algebraic relation" as

$$a^2 + b^2 = c^2.$$

That is the language of philosophy. IT MAKES NO PICTURE. This kind of statement applies to a lot of facts, but it does not grip hold of Heaven.

Thirdly, when one studies Euclid one finds that the relation

of $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$ applies to the ratio between the squares on the two sides of a right-angled triangle and the square on the hypotenuse. One still writes it $a^2 + b^2 = c^2$, but one has begun to talk about form. Another property or quality of life has crept into one's matter. Until then one had dealt only with numbers. But even this statement does not *create* form. The picture is given you in the proposition about the square on the hypotenuse of the right-angled triangle being equal to the sum of the squares on the two other sides. Statements in plane or descriptive geometry are like talk about art. They are a criticism of the form. The form is not created by them.

Fourthly, we come to Descartian or "analytical geometry." Space is conceived as separated by two or by three axes (depending on whether one is treating form in one or more planes). One refers points to these axes by a series of coefficients. Given the idiom, one is able *actually to create*.

Thus, we learn that the equation $(x - a)^2 + (y - b)^2 = r^2$ governs the circle. It is the circle. It is not a particular circle, it is any circle and all circles. It is nothing that is not a circle. It is the circle free of space and time limits. It is the universal, existing in perfection, in freedom from space and time. Mathematics is dull as ditchwater until one reaches analytics. But in analytics we come upon a new way of dealing with form. It is in this way that art handles life. The difference between art and analytical geometry is the difference of subject-matter only. Art is more interesting in proportion as life and the human consciousness are more complex and more interesting than forms and numbers.

This statement does not interfere in the least with "spontaneity" and "intuition," or with their function in art. I passed my last *exam.* in mathematics on sheer intuition. I saw where the line *had* to go, as clearly as I ever saw an image, or felt *caelestem intus vigorem*.

The statements of "analytics" are "lords" over fact. They are the thrones and dominations that rule over form and recurrence. And in like manner are great works of art lords over fact, over race-long recurrent moods, and over to-morrow.

Great works of art contain this fourth sort of equation. They cause form to come into being. By the "image" I mean such an equation; not an equation of mathematics, not something about *a*, *b*, and *c*, having something to do with form, but about *sea*, *cliffs*, *night*, having something to do with mood.

The image is not an idea. It is a radiant node or cluster; it is what I can, and must perforce, call a VORTEX, from which, and through which, and into which, ideas are constantly rushing.

In decency one can only call it a VORTEX. And from this necessity came the name "vorticism." *Nomina sunt consequentia rerum*, and never was that statement of Aquinas more true than in the case of the vorticist movement.

It is as true for the painting and the sculpture as it is for the poetry. Mr. Wadsworth and Mr. Lewis are not using words, they are using shape and colour. Mr. Brzeska and Mr. Epstein are using "planes in relation," they are dealing with a relation of planes different from the sort of relation of planes dealt with in geometry, hence what is called "the need of organic forms in sculpture."

I trust I have made clear what I mean by an "intensive art." The vorticist movement is not a movement of mystification, though I dare say many people "of good will" have been considerably bewildered.

The organisation of forms is a much more energetic and creative action than the copying or imitating of light on a haystack.

There is undoubtedly a language of form and colour. It is not a symbolical or allegorical language depending on certain meanings having been ascribed, in books, to certain signs and colours.

Certain artists working in different media have managed to understand each other. They know the good and bad in each other's work, which they could not know unless there were a common speech.

As for the excellence of certain contemporary artists, all I can do is to stand up for my own beliefs. I believe that Mr. Wyndham Lewis is a very great master of design; that he has brought into our art new units of design and new manners of organisation. I think that his series "Timon" is a great work. I think he is the most articulate expression of my own decade. If you ask me what his "Timon" means, I can reply by asking you what the old play means. For me his designs are a creation on the same *motif*. That *motif* is the fury of intelligence baffled and shut in by circumjacent stupidity. It is an emotional *motif*. Mr. Lewis's painting is nearly always emotional.

Mr. Wadsworth's work gives me pleasure, sometimes like the pleasure I have received from Chinese and Japanese prints and painting; for example, I derive such pleasure from Mr. Wadsworth's "Khaki." Sometimes his work gives me a pleasure which I can only compare to the pleasure I have in music, in music as it was in Mozart's time. If an outsider wishes swiftly to understand this new work, he can do worse than approach it in the spirit wherein he approaches music.

"Lewis is Bach." No, it is incorrect to say that "Lewis is Bach," but our feeling is that certain works of Picasso and certain works of Lewis have in them something which is to painting what certain qualities of Bach are to music. Music was vorticist in the Bach-Mozart period, before it went off into romance and sentiment and description. A new vorticist music would come from a new computation of the mathematics of harmony, not from a mimetic representation of dead cats in a fog-horn, alias noise-tuners.

Mr. Epstein is too well known to need presentation in this article. Mr. Brzeska's sculpture is so generally recognised in all camps that one does not need to bring in a brief concerning it. Mr. Brzeska has defined sculptural feeling as "the appreciation of masses in relation," and sculptural ability as "the defining of these masses by planes." There comes a time when one is more deeply moved by that form of intelligence which can present "masses in relation" than by that combination of patience and trickery which can make marble chains with free links and spin out bronze until it copies the feathers on a general's hat. Mr. Etchells still remains more or less of a mystery. He is on his travels, whence he has sent back a few excellent drawings. It cannot be made too clear that the work of the vorticists and the "feeling of inner need" existed before the general noise about vorticism. We worked separately, we found an underlying agreement, we decided to stand together.

EZRA POUND.

(1) I am often asked whether there can be a long imagiste or vorticist poem. The Japanese, who evolved the hokku, evolved also the Noh plays. In the best "Noh" the whole play may consist of one image. I mean it is gathered about one image. Its unity consists in one image, enforced by movement and music. I see nothing against a long vorticist poem.

On the other hand, no artist can possibly get a vortex into every poem or picture he does. One would like to do so, but it is beyond one. Certain things seem to demand metrical expression, or expression in a rhythm more agitated than the rhythms acceptable to prose, and these subjects, though they do not contain a vortex, may have some interest, an interest as "criticism of life" or of art. It is natural to express these things, and a vorticist or imagiste writer may be justified in presenting a certain amount of work which is not vorticism or imagisme, just as he might be justified in printing a purely didactic prose article. Unfinished sketches and drawings have a similar interest; they are trials and attempts toward a vortex.

COMMENTS AND REVIEWS

THE AUDIENCE

I



IHAVE protested in private, and I now protest more openly, against the motto upon the cover of POETRY. The artist is *not* dependent upon his audience. This sentence is Whitman tired. You have only to compare Whitman to my mutton-headed ninth cousin, or to any other American of his time who had the "great audience," to see the difference of result.

And for all that, Whitman was not such a poet as Dante, who never gave way, and from whom we have the tradition of an answer more becoming to genius: "*Quem stulti magis odissent.*" When they asked him who was wisest in the city he answered, "He whom the fools hate worst."

The artist is not dependent upon the multitude of his listeners. Humanity is the rich effluvium, it is the waste and the manure and the soil, and from it grows the tree of the arts. As the plant germ seizes upon the noble particles of the earth, upon the light-seeking and the intrepid, so does the artist seize upon those souls which do not fear transfusion and transmutation, which dare become the body of the god.

I ask you, had Synge an audience in his life-time? He was hounded or despised by a half-educated, Zoroastrian rabble of "respectable" people more stupid and sodden than is to be found even in America. He had a scant handful of friends. Had Dante the popular voice? He had his youthful companionship with Guido, and correspondence with a man from Pistoja and with the latinist De Virgilio.

Must we restrict this question to poets? I ask the efficient man in any department of life. Can we have no great inventors without a great audience for inventors? Had Curie a great audience? Had Ehrlich for his bacilli? Can we have no great financier without a great audience? Had the savior of the world a great audience? Did he work on the magazine public?

Is there any use carrying it further? Did not the disciples of Confucius beg him to do something popular? Have we not his imperturbable answer? "So you wish me to become famous—shall I take up archery or charioteering? I shall take up charioteering."

It is true that the great artist has in the end, always, his audience, for the Lord of the universe sends into this world in each generation a few intelligent spirits, and these ultimately manage the rest. But this rest—this rabble, this multitude—does *not* create the great artist. They are aimless and drifting without him. They dare not inspect their own souls.

It is true that the great artist has always a great audience, even in his life time; but it is not the *vulgo* but the spirits of irony and of destiny and of humor, sitting within him.

Ezra Pound.

Art. 8.—THE CLASSICAL DRAMA OF JAPAN.

By one of the more unexpected turns of chance there has come into my possession a most interesting and, I think I may safely say, unique set of documents relating to one of the greatest and least-known arts of the world, the art of the classical Japanese drama, generally called *Noh* (accomplishment). These papers consist of notes and lectures by the late Ernest Fenollosa, sometime Imperial Commissioner of Arts in Tokyo. Prof. Fenollosa's life was one of the romances of scholarship. It might not be too much to say that he saved Japanese art to Japan; he did at least as much as any other single person. So far as possible, I shall print these documents as they stand.—E. P.*

The Japanese people have loved nature so passionately that they have interwoven her life, and their own, into one continuous drama of the art of pure living. I have written elsewhere † of the five Acts into which this life-drama falls, particularly as it reveals itself in the several forms of their visual arts. I have spoken of the universal value of this special art-life, and explained how the inflowing of such an Oriental stream has helped to revitalise Western Art, and must go on to assist in the solution of our practical educational problems. I would now go back to that other key, to the blossoming of Japanese genius, which I mentioned under my account of the flower festivals; namely, the national poetry, and its rise, through the enriching of four successive periods, to a vital dramatic force in the 15th century. Surely literature may be as delicate an exponent of a nation's soul, as is art; and there are several phases of Oriental poetry, both Japanese and Chinese, which have practical significance and even inspiration for us, in this weak, transitional period of our Western poetic life.

We cannot escape, in the coming centuries, even if

* For earlier bibliography of the *Noh* I would refer to Capt. F. Brinkley's 'Japan, its History, Arts and Literature' (London: Jack), Vol. III (1903), pp. 21-48; on pp. 37 ff. he gives a translation of one of these plays; also to an essay by F. V. Dickins, in Vol. II of his work 'Primitive and Medieval Japanese Texts' (Oxford, 1906), with a translation of another play; and to Prof. M. C. Stopes' 'Plays of Old Japan' (London, 1913), in which she gives a list of English references to the *Noh*, and of plays translated.

