

**EXPERIMENT: A Manifesto of Young England, 1928-
1931**

Two Volumes
Vol. 2 of 2

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EXPERIMENT

We are concerned with all the intellectual interests of undergraduates. We do not confine ourselves to the work of English students, nor are we at pains to be littered with the Illustrious Dead and Dying. Our claim has been one of uncompromising independence: therefore not a line in these pages has been written by any but degreeless students or young graduates. It has been our object to gather all and none but the not yet ripe fruits of art, science and philosophy in the university. We did not wish so much that our articles should be sober and guarded as that they should be stimulating and lively and take up a strong line. We were prepared in fact to give ourselves away. But we know that Cambridge is painfully well-balanced just now (a sign, perhaps of anxiety neurosis) and so we were prepared also to find, as the reader will find, rather too guarded and sensible a daring. Perhaps we will ripen into extravagance.

Contributions for the second number should be send to W. Empson of Magdalene College.

We five are acting on behalf of the contributors, who have entrusted us with this part of the work.

We have been asked to say that a volume of "Cambridge Poetry" is being produced by C. J. Saltmarshe, of Magdalene College, to whom contributions should be sent.

POSTWAR

The broken glass shocked before the crumpling of the Kaiser's picture: Frau Pfaff saw crackling chips destroying her carpet symmetry: the picture so long clad in custom-sanctity, hung from ineradicable hook. A red-faced young man in a flameblue tie, snorting defiantly against monarchy: no more war. That was nothing: he is a lodger nameless and paying. But that carpet blotch at his feet, that destruction of his – what would Herr Colonel have said

coaxed to a second helping he gazes round sternly at wilted Fraulein Teufelmann, uncomfortable Herr Sikurius – but he was killed at Verdun, poor man, and his linen still in the cupboard – lofty Frau Max, and herself clever at presiding: fixing them with his patriotism, glasses to the Kaiser's health, the gardens, bands, illuminations, fat of the land. Clara Teufelmann his virginia creeper, a pest and an adornment – why is she crying? – apoplexy in 1915 before he should see his God in Paris, so then she went elsewhere.

He picks up the pieces and speaks hurriedly. “You know how changed things are – one feels strongly – youth in revolt.” Of course things are different now; but still, one remembers

Herr Sikurius was so stiff and Frau Max disliked him so, but the Colonel kept the peace: united, Madam, Germany united, firm, invincible, Bismarck, I remember in '71: and meanwhile they would fold their napkins for glasses to the Kaiser: blessed meal ritual with leisure.

“Yes, it is hard for us old people to get near new ideas. But I quite”

then Frau Max magnificently would pull her shawl about her shoulders and tread out; the stumble to the door handle by Herr Sikurius ever a lame ending; but the Colonel sat on, dabbing a little at his damp moustache, his left hand lying jaggedly on the table cloth; she would gather the cruets and talk quietly, and perhaps wrinkles at his mouthside would show him smiling a little. All so settled and unchanging, a long timeless period. But in 1914. But in 1914 the Colonel coming in with bottles, champagne, full uniform, flushed and

restless, Clara Teufelmann in colour for once with roses,
clinging
eyes smiling, and Herr Sikurius angularly worried –
conscripted,
they got him – Frau Max sublime and confident. That meal
broke
life ...

He puts the fragments in the waste paper basket: with that
crumpled picture – no – this hand stretched out: let be: things
are changed.

but the champagne toast, marching troops, Paris
engulfed, repeating '71 Madam: but he was too old. They talked
so eagerly and sat late, till Frau Max detached

A little nervous bow,
and he goes out. So lonely now and long dragging. These
people nameless and meaningless, to be fed hurriedly and they
go

out and are busy perhaps while she sees to the linen, the
bedrooms
husks wrongly inhabited.

But it is lunchtime. The staircase steps
for Clara, Sikurius, Frau Max, the Colonel; shining smooth oil-
cloth they wore down; but now these many light and
meaningless
feet.

The meal ritual; these grey faces dotted round polite and
cool, but who are they? He is still embarrassed and stands out a
little, sitting where the Colonel,

steaming soup taureen; Frau Max
delicate with her spoon and the Colonel coughing slightly from
pepper

but now

please begin, I must retire for a moment,

BASIL WRIGHT

LETTER

You were amused to find you too could fear
“The eternal silence of the infinite spaces,”
That net-work without fish, that mere
Extended idleness, those pointless places
Who, being possiblized to bear faces
(Pascal's or such as yours) up-buoyed
Are even of universes void.

I approve, myself, dark spaces between stars;
All privacy's their gift; they carry glances
Through gulfs; and as for messages (thus Mars'
Renown for wisdom their wise tact enhances,
Hanged on the thread of radio advances)
For messages, they are a wise go-between,
And say what they think common-sense has seen.

Only, have we space, common-sense in common,
A tribe whose life-blood is our sacrament,
Physics or metaphysics for your showman,
For my physician in this banishment?
Too non-Euclidean predicament.
Where is that darkness that gives light its place?
Or where such darkness as would hide your face?

W. EMPSON

POEM

Buildings and cars are both stright lines
perpendiculars meeting where
no eye can see
cutting
one another where the static
is left pointing
skywards so they meet and diverge
merging only in men who move
and do not.

G. REAVEY

BEAUTY:

A PROBLEM AND AN ATTITUDE TO LIFE

I

What is Beauty? In these words we have the eternal problem of aesthetic science, which gives it an original and undisputed territory beside logic, ethics, and ontology, the riddle to which every generation, from the time of the great thinkers of Hellas to the experimentalist aesthetician of to-day, has set itself anew, producing results, in appearance at least, flagrantly and irredeemably contradictory, but never losing courage, enthusiasm, determination. It is the object of this article to hazard a solution, and the method employed will be the only method of modern aestheticians – with the solitary and notable exception of B. Croce and his disciples, who allow idealism to override the claims of positive science – I mean the empirical, psychological, method, introduced by the German Fechner, who gave, as it were, a second birth to aesthetic thought.

Two individuals rouse our interest, the artist and the spectator, the genius of the creative imagination and the witness of beauty, but these pages are concerned exclusively with the latter. There are immense difficulties in the way of understanding the artist. He is, after all, a rare phenomenon, a curious and exceptional child of nature – in one sense, undoubtedly, a pervert, a monstrous anomaly, in as much as he lives for creation and not for life – and, besides, the evidence he has left us of himself – his own works, his letters, perhaps even an autobiography or the biographical account of a friend – is not only inadequate but too often absolutely unreliable. Further, in addition to *not* having indispensable material, it is at least doubtful if we ever *can* have it. The creative imagination is essentially an instinct, a mysterious force dwelling outside the conscious life of the artist, a force whose unforeseen and unforeseeable eruptions produce the sublime works that have dazzled men at all times and in all places. This consideration made the author hesitate before beginning his work on aesthetics. A theory of beauty which ignored the artist is manifestly incomplete, and it is certainly possible that we shall never penetrate

the mystery of his soul, that the inner sanctuary will never be crossed save by the initiates themselves.

But, on the other hand, if, as I believe, we are, each of us, a sculptor when we see a figure in bronze or in marble, a painter when we examine a canvas, a poet when we read a lyric or vibrate to the glories of nature, if, as Bosanquet puts it, the attitudes of the spectator us “a faint analogue of the creative rapture of the artist,” we shall not find that the two are separate countries divided by an unnavigable ocean, but that they are, in fact, one and the same country, though we shall only be wandering on the outskirts and the great mountains, the thundering cataracts, the unfathomable lakes, the mysterious valleys of the interior, will remain unexplored. But to drop metaphor. We will first describe the state of mind of the spectator, comparing and contrasting it with others, and then we will try to “fix” the constitutive elements, the essential ingredients, of the aesthetic attitude, distinguishing them sharply from the other sensations, emotions, sentiments, and ideas, that together compose the human personality.

II

In the first place, *the aesthetic attitude* is a particular orientation of the Ego in face of the objects of art and of nature, it is essentially an attitude to life; and, as such, we will consider it beside other possible orientations of the Ego, which seem to be *four* in number, and which I should like to call the *practical-sensuous, the moral, the religious, and the scientific attitudes*.

In modern society, in what Mr R. H. Tawney calls an “acquisitive” society, a society of men and women for whom an irresistible desire for the vulgar pleasures afforded by riches and power is the predominating motive in life, the “practical-sensuous” attitude seems to be the normal attitude. Besides, to those of us for whom history has really unlocked the secrets of the past, this craving for material happiness – the germ of truth in the historical materialism of Marx and Engels – has always and everywhere appeared that principle of human interest, and upon it has been founded every great empire from those of luxurious Babylon and Assyria, from that of Persia, of the mystic Pharaohs, of Alexander the fiery harbinger of an unparalleled civilization, of legal Rome: right to

the monstrous juggernauts of England, France and the United States, in our own day.

So this is not the normal attitude to-day, but, perhaps, the attitude most natural to the animal species we name "homosapiens." In a last analysis, it is an impulsive attitude, in which sentiment and thought are ruthlessly subordinated to the great instincts that preserve and perpetuate the species in the struggle for existence. But, the aesthetic experience is impossible without an effort on our part, it is impossible unless and until we can observe objects, people, works of art, in and for themselves, without any reference to what is useful and agreeable to us, and then – and only then – is the veil lifted that hides the face of beauty.

The *moralist* is a man who measures things by what that immortal Stagirite called "the good for man." He observes the grey destroyer gliding through the water, the red-coated guardsmen in their barrack square, the sublime carnage of the battlefield, with an overwhelming sentiment of repugnance; and, in a London ballroom in June, seeing the scintillating colours of the dresses in a setting of roses, delphiniums, hydrangeas, he will remember only that bread is being taken from the mouths of the disinherited in our darkest slums. Out of the innumerable motives that might set his will in motion, he selects only those that express the welfare of another, of a group of individuals – a family, a village, a city – of a nation, of humanity; intoxicated by a boundless love for man, he effaces his minute, personal, Ego, with all its joys and sorrows, before the great collectivity, and dedicates himself to the service of his fellow creatures. For him there is a scission between the rational and the sensuous in himself, and he subordinates the latter uncompromisingly to the former. The moral attitude is therefore, above all else an *intellectual* attitude to life.

The *religious* man feels the all-loving and all-powerful, "the friend behind phenomena" as a Quaker expressed it to me (to whom he draws nearest in prayer and worship), wherever he moves, but the religious sentiment seems to be primarily, as Höffding thinks, a sense of dependence on a superior agency working in and through the believer and other men. But, though the religious sentiment has a certain affinity to the aesthetic sentiment, since religion implies and necessitates a belief about the destiny of man

and about the final purpose of the natural universe which surrounds him, the religious attitude is, too, an *intellectual* attitude.

When the *scientist* observes the moving spectacle of people and things, he sees – not, this unique man or woman, this unique flower, this unique tree, this unique bird, distinct from every other member of the human race from every other tree or flower that springs upwards and unfolds itself in the sun – but, instead, a member of a certain species, genus, family, order, class, division, in the immense system of knowledge. He substitutes for the particular object in all its variety and unicity a general idea or concept. Everything, from the last solar system discovered in the depths of space to the ultra-microscopic solar system of the atom, feeds his insatiable craving for knowledge. The scientific attitude is therefore the *intellectual attitude par excellence*. Darwin tells us that he became totally insensitive to the lovely forms and colours of the plants and animals that confronted him daily. And, as I have already said, beauty is only revealed to those who see things in and for themselves, so that we cannot possibly tolerate a creeping servility, a flukeysm, to our intellect.

Finally, we have the aesthetic attitude. In the first place – on this, at least, aestheticians of every school seem to agree – it is a *contemplative* attitude. But what do we mean by contemplation?

When we look with detachment at our family, or at our dearest friends, and note the deep wrinkles round the mouth, the pallid hue, the scanty or whitening hair of some, the eloquent eyes, the animated features, the ruddy cheeks of others, when we watch a workman laying with enormous care a hunk of cheese on his dry bread, when we see a young man or a young woman in the prime of life, when we look at a lovely child, so vastly superior to ourselves in spontaneity, when we see the infinite tenderness of a mother bearing her offspring – the eternal Madonna – or when we watch an old man tottering down the street, we are contemplating, and not in the cold manner of a thinker, but contemplating aesthetically.

On another characteristic, too, there is a remarkable measure of agreement. The aesthetic attitude is *disinterested*. Because, primarily, we have no personal interest in the aesthetic object, which is useless to us from the point of view of our bodily needs, commercially, to slake our curiosity; we do not wish to know what

the object really is, to probe into its essence, because we are satisfied by its outward appearance. From the standpoint of real knowledge, indeed, we are under a complete illusion, as we substitute an aspect of things for the things themselves. But, besides, the superior senses through which we receive aesthetic impressions – the sense of sight and of hearing – are, as I hope to demonstrate in this article, themselves disinterested.

I do not deny for a moment that we look right and left and listen for the hoot of a horn before we cross the street, but, on the whole, we do not treat sights and sounds as threats to our lives or as the reverse, and the eye and the ear are no longer, like the mouth, in the degrading service of our imperative physical needs. From another point of view, too, the superior senses are disinterested. A delicacy of the table can be appreciated by us only; it is enjoyed and destroyed by us, whereas the beauties of nature, of music, of the visual art, are permanently open to any man or woman – to whatever social class he or she belongs – who cares to enter a concert hall, a museum, a salon, a great art gallery, or to stand in the open air before a wonderful monument of Gothic or Renaissance architecture, or before the inexhaustible and infinitely varied spectacle of nature itself. Aesthetic enjoyment is, therefore, a social or communal enjoyment.

The reader who has reached this point will be asking whether what he has always understood as the hallmark of aesthetic experience, the emotions, the sentiments – all that we understand by “feeling” beauty – has been forgotten, because, if so, the article should be torn up. He is right. That “taste” is a matter of sentiment, that an aesthetic experience is, above all, a feeling of joy, is the common experience of each of us and it is confirmed without hesitation by the thinker of to-day.

We whisper with the leaves, we glide with the stream, we fly with the clouds, with the lark, we rise in diagonal bursts towards the empyrian, we grow proud with the cliff and defiant with the rock, we dissolve with the fading splendour of a sunset, we do, in fact, divest ourselves of ourselves and mingle with nature in all the variety of its manifestations; and, finally, when, conquering our fear, we rage with the sea lashed to fury by the gale and we thunder mercilessly with the storm on man and beast, we experience the loftiest possible beauty. Yes, our feelings certainly

the leading rôle in every experience of beauty, and, of all the arts, it is in music that we experience most profoundly the joy and the suffering of life, but, above all, its innermost core of sorrow. *The aesthetic attitude is, then, a sentimental attitude of life, and it is precisely this that distinguishes it from the two great intellectual attitudes which we discussed earlier; I mean the moral and the scientific.*

I Is it possible that there is another characteristic to enumerate? Or have we, in representing thing aesthetic attitude as contemplative, disinterested, and sentimental, achieved our task? I believe – although, to my amazement, I have discovered no aesthetician who draws this conclusion - that in observing art or nature we are also *free*. Freedom is essentially and experience, and, in particular, it is this experience. Our genuine Ego is a feeling Ego, and the whole of our intellectual life is a factitious superstructure, a kind of camouflage which conceals without altering the loving, suffering, being which is our true self.

Now, in aesthetic contemplation we express ourselves *in toto*, and we therefore also achieve freedom. For, whereas we must stifle our feelings by reason if we wish to penetrate the thought of others or to think consistently ourselves, whereas we must pay the same penalty in order to shoulder our burden as members of society, in face of art and of nature we are free from logic, free from duty, free from the vulgar cares of daily life, we are not even told that we *ought* to admire this or that we *ought* to condemn that, we are simply asked to be ourselves, to be able to enjoy, and above all, to be able to suffer.

If there is yet another characteristic of this attitude, it is its abnormality; for, in modern society, it depends on an extraordinarily happy accident of birth, and always, of course, on natural temperament. “The aesthetic attitude as thus describes is diametrically opposed to one's usual attitude to one's environment, and one which learns to assume by reason of the struggle for existence¹.”

W.F. HARE
(*To be continued*)

¹ Langfeld, *The Aesthetic Attitude*, ch. ii, SS 7, p.64.

GONGORA

Luis de Góngora y Argote was born at Cordova in 1561. He read law at the University of Salamanca, but on his return to Cordova he secured a stall in the cathedral and took orders. Later in life he went to Madrid where he became one of King Philip III's chaplains. There he remained, respected as Spain's greatest poet, but unable to obtain any preferment until the year of his death, 1627.

In his earlier poems (written between about 1580-1605) Góngora has always been allowed great merit, but there has been some difference of opinion about his alter style. The late Mr Fitzmaurice-Kelly talks of "the pest of extravagant preciousness and verbal gymnastics known as gongorism," whereas shortly after his death Góngora was considered as "the phoenix of the Muses rising from the ashes of Homer and Virgil." I have attempted to illustrate this later style by the translation of two extracts from his finest poem *Las Soledades* or *The Solitudes*. The poem is regrettably incomplete (Góngora wrote only about one-half of his original plan), containing the adventures of a youth, shipwrecked on an unknown shore and his entertainment by the shepherds and fishermen of that country. I have endeavoured to preserve as far as possible the style of the original. I must express my obligation to Mr N. H. France for his help at one point and to the invaluable edition of the *Soledades* by Señor Dámaro Alonso, without which this translation would have been impossible. The lines translated are *Primera Soledad*, 1-28, 288-304 and 310-321.

Opening Section of LAS SOLEDADES

It was the flowery season of the year
In which Europa's perjured robber strays¹
— Whose brow the half-moon arms adorn,
The sun the shining armour of his hide -
Through sapphire fields to feast on stellar corn,
When, fitter cupbearer than Ganymede
For Jupiter, the lovesick boy gave tears
(Absent, disdained and shipwrecked) to the tide
And winds, which moved by the complaining lays
As to a second Arion's harp gave heed².

A pitying limb, from mountain pine, opposed,
The constant foe to Notus' strife³,

¹ The Sun is entering the constellation of the bull. Cf. the opening of Chaucer's *Prologue*.

² Arion was a Greek musician; thrown overboard by sailors, he was carried to Taenaros on the back of a dolphin, fascinated by his music.

³ Notus. The south wind.

Became no puny dolphin on that day
To the unthinking traveller who reposed,
Trusting to miserable boards his life,
And to an ocean's Lybia his way.

Close by a headland, crowned
With sheltering feathers and dry rushes, he,
Engulfed before, then spewed up by the sea,
(Covered with foam, by seaweed girded) found
Rude hospitality and rest,
Where built the bird of Jupiter his nest¹.

FOOD FOR A PASTORAL WEDDING

A lusty crowd from Hymen's yoke yet free
Were leading, to the sound of rustic flutes,
(Her mother no less garlanded than she)
A fattened heiffer calf, whose tender shoots,
Encumbered as they were with flowers,
New rays gave fourth, a Phoebus after showers.

One bore a heavy burden in his hand²
Of pendant birds, the crested and the dun,
Whose spouse, canorous herald to the sun,
Wakeful although lascivious, has told
His master's glory to the land;
Bearded with coral, on his head behold
A turban bound with purple, if not gold.

Nor burrowed maze availed, nor rocky brow,
The timorous coney's of the hill,
Become a shoulder's load and marvel now,
The number trophy to the hunter's skill.

Thou, migratory fowl, of farthest West³,
Arrogant splendour in no lovely way.
In vain the rugged nacre of thy crest
In anger lower upon thy sapphire breast,
Destined, for hymeneal banquet, prey.

¹ The bird of Jupiter – the eagle (at the rape of Ganymede)

² The birds were hens.

³ The turkey is migratory only in having come from America originally.

DESIGN AND THE THEATRE

All the family agreed in disliking the baby. The theatrical manager thought that Art was all very well in museums but likely to cause trouble in the theatre. The producer said he might want a spectacular set now and again but he could always hire the costumes. The author said that the play was the thing and that any way with his stage directions you wouldn't want a designer. The actor said he had got along pretty well so far and wasn't going to wear talt dresses now. The public didn't say anything, and the baby sat in the corner drawing.

And of course everyone except the public was in the right. Art does cause trouble: you don't want spectacular sets for every play: the body *is* more than the raiment: and Garrick *would* look silly in a talt dress (though Serge Lifar looks admirable). To put it another way, everybody has agreed in distrusting somebody who seems likely to come between them and the great heart of the public. The great heart itself sits on the fence: it naturally likes designers when it gets them, but doesn't notice when it doesn't get them; and there the real trouble begins.

It may be that the public like the theatrical manager connects the idea of stage-design with modern-art, and as a result distrust it. "Quite right, too," says the producer (here backed up by the critics), "look at the continental productions, all art and no play!" And once again the producer is in the right, and the baby sits in the corner drawing. Let us take no notice of continental productions: let us turn the accursed word Art out of theatre: but there is still one question to be answered. Is it necessary, because the designer rules the German roost, that he should be hunted out of the English farmyard? Charles B. Chanticleer is rightly suspicious of Reinhart the Fox: but the unfortunate result of this is that the theatrical lion will not (as Mr Sheringham wittily says) lie down with the designing lamb because he is afraid every lamb is a wolf in sheep's clothing.

At the same time a few designers do get jobs in London: "Of course," says the producer, "I agreed that there were occasions when a spectacular set is useful, but at the present I am producing modern comedy..." *There* is the vital confession: that for

modern comedy no designer is wanted¹. Let us by all means agree that modern comedy should be played in an unobtrusive manner, that here above all nobody must come between the author, the actor, the producer, and their audiences. Very well then – tarry a little, there is something else. Suppose the hired costumes and the undesigned scenery – the baronial sets – were to come between!

So far the designer has been (with a great deal of justice) regarded and denounced as wither a substitute for the producer - “the fox's case must help when the lion's skin is out at the elbows! - or as a luxury, “the spoilt child of the theatre.” For our baby in the corner to become a spoilt child would be a pity, but in the present state of affairs a designer must either be spoilt or say with the boy in *Coriolanus* :

I'll run away till I'm bigger, but then I'll fight.

Mr Gordon Craig fights, but can hardly alter the situation: troubles in the theatre like other troubles are

Not by might mastered, but by special grace.

Last winter *The Studio* published a selection of modern designs for sets and dresses which it is hoped may stimulate English audiences to clamour for design in the theatre – in all the theatres. At the same time the selection was for students a poor one², and was for designers a dangerous publication altogether. Dangerous because it insists on the designs themselves rather than the finished scenery and costumes “in action.” For we derive very definite pleasure from the designs of Gontcharova, Andreenko, etc., as pictures complete in themselves and without any reference to their fitness as projects for scenery. That there *is* a danger in this is proved in the same volume by Mr Cecil Beaton's “design for a backcloth,” and Mrs Vera Willoughby's designs for “eighteenth-century costumes”: these pictures may or may not be charming

¹ I am well aware that Mr George Harris for instance has designed admirable sets for unspectacular plays, but the baronial sets continue overwhelmingly.

² It omitted Picasso completely, gave nothing like and idea of the work of Larionow, and Jean Victor Hugo, and took up the space they might have had with projects for a film of *The Divine Comedy*, and the work of Pollock of Hoxton. The drop curtain at the King's Theatre, Edinburgh, got next to a ballet scene by Duncan Grant.

in themselves, but they are not connected with the working theatre. A backcloth for which scene of what play? Dresses for which characters?

Moreover, the whole idea of producing a design as a complete work of art is entirely wrong: a backcloth or a dress are parts of a whole and must not be satisfying unities in themselves. Mr Cochran has put this admirably: "If our stage artist provides a scene which is fundamentally a single stated entity, he endangers the whole dramatic concept which it should be his function to assist in making plain."

Thus we re brought to a new situation. There is room in the theatre for our baby, but the pictures which he has been drawing in the corner are likely to be quite useless as projects for scenery and dresses. At the same time sketches for scenery *are* necessary, since the designer cannot paint all the sets by himself; and if professional dressmakers are going to make the dresses sketches will be necessary. [Here again, most of the designs for dresses in Mr Sheringham's collection would be quite useless to the average dressmaker.]

Lately Mr Granville Barker has once again insisted on the necessity of a repertory company for intelligent production and acting¹: and here also is the solution of our problem. In a repertory company a designer could work with the same painters and dressmakers week after week: for it is with the painters and the dressmakers that his real business lies, and not with museums or exhibitions. With amateur dressmakers whom one has worked with for a few weeks, it is perfectly possible to eliminate all sketches: as regards the painting I suggest the designer should do some himself and employ his painters as the sixteenth-century masters employed their pupils, to put in the background. This assumes a high level of intelligence in dressmakers and painters, but that will be found more among amateurs than in Wardour Street.

There is, however, one other reason why pictures are made: to convince the producer that the designers knows his business. "After all" (says the producer) "I want to know what scenery I am going to get." But the scenery surely depends on the producer: he knows or should know where he wants the chairs and tables for his modern comedy, or the balconies and pillars for his poetic

¹ In his *Prefaces to Shakespeare: First Series*

drama. If the designer wants to crowd the stage with more chairs than the producer needs, or put his balcony too high for Romeo, then he is breaking our first rule of “coming between.” “*But*” (say the designer and producer simultaneously) “that is not our idea of design! We had never thought of chairs and tables as scenery: we always hire *them*.” More confessions!

If a room has its necessary furniture and the characters apt costumes, what more is wanted? It is precisely in these little things, in choosing the colour of the hero's socks, in seeing that the furniture is painted in the studios and not hires – and at the same time keeping his eye on the audience and the author, and the actor and the manager's purse; it is here the designer's real job lies¹. Of course a complicated backcloth is sometimes wanted to give “atmosphere,” but the costumes are infinitely more important because drama deals with “mean and women doing things,” which brings us paradoxically back to the producer's first remark that he could hire the costumes: nothing should ever be hired by anybody.

Last July *The Gods Go A-Begging* was produced at His Majesty's: the dress and scenery were not in the least novel or exciting. They were confined to two or three colours: the colours of the trees were repeated in the dresses, there was a noticeable use of black and white, and the colour of the baskets used in the *fête champêtre* was matched by the lining of the gentleman's hats. In a word, it was just such a piece of work as we have been advocating. The name of the designer was omitted from the programme.

HUMPHREY JENNINGS

¹ Hence Gordon Craig's little sketches for his actual productions of *The Pretenders* are infinitely more interesting than his vague etchings.

SERENADE

Shall I make songs
about you,
telling the heart to be still;

shall I say

“her loveliness
is a veil
twisted
to strangle love”

“yesterday
she was dawn,
she was noon,
and now
she is more splendid than the evening”

or

“her flame rages about me,
I am white ashes
and how shall the heart survive.”

Shall I make songs
about you,

saying

“I lover her
once”

or be still,
breaking the truth
with no word.

J. BRONOWSKI

POEM

I said
“not dream-beset
her lips
are trees that stir in the darkness,
her kisses whisper
and fail.”

I said
“there are no dreams
burning there;
to-morrow I shall be parched with other lusts.”

It is evening again;
passionless the lamplight caresses my lids
where your kisses
were morning rain:

and the shadows
tighten over my throat,
your mouth was a whip there
and your lips –

what was the scent of them,
tangled in elder and birch once,
what were their dreams –

your lips are masts
bearing the memory outward.

J. BRONOWSKI

VALÉRY AND GERARD HOPKINS

This sketch attempts merely to expose the antithetical elements in the work of these two poets: it does not inquire into the causes of the antithesis, nor say anything more of its nature than this, which is obvious, that it corresponds perfectly to the antithesis between the static and the dynamic. Considerable as the temptation is, nothing could be more mistaken than the identification of this antithesis with that of Romanticism and Classicism. Even if we grant that it may be one element of the more complex antithesis (and then it cannot be shown to be a constant element, since Wordsworth, for example, and essential Romantic, here executes a volte face and is most decidedly on the side of “stasis”), it must still remain true that, to that degree in which it is found in these poets each preoccupation is an idiosyncrasy. The antithesis between stasis and motion is at its height here: yet Valéry is almost as far from being a typical classic as Hopkins from being a typical romantic. I should be inclined, indeed, on this larger question, to place them on the same side, the Classic: in which case Nietzsche's remark that “there are two possible kinds of classic, the static and the dynamic,” might be apposite, did it not appear from the context that Nietzsche's meaning allows of Shakespeare's being called “the classic of motion” : this being so, the quotation cannot without distortion be applied to this essay, in which the words “static” or “dynamic” are used literally and particularly.

Contraries, to be mutual, must belong to one category. These poets, not compatriots nor contemporaries – curiously as Hopkins anticipates the modernists – he died in 1889 – have much in common. Their technique of both achieves that almost scientific precision without which it would be impossible to get bodily across the physical quality of their experience. Hence, by the way, their innovations: Valéry is compelled to rearrange, Hopkins to dislocate language, because both have something to express which language as it is is not capable of expressing. The verse of both is verse of which the “positive fundamental quality which constitutes excellence,” to quote T.E. Hulme, “is accurate, precise, and definite description.” Hulme quotes Herrick's “tempestuous petticoat,” an exact description of the rebounding of the skirt from the heels,

as an example. With this might be compared Valéry's description of columns under the projection of the entablature:

Douces colonnes, *aux*
Chapeaux garnis de jour

or this, of the line of columns again:

Pieusement pareilles
Le nez sous le bandeau
Et nous riches oreilles
Sourdes au blanc fardeau

or of an ear:

le dédale duveté

or this, in which the pitch is longer sustained, of the moment when the rower passes under a bridge:

par le mouvement qui me revêt de pierres
Je m'enfonce, au mépris de tant d'azur oiseux.

Here are some examples from Hopkins:

of closing the eyes:

Be shellèd, eyes, with double dark,

of the eye itself:

this sleek and seeing ball,

and of the muscles of a man ploughing:

Each limb's barrowy brawn, his thew
That onewhere curded, onewhere sucked or sank--
Soared or sank--

Though as a beechbole firm, finds his, as at a roll-
call, rank

And features, in flesh, what deed ge each must do--
His sinew-service where do.

There are more “quoteable” examples in Valéry: his images are succinct, and one rarely merges into another – *cf.* the whole poem *Le cantique des Colonnes*. He is like someone chipping with an axe at a lump of stone; he uses single, detached blows: the unity is in the result, the figure which disengages from the rock. The contrary is true of Hopkins, whose imagery is cumulative. Valéry's motto might almost be Gide's “ne jamais profiter de l'impétus acquise.” If he is like a man chipping at a block of stone, Hopkins is like a man pouring bucketfuls of water into a stream.

The comparisons seen not inapt, as it is pre-eminently the sculptor who is able to “rendre la proie éternellement présente,

dans son attitude éternellement fuyante,” who is above all occupied with this same question of stasis, perfect balance, equilibrium, which so often is the fundamental characteristic of Valéry's work: the Platane, held by the foot, grasped by the dead among its roots and drawn irresistibly towards the sky: Le tremble pur, le charme, et ce hêtre formé

De quatre jeunes femmes
Ne cessant point de battre un ciel toujours fermé
Vêtus en vain de rames,
the Palme, the static ideal which
Départage sans mystère
L'attirance de la terre
Et le poids du firmament

are typical subjects.

The comparison of Hopkins' poetry to a river is substantiated by the essential fluidity apparent in the smallest details. The sky for example is not a cloth, but “the descending blue – that blue is all in a rush....,” etc. Here are two verses from *The May Magnificat* which show how Hopkins is never merely graphic, but rather cinematographic.

When drop-of-blood-and-foam dapple
Bloom lights the orchard-apple
And thicket and thorp are merry
With silver-surfèd cherry
And azuring-over greybell makes
Woods, banks, and brakes wash wet like lakes
And magic cuckoo call
Caps, clears and clinches all--

This is essentially a motion picture: it is done while the artist's brush is at its busiest. E.E. Cummings, in the preface to *Is 5*, declares that his only interest in making money would be in the making of it. The same exactly is true of Hopkins: his is interested in the process of Creating, rather than Creation. Valéry, writing on that subject, would concentrate upon the seventh day: Hopkins upon the first six. To take another illustration from that source: Hopkins, if he were to describe the incidents at Sodom and Gomorrah would devote all his space to the overthrow of the cities and the Plain and the inhabitants thereof: Valéry his to the immobilizations of Lot's wife. It is the moment just before and the moment just after action which concerns him. As an example

of the first, the tautness, the expectancy which delights him, may be quoted the poem *Les Pas*, which ends:

Ne hâtre pas cet acte tendre
Douceur d'être et de n'être pas
Car j'ai vécu de vous attendre
Et mon coeur n'était que vos pas.

Of the second, the *Ode Secrète*:

Chute superbe, fin si douce
Oubli des luttes, quel délice
Que d'étendre à même la mousse
Après la danse, le corps lisse.

Turmoil is discomfort to him: the struggles of his Pythoness are made tolerable only by the calm impersonality of the oracle: it is with infinite relief that he leaves the foaming prophetess and comes to the result of her torments: with this may be contrasted that extraordinary poem of Gerard Hopkins – *The Wreck of the Deutschland* – a poem in which it is only typographically speaking that there is ever a full stop. Hopkins is so thoroughly at ease in the storm that he quite unnecessarily prolongs the turmoil in the last two verses: he deliberately eschews relief.

Now burn, new born to the world
Doubled-naturèd name,
The heaven-flung, heart-fleshed, maiden-furled
Miracle-in-Mary of flame,
Mid-numbered He in three of the thunder-throne!
Not a dommsday dazzle in his coming, nor dark as he came
Kind, but royally reclaiming his own;
A released shower, let flash to the shore, not a lightning of
fire hard-hurled.

No slacking of tension is perceptible.

The poem which is most significant from this point of view is *Le Cimetière marin*, in which everything is at a standstill, and is returning to a dreadful kind of unity. The sun overhead is absorbing the sea: the earth underfoot draws down its reays to complete the dissolution of the deed.

Tout va sous terre et rentre dans le jeu

Everything is returning to its originl except the man, motionless and silent.

Le morts cachés sont bien dans cette terre
Qui les réchauffe, et sèche leur mystère.
Midi là-haut, midi sans mouvement

En soi se pense et convient à soi-même.
Tête complète et parfait diadème
Je suis en toi le secret changement.
Tu n'as que moi pour contenir tes craintes
Mes repentirs, mes doutes, mes contraintes
Sont le défaut de ton grand diamant....
Mais dans leur nuit toute lourde de mabres
Un peuple vague aux racines des arbres
A pris déjà ton parti lentement.

But in the end it is the man who asserts himself.

J'attends l'écho de ma grandeur interne.

Valéry's intensest emotion accompanies this waiting for complete self-realization. It is characteristic of him to choose to write of Narcissus with whose

Nulle des nymphes, nulle amie ne m'attire
Comme tu fais sur l'onde, inépuisable Moi

may be contrasted Hopkins'

I am gall, I am heartburn: God's most deep decree
Bitter would have me taste: my taste was me;
Bones built in me, flesh filled, blood brimmed the curse.

The one utterance is dramatic: the other lyrical: but the contrast is not quite invalidated.

The antinomy of the *Windhover*, Hopkins' best and most typical poem, is very closely connected with the antithesis here in question. The kestrel has an element in which to move: the only movement possible to the fire is that which accompanies decomposition. It is a sufficiently strange thought, that is Valéry has been writing the poem the symbols of anguish and delight would have been reversed. Blake said that in the perfect state Contraries must be equally true. It sometimes appears that they are so already, though not to the same person.

E.E. PHARE

SONATA FOR A YOUNG MAN
OF NINETEEN

SECOND MOVEMENT

(Recited through a voice-amplifier and very visible loud-speaker.)

(Moderately fast)

There are white mountains there
are black
mountains there are brown mountains.

There are mountains of ice there
are black
mountains there are brown mountains.

There are mountains.

There are mountains and oh look how dry and
parched they are and look how the thick dry grass waves and sighs
in the grey morning wind and look how dry and look how dry. Is
there a stream with willows is there a glass-tinkling stream with
sad-haired willows standing in long lines and with very sad-haired
willows in disorderly procession is there a stream is there a stream is
there a stream.

There a hill with willows

There is a hill

There is a hill with sad-haired willows

There is a hill a hill

There is a hill with willows.

Is it a tall hill yes it is very

tall yes it is very round.

A hill there is a hill.

Is there a stream on the hill-side?

A stream there is a stream

There is a hill

Is there a hill with willows?

A stream there is a stream a stream.

Is there a hill with dry grass the dry grass is
everywhere and it is always whispering and swaying. Even when the
moon sails behind a dark cloud even when the frightened moon so
lonely fees behind a scudding cloud the grasses always talking.
Look how tall and thin they are – do you see? Look how very thin –
they hardly even cast a shadow. No (how dark it is)

no, they have no time for shadows for they are so busy whispering together and plotting. What do they plot what do they plot what do they plot? I don't know. Perhaps something evil perhaps something with thin with dry whit bones. I don't know. Listen to them now a very quiet whispering a very quiet rising-to-the-low-clouds murmuring, listen to them now. They are plotting.

Do you see them there on the sky-line? How think and frail they are with stark-seeded heads. Now they are quite still and straight straight straight straight now they are talking look how they all bend together and there is a chattering a very thin rattling. Very small bones chattering rattling. Very small bones yes very small bones and picked dry and whitened in lime whitened in lime in pits on the hills and by the mist-peopled marshes. Down there there is a marsh do not go near it do not go near it. There nothing moves but the white pillars and swirls of mist. The rushes are very tall but they dare not sway. Only there is a very gentle trembling every now and then through the reed-beds.

The moon is still hidden.

On the top of the hill there is a thorn-tree. It has no leaves. It is congealed into a black contortion of terror it cannot escape. No for all round are the whispering bone-white grasses, no for at the bottom of the hill are the trembling rushes and strange whiteness. Far away in another valley there is quite a colony of green-shawled thorn-trees. They are happy and in them birds sing but it cannot get to them. No, nor yet even on the windiest days can it signal to them with waving frondage.

It can only stand whilst through its blasted torn-up limbs the wind will whistle and shriek like pain. Then it is – yes ah yes then it is that all those white thin grasses cease one moment from their whispering plots. Then it is – yes ah yes then it is that they all bend one way and laugh and laugh.

(Very fast) Then it IS then it IS then it IS

(A tempo) Then it is ah yes then it is they laugh.

(Very fast) What are they plotting what are they plotting what are they plotting?

(A tempo) Then it is ah yes then it is they laugh.

There are mountains they laugh.
There are white mountains there are black
mountains
There are mountains
There are mountains of ice there are black
mountains there are mountains.
Then it is ah yes *then* it is there are
mountains of ice and how green and how blue and how cold
cold.

The it is
And how green and how blue and how cold.
Green and blue mix well together vivid
crystalline green and darkest sapphire. Green transparent prisms
and glassy polygons containing bluest fire on diamantine plinths.
Blocks of crystal and sharp-edged cubes of coloured crystal
bestrewen with hard stars and emerald pentagons a fiery-
scintillating mass of icy stones and black obsidian from the cold
waved sea and frozen mountain-streams. Caskets of jewels and no
metal only round-linked chains and bars and cylinders of
glass and black obsidian with hard stars.

Then it is ah yes then it is
And black obsidian with hard glass stars.

Hellenic dialogue.

By the sea there is a garden with sombre paths and
dark bay-leaves by the sea there is a garden with bitter-coloured
chrysanthemums in nodding rows, the earth is very black here and
immeasurably deep the earth is very black here yet nothing grows
but long blue-green grass and bitter chrysanthemums yet nothing
grows but tall thickets of metallic-scented bays. Why is that?
Nobody knows. Nobody knows why pink silk roses will not bud
here, nobody knows why thick-tufted hyacinths never hang on too
weak stems supported only by their heavy opaque scent. Nobody
knows nobody knows why cushioned lime trees do not walk
the lawns or why tall cypresses. There is a delicate clattering all
along the ochre paths and look at the leaves that withered dance
their minutes to the metal clanging of the bay-trees bay-trees have
round branches that are always dusted by a greenish powder.
Nobody knows.

Hellenic dialogue.

By the sea there are very yellow little hills and behind

black mountains with greenest grass. By the sea there are very yellow little hills amongst which for ever pursue each other small-pillared clouds of dust by the sea there are shells and grey triton's conchs
by the sea. Who are those walking in the gold sand who are those with sun-tanned feet passing among the gilded chiming of the young waves? Who are those

They are lovers.

Hellenic love hellenic dialogue hellenic love hellenic dialogue. The brown chrysanthemums throw out their bitter scent in little crisped clouds and all the bay-leaves rattle. It is getting darker and darker. Must we stay here long? I don't know. If we go on walking down this path surely we must in the end get somewhere. I don't know; "Alice through the Looking-Glass." It is getting very dark what is that purple wave coming across the green and blue sea? It is night. Now it is crossing the yellow sand-dunes they all turn bone-grey as though through fear. How dark the bay-trees are it is as if they held night within their metal cage throughout they whole hot blazing noon and only let her gently filter fourth when her dark sister comes across the lute-sounding sea. In other gardens honey-gorged moths would fly from lawn to flower but here there is nothing. In other gardens but here there are only one or two brown-shining hornets with angry-shredded wings. With a shrill electric hiss they rush mechanically hither and thither between the dark plates of the bay-trees and the disillusioned bitter-coloured chrysanthemums.

Then it is ah yes then it is
And black obsidian with ...

(The voice breaks off suddenly with a loud click.)

MALCOLM GRIGG

THESE ANCIENT MODERNS

Probably poetry as an art has too strong a tradition to acquire a vigorous modern life. With a few exceptions nothing can be mentioned in poetry that was not known in the time of Shakespeare. Although Mr Bertrand Russell confines his remarks to poetry, it is clear that they apply quite appositely to the theatre. With even fewer exceptions than in the case of poetry, nothing can be mentioned in the drama proper that was not known in the time of Shakespeare. The paradox inherent in the term “modern drama” is most evident. The ancients are securely if not sedately seated in the modern theatrical saddle and, for greybeards, they ride with astonishing ease and enthusiasm. They may kick their feet out of the stirrups, they may stand erect on their steeds' quarters and turn an occasional somersault but their agility and insouciance cannot disguise the fact that they are old dogs who have learned new tricks. With the exception of such externals and production (features which Aristotle would undoubtedly dismissed as “depending more on the art of the stage-machinist than on that of the poet”), there is nothing essentially “modern” in the modern theatre. The product of contemporary play-writing is a throwback and in most cases makes no effort to disguise the fact.

From Moscow, Paris, Berlin and New York come tidings of new and striking dramatic achievements and the inevitable expression, *avant garde*, works over-time. But when these prodigies have been examined one is struck only by the fact that playwrights are just beginning to realise how well the Greeks and Elizabethans knew their business. The soliloquy has been reinstated and the “aside” has ceased to be an offense against realism. Reduced to inanition by a rigid naturalistic diet, the drama is retracing its steps across the centuries in search of nourishment. In Georg Kaiser's *From Morn to Midnight*, a play describes as “a typical product of the modern German technique,” an entire scene is devoted to a lengthy and wearisome soliloquy – Kaiser's absconding cashier “out-soliloquises” the most ruminative Elizabethan characters. In Russia, Mayerhold has retrieved the ancient pantomimic theatre in his show entitled *Fight and Victory of the Soviet*, which called for two thousand five hundred soldiers, sixteen can

nons, five airplanes and various other military accessories. But the mere fact of transforming the property room into an arsenal is not an evidence of modernity, particularly when it has been motivated by a return to the spirit of classical pantomime.

The New York theatre (perhaps too readily associated with box-office worship, an army of show girls and *Abie's Irish Rose*) has likewise done homage to the elders. Several years ago, the Theatre Guild produced *The Adding Machine*, and audiences unaccustomed to its form and technique explained away their difficulties by placing the onus on "these moderns," whereas they would have been less unjust had they condemned the Greek and Elizabethan theatres for developing such useful devices as the expository monologue and the "aside". Last Spring, however, with the production of *Strange Interlude*, the American theatre made its most sweeping and submissive bow to the past. Here was a play which in every detail was indeed a very strange interlude. At the outset it seemed a predestined commercial failure. Mr Eugene O'Neill has too overtly thumbed his nose at theatrical convention! And not until this play had begun to enjoy a run which *The Zeigfeld Follies* might envy, was it discovered that, after all, the instruments with which Mr O'Neill was probing his characters were really very old fashioned. But happily they were neither rusty nor dull. The following is an extract from *Strange Interlude*:

NINA (*in her cool tone*). Why, nothing. Nothing at all. (*she goes to him with a detached friendly manner*.) Did I seem rude Charlie? I didn't mean to be. (*She kisses him with a cool friendly smile*.) Welcome home. (*Thinking wearily*.) What has Charlie done? ... Nothing And never will Charlie sits beside the fierce river, immaculately timid, cool and clothed, watching the burning, frozen, naked swimmers drown at last....

MARSDEN (*thinking torturedly*). Cold lips... the kiss of contempt...for dear old Charlie....

This method may seem rather novel until it is examined beside its technical prototype in, say, *The Jew of Malta*:

BELLAMIRA. 'Tis not thy money, but thyself I weigh. Thus Bellamira esteems of gold (*throws it aside*). But of thee (*kisses him*).

ITHAMORE (*aside*). That kiss again! She runs division of my lips. What an eye she casts on me! It twinkles like a star.

Apart from the difference in tone which would naturally exist between the the language of an Elizabethan poet, and the author of

All God's Chillun Got Wings, O'Neill's literary ancestry is very much in evidence. It is to be regretted, however, that he used "thinking wearily" or "thinking torturedly", where Marlowe's simple "aside" would have sufficed.

In France this return to the past has been accomplished in a rather different manner. Instead of merely nibbling the technical features of the classics, France has "gone the whole hog." Entire works have been reclaimed and their axes "lifted". M. Dullin's production of *The Birds* was a mild example of what this dramatic surgery might effect. The more exciting examples have been fostered by M. Jean Cocteau. M. Cocteau seems by his very nature to be of the theatre. His mind is a sort of three-ring circus in its infinite variety. At one moment he is providing material for a music hall "turn," at another he is collaborating with Stravinsky and then with equal grace and agility he gives his attention to Giorgio de Chirico. He possesses that dexterity and flexibility which, while it astonishes, likewise gives confidence to the spectator. In Paris, he is the outstanding representative of the movement to beat the ploughshares of the past into modern weapons. As early as 1922 he was experimenting with *Antigone* and he hints at the nature of the process as follows: "Allez voir à Londres la bataille d'Ucello, dépatinée par un opération qui exige l'emploi du chloroforme. Elle est sortie de ce sommeil, fraîche comme le jour où Ucello l'avait peinte. J'ajoute que j'ai mis Antigone au rythme de notre époque." But M. Cocteau was unwilling to administer his elixir to the Greek theatre alone, so in *Orphée* he succeeded in rejuvenating the mediaeval morality as well. The circus element was also introduced, but as this form of entertainment has never lost its youth, M. Cocteau was not compelled to revitalise it for his purposes.

It is clear, therefore, that most "modern" dramatic roads lead not only to Rome but to Athens and Elizabethan London. The reason for this can be most clearly shown by resorting to an example. When a motorist discovers that his car is stuck in the mud, he does not continue to urge the whirring wheels in first speed but shifts to reverse, realising that the necessary forward impetus can be gained only by employing these two speeds alternately. And unless he is trapped in an extremely tenacious mire the operation is successful. The Naturalistic theatre has left

a very sticky and treacherous road surface from which intelligent dramatists are not striving to extricate themselves by manoeuvres comparable to those of the mired motorist. Moreover this method of releasing the theatre from the "Slough of Naturalism" results in another boom. It silences the critic who denounces such plays as *From Morn to Midnight* and *The Adding Machine* as "too modern," that is, too remote from dramatic conventions to be justified. Scoffers of this sort naturally fall into the category of the critically lame, halt and blind, and the present activities of the modern theatre tend to kick away their very insecure critical clutches.

J.L. SWEENEY

MUSIC IN AN EMPTY HOUSE

The house was empty and
the people of the house
gone many months
Months for the weevil
for the patient worm
timber-mole softly tunnelling
for the paliamment
of rats
Footsteps slink past
damp walls
down
long
corridors
Slow feet
warily scoff
bare boards

The much-bitten
 tapestry
 holds
 many
 moths

In a certain curtain'd room
 the halting steps evade
 chairs white shrouded

To twitch the winding-sheet
 around a grand piano
 thin phalanx of sound
 sharp rat's teeth edge yellow
 with decay

The much-bitten
 tapestry
 holds
 many
 moths

On rat's teeth-edge
 fingers preparate
 hesitate

Then falling send
 as tenantry
 damp-muffled chords
 rusting strings
 a still-born song

Their fortissimo The tattered
 scarce tapestry
 stirs holds
 near many
 cobwebs moths

HUGH SYKES

BIOCHEMISTRY

All scientific endeavour, however remote its immediate object may seem from things human, is really directed towards the understanding of man himself. The world science investigates is man's world, and finally considered but the form of man's own mind. That is the justification of science. But there is another way of looking at it. Formed in the course of evolution for a know of life very different from that which the human mind – a freak of nature – has forced upon him, the animal called man struggles to adapt himself to this life he was not made for, by changing partly the surrounding world and partly himself. Our attempt to find a new *modus vivendi* with the world, and to conquer the animal in ourselves, not by destroying it, which is impossible, but by so managing our world that we can again act and feel as a unit, man and the beast in us living at peace, ou attempt in short to restore for us that natural harmony in which the animals and plants live with the world (and which we lost by the original sin, the change from ape to man), this is the ideal import of the practical application of science. For the layman, unless, as an amateur, he adopts an attitude similar to that of the scientist, the interest of science, according to its two functions, lies mainly in the questions: “What does it tell me about myself and my position in the world?” and “How will it affect society and the course of human history?” I intend to deal with biochemistry mainly from the first point of view.

A question arises here which the very word “biochemistry” provokes: “Is science, whose object it is to study life phenomena by chemical methods and to analyse them in accordance with the laws of chemistry, possible? Is not the biochemist chasing a shadow in analysing dead remains from which the subtle properties of life have fled?” It must clearly be the main object of this essay to investigate the extent to which a chemical analysis of life processes seems possible and how much it may be expected to reveal about their nature.

But let us first consider the logical position of biochemistry among the sciences. What is biochemistry? The science of the living being, plant, animal and man, approaches its object from two sides. In biology it deals with the relations existing between

organism and organism, and between the organism and the world. Physiology studies the workings of the organism itself, its internal machinery. Such a limit is of course artificial. From no point of view can an organism be considered a self-contained entity, *bombinans in vacuo*; it can only be understood, as it can only exist in relation to the rest of the universe, of which it forms, as it were, a focus. But here as everywhere in science divisions arise quite spontaneously, due to a difference in outlook of those who deal with various aspects of a subject, still more perhaps to a difference in the methods which they have to use, for an investigation of the phenomena taking place in the cells themselves, for an investigation also of the regulating mechanisms which correlate the activities of all cells in the body and make an organism of a mob, for closer understanding of life processes in short, the methods of classical physiology are inadequate. If we regard the body for the moment as a kind of chemical factory, then physiology investigates the working of the machines, the organisation of the staff, the way in which the whole plant is governed from the director's office. If, however, it is to peep into the the boilers, where the chemical processes go on, it needs the help of the chemist; and that useful hybrid, biochemistry, is born.

Until about a century ago no such preposterous thing as biochemistry could have been thought of. Organic compounds had been investigated: no possible way could however be imagined, by which organic substances might arise from inorganic materials. A special *vis vitalis*, a life force, has to be assumed, enabling the organism to defy chemistry; and only when, against all expectation, the preparation of organic compounds began to succeed in the laboratory did the immense possibilities of a chemical approach to the problems of life become apparent. Chemists like Liebig, Berzelius, Kekulé laid the foundations on which biochemistry is being built.

Though the mystical organic compounds were shown to be quite amenable to scientific research and to obey the same laws which apply to inorganic matter, it remained a problem how the organism, without the high temperatures and vigorous reagents of the chemical laboratory, succeeded in performing transformations, which would stretch the resources of the chemist to the utmost. Here again the life force would have to prove an *asylum ignorantiae*,

had biochemistry not discovered, in the enzymes or ferments, agents which, though scarcely less baffling, are at least susceptible of scientific investigation. Before following the biochemist in the investigation of these minutiae of chemical reactions, we must first look at another phase of his activity, in which he deals, not with the detailed processes occurring the the body, but with its general energetic relationships.

Does the organism obey the laws of conservation of energy and matter as accurately as inorganic nature does? Does not a leak, as it were, into some unknown and unrecoverable life energies take place? Experiment has shown that the fundamental laws apply to the organism as strictly as to any transformation in the test-tube. Heat, latent in food, represents the only source of energy for the varied activities of the body, which, taken together, we call life. Animals or men have been kept for weeks at a time in calorimeter chambers where the heat developed by the occupant can be accurately measured, whilst the energy of his food can be estimated by burning specimens. No difference is to be found between the total energy taken up by the body and the total energy expended in its various activities, which, under these conditions, we recover as heat. Intake and output check accurately.

The picture of the animal as a kind of internal combustion engine, transforming the latent energy of the material it burns into heat and work, is compelling, and it has dominated the outlook during what we are now pleased to call the classical period of biochemistry. But we must not forget that it merely provides the rough framework to the complicated processes that occur in the body; it is the intricate and often paradoxical nature of these which makes up the real interest of our science.

A brief survey of the different methods which the biochemist has to use when approaching his problem may make this point clear. Such a review of biochemical "methodology" may also be expected to go some way towards answering the question put above, namely: "Does the biochemist really investigate life processes, or is his material, by the mere fact of his handling so altered that all study of it becomes purposeless?" It is obvious that a science intending to investigate the processes of life must in the first place rely upon observations gained in the *living* organism itself and upon the *living* organs and cells. The apparent impossibility of doing this

by chemical methods has been the reason for much scepticism. In fact, not only is it possible to investigate the chemistry of living material but, paradoxically, it is the study of living material which has shown us how much valid information about the living substance can be obtained by examining, under appropriate conditions, substances we would call lifeless.