† 'Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art,' by Ernest Fenollosa. London: Heinemann, 1911.

we would, a stronger and stronger modification of our established standards by the pungent subtlety of Oriental thought, and the power of the condensed Oriental forms. The value will lie, partly, in relief from the deadening boundaries of our own conventions. This is no new thing. It can be shown that the freedom of the Elizabethan mind, and its power to range over all planes of human experience, as in Shakespeare, was, in part, an aftermath of Oriental contacts—in the Crusades, in an intimacy with the Mongols such as Marco Polo's, in the discovery of a double sea-passage to Persia and India, and in the first gleanings of the Jesuit missions to Asia. Still more clearly can it be shown that the romantic movement in English poetry, in the later 18th century and the early 19th, was influenced and enriched, though often in a subtle and hidden way, by the beginnings of scholarly study and translation of Oriental literature. Bishop Percy, who afterwards revived our knowledge of the mediæval ballad, published early in the 1760's the first appreciative English account of Chinese Poetry; and Bishop Hood wrote an essay on the Chinese theatre, seriously comparing it with the Greek. A few years later Voltaire published his first Chinese tragedy, modified from a Jesuit translation; and an independent English version held the London stage till 1824. Moore, Byron, Shelley and Coleridge were influenced by the spirit, and often by the very subject, of Persian translations; and Wordsworth's 'Intimations of Immortality' verges on the Hindoo doctrine of reincarnation. In these later days India powerfully reacts upon our imagination through an increasingly intimate knowledge. . . .

A form of drama, as primitive, as intense, and almost as beautiful as the ancient Greek Drama at Athens, still exists in the world. Yet few care for it, or see it. In the 5th century before Christ, the Greek Drama arose out of the religious rites practised in the festivals of the God of Wine. In the 15th century after Christ, the Japanese Drama arose out of religious rites practised in the festivals of the Shinto Gods, chiefly the Shinto God of the Kasuga temple at Nara. Both began by a sacred dance, and both added a sacred chorus sung by priests.

The transition from a dance chorus to drama proper consisted, in both cases, in the evolving of a solo part, the words of which alternate in dialogue with the chorus. In both, the final form of drama consists of a few short scenes wherein two or three soloists act a main theme, whose deeper meaning is interpreted by the poetical comment of the chorus. In both, the speech was metrical, and involved a clear organic structure of separate lyrical units. In both music played an important part. In both, action was a modification of the dance. In both, rich costumes were worn; in both, masks. The form and tradition of the Athenian drama passed over into the tradition of the ancient Roman stage, and died away in the early middle ages fourteen centuries ago. It is dead, and we can study it from scant records only. But the Japanese poetic drama is alive to-day, having been transmitted almost unchanged from one perfected form reached in Kioto in the 15th century.

It has been said that all later drama has been influenced by the Greek; that the strolling jugglers and contortionists, who wandered in troupes over Europe in the middle ages, constitute an unbroken link between the degenerate Roman actors and the miracle plays of the church which grew into the Shakespearean drama. It is even asserted that, as the Greek conquest gave rise to a Greco-Buddhist form of sculpture on the borders of India and China, Greek dramatic influence entered also into the Hindoo and Chinese drama, and eventually into the Noh of Japan. But the effect of foreign thought on the Noh is small in comparison with that of the native Shinto influences. It is as absurd to say that the Noh is an offshoot of Greek drama as it would be to say that Shakespeare is such an offshoot.

There is, however, beside the deeper analogy of the Japanese Noh with Greek plays, an interesting secondary analogy with the origin of Shakespeare's art. All three had an independent growth from miracle plays—the first from the plays of the worship of Bacchus, the second from the plays of the worship of Christ, the third from the plays of the worship of the Shinto deities and of Buddha. The plays that preceded Shakespeare's in England were acted in fields adjoining the churches, and later in the courtyards of nobles. The plays that

preceded the Noh, and even the Noh themselves, were enacted, first in the gardens of temples or on the dry river-beds adjoining the temples, and later in the court-yards of the daimio. On the other hand, the actual *modus* of the Shakespearean drama is practically dead for us. Occasional revivals have to borrow scenery and other contrivances unknown to the Elizabethan stage, and the continuity of professional tradition has certainly been broken. But in the Japanese Noh, though they arose one hundred years before Shakespeare, this continuity has never been broken. The same plays are to-day enacted in the same manner as then; even the leading actors of to-day are blood descendants of the very men who created this drama 450 years ago.

This ancient Lyric Drama is not to be confounded with the modern realistic drama of Tokio, with such drama, for instance, as Danjuro's. This vulgar drama is quite like ours, with an elaborate stage and scenery, with little music or chorus and no masks; with nothing, in short, but realism and mimetics of action. This modern drama, a ghost of the 5th period, arose in Yedo some 200 years ago. It was an amusement designed by the common people for themselves, and was written and acted by them. It therefore corresponds to the work of Ukiyo-ye in painting, and more especially to the colour prints; and a large number of these prints reproduce characters and scenes from the people's theatre.

As the pictorial art of the 5th period was divisible into two parts—that of the nobility, designed to adorn their castles, and that of the common people, printed illustration, so has the drama of the last 200 years been twofold—that of the lyric Noh, preserved pure in the palaces of the rich; and that of the populace, running to realism and extravagance in the street theatres. To-day, in spite of the shock and revolution of 1868, the former, the severe and poetic drama, has been revived, and is enthusiastically studied by cultured Japanese. In that commotion, the palaces of the Daimios, with their Noh stages, were destroyed, the court troupes of actors were dispersed. For three years after 1868 performances ceased entirely. But Mr Umèwaka Minoru, who had been one of the soloists in the Shogun's central troupe, kept guard over the pure

tradition, and had many stage directions or 'tenets' preserved in writing along with the texts. In 1871 he bought an ex-daimio's stage for a song, set it up on the banks of the Sumida river in Tokio, and began to train his sons. Many patient pupils and old actors flocked to him; the public began their patronage; he bought up collections of costumes and masks at sales of impoverished nobles; and now his theatre is so thronged that boxes have to be engaged a week beforehand, and five other theatres have been built in Tokio. . . .

For the last twenty years I have been studying the Noh, under the personal tuition of Umèwaka Minoru and his sons, learning by actual practice the method of the singing and something of the acting; I have taken down from Umèwaka's lips invaluable oral traditions of the stage as it was before 1868; and have prepared, with his assistance and that of native scholars, translations of some fifty of the texts.

The art of dance has played a richer part in Chinese and Japanese life than it has in Europe. In prehistoric days, when men or women were strongly moved, they got up and danced. It was as natural a form of self-expression as improvised verse or song, and was often combined with both. But the growing decorum of a polite society tended to relegate this dancing to occasions of special inspiration, and to professional dancers. These occasions were roughly of two sorts—formal entertainments at Court, and religious ceremonial. The former, which survives to this day in the Mikado's palace, represented the action of historic heroes, frequently warriors posturing with sword and spear. This was accompanied by the instrumental music of a full orchestra. The religious ceremonial was of two sorts—the Buddhist miracle plays in the early temples, and the God-dances of the Shinto.

The miracle plays represented scenes from the lives of saints and the intervention of Buddha and Bodhisattwa in human affairs. Like the very earliest forms of the European play, these were pantomimic, with no special dramatic text, save possibly the reading of appropriate scripture. The Japanese miracle plays were danced with masks; and the temples of Nara are still full of these

masks, which date from the 8th century. It is clear that many popular and humorous types must have been represented; and it is barely possible that these were remotely derived, through Greco-Buddhist channels, from the masks of Greek low comedy. In these plays the God is the chief actor, sometimes in dramatic relation to a human companion. The God always wears a mask. The solo part is established; and herein the play differs from the Greek, where the original rite was performed by a group of priests, or (in the comedy) by goats or fauns.

The most certainly Japanese element of the drama was the sacred dance in the Shinto temples. This was a kind of pantomime, and repeated the action of a local god on his first appearance to men. The first dance, therefore, was a God-dance; the God himself danced, with his face concealed in a mask. Here is a difference between the Greek and Japanese beginnings. In Greece the chorus danced, and the God was represented by an altar. In Japan the God danced alone.

The ancient Shinto dance, or pantomime, was probably, at first, a story enacted by the local spirit, as soloist—a repetition, as it were, of the original manifestation. Shintoism is spiritism, mild, nature-loving, much like the Greek. A local spirit appeared to men in some characteristic phase. On the spot a Shinto temple was built; and yearly or monthly rites, including pantomime, perpetuated the memory of the event. Such things happened all over the country; and thus thousands of different stories were perpetuated in the dances—hence the wealth of primitive material. The thing can be seen to-day in every village festival. Even in great cities like Tokio, every district maintains its primitive village spirit-worship, that of some tutelary worthy who enacts the old story once a year on a specially made platform raised in the street, about which the people of the locality congregate. The plays are generally pantomime without text.

In the Shinto dance the soloist has no chorus. He performs some religious act of the spirit, though this is often turned into rude comedy. This dance takes the form of a dignified pantomime. It is not an abstract kicking or whirling, not a mere dervish frenzy, but is full of meaning, representing divine situations and emotions, artistically, with restraint and with the chastening of a

Vol. 221.—No. 441.

conventional beauty which makes every posture of the whole body—head, trunk, hands, and feet—harmonious in line, and all the transitions from posture to posture balanced and graceful in time. A flashlight glimpse across such a dance is like a flashlight of sculpture; but the motion itself, like a picture which moves in colour, is like the art of music. There is an orchestral accompaniment of flutes, drums and cymbals, slow, fast, low, passionate, or accented, that makes a natural ground-tone. Akin to these are the moving street-pageants, which are like early European pageants, or even those of to-day in Catholic countries.

Thus the three sources of the Noh, all belonging to the first period, are, in the order of their influence, (1) the Shinto God-dance, (2) the Warrior Court-dance, (3) the Buddhist sacred pantomime.

As the old Chinese Court-dances were modified in the aristocratic life of the second period, it was natural that lovers of poetry should begin to add poetical comment to the entertainment. Thus the next step consisted in the addition of a text for the chorus to be sung during the solo dance. They were already used to accompany their verses with the lute.

In the first of the five periods, Japanese lyric poetry reached its height. It was quite different from the Chinese, as the language is polysyllabic, the sentences long and smooth, the tone gently contemplative. About the year 900, when the capital had been removed to Kioto, the longer and straggling verse structure went out of fashion. A tense stanzaic form had come into almost universal use. This fashion may be referred to Chinese influence. Rhyme, however, was not introduced. The lines, usually of five or seven syllables, are rich and sonorous. Soon afterwards the passion for composing and reciting this Japanese poetry became so powerful among the educated classes, especially in the cultured aristocracy at Kioto, where men and women met on equal terms, that the old court entertainments of dance and music had to be modified to admit the use of poetic texts. At first, the nobles themselves, at their feasts or at Court ceremonies, sang in unison songs composed for the occasion. The next step was to write songs appropriate to the dances; finally the chorus

of nobles became a trained chorus, accompanied by Court musicians. Thus by the end of the ninth century there was a body of performers definitely associated with the Court, with a minister in charge of it. There were two divisions. The composition of the texts and the composition of the music and dances were allotted to different persons. At this stage the old Chinese subjects fell into the background, and subjects of Japanese historical interest, or of more national and lyric nature, were substituted.

Thus arose the Court entertainment called *Saibara*, which ceased to be practised after the 12th century. Most of the details of it are hopelessly lost, though a few texts remain from a manuscript collection compiled about the year 900. The music and dance are utterly lost, except so far as we can discern a trace of what they must have been, in the later practices of the Noh. It is interesting to find that the very names of some of the pieces in *Saibara* are identical with those used in Noh five centuries later. The *Saibara* pieces are very short, much like the lyric poems of the day; and they are often so lyrical, or so personal, as hardly to suggest how they may have been danced. It is also uncertain whether these brief texts were repeated over and over, or at intervals during the long dance, or whether they were a mere introduction to a dance which elaborated their thought.* The following *Saibara* will serve as example:

'O you white-gemmed camelia,
 O you jewel willow,
 Who stand together on the point of Takasago's laughing sands!
 This one, since I want to get her for mine,
 That one, too, since I want to get her for mine—
 O you jewel willow!
 I will make you a thing to hang my cloak on,
 With its tied-up strings, with its deep-dyed strings.

* Prof. Fenollosa, in an earlier half-sentence which I have omitted, would seem to underestimate the effect of the dance on European art forms. It was from the May-day dance and dance-songs that the Provençal poetry probably arose. By stages come strophe and antistrophe tenzone, the Spanish *loa* and *entremes*. See also W. P. Ker, 'English Mediaeval Literature,' pp. 79 et seq., for the spread of the dance through Europe and the effect on the lyric forms. Compare also the first *Saibara* given in the text with the Provençal 'A l'entrada del temps clar.'

Ah! what have I done?
 There, what is this I am doing?
 O what am I to do?
 Perhaps it may be that even my soul has been lost!
 O that I have met
 The lily flower,
 The first flower which bloomed this morning;
 Have met
 The lily flower,
 That little lily flower,
 The Lily flower!

This new combination of dance and song soon spread from the Court ceremonies to the religious rites of the God-dances in the Shinto temples, not, however, to the Buddhist, which were too much under the influence of Hindu and Chinese thought to care for Japanese verse. In Shinto dances the subject was already pure Japanese, and fit for Japanese texts; and it may very well have occurred to some priest, in one of the thousand Shinto *matsuris* (god-dances) going on all over the land, to sing a poem concerning the subject of the dance. By the end of the ninth century, in the second period, this custom had become common in the great Shinto festivals, in the Mikado's private chapel, and at Kasuga. The texts were sung by a trained chorus; and here is a second difference from the line of Greek advance. In Greece the chorus not only sang but danced; in Japan the chorus did not dance or act, but was merely contemplative, sitting at the side. The songs so sung were called *Kagura*.

A few examples of these ancient Shinto texts for *Kagura* have come down to us. They are not exactly prayers; they are often lovely poems of nature, for, after all, these Shinto gods were a harmless kind of nature spirit clinging to grottoes, rivers, trees, and mountains. It is curious to note that the structure of the texts is always double, like the Greek strophe and antistrophe. They were probably sung by a double chorus; and this is doubtless the basis of the alternation or choric dialogue.

Here is a *kagura*, sung by a priestess to her wand:

Strophe. ' As for this mitengura,
 As for this mitengura,
 It is not mine at all;

It is the mitengura of a god,
 Called the Princess Zoyooka,
 Who lives in heaven,
 The Mitengura of a God,
 The Mitengura of a God.'

Antistrophe. 'O how I wish in vain that I could turn myself
 into a mitengura,
 That I might be taken into the hand of the
 Mother of the Gods,
 That I might come close to the heart of a God,
 Close to the heart of a God!'

We have now come to the point where we can deal with this mass of playwriting as literature. The plays are written in a mixture of prose and verse. The finest parts are in verse; ordinary conversation lapses into prose; the choruses are always in verse.

It appears that the first period of Japanese civilisation supplied the chance elements for the Noh, that is, the dances and certain attitudes of mind. The second period supplied the beginnings of literary texts. The third period, dating from the end of the 12th century, is marked by the rise of the military classes and supplied naturally a new range of dramatic motives. The land was filled with tales of wild achievement and knight-errantry and with a passionate love for individuality, however humble. The old Court customs and dances of the supplanted nobles were kept up solely in the peaceful enclosures of the Shinto temples. New forms of entertainment arose. Buddhism threw away scholarship and mystery, and aimed only at personal salvation. As in contemporary Europe, itinerant monks scoured the country, carrying inspiration from house to house. Thus arose a semi-epic literature, in which the deeds of martial heroes were gathered into several great cycles of legend, like the Carolingian and the Arthurian cycles in Europe. Such were the Heibe epic, the Soga cycle, and a dozen others. Episodes from these were sung by individual minstrels to the accompaniment of a lute. One of the most important effects of this new epic balladry was to widen greatly the scope of motives acceptable for plays.

As for comedy, another movement was growing up in the country, from farmers' festivals, the spring sowing of

the rice, and the autumn reaping. These were at first mere buffooneries, or a gymnastic contest arranged by the villagers for their amusement. They were called *Dengaku*, a rice-field music. Later, professional troupes of *Dengaku* jugglers and acrobats were kept by the Daimios in their palaces, and eventually by the authorities of the Buddhist and Shinto temples, in order to attract crowds to their periodic festivals. Such professional troupes began to add rude country farces to their stock of entertainments, at first bits of coarse impromptu repartee, consisting of tricks by rustics upon each other, which were probably not out of harmony with some of the more grotesque and comic Shinto dances. About the 12th and 13th centuries, these two elements of comedy—the rustic and the sacred—combined at the Shinto temples; and actors were trained as a permanent troupe. Such farces are called *Kiogen*. In the later part of the 14th century, towards the end, that is, of the third period, *Dengaku* troupes of Shinto dancers advanced to the incorporating of more tragic subjects, selected from the episodes of the balladry. The god-dancer now became, sometimes, a human being, the hero of a dramatic crisis—sometimes even a woman, interchanging dialogue with the chorus, as the two ancient Shinto choruses had sung dialogue in the *Kagura*.

It was not till the fourth period of Japanese culture, that is to say early in the 15th century, when a new Buddhist civilisation based upon contemplative and poetic insight into nature had arisen, that the inchoate Japanese drama, fostered in the Shinto temples, could take on a moral purpose and a psychologic breadth that should expand it into a vital drama of character. The Shinto God-dance, the lyric form of court poetry, the country farces, and a full range of epic incident, in short all that was best in the earlier Japanese tradition, was gathered into this new form, arranged and purified.

The change came about in this way. The Zen parish priests summoned up to Kioto the *Dengaku* troupe from Nara, and made it play before the Shogun. The head actor of this Nara troupe, Kwan, took the new solo parts, and greatly enlarged the scope of the music of the other acting. During the lifetime of his son and grandson, Zei and On, hundreds of new plays were created.

It is a question to what extent these three men, Kwan, Zei and On, were the originators of the texts of these new dramas, and how far the Zen priests are responsible. The lives of the former are even more obscure than is Shakespeare's. No full account exists of their work. We have only stray passages from contemporary notebooks relating to the great excitement caused by their irregular performances. A great temporary circus was erected on the dry bed of the Kamo river, with its storeys divided into boxes for each noble family, from the Emperor and the Shogun downwards. Great priests managed the show, and used the funds collected for building temples. The stage was a raised open circle in the centre, reached by a long bridge from a dressing-room outside the circus.

We can now see why, even in the full lyric drama, the God-dance remains the central feature. All the slow and beautiful postures of the early dramatic portion invariably lead up to the climax of the hero's dance (just as the Greek had planned for the choric dances). This often comes only at the end of the second Act, but sometimes also in the first. Most plays have two Acts. During the closing dance the chorus sings its finest passages, though it will have been already engaged many times in dialogue with the soloist. Its function is poetical comment, and it carries the mind beyond what the action exhibits to the core of the spiritual meaning. The music is simple melody, hardly more than a chant, accompanied by drums and flutes. There is thus a delicate adjustment of half a dozen conventions appealing to eye, ear or mind, which produces an intensity of feeling such as belongs to no merely realistic drama. The audience sits spellbound before the tragedy, bathed in tears; but the effect is never one of realistic horror, rather of a purified and elevated passion which sees divine purpose under all violence.

The beauty and power of Noh lie in the concentration. All elements—costume, motion, verse and music—unite to produce a single clarified impression. Each drama embodies some primary human relation or emotion; and the poetic sweetness or poignancy of this is carried to its highest degree by carefully excluding all such obtrusive elements as a mimetic realism or vulgar sensation might

demand. The emotion is always fixed upon idea, not upon personality. The solo parts express great types of human character, derived from Japanese history. Now it is brotherly love, now love to a parent, now loyalty to a master, love of husband and wife, of mother for a dead child, or of jealousy or anger, of self-mastery in battle, of the battle passion itself, of the clinging of a ghost to the scene of its sin, of the infinite compassion of a Buddha, of the sorrow of unrequited love. Some one of these intense emotions is chosen for a piece, and, in it, elevated to the plane of universality by the intensity and purity or treatment. Thus the drama became a storehouse of history, and a great moral force for the whole social order of the Samurai.

After all, the most striking thing about these plays is their marvellously complete grasp of spiritual being. They deal more with heroes or even we might say ghosts, than with men clothed in the flesh. Their creators were great psychologists. In no other drama does the supernatural play so great, so intimate a part. The types of ghosts are shown to us; we see great characters operating under the conditions of the spirit-life; we observe what forces have changed them. Bodhisattwa, *devas*, elementals, animal spirits, hungry spirits or *pseta*, cunning, or malicious or angry devils, dragon kings from the water-world, spirits of the moonlight, the souls of flowers and trees, essences that live in wine and fire, the semi-embodiments of a thought—all these come and move before us in the dramatic types.

These types of character are rendered particularly vivid to us by the sculptured masks. Spirits, women, and old men wear masks; other human beings do not. For the 200 plays now extant, nearly 300 separate masks are necessary in a complete list of properties. Such variety is far in excess of the Greek types, and immense vitality is given to a good mask by a great actor, who acts up to it until the very mask seems alive and displays a dozen turns of emotion. The costumes are less carefully individualised. For the hero parts, especially for spirits, they are very rich, of splendid gold brocades and soft floss-silk weaving, or of Chinese tapestry stitch, and are very costly. In Tokugawa days (1602-1868) every rich daimio had his own stage, and his complete collection of

properties. The dancing is wonderful—a succession of beautiful poses which make a rich music of line. The whole body acts together, but with dignity. Great play is given to the sleeve, which is often tossed back and forth or raised above the head. The fan also plays a great part, serving for cup, paper, pen, sword, and a dozen other imaginary stage properties. The discipline of the actor is a moral one. He is trained to revere his profession, to make it a sacred act thus to impersonate a hero. He yields himself up to possession by the character. He acts as if he knew himself to be a God, and after the performance he is generally quite exhausted.