It has been repeated often enough in recent times, that the organism must be considered not as a static structure but as a dynamic mechanism. The apparent stability of such a system is due to the various processes which go on inside it neutralising each other, so that an equilibrium results. In the words of Jennings: "It is of the greatest importance to look at them [living beings] as processes rather than structures. An organism is something that happens." Various ways suggest themselves in which such a system of "dynamic equilibria" might be investigated. We might at any given moment stop, as suddenly as possible, the changes going on in it and investigate the *corpse* so obtained, in the tacit hope (which has been proven true in many cases) that it reproduces with fair accuracy the conditions as they existed the moment before death.

Comparing the organism with a town, to be investigated sociologically, this would be equivalent to taking a census of the population. But we are not interested in the census for its own sake. We are interested in the actual *life* of the town. We want to know how its population fluctuates. How many and what people leave it, how many people arrive? How is its population distributed at different times of the day? How does its traffic work? Finally, and most important of all: how do its inhabitants live, and what do they do?

Transferring these questions to the organism we obtain one of the most important chapters of biochemistry. A vast number of methods have been used for its investigation. We examine the food as to its quantity and composition, we try to find out what components of it are essential to life. We try to follow their absorption, we take samples of blood at intervals after the food has been taken, in order to find out in what form its components are carried in the blood stream. By killing animals at various intervals after feeding the substance we are investigating, we find in what organs it accumulates and what changes it undergoes there. But we can go further in this direction, and so change the conditions that the

phenomena we are investigating appear much more clearly. Thus by preventing the animal from carrying certain reactions to their finish we can obtain clues about the so-called “intermediate” changes, which otherwise would have escaped us. More useful still are the experiments which nature herself performs for our benefit: I mean disease and functional abnormality. Half our knowledge of the “metabolism,” the chemical transformations in the body, of sugars (substances of fundamental importance to life), is due to the investigations done on men and animals suffering from diabetes.

It will be justly objected that however much interesting and useful information these methods may yield they do not allow us to follow actual life processes. The cells, the organs, the whole body, are not only dynamic mechanisms, they are organised mechanisms as well. They have a structure, they serve definite purposes and perform definite kinds of work. We are not dealing with a melting-pot, in which chemical changes go on in some broiling mess. In an organism every chemical process has its allotted site and function.

We must then investigate the chemical processes at the place where they occur and in relation to their purpose in the organism. We must isolate the cell or organ from the rest of the body and, keeping it alive, under conditions as nearly normal as we can achieve, examine them. Thus we remove a muscle from an animal just killed and investigate the chemical changes produced in it under work. How does a contracted muscle differ from one that is relaxed? What chemical processes go on when it gets tired? And when it recovers? What part do the various substances found in the muscle play in producing its contraction? Work on these and similar lines has produced in recent years an amazing amount of information. And the most amazing result of all is that the chemical reactions which constitute the life processes of a cell or an organ (at any rate constitute their physiological side) are themselves quite independent of its life. The same chemical processes which go on in a living muscle can be produced with the help of a killed muscle or even special muscle extracts. And the same phenomenon is being found to apply to an ever-increasing number of chemical processes essential to life.

J.O. GIRŠAVIČIUS
(To be continued)

PART OF MANDEVIL'S TRAVELS

Chapter 87: "Of the faith and believe of Prester John,
but he hath not all the full believe as we have"

DONE INTO VERSE, WITH COMMENT

"I feel half an Englishman already"

KING AMMANULLAH after firing off a torpedo

Mandevil's river of dry jewels grows
Day-cycled, deathly, and iron-fruited trees;
From Paradise it runs to Pantarose
And with great waves into the gravely seas.

(Olympe, and Paradise Terrestre the same
(Whence, bent to improve, King Alleluiah came)
High (Higher, in fact, as Milton boasted) hurled
Clings to the cold slates of the Roof of the World.)

Spears pierce its desert basin, the long dawn:
Tower, noon, all cliquant, dock-side cranes, sag-fruited:
And, sand-born weight, brief by waste sand upborne,
Leave, gulfed, ere night, the bare plain, deeper rooted.

(Herr Trinckler, there of late, reports of these –
A million acres of dead poplar trees¹
Well may new pit-heads to wise A appeal;
Our desolation is of harsher steel.)

Antred, of malachite, its boulders thunder:
Involve their cataracts, one known week-end:
Then, deep, a labyrinth of landslides, under
The gravely sea, and seen no more, descend.

(It is cracked mud the motor service dints;
five clays, dilivian, covered some chipped flints.
Tour well the slag-heaps, royalty, we own
The arid sowing, the tumultuous stone.)

¹ *The Times*, September 29th.

Fish of another fashion the dry sea
Ride: can blast through eddies, and sail on:
Can rend the hunters whose nets drag the scree:
Are full good savour: are for Prester John.

(Paradise, like Bohemia, has no coast;
Of bombs and bowlers it has power to boast,
But mail-dark fish, spawned in grit-silted grotto,
Adam comes here for; and recites my motto.)

WILLIAM EMPSON

CITY SUMMER

I could hear silence now,
or snow, falling,
and the ear echoes
and forgets.

If silence pricked this restlessness,
this drone, suddenly,
a star to the heat –

silence under the ice
and in the long arches of snowdrifts –

breaking
the exigence, to and fro,
swelter, and street-mouthed echo,

I could hear it
tighten
like a tree to the rime,
or a bird's wing
that splinters the frost.

J. BRONOWSKI

RENOIR AND PURE PAINTING

At a time when public opinion valued a painting for the attractiveness of the subject only, people used to believe that those painters of portraits, landscapes and animals were great artists whose only effort had been to conform the beauty of a woman to the taste of the day, to render the actual aspects of nature which at the time were found moving, or to represent exactly the anatomical characteristics of an animal. This attitude is still now very widespread, but it was almost general at the end of the nineteenth century, as much among the artists as among the public. Of all the Impressionist painters, Renoir is perhaps the one who should have most pleased the connoisseurs, because his touch was marvellously light, and his taste (as regards pure painting) was exquisite, most people because he represented youthful complexions, brilliant eyes, very skillfully. But his technique was very daring for a time when the most perfect effects of neat, smooth, porcelain-like texture were appreciated; the subjects he chose to paint were popular, sometimes commonplace; his drawing was not very precise, the colouring he used was too Impressionist for the taste of the time. And some of the few amateurs who could have overlooked these so-called defects could not forgive him his lack of intellectuality; he was able to paint people who smiled, but never bothered to give his models any expression, never succeeded in painting portraits which would be not only pictures, but to some extent psychological studies; his portraits of Wagner, Mallarmé and Rodin are striking instances of this. Are we to consider it as a defect? It is now believed that painters should consider themselves with nothing beyond painting, and one of Renoir's chief contributions to the evolution of modern art has been to remind artists of this truth. When Constantin Meunier painted socialist pictures, when Manet himself surrounded his Olympia with Baudelairean atmosphere and bibelots, Renoir's paintings are neither social nor literary; they are line and colour; they represent people, flowers, landscape, for the sake of representation itself, and their merit is not in extra-pictorial intentions.

After 1885, some of those features of Renoir's talent that were most unpleasing to his contemporaries became more and more

prominent and striking. It is well known that Renoir hated painting portraits of women in the higher classes of society, because he did not like his contemporaries' ethereal ideal of thin, pale beauty, and care for nothing but bright and healthy colours; and the hale and heavy, almost coarse type of woman he had always enjoyed painting was quite the opposite of this ideal – similar in fact to that of the seventeenth-century Flemish painters. After 1885, Renoir painted fewer portraits, and more nudes, and indulged more often in his favourite type. His technique, which had been very skillful, became more easy-going; he had always had a great taste for the rose madder, and he now used it everywhere, as the dominant colour in all his painting. His drawing grew more careless, and distortions began to occur more frequently in his nudes. Renoir's last paintings have been talked of as “les balbutiements d'un vieillard.”

But, by these technical simplifications, Renoir achieves the impressions of an architectural order which is far more important to us than his earlier easy amiability. The human beings he depicts are heavy, and somewhat ungraceful, but he groups them together more knowingly. In Renoir's later paintings, the balance of forms is more harmonious, although, in the earlier ones, the forms themselves have greater charm. Renoir is sometimes making here a sacrifice to pure painting, greater than that of intellectuality, or of technical skill – the sacrifice of human beauty; more often, the lyricism of the painting, the bright and sunny colours make up for the distortions, and suggest to us a happier and more beautiful universe than the real one.

Cézanne's “Baigneuses” may seem more akin to the tendencies of modern research on art; Cézanne, who painted them without models, from old drawings, was bound to construct in an arbitrary manner, with distortion and non-realist colouring, which show an obvious subordination of form elements to the architecture of the whole. In the “Baigneuses” is condensed the tendency towards a solid architectural painting that is seen throughout Cézanne's work, whereas Renoir's last nudes, where composition is less evident, may appear, at a first glance, as the summing up of Impressionism. But a study of his technique prevents this mistake. When, in his earlier works, he had pursued “effect,” and had tried to render in the Impressionist style emotional fragments to which the other ele-

ments of the picture were sacrificed, here technique is perfectly subordinated in the construction of the whole.

Indeed, during his long life, Renoir has summed up in his strong personality many of the tendencies of earlier styles. After having followed on the same lines as Rubens and the French “petits maîtres” of the eighteenth century, he seemed to regret his accomplishments, and he renounced his skill and his talents, and finally renewed the tradition of the Classical masters, in a more powerful way than did Ingres and Seurat, beset, the former by too narrow an imitation of antiquity, the latter by his scientific conception of pictorial technique.

Painting seems now to go through a new period of Romanicism. Renoir has been able, in his later paintings, to give us perfectly architectural and classical compositions, painted with more far-reaching exaltation than are Van Gogh's. For Van Gogh's chief quality is this exaltation, and purely pictorial elements are not very important in his paintings. Van Gogh is admired and imitated; but his exaltation is inimitable, and painters have much to learn from the perfect composition, the sense of line and colour, that are at their supreme height in the French masters of the nineteenth century, Corot, Cézanne, Renoir, as well as the Italian Primitives and in the Classical masters of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

LOUIS LE BRETON

POEM

My dear dead love came back to me,
Kissed me, held my hands,
The once so wanted desperately face
Was so close, so like...

Too late is a fine phrase
Only remotely bitter.

T.H. WHITE

L'ÉTOILE DE MER
A POEM AS SEEN BY MAN RAY

Two figures move on an open road – ones sees them as through a haze – a man and a woman. Seems like a distant memory – as though one was trying to revive an old scene. This haziness continues throughout the whole piece. A similar effect was used in one of Otto Mathieson's films, where the actor sees his whole life pass before him just before he dies.

One remembers the distortion in *Dr Calighari*, the whole production was distorted as seen by a madman's eyes.

This hazy effect might be used effectively to suggest distant, long-forgotten memories – where uncertain shadows loom out from an old situation. Except for a short while when the hero of the piece is shown in a contemplative mood, the whole film is hazy.

The man and the woman walk up a flight of stairs and enter a room. The woman undresses and stretches herself in a bed, the man bids farewell and leaves her.

A delightful comedy touch, effective because it is so unexpected.

I am not acquainted with the poem that Man Ray has translated into a picture or a series of photographs interposed amongst a series of moving pictures. There is little or no narrative. The only subtitles used are a play of words--

“Sybille,” says the hero, “Si belle.”

Without claiming any credit, a device oft used by Man

Ray was also thought of by me and the well-known critic, Mr Harry A. Potamkin, that of using a blank screen for awhile. It may be white or black. Besides having a restful influence on the eyes it might serve various other purposes.

The one that comes first to my mind is that of suggesting a gap in the continuity of a person's thought.

This device was resorted to in this film a great deal but

for purely visual effects and not with any other purpose .

A lot of the film is devoted to starfishes and the superb technique of the photographer is best shown when he projects twelves of these

creatures, at the same time, as seen from various angles. They are separated from one another by a semiluminous zone and the whole thing is so well timed that one is able to grasp it all at one glance.

I do not know if this has much value beyond that of the camera technique.

A third person appears on the scene and the heroine goes out with him while the hero plays on the same words "Sybille," "Si belle."

That is the story, but from the moment the film starts one good shot follows another.

Another device is that of interposing a still life amongst a series of rapidly moving scenes. One suddenly sees a woman's bare leg resting on a magazine cover, or a sleeping nude, or the heroine posing in a Grecian dress with spear and helmet and a white sheet round her.

They are photographs put in a movie. One can realise the effect of this static piece, which does not in any way slow the film, from one of Talmadge's pictures *The Lady of the Camillias*.

There, about the end, she is shown in about a dozen photographic poses in rapid succession. The contrast is subtle. Imagine a scene as the one in *La Tragedie dans le rue*, where Anita Nielson dreams of having a boulangerie and a flourishing business, and in that turmoil of visions that pass introduce a still life scene of a cosy home and the effect can be doubled.

A woman's arm – the plump well-shaped arm of Kiki, with an engraved bracelet on, holding an engraved dagger. She moves it slowly and the pearls gleam.

From an aesthetic point of view it is well done, and that is what it was meant to do but it can be used otherwise to – a symbol – for the desolate hero says again – "Sybille," "Si belle."

As a novelty it is much hailed, but it has value beyond that. Much of it can be used for purposes other than mere perfections of the photographic art.

Man Ray does not depend on a cameraman. He does it himself and knows how to do it. The whole thing is more like a series of photographs than a moving picture, but one must remember that Man Ray is a photographer. Someone might tell is some day how much of it was dreamt of by Alex Bakshi, more than a decade before M. R. achieved *L'étoile de Mer* or Abel Gance his *Triptych*.

N. N. SEN

STRING QUARTET

A red and orange flame
uncurling in smoke petals
curves slowly outward, spanning
bent heads, book laces. Blank

sinks the sun the quiet ingenious
chariot into a quite gully,
quivering leaves grey multitudinous
grazing of branch on branch

furtive. A head turned away
apex of triangle facing
out from the glow; two others
behind (together) and God

gruff on the mantelpiece –
Face round, forget finales,
take hurt from hurt, each petal,
curves to your head, boy.

BASIL WRIGHT

SCHUBERT OR SCHÖNBERG MELODY OR MATHEMATICS

This is *not* a centenary article.

The question of musical appreciation to-day seems chiefly to be concerned with whether it is the tune which matters, or its treatment; and as the line of development of modern music is more or less dependent on contemporary criticism, it seems necessary for the musical public to make up its mind on the point. Are we to like music which just makes us feel “good” - like Schubert - or are we to delve beneath the surface and discover unsuspected subtleties in the construction - as we must do if we are to enjoy anything in, say, the later works of Schönberg or of his still more fanatical followers, Berg, Weill, Webern, etc.?

Our answer is plain. It says, relegate these intellectual, architectonic monstrosities to the cross-word puzzlers who delight in them and let us get back and enjoy the music. And it is at first sight an attractive answer. But, unfortunately, it might deprive us of more than we bargain for. It would certainly get rid of Schönberg and much of what is dull in Bach (and this would be a service not only to the musical public, but also to the memory of Johann Sebastian himself) - but what of Beethoven's *Grosse Fuge*, of the quartet in C# minor, of the last movement of the Hammer Klavier sonata? They cannot be said to be beautiful at a first hearing or even at a fifth; they include ugly progressions and really unpleasant clashes; but they are saved by their construction, their extraordinary unity. Particularly is this the case in the C# minor quartet, in which Beethoven uses surprisingly little thematic material, and runs the whole seven movements into one.

A second answer is - let us relegate to the dustbin (or the cinema) that music which has no depth, no architectonic subtlety, but consists merely of a string of tunes. This would certainly have the effect of ruling out many nineteenth-century symphonies and tone-poems, but, unfortunately, Schubert would be included among the rubbish, and that, at least, would be ridiculous.

Many composers have attempted to evade the question of musical construction by writing music illustrative of a poem or of a work of art of some other genre. They have allied music to the stage, to the ballet and to the *palais de danse* - but these works

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rarely stand foursquare on their musical merits. Opera is more often unsatisfactory than anything else, and ballet music, at least of the modern kind, is unintelligible without the action. The foxtrot has emerged as a definite musical form, but its emotional range is limited, owing to the necessity for it to accompany and to stimulate the rather direct form of sexual excitement which goes by the name of ballroom (*sic!*) dancing.

The subtler forms of what may be called “applied” music – impressionist music and representation of a narrative without using other than musical means – are often successful when used by a master hand, but do not often stand solidly enough to be employed as the *pièce de résistance*, say, in a Symphony Concert. Strauss' *Till Eulenspiegel*, Debussy's Nocturns, *L'Après Midi* and *La Mer* and Rimsky-Korsakov's *Scheherezade* need a Beethoven or a Brahms symphony to complete the programme, and it seems fairly certain that no impressionist is destined to remain for long in the front rank of composers.

This question of form must be tackled, and at the moment very few composers look like tackling it from any but a purely mathematical standpoint. The sonata form is undoubtedly written out. Even Beethoven, in its early days, was forced to break its bounds; but he, with his instinct for construction, was not much worried by the problem; all his energy was spent in perfecting his melodies, and, once perfected, the development of them was to him a matter of hours only. Schubert, on the other hand, wrote such long melodies that development became almost unnecessary. Brahms must be accounted the real master of the sonata form, from which he did not often step outside.

César Franck and Dvořák both attempted to infuse unity into the compositions by means of thematic connection, but both to a large extent failed, their finales being generally intolerable. Since their day only Dohnányi, a spiritual successor of Brahms, has been really at home with the sonata form, and his use of it is a free one. Modern French attempts at sonata-writing, even by men like Ravel and Honegger, are usually rather pitiful. This state of affairs has given rise to a “Back to Bach” movement; but the age of formal counterpoint is undoubtedly past. It had no place for long melodies, such as the modern public has learnt to love from the works of Brahms and Schubert, and can never secure a really popular

resurrection. The result is, at present, a desperate floundering in search of something to hang on to. A compromise between contra-puntalists, formalists and melodists is essential, and I venture to suggest that a suitable basis is to be found in the so-called "third period" works of Beethoven, particularly in his last quartets – not, perhaps, in the intensest of them, the C# minor and A minor, although the former may help to solve the problem of unity, but rather in the "big B flat" and the "little F major." And let composers learn how to write tunes, not necessarily diatonic ones, but still recognisable tunes, and with the adoption of a form which is more than just intellectually satisfying, a significant twentieth-century school of composition may yet arise.

But there are no signs of it yet.

J.D. SOLOMON

DISILLUSION WITH METAPHYSICS

High over Mecca Allah's prophet's corpse,
(The empty focus opposite the sun)
Receives homage, centre of the universe.
How smooth the epicycles round him sun,
Whose hearth is cold, and all his wives undone.

Two mirrors with Infinity to dine
Drink him below the table when they please.
Adam and Eve breed still their dotted line,
Repeated incest, a plain series.
Their trick is all philosophers' disease.

But modern lines are infinite, though unbounded;
Old epicycles numberless in vain.
Then deeper then e'er plummet, plummet sounded,
then corpses flew, when God flooded the plain.
He promised Noah not to flood again.

WILLIAM EMPSON

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BEAUTY
A PROBLEM AND AN ATTITUDE TO LIFE
III

Analysis of the appreciative experience

There are, it seems to me, three separate aspects of ourselves to be considered, the physiological, the intellectual, and the sentimental, which though united indissolubly in any experience of beauty, can yet be examined singly in our analysis. Owing to the limits of this article, I must relegate myself to the two latter factor exclusively; nor am I sorry, as the doubt whether any appreciation is purely sensuous haunts me incessantly.

Let us begin, then, with the *intellectual* factor in our appreciation of a work of art or of nature. When we open our eyes before a canvas, a statue, a tree, a flower, a bird, we realise in a moment that we are really observing a landscape, a man or a woman, a certain tree, bird, or flower. But this knowledge would have been impossible without co-operation between our own minds and the external world. We therefore conclude that there is a fundamental similarity between the two, and that, in the millennial course of evolution, the mind of man has been marvellously adjusted to its environment. It is this similarity between our minds and the outer world, on which the humblest act of knowledge no less than the profoundest inquiries of a Newton or an Einstein depend, that causes us to appreciate a relation, similarity, proportion, between the parts of a painting, a landscape, or a piece of music, without any reference at all to what they actually represent. This, in the hallowed formula of the aestheticians, is "the perception of unity in variety." The true function of our intellect being to order, to classify, to systematise the torrent of impressions which impinge upon us from the external world, the pleasure we feel is, in fact, the enjoyment of our intelligence in its natural work.

For the "formalist" there is proportion, harmony, symmetry, wherever he looks; each man or woman is bi-laterally symmetrical, the sun and the moon are circles coloured yellow, the woods and the fields are irregular rectangles, even the outlines of different hills seem to have been created in proportion to one another, while, in architecture, painting, and sculpture, there is the harmony of

masses and lines related in space. But, he will warn the painter and the architect not to insist too strongly on the unity of their work, as extreme simplicity of design in a building or on a canvas simply wearies him by its monotony. He always claims “variety” as well as “unity”.

The “formalist,” then, discovers the profoundest experience of beauty in sculpture, in architecture, in unrepresentational painting – and, of course, in the traditional schools wherever their subject has not been obscured by their design – in the wonderful musical arabesques of Mozart and Bach rather than the “programme” music that has captivated the civilised world since the days of the Titans, Beethoven and Wagner, and of their adorable and immortal satellites, Chopin, Schumann, Schubert, Brahms; since, in fact, the romantic revival of literature and the arts. And, pushing “formalism” to its extreme, it is geometrical figures, the circle, the triangle, the square, the regular polygon, that are the supreme revelation of beauty. This is a point that our most eminent art critic, Roger Fry, undoubtedly approaches in his last critical work. It seems, indeed, that the whole movement of contemporary art throughout western Europe led in England itself by our greatest art critics, Roger Fry and Clive Bell, after receiving its original impulse from France, has continued since, with a few deviations, in the clear cut path of formalism.

But, besides, there is another source of the highest intellectual interest in a work of art, namely the subject, the intellectual or moral idea which the artist has translated into his work. We remember immediately Rembrandt's insight into the depths of the human soul, Gainsborough's inimitable children, Watts's “Hope,” which represents the suffering but indomitable spirit of man, the infinitely varied pageant of life that files before us in the pages of Shakespeare, Tolstoy, or Dostoievski.

Have we exhausted the appeal of art to our intelligence? No; for we each bring to a poem or a painting ourselves, our own peculiar upbringing and experience, that which belongs to us alone among all the inhabitants of the globe. Do not the words “mother,” “sweetheart,” “home,” evoke in each of us a crowd of entirely different thoughts? This, the personal equation of “indirect association,” varying from man to man, added to the purely formal and to the purely objective, or “directly associative,” interests in

a work of art, makes a formidable array in support of a purely intellectual definition of beauty. But, not only do I believe that our experience of beauty is not primarily intellectual, but that it is and must necessarily be primarily a matter of sentiment, in which the intellect plays an entirely supernumerary rôle.

Now what is this aesthetic sentiment? Why do we vibrate in every limb in the face of art or nature? After wandering long through the tortuous alleys of the labyrinth we are at last nearing the golden fleece of our quest, and I bid the reader to listen more carefully. In contemplating mean and things we feel a “symbolic” or “imaginative” sympathy, which extends even to our ancestors in the remotest past, to the voluptuous maidens and richly accoutred warriors that Assyrians incessantly modelled, to the passionate singers among the nomad Arabs or the Japanese, and, finally, to nature in all the variety of its manifestations, from the simplest enjoyment of the child to the admiration of the mountain, storm, or starry vault, the final conquest of cultivated man. To the romantic movement – eternal honour to it for its supreme achievement – we owe an enlargement of our sensibility, which caused the animation of nature, and which, by revealing to our stupefied gaze the kaleidoscopic pageant of history, releases the eighteenth century from its self-created prison and melted the heartless scorn of the Athenian for the barbarian and the slave.

Let us try to distinguish between the sentiment of “symbolical sympathy,” the aesthetic sentiment, and the other sentiments, feelings, and emotions which constitute the human personality.

The primary and secondary distinctions are the same as those already discovered between “aesthetic” and normal sensations – *intensity* and *durability*. The difference between “symbolical” and “real sympathy,” between the sentiment of beauty and the emotions of love, hate, anger, jealousy, fear, is primarily a difference of strength or “intensity”; and, in fact, the deprivation of beauty does not leave the same gap in our lives as the irreparable loss of a dear friend or relation. In the love between the sexes, for instance, however completely we identify our happiness with that of another, however aethereal and purely poetic it be, we know that it is always and inevitably contaminated by a desire for real possession, control, and enjoyment. And we all find that in there is a redeeming feature in a passion it is that it passes quickly.

It thus appears that the sentiment of beauty is essentially a “luxury” sentiment; if, for some of us, living at the apogee of a great civilisation, art *is* a necessary of life – what Rebecca West, the novelist, calls the “strange” necessity – we do not forget that it cannot be enjoyed until our primary needs are satisfied, and that it has been purchased, and is still purchased, by the monotonous labour and guiltless suffering of countless generations of humble toilers.

Another peculiarity of our imaginative sympathy cannot pass unmentioned; it gives us access to situations we have never experienced in our humdrum lives and to human characters totally different from ourselves. Mad with grief, we rage with old Lear on the heath, we storm with Othello the noble Moor, we grow implacable with Richard the hunch-back, serene with Prospero the philosopher princes, heroic with Imogen the divine wife, seductive with Cleopatra, adorably innocent with Perdita, Miranda, Juliet; with Tess the unfortunate we experience the joy and the profound sorrow of love, with the student Raskolnikov the delirium of remorse, and with Aliocha the novice we are seized by tenderness and Christian pity.

If, as I believe-- as we must surely believe when we examine ourselves dispassionately-- the sense of beauty is in essence a sentiment, not an idea or a group of ideas, it is entirely illegitimate for anyone to dictate to us what we are to admire or to condemn. That there is no “sensus communis aesthetics,” no faculty of taste which is identical in all men and at all times, is amply demonstrated by the immense “differences of taste” between individuals and by the constant insecurity of even the giants in literature, art, and music.

What are we to conclude when not only was and our friends, but the members of the critical *élite*, disagree profoundly about the greatest masters of the arts?

There is not, therefore, and, failing a revolution in human nature, there never will be, an absolute standard of value in poetry, music, and the plastic arts. Beauty, like the other great human values, is subjective and relative to the individual, not objective and absolute. Just as in ontology thinkers and prophets have discovered and revealed to us no common solution to the mystery of existence, but only the belief that assuaged their own thirst for the truth, just as

in ethics there can be no higher command than to promote the greatest possible wellbeing of the race, just as there is no unique ideal or purpose in life, for some crave to develop every faculty and every potentiality to the point of unity and perfection whereas others sacrifice themselves without reserve to a family, to a nation, to suffering humanity; so also in aesthetics there is no absolute standard of beauty and ugliness, no norms, no imperatives, no laws determined by the connoisseurs to which everyone must conform, but, instead, each man is simply asked to assert his freedom, to communicate with nature and with the great geniuses of the past according to his innate capacity for joy and sorrow, according to the sovereign dictates of his own temperament.

In conclusion: if I have made no mistake in the course of this inquiry, beauty, a value varying from man to man, is essentially a sum of sensations, sentiments, and thoughts – and, above all, a sentiment of profound sympathy with the works of art and of nature. Now, may every reader run out into the sunshine, sit down at his piano, or take up the nearest volume of poetry, throwing aside this dry article!

W.F. HARE

LILY

Blue edged, like watered milk,
The calm mimed lily
Lapped bright water from the stream.
Any gorgeous fingling lamed
The curdy clotted throat
As clingingly the water
Trickled down the long green throat.

Furgled bubbling pouted,
Frasting from its lips
And from its lech'rous belly
Spouted a muddy jet.
The lily paled and sank.

G.F. NOXON

THE SNOWFIELDS
A SEQUENCE

Je suivais un serpent qui venait de me mordre
Paul Valéry

I

In the snow a million
diamond-headed pins are set,
glittering on the valiant edges
of our bold path across the snowfields,
four long streamers flickering
away to the horizon
downhill and lost.

The mountains have cast down
their lonely names to the valleys;
they are now mere sprawling lions, tamed
to our bidding, where we lie
on our blackrock couch; we lie
oceaned in dancing white,
potent, terrific.

Power is ours. But when
two lie clinging together,
indomitable beneath the reluctant sky,
in a secrecy of unbarred gates, unwalled
actions,
a privacy of a thousand snow acres,
power is the last thing needed,
least of snow pinpoints.

The scent of our two bodies
unfolds the weakling mountains,
revealing strong Sicilian arms
reeking of earth, oft loved and ever known,
sucks from the sun an equal heat
to all bucolic summers,
blankets our minds.

Cling closer; you have heard
only the snow's soft silence
glittering into your ears.
Cling closer; all the heights are gone,
there is but blue and white and your brown
 head,
smooth, round, sweet to my fingers...
as the lion leaps...

II

On my waste and dreary plain
dusty fingers are set up,
cubes and angles, pentagrams
gray and ineluctable.

Every choking dune displays
totems grimly angular,
barring every access to
unseen oases of the past.

Wearily the angles turn
concentrically on your heart;
many stinging gusts of sand
whirl you grievously away

in strident spouts. A surge revives
in my breast memorial pain,
quick to suck sirocco in,
eager to meet the keenest edge.

Have I any torment lost,
or paid no price to thirst again,
that I should stir no living dust
and drain the desert barer yet?

III

The sinuous steel repels
the fingers it would snare,
the hated cold which hopes to shrivel.

Beneath, black water swirls,
mechanic harmony;
it is the cold which burns the brain.

A feather skims my cheek
white – a pale flake of snow
absorbed unconsciously by steel.

This static trinity,
permanent torrid frost,
will never lift its heavy doom.

If we should meet today
we know our eyes would freeze
reluctant. We have left our loveliness

to clatter in fierce trams
whose lances, black unpraised,
scatter cold fire among the roofs.

IV

Crammed to the mouth the snow
slakes and stings. Those brilliant
threads glitter no higher skywards
than any autumn smoke.

Where all is white, let us be maculate –
I'll hate exuberantly, nobly,
and it is time. My fangs
shall suck fourth watery blood

feetly. Who then is miserable
at a vague logic razing mountains? Mountains?
Let them arise and quell us. So
take heart; our journey is ended.

BASIL WRIGHT

THE DANSANT: MOMENT

Banal: how dispassionately over the floor, only here and there motion not utterly obedient to music. The smooth scarcely definite rhythm with a melody – and of course cheap stockings too bright on their legs, I knew what he wanted all the time really. Two together, very tightly but they would prefer men: georgette floats mock-innocently, virginity a lilac tousled by the wind yet onlookers sit without desire. Women painted rather sketchily young have money, giigolo aimless where there is no more to get, you dance divinely. Greenish light so implacable between darkneses madly aphrodisiac but the old women are too fat Vaguely a waitress and the blue ticket, soon again with tray top-heavy but for her skill, automaton-unvarying – tea letallic in metal pots, not-french gateaux, perhaps cornu-copia improperly self-digested. And bring, please, macaroons Perfume, he realises, a solitude next to his and suddenly the appeal. Yes and yes to the face subtly powdered and not for loneliness, his eyes calculate and she ready to be willed. May I, thank-you so much: commonplace again, yet no lipstick on cigarette gratefully relinquished, her nails tautly even and one fire-opal, such lovely hands. Her eyes, manly – their blue serenity of knowledge but the moth too suggests. Shall we dance he seeks beneath few ninons vaporously grey: willingly against him, consciousness of thighs and breast and hair swiftly auburn from the blue hat. Rhythm urges now, the old women are bewildered, inept o not at all the band missed a beat – she vivid under his hand, closer closer without words. Swallow curving over pools the two of them, two swallows in delight shattered with desultory claps and again to the table. Some tea bring your cup over here; sugar and milk her hand flutters. His eyes in determination: so desirable with parry of deft smoke obscuring cleverly, how nicely you dance – that of course from so many, always one would compliment. I love it don't you think that's why: restraint wavers o to whiten her lips with kisses. Silence and the chatter of cups, damn her experience – but the tablecloth hides ankle to ankle in prelude, evasively let's dance now....

O.W. REYNOLDS

CUBIERTO

When monks are fed on pungent broth
they think their fill of rank despair,
in various detachment from
the Life of Father Guéranger.

When monks are given hard-boiled egg
the lean dyspeptics rarely sup,
but the Lord Abbot swallows truth
with a penultimate hiccup.

When monks regale on tender kid
their spiritual serviette
is soiled: in vain the Abbot smiles
at some dry sally of Delatte.

Thus when the sweet dessert is done
and milk of charity turns to cheese,
the monks evacuate their teeth
in musical Aragonese.

When monks are called to chaunt the grace
than the Lord Abbot rings his bell,
tolling the sinners back to God
Fat from a bi-diurnal Hell.

CHRISTOPHER SALTMARSHE

OCTOBER CASUISTRY

We have come to the latter season of the year
when kingdoms tremble.
The triumphs go through the town
cohorted with the day-stubbed multitudes
with the old leaf's rusting,
charioted
to lay the summer's last dust apt, aquarially.

We have come to the time
when orinces fold away their youth
and look to winter.
The bronze congeals, municipal, statuesque,
the rust is long sleep now
and who shall say whether we stir again
before the swallow dares.
All this dark winter now no leaf
only the slowly-shaken bough
stirs the deeps pools of wind
we, being old, remember only the wheel
remember the wheel
and the triple sun,
the tight focus of faith
now ground to nebulae and casual haloes.
Princes
stand in the squares and are afraid at night.

Let us be patient, that have no certainty
but of the end, and steady fetlocks treading.
Keep us from fear
turn us to this last penance
we are dry we are brittle crackling brass:
let us retire from the public streets
and pray in winter.

J. BRONOWSKI

ODD THOUGHTS AT THE FITZWILLIAM

The hideous new wing of the Fitzwilliam Museum is nearly finished: the many people therefore who to their shame have never been to the old building as it now is should go immediately, and old friends must pay their adieus. For it cannot be that the present glorious mix-up will remain; there will be a tidying-up and a sorting-out, a re-arranging and a re-hanging, and that muddle of sculpture, old clothes and superb water-colours which is the Fitzwilliam will have departed for ever.

The very badness of some exhibits (Victorian copies of insipid Dutch pictures, and insipid Victorian pictures themselves) is a restful contrast to the excellence and interest of others. That oppression of masterpieces which one feels at the Uffizi, for instance, is delightfully absent here. Yet the MS of *Jude the Obscure*, and some splendid Nottingham alabaster-work, and Samuel Palmer's *The Magic Apple Tree*, are all within ten yards of each other. From *The Magic Apple Tree* one can cross to Palmer's etchings, thence to Blake's illustrations for *The Georgics*, and to complete the pastoral atmosphere, there is a delicious early Gainsborough above the hot-water pipes. And downstairs all the time there are two thundering pieces of Assyrian bas-relief in an overheated room of white match-boarding which looks out on to Peterhouse Fellows' Garden.

The Fitzwilliam is always warm: the over-opulent entrance-hall with its endless marble and pink walls and gilt carving peacocks and hangings and painted glass, gives you a sense of palatial comfort that will not be denied whatever you may think of the peacocks and painted glass themselves. And in a case of English Delft ware between two particularly silly marble deities is a jug dated 1691 with the magic words "Bee Merry" written across it.

Among the Miniatures and Music MSS is a Breughel: a village fête, with a procession, dances to the bagpipes, surreptitious embracings, and much drinking out of those three-handled stoneware jugs that could still be bought in pre-war Bavaria. In the centre there is a play on a rough platform stage in front of a single curtain; the stage is built upon tubs, and the stage-manager is lifting a chair up from the gaping audience for the actors' use. Someone is in a basket and a woman is sitting on a man's knee at

a breakfast table: domestic farce obviously. There is a similar scene in a Breughel at Avignon, and in a sketch by him which was at the Flemish Exhibition, but none of the handbooks or histories of the Theatre have reproduced any of them. How many earnest students of early drama have passed the Fitzwilliam and missed this?

On going down the dark stairs to what I can only all the basement you pass drawings from the antique by Legros, marble busts of nineteenth-century worthies, and then enter the classical section. Here there are two things to look at; not the vast Fragmentum Cereris nor the masses of black and red vases, but a group of Corinthian pottery tucked away in a corner, and better still and *Male Head from Eski Shehr: Phrygia* which is almost lost among Roman portraits. This brings us to the new gallery where everything is laid out in exquisite precision and one hardly dare tread. The real trouble is this: the appreciation of anything, aesthetically or archaeologically, is essentially a discovery. And if everything is laid out in perfect order half the joy of discovering it is lost. It is not nearly so exciting to walk up and down the row of Rembrandt etchings in this room as it is to hunt for a Jan Steen upstairs.

But assuming the necessity for a new wing, it seems unfortunate that while its interior is so admirably lighted and so clean compared to the old, its exterior should be so atrocious. The connecting gallery was a success precisely because it went with the old building. The wing itself doesn't go. The whole thing is so timid: and is put to shame by an average Dutch power-station. The architect has made a well-meaning attempt at "good manners in architecture": the old building is classical, so the new building must be vaguely classical to go with it; but obviously it cannot be in exactly the same style. Now this all sounds very well in theory, but in practice I begin to doubt its success. For the Fitzwilliam is not the only example of a building spoilt by compromise: the new building at King's is frankly a hopeless jumble. Why can't we be whole-heartedly modern? Will anybody seriously maintain that the neo-Gothic west door to Great St Mary's is better than the classical doorway which is to be seen in Achermann's print? Or that the facade of the University Library should have been Gothic to go with the main building and King's Chapel?

The Fitzwilliam, however, continues to house a representative collection of English water-colours from Towne's notebooks to the

latest splashings of Wilson Steer. For this we are extremely grateful. We can only hope that the family circle will not as in *The Man of Property* be broken when an architect crosses the threshold. But what a place it is for suggestions! Downstairs in the new gallery are two eighteenth-century Chinese figures with their hair done so exactly in the manner of the tall men's wigs (*toupées*) worn *circa* 1770 that I feel there must be some connection. If Mr Kenneth Clark would follow his admirable book, *The Gothic Revival*, with a history of Chinoiserie in England, one might be certain.

HUMPHREY JENNINGS

CAMPING OUT

And now she cleans her teeth into the lake:
Gives it (God's grace) for her own bounty's sake
What morning's pale and the crisp mist debars:
Its glass of the diving (that Will could break)
Restores, beyond Nature: or lets Heaven take
(Itself being dimmed) her pattern, who half
 awake
Milks between rocks a straddled sky of stars.

Soap tension the star pattern magnifies.
Smoothly Madonna through-assumes the skies
Whose vaults are opened to achieve the Lord.
No, it is we are soaring explore galaxies;
Our bullet boat light's speed by thousands flies.
Who moves so among stars their frame unties,
See where they blur, and die, and are outsoared.

WILLIAM EMPSON

VENDICE

I

Adam's rib
grown manifold
sepulchres its teeming death
in carnal
polyhistory

of phalanges
trapezoid
semilunar symphysis
navicular-
is scaphoid os

such
were entombed
in Helen's
flesh

their syllables
cannot confer
a lease beyond the rotting-time
coronal
stephanion

coracoid
asterion
a text-book's gallimaufry
yet survive
their archetypes

“his wife
died
yesterday
quite young”

sphenoid
alisphenoid
basisphenoid orbit-
osphenoid
presphenoid!

such
were entombed
in Helen's
flesh

occipital
exoccipital
basioccipital! supra-
occipital
all for Death

“and when she died I was the most miserable and afflicted of all men, and would have wept a century to fetch her back. But now, when I consider what she is come to, I could e'en chide myself for doating on her. This face, whose little round once held Heaven, is but a very melancholy frame of Paradise, and though formerly no art could improve it, her complexion methinks stands in some need of painting. And her hands, whose caresses I have scarce yet forgot, why! look you, if she should haunt me now, her thumb-bones would rattle pitiably, and might almost turn me to laughter were I in the humour. But that a man should think thus of his mistress while she lived, why! Hippolito, that were indeed a very rare and curious heresy.”

the rib	the gallimaufry
are jests to last a dinner-	time
or grief	no longer

“In memoriam	such
of his	were entombed
beloved	in Helen's
wife”	flesh

II
medicamina faciei

“Coty's. Face-powder in all perfumes. In the following shades:
naturelle, ocre, rachel, mauve, blanche. Per box”

you, with pale hair a silly face,
display its charm in naturelle,
a patent undeceiving grace,
celre-artem aquarelle.

for you, envisag'd erebus,
ocre has my commendation,
eyes pencil'd supercilious
at such preoccupation.

you, Lesley, may admit rachel,
though no defective exigence
is this confess'd, but to dispel
penthésiliea's negligence.

let the dead stale to public grace
pass with channel'd youth renewed
in mauve jarring with red to save
her brazen jaded fortitude.

thus blanche is generously reserved
for all, when their warm tenements
decay, and skeletons preserved
deserve, at last, our tactful ornaments.

HUGH SYKES

SYMBOLISM

This article is concerned with definitions. It sets out to distinguish between the types of associations commonly grouped together as symbolism¹, and to develop a definition at once narrower and more precise. But because the critical idiom is itself inexact, such a definition can only be built from auxiliary definitions: of which I hope the reader will be tolerant.

I divide the total scope or content of a work into the narrative, a word which I use to cover both the emotional and the technical content; and the moral, by which I mean the whole surplus content. A work which possesses such a moral – that is, it has significance – must of necessity condense it into the narrative, by a process which I call statement. The notion of statement is complex, and not to be confused with that of style; for style is, by definition, part of the narrative, and therefore cannot be a factor of significance. Narrative work may indeed contain significant parts (such as the statement of character in the *Sonnets* or of incident in *Goosey Goosey Gander*), but their significance must remain within the framework of the whole: only in moreal work (like *Maria Marten*) can we reach a statement of theme.

We shall find it useful to consider statement in another aspect, namely as the reciprocal of the ordinary interpretative processes by which we deduce the moral from the narrative. And since such deduction is always either *i* by generalisation or *s* by collation, it follows that statement is of two kinds, *i* particular and *s* parallel. These terms correspond to types of association based respectively on the *suggestion* of one idea by another, or *i* imagery; and the *substitution* of one idea by another, for which alone I reserve the word *s* symbolism².

¹ Perhaps from philosophical analogies: cf. Prof. Whitehead's *Symbolism*.

² Cf. the distinction Mr Read draws between "imagery" and "fantasy," *English Prose Style*.

It is clear that the distinction I have drawn is in fact between *i* a sensuous, intuitive or emotional stimulus; and *s* an intellectual abstract – between, as it were, a simile and an equation. From this distinction, we can further classify *i* imagery as a representation technique founded on continuity of response (humanist¹); *s* symbolism as a formal technique correspondingly founded on discontinuity (absolute¹).

The re-valuation which these definitions suggest stands in danger of some confusion, unless we realise that they have been developed as an index to modern tendencies, rather than as an analysis of current notions.

For our ideas of symbolism are still largely based on a literature which sought a re-appreciation of reality by a symbolism defined as “a representation which does not aim at being a reproduction²”; a literature, in short, humanist and imagist³. Nor, because we have restricted symbolism to the stringent forms of the Greek drama, do we necessarily condemn this pseudo-symbolism. It fulfils, in a romantic age, functions useful enough in themselves, if of small interest. Once again, it is with contemporary abuses that we are concerned, and a confusion that must vitiate an art just striving for absolute form.

There is indeed a confusion inherent in the method of imagery, which – provided always we take a rational view of art – excludes it from any thematic art. All statement based on imagery is by its nature selective: the selection may be of essentials (typification) or of characteristics (representation): in either case it involves, in addition to the re-focussing of the object which remains constant, a subjective appreciation which is free to vary with the reader. I am at liberty, for example, to state a pawnbroker by any agreed symbol, say three brass balls for convenience; but if I typify him by a vulture, or represent him by a hooked nose, I shall not only be tempted into false analogies, but I shall be allowing the reader a scope of association quite outside the sphere of artistic values.

¹ I use these terms in preference to the fashionable and therefore loose terms “romantic” and “classic”; they are defined as in T.E. Hulme's *Speculations*.

² A. Symonds, *The Symbolist Movement in Literature*.

³ A dangerous worm but the “i” is small.

So it is noteworthy how, in the very elementary symbolism of language, the onomatopoeic or sound-image words have always had a particular talent for such romantic misuse.

This is the type of confusion current in modern art. I do not propose in this short space to apply the tests I have developed to any but a few examples; in any case the apparatus is elaborate enough to make individual application a mere exercise. My examples have been chosen from the drama, because the drama offers of all art-forms the most immediate criterion of failure. We may take it for granted that a play which moralises or discusses is inefficient: it is the function of statement to express dogma, not to mouth it.

Considering first the more direct development from realism, we have a large class of plays of “symbolic” characterisation. The process has been carried to great lengths in Raynal's *Tombeau l'Arc de Triomphe*: nevertheless, by their nature, the characters move only in a pre-natal twilight, trembling on the brink of birth every time a concrete noun is uttered. It happens that this is in any case a bad play, but take a good example of the class like O'Neill's *Hairy Ape*. From the confusion by which the characters are at once representative and individual develops the progressive failure of the second act, culminating in two scenes which frankly revert to the Galsworthy tradition – and we are back in the realist drama.

The sublimating process which has here been applied to character has been widely used in construction by the Expressionists. Their achievement is a real one, because it is a gain in economy. But it is a technical achievement, and we need no definitions to recognise its lack of significance. Neither the typical technique of Toller, nor the representative technique of Rice and Kaiser, ever reaches a statement of theme: and as for the train of “symbolic” factory-sirens, slagheaps, mothers, grandmothers and other relatives which they have brought with them – they represent device, not outlook; and perhaps the last refuge of the unimaginative.

It is not difficult to trace a similar neo-realism throughout the fields of art, from Lowell to Valéry, Meyrinck to Keyserling, Sims to Kokoschka. But let us turn instead to two movements in which symbolism fulfils its exact function. The use of traditional symbolism for the re-statement of contemporary themes is older than

Dryden, or Racine, or Aeschylus: to-day, Cocteau has achieved with it a triumph equal to any in the modern theatre: and there is much fine work off the stage, notably Aicken's and, of a less direct nature, Eliot's. A certain charge of preciousness may sometimes be brought against such work, because it is still confined to circles small enough to have the same stock quotations. And to be precious here is to be barren, since a symbol fails as soon as it means either more or less than one thing, and Tammuz will, with a little more wear, mean considerably less. Aicken gains by being free of this charge: perhaps he will eventually write the epic of *Jack and the Beanstalk*.

The undercurrent of indirect symbolism of Eliot's poetry washes through much prose, even into Joyce's *Ulysses*; and this last monument of romanticism is, curiously enough, representative also of the second type of symbolism, of very recent origin – the symbolism of structure. We meet it first in *Samson Agonistes*, where the form of the work in itself constitutes a content and a moral; perhaps some of Herbert's lesser poems are a humanist equivalent. Fashions of formal art have given this method some vogue, and it has reached the Universities and the polite novel. It remains, nevertheless, a comparatively unexplored method likely to repay experiment.

If I may finally sum up the function of symbolism in three words, it is to be formal, morethanscholarly, and arbitrary.

J. BRONOWSKI

THY COLD BED

Wedged in sheets you nightly lie,
Cold as planet in the sky.
Poles are now your head and feet;
Each and ice-age they repeat.
Capricorn and cancer freeze
Scarcely less, at breast and knees.
Equator at your centre forms
The only land that lives and warms.

ARTHUR TILLOTSON

* --22-- *

REQUEST FOR OFFERING

Loose the baleful lion, snap
The frosty bars down from his cage
And unclasp the virgin pap
Of the white world to his rage.

See the innocent breast deny
But the bellowing shake down the air
Shudders of passion out of the sky
To shock, mangle and maim, tear.

Under the actual talons see
Virginal white and th black paw
Poised to slash on mystery
The five hates of a claw.

Amaze your eyes no, hard
Is the marble pap of the world
And the baleful lion regard
With the claws of the paw curled.

Loose the baleful lion, snap
The frosty bars down from his cage
And unclasp the virgin pap
Of the white world to his rage.

RICHARD EBERHART

THE DESERT

The desert is impermeable, but water springs.
Somewhere in the desert sings and sings
Christ Jesus' water, Hyacinth's and Adonis'
Somewhere sings.
Fountains, fountains, impossible to us nomads,
Livers on the brackish, livers on the salt,
Walkers and camel-lopers between the ridges,
Screamers to the gelded mules, and ourselves
gelded.

* --23-- *

Not always impossible, or not quite,
Satanically possible,
They tempt us over a new ridge
With the perhaps eye well pool of Paradise,
perhaps to-night.
This day shalt thou be with me in Paradise,
Perhaps this night.

But before Paradise, and only perhaps
Paradise,
We hang mumbling and swelling on the cross,
Our elbows obtrude at obtuse angles, broken,
We hang by flesh not bone.

Thieves in the desert, with our camel bells,
We once saw water in starlight, centre piercing
wells,
Ran to dive into them whose frank deep hearts
Fathom the axis, from whose pupil starts
Through purple retina and deepening conscious
nerves
The safe, enveloping, gathering momentum
passage to the brain,
 which serves
Exstatic and placid throne room to the god,
cool god,
Rest,
Or could it have been happiness?
We could not test
The eyes,
The wells,
The fountains,
The water.

They were poisoned.

T.H. WHITE

from HARLEQUINADE

I

To substitute poetry for choreography, the spoke voice for sight,
and rhythm for melody; to form a ballet whose colours are rarely of
brighter tones than grey or mauve; to weave a silvery robe that
clings and rustles quietly with varying tempo-- this, this and this
this and
this is our aim.

II

The plate-shaped leaves
hang from the trees;
like jangling warming-pans they rust in the breeze
while that faded loon,
the zinne-faced moon,
wheezes the stars' old crackled-glass tune.

They wonder why the sagging sky. We are just outside the
town and just outside the rather old rather grey town where the
cross-roads contain a perpetual afternoon and where the small
garden that is filled with mauve night-stocks and seems always to
revolve round the little black house. Seems always to swirling
revolve, spirally climbing, horizontally twisting, like the spiraea-
enshrouded convolvulus that rises up the pole where the doves
lived.

And they are dead now those doves
they are dead but the motes in the sunlight
of the afternoon (the perpetual afternoon that

lingers on for ever; that daily encrustates the whole town with its
drowsy, rather dusty, tawdry and almost solid gold atmosphere and
smell of ragged dirty mauve hollyhocks; that forms such a coating
upon every object that even these cold tubular-drilling moon-rays
seem shot with yellow and the scent of the mauve stocks seems a
moving cage full of bees and siesta-quiet flies).

They are dead but the motes in the sunlight
remember their presence and leave spaces
– dove shaped vacua showing clear in contrast

to the rest of the

thick yellow-powdered air –
and leave spaces where they used to situations
preening their gleaming wings
and turning the coral rings
they wore on their little pink legs.

The barrel-organ jangles on – timeless, tuneless and
heartless. But we are outside the town and cannot hear. The plate-
shaped

leaves hang from the trees
breeze loon moon tune.

In these English lands
with his black slave stands the Prince from the fairy-tale.
They wonder why
the sagging sky
is so light that it warps in the winds lullaby
and the maniac grass
jagged as glass
like hard grey tears spikes those that pass

They walk towards the town and they walk towards the grey-
mauve town; they walk towards the town and they walk towards
the town the town the town

The slave sings

“We wonder why the fruits don't loll on the branches
as they do in Arabia;
we wonder why the figs don't fall from the branches
with rounded thuds
where tufted buds
are splitting open into flowers like clusters of feathers.
We wonder if this cold breeze
makes the soul freeze
and the round apple-trees mark the places of graves.”

III

The last note still persists and the greyness deepens. We
are in
the town now and old Pantaloon is very grave.

Old Pantaloon rubs his hands together with a scaly
lizard-like noise and mumbles, as the scene becomes
clearer and the action less diversified. From above the
view would be most comprehend

sive: – the grey town with its deserted streets where nothing moves but occasional small tufted clouds of dust that run to and fro like parties of ghostly children, drily and dimly – how-faintly chattering – where nothing moves but these dust eddies and the ragged mauve smell of the night-stocks: the grey town with its ochre ghost of afternoon perpetually haunting these moonlit alleys and shutter-less shop-windows. How white the pavements are and how strange the unlit gas-lamps look, tottering like very old corpses, down the endless perspectives of these clean white streets! These meticulously clean streets bordered on each side by dark shut shops whose large plate-glass windows hide their contents with a veil of cloudy-reflected moonlight! These meticulous streets that stretch eternally deserted and forgotten! That stretch on and on, unswerving, until they would merge insensibly into the grey night-sky were it not for those bright moon-reflecting shop-windows that punctuate their baffling and interminable progress as do commas the sad and dream-like rhythms of these sentences which aimlessly mix meanings like an old lady knitting a heather mixture....

IV

I sing --

The evening is brittle and cold. The old
song of the moon and the willow-branches
floats stark in monochrome. Our home
is further away than the cliffs, is further away
than the chalk sea-spray

VI

It is now more than seven months since we started and our bicycles are working excellently. You may picture us, my friend H. and myself, as we proceed across the immense expanse – H. rather ahead of and to the left of me, his back bent, his ruff touching his handle-bars, his black-and-silver tights glittering reptilantly in the black-and-polished lights of the sun. You may picture us, my friend Harlequin and myself – myself the renowned Cabinet Minister, myself riding alone across the Gobi Desert with Harlequin, myself in a red top-hat and spangled wig, myself on a *bleu-de-nuit* bicycle, myself a mere minute polychromatic atomicule

following at an invisibly short distance an equally infinitesimal dot in monochrome!

Picture us, yes, and view us from above! Fancy yourself upon that one white cloud, upon that hard and compact small spheroid of vapour, fancy yourself looking down with tortuous gaze through the jangled multiplicity of tightly-packed sheets of brittle air, looking down, your dotted-line gaze travelling concurrently with those black-and-sequined tubes of venomed sunlight, looking down on our two small-round-shadow-carpeted figures moving insensibly, noiselessly, across the infinite Chrome No. 3 self-illuminating desert!

For a long time my thoughts proceed in this direction, always a few yards behind me and connected to my head by but the thinnest of platinum gas-tubing....

We pass several grey cactus plants whose spiny tennis-bat-like leaves are surrounded – as though each were a flat non-luminous flame inside a paper lantern – by a tenuous mauve sheath of vapour composed of small flies whose cacophonous clashing extends in all directions, wriggling like the rays of a starfish through the plates of hot air. This sound, combining with the mechanised hum of our bicycles, forms a plaited tentacle that prods forward and flattens its phalloid point against the far-off grove towards which we are heading. As contact occurs a faint green smell is disengaged from the ramifications of the pretty and feminine oasis and it is this scent that causes Harlequin to sing the following words in a voice that is more akin to that of a steam-whistle keyed at A□ than to the bubbling sound which a frog can obtain from its larynx, climactic conditions being suitable: –

VIII

The evening is brittle and cold. The old
song of the moon and the willow-branches
floats stark in monochrome. Our home
is further away than the cliffs, is further away
than the chalk sea-spray.

If Venice is a gay town, this town with its old deserted streets and corpse-like tottering gas-lamps is very different, is far from gay, is dead.

Dead.

Dead, yes for the seas have engulfed it long ago. Dead, yes for the cold moon seems here like a small and dusty electric-light hanging unshaded above the rotting *décor* on the deserted stage of a forgotten theatre. Dead. On the deserted stage of a theatre which is the sole surviving building in a town destroyed by a volcano.

But the volcano is burnt out, but the lava is hard and covered with wet dying moss and huge pendulous lichened trees. The houses have all vanished except for this theatre and the landscape is enclosed and remote; is enclosed by water-dripping mountains, is remote and fern-rustling, is cold and it is always night.

It.

Dead.

And in the theatre, and in the cold theatre, and in the theatre through whose loose lath walls the wind blow and shreds of aeon-old posters and pieces of damn putrefying lichen and leaves, and in this abandoned tottering theatre a harlequinade proceeds.

Come in
Well, come on
We'll come in
Welcome in
A harlequinade proceeds.

IX

I was astonished to meet Clown in the gorge. For days I had been wandering, my broken bicycle hanging from my shoulders, my feet bruised and cold, my clothes hanging about me dank and tattered as the grey lichens whose perspectives of decaying-bone-like festoons hung dripping and slightly stirring all round me, their incredible multiplicity being only just glimpsed at by the dying light of the candle that wept warm translucent tears of wax on to my blue and shaking hand. For days I had been wandering, foodless and alone but for this candle, that between its sobs would occasionally pronounce a few consoling words in its dry and reedy voice, when suddenly, from a spot about a mile ahead of me up the tree-covered mountain I heard a voice sing: –

“The black trees thank
the valerians rank

for shrilling a treble to their deep bass clank.
Footsteps come
like a loose-throbbing drum.”

I lifted the candle as high above my head as the length of my arm permitted and after a few moments I was delighted to observe penetrating between the morbidly-thick huge and sponge-like tree-trunks from whose invisibly high branches the diseased lichens hung like filthy garments from tight-packed clothes-lines, I was delighted to see the first powdered and bewigged crotches of Clown's timeless-tuneless barrel-organ penetrating in a disordered and harsh manner through the fungoid lianas.

And they are dead now those doves
they are dead but the motes in the sunlight
thick yellow-powdered air
and turning coral rings
preening their
on their little pink legs.

The candle guttered and died. Dead. Oh God where is the hot and flat clean desert, where are the small and hard white clouds, where are those (DEAD) jangling bright plates of air? Dead, Harlequin is dead, the candle-my-candle is dead and dead I am dead. Dead.

Dead.

I stumbled on through the endless dark, my hands palping tentacle-like in front of me sometimes, dead, penetrating the spongy tree-trunks sometimes, DEAD, breaking hanging stalactites of toadstool-scented lichens.

Dead.

Wet.

Dead.

Suddenly I came upon a theatre where the ghosts of a dusty summer's afternoon were playing like parties of children.

Come in
Well, come on
We'll come in
Welcome in
A harlequinade
proceeds.

MALCOLM GRIGG

MOVEMENT TWO-DIMENSIONAL

I sit behind my body's mass
And neutral watch more bodies pass,
Alike in shape and shoes but not
Alike in purposing or lot.

Even surface thoughts can hide
In skins by use devitrified;
Antennae man need not, since he
Is dull to all but privacy.

The tangled flowings in the street
Mix and unmix at boiling heat,
Each shuttle snaps its thread of way –
Let pattern come as pattern may.

But Time, in growth a ducted tree,
Smooths individuality;
Parallel in sifted breath
All more identical to death.

ARTHUR TILLOTSON

WOOING OF PROMETHEUS

έν μεγαλοκευθμοισιω θαλαμοισιω ... κιονες ... PINDAR

Prometheus faint
in Juno's room
her dark cathedral boudoir
faint

ensnares his
fleeing snare
goddess counterfeit
from pillar

to pillar
reel-
ing and lean-
ing on cool stone

Hotly
the mortal flesh
seeks her wraith
whose atomies

give no lucretian blows
for seven senses save
vaporous Junonian
husk

face's mark
breasts' round shell
thin-blown
semblance

Fool
these are her lovers
coeval paramours
these pillars

whose self-possession
woos head-high
booming in the roof
on whose great cool

plinths and established pediments
your
p)uny
 sweating
 p)alms

HUGH SYKES

AMBIGUITY IN SHAKESPEARE
SONNET XVI

This is taken out of an essay on the *Seven Types of Ambiguity*. It is an example of the second type; “two or more meanings which all combine to a single mood and intention of the writer.”

Bvt wherefore do not you a mightier waie
Make warre vppon this bloudie tirant time?
And fortifie your selfe in your decay
With meanes more blessed than my barren rime?
Now stand you on the top of happie houres,
And many maiden gardens yet unset,
With vertuous wish would beare your liuing flowers,
Much liker then your painted counterfeit:
So should the lines of life that life repaire
Which this (Times pencil or my pupil pen)
Neither in inward worth nor outward faire
Can make you liue your selfe in eyes of men,
 To give away your selfe, keeps your selfe still,
 And you must liue drawn by your owne sweet skill.

Lines of life, it must be said (though we are now considering ambiguities of syntax), refers to the form of a personal appearance, in the young man himself or repeated in his descendants (as one speaks of the lines of someone's figure); time's wrinkles on that face (suggested only to be feared); the young man's line or lineage – his descendants; lines drawn with a pencil – a portrait: lines drawn with a pen, in writing; the lines of a poem (the kind a Sonnet has fourteen of); destiny, as in the life-line of palmistry – *Merchant of Venice*, II.2.163; and, what is not a novelty to the poets, the line fixed in the continuum with which space-time theorists describe such reality as they allow to a particle.

This variety of meaning is rooted more effectively in the context because *lines of life* and *that life* may either be taken as subject of *repair*; taking the most prominent meanings, “lineage” and “the features of your children”, *lines* is subject, and this is also insisted upon by rhythm and the usual order of an inverted sentence, but *that life (repair)* is given a secondary claim to the position by *this (...make)*, which follows, evidently in contrast, as subject in the next line. (Punctuations designed to simplify the passage all spoil the antithesis.) *This* has a bracket expanding its

meanings: *time*, bringing old age that will pencil you with wrinkles, or a riper manhood that will complete your beauty; *this Times pencil*, firstly the style of painting, or average level of achievement, of Elizabethan portrait-painters; secondly the frame and the “atmosphere” given to beauty by that age of masques and gorgeous clothing and the lust of the eye (so that we must look back to the second line of the sonnet, where the double meaning is hinting that beautiful courtiers in the wake of Essex came to bad ends); *my pen* that describes you, *pupil* as immature and unskilful; as *pupil* of that *time* whose sonnet tradition I am imitating; or of *Time* which matures me. A natural way to take it is *that life*, “your life,” and *this*, “my life” (devoted to describing you), but the meaning of *this* opens out into all the transient effects which are contrasted with the solid eternity of reproduction, and by reflection backwards *that life* is made subject of its sentence, meaning “the new way of life I propose to you,” that is, of matrimony, or of the larger extra-human life in your lineage as a whole. (It seems unfair that to the almost insuperable difficulties of appreciating this sonnet should be added in its subject an idea with which our so much less hopeful and more crowded age has lost sympathy.)

Independently of whether *lines of life* or *that life* is subject and whether *that life* is “your present way of life” or “the way of life I propose to you,” there is a double syntax for lines 11 and 12. Taking them together there is a main reading “the age of Elizabeth is not competent to express you, either in your appearance or character” (of the two pairs one would naturally associate the artist's pencil with outward fair, and the playwright's pen with inward worth, but the order is the other way round, so that each works with either, or “I try to write about your beauty, but the hand of time, gravating the lines of character on your face, tries to show your inward worth”). This, the main grammar, involves a rather clumsy change from *life* to *you* in the object, and this greater directness of address, needed after the sagging of grammar in the extraordinary complexity of the intervening two lines, leaves room for an alternative syntax. For, taking line 11 with 10 (and preferably *that life* as subject) it is *this* which is not fair either in inward or outward worth; *make*, of the present age, which has produced out of its worthlessness such a beauty as yours, is opposed to *repair* of the vegetable life, capable of producing many such

flowers, which I propose to you; as if the greater durability given to a type by making it repeatable, giving it to a noble house rather than a single person, was compared to making it anew, as “risen a heavenly body,” in the next world, or to the placing of it timelessly among Platonic ideas, so that it need not be anxious about its particular patterns on earth; *live* of line 12 then becomes an adjective, and the force of so many words in apposition, you, live, yourself, is to express wonder at the production of such a think out of the dull world of line 11, and make the young man, by contrast, ideal, heavenly, or worthy of being made into a general type. Line 13, separated from lines 12 and 14 equally by commas, is as a main meaning cut off into the final couplet, “you are not less yourself because you have had children,” but in the minor sense has for subject *this*, “your present life of pleasure and brilliance carries in it no eternity, and keeps you only to give you away.” *Drawn* of line 14 then may take an additional echo of meaning, as “drawing back,” dragging yourself out of your present way of life, which your lover has not power to do for you.

A literary conundrum is tedious, and these meanings are only worth detaching in so far as they are dissolved into the single mood of the poem. Many people would say that they cannot all be dissolved, that an evidently delicate and slender sonnet ought not to take so much explaining, whatever its wealth of reference, that Shakespeare, if all this is true, wrote without properly clarifying his mind. One might protest, *via* the epithet “natural,” which has stuck to Shakespeare through so many literary fashions, that he had a wide rather than sharp focus to his mind, that he snatched ideas almost at random from its balanced but multitudinous activity, that this is likely to be more so rather than less in his personal poetry, and that in short (as Macaulay said in a very different connection) the reader must take such grammar as he can get, and be thankful.

WILLIAM EMPSON

ENNUI

Pour n'y voir reflétés que des lointains extrêmes
Et privés à jamais du soleil de tes yeux,
S'éloignant attristés par les sinistres jeux
Que le ciel obscurci de cette nuit parsème,

Pavoisé de lueurs par les cris des chats blêmes,
Qui brisent ce silence amer et douloureux
Où, suprême, se rit la colère des Dieux,
Je ne porterai plus ces tristes chrysanthèmes.

Si le feu, dans les chants qu'il chante en s'endormant,
N'engloutit que les fleurs du noir désœuvrement
Qui disputent aux nuits les secrets de l'ébène,

Je ne chercherai plus sur les obscurs marchés
Que les gémissements d'hivernales sirènes
Ou les hululements des hiboux panachés.

LOUIS LE BRETON

CHLORIS WHENAS I WOO

Pursuit, poursuit, poursuit!
No, No, 'tis only discord round the frescoes and the
window-latches!
What is he thinking beneath that mask-face?
He pursues, pursues!
Why still deniest thou,
Ah! Why still deniest thou!
No, only the chattering piano-keys
Set the spiders scuffling behind the pictures;
And our thoughts run like spiders in and out
Around the cornices and latches.
Why still repliest thou,
Ah! Why still repliest thou?
No, no no, he never said it,
He never, never said so!
Does he know that my thoughts are crouching spider-
like, with
cold glittering eyes lest his pursue?
No, no no no no, no.

KATHLEEN RAINE

CENSORSHIP AND THE CINEMA

There is in England one cinema at which one can be sure of seeing a good film any time one goes to it (Mr Ogilvie's Avenue Pavilion, Shaftesbury Avenue). One cinema only at which there is a programme of films which are definitely attempts at art and sensitivity. In Germany, quite apart from Berlin and other very large cities, there is no difficulty in seeing acknowledged masterpieces and sound sane minor films in even the smallest country towns. I saw in Donaueschingen (a small and very sleepy town) in a cinema situate in the upper regions of a pub, with an ancient pianola as musical accompaniment, a film dealing with the evil effects of the modern system of punishment and imprisonment. It was far from being a first-class film, but although it lacked the "thinly veiled immorality and salaciousness"¹ of the majority of films passed for public exhibition in England, it was received with a loud applause by an exceedingly rustic audience. Again, *Potemkin* and *Der Gelbe Pass* appeared quietly in the programmes of small cinemas in Heidelberg and such-like respectable places; their effect on the audiences did not produce either riots, subversive actions or anything else desperately immoral. In France, too, I gather, once is permitted to see a number of good films.

An examination of the method of film censorship in our enlightened country will very soon show what is wrong. Here is a list of prohibited subjects²:

Religious rites and ceremonies treated with irreverence, and Irreverent introduction of quotations from the Bible or Church Services to produce comic effects, and equally the comic introduction of Biblical Characters, Angels, Gates of Heaven (*sic*), etc. etc.

(Well, what about *The Kid*, *The Ring*, several Denny films and so on?)

The nude, both in actuality and shadowgraph.

"Orgy" scenes and similar incidents.

Embraces which overstep the limits of affection or even passion and become lascivious.

¹ *Vide Sunday Express, passim.*

² Abridged. See *Close Up* for February, and *Writing for the Screen*, by Arrar Jackson, Chap. XII.

Impropriety of dress and deportment, including suggestive and indecorous dancing.

Offensive vulgarity and excessive drunkenness, even when treated in a comic (!) vein.

(What innocent dears our censors must be. Anyhow, no frequenter of British cinemas can say he hasn't seen nearly everything on that list.)

Cases in which the imminent intention to rape is so clearly shown as to be unmistakable; also stories depicting the lives of immoral women...

(So that's why they banned *Joan of Arc*, perhaps. But they passed *Sadie Thompson*, and nearly all the Mae Murray or Pompadour type of films.)

Scenes demonstrating the methods of crime which might lend themselves to imitation.

Prolonged scenes of extreme violence and brutality (time-limit not specified).

Organised knuckle fights (*sic*).

Scenes of cruelty to children, and scenes which appear to involve the infliction of cruelty to animals.

(Well, far be it from us to demand all the subjects in that list. In fact, we are dead sick of most of them and have to go abroad to see good films.)

Now why are we to be treated like children, why are we not to be allowed to see and think for ourselves? Most of the prohibited subjects given above are not really prohibited. Crime films and sex films are passed in batches of ten. Why not? Their evil effects are probably much exaggerated. If anyone brings statistics to show that they have a very bad effect, we can proudly point out that our censorship does not permit such films to be shown, we can flourish the above lists in their incredulous faces.

But notice; think of the many good films which have been banned. How many of them come definitely under the headings given above? They come under another heading, which might well be stated as "Films likely to further the cause of art and beauty; films throwing light either in a dramatic or expository manner on pressing social or political problems; and films liable to educate the ignorant in a clean and sane manner on such subjects as sex, justice, and life in general." Actually, the heading is "Subjects which are

calculated to wound the susceptibilities of foreign people, and especially of our fellow-subjects of the British Empire. Stories and scenes which are calculated and possibly intended (A-ha!) to foment social unrest and discontent.” To which may be added the general prohibition against “Themes which are in violation of good taste.” (Presumably the Censor is the final Petronius arbiter of good taste.)

We are now at the crux of the whole matter. The Russian films are frankly banned as subjects calculated to wound our poor susceptibilities and intended to foment social unrest. (Although as Mr Kenneth Macpherson has pointed out, *The Red Dancer of Moscow*¹, which was plainly “calculated to wound the susceptibilities of foreign people,” was by no means banned; no doubt the Soviet public has no susceptibilities worth considering.) The question is – are Russian films really likely to have the effect which it is alleged they would have? In the case of films in which the English are shown in an unfavourable light it is surely improbable that audiences will revolt against themselves or that it can do us the slightest harm to see ourselves as others see us. Quite the reverse, particularly since films are already shown in a number of countries abroad and, as far as can be seen, do not cause anti-British demonstrations to any appreciable extent; certainly not in Germany. As for so-called socialist and propaganda films, it is difficult to believe that a sufficient number of actual or would-be communists make a point of visiting or even running cinemas to make the public exhibition of such films anything like a menace.

Anyhow, are the English intelligent and capable of thinking for themselves or are they a nation of overgrown babies, whose intellectual fare must be tasted and tested by narrow-minded nurse-maids? There is no surer way of bringing about undesirable things than by choking them, attempting to choke them rather, without permitting them at least a free and public trial. And when it comes to such a pass that a purely educational film of the highest merit like *Natur und Liebe* is firmly banned, a film which is one of the few films that children in a more enlightened country are permitted to see, while *Our Dancing Daughters*, *Sadie Thompson*, and the Victor Maclaghlen films get through every time, it is necessary for

¹ Particularly the first subtitle.

some action to be taken by everyone who is patriotic enough not to enjoy watching England falling behind the rest of the world in a new most potent form of art. Why are English films so incredibly bad¹? Because English people have no opportunities to see the most significant developments of the film-world. Artistically American films score zero nearly every time. The majority of them either have no effects at all or are frankly “immoral.” There can be no question as to which of the two films *Bed and Sofa* and *Our Dancing Daughters* is “immoral.” Not that I think that the latter should be banned; as I have already remarked, a great deal too much fuss is made about the deteriorating effects of such films². But if we are not going to be happy unless something is censored for us, let it be bad films as opposed to good ones... However, the nursemaids are no doubt even now putting on clean aprons in preparation for a nice new sweeping campaign. One can but register a protest against the deliberate suppression of an art.

BASIL WRIGHT

THE BURIAL

We buried the expecting dead,
And in winter sheathed stiff corpses;
From autumn taking some stray leaves
– The stricken thoughts of dreamt rebirth.

In subterranean rows stretched calm,
Hearts stilled in hope to be unearthed,
They lie, eyes closed to passion's light,
Mouths gaping, wordless of resolves.

In their grave domain alone grows
Silence, and loud spreads its echo,
To gulf expectancy, unheard.

G. REAVEY

¹ With a few honourable exceptions of course, all the more honourable for the reasons stated above.

² If a fuss must be made, why not regulate or prohibit (as in Germany) child attendance at cinemas?

DEATH

Death is unique. It has no analogies, no parallels, and no opposites. Birth, the apparent extreme, is of a different nature; there is no creation of life, merely a fission of already living substance. Life is continuous except for death. No spontaneous generation of life has ever been observed, but spontaneous destruction is a common phenomenon.

Of its psychological significance little is known; the investigation is attended by difficulties which it has not been possible to overcome. True, it is often accompanied by powerful telepathic activity, for telepathy has not yet come within the range of scientific investigation.

All psychologists have endeavoured to account for the almost universal striving for the preservation of life. The Freudian school put forward a hypothesis which, although it cannot be accepted in its entirety, has some interesting features. Living matter, they say, arose in the first place from non-living. Now it is a characteristic common to living creatures, that there is a tendency to revert to the conditions of a more or less remote ancestor. But the only ancestor which the primitive living substance had was non-living substance, so that its only heredity endowment was a potentiality for death. This atavism continues the "Death Instinct" which has accompanied life through its evolution. Its manifestation is not a general desire for death, but a seeking for orthodox death. An animal's attempts to save its own life are thus only its struggles against unorthodox death.

There are two weak points in the theory. The assumption that an atavistic tendency to die would exist in the living substance is unjustified. Also the theory requires that death has been an attribute of living creatures throughout evolution.

With regard to the first of these, there are two objections to the assumption. We have no scientific proof that spontaneous generation ever occurred. It may be said that there is a logical proof which will suffice until the scientist can supplement it: namely, that at one time, physical conditions on the planet were unsuitable for life; now life exists, therefore it must have arisen spontaneously. The replies to such an argument are too well known to require enumeration here. But even supposing spontaneous generation

did take place, is the first assumption still justified? In an ordinary atavistic tendency, is it essential that the ability to carry out the reaction was present in the ancestor from whom it was derived. The instance of the occurrence of tails on men may be cited. The potentiality for the formation of a tail must have been present throughout the evolution of man from his tailed ancestors. Can we say the same of the instinct for death? Being an instinct it is a feature of living material, and cannot have been present prior to, or during the creation of life. The living substance could not, so to speak, know of its non-living ancestry. To assume that non-living material has an instinct for dying for which it has no potentiality is unjustifiable.

Regarding the assumption that a tendency to die, present in the original living matter, has been transmitted right through the evolution of living organisms, it is only necessary to say that the most primitive organisms known do not exhibit it. Death, as we know it, is a property of the metazoon; the protozoon (or single-celled animal) is potentially immortal. Life with the protozoon culminates not in death, but in reproduction.

Orthodox death did not arise until the soma or body had evolved so that any seeking for death in the first products of spontaneous generation must have disappeared before the relatively complex protozoa which we know at the present day evolved.

The idea of striving for orthodox death is more profitable. The metazoon must die; it is the price it pays for differentiation. Specialisation of tissue is accompanied by reduction of the regenerative powers, as is well demonstrated by nervous tissue in higher animals, cells in which are irreplaceable if destroyed. The incidence of the evil effects accruing from the series of irreversible changes to be observed in senescence is not necessarily on the tissue where they occur. The heart, for instance, is an organ which suffers very few changes comparatively, yet its breakdown may be said to represent the cause of orthodox death among human beings. These changes which occur in tissues cannot be called pathological. They are usually described as senile degeneration; being particularly noticeable in nervous tissue, in arteries, bones and in the gonads.

It is to the second of these that natural death is to be directly ascribed. The blood pressure rises throughout life, ultimately either bursting an artery, or rendering the heart unable to function properly.

In the first case, it is usually the meningeal artery which goes, causing motor paralysis; in the second a series of ills follows: dropsy, pneumonia, indigestion, etc. This rise in blood pressure is due to the loss of elasticity of the arteriole walls.

This in turn can be ascribed to the deposition of calcium compounds, which is a result of the over-activity of the osteoclasts (small cells concerned in the breaking down of bone) and according to some authorities to the infection and inactivity of the large intestine. And so cause and effect can be followed through. It will probably lead back to blood pressure as the ultimate cause. But even if blood pressure were not the cause of death, its position would be taken by some other change; finally, if no others intervened, the degeneration of the cells in the respiratory centre of the brain.

If the idea of striving after orthodox death is sound, we should expect that the factors which tend to the reduction of the chances of accidental death will be fostered, and will appear as characteristics of biologically successful animals. Throughout the plant and animal kingdoms, we find features which accomplish this end; the xerophytic characters of desert plants, the enhanced running powers of ungulates, the perennation habit, and the innumerable instances of mimicry, are examples which present themselves.

To what extent is man provided with such defenses? The answer is that he is relatively innocent of them. Man is, in this respect, peculiarly primitive, that is, undifferentiated. But another way of describing the organs or characteristics which ward off accidental death is to regard them as features whereby the animal (or plant) can modify itself to suit the environment. Although such provisions may render the animal capable of suffering great extremes, no other creature transcends man in the ability to live under adverse conditions. Yet man has no adaptations, he cannot sensibly alter himself to suit his environment. His supremacy lies in his ability to change his environment to suit himself. We need an environment more constant than most animals, and by means of our intelligence we are able to assure ourselves of one. We are thus furnished with a single modification which wards off accidental death from many more sources than mere bodily changes would provide against. It bears the same relation to ordinary modifications that a preventative does to a cure.

What is the nature of this orthodox death after which the animal unconsciously strives? One of the fundamentals underlying animal behaviour is the avoidance of pain. Is then natural death painless? It would seem so. The writhing, gasping, and moaning which usually precede death, it is now generally conceded, are not the reactions to pain stimuli, but are the natural effects of asphyxiation on the nervous system. Generally the power to appreciate pain and pleasure is obliterated as soon as anything, so that natural death is painless.

Man's life is governed by rhythms. The heart-beat, the breathing cycle, the sleeping-waking cycle, with its attendant twenty-four hour rhythms of blood pressure, etc., are examples of shorter ones. In other animals (than the primates), definite breeding seasons occur; the vestiges of them remain with man. In fact human physiology is a study of rhythms, from the short-wave impulse in the nerve to the whole life of man. This last must also be looked upon as a rhythm, a part of a wave. Unlike other waves in physiology, however, it is never repeated; never even finished. But points can be marked on it just as they can be marked on the graph of the heart-beat; a point at birth, a point at puberty, etc., with inflections and maxima characteristic of physiological curves. At one point there is a mark representing the time when the circulatory system fails to cope with the increased pressure; from here the curve must be continued as a dotted line, for the continuous line of life ends; the wave is never completed.

R.S. ALCOCK

EARTH HAS SHRUNK IN THE WASH

They pass too fast. Ships, and there's time for sighing;
Express and motor, Doug can jump between.
Only dry earth now asteroid her flying
Mates, if they miss her, must flick past unseen.

Or striking breasts that once the air defended
(Bubble of rainbow straddling the twilights,
Mother-of-pearl that with earth's oyster ended)
They crash and burrow and spill all through skylights.

There, airless now, from the bare sun take cancer,
Curve spines as earth and gravitation wane,
Starve on the mirror images of plants, or
Miss (dia)beat(ic) down odd carbon chain.

One daily tortures the poor Christ anew
(on every planet moderately true)
But has much more to do,
And can so much entail here,
Daily brings rabbits to a new Australia,
New unforeseen, new cataclysmic failure,

And cannot tell. He who all answers brings
May (ever in the great taskmaker's eye)
Dowser be of his candle as of springs,
And pump the valley with the tunnel dry.

WILLIAM EMPSON

GARDEN IN SUMMER

Under the hanging
the heaviness of noon
lean the long
flower tides outward
lifting that was and filter over the silt
soft sifting the drift piled past

Sands drawing seaward
glimpse a words A swell
discovers the so forgotten voice
Recalls how here
or here
or here in such a noon –

How to escape
to still the hot crying of the afternoon
I had not thought
how a tide of flowers could wash
a summer up Could wash
from under so many summers' shoal
so sharp a summer

J.M. REEVES

MOUNDS
By VSEVOLOD IVANOV

Vsevolod Ivanov, a Siberian miner's son, was born in 1895. On the road at an early age, like Gorky, he was wrestler, organ grinder, and sailor in turn. It is as a communist and writer that he reaches his apotheosis. After fighting Kolchak and the Czechs in Serbia (1919-20), he became a "Serapion Brother," and transmuted his terrible experiences into a vivid record of the times. The following story first appeared in 1924.

As I stood on the banks of the Volga, a friend, pointing to the undulating landscape, began to describe the manner in which mounds are formed. His words at once recalled an experience of mine, when I myself played no small part in the birth of one of them.

That was in 1919. I was then closely interested in drama; and, as I was preparing a thesis on Shakespeare, had persuaded the actors of the local theatre to perform his plays. On the eve of the attempt, however, I was informed by the authorities that the presentation of Shakespeare was not essential to the revolutionary stage; and so I bade goodbye to the theatre. But thoughts of another occupation soon made me visit the government bureau, where I was offered a post on the staff newspaper. Not being very keen, I was given the alternative of acting as a travelling agent to the government. This I accepted. Not long after I was told that some 8000 corpses had accumulated at the distant station of Tamarska; spring was at hand; and an epidemic was feared. My task accordingly was to dispose of the bodies judiciously. To this end I was given a locomotive, two wagons, a typist, dynamite, and spirit, and, above all, full powers of action. These instructions, finally, were capped by the brief hope that, as a writer, I would no doubt appreciate the experience.

Once at Tamarska, I hastened to inspect the pile of corpses. Gaunt and naked bodies of men, women, and children, all frozen, lay stiffly heaped in rows. The problem of distribution or burial had to be faced now. I began by collecting several hundred peasants, and we tried to dig and blow up a hole; but the frozen earth negated all our efforts. After a day or two the peasants dispersed; and I was left to puzzle out the situation with my typist. Over a week of indecision passed. The spring sun was

already beginning to warm the air, and the smell of decomposition had begun to tickle our nostrils. Speedy action was imperative. So I decided to blow up the ice on the river and throw all the bodies in; and forthwith ordered some men to dynamite the ice.

While thus engaged, I was approached by a peasant, whose name later turned out to be Girushkin, who hinted that a better way could be found. "You should have studied the lie of the land," he said, "and if you don't know how to bury, you shouldn't take to killing." – "What can I do for you?" I asked; thus giving him a chance to enlarge on how his cows had been recently requisitioned, and how happy he would be to get them back; and so on till at last I shouted, fingering my revolver – "Do you realise that I have full powers! If you don't tell me within two minutes what to do, I will shoot, and add you to the 8000 corpses." At this he grew so pale that I pitied him, and, quavering, he said – "There is a pit, two or three stories deep, some distance from here..."

We had the pit broadened. The imprisoned bourgeois were then brought out and set to fill it up. The bodies were dragged along and thrown in, frozen arms, legs, and heads falling off in the process... When they were all in we covered the grave with sand and snow and erected a rough wooden cross. I left the same day.

Three weeks later I received a telegram saying – "It has opened. Come!" On the melting of the snow the grave had apparently swelled with the rotting bodies and burst.

So the unwilling bourgeois were again marched out, and forced to re-cover the grave. The stench was terrible. The very horses refused to approach the spot; and yet the bourgeois had to cover it with clay. A lorry, full of bricks, was then driven across. The ground heaved at first – more clay was added; and the lorry drove round again till the surface was steady. The cross was planted on the top as before. Girushkin got his cows; the bourgeois went back to prison; and I returned.

Since, I often envisage the time when, after a thousand winters, some archaeologist shall find a crossless, richly overgrown mound; dig; and understand nothing.

Translated by G. REAVEY.

EXPERIMENT
Number 3 May 1929

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WYNDHAM LEWIS'S "ENEMY"

We have read the *Enemy No.3*. Seriously, and with a proper application: since we knew, long before we had got to the text, that "so fertile is the mind of Wyndham Lewis – critic, novelist, artist, philosopher – that reading him might serve as a vocation": the *Louisville Courier Journal* having told us so, among the advertisements. And we know too of his "unvarying verve" (we had read the *Aberdeen Press and Journal*), we were prepared for denunciation – "the great contemporary master of invective" had not the *Boston Gazette* said? – and ready to follow when he "set boldly out (the *Sunday Times*) set boldly out to think for himself about the things which do matter." We confess ourselves, in a sense, impressed. Mr Lewis us a considerable pamphleteer, he has helped tremendously to popularise changing notions of Space-Time, Godhead and Democracy, and the position he has taken up – its originality is after all not relevant to its importance – he defends very lucidly. Certainly Mr. Lewis has set out to think; we can only deplore that he has chosen so often to communicate the process rather than the result. But no doubt we are asking him to forfeit an idiosyncrasy, perhaps even a personality; Mr. Lewis is very jealous of his personality, and of his industry. Indeed Industry has made Mr. Lewis what he is, he represents directly the influence of the ideals of Efficiency and Turnover on the artist: the list of his potential achievements which closes the *Enemy* is not so much a banner and a challenge as the firm's rather sober estimate of next year's balance sheet. And he works eleven hours a day.

Such virtue might seem sufficient: but Mr. Lewis, like Robert Greene before him, wants his fellow artists to accompany him to heaven: those who are found lacking in enthusiasm becoming at once outcast and – it is Mr. Lewis's favourite accusation – communist.

Once it was Mr. Pound, then it grew to be the *Q Review*, now it has engulfed *transition* and the Third International. Perhaps Mr. Lewis prefers not to extract the relevant from the general: certainly his method depends upon not doing so, and his method deserves study.

Let us take the case of *transition*. Avowedly Mr. Lewis's quarrel is with the Surréalists. In the course of it he has made some indiscriminate attacks on Mr. Joyce and Miss Stein. The editors of *transition* in their reply drew a very proper distinction between the methods of these two writers. Now Mr. Lewis tells us with a sneer that the appearance of both in the same review can therefore only be explained as "a kind of miracle evidently, one of those mysteries it is *impertinent* to enquire about." Yet within a few pages he is confessing that "as to Paris, almost all that is good, in formal tendency or in actual achievement, is to be found here and there between the covers of *transition*." But that is later: first he has used his imaginary sympathy between Mr. Joyce and Miss Stein for an eloquent appeal to the lady to "get out of english" – an appeal proper enough to Mr. Joyce who is concerned with complication ultimately independent of particular language, but quite out of place with Miss Stein whose interest is emphatically in English and in English only, and in English at its most primitive.

We do not accuse Mr. Lewis of using such polemic consciously, on the contrary it seems to spring up from precisely the kind of passion for logic which causes primitive and pseudo-scientific minds to invent superstitions in the attempt to trace universal "cause-and-effect" relationships between discrete events. But his polemic is important, because upon it is founded also his political thesis: in his own words – that the artists must "banish his political sensations altogether or so I believe." The use of the word "sensation" is characteristic. Mr. Lewis's reactions and his arguments are founded in "sensations." He observes the phenomenon of the contemporary artist's working having throughout an undercurrent of political belief, and is filled with wonder. He cannot analyse the belief and discover it to be only one manifestation of that unconscious attitude to society which is the ultimate basis of art: he can only observe that such a belief is present in the work of all modern artists except those "of pronounced theological bias." That theology and politics are implicit in all significant art, because significance is the expression of a positive critical attitude, a *Weltanschauung*, he cannot realise. Like M. Benda he can only observe an comment, he sees that there is a foundation of politics in modern art and he concludes

that there is an “organisation of art as a political instrument.” One would have thought that the author of *The Lion and the Fox* would have been familiar with the phenomenon: but no, “the freedom of art depends upon its non-practical, non-partisan passion... you should be able to employ the same arguments for a living artist that everyone has always been allowed to employ for one that is dead.” But the political background of the Renaissance or the Restoration are to be conveniently forgotten; romanticism and classicism apparently were movements played in a literary vacuum of their own, undisturbed by anything even distantly related to social life.

Of course Mr. Lewis cannot sustain such bubbling independence: but finding himself forced into politics, he makes precisely the same protective manoeuvre as that made by the *transition* group: he invents for himself a set of politics which will effectively isolate him from political reality. To such a step there is no objection (except the vapid one which Mr. Lewis himself advances against the “dream-aesthetic,” and which cannot be maintained): it becomes questionable only when one begins to invent politics not merely for one's self but one's opponents also. So we can smile at the pretty Bohemian communism which the Surréalists have made for themselves, and which deserves all the hard things Mr. Lewis has said about it; but when this communism becomes identified with the concrete political doctrine of the International, there are anomalies. Mr. Lewis is not alone in creating a political (as against a literary) opposition of democratic nihilism and calling it communism: Mr. Eliot, trying in his latest book to establish the continuity of a non-democratic tradition which was at the same time religious, and which therefore had to exclude atheist autocrats like Hobbes, invented the ingenious device of a “romantic” autocracy. Contemporary Russia was bundled into this class; and this within two pages of the reflection that “for lazy or tired minds there is only extremity or apathy; dictatorship or communism, with enthusiasm or indifference.” Mr. Lewis is assuredly neither lazy nor tired (of Mr. Eliot it is not so easy to be certain) and perhaps he will have observed that so long ago as 1900 Sorel, who as a syndacastist stood nearer to democracy than any other communist, was called neo-royalist and accused of connections with the *Action Française*. Indeed there has been no

clearer exposition of the anti-democratic ideology of communism than that given by Hulme in his introduction to Sorel's own *Reflections on Violence*.

We have made this point not because we are interested in communist doctrine but because the confusion with the democratic ideal has furnished the ground for the whole Lewis-*transition* controversy, as well as most of Mr. Lewis's other writings. And so long as he remains "partly communist and partly fascist, with a distinct streak of monarchism in my marxism, but at bottom anarchist with a healthy passion for order" (all Mr. Lewis's passions tend to be healthy), so long as *transition* invents its own pretty, and Mr. Eliot his own elaborate, politics and theologies, there can be no clearing up of beliefs and no building up of a uniform and contemporary artistic attitude. For none of these abstractions offers even an individual basis, because none is a possible, that is a self-consistent, system. And in Mr. Lewis's case it is not a system at all; it is observation which has not been digested, "provoked from some other quarter" – Mr. Lewis's "sensations."

But of course Mr. Lewis's "sensations" cause him not so much attitudinise as to recoil, to cry out for "detachment." "I am an artist and my mind at least is entirely free: also that is a freedom that I hold from no man and have every intention of retaining." There is something rather wistful about the figure of Mr. Lewis desperately cherishing a set of beliefs which he seems to think will be taken from him by the first corner if he doesn't look out; something uncertain and only in part comic.

FIVE

FRAGMENTS

These fragments that do stand
Fantastic on the green loan
And give to spring and the wide eye
The solemn ghosts of old Rome
That outwalk our busier men;
But they must lie down under stone
And let the balm of the vainer power
Allay the fever of the bone.
Then these imperfect testaments
Of pride's love and nobility
Will kiss too the impersonal earth
And mingle in that fertility.
And our men will make fragments
And will walk about them late
Haunted by their own littleness
And lie down under the same fate,
Ghosts imprisoned and starved out
Under the marble columns they made;
But not man and not beauty needs,
It is the sunned earth that must be paid.
You, too, with a widening eye
Upon life's point, the spirit and will,
Must fragmentary be, like these,
Like a burnt tree on a gaunt hill,
And bear a more hurt being
Because of the sharp mind's daring
To pierce the secret of its seeing
And win the end of its wayfaring.
The sun is vibrant, Maia, come.
Nothing is real but the something
It is, and we of it of earth;
And love, in Rome's ghostly spring.

RICHARD EBERHART

LETTER iii.

Re-edify me, moon, give me again
My undetailed order, the designer's sketches.
Strong from your beams I can sustain the sun's
That discompose me to disparate pain.
Your vast reflection from that altar runs,
But "o'er the dark her silver mantle" stretches;
(Boxed, darling, in your cedar, my cigarette
Kept moist, and with borrowed fragrance, will do
yet).

My pleasure in the simile things.
The moon's softness makes deep velvet of shadows;
Only lightening beats it for the lace of Gothic
Or parties waiting for romance of ruins.
No lunacy, no re-imagined flickering
The full relief your recreation glows.
On my each face you full sky unfurl.
You heal the blind into a round of pearl.

"When sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake"
– God made such light, before sun or focus, shine –
I, nightmare passed, in sane day take no harm,
(Passed too the cold bitter pallor of day-break)
And diffused shadowless daylight of your calm
Empties its heaven into my square garish sky-sign.
These then your crowns; Offspring of Heaven first-
born,
Earth's *terra firma*, the Hell-Gate of Horn.

WILLIAM EMPSON

COW'S PARSLEY

I had reached a ditch with close green upgrowing weeds. Behind, lighter, hither growing, thither growing, sideway growing, and less dense – a hedge.

“Trespassers will be prosecuted” – a wood, and boughs all quiet against the sky.

Low banks of red cloud, remembering still a vanished sun, whose light has caught the rim of a moon of the most delicate Venetian glass, that is tangled in the branches of the wood ... branches that stand in conscious suspense lest the bowl should fall and be broken ... earth all a-tiptoe.

It is strange that I cannot remember the date of the battle of Arsuf ... second, third, fourth, fifth Crusade ... I cannot remember.

A frog has moved in the ditch ... there is a trickle of water that gleams now and then ... everywhere the flowers of the cow's-parsley shine like a thick white mist.

I touch one (I cannot remember the date of Arsuf)

Vague the feathery head of it,

Vague the cool leaves of it.

The podgy stem of it – definite.

My fingers press and bend it. At first the fibres wrench slowly, then plop the hollow stem is in my hand. I put it to my lips, and somewhere at the back of my nose I feel the subtle pervasive acrid taste of it.

When we were children, we used to make whistles of them ... I had a penknife then ... having cut a good specimen, you had to lop it off above the first bifurcation, so that one end of it was sealed; next a careful slit down the length of it; you put it in your mouth, pressing very gently to open the slit, and blew a note as clear as the blackbird's...

In the ditch of my uncle's orchard there were ratholes, and a robin's nest in the long grass, and many yellow celandines, and often a peacock butterfly or a fritillary ... and all these things are part of me.

“Et a Arsuf furent ocies moult beaulx gens, et moult serjens.” It is a profound and remarkable consideration, that the musical properties of the cow's parsley were in all probability known to

these people, and hen the spearhead of the Saracen burst through hauberk and gamboisin, the heart's blood that gushed from the wound was mixed with ratholes, and robins' nests, and fritillaries.

The moon is clear of the treetops now, and they dare to move again, to sway restlessly in the night breeze. I have forgotten the battle of Arsuf, and am asleep in the butt of the ditch...

I have been dreaming of you Madeleine, I have been dreaming, but I am awake now. We walked a windy hill, a blackbird sang, and I plucked sunlit perfumed may for you. I dreamed that I had crushed the universe into a Chinese toy for you to play with, and that it had meaning only because it lay in your hand.. I am awake now ... I had thought it a Chinese toy, but it is a microscope, and we are at the wrong end of it, we are on the slide, Madeleine... for what end are our foraminiferous, diatomic twistings, our petty impulses of lust, our base begettings? The light shines on the convolutions of our mystic shells, not on one, on all. We are beautiful, that soon shall be the shifting sea-ooze, slowly dropping through the tides ... diversely beautiful, and all as like as like ... in one small drop of water on the slide.

ORMEROD GREENWOOD

JULIET, DEAD

I

I am the resurrection.

Winter slips from the land
there'll be graves to cover.
These were tulips, these new year
breaks and bares strangely
lipless, and throats of daffodil after spring.

From buds shut against late snow grows
September
and from autumn crocuses,
winter planted this sleepless season
under the bone,
such that are the changeable bleach age,
April was their begetting

-- 9 --

three seasons made them June
(they failed in winter)

and spring came slenderly
and rustling among the months, these are
his incorruption these are beginning
and end and ear unto seed and after harvest
the fifth season

II

I am the resurrection.
You dreamt of spring
and trembled
(you Juliet uneasy among the dead)
after darkness again the troubled months
and the wind shaking.

Was death then kind to you
that gave your lids for a little
sleep, and of dreams drew fibres, and pushed roots
towards winter
your hair was thin shoots among boughs not yet green.

For life had come so many times and among many
moving the hands listless too for these
from balconies, there was only evening to overtake you
and the bearing of sons for a quarrel
among noblemen. Also passions
(the end was among graves: we knew it near
whispering along the catacombs of the dark)

But death was beautiful that came once or twice
and shook torch-crimson among you
and lighted an evening –
How many shoulders bruised your burying?
That's not to question. The thin air
and the solitude and no wind
are answer, and privacy falling stilly
(we are content with a little)
across the gardens and the urban parks:
we have slept in royal tombs.

III

I am the resurrection and the life.

Though sleep be difficulty undone
and the tulip's opening
here in the further beds in spring,
not these not the magnificence of flesh
nor lids greedy of death
shall flinch the last folding back.
You have lived in your time,
you Juliet splendid among the dead
shall learn, rising, the forgotten gait
bringing spring to summer
walking again at twilight
in unlamped streets, and silent
solicitation. Was winter kind? Were there torches at
your burial?
Cover your lashes
now strip your lips of death
(Juliet the forgotten gait
and no blood upon your lips now)
suck back the honey of your breath queen
there's a time for dying:
you Juliet risen from the dead
once.

J. BRONOWSKI

POCULUM

This glass is set for him
or a more cosmic need
a wan accustomed Ganymede
for smooth unrolled lips.

fled, or fleeing
desperately the room
once forced timidly admits
lordship of dead cheek, and brow
but where the optic gods allow
again most gratefully
fled, here

In this small sea fin strange fish
for which no sense's hook has baits
to swim soon in still stranger straits
and gnaw the palpitating shores.

this poison is sudden
dead ere he falls
and the glass

broken with

, the room's

lordship

,

' most

gratefully

fled.

HUGH SYKES

ERNEST HEMINGWAY

“IN OUR TIME” STORIES 1926
“FIESTA” A NOVEL 1927
“MEN WITHOUT WOMEN”
STORIES 1928

Most of the characteristics of Mr. Hemingway's admirable prose follow naturally upon the fact that he sees, hears and feels altogether, as though he were in the condition of having just emerged from the grave: and were in that condition always: for him, the previous punctual arrival of breakfast never lessens the pleasant shock of lunch. It could only be a quite Mephistophelian rejuvenation which would make such a frame of mind possible: a frame of mind to which the meanest flower that blows can give, not “thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.” The reaction is not profound and there is nothing pantheistic behind it, or there would be no mystery, but the same pleasant shock which, though recurring again and again is always undiminished. Such an exaggerated sensitiveness is certainly not achieved merely by returning to the outlook of the savage or the child: neither of whom, in any case, derives much satisfaction from the repetition of the sensation of surprise as Mr. Hemingway does; though naiveté is undoubtedly one of the qualifications for entry into his kingdom of heaven, in the population of which jockeys, bull-fighters, prize-fighters, American tourists and “decadent” English aristocrats predominate. As these people are usually occupied in doing something *for the first time* : and very often doing it “in another country,” too: and as, of course, they are naif: Mr. Hemingway has provided a good many reasons why the sensation of wonder should appear so often in these books. The great point however about his kingdom of heaven is that it is only from the outside that it can be fully enjoyed. The way to find all things new perpetually is to absorb as little as possible, to identify oneself with nothing; a manner of life the exact converse of that which is attributed to Walt Whitman's child who

“went forth every day,

And the first object that he look'd upon, that object he became.”

This necessary detachment is very well illustrated by the plan of his first book "In Our Time" in which Hemingway takes up a position which is quite outside the Text but which alone affords the point of view from which the book becomes coherent. Each of the stories has a preface describing some event of a very different kind from that treated of in the tale. "We were frightfully put out when we heard the flank had gone and we had to fall back" is the last sentence of one of these, describing the defense of a barricade. The story itself begins: "The rain stopped as Nick turned into the road that went up through the orchard. The fruit had been picked and the fall wind blew through the bare trees." It is the onlooker, having in mind the horror previously experienced, or happening elsewhere and thus acutely aware of the contrast between the soul in tumult and the soul occupied in sounding, in a leisurely way its own (in this case, not unfathomable) depths, who gets the very most from Nick's morning out of doors. The refinement of feeling involved, which to some might seem fantastically minute, is very characteristic of Hemingway who has more in common than may at first appear with such a writer as Pater. Pater's effects are, if anything, less subtle: partly, no doubt, because Hemingway, having a greater respect for reality, exerts himself to create an illusion of mirror-like limpidity to which Pater certainly did not aspire. In the philosophical sanction of such a story as "A Pursuit Race" in the book called "Men Without Women" there are considerable resemblances to those behind Pater. Hemingway's work deals with a condition things in which the old hierarchy of values is not so much in the process of having been overturned as quite forgotten: and forgotten too are those destructive joys which for Pater's contemporaries still had a wicked relish. As a result, however, of the fact that belief in the quantitative solution tends ultimately to make people manage their lives with extreme care and delicacy, the subject matter of Hemingway's work has a certain resemblance to that of such a book as "The Child in the House." And in spite of the very obvious differences of technique, in spite of the fact that Hemingway likes to be economical, prefers his contrived "delights" to succeed rather than to coincide and is given to purely visual description which are never found in Pater: an astonishing evenness constitutes a resemblance in their styles.

Pater lulls, Hemingway surprises: each does what he does, consistently.

Perpetual wonderment precludes deep emotion of passionate excitement as effectively as perpetual hypnosis. In Hemingway's treatment of the experience called being in love which in the old valuation came so high, what predominates is curiosity. Take for instance the story called "A Simple Enquiry," the point of which lies in the comparison of the straightforwardness and brevity of the Major's question and the directness of the youth's monosyllabic replies with the subtle complication of emotion behind the words of both. Most of his characters, incidentally, are men of extraordinary few words: and this is not, I think, a mere corollary to the excepted fact of their naiveté, nor a symptom of the return to the primitive at all. The cryptic nature of a conversation between people who know one another extremely well, who have a common stock of experience and a common code has nothing to do with inarticulacy. It is certainly not because they rely on basic human sympathies or, more spectacularly, the appeal of one dark depth to another, that Hemingway's people are able to manage with so few words. It is by the way of being one of the refinements of civilization which is involved, not by any means a return to the atavistic grunt. Hemingway has no affinity with the romantic savagery of Mr. D. H. Lawrence. His work indicates an almost morbid dread of pretentiousness: and, certainly, nothing could be more foreign to him than the mixture of exuberance and hortatory solemnity behind Mr. Lawrence's proposal to regenerate humanity by hitching its navel to the sun. Nor of course, could two writers differ more widely than these in their estimate of the intrinsic importance of sexual appetite. Nothing in Hemingway's view of life, has much *intrinsic* importance: and this has almost none. When Stendhal supplies his Octave with a physiological excuse for his derelictions he probably imagined that he had contrived the severest possible rebuke to the contemporary Romantic whose "sense of isolation" and consequent refusal of social responsibility was not similarly justified. It was left for Hemingway to suggest that Octave's physical disability, reproduced in Jake the hero of "Fiesta," was certainly no warrant for suicide, scarcely an adequate reason for eccentric behaviour and possibly, the involuntary nature of the

deprivation apart, not a misfortune at all. Certainly it is partly as a result of this that Jake achieves a wider diffusion of interests, has larger eggs in more baskets than anyone else in the book. The quantitative solution is in fact shewn as working so successfully that at the times when Jake is most conscious of the pathos of his situation – he is constantly in the company of the woman whom he loves – there is always a hint that he is only making an attempt to see himself as other people do, to adjust his ideas of his situation to a set of values less fluid than his own. In the background there is always the fact that Jake is represented as a Catholic. When his religion comes to the fore it appears chiefly as a rather diminished Stoicism: but the mere fact of his having one is more effective than his impotence in detaching him from his environment. As he tells the story, his characteristics are combined with those of Mr. Hemingway's style, of which the essential postulate is detachment: so that in a roundabout way Jake's Catholicism contributes to the creation of the contest in which a primrose is seen, not as anything more than it is, not multiplied nor glorified nor transmuted: but as it might appear to a visitor from a planet of which the conditions do not allow of vegetable life. Hemingway's sense of the novelty of nature is not very far removed from the Byzantine sense of the strangeness of nature which T.E. Hulme identifies with the religious attitude.

ELSIE ELIZABETH PHARE

A WARNING AGAINST THE SEA

The wingèd oak, by the attractive worth¹
Of this hard faithful lover of the North,
Can double now the most tempestuous cape,
Nor island, fugitive, its track escape.

Tiphys the first unwieldy vessel steered
And Palinurus more;
And it was through that inland sea they veered,
Almost a tank in the surrounding shore,
Whose famous strait
Is pent up by the twin herculean gate.

Covetousness the pilot is to-day
Of wandering forests not inconstant trees,
She, Neptune aged father of the seas,
(Of whose proud realm in the diurnal way
– Born in the waves and in the waves to die –
The sun itself discerns no boundary),
Has left whiteheaded now with his own foam,
The utmost limits of the earth to roam.

Three fir trees late of this all-powerful one²
(Where hitherto no other sailor trod)
Wrested his trident from the watery god,
Kissing the turquoise curtains that the West
Has drawn around the azure couch of restlessly

Of the declining sun.

* * * *

And other ships to southern zones have sailed³
In a new sea, and there have freely gained
The snowy daughters of the lovely shell,
The homicidal metals found as well
That Midas' touch less copiously obtained.

It could not now this element suffice
In spumy cliffs to imitate the land,
To lead the grampus or to enlist the whale,
Or to defame, by whitening, the sand
With wreckage of the first rash enterprise
(Marks that the vulture, even, pitying sees)
So that such lamentable signs as these
Against the future efforts should prevail.

Thou, covetousness, thou,
Though second Charon of the Stygian deep,
All open graves the envying sea may keep
(Though destined for thy bones) disdainest now.

* * * *

That fixed armada in the eastern sea⁴
Of islands firm I cannot well describe,
Whose number, though for no lasciviousness

But for their sweetness and variety,
The beautiful confusion emulate
When in the pools of clear Eurotas rose
The virginal and naked hunting tribe,
– Whose cliffs the polished ivory express
Whose limbs the Parian marble imitate –
Well might Actæon lose himself for those—

But leave the wood of islets in their foam,⁵
Fragrant producers of the perfume sweet;
Egypt, the ancient source of this delight,
Delivered unto Nilus' mouths –to greet
 Epicurean Greece –
No spiky cloves but spurs to appetite,
– For till their importation into Rome
Cato was temperate and chaste Lucrece;—
In seas uncertain let it stay, my friend,
Where with my riches I was forced to part,
There worse, my son was doomed to meet his end,
His memory a vulture in my heart.