The following brief sketches of the plots of two Noh plays will give some idea of the subject-matter of this drama. In 'Dojoji' a girl is in love with a priest, who flees from her and takes shelter under a great bronze temple bell which falls over him. Her sheer force of desire turns her into a dragon, she bites the top of the bell, twists herself about the bell seven times, spits flame from her mouth, and lashes the bronze with her tail. Then the bell melts away under her and the priest she loves dies in the molten mass. In 'Mukesaka' the boy-warrior, Uoshiksimi, fights a band of fifteen giant robbers in the dark. They fight with each other also. One by one, and two by two, they are all killed. At one time all are dancing in double combat across stage and bridge. The Noh fencing with spear and sword is superb in line. In the conventional Noh fall, two robbers, facing, who have killed each other with simultaneous blows, stand for a moment erect and stiff, then slowly fall over backward, away from each other, as stiff as logs, touching the stage at the same moment with head and heel.

In the play of 'Atsumori' there is an interesting ghost, taken from the Epic cycle of the 'Yoritomo.' Atsumori was a young noble of the Heibe family who was killed in one of Yoshitsumi's decisive battles. The priest who opens the final scene tells the story thus:

'I am one who serves the great Bishop Homeri Shonim in Kurodain temple. And that little one over there is the child of Atsumori who was killed at Ichinotani. Once when the Shonim was going down to the Kamo river, he found a baby

about two years old in a tattered basket under a pine tree. He felt great pity for the child, took it home with him, and cared for it tenderly. When the boy had grown to be ten years of age and was lamenting that he had no parents, the Shonim spoke about the matter to an audience which came to his preaching. Then a young woman came up, and cried excitedly, "This must be my child." On further enquiry he found it was indeed the child of the famous Atsumori. The child, having heard all this, is most desirous to see the image of his father, even in a dream, and he has been praying devoutly to this effect at the shrine of Kamo Miojin for seven days. To-day the term is up for the fulfilment of his vow, so I am taking him down to Kamo Miojin for his last prayer. Here we are at Kamo. Now, boy! pray well!

During his prayer the boy hears a voice which tells him to go to the forest of Ikuta; and thither the priest and the boy journey. On arrival, they look about at the beauty of the place, till suddenly nightfall surprises them. 'Look here, boy, the sun has set! What, is that a light yonder? Perhaps it may be a house? We will go to take lodging there.' A straw hut has been set at the centre of the stage. The curtain in front of it is now withdrawn, and the figure of a very young warrior is disclosed, in a mask, and wearing a dress of blue, white and gold. He begins to speak to himself:

'Gowun! Gowun! The five possessions of man are all hollow. Why do we love this queer thing—body? The soul which dwells in agony flies about like a bat under the moon. The poor bewildered ghost that has lost its body whistles in the autumn wind.'

They think him a man, but he tells them he has had a half-hour's respite from hell. He looks wistfully at the boy, who wishes to seize him, and cries, 'Flower child of mine, left behind in the world, like a favourite carnation, how pitiful to see you in those old black sleeves!' Then the spirit dances with restraint, while the chorus chants the martial scene of his former death. 'Rushing like two clouds together they were scattered in a whirlwind.' Suddenly he stops, looks off the stage and stamps, shouting:

'Who is that over there? A messenger from hell?'

'Yes, why do you stay so late? King Gruma is angry.'

Then the grim warriors frantically rush across the stage like Valkyrie, and Atsumori is forced to fight with a spear in a tremendous mystic dance against them. This is a vision of his torment transferred to earth. Exhausted and bleeding he falls; the hell fires vanish; and crying out, 'O how shameful that you should see me thus,' he melts away from the frantic clutches of the weeping boy.

Among the most weird and delicately poetic pieces is 'Nishikigi,' in which the hero and heroine are the ghosts of two lovers who died unmarried a hundred years before. Their spirits are in the course of the play united near a hill-side grave where their bodies had long lain together. This spiritual union is brought about by the piety of a priest. Action, words and music are vague and ghostly shadows. The lover, as a young man, had waited before the girl's door every night for months, but she from ignorance or coquetry had refused to notice him. Then he died of despair. She repented of her cruelty and died also.

The play opens with the entrance of the travelling priest, who has wandered to the ancient village of Kefu in the far north of the island.* He meets the two ghosts in ancient attire. At first he supposes them to be villagers. He does not seem to notice their dress, or, if he does, he apparently mistakes it for some fashion of the province. Then the two ghosts sing together, as if muttering to themselves:

'We are entangled—whose fault was it, dear?—tangled up as the grass patterns are tangled up in this coarse cloth, or that insect which lives and chirrup in dried seaweed. We do not know where are to-day our tears in the undergrowth of this eternal wilderness. We neither wake nor sleep, and passing our nights in a sorrow, which is in the end a vision, what are these scenes of spring to us? This thinking in sleep of some one who has no thought for you, is it more than a dream? And yet surely it is the natural way of love. In our hearts there is much and in our bodies nothing, and we

* The plays very often represent a person or people wandering about. There is no change of scene; the characters or chorus simply say that they are in such or such a place or that they are going along such a road.

do nothing at all, and only the waters of the river of tears flow quickly.'

Then the priest says :

'It is strange, seeing these town-people here. I might suppose them two married people; and what the lady gives herself the trouble of carrying might be a piece of cloth woven from birds' feathers, and what the man has is a sword, painted red. It is indeed queer merchandise.'

Gradually they tell him the story—they do not say at first that it is their own story. Two people had lived in that village, one of whom had offered the *nishikigi*, the charm-sticks, the 'crimson tokens of love,' night after night for three years. That was the man, of course; and the girl, apparently oblivious, had sat inside her house, weaving long bands of cloth. They say that the man was buried in a cave and all his charm-sticks with him. The priest says it will be a fine tale for him to tell when he gets home, and says he will go see the tomb, to which they offer to guide him. Then the chorus for the first time sings :

'The couple are passing in front and the stranger behind, having spent the whole day until dusk, pushing aside the rank grass from the narrow paths about Kefu. Where, indeed, for them is that love-grave? Ho! you farmer there, cutting grass upon the hill, tell me clearly how I am to get on further. In this frosty night, of whom shall we ask about the dews on the wayside grass?'

Then the hero, the man's ghost, breaks in for a moment: 'O, how cold it is in these evening dusks of autumn!' And the chorus resumes :

'Storms, fallen leaves, patches of the autumn showers, clogging the feet, the eternal shadow of the long-sloped mountain, and, crying among the ivies on the pine tree, an owl! And as for the love-grave, dyed like the leaves of maple with the tokens of by-gone passion, and like the orchids and chrysanthemums which hide the mouth of a fox's hole, they have slipped into the shadow of the cave; this brave couple has vanished into the love-grave.'

After an interval, for the changing of the spirits' costumes, the second Act begins. The priest cannot sleep

in the frost, and thinks he had better pass the night in prayer. Then the spirits in masks steal out, and in mystic language, which he does not hear, try to thank him for his prayer, and say that through his pity the love promise of incarnations long perished is now just realised, even in dream. Then the priest says:

'How strange! That place, which seemed like an old grave, is now lighted up from within, and has become like a human dwelling, where people are talking and setting up looms for spinning, and painted sticks. It must be an illusion!'

Then follows a wonderful loom-song and chorus, comparing the sound of weaving to the clicking of crickets; and in a vision is seen the old tragic story, and the chorus sings that 'their tears had become a colour.' 'But now they shall see the secret bride-room.' The hero cries, 'And we shall drink the cup of meeting.' Then the ghostly chorus sings a final song:

'How glorious the sleeves of the dance
That are like snow-whirls.'

'But now the wine-cup of the night-play is reflecting the first hint of the dawn. Perhaps we shall feel awkward when it becomes really morning. And like a dream which is just about to break, the stick and the cloth are breaking up, and the whole place has turned into a deserted grave on a hill, where morning winds are blowing through the pines.'*

As a final illustration of the Noh we now give two of these plays in full. In the first of these, entitled 'Kinuta' ('The Silk-board'), the plot is as follows:

The *Waki*, a country gentleman, has tarried long in the capital. He at last sends the *Tsure*, a maid-servant, home with a message to his wife. The servant talks on the road. She reaches the *Waki's* house and talks with the *Shitei* (the wife). The chorus comments. Finally the wife dies. The chorus sing a death-song, after which the husband returns. The second *Shitei*, the ghost of the wife, then appears and continues speaking alternately with the chorus until the close.

Husband. I am of Washuga of Kinshu, unknown and of no repute. I have been loitering on in the capital entangled in

* A complete translation of this play appears in 'Poetry' for May 1914.

many litigations. I went for a casual visit, and there I have been tarrying for three full years. I have become anxious, over-anxious, about affairs in my home. I shall send Yugiri homeward; she is a maid in my employ. Ho! Yugiri! I am worried. I shall send you down to the country. You will go home and tell them that I return at the end of this year.

Maid-servant. I will go, Sir, and say that then you are surely coming. [*She starts on her journey.*] The day is advancing and I, in my travelling clothes, travel with the day. I do not know the lodgings, I do not know the dreams upon the road, I do not know the number of the dreams that gather for one night's pillow. At length I am come to the village—it is true that I was in haste—I am come at last to Washuga. I think I will call out gently. 'Is there any person or thing in this house? Say that Yugiri is here in the street, she has just come back from the city.'

Wife. Sorrow!—

Sorrow is in the twigs of the duck's nest
And in the pillow of Karé the fish,
Sorrow between mandarin lovers,
And at being held apart in the waves,
Sorrow—

There is more sorrow between the united
Though they move in the one same world.
O low 'Remembering-grass,'
I do not forget to weep
At the sound of the rain upon you,
My tears are a rain in the silence,
O heart of the seldom clearing.

Maid-servant. Say to whomsoever it concerns that Yugiri has come.

Wife. What! do you say it is Yugiri? There is no need for a servant. Come to this side! in here! How is this, Yugiri, that you are so great a stranger? Yet welcome. I have cause of complaint. If you were utterly changed why did you send me no word? Not even a message in the current of the wind?

Maid-servant. Truly I wished to come, but his Honour gave me no leisure. For three years he kept me in that very ancient city.

Wife. You say it was against your heart to stay in the city? While even in the time of delights I thought of its blossom, until sorrow had grown the cloak of my heart.

Chorus. As the decline of autumn
In a country dwelling,
With the grasses failing and fading—

As men's eyes fail—
 As men's eyes fail,
 Love has utterly ceased.
 Upon what shall she lean to-morrow?
 A dream of the autumn, three years,
 Until the sorrow of those dreams awakes
 Autumnal echoes within her.
 Now former days are changed,
 They have left no shadow or trace;
 And if there were no lies in all the world
 Then there might come some pleasure
 Upon the track of men's words.
 Alas, for her foolish heart!
 How foolish her trust has been.

Wife. What strange thing is it beyond there that takes
 the forms of sound? Tell me. What is it?

Maid-servant. A villager beating a silk-board.

Wife. Is that all? And I am weary as an old saying.
 When the wandering Sobu of China was in his Mongol
 country he also had left a wife and children and she, aroused
 upon the clear cold nights, climbed her high tower and
 beat such a silk-board, and had perhaps some purpose of her
 heart. For that far-murmuring cloth could move his sleep—
 that is the tale—though he were leagues away. Yet I have
 stretched my board with patterned cloths, which curious
 birds brought through the twilit utter solitude, and hoped
 with such that I might ease my heart.

Maid-servant. Boards are rough work, hard even for the
 poor, and you of high rank have done this to ease your
 heart! Here, let me arrange them, I am better fit for such
 business.

Wife. Beat then. Beat out our resentment.

Maid-servant. It's a coarse mat; we can never be sure.

Chorus. The voice of the pine-trees sinks ever into the
 web!

The voice of the pine-trees, now falling,
 Shall make talk in the night.

It is cold.

Wife. Autumn it is, and news rarely comes in your
 fickle wind, the frost comes bearing no message.

Chorus. Weariness tells of the night.

Wife. Even a man in a very far village might see. . . .

Chorus. Perhaps the moon will not call upon her, saying:
 'Whose night-world is this?'

Wife. O beautiful season, say also this time is toward
 autumn, 'The evening moves to an end.'

Chorus. The stag's voice has bent her heart toward sorrow,
 Sending the evening winds which she does not see,
 We cannot see the tip of the branch,
 The last leaf falls without witness.
 There is an awe in the shadow,
 And even the moon is quiet,
 With the love-grass under the eaves.

Wife. My blind soul hangs like a curtain studded with dew.

Chorus. What a night to unsheave her sorrows—
 An hour for magic—
 And that clock stands high on the palace;
 The wind rakes it from the north.

Wife. They beat now fast and now slow—are they silk-workers down in the village? The moon-river pours on the west.

Chorus (Strophe).

The wandering Sobu is asleep in the North country
 And here in the East-sky the autumnal wind is working about
 from the West
 Wind, take up the sound she is beating upon her coarse-
 webbed cloth.

Chorus (Antistrophe).

Beware of even the pines about the eaves,
 Lest they confuse the sound.
 Beware that you do not lose the sound of the travelling storm,
 That travels after your travels.
 Take up the sound of this beating of the cloths.

Go where her lord is, O Wind; my heart reaches out and
 can be seen by him, I pray that you keep him still dreaming.

Wife. Aoi! if the web is broken, who, weary with time,
 will then come to seek me out? If at last he should come to
 seek me, let him call in the deep of time. Cloths are changed,
 by recutting, hateful! love thin as a summer cloth! Let my
 lord's life be even so slight, for I have no sleep under the
 moon. O let me go on with my cloths!

Chorus. The love of a god with a goddess
 Is but for the one night in passing,
 So thin are the summer cloths!
 The river-waves of the sky
 Have cut through our time like shears,
 They have kept us apart with dew.
 There are tears on the Kaji leaf,
 There is dew upon the helm-bar
 Of the skiff in the twisting current.
 Will it harm the two sleeves of the gods
 If he pass?

A floating shadow of the water grass,
That the ripples break on the shore,
O foam, let him be as brief.

Wife. The seventh month is come to its seventh day; we are hard on the time of long nights, and I would send him the sadness of these ten thousand voices—the colour of the moon, the breath-colour of the wind, even the points of frost that assemble in the shadow. A time that brings awe to the heart, a sound of beaten cloths, and storms in the night, a crying in the storm, a sad sound of the crickets, make one sound in the falling dew, a whispering lamentation, *hera, hera*, a sound in the cloth of beauty.

Maid-servant. What shall I say to all this? A man has just come from the city. The master will not come this year. It seems as if. . . .

Chorus. The heart, that thinks that it will think no more, grows fainter; outside in the withered field the crickets' noise has gone faint. The flower lies open to the wind, the gazers pass on to madness, this flower-heart of the grass is blown on by a wind-like madness, until at last she is but emptiness. [*The wife dies. Enter the husband, returning.*]

Husband. O pitiful hate, for my three years' delay, working within her has turned our long-drawn play of separation to separation indeed.

Chorus.

The time of regret comes not before the deed,
This we have heard from the eight thousand shadows.
This is their chorus—the shadowy blades of grass.
Sorrow! to be exchanging words
At the string-tip—
Sorrow! that we can but speak
With the bow-tip of the adzusa!
The way that a ghost returns
From the shadow of the grass—
We have heard the stories,
It is eight thousand times, they say,
Before regret runs in a smooth-worn groove,
Forestalls itself.

Ghost of the wife. Aoi! for fate, fading alas and unformed, all sunk into the river of three currents, gone from the light of the plum flowers that reveal spring in the world!

Chorus. She has but kindling flame to light her track.

Ghost of the wife. And show her autumns of a lasting moon.*
And yet, who had not fallen into desire? It was easy, in the

* I.e. a moon that has no phases.

rising and falling of the smoke and the fire of thought, to sink so deep in desires. O heart, you were entangled in the threads. 'Suffering' and 'the Price' are their names. There is no end to the lashes of Aborasetsu, the jailor of this prison. O heart, in your utter extremity you beat the silks of remorse; to the end of all false desire Karma shows her hate.

Chorus.

Ah false desire and fate!
 Her tears are shed on the silk-board,
 Tears fall and turn into flame,
 The smoke has stifled her cries,
 She cannot reach us at all,
 Nor yet the beating of the silk-board
 Nor even the voice of the pines
 But only the voice of that sorrowful punishment.
Aoi! Aoi!

Slow as the pace of sleep,
 Swift as the steed of time,
 By the six roads of changing and passing
 We do not escape from the wheel,
 Nor from the flaming of Karma,
 Though we wander through life and death;
 This woman fled from his horses
 To a world without taste or breath.

Ghost of the wife. Even the leaves of the kudju-grass show their hate of this underworld by the turning away of their leaves.

Chorus. The leaves of the kudju show their hate by bending aside; and neither can they unbend nor can the face of o'er-shadowed desire. O face of eagerness, though you had loved him truly through both worlds, and hope had clung a thousand generations, 'twere little avail. The cliffs of Matsuyana with stiff pines stand in the end of time; your useless speech is but false mocking, like the elfish waves. Aoi! Aoi! Is this the heart of man?

Ghost of the wife. It is the great, false bird called 'Taking-care.'

Chorus. Who will call him a true man—the wandering husband—when even the plants know their season, the feathered and furred have their hearts? It seems that our story has set a fact beyond fable. Even Sobu, afar, gave to the flying wild-duck a message to be borne through the southern country, over a thousand leagues, so deep was his heart's current—not shallow the love in his heart. Kimi,

you have no drowsy thought of me, and no dream of yours reaches toward me. Hateful, and why? O hateful!

Chorus. She recites the Flower of Law; the ghost is received into Butsu; the road has become enlightened. Her constant beating of silk has opened the flower, even so lightly she has entered the seed-pod of Butsu.

The plot of the second play, entitled 'Hagoromo' ('The Feather-Mantle'), is as follows. The *Waki*, a priest, finds the *Hagoromo*, the magical feather-mantle of a *tennin* (the *Shitei* of the play), an aerial spirit or celestial dancer, hanging upon a bough. She demands its return. He argues with her and finally promises to return it if she will teach him her dance or part of it. This is done. The Chorus explain the dance as symbolical of the daily changes of the moon. The words about 'three, five, and fifteen' refer to the number of nights. In the finale the *tennin* is supposed to disappear, like the mountain slowly hidden in mist. The play shows the relation of the early Noh to the God-dance.

Priest. Windy road of the waves by Miwo,
Swift with ships, loud over steersmen's voices!
Hakuryo, taker of fish, head of his house,
Dwells upon the barren pine-waste of Miwo.

A fisherman. Upon a thousand heights had gathered the inexplicable cloud. Swept by the rain, the moon is just come to light the low house. A clean and pleasant time, surely. There comes the breath-colour of spring; the waves rise in a line below the early mist; the moon is still delaying above, though we've no skill to grasp it. Here is a beauty to set the mind above itself.

Chorus. I shall not be out of memory
Of the mountain road by Kiyomi
Nor of the parted grass by that bay,
Nor of the far seen pine-waste
Of Miwo of wheat stalks.

Let us go according to custom. Take hands against the wind here, for it presses the clouds and the sea. Those men who were going to fish are about to return without launching. Wait a little, is it not spring? will not the wind be quiet? This wind is only the voice of the lasting pine-trees ready for stillness. See how the air is soundless, or would be were it not for the waves. There now! the fishermen are putting out with even the smallest boats.

Priest. Now I am come to shore at Miwo-no; I disembark

in Subara; I see all that they speak of on the shore. An empty sky, with music, a rain of flowers, strange fragrance on every side. All these are no common things, nor is this cloak that hangs upon the pine-tree. As I approach to inhale its colour, I am aware of mystery. Its colour-smell is mysterious. I see that it is surely no common dress. I will take it now and return and make it a treasure in my house, to show to the aged.

Tennin. That cloak belongs to some one on this side. What are you proposing to do with it?

Priest. This? this is a cloak picked up, I am taking it home, I tell you.

Tennin.

That is a feather-mantle not fit for a mortal to bear,
Not easily wrested from the sky-traversing spirit,
Not easily taken or given.

I ask you to leave it where you found it.

Priest. How? is the owner of this cloak a *tennin*? So be it. In this downcast age I should keep it, a rare thing, and make it a treasure in the country, a thing respected. Then I should not return it.

Tennin. Pitiful! There is no flying without the cloak of feathers, no return through the æther. I pray you return me the mantle.

Priest. Just from hearing these high words, I, Hakuryo, have gathered more and yet more force. You think, because I was too stupid to recognise it, that I shall be unable to take and keep hid the feather-robe, that I shall give it back for merely being told to stand and withdraw?

Tennin. A *tennin* without her robe,
A bird without wings,
How shall she climb the air?

Priest. And this world would be a sorry place for her to dwell in?

Tennin. I am caught, I struggle, how shall I . . .

Priest. No, Hakuryo is not one to give back the robe.

Tennin. Power does not attain . . .

Priest. To get back the robe.