E.M. WILSON

¹ This is a translation from Gongora's long poem "Las Soledades." The lines translated are those of the "Primera Soledad" numbered 400-426, 437-453, and 488-509, in the edition of Sir Alfonso, whose interpretation and personal help have been invaluable in solving the difficulties of the original. An old man sees from the clothes worn by the hero that he has been recently shipwrecked, and warns him in the following discourse of the evils of navigation. The early part of his speech (not given here) describes first the fortitude of early mariners and then the properties of the lodestone.

² The discovery of America by Columbus.

³ Omitted lines deal with minor expeditions in the Panama isthmus. These refer to further American discoveries. The new sea is the Pacific Ocean discovered by Balboa.

⁴ Omitted lines about the voyages of Vasco de Gama and Magellan. These are the Oceanic islands of the South Pacific.

⁵ The Moluccas.

BOREAS

So cold is it, where my heart lies,
the very pulsings shiver on the ribs,
the reef, the icicles. Though no rocks stand
impregnable, the steely cold melts never.

From the frost's grip stretch out my tattered arms
sunwards beyond the arctic galleries
my grim anatomy.
The ache pierces more thought than body,
the pain
cries out continually for release.

I may creep, frozen, and burn my face
in black waters: but my desire
nowhere finds respite from the coughing blast.

Mind-body-prisons stiffen again again
beneath this midnight mockery of sun.

BASIL WRIGHT

SCENARIO FOR A FILM

Big square, with blazing lights and electric signs on all
sides. A clock is set amongst these signs of moving
engines, stars, advertisements, etc. Clock points to a
few minutes before eleven.
Rather emptyish square with a vacant garden.
Shots of streets, rather empty with stray taxis strolling.
Theatre fronts with "House Full" boards.
Shots of streets again.
Empty restaurants.
Thinly filled dance floors.
Tube stations.
Bus stops.
Streets, streets, streets.

Revert to first scene and electric signs, clock pointing few minutes after eleven.
Streets with gathering crowds.
People coming out of theatres and cinemas.
Crowds filling the streets.
Porter shouting for taxis.
Crowded bus stops.
Taxis and cars hurrying past full of gaily dressed theatre crowds.
Crowded tube stations.
Feet rushing downstairs.
Escalator full of people moves down slowly.
Hectic hands at ticket offices, automatic machines.
Automatic change machines.
Hands, hands, hurrying hands.
Crowds moving in all ways.
Shot of filled square.
Hotel sign "Kit Cat," "Chez Taglioni."
Restaurants and dance halls filling up.
Shot of feet dangling from high stools in a bar.
Hands frenziedly moving a cocktail shaker.
Dancing feet.
Orchestra playing.
Crowds in streets, vast crowds moving away in all directions.
Shot of thousands of backs walking away.
They walk off fast chattering gaily.
One back stands out of all the rest, just distinct enough to be noticed.
It seems slowly left behind all the crowds.
A back moving dragging footsteps.
The crowd thins and slowly the street grows empty.
The camera follows (long shot) this back slowly through lonely streets to the embankment.
A coffee stall, a row of taxis behind it, a bench in the background.
Taximen by the stall, chatting, smoking.
Shot of the river.
Dark, murky water, the moonbeams make silver patches here and there.

Big black barges, studded like rocks in the darkness. The moonlight just makes them visible.
 Shot of the shadow of the bridge on the river. The traffic on the bridge reflected vaguely in the water, like looming shadows.
 The figure slowly approaches the bench and sits down. (*MediumShot*)
 Turns up coat collar and shivers.
 Shot of a long stretch of street, dim taxi lamps twinkle in the distance, approach near and go past.
 Breeze in the leaves.
 Papers blown on the street.
 Shots of a few cars and tramcars passing.
 The murky river flows past.
 A policeman walks along.
 A pair of lovers go by clasping each other.
 A cat skulks round the coffee stall.
 The crowd at the stall grows smaller and smaller.
 Shot of the stall with only a few taxis.
 The bridge again – shadow in the river – little traffic.
 Stretch of empty road.
 Wind in the leaves.
 Papers in the streets.
 Only two taxis left.
 The coffeeman plays with the cat.
 The river, murky and dark.
 Trams pass by (shots to be taken alternatively from other side of the road and of the shadow of a tram passing on the embankment wall).
 Stretch of road, faint glimmer of headlamps, then it falls in a curve and a car approaches. It goes past.
 The tail-lamp slowly disappears in the darkness.
 The cat walks away.
 The taxis leave. Shot of the bridge and river.
 The coffee stall closing up.
 Still shot of massive iron bridge.
 Two huge road cleaners sweep by like machines of destruction.
 A policeman walks up, talks to the coffeeman, who puts out the lights and closes down.

They walk away.
A long stretch of empty road.
Breeze in the leaves.
Papers blown about.
A shot of the foggy river, very hazy.
The figure turns his head towards the river.
Murky, foggy river.
The street lamps go out one by one.
Slowly a man is seen approaching on a cycle. He is putting
the lamps out. The camera follows him as he slowly
recedes
into the darkness and disappears.
Silhouette of lonely figure.
Murky river, fog, fog, fog, loneliness.

NIKHIL N. SEN

HYMN FOR THE B.V.M.

I

Mountain of exaltation
upon whose fringes the houses of men
gather imploringly, seeking
to touch the ether's dust, thy mantle.
Teach us
to know loneliness thy soul!
In ecstasy the star's mist's
continuity and discontinuous stars –
(candles in Gothic,
brown empty beer-bottles gleaming warmly
by a frequented pleasure-river).
Teach us in loneliness to be whole,
Mountain of exaltation!
We to the fringe of thy mantle
clinging imploringly seeking
a face, seeking the gentleness of
hands
wordless intangible answer
Passivity divine,
whose hem our million hands
terrified grasp, incline

thy stillness down to us!

Our bounded senses five
submit in adoration
though knowing not thy face
beyond the scan of eyes
spatial of range, that know
only the bijouterie
upon thy mantle's flow.

II

Mater castissima
ora pro nobis
thou who hast mantled
thine image profanely
with vulcanite street-songs
stalls at the playhouse
(whitemass and candlemass)
race cards and wine butts
(This is my body)
Lips of a harlot
gutter-thumbed fictions.

Mater altissima
ora pro nobis
thou who art distant
in blue fields and starways
knowing no weariness,
shadowless rising
when we oppress thee
with love and clamoration.

Regina coeli;
ora pro nobis
Love that is troubled not
grant us thy stillness
grant us thy loneliness
when we oppress thee
with love and clamoration
terrified grasping
the hem of thy mantle.

KATHLEEN RAINÉ

GIOVANNA D'ARAGONA, DUCHESSA DI
AMALFI. 1478-1512

Giovanna d' Aragona *famosa per la sua bellezza e leggiadria*, was born a bastard. So was her father, Enrico marchese di Gerace, and so was one of her two brothers, the cardinal of Aragon and bishop of Aversa. The family name, then, for whose damage she was put away, was represented by four people of whom only one was legitimate.

She was married young to Alfonso I, a Piccolomini, duke of Amalfi, and bore him two children: a daughter, who died, and a posthumous son, Alfonso, later to become Alfonso II, whose cowardice led him to abdicate before the invading army of the French king Charles VIII.

Her story begins to be dramatic after the death of her husband. "She was born a bastard," says Camera, "but adorned with gentle and courteous ways, and with sentiments more than kind and charitable." She was also a capable woman. She payed off her husband's debts, to the extent of seventeen thousand ducats. After a year of youthful widowhood she began to feel the necessity of another master, and decided to re-marry, but "at the very thought that she would have to leave her little son under the care and government of another, she was compelled to abandon all idea of it." "Nevertheless, stimulated and over-powered by the most ardent passion for the neapolitan *cavaliere*, Antonio Bologna, they gave themselves together to luxurious delights." A lover, her historian explains, could not interfere with the education of her children.

Antonio Bologna was "a bold young man, very expert in the manage of arms and chivalry, and also valiant at singing and playing on the late." She pursued and made him her *maggior-domo*.

"Incessantly occupied with their love, both passed every moment of their lives together, to pour out upon each other lively caresses, and yield to enjoyments, so that they became clandestine mates. And much time had not passed before a little boy was born from such a coupling, by name Frederico, who was secretly brought up with great care."

In due time a second child was born. Its name and sex are unknown. The duchess was still on good terms with her brother in 1509, and exchanged visits with them. The cardinal, whose name was Ludovico, and don Carlo, who was to accede to his father's title in 1519, came to visit the corpse of Saint Andrew on the fourteenth of August, at Amalfi. They went away perfectly satisfied, and provided miraculously with manna by that apostle, a provision which he still makes four times every year. The duchess returned their call, but, on coming back to the arms of Antonio, "reverted to her habitual intemperances and became incinct for the third time"-a son, Alfonso. "This new confinement, however, although kept extremely secret, was shortly revealed to her brothers, who both, flown with fury at the affront offered to their name, and not knowing its author, betook themselves hotly to spy it out. - But the spruce of Bologna (*il drudo Bologna*) had already figured the tempest which must discharge itself upon his head," and fled to Ancona, taking with him his sons and daughter. He seems throughout to have been fonder of his children than of his mistress, and she to have been fonder of him than of them. She decided to follow, on the pretence of visiting the santa casa di Loretto, and arrived in Ancona, November 1510.

There she assembled her whole retinue in one room and revealed her secret in the following speech: "It is at length time, my gentlemen, and you my other servants, that I should make manifest to the whole world what has already been done before the face of God. To me, being a widow, it seemed right to marry, and to take such a husband as my judgment should have elected. I should therefore say that there are already some years passed since I wedded, in the presence of this my waiting woman here, il Signor Antonio Bologna, whom you see. He is my legitimate husband, and with him, since his I am, I intend to remain. These my ladies, whose dowries I caused to be deposited in the band of Paolo Tolosa before I left the dutchy, you will accompany to Amalfi - for of other ladies in waiting I now want no more with me than my maid. And if of the servants there should perhaps be anyone who would care to stay, he shall be well treated. . . And, to conclude, I am more happy to live privately with Signor Antonio my husband, than to remain a Duchess."

She gave birth to a fourth baby. The cardinal of Aragon has church influence – the cat, of course, was now out of the bag; it was, indeed, all over the city of Naples, and observed by Giacomo the Notary – by which he persuaded cardinal Sigismondo Gonzaga di Mantova to expel the unhappy pair from Ancona. They trailed across Italy to Siena, and the hospitality of one of Antonio's friends, but the brothers were merciless. The church and state again rejected them by the act of Borghese, the governor, whose brother, cardinal Petrucci, was allied to Ancona. So driven from place to place they determined to try Venice and dragged through Tuscany and Romagna, seeking a boat. Near Forlì they saw in the distance a troop of horse. “Il Bologna, as if dumbfounded at the sight of peril, having bid farewell to the duchess, spurring his horse, escaped, together with his son Frederico and four other servants, by flight. But the duchess, who was travelling behind them in a litter, not being able to follow after, was taken with her suite.” The captain of the troop treated her kindly, and she was escorted back to Amalfi in doubt but hope. There she was “violently imprisoned and mysteriously shut up, with her faithful waiting woman, in the bail of the old tower of Amalfi, where, a few days later, they were barbarously strangled, and their bodies secretly buried !!”

Antonio remained hidden in Padua for some months, but the brothers' resentment sought him out, and “there, surprised by the treachery of captain Daniello da Bozzolo, he fell miserably under the daggers of his assassins.” His body is said to be buried in the church of the Carmellites, with the following inscription on his stone:

**LUX ANTENOREI LARIS DECUSQUE
MARTIS GLORIA CUI PAREM PERACTA
NEC PRAESENTIA NEC DABUNT FUTURA
SAECULA EUGANEI DOLENTE COETU
HIC ANTONIUS SITUS EST BOLOGNA.**

I owe the above narrative to a book now unobtainable, the *Memorie Storico-Diplomatiche dell' Antica Città e Ducato di*

Amalfi, by Matteo Camera, a worthy who, judging by his Christian name, must have been a native of Salerno; his statue now adorns the sea-front of Amalfi – standing next to the statue of a gentleman who never existed but was thought to have discovered the compass. Both Camera and the phantom navigator illustrate the southern magnanimity which is alien to pettifogging questions. The former is mentioned by Mr. F. L. Lucas with the following note: “C. needs checking: but gives some interesting details and documents.” One of the documents cited by Camera, the *Amori di d. D. Antonio Bologna con Giovanna d'Aragona duchessa di Amalfi – Biblioteca Brancacciana di Napoli scanz. o. piedestallo segn. 45; 7.*, I do not find mentioned my Mr. Lucas, but on the whole *Memorie Storico-Diplomatiche* are historically quite valueless beside the Introduction which Mr. Lucas has prefixed to his Duchess of Malfi. They should be compared with it. I hope that intrinsically, and even if only as a comment upon Camera, who must have been a charming old gentleman, they merited translation.

The tower in which the duchess was strangled stands in a fine state of preservation over the town. The oubliette in which she was “mysteriously shut up” lies under the tower, and is itself a grave; it has no windows. Her summer palace stands in ruins on the opposite side of the valley. It consisted of two vaulted rooms, one over the other, and is now shared with a goat by a man with one eye.

Standing upon its roof one can see the silhouette of a woman, perhaps a mile and a half long, lying up the slope of Cape d'Orso; it is known locally as “the Duchess” of “the Turk,” and the nose is slightly bulbous.

T.H. WHITE

PRAYER

Tighten, Astarte, my lids,
let me have, that died
three seasons ago, burial.
I will make flutes of my bones, flags and torches
and the flesh be thanksgiving,
and put off these women's garments
and uncover again the scarred place.
Once I ran in the streets shouting
coming among your servants.
Remember now goddess the time of my vigour
and the broken vessels.
For I have sat long propped against the gate
with the sun over my shoulder and the night
and where the mouth was wind.
Locusts out of the desert brought dry thighs
to cover me, and heat eating my hands, bone's heat
pressed between my thighs, spear's heat and brass
and fever pounding the blind hollows.
Astarte goddess remember now the night I lay with you
and knew there would be morning,
I have looked up and seen the scarlet
drawn over my eyes my throat that you have taken
and drained out beaten between your hands broken, my
eyes
were not afraid.
This night remember me
whom you chose once and made barren
and put apart from those sleeping:
remember my pride among the people:
let me not be eaten up with the white ant
nor the jackals
to tatter this flesh once yours
nor the crows.
Beat out my eyes and the broken mouth that
remembers
only earth, bruise me and blind me, there was death
my lids gape for burial.
Astarte after the hemlock poppy
and after poppy
Astarte.

J. BRONOWSKI

THE PRIMITIVE IN MODERN ART

As a reaction from the complication of modern civilization art is becoming rapidly more and more primitive. Or rather, it is endeavouring to do so. And the measure of its success differs in different forms of art. Almost complete success in music, almost complete failure in poetry, queer red-herring aberrations in painting.

In music are found some of the strongest indications of the tendency to the primitive, and the most successful attempts to follow it. This issue has been confused by moral and racial prejudices. Jazz, one of the most important parts of the general movement, is called "negroid," "decadent." And therefore to regard jazz seriously is to pander to the new rich, to enable them to feel cultured simply by continuing their fox-trots at the Savoy instead of making them go and crane their necks at ceilings in Italy. The music, as its worshippers, is degenerate, fit only for the low black man (quite often the same people condemn jazz as "negroid" and, a little later tell us that the black man is out brother). All this is quite irrelevant. It merely happened, entirely by chance, that among the negroes was preserved a strongly rhythmical form of music. Western Civilisation required music of this kind, and it was at once adopted. Really the Eskimos would have done quite as well, only they did not happen to have just what we wanted.

Of course commercial jazz has not achieved anything. It is obviously much too conscious of its audience. Occasionally some genuinely expressive piece of work slips in, but the main importance of commercial jazz has been its influence on more sincere musicians. Stravinsky is the obvious example. He writes better jazz *qua* jazz than is found in the average musical comedy. Of the smaller people Greunberg in America deserves the most notice. He writes competently and with a proper deference to the original negro tradition, which has tended to become a little obscured in the process of Westernization.

The child-cult aberrations so common in painting (for example, that of Paul Klee) find their counterpart in the movement of "Les Six." In the whole Bela Bartok's view is just – "they began by being simple, and ended by being simpletons." Very charming and amusing, no doubt, but like children playing marbles in a cul-de-sac.

Many other composers work in strongly rhythmical patterns unaffected by jazz. Prokofiev, Bartok, de Falla, Varese and others. The obvious question is, how does their work differ from the older composers? Obviously all music is rhythmical, Bach, Mozart, Beethoven are all intensely rhythmical. The answer to the question is simply a dogma – that the rhythmical element is now much stronger. Supported a little by the increased use of percussion instruments, carried to extremes in the case of Varese, more effectively used by Webern. There is also Bartok's use of the piano purely as percussion instrument.

Probably the main difference is that slow rhythms are now strongly marked where only fast ones were used before. A Brandenburg Concerto may be rhythmical enough, but only in fast movements. And it seems reasonable to suppose that the most exciting rhythms are those slightly faster than the beat of the human pulse. Psychologists can be found to substantiate this, among them William James. Compare the stage instruction for the tom-tom in Eugene O'Neill's "Emperor Jones." "It starts at a rate directly corresponding to a normal pulse beat – 72 to the minute – and continues at a gradually accelerating rate from this point uninterrupted to the very end of the play." This, of course, will include all the most exciting beats. It seems reasonable to draw the distinction between the primitive and sophisticated rhythms on some such basis as this: primitive rhythms, strongly accented beats of 75-90 to the minute; sophisticated rhythms, beats over 90, complicated and often obscured by melodic figures, or slower beats not strongly accented. The actual figures need more careful and intelligent psychological investigation than they have yet been given.

At certain rates percussion instruments, even quite softly played, can produce a direct and satisfying, almost physiological, effect on the ear. This is the true primitive type of music.

In poetry the same tendencies have been felt; but they have been followed in rather curious ways. In ways that do not seem very satisfactory. The cult of the primitive has taken the form of interest in early and tribal customs, comparative mythology, etc. Or in a violent exploitation of sex and bloodshed. All this is probably a step in the right direction, but by itself it is not enough. Rhythm is just as important in poetry as in music. And no very strong attempt has yet been made to find equivalents in rhythm for the primitive subject matter. Vachel Lindsay tried very hard, and certainly achieved a great deal. It is a little difficult to understand why he is out of fashion. Possibly because he represents the "art of the degenerate black man."

It may, of course, be doubted that it is possible to achieve primitive rhythm in poetry. Certainly one of the essentials is slowness of beat. Which is notoriously hard to obtain. But there are examples. One of the best is the piece of ancient Latin poetry, "Hymn of the Aval Brotherhood." This is an odd ritual song with immense rhythmical effect. The obvious way to perform it is to shout in unison, in the manner of an American college "yell."

Enos. Lases. iuvate.

enos. Lases. iuvate.

enos. Lases. iuvate.

neve lue rue. Marmar, sins incurrere in pleoris

neve lue rue. Marmar, sins incurrere in pleoris

neve lue rue. Marmar, sins incurrere in pleoris

satur fu, fere Mars: limen sali: sta berber,

satur fu, fere Mars: limen sali: sta berber,

satur fu, fere Mars: limen sali: sta berber,

semunis alturnei advocapit conctos,
semunis alturnei advocapit conctos,
semunis alturnei advocapit conctos,
 enos Marmor iuvato.
 enos Marmor iuvato.
 enos Marmor iuvato.
triumpe triumpe triumpe triumpe triumpe.

The management of the rhythm here is superb. First the double beat is established "Enos Lases invate." Then it is made faster "neve lue rue etc." Then comes the great crashing line of double beats "Satur fu fere Mars: limen sali: sta berber."¹Next the running triplets of "semunis alturnei . . . etc.," leading the beat back to the double time of the opening. This is the true type of primitive rhythm, with beats unconfused and at the right pace. Compared, for example with Bernard's "De Vita Mundi" or Eliot at the close of part iii. of the "Waste Land," it has a directness of rhythmical effect which is much more satisfying to the modern mind. Cummings has come nearest to this standard, mainly because the rhythm of his verse is very slow and often too staccato to be pleasing.

This is obviously one line of development for modern English poetry. The woolliness of the language is yielding to treatment. Soon a clearly cut instrument will be ready to hand with which it will be easy to achieve genuinely primitive beats. And essential.

HUGH SYKES

¹ Mr. Garrod, of Oxford, has suggested alternative readings in this line which ruin the rhythm, for the sake of the sense! A fairly typical piece of unenlightened academicism.

RETROSPECT

The yellow and late year stood
ready to make the branches royal for winter
setting its furs
as about bare shoulders

You princess in april you were shy fingers
giving your daffodils
secretly
You were crocuses

Summer renounces spring
After the heat
you were dry petals
and colour burnt from you
you were prepared for winter

that with short days came
and on that day the snow
Slowly
thee white flakes of your words reproached me
pressed me against with pain
Do you recall
how shaking myself from snow I turned
and silenced you with distance

You have buried under snow
leaves that were once the summer
and in april
buds

J. M. REEVES

SPECULATION IN MALTA

We have travelled to a new country
a region of hills
where the sky is a frosted glass
splintered with branches
Winter piles up against the window ledges
and in our hearts the drifts deepen
We are in a new country
and estranged

Were you to die here
being delicate
were you to die after a season
and winter to surrender the hilltops finally
would not the whiteness melt from our hearts
and the rivers break
and I be left
alone in the sunlight in a new country

Hereabouts they tell me
winter is long months
almost to forgetting spring

J. M. REEVES

CINEMATIC IDIOM

“Est-ce un film? Non c'est un Piano.”

LOUIS DELLUC

First Richter, now Deslaw and Francis Brugière have made studies in pure cinema, and the results of their work are seldom seen and seldom appreciated if seen.

James Huneker said “a photograph is a picture when it combines significant subject matter, composition and atmosphere.” He spoke of still photographs and with a great vagueness, but he saw the necessity for a pure basic technique in photography of single images just as the experimenters in pure cinema to-day know that the future of all interpretative cinema depends upon the efficient development of a pure cinema technique. They are learning to walk before trying to run, and incidentally they are beginning to walk beautifully.

This beauty that pure cinema is achieving implies art, and to examine such an art it must be resolved by an arbitrary process in to its essentials. The essentials of significant pure cinema are two.

- Significant composition of the individual image with regard to the rhythm in which it is involved.
- Significant rhythm of such significant images.

In practice these two essentials are inseparable, they are complementary and constitute the foundation of all cinema, theoretically we may separate them trying the while to keep in mind their relation and its importance to the idiom of pure and interpretative cinema.

Taking first significant composition in pure cinema as typified in abstract films (films of the first degree). –

Naturally pure forms are the basic necessity of composition in pure cinema, but pure forms theoretically often have intellectual associations depending upon the experience of individual human sensibilities. Such forms are deprived thus in certain cases of their essential purity and cannot form part of a composition in pure cinema. A being who had never experienced a plate might consider it a pure form, but those who have eaten off one cannot. The bond of various association is too strong.

Pure forms may not in themselves be significant, but they constitute a material of which significant abstract compositions may be made.

Such compositions will have many points in common with significant composition in any other form of abstract graphic art but a certain "camera effect" distinguishes all cinematic composition. The nature in detail of the "camera effect" is continuously variable, but certain general principles may be suggested. The first and most general distinction is one of colour, the whole range of colour effects as opposed to tone values. The cinematic process is capable of registering with considerable accuracy (on panchromatic film only) the various tone graduations in any particular composition. Thus the significance of any abstract composition in pure cinema is dependent upon tone values and not colour values. Outline and mass are recorded proportionally with a fair accuracy on film but, as in other graphic arts, the binocular effect is not directly obtained.

The integral rhythm of any composition in pure cinema is separate from the general rhythmic structure of the suite of images in which it may occur. Films have been made in which a series of images, which are individually stationary compositions or stills, follow one another in a certain rhythmic sequence. It is questionable whether such a sequence constitutes cinema: I suggest that it does not, but that it is merely a mechanical development of the lantern slide story. The true cinema rhythm is complex and difficult to resolve. A single shot may well consist of some fifty images and may have an individual rhythm. It may be followed by a totally different shot with its particular rhythm. This may continue indefinitely until the film reaches completion. Obviously the order and the relative length of these shots constitutes a controlling rhythm in the film. This controlling rhythm is really what determines the worth of a film as a whole. The rhythm of individual shots is the means of controlling the feeling in a particular series of images. In the old days of the cinema, shots were long and complex, they were strung together without a thought of the controlling rhythm: today, the tendency is to have short shots of greater insignificant subject matter intensity (achieved by a certain regard to significant composition) which are very much more flexible and can be fitted in to a significant controlling rhythm. Thus some

films to-day achieve a certain degree of artistic consistency. This shortening down of individual shots is a simple matter in abstract films. A spinning cube may continue to spin until the producer estimates that the shot has been sufficiently long to fit nicely into his preconceived rhythm, but let us pass on to the second degree of films where the length of a shot dictates the composition of the individual images of which it is composed.

To pass from the first degree of films to the second degree is to pass from the purely æsthetic to the æsthetically interpretive, it is to pass from the flat round piece of porcelain to the plate. The change is common to most art forms, but unfortunately the commercial cinema came before the artistic cinema. Consequently the artistic cinema has had to go back and make abstract films in order to discover the elements of which it is composed. It has incidentally profited immensely by the technical perfections essential to the practice of commercial cinematography and the commercial cinema has, in its turn, poached upon the preserves of the artistic cinema. The danger is, of course, that they will find a compromise and a common level of mediocrity.

The second degree of films may be divided into two sections, object films or films not directly connected with humans and films about humans. The object film category is not large and the object film is devoid of any definite pictorial sequence. It may however, by means of association, stimulate various trains of thought in the minds of spectators. The technique is that of an abstract film, but the controlling rhythm is to a certain extent influenced by the associations which individual shots must bear. The essential in the object film is that the intellectual stimulus derived from it should have continuity. Such continuity is difficult to achieve on account of that fact that the mentalities of the spectators differ both in regards to experience and speed. Here one of the greatest cinema problems looms up, that of a temporal expressionism based, together with the whole cinematic phenomena, upon the optical speed of the human eye. An effective controlling rhythm means at some times the compression of intellectual matter into a certain length of shot; when a shot loses length it must become more intense or it will not convey its meaning. When the interest of a shot is purely compositional its relative duration is not of such great importance, but when, as in all films which

trains of thought whether by means of objects or persons, the interest of the shot is intellectual, its length must be the subject of all-important consideration. The need for compression and intensity in shots leads to the use of symbols, and the correct structure of a cinematic symbol is a matter for considerable discussion. Let us take Eisenstein's sailor symbol in *Potemkin*, which is reproduced here. Eisenstein wished widely to convey the significance of the mutinous sailors and incidentally the significance of the mutiny. He therefore chose a sailor whose face is intense and characteristic, who conveys little personality through his features. He is, as if carved from stone, a significant object. To heighten the objective effect of this shot Eisenstein cast the shadow of an iron grill upon the man. The effect of this shadow is amazing: the sailor is an object-symbol. An interesting light upon this effect is shed by a still reproduced from "Machines in Motion," an object film by Eugène Deslaw. The technical affinity of these two shots is evident although they were separately conceived. The Deslaw shot is abstract and has only the general symbolic value of all machinery, whereas the Eisenstein shot is a definite object-symbol. These object-symbols are common in the Russian school of cinema. Pudovkin makes continual and most effective use of them. His object-symbols are usually inanimate objects such as the hammer in the father's hand and the flag both from "Mother." The still reproduced from and unfinished production called "The Way," by Francis Brugière, considered by itself, is an example of the object-pattern superbly composed. It very probably has a symbolic value but as the film was never finished we cannot be certain of this.

The object-symbol is significant in the controlling rhythm of a film but has rarely any integral rhythmic phrases throughout a film. Development of rhythm in individual shots has been the aim of Man Ray. A still from his film, *Etoile de Mer* is reproduced. The composition consists of objects in movement, it is split up into a number of sections and each section is a separate shot; each shot has a rhythm of its own. The principle is that of all composite photography. Man Ray has merely introduced interesting elaboration. The possibilities of interpretative cinema are wider

than those of any other form of graphic art, because the cinematic idiom allows of a distortion in time. This immunity from the ordinary laws of time is perhaps the greatest advantage of the cinema, and upon it are based all photoplays, good, bad and indifferent.

G.F. NOXON

DECLINE OF PHÆTHON

i 40-Phæthon's
leash more suns
for caravan
with your boy's-span
more zodiac's bears
than eye unbars
show-crabs and goats
than telescopes
yet must decline
in rounded time
of 40 suns
I, – Phæthon's!

and suffer this preferment
because you pierce dreams
because you overhang
night's snarl with body's-fang
see where my blood
 streams

in the firmament

HUGH SYKES

RESURRECTION

*On the resurrection morning, soul and body meet again
No more weeping, no more sorrow, no more pain.*

Long was our putrefaction
Our bodies wilting and our minds
Hanging like vapours in the visible air.
A gradual process.
The wood of our coffins fell in the end to
pieces
And our bodies
Lost their contour in the damp earth.
Ur minds congealed, for the time being,
Stagnant almost
And then vanished, sifting apart
Like diffusing smoke.
The end came but days after.

Stupefied we emerge
A blown trumpet in our sounding ears
Flesh on our collected bones
And our cancelled minds
Quickening to a half-glow our previous
brains.

We died and ended
(So we thought)
With a dead and ending world.
Now we wait
Not knowing how long we putrefied
Nor to what end the trump sounded
But asking
(Our minds albeit stiff from the slow disuse)
Asking
Why the long putrefaction?
And demanding
(The world being, after all, without end)
A torch to plunge in the chasm
To illuminate a little the vista
Of apparently unending
Days.

WILLIAM ARCHER

“THE SACRAFICE”

George Herbert's poems are usually more “personal” and renaissance than this one, about which I am printing some notes. Here the speaker is Jesus, instead of Herbert, the subjects doctrinal, and the method that strange monotony of accent, simplicity of purpose, and rarefied intensity of feeling, which belongs to a scholastic abstraction, come to life on the stage of a Miracle play.

They did accuse me of great villainy
That I did thrust unto the Deity,
Who never thought that any robbery:
Was ever grief like mine?

Some said that I the temple to the floor
In three days razed, and raised as before.
Why, he that built the world can do much more.
Was ever grief like mine?

Typical of the thought is the pun on *raised*, in which the opposite senses are relevant to the one miracle, and that the passage quoted as refrain (Is there any sorrow like unto my sorrow?) referred not to the Christ but to the city of Jerusalem, forsaken by God, and in the hands of her enemies for her sins.

Then they condemn me all, with that same breath
Which I do give them daily, unto death;
Thus Adam my first breathing rendereth:
Was ever grief like mine?

Me all, they all condemn me, they condemn the whole of me (I am Jerusalem and include them), they condemn me unto the total death of which I am not capable¹; also *unto death*, they condemn me to death, they condemn me and thus call down their own destruction, I give them breath daily till their death, and unto death finally shall I give them; so that *rendereth* includes repay me for my goodness and give up the ghost, both at their eventual death and in their now killing me. The same fusion of the love of Christ and the vindictive terrors of the sacrificial idea turns up in his advice to his dear friends not to weep for him, for *because* he has wept for *both* (when in his agony they abandon him), they would

¹Hark how they cry aloud still Crucify.
He do not fit to live a day, they cry;
Who cannot live less than eternally.
Was ever grief like mine?

be wise to keep their tears for their own fortunes. In each case, of course, the stress of the main meaning is on the loving kindness of Jesus; it is only because this presentment of the sacrificial idea is so powerfully and beautifully imagined that all its impulses are involved. An amusing example is

Now heal thyself, Physician, now come down;
Alas, I did so, when I left my crown
And father's smile for you to feel his frown.
Was ever grief like mine?

The secondary meaning, taking *you* with *feel*, (I come not to bring peace, but a sword) was a later refinement, and the Williams manuscript reads *to feel for you*.

Ah, how they scourge me! yet my tenderness
Doubles each lash; and yet their bitterness
Winds up my grief to a mysteriousness.
Was ever grief like mine?

Doubles, because I feel pain so easily, because I feel it painful they should be so cruel, because I feel it painful they should be so unjust, because my tenderness enrages them, because my tenderness (being in fact power) will return each stroke upon them (better were it for that man if he had never been born), because I take upon myself those pains also. *Mysteriousness*, because the bitterness in them of (for various reasons) due to them produces grief no-one can fathom, or because it dramatizes that grief into a form that can show itself (the original meaning) to a crowd (as the scourgers also are a crowd), wound up like a string to give out music, and echoing in the mind, repeatable, as a type of suffering.

Behold they spit on me in scornful wise
Who with my spittle gave the blind man eyes,
Leaving his blindness to mine enemies.
Was ever grief like mine?

Leaving them his blindness wilfully, the conceit implies, as cruel judgment upon my enemies, that they should in consequence spit upon me. (Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do). Only the speed, compactness and isolation of Herbert's method could handle in this way impulses of such reach and complexity.

Then on my head a crown of thorns I wear
For these are all the grapes Zion doth bear
Though I my vine planted and watered there.
Was ever grief like mine?

So sits the earth's great curse in Adam's fall
Upon my head: so I remove it all
From the earth onto my brows, and bear the thrall.
Was ever grief like mine?

The thorns of the curse upon Adam, the wild grapes of the wicked city against which Isaiah thundered destruction, and the crown of vine-leaves of the Dionysiac revellers (and their descendants the tragedians) – all this is lifted onto the head of the Christ from a round world, similar to it, in the middle distance; the world, no longer at the centre of man's vision, of Copernican astronomy. Donne might possibly have been as clever as that, but he would never have kept it in the frame of monotonous and rather naïve pathos, of fixity of doctrinal outlook, of heart-rendering and straightforward grandeur.

They bow their knees to me, and cry Hail King.
Whatever scoffes or scornfulness can bring
I am the floor, the sink, where they it fling.
Was ever grief like mine?

Yet since man's scepters are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloody their weeds,
I, who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds.
Was ever grief like mine?

I, out of my mercy making their sins as few as possible, reflect that I am indeed a king, and so worthy of mockery; because all kings are as inferior (weak outcast or hated) as this; because I am king of kings, and all kings are inferior to me; or because from my outcast kingship of mockery all real kingship takes its strength (the divine right of kings, for instance, and the relief of popular irritation under lords of misrule; he has united Herod and Pilate, and his scarlet robe of princes shows that only his blood can repair man's decay).

Oh, all ye who pass by, behold and see;
Man stole the fruit, but I must climb the tree,
The tree of life, to all but only me.
Was ever grief like mine?

Supported by the tradition that the Cross was made from the wood of forbidden trees, the Freudian boys stealing from their

father's orchard are carried into apotheosis, with the complete quotation from Jeremiah, and

So there I hang, charged with a world of sin,
The greater world of the two,

as the complete Christ; scape-goat and tragic hero; loved because hated; hated because godlike; freeing from torture because tortured; torturing his torturers because all-merciful; source of all strength to men because by accepting he exaggerates their weakness; and, because outcast, creating the possibility of society.

Between two thieves I spend my utmost breath,
As one that for some robbery suffereth.
Alas, what have I stolen from you? Death.
Was ever grief like mine?

Herbert deals in this poem, on the scale necessary to it, with the most complicated and deeply rooted notion of the human mind.

WILLIAM EMPSON

THIS IS

Symbol, take all my heart, my mind,
Ravish me, and in your element
Collect my flashes that whip your sky,
Thus I may be man's instrument,
Knowing he up to doom reaches,
Strikes night's one bloom, breaks through
To thee, white Ghost! And beyond beauty
Hope, love, and pain are new.
The old destroyers fall away,
Time, space, decay, doubt;
Now my serene being is breathing
Powerfully, not hungering out.
Passionate I, who know it not,
Ghostness trembling cold, not hot.

RICHARD EBERHART

BORDEAUX AFTERNOON

Had not your attic been so curved and dry a cave
you would have seen how the fallen light stooped
into a cave in afternoon
to have felt the claptrap afternoon
of streets and courtyards in Bordeaux
you would have been in the rain to sudge
into the pink garbage of the salmon tins
in courtyards in Bordeaux
and the crept dead in the courtyards
eating from tins with toothpicks
in Bordeaux courtyards
and you would have seen the barracks at Bordeaux
hedged in with baby carriages
and the dust fields steaming in the straight rain
O it would have been so warmly in the rain to wonder
in an afternoon to wonder in the steep streets
to feel any purple thunder
in an attic in Bordeaux
see how there is no thunder
in all the rain in courtyards in Bordeaux
there is no thunder
in the steep slept streets
of tropical Bordeaux
but a shuffling of the red rimmed dishes
in the brown mens fat lipped uttering
in the difficult and brown awned cafés
in tropical Bordeaux in cafés
men are talking.

G.F. NOXON

“QUEL CHE NON FU FATTO, IO LO SOGNAI”

To walk through the streets at night and watch yourself multiplying in the shadows, which entice and pursue, so that past and future are one in you, free-will blending with determinism – that is to march in your irrevocable steps. And as you swing by, observing the lamps that nod and hiss in your stride, search and find where the shadows mutter clearest, and, should they be framed fleetingly crystallised in hyperbolic unity in any expanse of glass, stand and pin the oneness thus accomplished with a lingering look, focussing your eyes in a formulated question, asking in unbroken silence how you are related and whether being is always being thus and whether seeing is always seeing thus.

Then you may realise that to face life thus is to have it foretold by gazing on it, and you may feel that seeing your past and future arm in arm, one-headed, is to have them unified in yourself. So you rest with a sense, a flavour of what will come as a reminiscence after it had come when the curve of action had been dimmed just as now its peculiarity had not yet been foreshadowed. This sense of your predetermination will be confirmed if you abstract yourself, while still fixing the arrested shadow with your question, from the scene, as you can easily do, into a room conjured up and fashioned by you – a room which mirrored in your mind shall be all mirrors.

Here you will soon observe your dynamic self pirouetting in a hundred mirrors of all shapes and sizes, concave, convex, and seemingly straightforward. Reflected there you will see yourself magnifying magnifying till you have a feeling of minuteness as if under a microscope. There you will be anatomised into distinct states of being with the bright dividing skill of Picasso, mind and body, to rearrange yourself in a puzzling pattern, seeing face lines, here gathering in a frown, there dispersing in a smile; eyes gazing squarely, spreading concentrically, then narrowing eastwards into almonds; elliptic body curves swelling or tensing with a flow of muscle; a rectangular head of hair sparkling at the edges; and hands tapering or bulging, stretching out or sinking. There, too, lurks a shape, making itself more or less apparent, instinct with life and unity, which yet reflects your blood, parodies

your features, and burlesques your actions. Besides, there us a movement of lips, and modulations full the air as if a filming camera were being turned. The cinematic mirrors rotate impulsively, throwing fractions of your being from mirror to mirror, particles that acquiesce or struggle, turning statuesque or beating the air ill the room is full of invisible undulations, which are all of you that will remain and move – all, with the exception perhaps of those colours on the wall there blended to eternity in your resemblance. That is the static you having a dynamism but not of you: that is the painted you movingly outlined in energised facets reflected from another mirror, another mind, another star, so being another you again.

But, with a start, darkness floods the room, and you are extroverted, not writing thus, not looking thus, for then “you” are only what you might have been, what you might have felt or seen.

You are the shadows going before and after, now penned into a harmony that might have been.

GEORGE REAVEY

NARCISSIAN

Alone
mute candlelight in walls

lip-love your challenge
you drooped your mouth low into the flame
shadow to waver from still adamant
shadow shadow your breast
against forgetting

now my eyes tremble
ever blank steadiness of no one
ever your love's transparency
and my lips are torn

O.W. REYNOLDS

TO MAIA

World's mere environment;
Time's no sequence. She, she's
The adored Everything, noon's
Sun's blaze, night's moon's shine,
The arc between she dances on
She is, the rhythmic rope, the dancer.
Ask her not her answerless answer.

Now Italy's a place; march
The dance hours breast to back: she,
She's Mortal, April's immanent woman,
Without ultimate rhythm; of motion
More like the mind that thinks on her,
Muted, than universal wonder,
That reason's ponder and plunder.

RICHARD EBERHART

Edited by J. Bronowski and Hugh Sykes

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EXPERIMENT

We are concerned with all the intellectual interests of the University. We do not confine ourselves to the work of English students, nor are we at pains to be littered with the illustrious dead and dying. Our plan has been one of uncompromising independence: therefore not a line in these pages has been written by any but degreeless students or young graduates. It has been our object to gather all and none but the not yet too ripe fruits of art, science and philosophy at the University. We did not wish so much that our articles should be sober and guarded as that they should be stimulating and lively and take up a strong line. We were prepared in fact to give ourselves away.

– *From EXPERIMENT No.1, 1928.*

Contributions for “Experiment,” No. 5, should be sent to J. Bronowski, Jesus College.

We have been asked to draw the attention of our readers to a series of poems by Cambridge Poets, entitled *Songs for Sixpence*, which is being published in Cambridge.

SYNOPSIS: MIRROR TO INTROSPECTION

The new smell came from the daffodils, that was it. Another morning . . . One nail was too long: funny how it had grown longer than the others, the roughness caught against the sheet. The bed-clothes were just right, not heavy and not trailing on one side. A comfortable awakening, really – she opened her eyes comfortably and saw the daffodils. Orange was tiresome, but the daffodils looked nice in the orange bowl. A happy idea. The curtains ought to have been blue, a sentimental blue, nobody could use green: the green carpet looked quite unsafe at times, she had said to herself (it wasn't the same green as the daffodils). . . Her proportions were good, generally, and that meant a sense of humour. She took her chances. She had announced – naturally, it was called a confession – that Success lay in the attainment of perspective. She reasoned it out, afterwards: her social asset was the trick of doing that fort of thing safely. How awful to find your remarks empty when you took them home. . . Her friends thought epigrams were a frolic in their lives. Busy lives. Poor dears, it was easy to strike at their foundations – a respect for the Continental brain which had to embrace Fauvism, and a distrust of eugenics. They crept to the Ballet, waiting patiently to reveal a lust for Mandelsohn. Spring Song – a voice for daffodils. They wrote rather insincere poetry, the best of which had the effect they intended. O for the good old days of Proust, and Petrouchka on the gramophone. Intellect was difficult to wield now that sex was irretrievably distinct from Sunday plays and the cinema killed each art in turn. Sentimentalists. Her own selfishness was so much less ineffectual. . . She had beauty, her good taste in dress was set down by an enlightened age as fashion. She lived alone, wanting to live alone: everyone despised her because she was neither a pervert or a whore. Her efforts to fix a happy medium stirred no interest. Life was for her the inflection of personality, mentally. But creation should be more than a rhythm, perhaps after all she was wrong to be content. Her chastity might be no chastity, only a gage to which she denied the flinging-down. Picturesque, at any rate. Love was a matter of nightingales, and violins, and. . . and, of course, daffodils. . .

O.W. REYNOLDS

SECOND WOOING OF PROMETHEUS
(An Exploit of Phæthon)

Pray you, step softly.
no, no, softer,
this night is all ears
and souterain laughter.

Look you, tread deftly.
no, no, defter,
the moon's hung a noose
from a shadowy rafter

to snare up
marauders
who enter
her borders.

And I – well i'm Phæthon,
not of her band,
notorious sun's factionary
doomed to offend.

And you, good Prometheus
my self's need, my self-friend,
claim no better graces, dull
dull thy foot-sound.

Soft, here's the place.
tune thy strings,
soft, the night listens,
Prometheus sings

' Io, love's voice fails,
feels night's fog-minions,
creeps belly-to-earth,
feeble, lack pinion

I am skulked about, pry'd on,
by spider-spies snared
web-numb, poison dumb,
gagged, godhead-sheared.
Io, hast thou no brightness,
lamp for my stumbling,
canst though, though hear nought
save mouth-mumbling.'

Whist! there's a moon's man
key's-hole interloper.
Swift, we'll away,
Ere he gather the troopers
' **Io . . farewell**

. . stumbling,
nought . . save
mouth-

mumbling'
come now, step softly,
no, no, softer,
the night is agog
with their rustling muster.

look you, tread deftly,
no, no, defter,

defter. . . .

HUGH SYKES

SOME NOTES ON MR. ELIOT

The English past participle may easily be mistaken for an active verb; this fact has supplied authors with an important means of giving vivacity to the heroic couplet. It is interesting to find that Mr. Eliot is using it too.

The Chair she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Glowed on the marble, where the glass
Held up by standards wrought with fruited vines
From which a golden Cupidon peeped out
(Another hid his eyes behind his wing)
Doubled the flames of seven-branched candelabra
Reflecting light upon the table as
The glitter of her jewels rose to meet it,
From satin cases poured in rich profusion;
In vials of ivory and coloured glass
Unstoppered, lurked her strange synthetic perfumes,
Unguent, powdered, or liquid – troubled, confused
And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air
In fattening the prolonged candleflames,
Flung their smoke into the laquearia,
Stirring the pattern on the coffered ceiling.

What is *poured* may be *cases*, *jewels*, *glitter* or *light*; and *profusion*, enriching its modern meaning with its derivation, is shared, with a dazzled luxury, between them; so that while some of the *jewels* are *pouring* out *light* from their *cases*, others are *poured* about, as are their *cases*, on the dressing-table. Unless actually referring so far back as *light*, *poured* may in any case be a main verb as well as a participle. There is a more trivial point of the same kind in the next verse, where *glass* may stand alone for a glass bottle or may be paired with *ivory* (“vials of glass”); and *unstoppered* may refer only to *glass*, or to *vials and glass*, or to *vials of glass and of ivory*; till *lurked*, which is for a moment taken as the same grammatical form, attracts it towards *perfumes*. It is because of this blurring of the grammar into luxury that the scientific word *synthetic* is able to stand out so sharply as a dramatic and lyrical high light.

The ambiguity of *poured* is repeated on a grander scale by
Unguent, powdered, or liquid – troubled, confused,
And drowned the sense in odours; stirred by the air ...
where after *powdered* and the two similar words have acted as adjectives it gives a sense of swooning or squinting, or the *stirring* of things seen through heat convection currents, to think of *troubled* and *confused* as verbs. They may, indeed, be kept

as participles belonging to *perfumes*, to suggest the mingling of vapours against the disorder of the bedroom; for it is only with the culminating *drowned* that we are forced either to accept the *perfumes* as subject of a new sentence, of *the sense* as an isolated word, perhaps with “was” understood, and qualified by three participles. For *stirred*, after all this, we are in a position to imagine three subjects as intended by *these*; *perfumes*, *sense*, and *odours* (from which it could follow on without a stop) ; there is a curious heightening of the sense of texture from all this dalliance; a suspension of all need for active decision; and *ascended* is held back in the same way as either verb or participle in order that no climax, none of the relief of certainty, may be lacking to the last and indubitable verb *flung*.

It may be noted that the verse has no variation of sense throughout these ambiguities, and very little of rhythm; it loses nothing in definiteness from being the poetry of the English past a participle.

And saw the skull beneath the skin;
And breastless creatures underground
Leaned backward with a lipless grin.

Leaned, again, may be verb or participle; either “Webster saw the skull under the skin and the skeletons under the ground, which were leaning backwards” (*leaned* may be a verb with “that” understood, as so often in English, but it is hard to distinguish this case from the participle) or, stressing the semi-colon, “Webster saw the skull under the skin, but meanwhile, independently of him, and whether seen or no, the creatures underground leaned backward,” both in order to have their laugh out, and to look upward at the object of their laughter. The verse, whose point is the knowledge of what is beyond knowledge, is made much more eerie by this slight doubt.

Donne, I suppose, was such another,
Who found no substitute for sense;
To seize and clutch and penetrate,
Expert beyond experience,

He knew the anguish of the marrow,
The ague of the skeleton;
No contact possible to flesh
Allayed the fever of the bone.

According as lines three and four go forwards or backwards, there are two versions of the syntax, corresponding to the two

elements of the paradox in line four. “Donne found no substitute for desire and the world of obvious reality known through the senses, as a means of investigation, because the habits of the body, or its apprehension of reality, have always information still reserved from one who is very experienced in them, and are more profound than any individual who lives by them is aware.” This is the meaning if the first verse is a self-contained unit; whether *expert* refers to *sense* or *Donne*, and line three to *substitute* or *expert*. Or taking lines three and four with the next verse, “Donne, who was expert beyond the experience of sense at penetrating, who could form ideas which sense could not have suggested, knew also those isolated and fundamental pains the anguish of the marrow and the ache of the skeleton, which sense could not have known, and could not allay.” “Value and a prior knowledge are not known through sense; and yet there is no other mode of knowledge. No human contact is possible to our isolation; and yet human contacts are known to be of absolute value.” This I take to be the point of the poem, and it is conveyed by the contradictory ways of taking grammar. Of course, you may say that the lines are carefully punctuated, so that the grammar can only be taken one way, but in each case it is the less obvious grammar which is insisted on by the punctuation.

WILLIAM EMPSON

LE CHANT

Ils ont chanté leur dernier chant:
et maintenant leurs voix
sont les grands silences noirs des bois
que nul vent ne remue,
ou les mouvements insensibles et monotones
des glaciers,
qui, comme de longs chats blancs,
glissent aux flancs des montagnes mornes.

GEORGE REAVEY

DEATH FOR ODYSSEUS

We came by siege, by forced marches
by surrender and loot; came stubbornly.
Odysseus sacker of cities we have consented
your death in the dead time
and darkly
remembered burning.

All this was memory, hearsay, was contrived,
troubled, uncertain; came suddenly
upon the citadel of her eyes,

her hands' towers,
her shoulders' fallen stone,
gesture of turrets
sheered for the eye's abandon;
and where the heart burned, broken plains:

because you were proud,
you, marshal of an army with billhooks
Odysseus, a runner; a pricker of discontent
with paid swords; cunning

upon the ramparts of her eyes,
her spaces shouldered you
(her one of sun, her focus
screwed to your shoes)

and sweeping the remembered darkly
burned and fell. Odysseus a bravo
fallen out of favour

by a covered bridge or lane
broken upon cobbles.
The tent's wing cries for a moment
and then trumpets. But the city stands
in the last end, in surrender
Odysseus, in the time of your death
and the shrug of your watch
and when the dogs fawn on you, before the end.

J. BRONOWSKI

QUICKER THAN ROME

The architecture of the skies
Contains a measure of surprise.
To plan such space and then to build
Presumes an aim, not unfulfilled;
Rafters big as these should last
Till earthen tenants all were past,
Yet on gazing watch in hand
A tick or two counts out their stand;
If till ephemera they stay
The evening's sun burns them away.
Can bricks of wool and plots of dawn
Satisfy his brain and brawn?
Or is he seeking patterns still
To petrify with serious skill?

ARTHUR
TILLOTSON

THE BOXING MATCH

*

Towards seven o'clock the band began to play in the Piazza Garibaldi just to the South of the statue dedicated by the people of Perugia to Pietro Vanucci. The bandsmen shook their heads and the bronze figure of Vanucci stood still at the top of the column and all the people stood round and some of them spat reflectively on the pavement trying to hit the junctures of cracks between the stones and knowing that it didn't matter a damn if they did or didn't. It was all yesterday in the evening three years before and no one had changed, all things were possible and stupidly probable, indescribably stupidly certain. Every five and a half minutes the colonel ordered another gelati con panna, the same gelati, the cream flecked with the waiters breath as he brought it cupped in his curious hands from the great mediaeval cellars. The same gelati certainly, the virgin from the cellars again and again. The band playing Werther. In all the square Luigi was unfortunate. He stood near a woman who talked all the way from yesterday right through the long items and his mother had died again and there on Monday at San Severo they would bury her again all down the choking road and the relief that he had felt would have been stifled by the knowledge that there was no release NO RELEASE in all these hills of music that he would not hear, that he had heard before St. Severo. In all the square Luigi was unfortunate and he heard in the church the monks praying for him all sorrowfully and so all tenderly to the sainted virgin or and alternately with their prayers a violent picking of their yellow teeth. In chiesa San Pietro there were monks, in San Dominica there were inks in Santa Maria degli Angeli there were nuns in all the world to Pise there were monks and nuns praying to him, for him, right through him, to GOD and the sainted virgin all glorious in heaven. In all the square Luigi the Latin was unfortunate on Sunday for tomorrow at San Severo they would have buried his mother all along the white, choking road. It had seemed so releasing simple, illegal, before the music. On the Monday it have been a legal and religious death properly recorded sealed and authenticated. SHE HAD DIED, she the daughter of father and mother domiciled in via Baldo registered confirmed and written, reread, dusted, sealed and confirmed, the records folded, dusted, sealed, reread, resealed, dusted, blotted, sealed and super-sealed and filed, the filing confirmed and reconfirmed and duly authenticated. She was surely,

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finally, wholly, fully, DEAD. She was humanly, finally, wholly, fully, DEAD, wholly fully, DEAD, fully, DEAD, DEAD and he in all the square was unfortunate, unskilled in any trade, his mother legally dead, his father long dead, his brother just dead, his sister born dead, surely DEAD. Surely during Feodora he would die, WOULD die and on the Monday at San Severo they would bury him along the choking road, he Latin dead, ascended to a Latin heaven, harpless would accord the world of instruments and instrumentally accord the note of death to brass bands in public parks and places.

*

In Italy there is one street: it leads from the Duomo to the Palazzo Municipale. It is called the Corso. In it there are shops, shops for foreigners, shops for Italians, photographers and bars for both. The bars are generally better than the photographers, especially if you like Italian Vermouth which you may obtain for sixty, fifty, and even forty centimes the glass. Italians do not as a rule drink Vermouth. Certainly, in the Corso in Perugia, there is Calci's bar next to a barber's shop. The entrance to the bar is covered by swinging strings of wooden beads. Of these there is a very great number. Each bead is of a specified colour and forms part of a design which covers the whole curtain. In summer these beads are frequently very sticky, but they keep out the heat.

In the bar on Thursday there were men standing up and drinking lemonade or grape juice.

"There are many flies in and around the bottles to-day, are there not, Alberto?"

"Yes indeed, Sir Andante; it is a long time since I saw so many flies, but what is to be done?"

"Spray them."

"Then they might possibly fall dead in and among the bottles, and the clients would find out and possibly object."

"Then there is nothing to be done?"

"No, nothing whatsoever."

"You heard that, Guido?"

"Heard what, Andante?"

"Alberto says there is nothing to be done to these abominable flies."

“Why does he not spray them?”

“He says because they might fall in and among the bottles, and the clients would find out and possibly object.”

“Then there is nothing to be done?”

“No, nothing.”

“Nothing whatsoever,” added Alberto.

“Nothing to be done about what,” asked Carlo, and spat.

“About these abominable flies.”

“Why should anything be done?”

“Because they get among and around the bottles.”

“Oh, why doesn't Alberto spray them then?”

“He says because they might fall dead in and among the bottles and the clients would find out and possibly object.”

“Then there is nothing to be done?”

“Nothing,” said Andante.

“Nothing,” said Guido.

“Nothing whatsoever,” said Alberto.

There was some silence save for the flies. There is never complete silence in Italy.

Andante lit a Virginia, “Vittorio,” he said.

“Yes.”

“Did you notice the notice-board of the Athletic Club in the Corso to-day or yesterday?”

“Yes, I did notice it this morning.”

“Did you notice what was posted on it?”

“Yes, I did notice.”

“What was it?”

“It was the announcement of a match?”

“What sort of match?”

“Ah, that I did not notice. Emmanuele, did you notice the notice-board of the Athletic Club in the Corso to-day or yesterday?”

“Yes, I noticed it on my way here.”

“There was a match announced, was there not?”

“Yes, there was a match announced.”

“What kind of match?”

“A boxing match was announced.”

“Ah, Andante!”

“Yes.”

“Emmanuele says that he noticed the notice-board of the

Athletic Club in the Corso to-day, and the match announced is a boxing match.”

“A boxing match, eh?”

“A boxing match,” said Guido.

“Yes, there is indeed the announcement of a boxing match on the notice-board of the Athletic Club in the Corso,” added Alberto.

“And when is this boxing match to take place, Emmanuele?”

“Ah, that, Signor Andante, I did not notice, Bastano!”

“Yes, Emmanuele.”

“Did you notice the notice-board of the Athletic Club in the Corso to-day or yesterday?”

“Indeed I did Emmanuele; I always have a good look at that board because I'm very anxious to know when Signor Marotti will resume his dancing classes.”

“Did you notice what time the boxing match is to take place?”

“Yes, indeed, I did. It is to take place at four this afternoon.”

“Yes, there is indeed a boxing match announced for four to-day on the notice-board of the Athletic Club in the Corso,” said Alberto.

“Ah, and where is this boxing match to take place, Bastano?”

“That I did not notice, but Jaco, who was with me, may have noticed. Jaco!”

“What is it, Bastano?”

“Did you notice where the boxing match which is announced on the notice-board of the Athletic Club in the Corso, is to take place?”

“Ah, Bastano, I I did notice where it is to take place, but for the moment it escapes me. I must apply myself to the remembering of it. Let me see...”

Jaco put down his glass of grape juice and placed his head in his hands. Alberto paused in his polishing of the thick-bottomed glasses, his mouth hung open.

“Yes, I remember, the boxing match announced for four o'clock this afternoon on the notice-board of the Athletic Club in the Corso is to take place at the premises of the Club in the Corso.”

“Ah. . . .” said Andante. Alberto repeated vaguely, “At the premises of the Club in the Corso, indeed,” and resumed his polishing.

“Well, I should like to know who is taking part in this boxing match this afternoon,” said Andante.

“There is probably a Fiorentino and a Venetian and a Roman and a Gubbite and a Perugian,” volunteered Guido.

“There is no Gubbite,” said Bastano.

“How, pray, do you know that, Sir?”

“It is a fairly long story, but if you care to listen, I will tell you. Last Saturday I noticed a small heap of garbage at the bottom of the staircase in the house where I live. I said to myself at the time, I must see the concierge about that. Now it so happens that in this same house are the premises of the Athletic Club. Therefore my concierge is also the concierge of the Athletic Club. On the following Monday the small heap of garbage had increased in size. Therefore, when I met the concierge at the bottom of the stairs, I spoke to him. I said, 'You see that heap of garbage there? Why is it there?' He explained that on account of a boxing match to be held the following Thursday at the Club, he was far too busy to think about the garbage, and besides it scarcely smelt at all. 'Well, I said, who is to take part in the match?' He said, 'A Perugian, a Fiorentino, a Venetian and a Roman, and *no Gubbite*.' 'No Gubbite?' said I. 'No Gubbite,' he replied, so you see I know.”

“No Gubbite,” echoed Guido.

“No Gubbite,” added Alberto. “Indeed, there is certainly no Gubbite in the match. Indeed, there is only a Venetian, Perugian, a Fiorentino, and a Roman.”

“There is no Roman and no Venetian,” said Carlo.

“And how can you be certain of that, Sir?”

“It is a fairly long story, but if you will permit me, I will tell you. Last Saturday I noticed some little heap of garbage at the bottom of the staircase of the house in which I live. I determined to speak secretly to the concierge about it. Now it so happens that the Athletic Club is situated in this same house, so that my concierge is also the concierge of the Club. On the following Monday the heap had increased in size, and yesterday there was so much of it that when I met the concierge at the bottom of the stairs, I said to him quite openly, 'You see this garbage here? Why is it here?' He explained that on account of the match to be held in the Club today, he had no time to think about the

garbage, and besides it was only just starting to smell really badly, so that there could not yet be much infection in it. So I asked him who was taking part in the match, and he told me quite definitely that the match was between a Perugian and a Fiorentine, and that there were no Venetians or Romans in it. 'No Venetians or Romans,' I asked. 'No Venetian and no Roman,' he answered; so you see that I really do know."

"So the match is between a Perugian and a Fiorentine," said Andante with a certain amount of challenge in his voice.

"The match is certainly between a Fiorentine and a Perugian," echoed Alberto.

"That, as a matter of fact, is quite untrue," said Filippo, who stood in the background.

"What," said Andante. "How do you know?"

"That I shall explain to you if you care to listen to a fairly long story. It is my duty to sell the Sunday papers on Sunday by the Post Office; it is also my duty to be concierge to the Athletic Club in the Corso. Yesterday my attention was drawn to a very small and entirely insignificant heap of garbage, which barely smelt, at the bottom of the staircase in the Club building, by the President of the Club. He said to me, 'Are you not ashamed of this garbage in view of the fact that a Genoese is coming to fight a Perugian on these premises to-morrow?' 'What,' I said, 'a Genoese?' 'Yes,' he said, 'not a Venetian, nor a Roman, nor a Florentine, nor a Gubbite, but a Genoese,' so you see there can be no doubt about it."

"Ah," said Andante, "a Perugian and a Genoese to fight to-day at four o'clock at the Club in the Corso."

"Yes, indeed," said Alberto. "It was posted up on the notice-board of the Club. Did anyone notice it?"

"Yes," said Bastano, "indeed I did. I always have a good look at that board to see when Signor Marotto will resume his dancing lessons."

Alberto was polishing the thick-bottomed glasses and trying to find the corks for the bottles among the flies.

Andante spat at the corner of a stool, misses, re-spat, and hit.

"I should like to see this fight between a Perugian and this Genoese," he spoke with feeling.

"Pardon me. Did you say Genoese," asked Vittorio.

“Yes! A Perugian and a Genoese.”

“Then I must inform you that you are mistaken.”

“There can be no mistake. Has not the concierge himself testified?”

“There has, nevertheless, been a mistake. Am I not a Milanese? Yes! Therefore, is not my brother, who is to fight the Perugian, also a Milanese?”

“Is it not possible,” said Emmanuele, “that Vittorio's brother may be a Milanese who has lived all his life in Genoa?”

“That might be possible, were it not totally untrue,” responded Vittorio. “My brother has lived all his life in Bologna.”

“He is, then, Bolognese?”

“If you wish, Bolognese or Milanese.”

“Bolognese or Milanese, I should like to see the fight,” declared Andante.

“Pardon me, but you have very little chance of seeing it,” said Guido.

“And why?”

“Why? Because it is now five minutes to four.”

“If I were to go immediately I should have plenty of time. Indeed, I have plenty of time.”

“Yes, plenty, indeed,” said Alberto.

Andante lit another Virginia, and said “There are very many flies in an around the bottles to-day, are there not Alberto?”

“Yes! It is a very long time since I saw so many flies, but there is nothing to be done.”

“Nothing whatsoever.”

There was silence a while. Andante looked at his watch. It was a beautiful square modern one.

“Well, I have missed the match after all.”

“What match?” asked Emmanuele.

“The boxing match which was announced for four o'clock this afternoon at the Athletic Club in the Corso. I was to have fought a Milanese.”

“Pardon me, did you say a Milanese?” asked Vittorio.

“Yes, indeed, a Milanese.”

“Then you are mistaken. Has not my brother, who was to have fought at the Club to-day, lived all his life in Bologna. Is he then not Bolognese?”

“Bolognese or Milanese, it would have been a great fight. It's a pity I missed it.”

“Yes,” said Guido, “it was certainly bad luck your missing it, but there is nothing to be done about it.”

“No, nothing,” said Andante.

“Nothing whatsoever,” said Alberto, and smiled.

G.F. NOXON

THE LAMENT OF THE EMPEROR JULIAN UPON
THE DEATH OF THE EMPRESS HELEN

Helena! Helena, do you remember the night when you
lay with moist lips at my feet in the dark?

I was widowed of you then, but less parted from you
than when you had lived, chaste.

Do you remember the night when the legions acclaimed me
Augustus?

It was the night that you died.

As a child your cold brother had frozen and withered your girlhood
to serve a dead God.

And now you are dead you must go seek your dead God alone.

For how shall I summon the gods of Olympus, my gods, to conduct
you below?

Your brother, Constantius, who starved your young spirit, must
do you this office.

I cannot.

Helena, my wife, do you remember my wooing when, younger, I
burned with the natural love of a boy for a beautiful girl?

You were frightened to love by the loveless old men, and your
brother, who loved not, but wished us to marry.

Can I mourn you, dead wife, as you were when you died?

I cannot.

I shall mourn with the fragrance of memory still of your
unfulfilled youth.

I am desolate and sick with questioning among the gods for Truth
about gods.

Your God frightens me, because he commands me to love him,
and now he has taken you, and you are truly dead.

I must hate him, and forget you, now that I know you are dead,
Helena.

CHARLES SHOPE

FOR A LAMB

I saw on the slat hill a putrid lamb,
Propped with daisies. The sleep looked deep,
The face nudged in the green pillow
But the guts were out for crows to eat.

Where's the lamb? whose tender plaint
Said all for the mute breezes.
Say he's in the wind somewhere,
Say, there's a lamb in the daisies.

RICHARD EBERHART

POEM

And as you pace the carpet, trail
Your flimsy lace and wind your night-dress
Tightly against you as a veil.
There is no light and night is sightless.

You walk and to your sleepy eyes
Your bed redoubles and the night
Asks fitful questions, gives replies,
You nod quiescent, murmur "Quite."

Night is so empty – no one lingers
To raise a sound upon the floor.
You stroll uncertain, bite your fingers
And wonder should you lock the door.

You falter. Night provides no flare.
And if, and if a male were handy?
You are past sleeping, comb your hair,
The night is stupid, try some brandy.

WILLIAM ARCHER

TOWARDS A THEORY OF POETRY

Several attempts have been made, very lately, to stabilise the current attitude to poetry. Mr. Richards's¹ and Mr. Read's⁵ are the most recent. The directions from which these writers approach the subject are not the same: Mr. Read, whose specific concern is with prose, draws a (qualitative) distinction between poetry and non-poetry; Mr. Richards has never, so far as I know, discussed any distinction except the (quantitative) distinction between good poetry and bad poetry. Mr. Richards's approach is bound up with his development of a theory of values; so that it includes, in a sense, the cruder tests which Mr. Read proposes. But it includes them at the cost of making them inapplicable. In practice it is necessary to have a line of demarcation somewhere in the scale of values, so that a work patently falls into one or other division; and Mr. Richards's scale is the poorer for having no such landmark.

That even a single demarcation could simplify the problem of values considerably is demonstrable. For if it were drawn so that everything Mr. Richards calls bad poetry fell below it, it would establish some criterion of goodness; which in turn would provide a constituent of value (necessary, but not sufficient). The distinction I propose to make between what I understand by poetry and by prose, serves such a purpose. But it has another function. Without such a distinction, the critic tends to be reduced to a *differential* method of criticism: he must restrict himself to the consideration of *successive* members of his scale, and of the small differences between them. His instruments are in practice clumsy, because he has none wherewith to make rough measurements. (How long would it take Mr. Richards to tell us whether Milton was a poet?) The calculus method of criticism, of which Mr. Richards's is typical, invariably loses itself in discussions of "the sounds and feel of the words,"² "association," "unity" and similar qualities which serve to establish minor differences between poets but whose value is relatively small.⁶

¹*Practical Criticism*, by I.A. Richards. Kegan Paul, 12/6. Other references to the same author will be to

²*Science and Poetry*.

³*The Criterion*, December, 1928.

⁴*Principles of Literary Criticism*.

⁵*English Prose Style*, by Herbert Read.

Examine, in demonstration, a representative judgment. Mr. Read⁵ suggested that poetry might sometimes be “an affair of one word, like Shakespeare's 'incarnadine’”; the one word, I take it, acting as a sort of focus, and a surprise, lifts the flat (prose) passage into poetry. I imagine he would explain

Cover her face; mine eyes *dazzle* : she died young
in the same way; and this focal device is of course important. (It is a common trick of American speech, where the technical or scientific word is constantly used in this way.) Mr. Richards³ I think misses this intention; he agrees however that, although “incarnadine” is *not* poetry, “the multitudinous seas incarnadine” *is*, “the poetry comes about through the co-presence in the mind of all the words of the line, with their rhythm.” Now the reader will not find it difficult to convince himself that “the multitudinous seas incarnadine” has in fact only one quality which might be called poetic, and that if this quality of auditory bombast were sustained through the context, the passage would certainly *not* be poetry – not, at all events, in Mr. Richards's sense, of *good* poetry. But consider the addition of a half-line,

this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
and notice the immediate change of balance: there is now an emotional content, the two “objects”⁷ are an equivalent of this and the extravagance of their relationship objectifies the quality and height of the emotion. Add a little more,

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from hand? No, this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
Making the green one red.
– My hands are of your colour, but I shame
To wear a heart so white,

and the passage again takes on a new texture, of objective contrast and variety, to which the bombast makes little contribution; even

⁶ Of course it is a fundamental value, in that without it no subsequent reaction can take place: but this does not make it a large value, any more than legibility is a large value.

⁷ The words “object” and “idea” I do not propose to define explicitly, except roughly as the elements of the (unanalysed, actual) poem and of the poem's narrative respectively. True definitions could only be given from the descriptive properties outlined in this essay. The words “narrative,” “statement,” “significant,” “image” and “symbol” I define as in *Symbolism*, Experiment No.2.

the verbal focus has shifted to the colour play of the last three lines, which in turn depends for its value on the relationship not so much between the colours as between the colours and the ideas they objectify. When Marvell uses the pattern,

No white nor red was ever seen

So amorous as this lovely green,

there is no response, because the objects are *not* emotive equivalents but verbal counters. Indeed, why should we suppose that this passage is poetry rather than decorated prose? And if decorated prose, then it is a purpose of this essay to challenge it, and its confusion with poetry.

Consider now the complete Shakespeare passage,

Macbeth. Whence is that knocking?

How is't with me, when every noise appals me?

What hands are here? Ha! they pluck out mine eyes.

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood

Clean from my hands? No, this my hand will rather

The multitudinous seas incarnadine,

Making the green one red.

Lady Macbeth (re-enters). My hands are of your colour, but

I shame

To wear a heart so white. (*Knock.*) I hear a knocking

At the south entry : – retire we to our chamber.

A little water clears us of this deed,

where the variety of the objects and emotions, and the elaborateness of their interplay, become bewildering: the richness is different from the richness of the sixth line; nor is it of the kind of richness which makes

She should have died hereafter:

There would have been a time for such a word

the perfect equivalent of its initiative emotion: because the equivalence of this is narrative, whereas in the first passage the narrative acts only as a foundation for the objective contrasts which re-evoke the emotion. It is such contrasts, or more generally relationships, and the interplay between them, these and these only, which make poetry effective.

Three types of relationship are possible: between idea and idea; between object and idea; and between object and object. So here the contrast between the reactions of Macbeth and of Lady

Macbeth to the knocking, in lines one and nine, is essentially of ideas; the contrast between “a little water clears us,” of the last line, and “all great Neptune's ocean,” of line four, between idea and object; and the relation of “what hands” and “pluck out mine eyes,” of line three, a relationship of objects. Each of these relations is connected with the others and enriched by them; and though they do not exhaust the content of the passage, which is related to the whole plot (particularly to the sleepwalking scene and Lady Macbeth's death) they constitute the greater part of the essentially *poetic* content of the passage. It is the manner in which each relation suggests new correspondences in each of the others, and is a new impulse for others, it is these factorisations and comparisons, which ultimately constitute it poetry. For reciprocally it is the synthesis and investigation of, and by means of, such relations, the *investigation by correlatives*, which make it natural and necessary for the writer, whatever his theme, to choose for his medium poetry. Therefore I define this kind of approach, by way of correlative objects and the three sets of interplay connected with them, as the *poetic approach*.

Here I digress to consider the variation in the idiom, or range of object, in different poets. With the passage we have examined, compare first

Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread
 Our eyes upon one double string.
 So to engraft our hands, as yet
 Was all the means to make us one;
 And pictures in our eyes to get
 Was all our propagation.

then

And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates.
 There passengers shall stand, and pointing say
 (While the long fun'rals blacken all the way),
 Lo! these were they whose souls the Furies steel'd
 And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.

and finally

No, no! Go not to Lethe, neither twist
 Wolf's bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;
 Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kist
 By nightshade, ruby grape of Prosperpine.

I do not propose to discuss these passages; I chose them to illustrate the limitations, and the different kinds of limitation, which the personal and current idioms impose upon a poet. And these limitations affect not only our direct appreciation; owing to the complexity of the function which the objects fulfil, they circumscribe equally the kinds of relations between ideas and between objects which it is possible to exploit. That is why the schools of Donne, of Pope and of Keats are bounded within certain types and successions of thought as well as of object; and why a prejudice against the idiom of any of them is as much a philosophic as an artistic assertion.

I have already made some reference to the narrative which is a foundation for the objects; the three poems from which I have quoted will serve to illustrate its constitution. In Donne's poem, which is lyrical, the narrative is, except for a factor which I shall discuss, the fundament of the poem – an arbitrary fundament which is not itself founded on simpler bases and is not, alone, any clue to the poet's beliefs or concepts. Pope's poem is the less successful for having its narrative only incompletely objectified; but this narrative is in turn based on certain philosophical axioms, and residues of the poet's intellectual adjustments, which are implicit in the poem. This *outlook* is never actually stated; but it is the fundament of the narrative; and upon its complete objectification into narrative, as much as upon the further objectification of the narrative into objects, depends the success of the poem: that is why the last verse of Keat's ode is a confession of failure. Nevertheless, the objectification of outlook is a simpler process than the objectification of the narrative; for since the outlook adopted by the poet is, certainly in a specific poem, constant, the reciprocal relations of the poetic approach are replaced by one direct relation, between elements of the narrative and elements of the outlook.

But there is another, less direct manner in which outlook can be implied. So a careful reading of Donne's lyric reveals a good many of his philosophical tenets and precedents, though the means by which they are communicated may seem mysterious. Consider a simpler instance,

Western wind, when will thou blow
The small rain down can rain?
Christ, if my love were in my arms
And I in my bed again!

The objects are contained in the first two lines, the last two are a direct statement of the narrative. The relating of these parts, the treatment of them as equivalents, tell us all that is relevant of the poet's character, religious attitude, and outlook. It is this type of oblique expression, parallel to and often confused with idiom, which gives Donne's lyric its metaphysic. This oblique expression is probably a considerable value in poetry – certainly it affords a good estimate of a poet's importance.

Such an estimate it gives by virtue of its other purpose, that of economy. The more successfully it is used, the simpler and the more significant the relationships between idea and object become, and the simpler the set of ideas and objects necessary to express the outlook. We are led sometimes to think that great poetry can be almost directly didactic. Thus in *Purgatorio* (where the problem is complicated by the fact that the scale of the work permits much greater looseness of texture)

Esce di mano a lui, che la vagheggia
prima che sia, a guisa di fanciulla
che paingendo e ridendo pargoleggia,
l'anima semplicetta,⁸

it is only when we understand how the objectification is *directed* by the outlook that we recognise its completeness. It is a trick few romantics have – that is why Donne is the only metaphysical to whom it is natural, who uses as *method* what others accept as *idiom* – and which puzzles readers of Dunbar and of Hardy.⁹

I have so far avoided any reference to other constituents, such as qualities of sound, rhythm and association, which are necessary alike to poetry and to prose: constituents which have merely a different range of variation in each. Such qualities do not offer any criteria to distinguish between poetry and prose, and their

⁸ From the hands of Him who loves her before she is, there issues like a little child that plays, with weeping and laughter, the simple soul.

⁹ And of Browne and of Mr. Joyce. It is in fact a major constituent of *good* “poetic” prose. The prose of Mr. Lawrence on the other hand (and of Hardy) – which is fine “prose” prose, can be readily distinguished from his poetry by lacking his oblique expression, though it would often be difficult to make any other distinction.

confusion with such criteria has been the cause of much critical fallacy. So Mr. Richards² once suggested that Swinburne's poetry is "great poetry in which the sense of the words can be almost entirely missed or neglected without loss." The opinion which is general, is commonly based (according to Mr. Eliot¹⁰) on Swinburne's lack of real imagery. I need not quote, in reply, Mr. Richards's¹ own recent analysis of the small part played by imagery in appreciation: the relative unimportance of imagery has been implied in and fundamental to the whole development of the present theory. But it is important to notice how, even when there is some superficial imagery,

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep;
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap,

its force need not be in the relation of object to idea, but may be in the relation of object to outlook, which is a relation of *symbol* and not of *image*. The combination of this symbolic relation with the imagist relation may be very simple,

Ara no.m val joys ni.m socor,
Qu'ira.m met al cor tan gran fays
Quan suy em pex, cazer mi lays,
E non puesc nafrar ni delir!¹¹

or very complex,

Lord, the Roman hyacinths are blooming in
bowls and
The winter sun creeps by the snow hills;
The stubborn season has made stand.

And with Mr. Eliot's "Roman hyacinths" we may turn to a final example of the critical fallacy: Mr. Richards³ again. "In poetry, as we shall all admit, the words can hardly ever be changed without the poetry being vitally changed also." This statement is, of course, true: what is false is the implication that the second "changed" means "damaged"; perhaps the word "vitally" is false too. For any such change, made intelligently, will usually

¹⁰ *The Sacred Wood*, by T.S. Eliot.

¹¹ But now happiness is powerless to console me, because anguish has laid so heavy a burden on my heart that when I am standing I let myself fall; yet can I neither wound nor slay myself.

affect any considerable passage very little; certainly it will not change *poetry* into *prose*. The reader who is still in an experimental mood should try the effect of changing “Roman hyacinths,” in Mr. Eliot's poem, to “Dutch tulips,” making at the same time the minor changes necessary to change the scene from the Jerusalem of Simeon to the Spain of Philip II.

These then are practical criteria for determining the constitution of poetry – admitting frankly that when we speak of poetry, we are interested only in good poetry and are prepared to leave the rest in the domains of the psychologist and of prose. First, the objectification of outlook and narrative by way of an emotional stimulus: this objectification is simple and can probably be identified with the actual intellectual residue of the emotion: any work expressed in this form is *prose*, and that independent of the amount of verbal, imagist, sonorous and associative decoration which covers it. Secondly, the objectification of the narrative to objects, by some residual stimulus, artistic and not necessarily emotional: this objectification is complex and involves three sets of relations: it constitutes the poetic approach, and any work which possesses it is *poetry*, independent of whether its narrative is the product of a first objectification or not.

J.BRONOWSKI
J.M. REEVES

UFA NIGHTMARE

Gramophony. Telephony. Photophony.
The mighty handles and persensate dials
That rule my liner multi-implicate
Ring round, Stonehenge, a wide cold concrete
room,
(I run the row from A to O, and so
– To and fro; periscope, radio –
We know which way we go.)

“ If we can reach the point
Before the tide, there is another style.
I shall checkmate, given the whole board;
Juggling the very tittles in the air
Shall counterblast the dreadnought machiner.”
(Scamper, scamper, scamper.
Huge elbows tumble towards chaos.
Lurch, sag, and hesitation on the dials).
A tiny figure, seated in the engine,
Weevil clicking in a hollow oak,
Pedals, parched with the fear of solitude.

WILLIAM EMPSON.

A DEATH

The bell drops plums into deep water.
'Another death, no doubt.' 'Another plumtree;
There, over there, that's the house.'
The ivy puts out its little red tongue,
The stones pull their elbows into their sides.
The bell drops plums into deep water.

ARTHUR TILLOTSON

BIG BUSINESS IN THE CITY
(for two voices)

And I curse this place,
 (Curses its tutelary Gods, domestic Lares,
 chairs, files, and photographs,
 the office cat, a jar of goldfish, thoughtful gift).
the playful days that teased before they bit
the solemn years that would not laugh
the concentration which was sleep.
I sat there,
Was amiable and foolish,
My face was smooth and round
 (A face no mask,
 no ski stretched over bone,
 smooth where smoothness is,
 pointed and placed just so,
 here perforations for the eyes,
 stock size and shape, a clever cheat).
I bathed, caught fish in the stream,
Could see
Sheep in the next valley,
Could bite hard with my teeth,
And realise
Hair wet and blown about,
Line and shape in the passing people.
I was very amiable, very foolish,
Unaware of
Security and happiness
Bound up with shares, written in gold dust.
 (Now,
 figures the clothes they wear,
 eyes dusted over, eked out with glass,
 and teeth an alien set.
 Under a city's caustic stars
 the women that he meets
 life up their agged faces,
 guess with their unimaginable brains,
 are nice to him, or wander with intent).

All this I put behind my back
Dismissed it with a gesture of impatience,
Forgot it. I had no memory for this.
Turned my mind to projects and designs,
Conserved is power for a single use.

(A slow, painless anodyne.
circular letters, 'phones, and city slogans,
gains, losses, trams and snackbars,
tubes, escalators, overdrafts,
Projects
 Designs,
 Success).

The last lay softly on my eyes like sleep,
And in this sleep I walked, bought properties,
Turned this to account, used that for influence.
My designs have kicked up their heels,
My projects have answered with levity.
I have been burnt up, knocked out, a pipe's dottle,
A futile little man, of no account.

I do not curse these things
I will not heap my head with curses,
(Moulded by these, even as I made them).
Rome, with provinces and colonies,
Waits for destruction and its Alaric.
(A sub-creator, pleased with what he makes –
the action of a microcosm
stopped by the movement of a larger scheme.
Expect no staged, apocalyptic end,
nothing so clean as fire. An irony
usurps the Angel Trumpeter).

This carpet, soothed out like a soul asleep
Carressed, not trodden down by feet;
Room, charted like a well-remembered face,
Known in its variations –
When in a summer afternoon
Soft and subdued the pools of sunlight curl
Round chairs and desk, and shift so quietly
That I have seen their fingers on a mouse

Before it squeaked and woke.
The window, never opened,
Where through a yellow crust, the smoke of many pipes,
In vacant hours I watched the ruffled pidgeons
Doze on the gutters or
Stride neatly through the dust.

“Sir Were Wolfe, sir.”
Takes off his gloves, officious hat,
Disposes carefully his fragile seat.
 (Unlovely Archangel with rose and spats,
 Repose my soul's hate, with an eyelid's snap
 fire up this cosmos,
 these walls, these morning pipes,
 projects, designs).

Then from the lycanthropic eye unrolls
The proclamation, feared and foreknown.
 (Pert with inevitable aplomb,
 solicitous at the sword thrust,
 flanking his scroll with kindly crinked crow's-feet.
 Over that elegant trunk,
 bretful of viscera, choicely maintained,
 rose the keen head, sleek and fulvous grey).

I glanced aside, and saw the scroll
Receive the imprimatur of a fish's fin.
 (Pleased now to think of fish,
 submerged, circumscribed, peeved
 old gentlemen uneasily respiring.
 The mirrors flung me back –
 peeved.
 old gentlemen uneasily respiring

He spoke at last.
With nonchalance I turned and heard
In blandest execution phrase
His ultimatum, and acceded.
“In big finance, you know.” “I understand.”

J.D. CULLEN

A BIOLOGICAL INTERPRETATION OF CIVILISATION

“The Survival of the Unfittest” is a very popular phrase with the writer on Eugenics. He shows in detail how all modern movements lead to the same end, a progressive degeneration of mankind. And most people are ready to agree with him, partly because his statistics are convincing and his argument is plausible, partly because his conclusions are forced upon them every time they look round a gathering of their fellow-men. Other animals, we are told, are bound by the law of the Survival of the Fittest, whereas man, in his superiority, has overthrown that law. This renunciation is a gesture of independence, whatever its consequences are likely to be, and as such we are proud of it.

The Eugenist has not far to search for material; he need not exaggerate to prove his point. The use of Lunatic Asylums, Prisons, Tuberculosis Hospitals, Workhouses and similar institutions, forms a sufficient basis on which to build his thesis, and a chapter or two on the infiltration of the feeble-mindedness factor, and the general physical inadequacy of modern man, will convince all but the most confirmed optimists that a very definite movement towards racial suicide has set in.

If he is not a Socialist, he points out that Socialism, starting from the false basis of the equality of all men, will clearly be dysgenic in operation. It gives all men the same opportunity of perpetuating their kind, the unfit as well as the fit. If the former is being placed at a disadvantage by reason of his inadequacy, then it will dispoil the latter to equalise them. Among animals, ailing individuals are prevented from reproducing by the competition from the others, thus the possible foci of bad strains are removed. But with a man, this is not so; in this way he discards the principle which has made progressive evolution possible.

If he is a Socialist, he shows how the aristocracy are always degenerate by reason of their looseness of living, and how the lower classes are degenerate because they are downtrodden, and so how that anything but Socialism is dysgenic.

And Humanitarianism is the essence of Christianity. We are taught to assist those who are unable to sustain the struggle for existence unaided. We look upon it as a good sign that we disobey the natural law, in doing so, we are more human; less animal.

Thus the Eugenist, although he may be a fanatic, and tend to overemphasise the evils, is undoubtedly stating what we all know to be true if we only look deeply enough into the matter.

The attitude, however, which is usually adopted regarding the "Survival of the Fittest," is by no means justified. Logically it does not seem right that, to a law which has such a universal application, there should be one exception. It is lack of perspective which accounts for the error. Actually our degeneration is to be ascribed directly to the operation of that same law, the elimination of the unfit. We are the unfit; we are being eliminated.

Environmental influences have produced, by what mechanism it is not fully understood, specific adaptations in living organisms. For these modifications to be perpetuated, they must justify themselves, not only in carrying out the function which they serve, but also in not interfering with other functions. One which does not fulfil these conditions disappears. Either by slow atrophy, if its hindrance was not too great, or it may disappear by causing the species bearing it to disappear also.

Another feature of evolutionary changes is their capacity for coming to equilibrium. An adaptation continues to develop to a certain extent, and then settles down as a stable function of the species. The forms of the organism bearing it in its immature state do not generally persist. This explains why "missing links" are missing.

Man's modification is an unusual one; a capacity for intellectual development. In examining intelligence as an evolutionary modification, we find it deficient in the two properties mentioned above; it is not conservative, nor does it tend to equilibrium.

Intelligence is the weapon *par excellence* in the struggle for existence. It is like a master-key; it provides against all

emergencies, while a modification of the ordinary type is specific in its action. It is the secondary developments of it which render it useless as an evolutionary factor. It is faulty in many respects; perversion of other functions is one of its greatest weaknesses. Fear develops into religion, sex into art, through its agency, and the physiological mechanisms which were concerned with these two emotions are used in a fashion which renders them less fit for their natural functions. But the greatest evil of the intelligence, the one which will probably make it the weapon with which the race consummates its suicide, is the power with which it endows the human being of overcoming deficiencies in his physical makeup.

Intelligence, as far as we can see, is not likely to come to an equilibrium after a period of development. Its action is progressive, its speed of evolution is constantly accelerated. We need only consider the advance of science, are of the most artificial of its secondary developments to realise the nature of its progression. This accelerative effect does not give the organism possessing Intelligence a chance of settling down into a fixed place in the scheme of things. Nature has a way of cutting off the ragged fringes; such a fringe is man.

It is thus not the "Survival of the Unfittest" law which governs our destiny, but the Survival of the Fittest. The developments of Intellect which so obsess the world at the present day, particularly in the progress of science, are only the agencies through which the law is operating on man. He is endowed with intellect, an unsound evolutionary factor, and this intellect is working out his death.

And, if we are tempted, as Eugenists are, to suppose that, with our scientific knowledge, or otherwise, we can devise means of warding off this apparently inevitable end, let us remember that our device would take origin in that very Intelligence for the possession of which, and by whose agency, we are being exterminated. The end is inevitable.

R.S. ALCOCK

RAPE OF THE SABINES

*Time: Midnight, soon after the
Rape*

Scene: The Forum at Rome

Enter a Roman

(genius loci speaks for the most
part).

the moon now
woos the forum
with old smooth oratories
cool silver rhetoric
of silence

“my pale curve
closes the bracket
of all littleness, humanity) beyond are
only the long, sleek, porpoise-
phases of infinity”

slowly circling
shadows
people thinly
this nocturnal day

to whose dark audience
comes one heavy-footed
dragging slow sandals in the warm dust
to hear night's
possible, faint comfort

for pride broken
on the body of a woman, dead,
to hands' touch, lips', tense thighs',
lending to lust's active use
a dutiful absence

The Roman “and afterwards
speaks. turned to the wall
as if
asleep.”

roof-stones conjoined
with the unremoted sky
still half-attentive to the moon
confer together
softer colloquies
(slowly circling
shadows thinly
people
this nocturnal day)
their faint populace
may denizen the deep
emptiness of pride's decrease,
repair the queries
of a dream once. . .

The Roman

speaks. "thus am I proved a thing most brutish,
subjugate only to the yoke and galling of lust. For
this did I, when I looked on her, desire her ; for
this did I lay her weakness on my bed, unclasp her
robe, and most hotly press her lips and body. But
she, being possessed of all the coldness of the moon,
did receive my love as marble doth rain, unmoved;
nay, with such a stony hardness that she hath
embittered the act beyond the most extreme and
savage appetite."

the moon's idle
artificial chatter
has a kind of pompous comfort,
and the shadows are
at least, companionable.

slowly circling "then turned
shadows thinly to the wall
people this as if
nocturnal day asleep."

HUGH SYKES

TAPESTRY PIECE

Underfoot crushed acorn heaps, beetle-carapaced but mealy soft of substance; beechmast; and chestnuts, like candle-lighted mahogany shining, brown-bursting from their shards: – these, with haws and brambles; hips; shrunk umbel-heads to which seeds still cling, meaningless as rags entangled in telegraph-wires; thistles and such – are all the fruit now left to us.

All mansown is long ago mangarnered; already their backs are bent that carry corn to mill. Indifferent they strain to the sacks, nor think of the far fields from whence they came. But stubble still is left us, gold stubble sun-glinted, and deckle-edged with grey tree-shadow. Yet the tractor is afield, tractor, strange metaphor to which we still are scarcely wedded, to turn it piebald, and then at last the gold to quench beneath sodded bluebrowngrey earth.

All would be pool-silence, and the chattering of the finches about the sickles of it part, but for the tractor that stammers briskly, and now the bellnote of the cable about the drum. Its brass fittings gleam brighter than stubble gleams, and through subtlety of November mist hands obtrusive its heavy, dark slowborne smoke.

None of our flowers are left now but last low and dandelions and stunted scabious and take the winds of March with beauty. In the water courses stand the regimented teasel shells; their symmetry once was purple-prankt, that now are sere skeletons, wind-stirred. But sadder still the leaves, weed, bush and tree, house, hedge and boulder adoring; ochrous, vermilionate, siennese; leaves robe and crown appareled for the aspic they are again for Cydnus, to meet mark Antony.

OMEROD GREENWOOD

WERTHOFF AND THE *KINO-AUGE*

While the British film public continues to regard the cinema purely as a place of relaxation, one can hardly expect it to take an interest in the trivialities of film direction and production. On the Continent, however, where the Censor is less of a nuisance, and intelligent and appreciative audiences are to be found outside film circles, the personality of the *régisseur* enters into the question. And so it is that we have not yet seen in this country, not even in the Film Society, the work of Werthoff, although both Eisenstein and Pudowkin have copied his ideas, and his work is being acclaimed all over Europe at the present day.

Dsiga Werthoff was born in 1897 of middle-class parents, and he received only a secondary education. Before he issued his “Kino-Auge” manifesto of 1922, he had already made films for the Soviet Government, chiefly based, like the work of other early Russian directors, such as Kulischov and Levizki, on the official Chronicle Films. These had been made by order of the Government as permanent records before, during and after the October Revolution, and included such interesting events as actual fighting on the Front, processions, demonstrations, riots, trials, congresses and other items of national importance. This contact with real life had very great effect on Werthoff’s subsequent work, and while his contemporaries, Eisenstein and Pudowkin, turned to making films with a definite story, Werthoff always remained free from any connection with the drama. In his manifesto of 1922 Werthoff has laid down three principles to which he has always strictly adhered:

- (1) The capturing of life’s actualities by means of the movie camera.
- (2) The coupling together of these events according to new dynamic laws to indicate simultaneous action.
- (3) “Radio-Auge,” or the sharpening of the sight by appropriate accompaniment of sound.

Shortly after he had issued this statement of his theories Werthoff stated on a work which was to illustrate his ideas, but he was obliged to stop in order to work for the Soviet Government, and his next films were therefore rather of a propagandist and

instructional nature. The most interesting of these films are: "A Sixth Part of the World," a general survey of Russia, and "The Eleventh Year," a review of Russia's progress since the Revolution in industry and mechanics. In this last film machines play a large æsthetic part, in a way similar to, though more effective than Deslav's better known "Marche des Machines."

In 1927 Werthoff was at last able to return to his original work, and the next year appeared his masterpiece – "The Man with the Movie Camera." In this film Werthoff has attempted the stupendous task which no other creative artist has ever dared to approach, of portraying Life, not the tiny personal conception of individual existence or even of a group of persons, but on the broadest and widest of scales. The camera is perpetually moving, the themes are constantly changing, yet subtly interwoven. Now we are in the middle of traffic, the trams are moving beside, past, over us, all at the same time, for, while the human eye can only see one thing at a time, the movie camera can see everything at once. We see simultaneously a birth, marriage, divorce and death. There are no paid actors and actresses, for Werthoff believes in taking the whole world as his stage. The presence and importance of the camera is always stressed; in the same way that Mr. Grey used to remind us that what we thought in our delusion to be a green sky was only a cyclorama in the Festival Theatre with a green light focussed on it, so does Werthoff persistently remind us that we are seeing the world through the eye of the movie camera. We see the camera man taking the very shots we ourselves see; the pupil of an eye within a lens appears on the screen, and there is a rapid sequence: view, eye, view, eye, view, eye. . . .

Individual as Werthoff's work is, he is not concerned with the actual photography. He has a band of 14 camera men, the chief of whom, Kaufmann, is working on similar lines on his own. It is only in "montage" that Werthoff's personality asserts itself. By this term is meant all the many processes of cutting, retouching and piecing together again, necessary before the film acquires shape and rhythm. One hears a great deal in film circles of "Russian cutting," as found in the works of Pudowkin, Esther Schub, Eisenstein, and others whose work has been seen in the

Film Society, but few, if any, realise that it was Werthoff who first discovered this new technique. Quick changes from one subject to another, parallel associations and contrasts, multi-exposure and superimposition, all are to be found in his work. Werthoff has even gone further, in distinguishing between photographic and cinematic methods of montage. The effect of superimposition in "The Man with the Movie Camera" is gained at the immense labour of piecing together single pictures. No wonder then that Werthoff says: "When the photography is over, my work begins."

But the effect of Werthoff's labours are not in vain; the finished film is at the same time saturated with his own personality and pulsating with real life, not the shadowy world of the "spielfilm". Werthoff has found the real place of the cinema, not in slavishly imitating the theatre, but as a new interpretation of life as it is lived, and in utilizing the immense possibilities of the silent film that are completely distinct from both the stage and the "talkies." In the same way that we owe an everlasting debt to the French Impressionists for having saved painting from the mere imitation of the camera, so are our thanks due to Werthoff for having raised the cinema to the status of an independent art.

J. H. WHYTE

THE TRESPASSERS

I.

What's to do?

Shall we go see the reliques of this town?

Certainty fails with the west, now the wind comes
sifting the city,
beneath the bridges the lamps
slip and strain at the water,
in the heaped shadows by the waterside
knees are drawn up for warmth.
Those we have raised memorially
under lean branches
behind railings new painted in the day-time,
we that imagined them hurry past in the day-time,
peering no more at the tablets. To-night
they are aware of the deserted streets
and windows lighted,
bolts set against the cold.

II.

Every man's Cleopatra.

They do not sleep,
a hand draws closed the folds,
hoof quivers, poised triumphal.
To-night Cleopatra stands under the lamplight.
She is past suffering, desirous only of sleep.
Royal wench seeking acceptance,
we that imagined you, Cleopatra,
we will not let you sleep.
Death has coiled back from your breast, Egypt;
we made you stand holding the folds to your throat,
we seared your lids with the lamplight;
there is no darkness for your eyes when the lids
fall,

lids should bring darkness,
Egypt.

III.

Sparta, Troy, Sparta.

Who is this thrown up from the shores of cold.
Quickly the door shuts
stemming the cold in the unlighted passage;
so; come to the warmth.
You came then, Helen of Sparta, after so long
and the streets in this quarter difficult.
Seated under the low light
and the lapping of firelight
and heat drawn in to you
these walls seem poised about you.
Your cigarette drains the flame and
sharply under the low light
your cheeks kindle.
You are a think column of white
drawing my flame, a tied,
through you and
through you.
Helen of Sparta in the morning
you will be gray ashes in the porcelain ash-tray
sensitive to a gust from the chimney
or from windows,
the blinds of last night parted.

Helen, be Helen to-night to my Paris.
Why, look you now, how unworthy a think you
make of me;
am I no more than this,
a pipe for the wind to play on,
hushed and now strident,
querulous, and in stairways furtive,
and hands baffled, meeting in public places,
starved, starved for your kisses. . . .

It is for us the ships
and the long siege,
the army encamped outside the walls,
the treason and the hurried counselling by night,
flames in the night
and fugitives pressing past in the flamelight.
It is for us the pain,
the multitude,
and now for the multitude you, Helen.
To-morrow should you achieve a little sleep
remember, Helen, it is our mouths purposed you,
we gave you breath to take and death is our
keeping.

You will be pain, remembered, you will be pain,
and pain, after a little, unremembered,
Helen.

J. M. REEVES

EXANONYMOUS

X and Y lived on different floors of the same house, but, though usually unconscious of their complimentary existence, were invariably together both in and out of doors. Thus one late afternoon discovered them seated back to back on one of those siamese benches which spring out of the earth in the Luxembourg Gardens. An observer might well have questioned his vision, so alike were X and Y : from any distance, however close, the light made them one, just as it had once deceived an eagle into mistaking Aeshylus' bald head for the convenient stone on which the bird was accustomed to break the resistance of the dense tortoises that fell its prey.

The minutes passed only too slowly, for X kept fidgeting with his watch and looking round uneasily. Y, on the contrary, was the essence of immobility, carved from detachment and unconcern, so that evening could easily have taken him for one of those statues it was used to drape. Dusk was now creeping among the trees, lengthening the leaves till they hung down in long shadows obscuring all, when the rustle of impatient steps rang

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quickly out along the path. The figure of a girl, tall, graceful and cold, emerged and passed swiftly, precisely, under the brooding trees: as if receiving a signal from her eyes, X started up and followed in close pursuit; while Y, in a dream, went after. The gardens left to obscurity contracted an air of reserve; and the corner of a tall building soon cut them from sight.

Two taxis, in a throng of others, threaded deftly the lengthy stretch of boulevard, bordered on each side with a merging row of alternate trees and lampposts. The boulevard became a series: an invisible river offered no resistance to the succession. But, with a turn of wheel, space of a sudden grew scarcer; a region of narrow dimly perceived streets had displaced the broad, well-lighted thoroughfare. After a zig-zag ascent, the taxis stopped at last by the side of an uneven cobbled street, which, tottering on antique and rheumatic legs, sloped into a once symmetrical past. The taxis vanished: and a rugged path conducted X and Y, his shadow, in the steps of the girl, straight to the door of an old and sagging mansion, the grace of whose one-time columns was much wormed and bitten. The girl had entered within; and X, having no doubts, was soon mounting the stairs to disappear into a room whither the girl has preceded him.

Y remained silhouetted on the stairs; and, though hearing a key grate in the lock, preserved his sculptured detachment, contemplating coolly the well-trodden flags. Anyone passing at the moment and seeing Y thus would surely have mistaken him for the abstract harmony of stone. Magnificently impassive and composed he stood, and, being timeless, no beat of heart or watch disturbed him. As if reaching out, in his immobility, he became more than his shape, and, filling the house, he was the house and contained all it contained and more; so that ages might have been the least division of a second, and hoary mountains the momentary dunes which an inconstant wind obliterated as soon as fashioned.

An exterior force suddenly broke the indetermination of time: the quickturning of a key and the slamming of a door were as one swift act. The ruffled flutter of a decent died down the stairs, the heavy echo of thicker boots trailing after. . . . X had already gained the outer door, but Y, by a supreme act of will, found separation, and materialised himself on the pavement in advance of X and between. . . .

The form of a girl, vague at first, was turning the corner; and Y, speeding closely after, grew convinced that the outline, tall and graceful, though dimly similar, was taking new definition and was glowing with the fire of transformation which, flaming from one burning centre, suffused and interpenetrated not only the melting body but also the surrounding atmosphere. Y, winged with a new and tireless force, followed the fast moving figure to which neither walls nor houses afforded any impediment, it seeming to glide through and penetrate them as if they were nonexistent. In the light of the path thus disclosed, Y was able to do likewise. X could not help but follow. Stumbling blindly behind, his arms and legs grown hard and heavy, knocking against the awkward corners of unexpectedly pronounced buildings, X was compelled to keep a crooked course; but, picking his way instinctively, in the end, he arrived at the foot of the Eiffel Tower.

Y had already gained the summit without effort or strain of muscle: X now laboured painfully, the bars and bolts of the Tower creaking and groaning in his rattling ascent. Stepping, at last, on to the rest of the final platform, he discovered Y poised apparently in the air, balancing on some invisible rope, his body taut, his head lifted, gazing with concentration through the steel mesh of the Tower. Y quivered rapt in the ecstasy of the final vision: a whole life's energy burned in his eyes as he fixed them, through the steel bars, on the distant darkened sky where the last tints of Her fiery dress still glimmered between the stars. He was too engrossed, too identified, for the moment, to think on or to lament such an unforeseen abstraction: he was too much part of the fire then, of the necessity, to notice anything but that he felt with his whole being, that he was; and, if perchance there might be a gulf hereafter, – the pointed end of a tapering spire, – still there might always be the invisible flame, which would outsoar the aspiration of stone or steel; and, besides, would he not be able to recapture the gleams of the splendid vision from the unmelting canopy of sky and the unquenched radiance of the stars. To be and then to lose, was that not after all a gain?

X's abrupt arrival had coincided with the close of the vision; for the sky again assumed its inscrutable reserve. How long Y might have prolonged his ecstasy it is difficult to say, had not X, suddenly conscious and maddened by this aloofness, brusquely

torn out a steel bar from the fabric of the Tower, and raising it aloft, thrown himself with all his strength at Y. The onslaught meeting with no resistance, his blow cleft the empty air where Y's head had been. Unable to stop or question Y's disappearance, his melting into air, into the stringless harmony of night, X was carried by his own impetus, lost his balance, and, tipping over an unseen projection, tumbled headlong from the very top of the Tower Eiffel.

Morning brought little illumination to the passerby. Few remarked, and fewer heard, that the trunk of a statue had inexplicably been discovered at the foot of the giant Tower. A lone head, heavily dented, had rolled into the middle of the road only to be crushed once and forever by a passing lorry. The arms and the legs of the statue, too, were missing, and the inevitable conclusion was drawn that they had been smashed and resolved to their essential atoms the torso, chipped and clipt, proved comparatively intact, yet unrecognisable, so could provide no adequate clue to the mystery. Like some strange meteor, the statue had fallen from another world, and now its pitiable abandon could only excite the attention of some curious minds and provoke the fruitless zeal of a small band of scientists, who long puzzled over the sad remains.

GEORGE REAVEY

WINTER MORNING

It will be winter, soon;
Hot mists will cling to the fields
Heavy with the satisfying smell of fresh-turned
soil;
The wood-smoke will drift from the fires
That crackle in the morning stillness and flicker
pink tongues
 of flame.
But here is the high yew-wood all sound will be
held and
 suffocated,
And the earth will sleep on, sleep on,
Pregnant and rich in the unrealised promise of
spring.

K. H. JACKSON

FATHOMS MAY ERR

Fathoms may err in spanning
The depth thy father lies;
Coral may not reap those bones
Nor nacre steal the eyes.

No algoid metamorphosis
Breeds acetarious faming,
He shall descend beyond the power
Of decumanic maiming.

Phosphorescent he shall sift
Gently through the curd,
Slowlier till he moves no more
Poising like a bird.

The sea shall soothe his travelled limbs
In beatific swoon;
Opaque, he'll light a buried world,
His skin a piece of moon.

ARTHUR TILLOTSON

EXPERIMENT

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from FALL CONVERSATION

Down by the Porta di San Pietro is the Via delle Convertite. Men live in this street regardless of the sky. They live in rooms far from the windows and insincere. In the evening, just as the melancholy tram rounds a distant corner Guido comes out of his house. He knows that the tram, overcome with the final necessity of starting, is tired, so very tired and that it will wait at the Dazio. The tram driver will be sorry that the tram must wait at the Dazio but he will be had of the relief and respite from his job. He will nod and shout and nod to sleep. Guido knows that the tram will be delayed at the Dazio and that in consequence it will miss the great steam train in the valley and Guido knows too that he will not catch the tram for it was decreed many years since that he should walk at such a time in the evening right up into the town through the noisy streets that would break in onto his brain and play there as on a wound and beat back into his memory the coloured bridal night and the red stars. And all up through the calvary of streets he would be at one with Jesus Christ, the most merciful son of God, the most merciful father, who stands omnipotent in heaven and he would hear as he always heard, the first notes of the angelic choir as he reached the Piazza del Duomo. Then would the noise of the streets pass back out into the ends of his hair and tingle there whilst he would descend each chapter of the streets inscribed with her name. 'Elena' he would say, as he passed the little fat statue of the fat little virgin, 'may the sainted and immaculate mother intercede for you with the most merciful father' and 'Elena,' he would say as he passed the gaping spot where she lay. Then he would climb the tired rubber steps to Santa Chiara. And all this time people would be laughing and crying in the city and the cafes would be filling up on the Corso and the frosted lids would be wrenched off the great tubes of gelati, pink, orange, red and snow white in the elaborate cellars. Life would be fortunate and unfortunate in the city and some of the candles in the Duomo would be snuffed out by the evening winds and the women in shawls would cross themselves in the stormy season thinking of the timid sailors. And he, nearly snow white in his undoubted innocence and suffering would come into Santa Chiara with, he felt, the personal sympathy of God the father given without expensive intercession because of the terrible calamity which had

befallen him. He, Guido Guidicini, would be exalted before the high altar in the intimate presence of God and God would order Jesus to lay Elena in his arms. And he would praise God and turn from crimson alters, falter as he had faltered down he church to where Elena had fainted. There she would come really all warm into his arms and he would carry her to the to of the great flight of steps and there he would fall as indeed he had fallen and she would drift down the steps kissing her hand to him till she fell cut and dead at the bottom. And he would say 'Elena' as she lay cut and dead at the bottom of the great flight of steps, 'they are joyful in the city because of our wedding, Elena, and because of the night but you must be buried because of the pain.' Then he would return through the city and sit at a cafe and watch the wedding guests file in front of him down the Corso. His mother would be there in a vermilion hat of Italian Straw and white cotton stockings, his brother with a magnolia bloom clutched between his fingers, turned yellow by the constant gaze of murdered eyes, his sister and her sister, hand in hand thinking of the wedding feast, clothed in ribbons thinking of Elena, and her father surprised and undismayed thinking of the dot. They would all pass on down the Corso, talking noiselessly, her mother weeping, into the night sky, their red souls into the stars become red and the moon would be as usual and he would walk back down the back streets to the Via delle Convertite and disturb his wife. And all this while in the city men would be drinking coffee and eating gelati into another day. In the valley the great steam train would whistle three times 'Elena' then he would go to sleep.

G. F. NOXON

NECESSITY

See her austere beauty bend ;
And her desperate eyes are still.
She walks in terror. And the deep fear
Fascinates me under her will.
The full power of nature unfolds,
Using her like a blind seed.
Now in the awful stillness, watch,
She walks with a panther's need,
Destruction, immediate, violent!
But her lips are livid and chill.
When will the hurt mouth quiver,
The great agony break, and lie still.