Chorus. Her coronet* jewelled as with the dew of tears, even the flowers that decorated her hair drooping and fading, the whole chain of weaknesses† of the dying *tennin* can be seen actually before the eyes. Sorrow!

* *Vide examples of state head-dress of kingfisher feathers, in the South Kensington Museum.*

† The chain of weaknesses, or the five ills, discases of the *tennin*: (1) The

Tennin. I look into the flat of heaven, peering; the cloud road perplexes itself; we are lost in the rising mist; I have lost the knowledge of the road. Strange! a strange sorrow!

Chorus. Envious colour of breath, wonder of clouds that fade along the sky that was our accustomed dwelling! Hearing the sky-bird, accustomed and well accustomed, hearing the voices grow fewer, the wild geese fewer and fewer, along the highways of air, how deep her longing to return! Plover and seagull are on the waves in the offing. Do they go? or do they return? She reaches out for the very blowing of the spring wind against heaven.

Priest (to the Tennin). What do you say? Now that I can see you in your sorrow, gracious, of heaven, I bend and would return you your mantle.

Tennin. It is clearer. No, give it this side.

Priest. First tell me your nature, who are you? Tennin! Give payment with the dance of the *tennin*, and I will return you your mantle.

Tennin. Readily and gladly, and then I return into heaven. You shall have what pleasure you will, and I will leave a dance here, a joy to be new among men, and to be memorial dancing. Learn then this dance that can turn the palace of the moon. No, come here to learn it. For the sorrows of the world I will leave this new dancing with you for sorrowful people. But give me my mantle, it is needful as a part of the measure.

Priest. Not yet, for, if you should get it, how do I know you'll not be off to your palace without even beginning your dance, not even a measure?

Tennin. Doubt is of mortals; with us there is no deceit.

Priest. I am again ashamed. I give you your mantle.

Chorus. The young maid now is arrayed; she assumes the curious mantle; watch how she moves in the dance of the rainbow-feathered garment.

Priest. The heavenly feather-robe moves in accord with the wind.

Tennin. The sleeves of flowers are being wet with the rain.

Priest. All three are doing one step.

Chorus.

It seems that she dances.

Thus was the dance of pleasure,

hanakadzusa withers; (2) the *hagoromo* is stained; (3) sweat comes from the body; (4) both eyes wink frequently; (5) she feels very weary of her palace of heaven.

Suruga, dancing, brought to the sacred east.
 Thus was it when the lords of the everlasting
 Trod the world,
 They being of old our friends.
 Upon ten sides their sky is without limit,
 They have named it, on this account, the enduring.

Tennin. The jewelled axe takes up the eternal renewing,
 the palace of the moon-god is being renewed with the jewelled
 axe, and this is always recurring.

Chorus (commenting on the dance).

The white koromo, the black koromo,
 Three, five into fifteen,
 The figure that the *tennin* is dividing.
 There are heavenly nymphs, Amaotome,*
 One for each night of the month,
 And each with her deed assigned.

Tennin. I also am heaven-born and a maid, Amaotome.
 Of them there are many. This is the dividing of my body
 that is fruit of the moon's tree, Katsuma.† This is one part
 of our dance that I leave to you here in your world.

Chorus. The spring mist is widespread abroad; so
 perhaps the wild olive's flower will blossom in the infinitely
 unreachable moon. Her flowery head-ornament is putting
 on colour; this truly is sign of the spring. Not sky is here,
 but the beauty; and even here comes the heavenly, wonderful
 wind. O blow, shut the accustomed path of the clouds. O you
 in the form of a maid, grant us the favour of your delaying.
 The pine-waste of Miwo puts on the colour of spring. The
 bay of Kiyomi lies clear before the snow upon Fuji. Are not
 all these presages of the spring? There are but few ripples
 beneath the piny wind. It is quiet along the shore. There
 is naught but a fence of jewels between the earth and the
 sky, and the gods within and without, ‡ beyond and beneath
 the stars, and the moon unclouded by her lord, and we who
 are born of the sun! This alone is between, here where the
 moon is unshadowed, here in Nippon, the sun's field.

Tennin. The plumage of heaven drops neither feather
 nor flame to its own diminution.

Chorus. Nor is this rock of earth over-much worn by the
 brushing of that feather-mantle, the feathery skirt of the
 stars—rarely! how rarely! There is a magic song from

* Cf. 'Paradiso,' xxiii, 25. 'Quale nel plenilunil seren! Trivla ride tra le
 ninfe eterne.'

† A tree something like the laurel.

‡ 'Within and without,' *gei, gu*, two parts of the temple.

the east, the voices of many and many, and flute and *shé*, filling the space beyond the cloud's edge, seven-stringed! Dance! filling and filling. The red sun blots on the sky the line of the colour-drenched mountains. The flowers rain in a gust; it is no racking storm that comes over this green moor, which is afloat, as it would seem, in these waves. Wonderful is the sleeve of the white cloud whirling such snow here.

Tennin. Plain of life, field of the sun, true foundation, great power!

Chorus. Hence and for ever this dancing shall be called 'A revel in the East.' Many are the robes thou hast, now of the sky's colour itself, and now a green garment.

Semi-Chorus. And now the robe of mist, presaging spring, a colour-smell as this wonderful maiden's skirt—left, right, left! The rustling of flowers, the putting-on of the feathery sleeve; they bend in air with the dancing.

Semi-Chorus. Many are the joys in the east. She who is the colour-person of the moon takes her middle-night in the sky. She marks her three fives with this dancing, as a shadow of all fulfilments. The circled vows are at full. Give the seven jewels of rain and all of the treasure, you who go from us. After a little time, only a little time, can the mantle be upon the wind that was spread over Matsubara or over Ashilaka the mountain, though the clouds lie in its heaven like a plain awash with sea. Fuji is gone; the great peak of Fuji is blotted out little by little. It melts into the upper mist. In this way she [the *Tennin*] is lost to sight.

"ON THE IMBECILITY OF THE RICH."

By BASTIEN VON HELMHOLTZ.

"It is curious that the rich have no sense." "It is curious," said my friend, "that out of so many millionaires there is not *one*, not even that old ass Carnegie, who has any intelligence."

"The rich," said another of my friends (even as I, a poor scrivener), "the rich, damn them, come in here and sit on my chest, and talk of how fine it would be if—if this, that and the other, and if I succeed in doing this, that and the other. And it never occurs to them that with one-tenth of their *argent sec ou liquide* I could 'vie with Cosimo' and build up the excellent world. That I don't mind. The poor fools have no imagination. They never think what a man of sense could do with their money. But worse than that, their pusillanimity never suggests to them that they might lend a hand, that they might, as it were, hold up their end."

I have heard them talk over schemes and approve, and know that others were giving their time and work, time and work that they might have used to more selfish advancement, etc., etc. But the men who help are poor men, or they are poor men comparatively.

I know one man who has £3,000 a year and spends £1,000 of it on literature. I know one who has several hundreds and spends a reasonable percentage on the arts. A dabbler with a capital of about £300,000 spends nothing, but thinks about spending a few pounds. Five was the last amount over which I heard him deliberating.

A few poor men spend incalculable labour, and help with sales and jobs generally.

An anarchist paper in America, "The Revolutionary Almanack," seems to be the only paper in that country which keeps abreast of continental thought. I say this with surprise. I had no intentions of anarchy.

But the whole burden of civilisation has shifted. In the time of Leonardo the burden was divided between the artists and the capitalists.

In our time the burden rests on the artists and on a few friendly and obscure people, mostly of the middle class or below it.

I hold a brief for no class. That is to say my hate for all classes is about even. My life is a series of contradictions, because I find myself incapable of putting hate into action. Hate can be for a mass, but one's actions are always against some individual. I melt before the individual. I give way to pity. The swine say that I "have a good heart."

Let that be. I have an affection for the arts. In the morass of "modern life," I believe that the arts are the only things worth keeping up.

Religion is only the mess that is made whenever priests try to exploit the arts to their, *i.e.*, the priests', own profit. Priests and most professors are uncreative. Their function is parasitic.

In any case, all organised religion is a state graft or a priest graft; the only true religion is the revelation made in the arts.

I don't care whether or no the capitalist system decays, but for the good brothers who hope that it is decaying, I can only say "be of good cheer." One of the finest symptoms of its rottenness is that the care of the arts has been given over to the poor, and to the just-above-poor. And the balance of power rests with the arts.

So fine is the balance of power that it always rests with the arts. As slowly as a jeweller's scales tip for an eyelash, so slowly do legislations, and, more than paper legislations, actualities follow the arts.

How often do we hear said "You are governed by Rousseau."

You will soon be ruled by a stiffer hand than Jean-Jacques'.

With the refuse of the debased business class controlling nine-tenths of printed publication, with the Press

system as it is, the intellectual, saving the term, "the intellectual" life of to-day is in a worse mess than was ever the political life of the middle ages.

One can only hope for some protection of the arts like the churchly protection of knowledge of the middle ages. This "truce of the arts" will come; this security of artistic creation. But the foundation will not be from the rich. It will not be a "rich young man of Assisi" who shall found it; it will be a guild of the intelligent poor and near-poor. It will be as fanatical almost as the mediæval religious. It will hate and condemn the world. It will be a damnable nuisance.

The mediæval church was a damnable nuisance. The artists of the renaissance were not a damnable nuisance, though the pedantry of the renaissance probably was. No, not quite that, the pedantry of the renaissance was enjoyable in its own day, though no modern would stand it.

I don't know that I want to prevent this clostration. I state the fact for what it is worth. The rich of our time compare unfavourably with the rich of the fifteenth century. The system which supports them is rotten. They will go down. They will have no friends to break their fall. I doubt if they will all die in time to escape the sight of their own degradation. If they do die in time they will die in the knowledge that they have left no glory behind them, that their memory is despised.

The odd thing, the only thing that puzzles one in the matter is that their misanthropy is either disguised or unconscious. They do not even get the satisfactions of hatred.

One is damn'd if one can see why they bother. They go about professing interest in this, that and the other. They seem to sniff at life from the edges. They talk about "happy lives," *ad infinitum*.

They are a consummate sterility. They put their money on all things save the permanent and the constructive.

They differ greatly among themselves. That may seem curious, but even lepidoptera, or whatever they are, differ.

Of the two richest men whom I know one is a pleasant ass and the other is an unpleasant ass. I have observed varieties among the rich, many varieties, but they are all alike in one thing. I have never known any really rich person to make him or herself uncomfortable for the sake of any other person or cause—not for one moment. I have seen them suffer pain, chagrin, etc. I have seen them suffer humiliations that I would not dream of being put to, but they suffer these things always from inaction, always because of some want of audacity.

I am not going to burst into any pæon of praise about the poor. Poverty is indeed a cloak for every envy and for every form of niggardliness—these things are effects of a cause. The virtues, the wasteful virtues, slip in between, as if by accident, as if they were a gift from strange gods.

I am not preaching a moral.

Nothing but a love of perfection, or of "God," or of "the untellable beauty," or something of that sort, will make a human being into the sort of person one wishes to meet. And nothing but such love, plus some reasonable chance of seeking that perfection, or that "God" or that "untellable beauty," will keep said human being a bearable companion.

The "love" is, I suppose, "innate," or an "accident," or a "predestination," or whatever one likes to call it; the "chance of seeking" is, I suppose, the concern of man's economic and legislative faculties. One gets bored with "economists" and all their gallery, because they keep harping on the "chance" and because they want to prescribe *what* one shall do with it.

* * * *

It is, indeed, more difficult for a rich man to get into good company than for a camel to get into the Bath Club. I don't mean that the rich don't meet nice people; but they never get more than the shells. The nice people meet and eat and depart without becoming acquainted. I know, at a pinch, two dozen interesting people, all of whom have met a certain number of rich, and I do not know one in the lot who has any respect for any rich man, or who has ever given a confidence or an intimate view of life to any one of the lot.

I have listened, but I have seldom heard of money well spent. I once knew of a very rich man who was encouraging learning, but he told me to my face that he didn't care about how "learning" was "encouraged," "that he knew nothing about all that," "that he only wanted to erect a memorial to his father."

"Il admettait trois aristocraties, la noblesse, le clergé et la littérature," wrote Renan of a certain suave cleric. "The nobility" is being so noble at present that I must revise my original sentence, but, even so, we no longer respect the class, we respect the individual of it. The time when one might have looked on any sort of clergy as an "aristocracy" is so long gone that one can only look upon the idea as a quaint bit of bric-a-brac. There remains an aristocracy of the creative arts and an aristocracy of inventive science.

THOSE AMERICAN PUBLICATIONS.

By BAPTISTE VON HELMHOLTZ.

IT is always nice to see one's ideas adopted, or even adapted, if one have a mildly cynical sense of humour. I have just taken from a friend's table the prospectus of a new American "weekly review," which is to "respect no taboos." This phrase has a familiar cadence. Can it be that we have seen it on the announcement of our old friend, THE *Egoist*?

Of course the prospectors say nothing about THE *Egoist*. They do not even invite my friend to contribute at a remunerative rate . . . though he has done a good deal of work for THE *Egoist* in one way or another. They invite him to subscribe fourteen bob to "co-operate effectively" in the "establishment" of such a journal. They say that "every subscription received prior to publication will be particularly encouraging."

Of course they are particularly encouraging. It is only about three years since the Editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" wrote to one of our distinguished novelists asking her to remove the "trousers" from a bedroom scene. The trousers in question were hung over a chair-back . . . in a perfectly respectable and conjugal chamber. The male hen conducting the "Atlantic" could not face the fact; he could not permit or expect his readers to face the fact that husbands hang pants, breeches, or trauers over chair-backs when retiring for the night. We suppose they should have been concealed in a cupboard or hidden behind the washstand.

The American magazinists are "a fair treat." No wonder this new lot are encouraging. Their idea about taboos is a good one, derivative, but good.

They compare favourably with the "Century." The "Century" has, of course, a new and up-to-date editor. It is only a few months since he sent a letter to one of our friends—(Mr. Pound, to be precise)—to tell how modern he was. E. P. was delighted. He had one of his periodical spasms of hope and belief in his country. He is nothing if not patriotic. The next morning the poor editor spoiled his good work. He inadvertently sent on some copies of his paper to *prove* how modern he was.

One of his editorials ran: "The Century Magazine" wants to bring its fiction "as near to truth and make it as interpretative of life as conditions allow."

Them pants again!

Brecks are a circumstance. O America! E. P. said it showed, *i.e.*, the desire to get somewhere near the truth, showed "a gleam of sense in a pusillanimous void." However, he was not really discouraged till he came to some pious wails about the sacredness of relation between editor and contributor. "The contributors make the magazine and the magazine makes the contributors," wrote the pious Mr. Yard.

This last is so exact an analysis of the reason why America no longer produces anything worth calling art or literature that our friend has never since argued with me as to the hopelessness of anything being produced there, except magazine articles on politics . . . which are, to my mind, damned uninteresting, but no matter.

"The magazine makes the contributors." That is America of to-day. That is why all the best American artists escape, la, la. The little old ladies, male and female, of those aged editorial offices, dare not face the fact of individual personality; of writers who will not be made.

Indeed we should welcome a new American publication, with a set of *idées fixes* some twenty years newer. A publication looking forward to a "new burst of democratic accomplishment."

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE COLLEGE OF ARTS.*

IT has been noted by certain authors that London is the capital of the world, and "Art is a matter of capitals." At present many American students who would have sought Vienna or Prague or some continental city are disturbed by war. To these The College of Arts offers a temporary refuge and a permanent centre.

We draw the attention of new students to the fact that no course of study is complete without one or more years in London. Scholarly research is often but wasted time if it has not been first arranged and oriented in the British Museum.

The London collections are if not unrivalled at least unsurpassed. The Louvre has the Venus and the Victory but the general collection of sculpture in the Museum here is, as a whole, the finer collection. The National Gallery is smaller than the Louvre but it contains no rubbish.

Without chauvinism we can very easily claim that study in London is at least as advantageous as study elsewhere, and that a year's study in London by no means prevents earlier or later study in other capitals.

The American student coming abroad is usually presented with two systems of study, firstly, that of "institutions" for the most part academic, sterile, professorial; secondly, instruction by private teachers often most excellent, often the reverse.

The College of Arts offers contact with artists of established position, creative minds, men for the most part who have already suffered in the cause of their art.

Recognising the interaction of the arts, the inter-stimulous, and inter-enlightenment, we have gathered the arts together, we recommend that each student shall undertake some second or auxiliary subject, though this is in all cases left to his own inclination. We recognise that certain genius runs deep and often in one groove only, and that some minds move in the language of one medium only. But this does not hold true for the general student. For him and for many of the masters one art is the constant illuminator of another, a constant refreshment.

The college prepares two sorts of instruction; one for those who intend a career in some single art, who desire practical and technical instruction, a second for those who believe that learning is an adornment, a gracious and useless pleasure, that is to say for serious art students and for the better sort of dilettanti.

The cost of instruction will vary from £20 to £100, depending on how much the student wishes to do himself and how much he wishes to have done for him. We recognise that the great majority of students now

* This interesting prospectus comes to hand. Its value is such that we hasten to print it entire.

C161 Continued

C162 Those American Publications. *Egoist*, I. 20 (15 Oct. 1914) 390.
"By Baptiste von Helmholtz."

C163 Preliminary Announcement of the College of Arts. *Egoist*, I. 21 (2 Nov. 1914) 413-14.

"This interesting prospectus [by Ezra Pound] comes to hand. Its value is such that we hasten to print it entire." With "Remarks" at the end, also by Pound. (Actually the prospectus was not printed until late November. See E2c.)

coming to Europe are musical students, the next most numerous class are painters and sculptors; we nevertheless, believe that there are various other studies which would be pursued if students knew where to go for instruction.

We try not to duplicate courses given in formal institutions like the University of London, or purely utilitarian courses like those of Berlitz. London is itself a larger university, and the best specialists are perhaps only approachable in chance conversation. We aim at an intellectual status no lower than that attained by the courts of the Italian Renaissance.

Our organisation is not unlike that of a University graduate-school, and is intended to supplement the graduate instruction in "arts." This instruction is offered to anyone who wants it, not merely to those holding philological degrees.

A knowledge of morphology is not essential to the appreciation of literature, even the literature of a forgotten age or decade.

M. Arnold Dolmetsch's position in the world of music is unique, and all music lovers are so well aware of it, that one need not here pause to proclaim it. Painting and sculpture are taught by the most advanced and brilliant men of our decade, but if any student desires instruction in the earlier forms of the art, instruction in representative painting awaits him. The faculty as arranged to date, though it is still but a partial faculty, is perhaps our best prospectus.

SCULPTURE.

Atelier of Sculpture GAUDIER-BAZESKA

PAINTING.

Atelier of Painting WYNDHAM LEWIS
Assistant, and Director of the Atelier, H. SANDERS.

Atelier of Design EDWARD WADSWORTH

Representational Painting (miniature)

Private instruction MATHILDE HUIX

Portraiture, and the History of Occidental Painting
REGINALD WIJENSKI

(Writer on the History of the Fine Arts to
"The Athenæum")

Etching and Dry Point WM. P. ROBINS

MUSIC.

ANCIENT MUSIC ARNOLD DOLMETSCH

MODERN INSTRUMENTS:--

Violin SENYEI (arrangement pending)

'Cello FELIX SALMOND
Assistant, BEATRICE EVELINE.

Piano K. R. HEYMAN
Assistant, GLADYS HAMILTON.

Voice ROBERT DE BROUCE

Discuse AUBETTE FÖRET

Lecturer on modern Russian Composers ... EDWIN EVANS

LETTERS.

Comparative Poetry EZRA POUND, M.A.

Author of "Personæ," "Exultations," "The Spirit of Romance" (a study of the mediæval poetry of latin Europe), "The Approach to Pavis" (a series of papers dealing with the contemporary poetry of France, "New Age"), etc., translator of Guido Cavalcanti's "Ballate" and of the "Canzoni of Arnaut Daniel"; Contributor to "The Quarterly Review," "The Fortnightly Review," etc., Sometime Fellow in Romanics of the University of Pennsylvania, now in charge of the late Erneat Fenollosa's papers dealing with Chinese lyric poetry and the Japanese stage.

Russian Novelists ... IVAN KORSHUNE (JOHN COUNNON)

Translator of various tales by Gogol, Korolenko, Dostoyevsky, Gorky, Turgenyev, Chekov, Andreyev, Sologub, Remizov, etc. (World's Masterpiece series), Contributor to "The Forum," "Lippincott's," "The Mask," etc.

Russian Contemporary Thought ZINAIDA VANGEROWA
Published works: Seven volumes of essays in Russian. Contributor to "The Fortnightly Review," etc.

Dramatic-Criticism CECIL INGLEE-DORRAN
Late dramatic critic of "The New York Tribune," general European representative of the Oliver Morosco Company (Los Angeles and New York).

PHOTOGRAPHY.

Studio ALVIN LANGDON COBURN

CRAFTS.

(in course of arrangement).

Silver and Ornament LABORATORY SANDHEIM

Pottery

Furniture and Reproduction...

Book-binding (Plain Letter Illuminating, Tool-work, Inlay, Restoration) ... G. SUTCLIFFE

Printing CHAS. T. JACOBI (Managing Partner of the Chiswick Press).

Engraving, Wood-cut

Metalwork

Enamel

Jewels

"The Crafts become the Fine Arts when men of sufficient culture maintain them."