Look into her sober eyes, they
Coil sorrow ; but the grown malice
Will not spend. There is no hope
Tomorrow any hope can be.
It is too late to will ; and time
Will blunder its bold meaning
Into her blood, deeper, and more deep,
Then plunder. Be away ;
You will not dare her then,
To see the coils of hate uncoil
And the wrought bitterness snap
Free. Go into the woods
And praise the inhuman sun ;
Unless wells strangely in you
Pity. The woman will make
The blind cells not grow.

There is not anything to be sure of,
If destiny will destroy or will build ;
And there is nothing to be learned of love
That will not suffer change, or be killed.
We are always about to be used
And are used by nature, without escape,

Save that our wills are with hers fused
And we would impregnate her with our shape.
But in the great moments of being, something
Beyond our wills, is the prime mover
And we do not deny this when we bring
Passionate love to a woman, as a lover ;
Since we are compelled by a hid purpose
We cannot control, if joyful or morose.

It is a terrible thrall to be alone,
With all joy there, and destroying fate
Slicing the flesh, hot fangs on the bone ;
The intense quality of desire
Blasphemes, and is at fault to the core.
Silence in bitterness is the hardest thing ;
But nobler to ask the fire to burn more,
If the mind can endure, and can sing.
Even beyond joy and despair are spun
Unutterable remoteness in the air,
Intolerable nearness in the sun,
And the separateness of each man in his lair.

RICHARD EBERHART

THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS

I wish to examine the feeling towards the League among the people called “intelligent.” It is not possible either to define the individual intelligent person, or to give any demarcation of the class collectively. Fortunately the definition is sufficiently known for my present purpose.¹ I further limit my scope by confining myself to the post-war generation : roughly my contemporaries.

Among them the League is never mentioned in polite conversation ; its doings are never discussed. Beyond the pious hope that it may save us from the discomfort of being shot, the feeling towards it is one of complete apathy.

The reasons seem to be fourfold. First, the general attitude of the group concerned ; then three particular objections to the League. I will deal with the general question first.

A. Complete apathy towards all political matters.

This is derived from the general tendency towards retreatism which characterised post-war psychology. Our retreat has been towards academicism. Hence political questions, if they are mentioned at all, are treated in a purely academic spirit. Compare the “Trahison des Clercs” of Julien Brenda with the Epicurean doctrine of abstention from active politics, which originated in the upheaval caused by the wars of Alexander.

The academic retreat is represented in “The Waste Land” and Pound's “Hugh Selwyn Mauberley.” Though in Pound it is attempted rather than achieved.

For the academic spirit applied to politics – Mr. Eliot's Royalism.

There is no room for idealists in politics – “We want a good sound Business administration, by men who understand Business conditions.” Hence the politician works by means of fallacious statistics, and political parties are differentiated by the economic policies they represent. Obviously this atmosphere is uncongenial to the idealist, who feels that themselves

¹ NOTE : – The disuse of the term 'intelligentsia' and the reaction from the type “highbrow” in the direction of sturdy common-sense with a rather he-man complexion. Hemingway succeeds Huxley as the representative novelist.

whole puppet-show is worked by the Press and Big Business, both of which he dislikes.

So much for the general position. The three particular objections are, in order of importance.

1. Its sentimentality – its name. 2. Its inefficacy. 3. Its appropriation by the Church.

1. Obviously the objection of sentimentality is only applicable to the particular group under consideration, and is therefore unimportant. The whole movement is essentially popular, and must have a popular title.

Unfortunately titles have a tendency to affect the characters of the things they represent. A long and growing tradition of cheap sentimentality may mask the underlying historical truth of the attempt at synthesis which the League embodies – more or less.

[For a similar instance compare Carlyle's phrase "Captains of Industry." The flatulent Romanticism of this tag has bred a legion of spatted de-Daimler'd braggarts, and suppressed the real character of capitalism. Therefore we have one Rathenau and half a Melchett instead of scores of both].

2. The Inefficacy of the League.

This is a more serious objection. It exaggerates a pre-existing tendency towards cynicism and laissez-faire, so that action in any form becomes impossible.

The failure has been two-fold : in practice and in the sphere of ideas.

Mr. Douglas Jerrold in his pamphlet "The Lie about the War" says : "War is the oldest trade, save one, in history, and at no time save from 1914 to 1918 have so many men been engaged in it as during the last ten years, when people in these islands have been blissfully satisfied that a new era of peace has dawned. I mention the fact not to discredit the conscientious and, on the whole, fairly successful efforts of statesmen, journalists, and ministers of religion to re-establish peace in Europ – of the European powers only France, England, Ireland, Spain, Turkey, Greece, Russia and Poland, have been actively engaged in major military operations since 1918" Again later "We shall hear, no

doubt, that the Russian attacks with tanks and gas on two Chinese towns was only a practical gesture of their adherence to the spirit of the Kellogg Pact.” It is painfully obvious that so far the League has failed in practice. Its inability to cope with these smaller wars does not argue any possibility of its being able to prevent wars on the scale of the last one.

In the sphere of ideas its failure is no less evident. Here the main opposition has been disastrous because the popular authority of scientists is immense. Round our new Delphi, the laboratory, the whole people gathers. Soon the scientist emerges with his oracle : “War is a biological necessity.” Then struts back, very well pleased with his infantile gesture. The people are always immensely impressed, because “inside there they are finding a cure for cancer.”

The scientist is inclined to war because it allows him the opportunity to produce some of his most convincing conjuring tricks. The god comes out of his temple and works miracles against the Persians. Also he is opposed to movements like the League of Nations because they are idealistic, “humanitarian.” His romantic pose is that of the inscrutable, implacable interpreter of scientific fact, Anagke, silent, strong-jawed and unemotional. The mob love it as they love a dictator. [I do not mean to give the impression that I object to their discovering a cure for cancer]. In the face of a theatrically managed opposition like this the League has achieved nothing. In the “Daily Mail” on Feb. 4, this year, this article appeared:

Gas War of Future.
Poison from Air in 24 Hours.

Dr. Herbert Levinstein . . . member of the Chemical Warfare Committee, speaking in London last night said :

It is an elementary act of prudence for a nation situated as we are to see that research for chemical warfare purposes should continue to be a subject for special study, and that funds for this purpose should not be cut down below the safety point. Gas is of such outstanding importance in war

that *when the time comes* it will be used, *even if its use is against the spirit of treaties*, etc.

That is the authority of Science! The evening papers contained comforting statements by Dr. Levinstein about what he would do to defend London when it is attacked by gas.

The opposite view is represented in Mr. Desmond McCarthy. "To the historian," he says "the year 1929-30 will be remembered chiefly as that in which men's emotions first began to turn against the idea of war." Poor Mr. McCarthy!

Even the idealist cannot be expected to support an institution which is futile, not only in practice, but in his sphere, the sphere of ideas. All intelligent people are idealists. And all intelligent people know that at present the League of Nations is completely futile – if they don't know this, they are no longer to be considered intelligent.

3. I proceed to the third particular objection. Appropriation of the Church. Firstly, the question of fact. Secondly, why it is an objection.

I do not mean that the League has become officially part of the Church ; but that it has a strong smell of the Church about it. A large proportion of its speakers and propagandists are ministers of religion. A large part of its smaller local organization is carried on by the local busibodies, who are inevitably the busibodies of the local churches. (Naturally a religion which is repressive without providing the incentives to a religious sublimation will produce fussy, neurotic and vaguely directed energy).

Prayers for the League are a regular feature of religious services in this country. Not only in those sects which practice extempore prayer. Even in the liturgical services of the Church of England special prayers are sneaked in.

There are two ways of looking at this. What more natural than that a religion which stands for peace and goodwill should pray for an institution which also stands for peace and goodwill? Precisely. The answer is that the church wants to get peace by means of God; the League trusts in history – humanity. And as I shall show later God's interference in the League is a confounded nuisance.

The other way of looking at it is to say that the Church is trying to absorb the League as a sort of monkey-gland to repair its own senility. That way is more true, if more rude, (it must not be thought that I am criticising the Church as a Church – I admire it. Merely its interference in a sphere where it will do more harm than good).

The objections are two. Firstly from the point of view of the particular group under consideration, organized religion is – undesirable. We do not think the Church smells nice.

Secondly : if the Church gains a considerable influence over the League, the League will become the sphere of religious quarrels. (And religious feeling is more strong than national – Most civil wars have been religious).

For example, a predominantly Protestant movement in England would have to combine with a predominantly Catholic movement in France and Italy. Oil and vinegar ! The English Protestant has a childish mediaeval horror of the Catholics – “Horrors of the Confessional” etc. Many of them believe that Catholics eat babies.

Obviously God's interference here will seriously upset the work of history and humanity.

There is already an example of this. In England the insertions of prayers for the League in liturgical services are generally not complained of. But in Germany they are. bitterly resented, because the League is not altogether popular. In this case the League only suffers indirectly, while the Church reaps the odium of an unwise manœuvre. Soon, however, the boot will be on the other leg. Much better for the Churches with their Gods to keep away. Both for their own good and that of the League. National differences are bad enough. Religious differences would finally wreck it.

HUGH SYKES

FIFTH ARMY

Custom should be a house with the eaves deep,
with the blood easy again, this is my end
and the elms husband it.
Rain might be for Sundays

to be expected yet not remembered
to be granted yet to humility.

What in me was it lost this
after my father died
and my mother in a state of grace
who remembered the Hapsburgs.
My brother died in Leysin coughing
but after all quickly, with a gash under the ear
in an iron pissoir in Leysin.
He remembered the revolution.

Something remained to him, a little comfort
if no gain : but who am I ?
My sister died also

stillborn, the incestuous blood
cried under my thighs, in a trench in Quentin
waiting in the dead watch.
O sweet uncleanness
why must I think of you
with the satin at the eyes blood always,
thinking of you among the gunsmells.
Why should the mind lie only with the things past
waking,
courage and skill, that were forgiven me long ago,
ease, sleep, and the motions
piecing a life. Remnants

to forget at Rheims.
Desire was to be picked from the flesh like shrapnel

yet swung out of the wet trench
and under the hand lived, roundly
with a full skirt ; madness
wearing pleasure like a hoop

(my sister my sister
my body is smooth under the eyes
I have no breasts)

dancing
in a speakeasy in Frisco,
in Janeiro in a gaminghall. Den of vice
dug under with trenches. Alien familiar
deaths made this my kindred.
In the end a sort of life
grew out of these things, there was bone
but three bloods and they – changeable

mulatto : dago with a dash of rumbibbing lowlands :
striped nigger cherishing a little southblood –

aged in the mouth ; rusted. In the end only
the beating of guns went in under the brown scab and
the eyes remembered. Was this custom
(but picked in the rue 'Lappe) was there whiskey
for a stain over barracks, a spilt quarrel,
afterwards gin for adultery?
Well now pernod
sneaking a little breath from pimping.

J. BRONOWSKI

OPEN DOOR

Life is kind.
Come to me, if I go to you it's a game
The angels of the nosegays whose flowers are changing
colour.

Sleep, the moon in one eye, the sun in the other
A Love in the mouth, a fine bird in the locks of the hair
All ready and dressed, like the fields, the roads, and the
sea
All lovely and dressed, like the trip round the world.
 Away across the countryside
Among the branches of smoke and all the fruits of the
wind
 Legs of stone in stockings of sand
The waist held by all the muscular river
And the last care on a face transformed.

Translated from Paul Eluard.
ELSIE ELIZABETH PHARE

LIFE

Smile for the visitors
who leave their hiding places
when she peeps she sleeps.

Every day earlier
starker every season
fresher

Following her eyes
she sways to and fro.

Translated from Paul Eluard.
ELSIE ELIZABETH PHARE

NOTES ON MARVELL 'TO HIS COY
MISTRESS'

I.

These notes are intended to be to the "Coy Mistress" very much what Mr. Eliot's own notes are to "The Waste Land" : suggestions for further interpretation of thought and for a fuller development of visual imagery. The question of what notes are relevant or irrelevant cannot be dogmatically stated, as it obviously differs from reader to reader with their experiences ; at certain points however to explain fully is to destroy. Thus to insist on a fuller visual image of "the Indian Ganges side" would be destructive rather than helpful : at the moment it is as happily vague as Horace's "fabulosus Hydaspes." "The tide of Humber" is distinctly more vivid though perhaps not more visual than the other : the word, "tide," and the facts of Humber being in England and that Marvell lived in Hull, give the second phrase freshness contrasting with the dreaminess of the first¹. Once, by this contrast, the sense of space is established, the words have done their work. At the same time, it is important to realise that Marvell's Ganges is the Ganges of the Ptolemaic and Dantesque geographies, and is the furthestest point East, the point of sunrise. To imagine China stretching out beyond it is to spoil among other things its remoteness and the corresponding remoteness of the Coy Mistress, so suited to her character.

In connection with the word "Indian," consider these two lines:

both the Indias of spice are Mine

and

Her bed is India : there she lies, a pearl

Donne is insisting on the range of the Sun's travels, and the richness of the countries visited, leading up to

All here in one bed lay

Shakespeare's use of "bed" in the second quotation is of course connected with oyster beds, and again suggests richness : but also Troilus is describing Cressida, and to the audience purity and constancy are the question : hence the pearl, symbol of spotlessness (see the XIV century poem "Pearl"). Marvell's "Indian" combines both these uses, only he brings in neither the spice nor pearls ; neither the

¹ cf. Du Bellay : ' Plus mon Loire gaulois que le Tibre latin'

Coy Mistress's purity not her richness are in question : she is seated by the Ganges appropriately finding rubies. Appropriately geographically, as has been noted by Miss Sackville-West, but also symbolically:

Look here, what tributes wounded fancies sent me,
Of pallid pearls and rubies red as blood ;
Figuring that they their passions likewise lent me
Of grief and blushes, aptly understood
In bloodless white and the crimson'd mood :
Effects of terror and dear modesty,
Encamp'd in hearts, but fighting outwardly.
(Shakespeare : "A Lover's Complaint")

Ganges we said was the point of sunrise : look at
Even as the sun with purple-coloured face
Had ta'en his last leave of the the weeping morn,
Rose-cheeked Adonis hied him to the chase :
Hunting he loved, but love he laughed to scorn
and (of Adonis speaking)

Once more the ruby-coloured portal opened
Which to his speech did honey passage yield

These serve to show the intricate symbolism that Marvell inherited : and adds still more point to the Coy Mistress' being by the Ganges.

Pearls we have seen belong to the sea and to grief as well as to purity : and the next phrase not only balances the first with its river nearer home, but presents a complete piece of symbolism balancing the other. The forlorn lover stands like the weeping willow, his emblem, by the waterside complaining,

Augmenting it with tears.

And these tears are pearls, and the pearl and the ruby as we have seen are opposed.² By the waterside also, fallen greatness and empire have traditionally been lamented : the work of Time. With this in mind Marvell moves gracefully from his lament to a consideration of limitless Time, where

My vegetable Love should grow
Vaster than Empires, and more slow.

² cf Marvell : 'The brotherless Heliades
Melt in such amber tears as these.'

II

The “Triumphs” of Petrarch are a series of poems showing the relation of Man to the rest of the Ptolemaic cosmology, on the analogy of Roman Triumphal Entries. Love triumphs over Man, Chastity over Love, Death over Chastity, Fame over Death, Time over Fame, and Eternity or Divinity over Time. Each of these Triumphs involves a combat, some of which combats are familiar enough to us as single motifs without our having realised their context. For instance, the combats of Love and Chastity and of Time and Fame are obvious in Shakespeare's Poems and Sonnets. The sequence of Triumphs is clearly shown in “Lycidas :” 11 64-84

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair
is the Triumph of Love.

To tend the homely slighted Shepherd's trade,
And strictly mediate the thankless Muse
is the Triumph of Chastity over Love.

Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears
is the Triumph of Death over Chastity (and over the apparent results of Chastity : “the fair Guerdon”).

Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil
is the Triumph of Fame over Death.

The perfect witness of all-judging Jove
suggests a Last Judgement, the dividing of the mortal and the immortal, and hence, the Triumph of Time over Fame.

So much Fame in Heav'n
is the final step, the Triumph of Divinity over Time,

The “Coy Mistress” is not a statement either of the sequence of Triumphs alone, or of one of the combats alone. It is based on the limitations implicit in the sequence : how Chastity limits Love, Death Beauty, and so on. And it is with a statement of limitations that the poem opens

Had we but World enough, and Time
and the ideas of Space and Time run through the first section as we have seen.

But at my back I always hear
Time's winged Chariot hurrying near :
And yonder all before us lie
Desarts of vast Eternity.

The Triumphant figures in Petrarch and in later Renaissance art and symbolism make their progresses in chariots or cars : it is therefore not to be supposed that Marvell invented the idea of Time having a chariot, or that it was anything other than a commonplace when written. More important, the phrase “winged chariot” does not mean that the chariot is propelled by wings, that it is anything like a Pegasus. Chariots were drawn by appropriate animals and had wheels ; cars, for aerial or marine deities were boatlike affairs, but again drawn by some animal. The look of the chariot need not concern us as the whole phrase gains strength precisely from its vagueness, from its being at one's back, a sensation rather than an image : it must however be considered to be travelling on the ground – “hurrying near” shows that – to lead on to the deserts to be crossed two lines later. The momentary feeling I think is of a Triumphal Pageant of Time, and it is Time who is winged.

As the coach is Time, s the deserts are Space, looking back to

Had we but World enough, and Time

Time and Eternity are, as has been said, two parts of the sequence of Triumphs : Love and Chastity we have already had : the Triumph of Death over Chastity comes in the next lines :

Thy beauty shall no more be found :
Nor, in thy marble Vault, shall sound
My echoing Song : then Worms shall try
That long preserved Virginity.

It may be fanciful to find a hint of Fame in “marble Vault” and “echoing Song.” “Echoing” has the curious effect of getting attached in one's mind to “Vault,” only for one to find that it shall not sound there : like Milton's description of Mulciber, followed by “thus they relate Erring.”

III

The third section of this poem is admittedly the most difficult, and I only propose to tackle one part of it, the lines

And tear our Pleasures with rough strife
Thorough the Iron gates of Life

with such of the preceding lines as are indivisible from these. For “gates” Tennyson suggested, or wished that Marvell had written, “grates” : a remark which indicates roughly how he interpreted the phrase. The idea is of wild beasts in a cage tearing their meat through the bars : this is reasonably consistent with the lines earlier

And now, like amorous birds of prey,
Rather at once our Time devour,
Than languish in his slow chapt power.

Only one might imagine from this that they were not beasts tearing their pleasures, but vultures, except for the intervening couplet

Let us roll all our Strength, and all
Our Sweetness, up into one Ball

which, whatever the total meaning, refers obviously to “Out of strength came fourth sweetness” : lions. Possibly Marvell has in mind the heraldic lion with his paw on the globe. The word “strife” also seems to fit the lion : compare Shakespeare's use of it, although from the mouth of Snug,

For if I should as lion come in strife

The transference from vulture to lion may have been suggested by Time's “slow chapt power” : certainly it is helped by it. This brings us back to “Iron gates,” which is a heavy description of an aviary and sounds more in keeping with lions. At the same time, the “gates of Life” can stand as a phrase by itself, especially considering the insistence on Death and Time in this poem. Let us first get clear what in Marvell's experience both gates and cages (or grates) would be.

When Love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the grates.

Here “the grates” refers obviously to the grating in the door of his cell : the gates to the outside of the prison entrance. Consider this entrance for a moment. When in “Paradise Lost” Book II, the gates of Hell are opened, Milton thus describes it :

Thus saying, from her side the fatal Key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took :
And towards the Gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge Portcullis high updrew,
Which but herself not all the Stygian powers
Could once have moved ; then in the keyhole

turns

Th' intricate wards, and every Bolt and Bar
Of massy Iron or solid Rock with ease
Unfastens : on a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
Th' infernal doors.

This means that there is a portcullis in front of the doors : as for instance, is to be found at the Tower, forming an enormous grating between the stone sides of the gateway. Inigo Jones has a drawing of "The Prison of Night" which shows this exactly.³ Again, the lions' den in the Tower were made in precisely the same principle, and looked far more like gates than our circus cages.⁴

Stone walls do not a prison make
Nor iron bars a cage –

there are the two essentials of the prison : add to these Shakespeare's "gates of steel so strong," and it is obvious that there was for Marvell no difficulty in reconciling the two ideas of gateway and cage : the visual image is almost the same for both.

HUMPHREY JENNINGS

³ Reproduced in Welsford 'The Court Masque.'

⁴ Illustrated in 'The Tower of London' by William Benham.

MYTH

THE ATTEMPT TO SCALE HEAVEN, AS IF THEY
WOULD ATTACK THE GODS.

Smposium

BABEL BASALT

rears mortared blocks
out-boulders
1000slave-hacked

BASALT BLACK

bright, wept, on
by the pail-robed clouds'
mute funerals

BLACK BABEL

spills eyes
screaming
down smooth cliffs

BABEL BASALT

sways in the gale
whistling
dead sedge

BASALT BALCK

foundations crack
as ice-field
glaciers splinter'd

BLACK BABEL

balances be-
witched too
slender poised

BABEL BASALT

clambered in its
last slippery
rung

-- 20 --

BASALT BLACK

our finger-tips
curled round
the ledge of Heaven

Jove saw and smote.
iron seared, heart lung and entrails
cleft

while fire bursts blacker black

black BA B EL

B EL

b EL

ba b

el

the old wound, dear,
that summer nearly wove,
gapes heart ad lungs again
full hemispheres apart,
and floods the stony continents with
pain.

HUGH SYKES

PORT SWETTENHAM

And they removed from Ezron-gaber and pitched in the wilderness of Ziu, which is Kadesh. And they removed from Kadesh and pitched in Hor in the edge of the land of Edom . . . and they departed from mount Hor and pitched in Zalmonah. And they departed from Zalmonah and pitched in Punon. And they departed from Punon and pitched in Oboth

And they departed from Almon-diblathaim and pitched in the mountains of Abarim, before Nebo.

Padraic Cleary looked up at the long tapering mast. Someday somebody would be up there and lose his nerve : he, Padraic Cleary, would bring him down. The captain would call for him and congratulate him. My boy, I'm proud of you ; you're a credit to the ship –

He had never done anything worth doing.

Five bells were struck. Half-past six. Five bells were struck again from another ship the other side of the harbour. *Tin-tin : tin-tin : tin,*

Padraic approached the galley, and almost ran into Andy the cook, who was just coming out carrying a messkit. Andy asked Padraic if while he was there he would give Norman's mickey a drink of water because Norman was down the refrigerator and the mickey would be thirsty. “Norman and his ruddy mickey,” laughed the cook, “he loves that think like a brother. He's going to paint its cage this evening when he's knocked off. I seen him just now bumming paint off the lamptrimmer!

Norman's mickey was a grey carrier pigeon which had flown aboard in the Mediterranean. It had perched like a finial for nearly a day at the top of the mainmast. It had occurred to Padraic to go up and get it – but eventually it have been Norman who had decided that the pigeon was worth getting, and it was Norman who adopted the bird which had upon it an explicable message from Swansea. Norman clipped its wings and made it a cage which he placed on top of the bread locker outside the galley. He shared his plate with it and gave it as much freedom as he could by letting it out of the cage on to number four hatch. When it wandered about on number four hatch Norman had always tied a long piece of string to its leg which he attached to a cleat.

When Padraic saw mickey it used to give him a strange nostalgic feeling in the throat. It was such an innocent helpless creature, and Norman was very kind to it. It brought to Padraic strange unconcentrated thoughts out of which blossomed what had been really happy and beautiful in his life. Years ago – a late tea in the nursery – or the turf crisp with the summer heat and the lazy tennis players below him as he lay on the bank. Shadows, on walls and towers, that suddenly galloped. . . .

Norman's real ambition was to grow another inch and become a policeman, but now he was a galley boy working down the refrigerator.

Padraic came to give mickey a drink, but it was not in its cage, which was open. He looked on number four hatch. It was not there. Up above, hung on a line strung between the rail forward of the wireless room and the bottom of the galley-chimney, a quartermaster's dungarees flapped themselves dry ; but there was no mickey. Padraic called Andy. They searched everywhere – down the bosun's alley, on the boat deck, in the galley – the mickey seemed to have disappeared.

“The bastard couldn't have flown,” said Andy, bewildered, “Norman clipped its wings. We must find it, or it'll break his ruddy heart.”

In a few minutes they looked over the side. There, not twenty fathoms from the boat, the mickey was swimming. Its clipped wings pathetically flapped in the water. It was gradually sinking as it became more and more sodden. If it did not sink Padraic supposed that a crocodile would eat it. There was not one chance in a thousand that it would ever reach the bank, and even if it did it would be helpless and starve to death. Andy and he looked at each other. Padraic remembered his third swimming colours at school but decided it would be sheer bravado to go in after it. He said this to Andy, who shook his head. “I'd go in, but I think more of my missus than of a pigeon,” he said.

The bosun and the carpenter came up.

“Gawd blimey,” said the bosun, rolling a cigarette, “mickey got loose? I always said it would. Scull's doesn't know how to look after it. By crimes, the bastard's swimming, ain't it chips?”

“Och, its the last time I'll be thinkin' that bluidy burrd will eer swim.”

“Thirsty, I suppose,” said Andy, moodily, “and seeing the water like --”

Ah yes, they nodded their heads sagely. Thirsty, that was it, they hadn't thought of that –

Two quartermasters came up and an A.B. From the fore-castle with a bucket full of his Saturday's washing.

“What's up, Bose?”

“Scull's mickey. Aving a ruddy barf!”

“Aw, *that* thing. Norman shouldn't have let it out on that bastard string.”

“Wots to do there?”

“Ere wots all the crowd about? Is there a Jane in the water or summat?”

“Damn all Janes in Swettenham. It's only Norman's mickey”

“Aw I was tellin' 'im about that string yesterday. He don't know how to keep a bloody bird.

“Feeds it wrong too I always reckon.”

“Where is Norman, anyway?”

“In the frige.”

“He was going to paint its cage this evening,” said the cook'

“I seen him getting paint off damp. He loved that bird like a brother.”

“Never got a chance to let *my* ruddy brother out on a string.”

Two Chinese trimmers covered in coal, two ordinary seamen, the chief steward, and the purser joined the crowd. The firemen jibbered excitedly.

“Lor lumme bloody days it's Scull's mickey,” said the ordinary seaman. “Sheer killing yourself, though, it would be, to go in after it in this place.”

“Yes.”

“You can bet your boots on that--”

“Here,” said the chief steward, “we must get a sampan. We can't let the bloody bird drown like that.”

“No sampan within a couple of miles, sir.”

The chief steward spread out his hands helplessly. Near the number four hatch one of the agents for the company stood, talking to the first mate. They did not seem to know what was going on.

“Look here,” said the chief steward, “we *must* get a sampan. We can't let the bloody bird frown like that.”

The mate and the agent went on talking
Padraic thought of his third swimming colours.

“I suppose it would be sheer suicide to go in--”

“Yes, you'd get eaten. And if you were rescued you'd get logged,” said the chief steward, doing nothing about the sampan.

“There, I always said he was going to lose the bloody thing.”

The mickey struggled on bravely, half-submerged.

“Poor little bastard,” said Andy.

Suddenly it disappeared.

“Mr. Croc,” winked the bosun wisely spitting a brown stream.

Norman came out of the refrigerator, taking off an extra jacket he had put on. He felt quite contented. He had a few more onions to peel and then he was free for the rest of the evening to paint the cage. He had bummed some paint half an hour before from the lamptrimmer. He came over to the crowd who were looking over the rail. The situation was gently explained to him and then he replied savagely, rather to Padraic's remorse, that he would have gone in after it if the whole harbour had been so full of crocodiles that you couldn't anchor a ship for them.

The crowd remained there for some time talking, and after a few moments the agent, whom the first mate by now had left, came over to them. He was smoking a cigar and was in a jolly mood. He was a jolly agent.

“If any of you want a bathe,” he puffed, blowing out a flood of grey air, “it's all right this time of the year. I've been in myself, several times. It's really quite safe. You could get the pilot ladder put down, Chief – it would really be very nice.”

The group dispersed, wavered and broke and flowed. They went about their businesses. Andy sat on a butter-tub in the galley, yawning at the *Penang Daily News* : Norman sat gloomily peeling onions, once he stole a glance at the cage on the bread locker and wondered if he would ever grow another inch and become a policeman : the bosun and the carpenter padded up and down the deck in carpet-slippers.

Padraic sat on the hatch washing a singlet in a bucket. Frequently the yellow soap slipped from his hands and he stooped to pick it up. Then he put his bucket and singlet away and walked amidships. On number four hatch he found a long piece of string attached to a cleat. He listened to some of the quartermaster's talking.

“ – these mozzies are artists – ”

“ – ho ? – ”

“ – from Dublin to 'Ollyead you can get it very *very* severe.
During the war it was, full of troops an all – ”

“Newfoundland is where I want to go again boy. Tor bay eh
and eat cod fich tongues up there eh ? – ”

“ – bacon and eggs, you know, and one *bloody* little piece of
toast.”

“ – is that so ? – ”

“ – is that so ? – ”

Tin-tin : tin-tin : tin-tin. Padraic tried to recall a poem he had
read, – something about a lark with a broken wing and the lark's mate
the next morning singing his merry lay without him – “his heart is
broken and his song is gone, there in the dark.”

When had he read it ? That time as a bank clerk in the dusty
office when –

He tried to fix his mind on something. He looked up at the
mast. All around was the night.

MALCOLM LOWRY

NOTE ON LOCAL FLORA

There is a tree native in Turkestan,
Or further east towards the Tree of Heaven,
Whose hard cold cones, not being warts to time,
Will leave their mother only for good cause ;
Will ripen only in a forest fire ;
Wait, to be fathered as was Bacchus once,
Through men's long lives, that image of time's end.
I knew the Phoenix was a vegetable.
So Semele desired her deity
As this in Kew thirsts for the Red Dawn.

WILLIAM EMPSON

TO ALL THAT

I have been wondering,, heart, if everyone
Starts with the assumption that love is the thing,
– The only thing – worth living for.
I have been wondering, heart, if everyone
Goes on to put their assumptions into practice
And finds them air.
Or whether we have been exceptionally unlucky,
You, heart, and I.

I can not believe
That everyone has gone through the April love-
famine,
And come out, panting, into summer,
Unsatisfied.
And sat through the summer sun, inspecting
Prospective partners for the seventh heaven.
And, for it is now well on in August, said :
I am not in love yet ; and winter is coming on.
And set about pricking the unwilling heart
With slated glances culled from the unreluctant
Eyelids of women.

And through autumn and November
Lain on green sofas all day long, whimpering
Because of painful feelings that at first they could
hardly
Bring themselves to feel,
And because of a certain heart-felt self-conscious
desire.
And one evening towards February.
Suddenly enters Satisfaction,
Bringing with it incidental the lips and the breasts of
the woman they
desired.
To kiss, to fondle, to paw among flesh-smells :
Artificially at length to respire the suffocated truth :
“This is not my woman.”

Is any woman, heart, our woman ?
Is any woman the thing,
The only thing, worth living for?

Is any woman love ?
And what, heart, if she were ?

Let us give up to other people's opinions, heart, and
think
What we, from inside, think.
Let us look for the wild primroses,
And make a bonfire of all the orchids.
Let us not eat rhubarb at Christmas ;
Nor, on the last day of December, dance the new year
in, riotously ;
Nor prepare in April to have appropriate spring
feelings.
Let us give up love, heart,
And break into ourself to see what is worth-while.

LIONEL BIRCH.

SUSPICION

Fujiyama sniffs the sky,
Mustn't let it get too high.

Blue above and clouds below,
What has inbetween to show ?

Only Fujiyama's snout
Squeezing smoke and fire out.

Outside decorated loud :
Lightning tiepins scarfs of cloud.

Inside quiet breath implies
Watchfulness that's more than eyes

On guard for what no man can say,
But only dragons of yester day.

ARTHUR TILLOTSON

POETRY AND BELIEFS

The problem of poetry and beliefs with which the article is primarily concerned is an adjunct to the more general problem is the relation of literature to life. The assumption implicit in that follows is that the experience of literature differs in kind from the experienced with that literature deals. It takes place, so to speak, on a plane of experience apart from the plane on which non-literary experiences take place. This assumption is partly presupposed in the way I have treated the beliefs problem but it is I hope confirmed by the considerations I advance in dealing with it. To discuss either problem however it is necessary to elucidate the part played in life by statements and I shall begin with this in order to clear the way for discussing the place of beliefs in poetry.

Apart from differences in verbal cohesion, all statements are equal. Differences in response come from differences in content. Thus, statements which have a personal and private reference may in this respect be distinguished from those which have a public and impersonal one. I do not feel any emotion on reading that a number of men were killed in a recent accident on the other side of the world. On the other hand I am patently disturbed if I am told I have lost my luggage in going abroad. A statement of fact has in some way to be related to my first-hand experiences – to involve in some way my actual existence – to arouse in me any noticeable response. But to stir the feelings, the fact expressed in the statement need not necessarily be of direct practical importance. It may for instance be of some immediate concern only to someone else and yet affect me in some slight way through causing me to remember a similar occurrence. In such a case the response comes through relating statements about external objects or feelings to a past experience, and obtaining from it an approach that wakened, diluted version of an original stronger feeling or impression which a remembered experience evokes. The more accurate, precise, particular the reference the greater the possible response. “Scientific” statements – that is to say – statements about the material world – do not normally affect us because the object or facts to which they give verbal formulation do not play any part in our lives. The environment which has any importance for us is extremely limited. A statement about the world of sense-data as distinct from statements about moods and feelings will only move if it refers to a class of objects in which we are

interested or if in some way it is related to our hopes or wishes, as when a new notion about the material world induces an Archimedes to exclaim Eureka. Statements about feelings and moods on the other hand are much more likely to affect us since the range of emotional experience is narrow when compared with the, for practical purposes, unlimited number of external fact and we are in consequence more likely to have had firsthand experience of a given feeling than of a given object.

It is at this point that the limitations of language intervene. Granted that if we could refer sufficiently directly and concretely to our feelings, there would be a greater likelihood of response, owing to the invisible nature of states of mind and their imperfect at most partial expression in the features, it is much more difficult to make an accurate reference – a reference which will cause us to remember the particular emotion which we wish to remember – than it is to cause us to recall how something looked. Objects and feelings are de-individualised by language. They become instances of categories and cease to have the individual character they have in life. For purposes of action, we do not need to experience this individuality. It is sufficient if we recognise an object as an example of a type. It is when we try to refer more precisely to it that the difficulties emerge. The instance T. E. Hulme takes (*Speculations*, p.151) of the “hill *ruffed* with trees” illustrates how an approach to accurate realising may be made by laying a reference to another object against the reference concerned. It is open for this method to be used for references to states of mind but this for reasons I imply below is unsatisfactory. The only other way of conveying feelings seems to be through the reader's bringing them ready-made – that is to say, by recalling them through realising that the statements in question are exactly those he would use himself if he had the feelings from which they emerged. Statements such as these, to use the phrase Mr. Richards employs in another connection, “make us remember how we felt.” They do not cause us to feel entirely how we felt. There is considerable difference between emotion and remembered emotion (perhaps one of kind though possibly only of degree). But such cases are rare. For the most part, statements merely serve to erect out of what remembered feelings they can recall a mood which as spectators rather than participants we experience. We provide as it were the materials for the experience, but it is not an experience of

our own that we receive. It remains outside us – as it were – on a different plane. This point may be illustrated by a reading of the Donne sonnet – At the round world's imagined corners, blow – which Mr Richards employs in Practical Criticism.

Donne's sonnet evidently emerged from a state of mind in which a profound sense of sin together with a strong awareness of deity were elements – but these are not what the sonnet conveys. If one were to describe the result of reading it, one would be inclined to say that the extent of one's emotional response was the mild satisfaction that comes from exercising the intellect in the understanding of something self-consistent. This is a pleasant but not profound experience in direct contrast to the profound but possibly unpleasant experience from which one infers the poem emerged. The world to which the statements in the poem refer is not in the world as an essentially contemporary mind would experience it and the effect of this is immediately to call into play non-personal criteria. The issues the sonnet deals with are no longer real. (Few people nowadays have a strong sense of sin and we no longer believe in Donne's God). But to judge the sonnet as a poem it is not necessary that they should be. All that is necessary is that we should understand Donne's world-picture and in the light of our knowledge estimate his consistency. It is only by an accident an anachronism that we might obtain more. But to do so we should have had to feel sinful like Donne and to have known the urgent presence of his God. Donne's sonnet might then seem an exact erection into words of our own emotion – and we might then know again in the diluted form of memory the rigours of our own experience. When this happens, communication can be said to have been established, but from the nature of things, its occurrence is rare and for the essence of the poetic experience we must look elsewhere. If we exclude this aspect, poetry becomes important for us not as it communicates a coordinated experience (it only by accident does this) but as the issues it deals with become personal. This is not to say, it only then becomes poetry. No subject, no issue is more or less valid for poetry than any other. What determines whether a poem is a good poem is the relations between its statements and not the statements themselves. But the subject of the poem since it appeals or does not appeal to our interests and since our interests vary in their intensity, does affect the importance we attach to the poem. The Waste Land is more important to us than Paradise

Lost because it refers to and interprets with an immediacy lacking in Milton a state of mind we ourselves have known. Similarly Birds, Beasts, and Flowers occupies a stringer and so more important interest than the interest exercised by The Listeners. This is not to say, Mr. Lawrence's work is better *poetry* than Mr. de la Mare's. It is purely to insist that if other things are equal, it will be more important.

From this discussion of the general problem of statements, one may now pass to consider a possible solution of the belief problem. Poetry – it is urged – is important for us if it refers to and interprets an experience of experiences which we have known – if it deals in fact with states of mind induced in us by what Walter Lippmann calls, in *Public Opinion*, our pseudo-environment – the world which we think we feel and think in and which varies slightly or greatly with every person as distinct from the actual world which is the same for everyone. If the pseudo-environment of the poet differs from our own, it will be as though he is asking us to share a response made to a different world. The pseudo-environments of active minds in any given age will vary, but among them some variants will be nearer than others – and in any case they are likely to be closer to one another than to the pseudo-environments of another time and place. An individual's pseudo-environment naturally includes his beliefs and in a sense *is* his beliefs. Thus in writing a poem, beliefs enter naturally in the form of statements offered as objectively true. Differences in ethical judgement – for instance the importance to be attached to monarchy – amount frequently only to differences in perception, and, granted a sufficiently wide experience, tend to disappear. Only to the extent that our own pseudo-environment approaches that of the poet, are we likely to find him important. If our pseudo-environment and the attitudes it has caused in us differ – if in fact we have thought and felt differently – his work will remain outside us.

This position it will be seen differs from that advanced by Mr. Richards. Mr. Richards realises that beliefs, being part of poetry, do help to determine to what extent it shall be at once *real* and *living* and he tries to obviate the difficulty by explaining how we come to accept “pseudo-statements” and then suggesting that the problem of beliefs is only part of a larger problem – the problem of “pseudo-statements.”

“Pseudo-statements” differ from “statements” (in Mr. Richards's

view) in requiring a different criterion – what we feel about them. I should prefer to say that the criterion is the same – whether they seem true to us – but that we apply a different approach in using it. That is to say we take into account the difficulties of referring to invisible states of mind and give them an indirect rather than a literal interpretation. In this view, statements of political, religious or metaphysical belief – whether intended to be taken as “statements” *i.e.* referring to objective facts or as “pseudo-statements” *i.e.* using referenced to objects as means of referring to subjective states of mind – will still be subject to the criterion whether we think them true or not. On these things one might analyse

“God's in His heaven
All's right with the world”

as follows. “All's right with the world” may be interpreted as meaning either (1) that all *is* right with the world, *i.e.* as offering a statement which, applying the *direct* method, we accept or reject according as our pseudo-environment confirms or disallows it; or (2) that Browning is feeling at the moment *as if* everything were right with the world. This state of mind is such that the world at the moment seems right to him, *i.e.* applying the *indirect* method, we accept or reject it in so far as it enables us to recognise or recall a mood. This in turn will depend on what our pseudo-environment is like – whether it is one in which God is intermittently in and out of Heaven and whether we fluctuate in our views on how the world is wagging. If “God” as a term has an urgency for us like one supposes it to have had for Donne, we shall be nearer to recalling Browning's mood. But if we have never thought like that, it will leave us as far removed as ever.

I can best summarise this argument perhaps by coming back to the assumption I made in starting, that literature exists in its own class apart from life. If what I have said is true, it follows that after the intellectual enjoyment of it as literature has been passed, its value to us depends on how it serves to interpret life. The goodness of a poem as a poem is independent of personal factors but its importance as “an index, in the intellectual consciousness, of life-adjustments that are taking place in the secret soul below” (J. Middleton Murry. *To the Unknown God* p. 130) does depend on whether the life-adjustments it indicates are parallel to our own or not. Beliefs therefore are irrelevant for “poetic” purposes but we cannot leave

them out in question as to ultimate value. Literature becomes of vital importance to us when it embodies attitudes which seem sensible to us and springs from a pseudo-environment like our own. But to appreciate it as literature we do not require this. It is sufficient if we understand well enough to enjoy it intellectually as an artificial erection out of the artificial materials of words.

W.G. ARCHER

POSTSCRIPT

I add this note not in criticism but to suggest the possibility of a different form of approach to the same problem. After re-reading the original statement of Mr. Richards's, and Mr. Eliot's recent contribution (*Dante*, pp.57 ff.) I am left with the feeling that we are perhaps all talking at cross-purposes. Mr. Eliot for example believes that literature exists, and that literary criticism exists, and that they can be distinguished from private experience. Mr. Richards evidently does not believe that. I say evidently, because it seems to me clear, from the contradictions in which Mr. Eliot involves himself when he tries to follow Mr. Richard's system, that he can have nothing in common with it. Let me make myself clear.

I agree with Mr. Eliot that criticism exists, and I agree also that it is an "abstraction." But it is an abstraction of a very solid kind, it is the Highest Common Factor of a number of discrete judgements and as such it can be talked about and is accessible. Now that it important because whatever may be the nature of the private part of the literary judgements which I make it is always private and so it is not accessible and it cannot be talked about. It may form the greater part of my judgements and of the judgements even of the best critics ; but whether it forms one tenth or whether it forms nine tenths it is not communicable, we cannot talk about it and all that we can talk about, because it is all that we have in common, is whatever part is left. To go on to speak, as Mr. Eliot speaks, of pushing that part "to its extreme" is nonsense, because it *is* a part, we

agreed to limit ourselves to a part, and we never pretended that we wanted to push it into becoming a whole. "Full understanding" is such a part because it must by definition be accessible, and "full belief" is a whole because it is what is accessible plus what is private : yet Mr. Eliot speaks as if the word "full" gave them some kind of quantitative equality. He speaks of "full *aesthetic* enjoyment" on one page and on the next he says "enjoyment" would be mutilated if we discovered Dante and Lucretius to be the same person. But these enjoyments were never equal to begin with ; and if "full aesthetic enjoyment" means anything then surely it means that thing which would *not* be affected by considerations of authorship. (So it is possible that it differs even from critical enjoyment, a little because criticism is concerned with the genuineness of experience, and largely because it is concerned with sequences in a tradition which must change whether we identify Dante with Lucretius or with Cardinal Newmann.)

This then is my point. If you believe in any kind of "abstract" criticism, and if you try at the same time to follow Mr. Richards's system which shirks the whole issue of the *existence* of criticism, then you will almost certainly be tripped up just where Mr. Eliot has been tripped up. So it seems to me safer to travel the other, impersonal road. And I think that at least some of the difficulties connected with pseudo – or *directed* statements are due also to the limitations¹ of Mr. Richards's method. At least I do not see how any discussion of pseudo-statements can be very profitable until we have learned to analyse the sheer differences of *meaning* between an objectified statement like "O rose, thou art sick," a partly objectified statement like "Love is a sickness," and an unobjectified statement like "Beauty is truth." But then that is a hobbyhorse of mine.

J. BRONOWSKI

¹ By 'limitations' I do not mean narrowness. I have said before that it is the rich *unwieldiness* of Mr. Richards's method that makes it unpractical.

LAUGHTER

They had been walking through the rainfrothed fields
of a day brimmed over with November's gold,
building mountains to scale, walls to batter :
crowned, throned in thought, untouched by bitter
rabble fact fingers, soft in rain cloaked ;
glad when sky burst shell and broke
thunder of armies lurching into war.
Being poured in through nostrils to career
through the thewed thigh and pump the brighter red ;
unleashed the hound, day high the flame-winged head.
No night of thwarted hands for dying queens ;
but light the cupped hand could grasp and lips suck clean,
Light that melted flesh and shewed bone cold.
The sword was sharpened as the flesh was flayed.
When pipes were later filled, from the cold dark
withdrawn,
their memories entombed by day returned,
Painted and shrouded, stinking of decay.
"I think," said one, "I must have been in Troy
When they brought Helen captive from the sea,
hugging my trollop, wrapped in odorous ease,
unmoved until one said as she appeared
'There's Paris' prize : when I doubt not I stared,
at the memory lovestruck, jerked from the known bed
to wander through the darkened streets and beat
at bolted doors and claw at distant stars.
The past and the future fuse within an hour
of mortal heat ; the fruit is always ripe,
but we scratch shell or gnaw the bitter rind,
missing the core that stirs deep within.
There are still beauties ; unknown how can a queen
than a nightly drab more smoothly calm and heal ?
Two metres is our compass ; windmill sails
or high or low are anchored to the earth.
Why cry for moon when there are plums an pears,
apples and melons and oranges to eat ?
Horses leaping, proud ships, slim poplar trees,
bright flying birds are for the sceptic heart.
There are betrayals in a still room's desert,

slag heaps, and warehouses of mouldy sayings,
that dim senses and blunt our childish feelings,
and bump the blinded body into lies.
Memory kills, the future ; now ; so dive
deeper and higher as the lungs allow :
but first untie, fling off compelling lust,
let light's cool fingers heal that fitful urge.
Say not perhaps, and if ; use a fierce curb ;
imagination has a mouth of iron.
Courage is no imaginary thing : root firm ;
and with healthy disillusion as its mate
begets its laughter that will shake such shot
as shatters then and when." They laughed and smiled
confusing the double ghosts that lurked behind
curved with hard harlot hands over their chairs,
murmuring of hopes long lost and tight despairs.

JOHN DAVENPORT

AS IT IS IN HEAVEN

Thy mansions operate
 Celestially, no doubt,
And angels entertain their guests
 With clockwork etiquette.

The immaculate hierarchy resolves
 Its petalled subtleties
In periodical at homes
 Before our common eyes.

We unsophisticated sit
 Abashed and dare not speak :
The earth may be inherited
 But heaven not, by the meek.

ARTHUR TILLOTSON

SQUARCIONE TODAY

The study of a school of painting that flourished in North Italy during the later half of the 15th Century attends a particularly direct approach to certain aesthetic problems that are as much in the air to-day as ever. The workshops of Squarcione at Padua were frequented by talents drawn from all the parts of Lombardy. Of the master himself we know as little as his few doubtful pictures tell ; of his pupils, Mantegna, Tura, Zoppa, Cossa, Crivelli, we know much more. But just as Shakespeare obscures his literary contemporaries through his own vastness, so too the share of attention that Mantegna claims, leaves little over for his fellows. His was a genius, however, that spread itself naturally in so many directions, that it would be worse than useless to consider him in connection with our problem.

The characteristic that strikes us first in the Squarcionesques is their tendency towards excessive localisation ; their interest and their passion flows into small objects, or into separate parts of big objects. Thus though Tura sometimes attains a sort of savage unity, as in the great Giacomo della Marca, now at the Italian Exhibition (No. 212) it can only be compared to the piles of Baroque ornaments that figure in the dreams of late Dutch painters. Cosimo Tura stands a cruelly twisted figure in the history of Art. He is completely devoid of any signs of humanity ; his figures, with their savage grimaces, might be of stone. All around them lies the rock, metallic and cold. The fantastic quaintness that lights up the austerity of Cossa is lacking ; he remains the magnificently mad sculptor, flinging at his awful taste for the bizarre, the horrible.

Crivelli, a more genial nature studied as well with Vivarini. He is therefore half Venetian ; Venetian perhaps in his gorgeous unrestraint, in his wild piety. But it was from his fellow Squarcionesques that he learnt to twist his imagination to the Grotesque and to charge natural objects with emotional significance. He was essentially a linear artist ; his line is often crude and inexpressive, but had he lived in the more genial world across the Apennines, he would, I venture to think, have become a wistful Botticelli. But living, as he did, in a time of change, when the renewed interest in antiquity inspired by Mantegna vied with the warm victory of colour, won at

such great costs by Giovanni Bellini, he became a reactionary, a pedant, and finally a relic.

The little Madonna and Child, now in the Italian Exhibition (No. 201), may serve as a preliminary text. We notice at once that the attention of the Madonna and Child are not mutually absorbed, but are fixed on something exterior ; we perceive it to be a small fly on the ledge in the left-hand corner of the picture. Immediately the fly assumes an importance that no host of Magi could rival. The discovery of the fly leads at once to a crack in the ledge on the other side ; it appears symbolic and becomes at once sinister ; there grows an emotional tension in the picture. This is only increased by the discovery of a phallic cucumber pointing at the Child. The friendly shape of the apple in the other side we mistrust ; it too may have evil intentions. Thus our attention is driven into a plan of intellectual or literary contrasts : fly, crack, cucumber, apple. I say driven, because my contention is that we approach the picture from a “plastic” angle, and it is only when we have entered the picture plane of visual images as opposed to intellectual abstractions, that we then are conscious of the overtones set up by these images in the intellectual or literary plane. Where there is not some degree of significance in line or form there can be no overtones ; we do not enjoy a mere catalogue of bizarre objects ; a glance at some of the less inspired works of Heironymo Bosch will illustrate (negatively) my meaning.

The much abused Annunciation of Crivelli in the National Gallery carries the process of intellectualisation yet one step further. The supreme indifference of the figures outside the Madonna's house, necessitates an impersonal view of a scene that would otherwise be swamped with romantic piety. The peacock, a canary, the fruit, and the elaborate gestures of the angel, all join in the conspiracy to draw the mind into a belief in this all too unlikely picture. But we suspend our unbelief not because we are captivated by a mere arrangement of grotesque objects, but because the power of his vision, the poetry of his line, combine with the intellectual paraphernalia in a supreme effort to present the scene vividly and durably ; the unity is in the parts.

To-day there is an attempt on the part of Surréalisme to do much the same thing as Tura and Crivelli. The purely “plastic” canons of art have fallen into disrepute, and artists, together even with the

perpetrators of “significant form,” are groping for a pretext and a means to display their literary abilities in paint. The Surréalistes, so far, offer the only consistent theory. They seem to be striving to crystallize out of the misty limbo that lies behind consciousness a rather wistful regret that man should be thus bounded by such rigid laws, and left in such a desolate prison. How else may we explain the numerous “metamorphoses” that have of late flooded the rue de Seine. But it is the means, not the aspirations that interest us. We see reappearing in Chirico, Bonun, and their fellows, the same Squarcionesque catalogue of bizarre objects. But here they are not ennobled by any unity of vision ; one can grasp them as well without passing through the picture plan at all. And this is why they lack force and even significance, and why under the most casual scrutiny the crystals dissolve back into limbo, distant and misty.

This is not so much a condemnation of Surréalisme, but rather a regret that it should exploit a field at one so wide and so narrow. Ideas move so fast to-day that they need hardly be whispered before they are round the globe. It is a pity that such a wider perspective of history should not have fostered a correspondingly broad and sane tradition, instead of the anarchy of sects and schisms that we see to-day. Artists have always been fools, but there seems to be an uncanny wisdom behind the development of Art, quite unwarranted when we examine the mistakes and stupidities that constitute the texture. It is only very rarely that a great school dashes wildly into a *cul-de-sac*. The end is generally a quiet disintegration ; the workshops grow dusty, mice gnaw at the foundations – it collapses, “not with a bang but a whimper.”

JULIAN TREVELYAN

SIRVENTES

Morning comes on five bells in a city of the Midi ;
wakens one troubled with dreams, another
filches sleep from the gutter, a man none trusted.

“Neighbour, we live in stirring times, and one day
knows not the next. My neighbour
late from women, fell at the spear's end ;
Raimbaut the juggler, that courted the duke's lady,
was stabbed on her threshold ; and the duke taken,
his horse reared, wood-smoke in the nostrils.”

“They that beset us
some say fought for the priests, and some
for plunder.”

Here two slept in a curtained fastness, tumbled
among tapestries and strewn silks, a banquet
fled in confusion.

Lady, your eyes more bright than
day

behold, after the sword, what measures of decline,
flames that outstripped the scythe, and after these
corruption.

A foraged year is a year of prophecy.

Was it my last sing fell amid scattered wine-cups
and cursing after arms ? Shall to-morrow give
cloister for palace ? Shall I praise
(remembering you are white, and your teeth white,
you speak truth) a dry Rod bearing fruit ?
Shall I be heard to say, question for answer,
(remembering the eighth candle placed in the
sepulchre

for Bertran de Born)

We live

suffered not suffering, and die in our beds ;
kisses are on the forehead, after death.

We have borne children and are yet unsatisfied,
torment and unfulfilled ; find solace
in hidden drawers at midnight.

J.M. REEVES

CYNIC OR SCEPTIC

No accusation is so often levelled by their elders at those who form the vaguely-defined body known as "The Younger Generation" as that of cynicism, a word which, with its associations of sterility, decadence, and insincerity, is useful for the expression of disapproval.

Yet cynicism is not, in general, a quality of extreme youth, which tends rather towards an unjustified optimism. The examples produced in support of this accusation are usually specimens of the "pseudo-cynic," a person who satisfies his gregarious instincts by accepting the habits of some fashionable sect or clique, becoming little more than a conversation-machine for the reproduction of its accepted tenets. The exotic creatures to be found in such numbers in King's Parade, Bloomsbury, Montparnasse, wherever a café and a studio are within easy reach, are neither cynics nor decadent. There is a fervour and a zest about their fulminations against the philistine, a gusto about their jargon, which are so many signs of a pathetic optimism. No, the typical cynic is the old man, snarling at a world which refuses to reward his lack of talents ; the youthful imitator is a fraud, to be taken with a pinch of salt and encouraged.