THE DANCE.

XVI. Century Dances MRS. DOLMETSCH

Communications should be addressed to the Secretarial Offices, 5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington, London, W., to Vaughn Baron, Sec.

As a supplement to the various courses in arts and crafts, we point out the value of individual research in, and study of, the various collections of the South Kensington, and British Museums. We will endeavour to save the student's time by giving general direction for such work, and initiation in method, apart from the usual assistance offered by the regular Museum officials.

In certain rare cases, the American college student, desiring more than his degree, will find it possible to spend his Junior or Sophomore year in London and return to his own University for graduation. Those desiring to do this should of course submit to us their plans of study, together with a clear statement of their requirements for graduation at the home college. Such students will have to possess rather more than average intelligence.

If intending to take graduate work for higher degrees, they may, however, find that this form of recess will give them a distinct advantage over their colleagues, such as fully to compensate for the inconvenience and derangement of undergraduate studies. It is always open to them, to fill in routine courses by application to the University of London (that is to say, ordinary mathematics or classics) pursuing said courses in conjunction with their special work with the College of Arts.

(End of Prospectus).

REMARKS.—The college should come as a boon to various and numerous students who would otherwise be fugging about in continental pensions, meeting one single teacher who probably wishes them in the inferno, and dependent for the rest on fellow boarders and public amusements.

Secondly, it would seem designed to form itself into a centre of intelligent and intellectual activity, rather than a cramming factory where certain data are pushed into the student regardless of his abilities or predilections.

We note with interest that M. Dolmetsch's book on "The Interpretation of The Music of the XVII. and XVIII. centuries" is announced as about to appear.

MODERN GEORGICS

North of Boston, by Robert Frost. David Nutt, London.

It is a sinister thing that so American, I might even say so parochial, a talent as that of Robert Frost should have to be exported before it can find due encouragement and recognition.

Even Emerson had sufficient elasticity of mind to find something in the "yawp." One doesn't need to like a book or a poem or a picture in order to recognize artistic vigor. But the typical American editor of the last twenty years has resolutely shut his mind against serious American writing. I do not exaggerate, I quote exactly, when I say that these gentlemen deliberately write to authors that such and such a matter is "too unfamiliar to our readers."

There was once an American editor who would even print me, so I showed him Frost's *Death of the Hired Man*. He wouldn't have it; he had printed a weak pseudo-Masefieldian poem about a hired man two months before, one written in a stilted pseudo-literary language, with all sorts of floridities and worn-out ornaments.

Mr. Frost is an honest writer, writing from himself, from his own knowledge and emotion; not simply picking up the manner which magazines are accepting at the moment, and applying it to topics in vogue. He is quite consciously and definitely putting New England rural life into verse. He is not using themes that anybody could have cribbed out of Ovid.

There are only two passions in art; there are only love and hate—with endless modifications. Frost has been honestly fond of the New England people, I dare say with spells of irritation. He has given their life honestly and seriously. He has never turned aside to make fun of it. He has taken their tragedy as tragedy, their stubbornness as stubbornness. I know more of farm life than I did before I had read his poems. That means I know more of "Life."

Mr. Frost has dared to write, and for the most part with success, in the natural speech of New England; in natural spoken speech, which is very different from the "natural" speech of the newspapers, and of many professors. His poetry is a bit slow, but you aren't held up every five minutes by the feeling that you are listening to a fool; so perhaps you read it just as easily and quickly as you might read the verse of some of the sillier and more "vivacious" writers.

A sane man knows that a prose short story can't be much better than the short stories of De Maupassant or of "Steve" Crane. Frost's work is interesting, incidentally, because there has been during the last few years an effort to proceed from the prose short story to the short story in verse. Francis Jammes has done a successful novel in verse, in a third of the space a prose novel would have taken—*Existences* in *La Triomphe de la Vie*. Vildrac and D. H. Lawrence have employed verse successfully for short stories. Masefield is not part of this movement. He has avoided all the difficulties of the immeasurably difficult art

C164 Modern Georgics. *Poetry*, V. 3 (Dec. 1914) 127-30.

A review of *North of Boston*, by Robert Frost. Reprinted, with the omission of two paragraphs, as "First American Notice, III, by Ezra Pound," in *Recognition of Robert Frost . . . Edited by Richard Thornton* ([1937])—B40—pp. 50-53, in the section "Early Recognition."

of good prose by using a slap-dash, flabby verse which has been accepted in New Zealand. James, Vildrac and Lawrence have lived up to the exigencies of prose and have gained by brevity. This counts with serious artists.

Very well, then, Mr. Frost holds up a mirror to nature, not an oleograph. It is natural and proper that I should have to come abroad to get printed, or that "H. D."—with her clear-cut derivations and her revivifications of Greece—should have to come abroad; or that Fletcher—with his *tic* and his discords and his contrariety and extended knowledge of everything—should have to come abroad. One need not censure the country; it is easier for us to emigrate than for America to change her civilization fast enough to please us. But why, IF there are serious people in America, desiring literature of America, literature accepting present conditions, rendering American life with sober fidelity—why, in heaven's name, is this book of New England eclogues given us under a foreign imprint?

Professors to the contrary notwithstanding, no one expects Jane Austen to be as interesting as Stendhal. A book about a dull, stupid, hemmed-in sort of life, by a person who has lived it, will never be as interesting as the work of some author who has comprehended many men's manners and seen many grades and conditions of existence. But Mr. Frost's people are distinctly real. Their speech is real; he has known them. I don't want much to meet them, but I know that they exist, and what is more, that they exist as he has portrayed them.

Mr. Frost has humor, but he is not its victim. *The Code* has a pervasive humor, the humor of things as they are, not that of an author trying to be funny, or trying to "bring out" the ludicrous phase of some incident or character because he dares not rely on sheer presentation. There is nothing more nauseating to the developed mind than that sort of local buffoonery which the advertisements call "racy"—the village wit presenting some village joke which is worn out everywhere else. It is a great comfort to find someone who tries to give life, the life of the rural district, as a whole, evenly, and not merely as a hook to hang jokes on. The easiest thing to see about a man is an eccentric or worn-out garment, and one is godforsakenly tired of the post-Bret-Hartian, post-Mark-Twainian humorist.

Mr. Frost's work is not "accomplished," but it is the work of a man who will make neither concessions nor pretences. He will perform no money-tricks. His stuff sticks in your head—not his words, nor his phrases, nor his cadences, but his subject matter. You do not confuse one of his poems with another in your memory. His book is a contribution to American literature, the sort of sound work that will develop into very interesting literature if persevered in.

I don't know that one is called upon to judge between the poems in *North of Boston*. *The Death of the Hired Man* is perhaps the best, or *The Housekeeper*, though here the construction is a bit straggly. There are moments in *Mending Wall*. *The Black Cottage* is very clearly stated.

Exra Pound

DEAD IÖNÈ

EMPTY are the ways,
 Empty are the ways of this land
 And the flowers
 Bend over with heavy heads,
 They bend in vain,
 Empty are the ways of this land
 Where Iönè
 Walked once, and now does not walk
 But seems like a person just gone.

C165

ANOTHER RAID ON GERMAN TRADE.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

It happens as how a gent left two doccyments in my bus the other day, and as they sorter concern you I thort Id tell you about em. In one of em, a cattylog of picshures by Captain Craig (praps it aint the Captain), howsumever, I red that now we're making such a fuss about capshuring forun trade it might be useful to capshure a bit of our own. I thort this was alright. England for the English is my motter. But I seed later in your paper, the Eggerist, as how the gent wot wrote this (I think his name was Cornnos, and John), had signed his name to a announcement and was on the enmermy's side sotospik. The announcement was called "Preliminary Announcement of the College of Arts." Praps you saw it. I aint got no doubt hut wot it was a great announcement. Only I aint bin able to find anybody wot could tell me wot it was about and as I coudent make it out myself conserkently I aint able to say if it was great or not. But I seed as how it was signed by a lot of furriners and had sumthing to do with culshure and the British Mooseun (the same where the mummies come from). So I says to myself, "Hello, its aunuther little dodge to capshure German trade." I arst my driver wot he thort about it. He only said, "Blimey." Bob's a careful man. Well, dear madam, Ive got to do my larst jurney. So I must sign myself yours respectfull

ALF ARPUR.

C166

THE WORDS OF MING MAO "LEAST AMONG
THE DISCIPLES OF KUNG-FU-TSE."

Mr. Loftus Hare's article on Yang-Chu, in the last issue of THE EGOIST, is most interesting, but let me add here Ming-Mao's reply to Yang Chu, especially to the remarks on Confucius, as follows:—

Yang-Chu says that Kung-fu-tse had never a day's joy in all his life, yet we read that the Master Kung was once rapt into three days' revery, or as the Taoists say, ecstasy by the mere sound of certain beautiful music. To say that a man so capable of æsthetic pleasure has never a day's joy, is manifest folly.

As for Yang and his relation to Egoism, it was Kung who gave true instruction, seeing that he taught that a man's joy should rest in the dignity of his own mind and not in the shilly-shally of circumstance. Thus he died serene though it were among fishermen.

As for Ch'ieh and Chow, their pleasures depended on their having been born to imperial position, their luxury was bestowed upon them, how shall hereditary emperors who are born with such opportunity for revels be set up as examples for men of common fortune, who, even if they had the capacity for debauch, would, if they desired to exercise it, spend all their lives in a vain desire for trappings and for numerous women in brocade, and for pavilions and caparisoned horses?

The counsels of Yang-Chu are in no sense Egoism, since they teach a man to depend on all things save himself. This dependence on self is the core of Confucian philosophy.

M. M.

C167

C165 DEAD IÖNÈ. *Poetry and Drama*, II. 4 (Dec. 1914) 353. Reprinted as "Ione, Dead the Long Year."

C166 ☒ Another Raid on German Trade. *Egoist*, I. 23 (1 Dec. 1914) 447. In dialect, signed: Alf Arpur. Almost certainly by Ezra Pound.

C167 The Words of Ming Mao "Least among the Disciples of Kung-Fu-Tse." *Egoist*, I. 24 (15 Dec. 1914) 456. Signed: M. M. Contributed by Ezra Pound.

CONTENTS

of the Series

VOLUME I

1902–1914, C0 – C167

VOLUME II

1915–1917, C168 – C315

VOLUME III

1918–1919, C316 – C521

VOLUME IV

1920–1927, C522 – C699a

VOLUME V

1928–1932, C700 – C904

VOLUME VI

1933–1935, C905 – C1279

VOLUME VII

1936–1939, C1280 – C1527

VOLUME VIII

1940–1954, C1528 – C1741

VOLUME IX

1955–1971, C1742 – C1933a

VOLUME X

1972–1982, C1934 – C1989

VOLUME XI

Addenda and Index