It would be a pity, nevertheless, if the antics of æsthetes were to obscure the very deep unrest among the "Younger Generation" of to-day, caused, among other factors, by a revolution in scientific thought during the last few years of far more importance than the superficial bubblings of the intelligentsia which it has produced. That change has been ever in the direction of a more humble scepticism, not based on a defective vision of life, but the result of a more comprehensive survey of the fundamental difficulties which beset the search for knowledge. Let the critics concentrate on these changes, even if it involves their learning something of the sciences, and forget to bait the eccentrics for a while.

It may be useful to repeat that scarcely a generation ago the world was still a very safe place, working astonishingly well, and farmed, as it were, by

doctrines were as dogmatic as political creeds. The struggle for existence was held to explain the universe ; monkeys and giraffes obeyed a law of evolution remarkable in that it needed no policemen to enforce it. Yet the over-complacency of this unprecedented activity betrayed its essential shallowness ; laws became a substitute for morals, dogma for faith. The War sufficiently punished this too-prosperous and self-satisfied civilisation, and the corresponding iconoclastic process in the scientific laboratories continued long after the armistice.

It is unnecessary to follow in detail the nature of the changes ; a few examples must suffice to illustrate the argument.

In Physics the Relativity Theory, in its final form, has completed a gradual process which has been destroying the old naïve belief of man's importance in the cosmic scheme. The world – once a hard, flat plate supported by elephants – became, after Galileo, one ball wandering around another – an idea far more disturbing to the mind. Still, the sun was there, immovable, something for anchorage in the draughty spaces. But to-day, the good familiar sun has lost its conservatism ; there is no longer any hope of a stable institution in the heavens. It is realised that in a very important sense, our most fundamental conceptions in science – length, time and force, are our own inventions. For it is clear that when the physicist speaks of a length, he does not mean when the ordinary man does when *he* uses the same words. The scientific concept is a wider one. A physicist and a cricketer would agree about the distance between wickets, but the layman could give no precise meaning to the statement that a hydrogen atom is 10^{-8} cms. in diameter. A length of this order of smallness, which cannot be directly perceived by the sight, needs special definition. A physical quantity can only be defined as a number which is the result of a certain definite series of operations and calculations. Since there are obviously many alternative ways of measuring physical quantities, it seems clear that any *intrinsic* qualities of a physical object must be indicated by relations between its measures in all possible systems. In mathematical language, the measures of intrinsic qualities must be invariant for all systems of measure-codes, and the Tensor Calculus provides the method for the discovery of such invariants. To discover the intrinsic properties of objects it is necessary to measure them in all possible

ways with different instruments, and to find to what particular properties are independent of the choice of the instrument. Such properties seem to be rather artificial – Mass is not such an invariant, but Entropy is. Now apply a similar argument to discover the intrinsic properties of the measuring instruments themselves. We must keep the instrument fixed and vary the objects measured. An example of such a procedure would be to measure accelerations in different parts of the Universe, and to look for uniformities in the numbers obtained. As Eddington says, “We are familiar with several such uniformities, but we have not generally recognised them as properties of the measuring appliance. We have called them *law of nature* !” This argument is fantastic enough, but Einstein's Theory of Relativity is not only based on just such considerations, but was invented as a matter of necessity to explain established phenomena (the Michelson-Morley Experiments), which showed that the length and mass and time of the physicist were not behaving like those of the ordinary man. The professional philosophers blink their eyes and hasten to remodel their theories when they are told that measuring rods alter their weight and length according to their velocities. Small wonder that even reputable scientists like Lodge, Whitehead, and Eddington, are inclined to escape into Mysticism.

Difficulties are as great in the microscopic field. It is sufficient to mention that modern theories of the constitution of the atom involve a principle of indeterminacy which needs a gap in the causal sequence of events whenever a quantum energy is emitted. Here again matters are so unsettled that new theories appear every few months.

The mathematicians are struggling in deep water. The process of reducing mathematics to logic, attempted by Russell and Whitehead, unfortunately revealed the fact that this science is based on axioms like those of Infinity, Reducibility (which Russell had to invent), and the so-called Axiom of Choice, for which there seems to be no proof. Any attempts to remove these objections seem to reduce Mathematics to an *ad hoc* technique, a tool rather than a system of knowledge ; but there is, nevertheless, a strong movement to reject Russell's attempt to put this science on a philosophical basis. The mathematician *prefers* to look upon his symbols as defined by their operations, since it is the operation he

is interested in and not the significance of the symbols. This view, held by the formalist school, that Mathematics is nothing more than an elaborate parlour game like chess, makes this more respectable of sciences begin to lose the almost religious halo which once surrounded it.

Philosophy, again, is suspect. It has been asserted with much reason that a major portion of the discussions of philosophers has been concerned with verbal difficulties rather than with substantialities, and that when the terms of philosophy have been clearly defined, there will be found nothing to argue about. To clarify the ideas of commonsense will have been to accomplish a great work, but our philosophers are still sufficiently far from that not very inspiring goal. And until philosophers become good scientists, or scientists good philosophers, little progress will be made towards purifying the sciences into something more than a tremedously useful system of practical information.

These are so many indications, which could be easily multiplied, of a general self-critical movement in science, which, in the writer's opinion, are sufficient grounds for scepticism, especially where scientific doctrines are applied to fields for which they were not originally intended. The difficulties which beset the search for knowledge are more formidable than ever before, and the ancient difficulty still remains of preserving human society from the too credulous doctrinaire, of saving it for the maturing of the human intelligence in the future.

The rational attitude would seem to be a suspension of judgement rather than a reactionary renunciation of the intellect, which has produced great advances in civilisation and may yet produce greater. And scepticism, springing from a deeper sense of the insignificance of the human animal, need have nothing of the bareness of cynicism. Enlightened scepticism is the basis of a rational social attitude.

M. BLACK

ICARUS

Volutes of molumn whorl
towards daos

Abracadabr(a) is
mnemonic lozenge
to thy foul's limple doubt
song unrevolved

From Egypt Daedalus unfurl
past glowgold sluices of the sun
flown focus grown slowsun palpate
vulnerable to his firm feel

Leave sea and Icarus down at heel
ondulate in pristine heave and fall
solved in vague rumours hurried
bone-dried and sift-sand flurried
cast drift from anemone's pulp breath

fleet in flow
slow in float
culprits of desire fill
transparency of amaranth

After the story your eyes were full of fears

And this was tomorrow only

You still unborn
wept by the sea
in waves.

GEORGE REAVEY

FRANCIS BRUGUIERE

Francis Bruguere was once a painter and now he has been a photographer for twenty-five years. He has continued being a photographer because he has believed and has proved that photography is an art form. Finally Bruguere has made a film. I have not yet seen this film but two still from it are reproduced. These stills cannot of course give any idea of the special merit of the film which is essentially rhythmic but taken as static compositions they are beautiful in a way which is rare.

Any attempt at an analysis of Bruguere's work must involve an examination of his methodised technique and the appreciation of his photographs depends upon a degree of semi-sophisticated appreciation of pure forms. For Bruguere as a photographic artist is concerned with pure forms of light, with light and shade and the formal qualities of objects and people, chiefly he is concerned with light. He has undertaken the serious study of light as rendered visible by certain formal reflectors, the minute study of light changes the precise presence and absence of light on forms to compose a pattern.

Bruguere's work is of two main kinds, abstract and objective. Where people occur they are treated plastically, as objects. His abstract work is the visual record of light falling at a given instant on pure formal reflectors.

Let us consider the important question of light in his photographs. This is a highly technical question and it must be observed that years of experience have made Bruguere an irreproachable technician. His art is outside the camera but his technique extends to explain the exquisite quality (photographically speaking) of his negatives and prints and this quality is more important than it is fashionable to admit. Bruguere's art in light lies in the complete manner of his control over it. The light source is of course electric. It may be controlled as to intensity, direction and concentration, and, in cinema work, as to period. Bruguere seems to have made a comprehensive study of these various aspects of light control, he has examined each one and exploited it artistically in his work. This grasp of light control and the intimate knowledge of its problems and possibilities has given him an energetic and positive artistic tool of variable form and great flexibility. Throughout both his abstract

and objective work this tool sculpts with inevitable significance and easy definition.

It will be of the highest interest to learn, upon the presentation of Bruguire's latest abstract film, *Light Rhythms* whether his grasp of the period control of light is as complete as that which he has shown himself to possess in other forms of light control.

But this abnormal consciousness of light is not in itself a complete technique of art.

Some form of light reflecting agent is necessary in order to give light its visual quality and the other part of Bruguire's work has been to devise certain light reflectors suitable to the visual exploitation of his accomplished light control.

Bruguire's method of reflecting light is complex and seems to the casual observer to present almost insuperable difficulties. Indeed to know exactly how his formal light reflectors are constituted is impossible for anyone who has not actually seen him at work.

However, the technical aspect of this most significant part of his work is less important than that of his discoveries in light control. The most striking qualities of his pure form reflectors are their almost invariably satisfying quality of volume composition, tone relations and sheer line. Bruguire's excellent sense of the distribution of volumes and of the mutual relations of tone values is adequately and astonishingly conveyed and recorded by his controlled light and his formal reflectors. In such a way his photographs are a triumph of sensation and the demonstration of an art form.

G.F. NOXON

Edited by J. Bronowski and Hugh Sykes

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EXPERIMENT

With this issue the editorial policy of EXPERIMENT is changed. The change is not arbitrary, but is the outcome of a growth of interest, and is in a direction we have for a year foreshadowed. A “young” magazine, a survivor among “young” magazines, becomes in time a focus for much writing which it has not countenanced, and interests it has not invited. The rôle of spokesman thus thrust upon it, it should assume diffidently; and we have been careful always to keep in mind our original policy, to “be concerned with all the intellectual interests of undergraduates”, to make any extension of such interests which is legitimate but neither to belittle nor disregard them. The writers whom we have chosen to represent the non-Cambridge element in this issue are not extravagant writers: they are writers whom English literary society taboos or neglects; and it is part of the policy of EXPERIMENT to question, progressively, the neglect as well as the taboo of considerable writers. We propose in our next issue to extend this, shall we say questionnaire to the literary societies; the extension, we insist, is in the direction of vitality, but also of sanity. We need not add that it seems to us within the scope of intellectual interest.

ECLOGUE
from "NARCISSUS"

I

Flowing water, lit in a lowering sun,
runs through mind, flesh, soul,
 an ebb-tide
 seaward
to the shores where the hardest bones of
the world are pitched, pitched in the roll
of the waves, rolled and wave-waned to
particles
 and nothing
thus is our lying down and our rising up,
thus are we worn restlessly to particles
 and nothing.

Mind is a grey pebble,
but body is softer clay,
 softer,
 worn faster,
while east wind sets men's fingers astir
 south wind parches labouring hands
and west brings respite to the reeking wrists
till north blows down cold slumber on
the folded hands
 long slumber and cold sleep
 the end
 and the whole only purpose.

at the stream's next bend
 a Swan
usurps the seat of meditation
and seizes me entire as the stream did
 (mind ever the eyes' poor
slave.

II

tear Water-lilies from their ropey roots,
grant grace and gift of motion, preen smooth pride
of plunge petal-white, with slender neck
and bosom broad to breast her ripples' force.
this is a Swan,
a Lily's flower unmoored, with yet more living life,
a natural frigate, with a load of beauty
richer than merchant's convoys. . .

this was the first I saw, and as she came
prying in creeks and peeping at the reeds,
unhurrying with lazy gracefulness,
it seemed that when she passed by where I lay,
when she should pass nearest,
some new thing must surely be revealed,
that hope had not foretold, nor fantasy,
nor any opening of my eyes before. . .

thus I waited. . .

while the ripples at her breast rolled nearer,
nearer the sudden gestures of her neck. . .
till the sharp yellow at her black-limned beak
heralded her last apocalypse . . .

III

now on the opposing bank the reed-beds stirred,
and parting showed the slant, malicious eyes
of a satyr, leaning eagerly,
lay arrow to bow-string
stretch
aimed most pitifully at her breast . . .

the bow rang
and the sped arrow stayed her coming,
stayed her
in mid
stream

then, knowing she was to die, after the old
custom of her kind, she fell to singing
singing
singing

IV

“brackish water
brackish water”
after many miles the stream meets the sea,
there I have swum
in brackish water
by shores where the hardest
bones of the world
are pitched
pitched
in the roll of the waves
rolled and wave-waned
to particles
and nothing
there doth the stream fail
at the sea fail
in
brackish water
here doth my life fail
where the water groweth brackish with my blood
foul and brackish
with crimson sullyng my breast's white
so doth the white fail
that I have preened clean white
even the white fails
in water
water brackish
with my blood
as the stream fails
in water
brackish water
water brackish
with my
blood.

V

slowly then her body drifts away . . .
 turns away
 bears away
 past her waiting mate
 drifts away
 her nest passes, her young passed
 bears away
 at last
 to the stream's end
 water
 brackish water
 by the shore

I turned and in the dusk the satyr
 crept away, and was never seen in
 those parts more
 never
 in those parts
 more.

HUGH SYKES.

from "LE CABARET"
by ALEXANDRE ARNOUX

Now it is that the Inn starts into life. The self-centred dreams of lonely individuals give place to the brawls of man against man – battalion against battalion, weapon against weapon. In this crucible, this hot and narrow parlour, where humanity effervesces and ferments, the individual has melted away ; voices are coarsened, faces emboldened, by quarrelling ; each one has surrendered a little of himself to the rest ; and into me some of each has penetrated. Across the mist of steam, faces are unrecognizable, expressions indistinguishable. The Inn has now its own tone ; and, concocting the different sounds within one mortar, annihilating personal accents under the pounding of its rhythm, it speaks in the universal voice of song.

At first there are scattered bursts of choruses, lost in the four corners of the room, and from the basses a discordant growling of military jigs – snatches of trumpet calls whistled, head notes trembling, sustained or quavering. Nail studded boots beating the floor, heavy glasses, heavy fists beating the tables ; bright ringing knives clinking against metal tankards ; fingers drumming upon taut cheeks, rolling out marches. The sounds, the shocks, are woven into the thick atmosphere, catching up every tine in the room, gathering up and binding together all that remains free in the individual. Then the Inn chooses one of these throats to sing its song ; to express the rhythm which is animating it, to draw clearly the images which it but vaguely sees.

He belched out uproarious nonsense verses, spiced with wit and foolishness :

Allum', Allum', mon p'tit trognon,
Beque de gaz, beque de gaz,
Allum' dans quoi tout c'que tu peux,
Et je m'en vais toujours flambard,
Beque de gaz, beque de gaz. . . .

He smiles, he weeps, in sentimental complaints, in sad, in
mocking tones, like a Parisian workman in the evenings :

C'est pas un' femme qu'est faite pour moi,
Elle a des bijoux, des toilettes. . . .

and

Oublions le passé, reviens. . . .

He threads his way down flowery paths where the
drummer picks a rose, as he passes beneath the windows of the
princess in that mysterious town whose name nobody knows ; he
watches the miller's beautiful wife, naked within the willow
grove, and mocks her husband, white with flour ; he crosses level
plains on hard paved roads with the grenadier returning from
Flanders :

Etait si mal vêtu qu'on lui voyait son membre
Tambours, battez le générale.
La générale bat, ne l'entendez-vous pas ?

He is drunk with high hopes of revolution, with those violent
dreams which lead men through blood from hope to hope.

Les peuples unis
Seront tous amis. . . .

Verdun rises before him, vast and Argus-headed, face of
massacre, face of glory. The song of massacre on a monotonous
chant, heavy like the night march of a legion of corpses :

Sous les murs de Verdun
Il ne reste plus d'un. . . .

The song of glory, telling how the brute was at the last
minute checked, panting at the foot of the walls of mud and fire :

Et Verdun la Victorieuse. . . .

How he hates and yet desires, in the gloomy chaos of his
instincts, the Spy of romance, so beautiful, so languishing, to
whom the traitorous general gives up the secrets of the

War Office. How fiercely he starts intoning the chorus, then, later, merging into a secret, sensual pity :

Elle a l'adjutant pou Maître
Et pour arme l'Amour.

And, as if a lost voice has remarked from its corner : “It's not the adjutant you ought to say, it's Judas” – the Inn replies in solid unison :

Judas, why Judas ? . . . All right fore
the churchy ones, no good for us
soldiers. Judas, what did he do to
us? Who doesn't know there's no
villain like an adjutant ?

The Inn soars with the airman :

. . . si haut si haut dans les nuages.

It speaks now with the voice of a woman, the voice of the drawer who has but a sour squawk, false and piercing ; the tune trembles, fragile, like an aeroplane which shines near the sun. sine songs are like the bouquets at village weddings, rustic, fresh and various.

Le lendemain, dans l'après-midi,
Notre amoureux retourne au logis,
Toujours bouillant d'amour,
La nuit comme le jour. . . .

Sometimes in a tender pastoral :

Du haut de ces montagnes,
J'entendis une voue,
C'etait la voue de ma maîtresse,
Je vais la reconsole.

The Inn is scented with the smell of new mown hay brought on the wind from the meadow ; the bells tinkle at the necks of the cattle ; goats bleat sadly, shaking their little beards to the accompaniment of

Qu'avez-vous donc, la Belle ?
Qu'avez-vous à pleurer ?
Si je pleure, c'est de la tandresse
Ingrat de vous avoir aimé.

And across the orchard where three French hens, two turtle doves and a partridge (“in a pear tree”) build their nests, across that orchard where all the birds in the world build their nests, comes a child's song, shrill and sunny as an April shower :

Y a un pi', dans l'poirier,
J'entends l'oisillon qui chant ;
Y a un pi', dans l'poirier,
J'entends l'oisillon chanter.

But oh! how solemn slow these complainings. A spineless rhythm which drags and clutches at the feet. The team staggers under the burden of rough tree-trunks, sinks to its waists in the mire and bog ; feet grapple with the mud as a centipede struggling at the bottom of a rut ; the wet bots suck at the mud like leeches. Sweat on brows frozen by the wind ; blood on shoulders bruised by the knots of trees ; the recoil of each shock quivering harshly along each spine. Oh, how sullen, how desolate, that complaint !

Pendant qu' les embusquées, pendant qu' les pistornes,
S'endorment dans la soir et dans la fine toile,
Nous autres les poilus, nous les pauvres poilus. . . .

And suddenly the Inn escapes from this gloom, from its despair under the burden of the cross. At the very climax of its distress, as it was about to cry out, “Patrie, Patrie, pourquoi m'avez-vous abandonné ?” it has raised its head and set its face ; its invincible illusions, which have paused a moment in their victorious flight, again take wing.

Sergent Medoc draws out an heroic march by striking against a bottle with the bowl of his pipe. Already the Inn is scouring Europe horseback, furiously dreaming, boots stamping the floor, making it rock under a mad gallop.

Les voyez-vous, les hussards, les dragons, la Garde,
Glorieux d'Austerlitz que l'Aigle regarde,
Coeur de Kleber, de Marceau, chantant la Victoire ?

Then it stops in the market square, elm shaded, of some far distant village. Girls bring wine and beer, laughing fin white teeth at the men's jests. A bright May Sunday is spread about the hill, the wind sweeps in green waves over the barley fields, and the Inn, rosy-cheeked and close shaven, breathes in the sunshine, sniffs at the cauldron, and with its haversack on its knees for a desk, writes, as the pigeons peck each other on the margin of the well, postcards decorated with love knots, with torches and flags, to its own country.

Si tu veux fair' mon bonheur,
Marguerite, Marguerite,
Si tu veux fair' mon bonheur,
Marguerite donn'-moi ton coeur.

But that part of it which is less chivalrous and less pure (with heavy crooked eye, wine fuddled – usually the corporal itching for a cushy job, the man trying to get himself sent home), that part of hit continues in a scarcely perceptible voice, murmuring sarcastically :

Et autre chose aussi,
Que je n'ose pas dire,
Et autre chose aussi,
Que j' n'ose pas dire ici.

Explosive, imperious, the chorus stifles the insinuation. And Marguerite, waiting for the postman at the corner of the lane, behind the lilac, with her hand to her breast, her white are be-spattered with sunlight, does she hear her lover calling to her ?

Si tu veux fair' mon bonheur,
Marguerite, Marguerite. . . .

The throat of the country girl swells, like the throat of the pigeons cooing on the margin of the well ; and, as the wind plays with her skirts, she draws them in and holds them

around her knees. Why is she blushing ? What are her dreams ?
Et autre chose aussi
Que je n'ose pas dire. . . .

Translated by RALPH PARKER

POEM

The proper scale would pat you on the head
But Alice showed her pup Ulysses' bough
Well from behind a thistle, wise with dread ;

And though your gulf-sprung mountains I allow
(Snow-puppy curves, rose-solemn dado band)
Charming for nurse, I am not nurse just now.

Why pat or stride them, when the train will land
Me high, through climbing tunnels, at your side,
And careful fingers meet through castle sand.

Claim slyly rather that the tunnels hide
Solomon's gems, white vistas, preserved kings,
By jackal sandhole to your air flung wide.

Say (she suspects) to sea Nile only brings
Delta and indecision, who instead
Far back up country does enormous things.

WILLIAM EMPSON

DESCRIPTION OF A VIEW

Well boiled in acid and then laid on glass
(A labelled strip) the specimen of building,
Though concrete, was not sure what size it was,
And was so large as to compare with nothing.
High to a low and vulnerable sky
It rose, and could have scraped it if it chose ;
But plain, and firm, and cleanly, like stretched
string,
It would not think of doing such a thing ;
It would not wish to try.
My eye walked up the ladder of its windows.

Stretched in the crane's long pencil of a stalk
(Whose dry but tough metal brown of grass
Flowered its salted down on this tall chalk)
Lone as the bridge Milton gave Death to pass
The beam of Justice as in doubt for ever
Hung like a Zeppelin over London river ;
It lifted sea-mark impiously threatened deluge,
Fixed, like a level rainbow to the sky ;
Whose blue glittered with a frosted silver
Like palace walls in Grimm papered with needles ;
The sands all shining in its larger concrete ;
A dome compact of all but visible stars.

WILLIAM EMPSON

FIRST ESSAY TOWARDS PASTERNAK

I

Blok 1921. Essenin 1925. Mayakovsky 1930.

The revolutions compelled these poets, so different in their origins and ideologies and writing so far apart as 1905 and 1930, each to make a decisive statement of his position. Blok's, since he was of an older generation, was in the nature of a testament to that generation. This great poet of the symbolist tradition accepted the revolution because compelled by poetical necessity ; his *Twelve* (1918) us the culmination of a deed *national* prevision ; and its "popular" rhythms, its "ruthlessness", its "anonymity", all the recognitions of the national dynamos, contrast vividly with the vague mysticism of Essenin's *Inonia* (1918) where the vegetable adoration of the cow and the wooden *isba* are framed in a static iconlike imagery. For Essenin, the peasant poet, though he spent his later life in the city, never accepted either the city or its leather-coat theory of industrialisation. Instead, he took refuge in the image of an ideal village, and in its antitheses of "foal" and "locomotive", of "town" and "country", which emphasise the dostoevskian conflict in his sould and are the motifs of most of his poems.

While Essenin escaped into the landscape of the image and the mirage, Mayakovsky, who early combined politics with art and who grew up in the revolution, plunged himself into the city ; ad emerged to initiate a revolution in poetry. The first Russian futurist manifesto, issued in 1912 by Khlebnikov and Mayakovsky, proclaimed the necessity to enlarging the dictionary by the introduction of neologisms. Unlike the Italian furturists, Khlebnikov and Mayakovsky were concerned primarily with the word, the word itself and the word as emphatic instrument of statement.¹ Both movements were in tendancy anti-"literary" (*les rats peuvent gaiement ronger nos*

¹ The situation has its parallel in the England of 1798. It is the Industrial Revolution which helps to drive Essenin to suicide ; while Mayakovsky, who begins by agitating for the "common" forcible word, ends by becoming poet laureate.

manuscripts) the expression of a general European consciousness manifested alike in the time-conscious, constructive proses of Bielyi and Joyce : in their adaptation of newspaper “vulgarisms” and cinematic topography, whose use we may trace elsewhere through the *Fallen Leaves* of Rozanov (1913), the *Collages* of Picasso and the *Calligrammes* of Apollinaire (1918) to the *Waste Land* and *Is 5* (1927) : finally the anti-Voltaireanism or justification of the subconscious of Rimbaud, Lautreamont and the *surréalistes* ; the use of the dream by Dostoevski, Remizov, Olesha ; and the “bone and root” mythology of Picasso and Joyce. Fundamentally that European consciousness consisted of an awareness of the materials of art, of philology and anthropology, coupled with the loss of social centrality which is a logical outcome of the Reformation. Mayakovsky, positive, political, aware of the movement, revolutionised the word in order to emphasise the statement ; and so his later poetry becomes didactic, poster-poetry. Here begins the divergence between the *politic* and the *poetic*, between Mayakovsky and Pasternak ; for it is Pasternak who reconciles futurism with the poetic tradition, and first uses the revolutionised word to revivify the lyric. Mayakovsky suicide, though it leaves the qualitative supremacy to others – to Selvinsky, Tsvetaeva, Tikhonov – leaves the pre-eminence to Pasternak.

II

Boris Pasternake has published *Sister my Life* (1922), *Themes and Variations* (1923), *1905* (1927), *Above Barriers* (1929); as well as a collection of stories, *Childhood of Luvers* (1925). These works have exercised a growing influence on poetry ; for there is in them an absence of biographical traits and a recreation of the purely poetic, as well as an achievement in poetic form, which distinguishes Pasternak's from the novelising spirit of contemporary poets. His very range is different. Though he has attempted the revolutionary epic¹ it is in a

¹ In *1905*, which, though ostensibly narrative, is really a sequence of lyrics

poetry discreet, veiling rather than revealing the journalese of life, and which cannot hope to court popularity. The epoch is sensed, but it is distilled into an art form ; neither proclaimed as by Mayakovsky nor stated as personal reaction as by Essenin. Both these writers dramatise themselves; but Pasternak *is* his poetry, pattern and movement, Bachlike ; hovering in his words, fully, sensuously, but never caught. He is a lyric poet, with a sensibility refined and preserved by his intellect : and Klychkov's dictum, that poetry must be either *simple* or *incomprehensible*, necessarily relegates him, with Paul Eluard, to the second category. Nevertheless it is certain that the so-called *incomprehensible* can sustain, with Pasternak at least, a tremendous intensification of the lyric force. The very complication of word and association purifies the poem until it is brought near to the creative act itself : and the estrangement of metaphor, far from destroying the essential organic contact which a lyric should produce, by demanding a purer response actually increases it ; so that the pleasure is ultimately doubled by the necessity to disentangle it intellectually. Consider the underlying lyric pulse (in which the kinetic images are only later detached from the verbal pattern of

To wayside stations summer bade
 Goodbye. Doffing its cap, by night
 A hundred blinding photographs
 As souvenir the thunder took.¹

The subtle and musical use of the word does indeed dislocate the accepted syntax (*je ne distingue pas très bien la nécessité de cette opération*) but it at once heightens the sensuous, preserves the spontaneous, saves the intellectually play from dryness and creates a universe whose deities are verbs to order chaos. This tonality and harmony of words is the very spring of Pasternak. He releases the word and creates from it a mythology. In Russia this disintegration of the word, prophesied first by Joyce in *Daedalus* (1916) – *ivory ivy* – and

¹ The reader must remember that in translating Pasternak I cannot even appeal to Bontempelli's insistence on the subject matter, since Pasternak's subject matter *is* the word.

by Bielyi in *Kotik Letaev* (1917)¹ – *kremlin cream* – has indeed been carried to far greater lengths : Tsvetaeva has a poem built on the musical variations of the word *gora*, while Selvinsky has made the syllable his base, used arbitrary accents and compelled intonation. Nevertheless Pasternak's experiments remain individual ; how successful, a phonetic example may show –

I tolko to, chto tul i tok,
Dusha, kushak i v takt
Smertchu umchashyissia nossok
Nessut, shumia v metchtach.

In spite of this musical preoccupation, Pasternak's poetry is always the poetry of a contemporary intelligence ; we may note that, as the son of a well-known painter, and a sometime pupil of Scriabin, he early came into contact with the European as well as the Russian artistic tradition. His poetry is rich in literary allusion, in the literary fact become symbol, metaphor, telescoped in time or made to merge with a changing landscape. He retains the classical stanza and consciousness of its tradition ; it is in the *internal* structure of the poem that he has created a revolution, for there the conception of the rootword as at once musical note and image has transformed the lyric into a fine instrument of sensuous and intellectual pleasure. Pasternak's poetry may be *trobas clus*, but it is a parthenon of impersonality after the agonies and perorations of Essenin and Mayakovsky. His sensibility is always of the finest ; his craftsmanship hellenic ; his lyric impetuous yet reserved –

Weave this shower, like waves of cold
elbows,

Like lilies, satin and strong, with powerless
palms–

there is a feeling for rhythm and assonance ; a spontaneity tempered with a nice intellectual balance; an unusual vision ; and a sincerity ; which all single out Pasternak to be, if not the most obvious, nevertheless one of the most remarkable lyric poets of the time.

GEORGE REAVEY

¹ Both, it is interesting to observe, studies of childhood, adolescence – the apprehension of the world : as are also the novels of Proust and Pasternak's *Lovers*. Emile has matured and subtilised!

FOUR POEMS
by BORIS PASTERNAK

I

Spring – I'm from the street, where the poplar stands –
astonished,
Where the landscape – would shy, where the house –
fears to
fall,
Where the air – is all blue, like the linen bundle
Of one who has just been discharged from the hospital,

Where the evening's emptied, like an interrupted tale,
Abandoned in a star without succession
To the bewilderment of a thousand shouting eyes,
Now unfathomable and void of expression.

II

Throw the wardrobe all open
and gather
all things warm
- sobs tear him to pieces.

Away, do not waste labour
Hold now – I'll put it out,
If you tear – does it matter ?
There'll be thread enough to sew it together.

Man ! Not awe ?
and nothing more to be done
I am the soul. Rash
to the last.

You dared to place
my end in the tape
and in dress, Man ?
So you will pay.

Eyes with wild thought
I shall amaze
–This I have said !
–No, these are my words.

By your head
I am taller than yours
I not having been
and not being.

III

The wingless and flannel blouse of a patient
Will lead, like a penguin removed from the breast,
A separate life from the body, and – longer :
Now approach it a drop of heat, now a lamp.

It remembers the skis. From shaftbows and bodies
Soon lost in the gloom, for marshes and girths
It poured ! It seemed as if Christmas Eve sweated !
Walking and riding was creaking and breathing.

The farmhouse and dread, of all else empty :
And cupboards with crystal and carpets and chests.
Inflamed the farmhouse attracted the railings ;
With pleurisy lamps, seen outside, seemed to flame.

By heaven devoured, with eyes plunged in winter,
The round-swollen shrubbery bloomed white as fear.
Past the sledge, from the kitchen, a blazing stove
Stretched enormous hands of a cook over snow.

IV

To wayside stations summer bade
Goodbye. Doffing his cap, by night,
A hundred blinding photographs
As souvenir the thunder took.

A lilac branched dimmed into dusk.
That moment plucked down a bunch
Of lightnings, and with them from fields
Lit up the City Hall and Courts.

And when along the buildings' roof
The wave of mockery crashed out ;
As charcoal in a drawing burst
The torrent with a hedge's lash ;

The gulf of consciousness began
To waver, so it might appear
That even those reasons' corners, where
Now's light, would grow as bright as day !

Translated by GEORGE REAVEY

ANOTHER BOOK FOR SUPPRESSION *by* OUR MORAL EXPERT IN LITERATURE

Something must be done to stop this flow of obscene books which issue from the Press with the persistence of a gorged cloaca. Once more I raise my voice in protest, with the belief that the immense public which applauds all my utterances will eventually force the authorities to take action and suppress all books not approved by me and my family.

There has recently fallen into my hands a loathsome work of this disgusting nature, by a writer who is presumably young, bitter and filthy minded, whose name shall not sully my pen. Why, indeed, should these upstart indecent purveyors of filth reap the fame which is the meed of older and better writers ?

Suffice it to say that this disgusting and futile composition is entitled *Songs* and is alleged to be poetry. Poetry, forsooth, this tissue of indecencies and moral turpitudes !

This author's morbid fascination with sex, crime and pessimism is such that he cannot write about the Spring without dragging in "pretty country folks" (pretty indeed!) to "lie between" the broad acres of our noble land. Nay, he must needs sully our daffodil meadows by a perverse and affected evocation of his "doxy" (gypsy slang for a trull) and by the incredible statements that the exquisite strains of our pure English thrush, lark, and jay (the last evidently dragged in for the sake of the rhyme) :

"Are summer songs for me and my aunts
When we lie tumbling in the hay."

The full disgusting meaning of this can only be grasped by educated experts like myself, who know that "aunts" is a cant term among the low for women of the prostitute class. Is it surprising that this author in the same "song" merely thinks of *theft* when confronted with the bleaching linen of the hard-worked housewife ?

The immorality and ugliness of the author's imagination would be incredible were not the book before me, and I must repeat that suppression and suppression alone can satisfy the conscience of all thinking men. Does he mention a woman by name, she is "greasy Joan" ! A pretty compliment, only exceeded by his informing another of his dubious sweethearts names Marian that her "nose is red and raw", a foul and unnecessary insult worthy of such decadents as Joyce, Lawrence and young Huxley. Dead to every finer feeling, this lewd songster mentions our nobler passions only to sneer at them. According to *him* "most friendship is feigning" and "most loving mere folly", while he even dares to asset that "man's ingratitude" is more unkind than the wintry blast ! Where has this foolish and morbid pessimist observed human nature? Why is that with him the innocent birds of the air become indecent or morbid, so that he cannot mention the cuckoo without a foul jest which brings a blush to every modest forehead, or bring in the owl without adding that its

cry – so delightful to all who know and love our elder singers –

“Puts the wretch who lies in pain
In remembrance of a shroud”.

Think of the black perversity of heart which could harbour such thoughts and the corrupt malevolence which dares to print them !

Again and again I find in these ages (which exhale such a moral stench that I am forced to wear my well-known gas mask) nothing but sensuality, cynicism and downright filth. The air becomes “wanton” under this obscene pen, and the “poet” describes his cloying kisses in high-faulting tommy-rot like this :

So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows”.

“Smote” rhymed with “not” and “*thy eye-beams*”! Here indeed is all the clumsy cacophony of the modern school with all its beastliness of idea. This disgusting sensualist, not content with his eye-beam kisses, tell us his thoughts “harbour” with one Silvia *nightly* ! Ugh ! Woman after woman seems to have been the victim of this man's vulgar but cunning toils. Joan, Marian, Silvia, Rosalind, Moll, Meg, Margery, Kate, Hero, Marina – where, alas, are these unfortunate now? Too painfully and easily we can guess their fate at the hands of the ruthless, cynical-hearted rake, who dares to write:

“Then up he rose, and down'd his clothes,
And dupp'd the chamber door;
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more:.

Why were these girls not protected by the strong arm of the law? I rub my eyes and ask myself : Can such deeds go unpunished in our Christian land and shall this monster boast his vile conquests unscathed?

Mere nonsense may indeed be tolerated, for who reads it? It is evidence of an addled pate and nothing more to compose such paltry stuff as :

“Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalic'd flowers that lies”.

But only the sternest rigour of the law can deal with the felon
who writes in his foul libidinousness :

“She lov'd not the savour of tar nor of pitch,
But a tailor might scratch her where'er she did itch”.

Here is the disgusting “ideal” of life put before his readers by this
popinjay :

“Do nothing but eat and make good cheer,
And praise God for the merry year ;
When flesh is cheap and females dear,
And lusty lads roam here and there”.

That is nothing short of blasphemy. Indeed, every form of low
and dangerous “modern thought” may be found in this author.
Whether he be in the pay of Moscow I know not, but who can
doubt that a Communist wrote :

“No more dams I'll make for fish ;
Nor fetch in firing
At requiring,
Nor scrape trenchers, nor wash dish ;
'Ban, 'Ban, Ca-Caliban,
Has a new master, –get a new man”.

How much longer will Scotland Yard delay taking stern
action in this flagrant case?¹

Pour copie conforme,
RICHARD ALDINGTON.

¹ *Songs.* By William Shakespeare.

BALLAD FOR A WEEK-END

Things seem good when sun sings,
 when each kneebend psalms;
and blue air makes cleaner
 blood to tingle in hot palms;

when birds wing day high crying,
 and hay smells in nose;
when no teeth are aching,
 nor shoe pinching tired toes:

then the glass walls are shattered;
 earth's melodious hair sighs;
she scratches her armpits,
 stretches out her wooded thighs:

she the most kindly mistress—
 young body, mind old—
the cities all are shrivelled—
 explore her secrets, overbold.

The trams and buses vanish.
 The foggy vapour dies—
no more still life to clutter
 the puzzled sense with lies.

Earth's odorous sunbreath kindles
 courage in your heart
to leap from the skyscraper
 and tear the sky apart.

Fierce strains the eager bloodhound
 and fiery blinks the hawk—
while silently beside you
 the two messengers walk.

The sense's sword is sharpened
 and on the mind is borne
distinct as through the bitter pass
 the clear sound of the horn.

On such a flaming morning
earth's sweat smelleth good—
rooted firm in rightness,
thought's firebirds deck your wood

hanging like golden apples
among the branches dim
of life's bright-flowering tree,
swaying strong and slim

sucking from earth's mossy roots
nature's brilliant saps,
easy on her bosom,
close to her tender paps.

When sun is singeing
it makes you feel good—
divorced from facts, reckless
to indulge your mood—

gulp down the Pacific
toss up the sun's fireball
leap through time to always—
smash the future's wall,

borne by the noon's bright leopards
that broke the heavy bars
of night, the giant negro,
girdled with gold stars.

When the facts frustrate again
forget not past good
remember this gladness
when earth's foundations stood

washed in the sun's wine, shining,
feathered with firm trees—
with spring-green birds flying
over unfathomed seas.

You are for your own possession,
life curls out of sight,
coils, shelled, in your being
secure from the deadly night.

This is man's secret glory—
that he is his own might :
only his cunning prism
splits up the world's white light.

He is the point of balance
on which the world swings,
he is the dead centre
of eternal things.

False facts cannot harm him :
this is man's world
to be explored by him alone,
strong life within him furred.

The turmoil of typewriters
is then no more real sound
than cuckoo song : nor pavements
more solid than green ground.

Emerging, no fleeing
from one set of facts
to another as realization
disown not those acts

performed when sun's spear fleshed you
in the city's gray waste
and pierced the veil and punctured
the dark, crying "Haste—

seize the swift moment,
breath scented with pine."
When earth heaved creamy buttocks
cried, "Man, be mine."

JOHN DAVENPORT.

Extract from
AN ESSAY ON THE DEVOTIONAL
POETRY OF T. S. ELIOT

“Les passions de la jeunesse ne sont guère plus opposées au salut que la tiédeur des vieilles gens.”

La

Rochefoucauld

“awareness of the discontinuity between the human and the divine.”

T. E. Hulme,

Speculations

It is difficult to say whether T. E. Hulme's *Speculations* better deserved to be called “influential” or “representative”: in either case, it is certainly to this pre-war book that one goes for the most satisfactory, if not earliest, account of the philosophical sanctions of modern art, poetry included ; and there too is a precedent for the reconciliation of the intellect with Catholicism. Something of the actual manner of Hulme's reconciliation is to be traced in the earlier poems of T. S. Eliot. Hulme, it will be remembered, carried his admiration of the Catholic eschatology so far as to say that, of the dogmas of Catholicism had not be acceptable to him, for the sake of the eschatology he would have put up with them. The peculiar merit of the eschatology, in his view, is the stress which it lays upon man's limitations : even so there is no doubt that less stress is laid upon them than Hulme would like. It is a *constant* awareness of the discontinuity between the human and the divine which he recommends : the normal view is rather that while it is salutary and indeed necessary to recognise the existence of a certain discontinuity between the human and the divine, it should be done once for all :

merely meet it : own

home at heart . . . : then leave, let that alone.

Cultivated in the degree to which Hulme recommends it, so that it may become a perpetual “awareness”, the recognition of this truth may be positively harmful. It is the same with his recommendations to the poet to adopt the “classical” attitude : “The classical poet never forgets this finiteness, this limit of man. . . . If you say an extravagant thing there is

always conveyed at the end an impression of yourself standing outside it and not quite believing it” . At the moment when Hulme was writing, this recommendation was useful, even a necessary corrective, but we have lived to see the habit of conveying an impression of oneself standing outside and not quite believing, not merely the extravagant things, but any of the affirmations in one's poems so widely disseminated that the last thing that a critic would think of doing now is to recommend it. And, by the way, it is all very well to offset the fact that the death of your wife has provoked you to a display of certain emotions by talking about a ham sandwich a little lower down ; but behind this is a view of the ham sandwich as a subject for poetry which is romantic (in the Lasserre-Maurras-Hulme pejorative sense of the word) in the extreme. It seems possible that to-day the time has come for us to leave off scolding J. J. Rousseau and George Sand : not that they are more in the right than they ever were, but because their wrongness has had all the emphasis it deserves ; and apply ourselves, if it is not too late, to giving a little self-confidence to our younger contemporaries – poor E. E. Cummings, for instance :

Buffalo Bill's
defunct
 who used to
 ride a watersmooth silver stallion
And creak one two three four five pigeons just like that
Jesus
he was a handsome man
 and what I want to know is
How do you like your blue-eyed boy
Mister Death

whose avoiding of the grandiose or the grand is achieved by a factitious liveliness which is so evidently only a mask for timidity that it becomes embarrassing. But this is a discursion.

Hulme's book, then, provides a good deal of material for one hunting for indications that ours is, in a certain sense (which is

not that of the British Israelites) a setting part of time ; if only to the extent that he prefers consistently the defects of senility to the defects of youth. But it is more than that : he is ery far from admitting that the defects of his party are defects at all.

This does not apply to T. S. Eliot : wherever he describes the phenomenon of spiritual old age he not only detaches himself from it (that would prove nothing for it seems that it is only in Freud that a peculiarity laid bare is a peculiarity scotched), but treats it with some contempt : *Gerontion*, *The Hollow Men*, even *A Song for Simeon*. W. B. Yeats begins his book *The Tower*; the theme of which is the poet's resignation of himself to the inevitable old age of the body, with an admirable poem *Sailing to Byzantium*, which might be a verse transcription of one chapter of *Speculations* :

That is no country for old men. The young
In one another's arms, birds in their trees,
Those dying generations, at their song,
The salmon falls, the mackerel-crowned seas,
Fish, flesh or fowl commend all summer long
Whatever is begotten, born and dies
Caught in that sensual music all neglect,
Monuments of unaging intellect.

—except, and it is an important exception, that evidently the poet would stay in the country of natural processes if he could.

An aged man is but a paltry thing,
A ragged coat upon a stick, unless
Soul clap its hands and sing and louder sing
To every tatter in its mortal dress. . . .
And therefore I have sailed the seas and come
To the golden city of Byzantium.

Recognition of the essential impotence of the natural man is the admitted basis of Hulme's *Byzantium*, but Yeats seems to be provoked by an impotence of the natural man *as* natural man, which is different, and goes rather to discredit Byzantinism as a philosophical attitude, there is another poem of

Yeats's which I am tempted to quote, chiefly as a bearing on Hulme's philosophy, though at the same time it suggests a comparison of considerable interest – that between the methods by which it seems that Yeats arrived at reflecting in his work the main preoccupations of his contemporaries (as, often quite unexpectedly, he does) and the methods of T.S. Eliot. Evidently the latter owes his representativeness or universality in the first place to a peculiarly wide and undeformed receptivity acting like a mirror – admirably and naturally. Yeats's awarenesses, on the other hand, are certainly not the fruit of systematic exposure and seem not to be fruit of intensive introspection either, but to have fallen into his lap from Heaven knows where ; to have come by magic. And as for their subsequent procedure, eventually Eliot seems to act like a Dutch mirror – if we can imagine one so powerfully and unusually contrived that the contents of a whole room in the reflection merge as it were into a single unit, are reduced as nearly as possible to the condition of potentiality. Yeats's action, on the other hand, is that of a man gazing into a beryl (here we are on his own territory) or a crystal : first extracting out of nothing, as far as any other eye can see, and then building up. So the poem which I am about to quote is a fable built up on the thesis that “all thought among us is frozen into something other than (if not actually hostile to) human life.”

A doll in the doll-maker's house
Looks at the cradle and bawls
“That is an insult to us !”
But the oldest of all the dolls
Who had seen, being kept for show,
Generations of his sort,
Out-screams the whole shelf, “Although
There's not a man can report
Evil of this place
The man and the woman bring
Hither to our disgrace
A noisy and filthy thing.”
Hearing him groan and stretch,

The doll-maker's wife is aware
 Her husband has heard the wretch,
 And crouched by the arm of his chair,
 She murmurs into his ear,
 Head upon shoulder bent :
 "My dear, my dear, oh dear,
 It was an accident."

It is difficult not to recall Hulme's saying that the especial pleasure that he derives from Epstein's treatment of subjects connected with birth is due to the fact that "generation, which is the very essence of all the organic qualities, is turned into something as hard and as durable as a geometric figure itself." But Hulme makes the admission without misgivings, while Yeats evidently means to imply that the humanity whose intellectual gentility is such that it is shocked by its own method of propagation¹ has got above itself to a degree which is ridiculous. The fable of the enraged dolls is complemented, as the author says, by the fable of the Magi, forms which the poet's eye distinguishes in the blue skies, with

all their helms of silver hovering side by side
 And all their eyes still fixed, hoping to find once
 more
 Being by Calvary's turbulence unsatisfied,
 The uncontrollable mystery on the bestial floor.

The Magi complement the enraged dolls in the sense that they are engaged in adoring an infant belonging indisputably to another plane of creation (by its divinity) while the dolls are shrinking from and mocking at an infant different from themselves by its indisputable reality (*les ventres peuvent seuls . . .*). The dolls prefer the merely unhuman to the human, the Magi only the super-human ; also, with the Magi, emphasis is laid on their preference for the divine rather than on their aversion from the human. But they, too, dislike the essentially human to the extent that they prefer the potential to the actual, that the worship of the word in process of incarnation is more congenial to them than the worship of the word

¹ cf. the cry of the shadowy creatures in Apollinaire's *Le Larron* :
 "Nous avouons que les grossesses nous emeuvent
 Les ventres peuvent seuls nier l'aseïté."

subjected thoroughly to the conditions of time and space, *dissolved*, as it were, into human life. They are “old men of thought” and “all though among us is frozen into something other than human life.” But in the degree to which the old men of thought are Christian, their awareness if the discontinuity between the human and the divine is prevented from becoming a consciousness of an antinomy. Much more Byzantinism and it would begin to quarrel with the dogma of the incarnation ; one already feels that Hulme's philosophy moves in that direction. A faith nourished exclusively on the believer's awareness of the discontinuity of the human and the divine must result eventually in a modification of Christianity which can only be called (“Catholicism of despair” is a striking phrase of Eliot's) an Augustinianism of despair.

ELSIE ELIZABETH PHARE.

TWO O'CLOCK

And all about him ranges
Thought that no habitations know
But on a themeless variation
Rings its vague changes through.

Alert to bring ashore the fishes,
Vanishing in a deep-sea shade,
The mind the slippery thoughts pursuing
Watches its meshes fade.

Fishes of water by the motion
Of the same element up bred,
The mind (itself its children) stringing,
Flings in the ocean dead.

WILLIAM ARCHER.

THREE PRELUDES

I

Winter for a moment takes the mind ; the snow
Falls past the arclight ; icicles guard a wall,
The wind moans through a crack in the window,
A keen sparkle of frost is on the sill.
Only for a moment ; as spring too might engage it,
With a single crocus in the loam, or a pair of birds ;
Or summer with hot grass ; or autumn with a yellow leaf.
Winter is there, outside, is here in me :
Drapes the planets with snow, deepens the ice on the
moon,
Darkens the darkness that was already darkness.
The mind too has its snows, its slippery paths,
Walls bayoneted with ice, leaves ice-encased.
Here is the in-drawn room to which you return
When the wind blows from Arcturnus : here is the fire
At which you warm your hands and glaze your eyes ;
The piano, on which you touch the cold treble ;
Five notes like breaking icicles ; and then silence.

The alarm-clock ticks, the pulse keeps time with it,
Night and the mind are full of sounds. I walk
From the fireplace, with its imaginary fire,
To the window, with its imaginary view.
Darkness, and snow tickling the window : silence,
And the knocking of chains in a motor-car, the tolling
Of a bronze bell, dedicated to Christ.
And then the uprush of angelic wings, the beating
Of wings demonic, from the abyss of the mind :
The darkness filled with a feathery whistling, wings
Numberless as the flakes of angelic snow,
The deep void swarming with wings and sound of wings.
The winnowing of chaos, the aliveness
Of depth and depth and depth dedicated to death.

Here are the bickerings of the inconsequential,
The chatterings of the ridiculous, the iterations
Of the meaningless. Memory, like a juggler,
Tosses its coloured balls into the light, and again
Receives them into darkness. Here is the absurd,
Grinning like an idiot, and the omnivorous quotidian,
Which will have its day. A handful of coins,
Tickets, items from the news, a soiled handkerchief,
A letter to be answered, notice of a telephone call,
The petal of a flower in a a volume of Shakespeare,
The program of a concert. The photograph, too,
Propped on the mantel, and beneath it a dry rosebud ;
The laundry bill, matches, an ash-tray, Utamaro's
Pearl-fishers. And the rug, on which are still the crumbs
Of yesterday's feast. These are the void, the night,
And the angelic wings that make it sound.

What is the flower ? it is not a sigh of color,
Suspuration of purple, sibilation of saffron,
Nor aureate exhalation from the tomb.
Yet it is these because you think of these,
An emanation of emanations, fragile
As light, or glisten, or gleam, or coruscation,
Creature of brightness, and as brightness brief.
What is the frost ? it is not the sparkle of death,
The flash of time's wing, seeds of eternity ;
Yet is these because you think of these.
And you, because you think of these, are both
Frost and flower, the bright ambiguous syllable
Of which the meaning is both no and yes.

Here is the tragic, the distorting mirror
In which your gesture becomes grandiose ;
Tears form and fall from your magnificent eyes,
The brow is noble, and the mouth is God's.
Here is the God who seeks his mother, Chaos,—
Confusion seeking solution, and life seeking death.

Here is the rose that woos the icicle ; the icicle
That woos the rose. Here is the silence of silences
Which dreams of becoming a sound, and the sound
Which will be perfect itself in silence. And all
These things are only the uprush from the void,
The winds angelic and demonic, the sound of the abyss
Dedicated to death. And this is you.

II

But you and I, Charybdis, are not new ;
And all that flows between us is the dead. . . .
–Thus Scylla, the scarred rock, sad child of time,
Benumbed with barnacles and hung with weed,
With urchins at her feet, and on her brown
Foul nests of cormorants, addressed her moan
To hoar Charybdis, who, beyond the whirlpool,
Lifted a hornèd crag to God and Nothing.
And still the salt sea sucked between them, bearing
The bones of ships and bones of humans, white
The one as other, and as little worth.

Where is this corner of the crumbling world :
Where are these rocks, beloved, that cry out
Their hate and fear of time, their bitter sadness
At past, and passing, and the sense of past ?
It is between ourselves these waters flow.
It is ourselves who are these self-same rocks,–
And we it is whom time has cracked and hung
With frost and filth. The sea-gull's is our voice ;
The wail of mariners ; the cry of wind.
And all that flows between us is the dead.

No need to go to Lethe, nor to Sibyl,
To memory, or forgetfulness, or both,
To find such horror, or such richness, mixed,
As we can find who smile here face to face.
The waters of the human soul are deep.
We are the rocks that rot above these waters.
We are the rocks on whom the times have written.
We, the recorded sadness of the world.

What marvels, then, for us, who know already
All that the waters of the Godhead give ?
Let us desist from this forlorn attempt
To wring strange beauty from a world well known.
Patience is all : so Shakespeare might have said.
Let us be patient, then and hear at night
The flux and reflux of the whirlpool, borne
Restless between us ; submit, since needs we must,
To sad remembrance ; but remember also
That there was nought before remembrance was.

III

This was the gentlest creature that we know,
This lamia of men, this sensitive
Sad soul, so poisoned, and so poisoning.
God take his bowels out, and break his bones,
And show him in the market as he is :
An angel with a peacock's heart, a fraud
With such a gilding on him as gold.

This was the nimblest of the necromancers,
This lodestar of the mind, this tentative
Quick thought, so injured, and so injuring.
God take his conscience out, and set him free,
And break his mind to rapture, and delight
Those who would murder him, and those that love,
And those that love mankind.

CONRAD AIKEN.

STATEMENT IN PAINTING

Statement is implicit in the act of Pictorial Creation. But as grammar, so too in painting, there is direct and indirect statement ; and nowadays art is in the habit of receiving and appreciating only direct statements, statements of form, of movement, of position. But painters try to attract the attention of their spectators as well by lending to the *literary* elements of their pictures the power to dictate these same statements of form, movement and position. Hence the familiar phenomena, occurring so often in Degas, of a flat mass, which from our knowledge of its physical qualities, acquires an inertia that makes or mars the rest of an otherwise static composition.

But there can also be doubly indirect statement, where the statement made by our intellectual discoveries is in turn couched in terms of forms, movements, and positions, that are in themselves merely symbolic or analagous to the space with which our eye naturally deals.

Of this nature may be instance all that is Sieneese about SIENESE PAINTING. For these, space seems to have an independent existence of its own : it is not merely that perspective has been defied by the non-convergence of line, that the painter, in fact, paints flat up against his picture, but also that space has not its usual depth and infiniteness, but seems rather to be generally reduced, though yet remaining all-pervading and continuous. Matter, too, seems at war with space, and the final harmony of the two that we associate with the great tradition of painting that started in Florence, seems here uncongenial. In Duccio matter is imposed on an unwilling space ; Simont Martini deals in terms of a matter that is in its way as transparent as tables were once supposed to be to the ether, or stout hearts to the Tao. Neroccio adopts a happy compromise, and with Nerocci Sieneese painting dies. And, as a partial frustration acts rather as an encouragement, so too this doubly indirect method of statement intensifies the force of the statement itself to an almost unparalleled degree. There is no indecision with the Sieneese, and the final return

to the direct statement in the practice of Italian painting marks, at least in this direction, a sad loss.

A HISTORY OF PAINTING, in its relation to the consequent nature of the statement, would make an interesting study. It would, I think, reveal a remarkable co-ordination between statement, the belief of the artist, and the particular stimulus afforded by his age ; it would show that the peculiarly direct power of Rubens was in a just ratio with his adaptability, and that it was his own incredulity that sometimes prevented Turner from saying anything at all.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITES seemed to confuse the respective functions of indirect statement and Indian Rubber. Once might, however, for Holman Hunt's "Last Command", coin such a formula as "thrice-indirect statement", and thus undercut THE SURREALISTES, into whom one may read (one may read very much what one likes into Surrealism) a return to precisely the same doubly indirect statement that was used by the Sieneese. There has been growing for a long time past a tendency to change and distort the value of space and matter. Matisse "tips up" his space, Braque imposes his matter in very much the same way as did Duccio. Finally, with Chirico, Ernst, and, of course, Picasso, there has been a renewed interest in the psychological and emotional associations that we attach to objects, and naturally to lines ; handwriting, explaining its exact significance, seems to run round every curve of a Surrealist production. Statement has again become indirect.

FINALLY, one might with some justice, complain of such an unnecessary burden of line names, indiscriminately distributed over the greatest masters of the past and present (for they suffer from vulgar everyday usage more even than such dignified English words as "awful", "old-world", and "bloody",) were it not the prerogative of criticism ever to find its own hobby-horses and ride them to a slow and exasperating death, of only thus the better to demonstrate, their foibles, and its own ultimate futility.

JULIAN TREVELYAN.

QUERN

Though nourished on some breast of woe,
Milk red malignant blood from well
Cool, round, O it was ever so,
And fostering of plump flesh on hell
Heavenly guised where all greens grow,
Suns bulge, airs cream, dusks coo,
He knows, time tells, how sport leaps,
Dirge swallows its own throat too,
Wishes into wails must slump.
Knows ; is ; does not, but mourns
Gamboling when then frolicking been,
But garlands ghosted on bulls horns,
And red's still in the lily-sheen.
Then knows not ; is not ; but does,
As youth by coffin bent, by act
A tender making of what one was.
Be even kind to him, in tact.
So after many, strengthened amain
Plural storms, doldrums suns,
But soft as clean fragrant rain,
Go tell Dionysus to tell nuns.
All's ways to red milk again,
Bleak nectar, sweet, O hot love,
Let us bow our heads in pain,
While buzzards glare, wrens joy chirp of.

Priceless are Gad-flies, and stars,
Tapeworms take measurements for bars,
Hew your battle-axe for the wars,
Scarecrow's on the lonely moors.

RICHARD EBERHART.

THE PARLIAMENT OF FAUST

March wounds the channel
northgoads till horses furrow
run wildwinds' crushwaves
 while Caesar paves in Gaul
 flagwavers by the shore
 with sphalanxed foot in fear
 of tempestrushing cavalry.

After Calvary Rome's temple silent fell
from malariamist phoenix griffinbuttress flew
Cathedrals sailed chopped seas past chained
hercules
brought armoured Xrist to Incas and Peru
scanned the Sargasso puffed pipes of war and peace
in redscalped Ontario and Xanadu.

 Older than flood
 His empire arches
 (if you cannot see
 the photograph's preserved in proof
 Where ? the windwhere !)
 damped before from rust recovers
 engineers
 expansion and possession
 steel greedy claws to grasp for span.

The waves' power's dried and bored with steel
cunard cables elastic bridges
from fathomed table to another
 and Caesar waits undrenched without
caesura

 for calm of swan or sway of tunnel
 spurn each day's spurious mail
 his dues fixed for to-morrow
 his city planned in air
 of which birds only talk
 uneasily fluttered
 by premonitory planes
 first terrafirma then snowheight
 both and negro long predestines.

Through grey waves menace his gaunt hand steals
Suez and Panama
so one tunnel tortoise slow will crawl
beget another
so the wind will suck the water dry.

Lave Caesar Statituri Te Slavitant

I liveried
am major domo say
“His Imperial Majesty will heap content
His bust at Dover domed will done
on what was limitless
was earth now plucked
poor spitted fowl
roteturning roast
to glowunquenchable
sunstove”.

But I in Wittenberg do beg excusion.

For in this chemistry
this saucepan crucible of bubble bursts
and future expectations
I prevaricate refuse to sizzle like methusaleh
or be tall concrete by time's jazz drizzle
I am the pupil of his growing eye
also blown gas and cinder dry
long before apotheosis
or consummation.

GEORGE REAVEY.

THE COMMITTAL

Shall the lamp burn for you,
and the night waste,
shall this pen stir for you, being dead?

What did I hold for you,
what had you against me
that I should withhold burial for you, dead?

I could take you, if the night were favourable,
up to a hill a great way distant,
posture defiantly to the sensitive darkness
then led the stars that lay in your two eyes.

Or I could perhaps give you to the sea,
and (seeing you are so fond of company)
lull you with creature-comforts
like a drowned sailor, quilted with the sea.

“Put your head down”, the doctor told me,
“put your head down”, when I felt faint,
“put your head down, down between your knees”.

You should have put your head down,
you should have eased your tiredness on this shoulder,
you should have put your head where it was meant,
if you felt faint.

Shall I shoulder your head with earth now,
there's only earth now,
and (since you like company but not to be touched
much)
may worms walk delicately between your bones.

Come, there's air, earth, water for you,
so (barring fore) there's your choice, belle dame—
unless I shall find a surer, subtler way :

Shall this pen stir for you, being dead,
shall the lamp burn for you
and he night waste ?

J.M. REEVES.

CONFLICT IN THE RUSSIAN CINEMA

The abnormally eventful period during which the Russian Cinema was born is now at an end. The diet of daily events in Russia is still unusual but markedly less sensational. Startlingly, so soon it seems, the great pictures commemorative of the revolution are sunk into history, obscure history for the average Briton. After being nicely forced in the natural hot-house of political strife, the plant of the Russian cinema, grown very strong, is to be put out into the difficult fields of economy. In fact, we have already seen one such adventure. *The General Line* is the first great picture of post-revolution Russia, it is the first attempt at economic reconstruction through the medium of film. Propaganda is a word much used in connection with Russian films, and it is a word which might be used in connection with any film. All films are propaganda, from Clara Bow in *Three Week-ends* (propaganda for vulgar salacity of thought and action) to Eisenstein's *Potemkin* (propaganda for Soviet thought and action). Whether vulgar salacity of thought and action, or Soviet thought and action, are desirable or not has nothing to do with the criticism of films as such. *The General Line* contains just as much propaganda as *Potemkin*, but it is of a different kind. It is concerned with the most fundamental problem of economy, the food supply ; and only incidentally with the rights of men. Problems of economy will from now on be the prime mover behind the Russian cinema and the Russian régisseur is up against a kind of subject matter which will test his ability to the utmost, for revolutions of men with flags and fighting are easier to deal with interestingly than revolutions of agricultural method. If the high standard of interest which the great revolution pictures evoked throughout the world is to be maintained, the Russian régisseurs must be at one with their subject matter ; and as their subject matter is dictated to them by their government, the significant relationship between the régisseurs and the Soviet. In this relationship there has always been conflict. The important Russian

régisseurs are primarily artists ; of first interest to them in a picture is the exploitation through the medium of cinema of their art. The Soviet is not interested in art, it is not, generally speaking, interested in the cinema at all, its prime interest at the moment is the economic development of the country. The value which the Soviet attach to its great régisseurs is not an artistic value, but a purely economic one. In the Russian film the art is a sweet to render palatable the economic pill. In the revolution pictures this arrangement between artist and government worked well enough, the material was epic stuff and the artists were thoroughly capable of handling it to the greatest advantage of everyone. But in *The General Line* Eisenstein has had to put up with a great deal of interference from the Soviet. In the first place he was called away to work on *October* while he was in the middle of *The General Line*, and then at length when he had returned and finished the latter, he was told that he must include certain sequences concerning the mechanisation of industry which were quite out of place. This to the man who had made *Potemkin* was extremely trying. The film as a whole is typical of the conflicts in contemporary Russian cinema. These conflicts are of two quite different kinds, that between the various shot-elements withing the sequences themselves. The first of these conflicts is outside cinematic art itself, but the second represents the latest phase of Russian cinematic theory.

The theory of the cinema has received much attention in Russia and opinions have resolved themselves into two categories, the academic and the avant-garde. About 1922 Kuleshov formulated the opinions concerning the montage of sequences which represent the academic cinematic attitude. In 1924 Eisenstein made *Strike* and in it and in *Potemkin* which followed are expressed the principles, then unclear, of the avant-garde. Pudovkin has been until very recently an academician of the Russian cinema, but he has now come to agree with the more advanced opinions of Eisenstein.

Some examination of the two Russian cinematic theories will serve to show where and how they differ, and will inci-

dentally give the most intelligent and generally satisfactory attitude to sound silms which has yet been advanced.

“The disproportionate depiction of an event”, writes Eisenstein, “is an organic characteristic in us from our very first moments of life”. This is a fundamental statement of Eisenstein's approach to the art of the cinema. He rejects naturalism quite definitely from the beginning and shows that cinematic art is a matter of the continual distortion of normal events, distortion of time and space. In this fundamental approach he does not really differ from the academic attitude although he is quicker to realise the continuous nature of cinematic distortion. It is in the matter of montage in general in that of the “shot-cell” in particular that Eisenstein hold his own very original opinions. The doctrine of the academicians is roughly the following :-

The shot (the organisation in a celluloid frame of an event or part of an event) is like a child's block, a unit. With a certain number of these block units a film may be constructed simply by arranging them in a suitable rhythmic order. The characteristic of the system is once of sympathetic shot order within the sequence. One shot much be tacked on after the last one in a suitable sort of order and you have a cinematic sequence. Here the shot is being considered simply as an inactive element of the film sequence.

Eisenstein is very definite in his refutation of the academic conception of the shot. The shot, according to him, is an active organic cell-compound of the living sequence and the relation between and two cell-shots is not merely a link but a definite reactionary conflict between the two shots. He states that between significant cinematic shots there should be a kind of rebound or alternatively an active fusion according to whether the shots are of a resilient nature or of a nature conducive to fusion. When the two shots are of a similar nature conducive to fusion the case is special and the resultant sequence will be (purely incidentally) a piece of academic Pudovkin film-linkage. Thus in a special case the Eisenstein theory coincides with the old Pudovkin theory and it was doubtless by a process of extension, rather than complete

change of mind, that Pudovkin came to accept the theories of Eisenstein. Eisenstein carries his idea of conflict throughout the process of cinematography and compares in silent cinema to a kind of counterpoint in two mediums, visual and auditory. Thus his sound-film system consists in setting up certain sound patterns against certain visual patterns according to a harmonic system governed by the nature of the event. In both visual and audible patterns there may exist separate conflicts or counterpoints and, indeed, this is evident in the performance of silent films with music composed without consideration of the reaction between the two. The film producer was concerned with his own visual counterpoint and the composer with the counterpoint of his music. Thus a common application of the conflict principle in sound-pictures is thought as expressed audibly, against action as expressed visually. In the silent picture the conflicts are between scales, spaces, tones, and normal and abnormal dimensions of space and time. An interesting application of the Eisenstein principles is obtained in the sound-films rendering of the well-known situation :-

Hamlet is shown in slow-motion advancing to the murder of his uncle while through his head at an abnormally fast rate come to us audibly the countless objection of his nature to the deed which he contemplates. This rendering would involve in the visual conflict between the normal speed of action and the abnormal slow-motion distortion. At the same time the whole visual action would be in conflict with the audibly expressed thought. The nature of the conflict between visual and audible impression is, of course, highly complex and the possibilities of exploration are endless. It is certain that the future of Russia, and indeed, of all serious cinema, lies in the exploitation of this most vital conflict of sight and sound, conflict between art and subject matter, conflict between government and artist— of such is the Russian cinema.

Eisenstein's conflict with the Soviet has doubtless helped to

send him to America, where at the moment he is to be found, presumably making a sound picture. America has ruined many producers and many actors, but Eisenstein has the qualities to survive, if survival be possible. Whether he goes back to Russia or not, his theories propagated by himself as chief lecturer at the Moscow school are bound to influence future Russian producers. Indeed, another Russian producer has found himself in hot water with the Soviet for practising formalism. Dovjenko, producer of *Earth*, has had difficulties similar to those experience by Eisenstein.

Whether the interdependence of artists and government will outweigh the natural friction of their relationships remains, as does all in the Russian cinema, to be seen ; and to be heard.

G. F. NOXON

Fragments: from A POEM

*Two turned ; whispering, upon crutches
in a twisted stair—*

who saw

What the eye takes. The mind rejects.

The word— the sense

answers— discards.

To one is known. Two cannot agree :

other two below them : gesturing.

Of the rainbrightened streets given back
grotesquely, these mutes changed
held in (holding) the leafed
beaten sustaining of lampgold thin thin
in a spindling fall of light out of metal
and the tension-fined film : flowering
sweet irreality, the two depths
(folded into one anther) rounded
returning—

little waters inexhaust ;
and surfwhite of rainbeat
then white under gold ;
the lake beats. This double hour
is begun.

That was clarity ; perhaps this of the figures,
perhaps that ; and arisen barely in speech : not
speaking,
though when we saw her we had the illusion.
Hers is a kind of music.

(under other spheres
spinning) the mind abandons it, haphazard,
nor was it needs fruitful, but
the late rain over the lake, purposeless,
changing in the light ; gusty.
So the first word fell nowhere
sweet—
and the river slips.

Death was that in sweet water.
Then again the music playing. Was mine
plucked from the fever of a June air her tune
a sinew ; countertune ; all beauty
for her, shrilly upon glass, and fluted
silver berries, the night's black juices.
Music, play. Play, Assyrian
Jewish or Ethiop maiden, tender
out of exile and loss, the sea's meshed strengthen
for lakesong, beaten
the bright scales of your body, Judea
in music, Philistia beat choking
when Dagon is out of the sea come again come
to spill his corporate eddy of nets
tightly over rivers.
Play, fighter with a trident
(steadily over the execution).

Why love do you
lean sadly to this ? You are judged
by your pleasures, be glad we are lost tonight,
(and the homewaters remember them not)
when the floods come strangely
the nights are desired : fugitive among islands—

among reeds rain speaking,
always lakewater, there was no shore that night,
the lake sank into the stars, the islands
sank. We were lost.

J. BRONOWSKI

ATTALUS

This is the end of my journey
Here by the wells of the desert
Where the air is tangible between us,
Time dry light and tangible between us,
Withering the herbs, withering all life to dust
Here by dry wells in the aching sand
There be dead women laid in sepulchre
In Attalus his garden
For ever beautiful within the lampless silence
Where the Gods come not, lest the
 forgetfulness of shadows
Turns their immortal garments into dust. . . .
“I bring you roses from the Paradise garden
Dead roses
For I have carried them these many years
 within my bosom,
Crossed many years, more wide than the waste
 land of the desert
Fair once they were, and sweet
But their dust
affrights you”.
The dead, they say, are beautiful, where they lie
In Attalus his garden
But they are still within a lampless silence
How couldst thou
 enter
 the tomb ?

KATHLEEN RAINE.

EXPERIMENT

NUMBER 7

SPRING, 1931

Edited by J. Bronowski and Hugh Sykes

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EDITORIAL

An expansion of policy which we began in our last number has in this number brought with it a corresponding increase in the size of the magazine: partly because we did not wish our invitations to older writers to be made at the expense of young writers; partly because it seems to us that some of those who have contributed during the last three years have so far advanced that we must print more solid pieces of their work. It is in terms of young writers that we continue to think of EXPERIMENT, as a young magazine. Those established writers who at our invitation contribute, do so because they feel themselves to be, and we feel them to be, in sympathy with us.

We have always avoided making protestations of policy, choosing to leave it to the reader to conclude that we really do stand for a single direction of outlook. This number will, we hope, simplify and unify the conclusion; so that we feel it is now not arrogant to say that we are in some ways the only literary group which is positively post-war, which honestly seeks to transcend the spirit of academicism and stoicism of the older generation. Our first editorial, in 1928, promised that we would be “at pains not to be littered with the illustrious dead and dying”. We are still taking pains.

D. H. LAWRENCE

“Sensational literary attacks are not made on artistic grounds. The counts against *Jude the Obscure* were that it was immoral in its treatment of sexual matters and impious in its attitude towards religion.”

Times Literary Supplement, May 1st,
1930.

“It is important, therefore, to hold fast to this : that poetry is at bottom a criticism of life ; that the greatness of a poet lies in his powerful and beautiful application of ideas to life – to the question : How to live.”

Matthew Arnold :
Wordsworth.

With the current estimate of Lawrence, as an advocate, a prophet and a fanatic, I am concerned only to this extent : that it seems to me to be obscure and to endanger his actual achievement. His death, which might have been the occasion for a revision of this estimate, was made the savage opportunity to popularise it ; when it has since been examined, though intelligently, it has not been questioned. The moral estimate and the simple issues which it divides may for a time, by their popular and controversial nature, enhance Lawrence's reputation ; and in his writing the sense of proselytising, of blasphemy and of conviction, is sufficiently deep to give a separate importance to the moral estimate ; that nevertheless these gains are impermanent appears in the present neglect of a great artist, Ibsen. Lawrence's genius was very like Ibsen's : critics would do well to draw a lesson from the likeness.

I do not wish in so dismissing the common misconception to drive the critic into any “barren aestheticism” : I take my own view of literature from Arnold, and with him postulate what I think must be postulated in order to understand Lawrence, a moral interpretation of literature. But the interpretation of Lawrence's work which is now current seems to me to be not moral but literal : an isolating of those statements which have most the air of literalness, and arranging them, suitably supported by biographical irrelevances, into a “system.” And presumably, one goes on, Lawrence lived according to this system, or wished others to live according to it. That the notion “a criticism of life” can be more refined than the notion “a criticism of the War Office” or even “a criticism of life in a mining village” current estimates do not consider ; or that “the application of ideas to the question : How to live” is not the same criterion as “the providing of an answer to the question : How to live.” Yet literature exists, and criticism has a meaning, by virtue of these refinements : without them there is no speculation in literature which is not philosophic

speculation, no function of criticism but the classifying of such speculation. And if this is true, then no more can be said about it than that it is a pity. But if it is not true I am driven to the other extreme, to assert that the moral interpretation is opposed to the literal ; that a statement in literature can be isolated and interpreted literally only in so far as it is a statement of conventional moral, that is, *not* “a criticism of life” ; and that this criticism is constituted of statements as they must be interpreted by, and must contribute to, a subtler, graver moral : a moral inseparable from the book. To suppose that Lawrence's statements have a meaning outside the system of meaning or moral system of the books, is like supposing the diagrams of a Diesel engine to give a visual picture of the engine ; it is confusing two function of the medium, symbolic and descriptive, which though related functions are not the same. The importance of this to the work of Lawrence I hope this essay will make clear.

I hold then that the moral problems which preoccupied Lawrence are related to, to be understood in terms of, his literary problems ; that just as that false urgency and a shrillness audible wherever in his books the personal tension slackens are symptomatic of a habit of mind which he carried into all his thought, so in all his writing the one index of Lawrence is the writing. Nothing is so characteristic of Lawrence as the assurance he gives of having been a *complete* artist, whose personality was wholly immersed in his writings and from them emerges whole. So far at least the popular estimate is right ; so far, and in its further consciousness that as a personality Lawrence was not an undivided unit.

I take Arnold's distinction to be pertinent, when he speaks of application “powerful and beautiful” ; the balance between these two applications, the shift of balance, is a major phenomenon in Lawrence's development. And this essay could be interpreted as an essay in definition, to show that refinements of this antithesis can be made to cover the larger part of Lawrence's problems and unrests.

Lawrence's writing may be thought of as of two periods : from 1911 to 1914, that is, from *The White Peacock* to *The Prussian Officer* ; and from 1915 to 1928, from *The Rainbow* to *The Woman Who Rode Away* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover*. I do not mean that in 1915 Lawrence changed his outlook or even his style : *The Prussian Officer* is in many ways much nearer to its successor, *The Rainbow*, than to its predecessor, *Sons and Lovers* ; *The Lost Girl*, published in 1920 resembles the early books ; and I hold that fundamental to any consideration of the second period must be a study of *The Trespasser*, published in 1912. A case might be made for ordering all Lawrence's work in a single sequence, outside which *The White Peacock*, *Sons and Lovers* and *The Lost Girl* would form a set of “popular” exceptions. But such a grouping would miss this phenomenon— the strangely incidental positions which Lawrence's

best worlds take in the succession of his books. *Sons and Lovers*, *Aaron's Rod*, the short stories *The Thorn in the Flesh*, *Daughters of the Vicar*, *Samson and Delilah*, *Mother and Daughter*; these are never quite characteristic ; they are without the faults which we associate with Lawrence, yet have somehow ceased to say what for Lawrence it was urgent to say, or where they say it have lost interest in the saying. They are always like this theme from *The White Peacock* :

“A woman is so ready to disclaim the body of a man's love ; she yields him her own soft beauty with so much gentle patience and regret ; she clings to his neck, to his head and his cheeks, fondling them for the soul's meaning that is there, and shrinking from his passionate limbs and his body. It was with some perplexity, some anger and bitterness, that I watched Emily moved almost to ecstasy by the baby's small, innocuous person.”

The feeling is too individual, the regret— and this is true of the pleading of all his early work— too much one young man's, jealous of tenderness. We may begin by remarking this of the second period, that although qualitatively his convictions remained the same, only then did their motivating feeling become social. And the quotation has this second unsatisfactory character of Lawrence's best work, that it does represent in the struggle of the powerful with the beautiful, a peace ; but a peace only of compromise, a pretense of resolution. I would say this again differently, that the best of Lawrence has an *end* conceived, in Aristotle's sense, with the whole, and without which there is no whole ; but the end is not a finality, it completes yet does not resolve, is the end of the story, is inevitable, but it is not the end of the thought. For the thought to Lawrence has no end ; the strength of his lesser work is that it accepts this, planning no end or only with indifference : is moved by the thought and not by its resolution. His best work is conceived dramatically, that is with the pretence of resolution : but Lawrence's genius was the genius of a poet, its movement was in suspense and in irresolution, in the thought but not in the thought ended. To me it seems right that he should have written at his best, uncharacteristically, when he was consciously putting aside the poetic self : for I hope to show that in another sense also he spent himself in denying the poetic self ; understanding that for what he had to say it was a dishonest self. He had a very protestant conscience.

I return to my first contention that it is necessary to interpret Lawrence's work strictly in terms of itself. Where that conflict in his work, which I am identifying with a struggle between the powerful and the beautiful, has been recognised, it has been treated as a struggle between one content and another, rather than a formal or a form-content struggle. Such is the analysis made by Wyndham Lewis in *Paleface* : of a charlatan return to the primitive, a kind of vegetarianism ; and an “admiration”-decadence. This is an excellent first

approximation : why then are Lewis and others who reach it unable to refine it to a second ? But if we consider the nature of the estimate : which is an approximation not to the work but to the conflict in the work, or its remoter illustrations ; it becomes clear that though incidentally the work is described, the attempt to refine to a second order this description constructed from a first-order analysis must multiply the error beyond the limits in which description is recognisable. Lewis does reach a second approximation to the conflict : he is conscious that Lawrence's "mythology" is significant, that his choice of sex for particular flaw in a general adverse constitution is a choice of weapon, not a personal obsession. If the system with which he credits Lawrence has a fault (I mean in addition to not being Lawrence's) it is that it is too general, moral but only moral ; it has been short-circuited in Lewis's mind, for in reading Lawrence he has often been reminded of ideas which he dislikes, and impetuously followed them along already established trains of thought which have not always been Lawrence's. This is a tendency of all specialists except literary critics, who appear to prefer distraction by any non-literary impulse to an interest in the writing.

It is time further to particularise the antithesis, power and beauty. The power which Lawrence sought Lewis recognises accurately as some power of directness ; but what precisely was the nature of this directness he so passionately urged ? There is a sentence in *Women in Love* which will show how far Lewis's answer falls short of understanding :

" 'Why is it art ?' Gerald asked, shocked, resentful.

'It conveys a complete truth,' said Birkin. 'It contains the whole truth of that state, whatever you feel about it.'

'But you can't call it *high* art,' said Gerald.

'High ! There are centuries and hundred of centuries of development in a straight line, behind that carving ; it is an awful pitch of culture, of a definite sort.'

'What culture ?' Gerald asked, in opposition. He hated the sheer barbaric thing.

'Pure culture in sensation, culture in the physical consciousness, really ultimate *physical* consciousness, mindless, utterly sensual. It is so sensual as to be final, supreme.' "

This, Lewis justly contends, illustrates a craze for "going native" prevalent in the loose thinking of current philosophies. But it needs little original speculation to realise that Lawrence respected primitive sensibilities ; we are enquiring what was the quality in them which he respected. So I choose this passage because it seems to me the *point* of the groping novels like *The Plumed Serpent*: that Lawrence's passion, which was for the first-hand, in experience, in ethic— in living ; was also for the first-hand in his creation of living : for the first of all directnesses, the directness of perception. In that directness, he sought all his life to make perception and expression one thing. The innate difficulty in writing which like Lawrence's is in terms of sensation

rather than sensibility, of finding a language descriptively flexible (in so far as literature is a function of grammar, and accidents and by-products of statement, it is clearly better to carry nuances of sensibility and feeling than to reproduce sensation)— this innate difficulty had therefore to become for him a difficulty of his thinking as well as of his writing. Seeking for, and seeking to unify, the direct perception and expression, he had to see his struggle as it was, integral to his speculative as to his literary method ; as he saw his method integral to that larger search for directness of *living* to which his writing presses.

I have suggested that this search and “primitiveness” were not discoveries of the later works: this is the reason why I think *The Trespasser* so important to the understanding of Lawrence. *The Trespasser* is an early work, patiently planned and uncharacteristic of Lawrence in the sense which I have discussed, as a dramatic conception and having an end beautiful but away from the tension of the writing. Yet under its planning the indecision is powerful. The prologue, and the epilogue conceived with it, are written with the careful objectivity which Lawrence began by thinking necessary for the re-creation of emotion. The episode of Helena's arms
“scarlet on the outer side from shoulder to wrist, like some long, red-burned fruit”

the description of her violin playing

“Her white dress, high-waisted, swung as she forced the rhythm, determinedly swaying to the time as if her body were the white stroke of a metronome”

are characteristic of the way of thinking which we associate with poetry, and against which, grudgingly, Lawrence had to make ground all his life. But as the novel progresses, more and more the objective pretence is put aside, more and more is there the effort to describe states of being directly and without equivalents : until the great “mist and sea” scene is full of such imperfect passages :

“She suffered an agony of disillusion. Was this the real Siegmund, her own only a projection of her soul ? She took her breath sharply. Was he the real clay, and that other, her beloved, only the breathing of her soul upon this. There was an awful blank before her.”

“But this night he did not want comfort. If he were 'an infant crying in the night,' it was crying that a woman could not still. He was abroad, seeking courage and faith for his own soul. He, in loneliness, must search the night for faith.”

This groping for directness, beyond mist and sea for some evocation to have ultimate meaning, is the search which I associate first with Lawrence's growth. In *The Trespasser* it occupies the entire scene, for there Lawrence is still finding such description strange, and mistrusting it, so that the writing continually breaks into anomalous phrases

“If now death would wipe the sweat from me, and it were dark.”

“My fate is finely wrought out. Every damnation may be finely imagined for me in the night. I have come so far.”

How far Lawrence was unhappy among such phrases seems to me to appear in their tendency to the frequent journalese of
“Smoking a reflective cigarette.”

And that makes it simple to say of all this that it is a young man's writing ; who, after a painstaking beginning, finds his manner at the end of the book. This, like so much “psychological” criticism, is true and explains nothing ; for though the writing is a young man's, he is not, for example, the young man of *The White Peacock*. He is now *at* something else, and in that sense it is true that he succeeds as he forgets what he thinks he ought to be at, and begins simply to write, himself. The process puzzles him sufficiently to keep him intrigued to the end : this is the novelty which keeps the book together, in a way in which a book like *Women in Love* is no longer kept together. When in the second period the conflict ceases to be new and continues only to be disquieting, Lawrence again and again dissipates, near their end, novels once on their way to greatness. This is the second characteristic of the later Lawrence : for though the end of *Sons and Lovers* is uncertain and suggests that Lawrence could not properly conceive a *complete* novel, its break-up is not of the same nature as the casual and amorphous drift into dissolution of *The Rainbow* and *Women in Love*, whose end has in the writing grown uneasy and without conviction. The dissatisfaction was part of Lawrence : his failure to protect the poetic irresolution from the protestant passion for an issue ; his feeling that he has betrayed the conflict out of himself. But he lacked another fundamental faith. When he put aside the poetic self, it was with a sense that an emotion is a complete unit and can be spoken of only by its complete name ; that nothing worth saying could be said of it objectively. But to struggle for this completeness of a name, a symbol, requires the faith, to believe the completeness sufficiently important to be an end in itself. Lawrence know that the completeness must be his only end, but he was too sensitive to its limitation to have faith in it. And if consciously the protestant gained, it was also not without a knowledge that the gain was away from literature : that to have found a language of that precision which he had to seek would have been again to lose literature in statement. The end of his writing often suggests that he feared to succeed : feared that then his symbolism must collapse on itself, impoverished of its tension and variety, merely a new commonplace. (We may remark by the way that because his awareness of limitation was integrally part of Lawrence, it seems right that his best individual pieces of work are in the short work : that within the limitation *England my England* is justly a more complete book than *The Plumed Serpent*.) Lawrence did not believe that there was a microcosm in the particular : disbelieved in self-defence , because where he did see it to contain a universal he found that universal small and unimportant. I say this in

expansion of a distinction that I have made elsewhere between the single non-historic "life" in Lawrence and the tentacled life in Joyce and Proust. The distinction requires greater care than may appear ; for in this sense the historical method of Proust and Joyce approaches Lawrence's method, that its descriptions also are not in terms of objects but in terms of antecedents ; and more and more in his later books Lawrence was driven to fall back on descriptions by antecedents. Yet Lawrence's is not the same method, because the historical method calls basically for the acceptance of a known morality, such as Joyce's catholic or Proust's social acceptance. Lawrence made no acceptance, and was therefore all his life trying to speak in the name of things not yet named : to convince us of a universe in which his antecedents truly were antecedents, and his succedents succedents. The honesty which thwarted his achievement was therefore not historical honesty, but a determined independence of judgement, non-participant in any familiar universe and refusing to make plausible his own by objectifications which would have necessarily to be in terms of the familiar.

It is to be examined but cannot I think be judged for some time just how far Lawrence came short of this whole and uncompromising recreation. Lawrence's symbolism remained strange, and Lawrence's symbolism is the core of Lawrence. I interpolate the remark, that symbolism is not a thing but a habit of thought. We speak of symbols as if in some way they existed by themselves, because the more familiar human symbols characterise very old processes of thought. But a symbol is not in general a unit, it is part of a mythology or story which stands for a particular way of thinking and sequence of thought natural to the mind. In that way symbolism is a simplified form of language ; and I am stressing the grammar of symbolism, the internal constitution of its mythologies. We must recognise how self-contained was the symbolism in which Lawrence wrote ; this is his affinity with Ibsen, whose common misunderstanding has grown out of the failure to recognise his symbolism. Lawrence's, the more complete symbolism, is in danger of graver misunderstanding. For it extends from the symbolic action like the serving of finner in *Daughters of the Vicar*, the singing in *The Ladybird* (contrast the music in *Aaron's Rod* and *The Trespasser*), the changing into the dress in *The Fox* (as well as the general symbolism of "touch" in *Samson and Delilah*, *Tickets Please*, and *You Touched Me*) ; the symbolic figure like the gamekeeper of *The White Peacock*, *The Shades of Spring* and *Lady Chatterley's Lover* (with whom we may connect the twenty of so colliers whom Lawrence describes), and the "dark lady" of *Aaron's Rod* and *The Virgin and the Gipsy* ; to the symbolism of individual words, without an understanding of which his writing will often be nearly meaningless. Though the debt which his word-symbolism owed to Blake has been partly appreciated,

it is worth while again to stress its completeness and consistency. Begin by taking this mixed metaphor from *The Rainbow*

“When she returned to her love for her father, the seed of mistrust and the defiance burned unquenched, though covered up far from sight,” and observe how it is clarified and becomes integral in the light of this passage from *Kangaroo*

“I don't care, I tell you I don't care. Where there's fire there's change. And where the fire is love, there's creation. Seeds of fire. That's enough for me! Fire, and seeds of fire, and love. That's all I care about.”

(The speaker is not, I remind the moralists, Lawrence.) Unless we know how Lawrence connected fire with creation we will not understand the first passage – which of course may remain bad writing but cannot remain stupid writing. Or take the use of a word like “white” and trace the way in which its meaning is stabilised from my second quotation out of *The Trespasser* (and there also “the white transport of the water”) and *The White Peacock* through, say, the poems (compare *The Attack* with the white “flowers of the penumbra, issue of corruption” of *Craving for Spring*) to its final assertion in the article on Herman Melville and the “Touch comes when the white mind sleeps” of *Pansies*. I have already referred to “touch” as a symbolic action, in a variety of situations among which the theft of Aaron's wallet in *Aaron's Rod* stands out ; its position as a word symbol is typified by its use in *Lady Chatterley's Lover* :

“ 'Give me the resurrection of the body !' said Dukes. 'But it'll come, in time, when we've shoved the cerebral stone away a bit, the money and the rest. Then we'll get a democracy of touch, instead of a democracy of pocket,’”

“Sex us really only touch, the closest of all touch. And it's touch we're afraid of.”

I may seem all this time to have been elaborating distinctions between things which are not distinct ; to have divided Lawrence's symbols from the common objects or images arbitrarily, without demonstrating and real difference. Is it right to say that the incidents of the horses in *The Rainbow* and in *Women in Love* differ from such incidents as they were used, say, by Maupassant ? I think we will only be uncertain while we are choosing instances in which Lawrence himself is uncertain, and indeed often felt himself to be betraying his symbolism. There is a moment in *Women in Love* when, after many attempts to reconstruct Gudrun's character for us he turns suddenly to describe again the vivid woolly stockings she wears. The description gives us a deeper insight into Gudrun's character than anything that has gone before : but we feel that it is with a sense of impotence and betrayal, of admitting the defeat of his own method, that Lawrence falls back on it : in that one description may be said to lie the germ of the later disruption of the novel. And at the

other extreme is the true symbolism, trying to create Godrun out of units like the see-saw of passion which is a constant symbolic unit throughout Lawrence's work. In his prose Lawrence never reached a stasis between these methods. Whether he reached it in his poetry is a question that remains to be answered. Nearly all the poems are full of hesitation, from one method to the other, from *Aware* and the *Ballad of a Wilful Woman* to *Rose of all the World* and *In the Dark*. The earlier poems and especially *Look! We have come through* are at their best an *escape* into the poetic (I except the perfect poem, *A Youth Mowing*) ; and they are more truly poems than is commonly held. But it seems to me that in *Fruits* Lawrence did finally reach a settlement of territory and a form which are his major achievement. This form is a reversal of the ordinary poetic form, in that it begins with its set of objects and so allows him to establish the symbolic system upon a foundation of the poetic ; is at once poetry and Lawrence. I do not think it need any other praise.

I have been at pains to analyse, strictly from the standpoint of literary criticism, the problems and developments of Lawrence's work. Little of what I have said can be taken to constitute a judgment of Lawrence : partly because I think it may be valuable to present an analysis which, aimed at being factual rather than partisan, can serve as a basis for judgment ; and partly because I am doubtful of the value of judgments formed at a time when Lawrence is still a subject for passion rather than consideration. But if I am to add a personal comment, it is that Lawrence seems to me to have been a great artist, nearly a very great man : greater in this age as a man because not so great as an artist. As an artist, he falls short I think by lacking some central self-confidence, some completeness and stability within himself which might have made him less vulnerable. I think that the incompleteness and instability may have made him more valuable to this age as a man. And the division, a division in the age rather than in Lawrence, seems to me to be an object for regret.

J. BRONOWSKI

PARIS, 1930
(For W.S.S.)

(The crysalis tears its sheath
The mole breaks through the grasping roots
That forest its dark tunnels ;
Everywhere the right thing is being broken
The virgin membrane split
Shell, husk, and the absorbed winder habit,
preservers
Of unreflected peace, go by
For the new virginity naked
And uncreated yet beneath the innocent hills.
Courage to be cruel to create ;
Dogfish sink from nets
With an assured muscular tremor,
Leaving gnawed heads to turn with the tide.

Spring, mewling like a thousand skuas from the
remote banks of the sea.)

The shrill screams of Cunarders
And a false declaration
Are the true music makers
To the summer migration.

Over wire twitter
Of Nile and the old cities,
Fatigues to be endured, enjoyed in retrospect.
Birds of passage, contemptuous of the eagle,
Leaving their fouled nests,
Held up by hired strength, the courage of cash
Clears icebergs from them, avoids the lighthouse.
Palms on the azure coast have opened for their
coming,
Branches have spread their comfort
From Boston to the prowling forest's edge.
“Preserve the wilderness, but weed it.
Arabs, be fierce as fiction, but unarm.”

They settle on falsified towns
The rotten teeth another age has used.
Summer migration, like a descent of starlings
On the conquered fields.

(Barbarian hordes, the sky is dark with wings,
Rivers run backwards, bristling with spears, to their
towns.

We have the wind in our ears, the mountain wind,
We have swords
To cut away their ancient manners ;
Destroy them at an impact, shatter their saints.
Then fight courageously, their crowns are yours.
The Tarter King
Whose footstool was the King of Fess,
Pulled down stone from stone
And shied the municipal gods down a hill.
Sitting at a widow in the ex-President's house
He enjoyed the victory.
The new republic prospers,
Stone is placed on stone,
Disguised, the gods creep in at the new gates.)

But this too amiable invasion
Finds morning stale on tongue,
Transports the gods in straw
For tea-talk restoration, and garden terraces.
And when the winter and the winter nights
Brew up their dark hostilities,
The chosen people pack their tents,
Consult the oracles, depart for home.

Sea sang me a song
In Greenland long since mute.
“The deep falls of fair rivers
And the wind's turning
Are the true music givers
Unto your morning.”

River and wind and sea, alone in their triumph,
Gave me themselves to wander, lose in ;
Gave me the clue of bird, beast, the pitiless Spring,
Dead men, dead
Patterns, erased metaphors.
Gave me no cure for tourist's disease.
But quaint and ruined towns I frequent
There to practise my period stare.
And still the daffodils' company of spears
Surprise last summer's limited performances.

JOHN CULLEN.

POEM

When golden flies upon my carcass come,
Those pretty monsters, shining globules
Like tautened oily suns, and congregate
Fixing their several gems upon one core
That shines a blossom then of burning gold,
'Tis as the sun's burning glass and diadem
They work, at the first chance of rotten flesh,
And, senseless little messengers of time,
Some beauty even keep even at the guts of things,
Which is a fox caught, and I watch the flies.

RICHARD EBERHART.

THE ORNATE STYLE

“Elevation,” “Sublimity,” “Poetic diction,” “Passion,” “Imaginative writing” ; all these mean, of not one thing, at least aspects of the same thing. Conveniently they may be included under the one term “The Ornate Style.” The Ornate Style is more or less divisible into two component parts :Meaning and Ornament, Meaning represents the intellectual, conscious part of the act of writing ; Ornament the emotional and unconscious part. It is with ornament that I am concerned in this essay.

In the formal Rhetoric of the ancients many attempts were made to classify the various kinds of ornament. Aristotle's was the first. Fond as he was of hard-and-fast divisions, he had the good sense not to indulge himself too much in this sphere. After him the Alexandrian scholars produced a complete, but completely useless, scholastic system. The same thing happened again in Rome. Cicero classified very little and preserved a fairly close relation with the facts. But after him the scholastic tendency began again, with Quintilian, and culminated among the Grammarians of the 4th and 5th centuries, in a system still more complete, and still more completely useless than that of the Alexandrians.

The general tendency of the ancients was to divide ornament into Tropes (Metaphor, Synecdoche, Metonymy, etc.), and Figures (Antithesis, Asyndeton, Anaphora, Anadiplosis, etc.).

This division obviously implies a distinction ; between the method of adding decorative or illustrative ideas to the essential ideas (the meaning), and the other method of arranging the words by which the meaning would naturally be expressed in an unnatural way. It seems a fair distinction, and would probably work very well if language were a little less complicated than it is – if we only used one ornament at a time. Unfortunately this rarely happens. Partly because the ornaments are often capable of being turned one into another ; often they imply one another. For example, most metaphors can be expressed as antitheses. “The evening of life” may be changed into “morning must turn into evening, and the youth of man to old age.” The change of “and” to “as” would make the antithesis into a simile. In the same way some antitheses may be resolved into similes, and then

metaphors. The confusion which may arise from these possibilities is well shown in this example – the opening of an American comedy film :

June brought the *roses* to San Francisco
But the *Smiths*
came by *boat*.

Here there is a formal antithesis, certainly. But, in addition, the piece contains several minor antithesis, and some similes.

The roses came in June, like the Smiths. (Simile.)

The roses were brought to San Francisco, like the Smiths. (Simile.)

Both of these may be put the other way round, as it is almost impossible to see how the two parts of the simile are intended to be taken – which is like which.

June came by the operation of nature, the Smiths by the operation of man. (Antithesis.)

The roses would have come anyhow ; but there was no means of foreseeing the Smiths (Antithesis)– or forestalling them, though one say that San Francisco would soon be sick of them, because it was going to be a comic film, and they had both Baby- and Dog-properties with them. And so on through a whole series of antitheses of the nature-man type. The difficulty of making an adequate rhetorical analysis of this passage is almost unsurmountable.

Similar difficulties will often occur in the use of other figures. In periphrasis, for example, the elements into which the original word is split up may involve metaphor, or – more often – metonymy. Onomatopoea easily falls into the same kind of confusion.

Nevertheless, it is possible to make a working distinction between the two types of ornament on the lines already suggested. The first type includes all figures which are concerned with arrangement of words only, the *order* in which the thing is said. Of the first type are metaphor, simile, metonymy, antonymy, synecdoche, etc., of the second all types of inversion and repetition. Outside both classes is a number of figures which may belong to either ; onomatopoea (more closely related to the second type than the first), parenthesis (also more close to the second), and antithesis (more close to the first, a kind of opposite figure to simile)– although a purely formal antithesis is possible, and will fall into the second class.

It is at once obvious that the second type of ornament, the type which depends on an unusual arrangement of word-order, is more accommodated to the nature of inflected languages than non-inflected. We may notice further,

that it is found in Latin more commonly than in Greek ; although Greek is generally regarded as a more “flexible” language than Latin, actually its word-order is much more fixed. That is to say, it is more like modern languages. Therefore the “flexibility” of Greek is a purely relative notion. All that we really mean by it is that it seems more flexible to us, to our sensibility derived from modern languages. From a more impartial point of view, it appears that Latin is more truly flexible than Greek ; because of its fuller inflections and more rigid syntax, it is enabled to employ a far greater variety of word-orders, and variety of word-orders is the true criterion of flexibility.

It is difficult to select examples from Latin, simply because the device is used so much – it is the whole “genius” of the language. This may serve :

Turicremas propter concidit mactatus aras
(Incense-burning near slaughtered falls altars.)
Lucretius.

or :

Sanguine foedantem quos ipse sacraverat ignes.
(With blood fouling those which he himself had consecrated fires.)
Virgil.

This kind of thing makes possible all the decorative effects of Chinese, without involving its obscurities and ambiguities.

Obviously it depends on full inflection and a rigid syntax. And if the same kind of effect is to be attained in non-inflected languages, it can only be done by exploiting to the full what rigidity there is in the word-order. Fortunately, English, if modelled closely on Latin, can convey the impression of great syntactic rigidity, and can therefore use the word-order as a kind of ornament to advantage. The device was first imported by the Euphuists.

Lyly confined himself almost exclusively to the strict antithesis, though sometimes he attempted other figures :

“Thou hast tried me, therefore trust me : thou hast trusted me in many things, therefore try me in this one thing. . . .”

“Ah Livia . . . thy grace . . . thy beauty . . . thy speech . . . have given me such checke, that sure I am at the next view of they vertues, I shall take thee mate: And taking it not of a pawn, but of a Prince, the losse is to be accompted the lesse. And though they be commonly in a great cholar that receive the mate, yet would I willingly take every minute tenne mates to enjoy Livia for my loving mate.”

(Euphues.)

The insistence on the pun here almost involves the second type of ornament. Lyly's great virtue as a stylist was his feeling for syntax. His

development of rigidly logical construction made it possible for his followers to do things like this :

Nathan, I have against the Lord, I have
Sinned ; O, sinned grievously ! . . .
(*Peele*, David and Bethsabe.)

or :

Bright Bethsabe gives earth to my desires ;
Verdure to earth ; and to that verdure flowers ;
To flowers sweet odours ; and to the odours wings
That carry pleasures to the heart of kings.

There seems to be a curious insensibility to this kind of ornament among many literary people to-day, especially the older ones, which results in a failure to appreciate it as a positive element of style. For example, Sir J.M. Robertson, discussing these lines in *Titus Adronicus* :

The birds chaunt melody on every bush,
The snake lies rolled in a cheerful sun,
The green leave quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequered shadow on the ground,

says, "The passage in *Titus* is pronounced by Mr. Baildon 'Shakespearian in its extreme and rare poetic and rhythmic beauty.' Had he found them in *Titus* he would doubtless have said the same of a similarly monotonous group of lines in *Lochrine* :

The airy hills enclosed with shady *groves*,
The *groves* replenished with sweet chirping *birds*,
The *birds* resounding heavenly melody."

Apparently he considers the repetitions accidental, or at most a trick. Actually they represent a positive feature of style, and considered as such, they preclude any comparison between the two quotations. (They are very like the repetitions in the second quotation from *Peele* above ; and – for anyone interested in that kind of thing – might help to support his claim to the authorship of *Lochrine*.)

After the Euphuists and the dramatists under the immediate influence of Euphuism, so entirely new forms of word-order ornament were found. Probably because the degree of conventionalisation in the order of words was not great enough to admit of more than the Euphuists had discovered ; the resources for the moment were worked out. But the forms already discovered were used often, and with increasing grace.

The greatest advance in the 17th century was made by Milton ; again as a result of Latinisation. So cleverly did he imitate the nature of Latin that he almost achieved a continuous effect of order-ornament :

Fertile of corn the globe, of oil, and wine :
and

There stand, if thou wilt stand ; to stand upright
Will ask thee skill ; I to thy Father's house
Have brought thee, and highest placed : highest is best :
Now show thy progeny ; if not to stand,
Cast thyself down ; . . .

But even at the time when Milton was writing this, the Restoration poets were conventionalising word-order, and introducing a rigidity into the language which lasted all through the 18th century. Nor did the work of the early 19th century break it down. When Coleridge wished to find an example of divergence from the usual word-order in Wordsworth, he could give nothing more startling than this :

In distant countries I have been,
And yet I have not often seen
A healthy man, a man full grown,
Weep in the public roads, alone.

(Chapter XVIII of the *Biographia*. The whole chapter is interesting in this connection.)

But later in the 19th century word-order began to be an important source of poetic ornament. In addition to the work of Browning, Pater and Swinburne in prose experimented with new orders :

“The true aspect of the place, especially of the house there in which he had lived as a child, the fashion of its doors, its hearths, its windows, the very scent upon the air of it, was with him in sleep for a season ; only, with tints more musically blent on wall and floor, and some finer light and shadow running in and out along its curves and angles, and with all its little carvings daintier.”
(Pater : “*The Child in the House.*”)

The second sentence of this is fairly typical of the way in which both Pater and Swinburne availed themselves of rigid syntax in order to obtain decorative effects.

But these earlier writers only tinkered with the question, and the first great advance since the Elizabethans was made by Gerald Manley Hopkins.

Have fair fallen, O fair, fair have fallen, so dear
To me, so arch-especial a spirit as heaves in Henry Purcell.

Here there is rhetorical question, a kind of antithesis, effect of chiasma, and suggestions of other figures. The complication defies adequate analysis, but the nature of the effect is obvious.

Me ? or me that fought him ? O which one ? is it each one ? That night,
that year
Of now done darkness I wretch lay wrestling with (my God !) my God.

Besides the inversion in “now done darkness,” and the string of Question-antithesis, this use of parenthesis is particularly remarkable. Parenthesis is the device by which the poet makes a comment *in propria persona* on what he is relating. Generally, it is used when the things related are so detached from the poet that he cannot introduce himself in any other way – hence the bracket. But here the things related are closely connected with the poet already, and the addition of the parenthesis creates an effect of intensity which could be obtained in no other way. It is a kind of *a fortiori*, of feeling multiplied by feeling – squared. The same trick is indicated, but not developed by Donne :

Send home my long strayed eyes to me
Which (Oh) too long have dwelt on thee.

There is another very effective device in these lines :

The sweet especial scene
Rural scene, a rural scene,
Sweet especial rural scene.

The feeling of this is not unlike that of a simile. But it is dynamic, not static ; the two elements are presented first quite independently, and then fused into one. The simile merely shows the result, the final form, the fusion. This kind of thing is characteristic of word-order ornament. There is no mystifying of the reader, nothing can be hidden from him, he is shown exactly how it works. Part of the effect is gained from the fact that the reader is taken completely into the confidence of the author, and made to feel that he is writing the poem himself.

There is no need to give further examples from Hopkins. Anyone who has read him is well enough acquainted with his use of this kind of decoration : repetition, inversion, onomatopoea, are the characteristic marks of his style. All of them he uses with superb skill.

In Mr. Eliot's *Ash Wednesday* the same kind of ornament is employed admirably ; though he has confined himself to the types of mild inversion, repetition, and antithesis, with the device of the "Sweet especial rural scene" described above.

In Miss Laura Riding's recently published book, *A Joking Word*, the method is used still more frankly. Indeed, it is there the chief means of ornament. In the earlier poems in the collection (I will hazard the suggestion that they are more or less in chronological order) the device is attempted gingerly, played with and sniffed at, as on pp.71, 81, 85, 105 :

Though surely she must be sleeping,
Sleeping or not knowing,
Not knowing weeping,
Not knowing sleeping.

Here again the effect of a simile, as in the Hopkins, with the addition of antithesis. After these experiments Miss Riding seems to realise what she has been doing, and begins to use this device more extensively and selfconsciously. On p. 112 there is a poem built up in this way. (The attitude to heredity expressed here may be compared with that in Mr. Auden's *Paid on Both Sides*.) Then follows the poem *What to say when the Spider*:

What to say when the spider
Say when the spider what
The spider does what
Does does dies does it not
Not live and then not
Legs legs then none
When the spider does dies
Death spider death. . . .

This is perhaps the poem in which the device is used to the limit of reason. There are other examples on pp. 125 and 161 – though this is not an exhaustive catalogue.

In *Seven Types of Ambiguity* (p. 301) Mr. Empson says : "It is possible that a clear analysis of the possible modes of statement, and a fluid use of grammar which sets out to combine them as sharply as possible into the effect intended, may yet give back something of the Elizabethan energy to what is at present a rather exhausted language." It seems certain that the language is to a great extent exhausted. And the exhaustion shows itself mainly in the feeling for the *first* type of ornament. Metaphors and similes are tending to lose their original function as illustrations, and to become mere

comparisons, chance associations of the author – hence obscurity and notes at the end of the volume. But it seems clear that the solution of the difficulty suggested by Mr. Empson has been attempted, and shows signs of becoming increasingly important. It is, I think, significant that Mr. Eliot has adopted the word-order type of decoration in his recent poetry, for it was completely absent from his earlier work. He has, it seems, ontologically repeated the phylogenic development of the last sixty or seventy years. In his earlier poetry the word-order was remarkably normal, colloquially rigid. Now he is getting much of his technical effect by playing off a more uncommon order against the common one.

Even if there had been no attempts to use this source of ornament before, it would be inevitable that it should be attempted very soon. English has been becoming increasingly conventionalised in word-order since the 18th century, and this rigidity is such an obviously valuable poetic weapon that it could not have lain unused much longer.*

HUGH SYKES.

*I have omitted a discussion of the importance of *Ulysses* in this connection because it has been dealt with elsewhere, and is sufficiently obvious to anyone.

THE PLACE

Calamity walketh upon the head of them that are soft :
thus Joseph, a rich man of Arimathea,
padding across the flagstones across the lawns
mused, crossed his mind also
how the southernwood smelt bitter
and the herbs bitter to-night,
a smell both of memory and of presage.

News from the Sanhedrin.
Show him in
and after I will take coffee in the library
light the fire please.

Content is between these walls, I am too old,
and the sun falling in the old angles
apricots against the south wall.
Perhaps if I had been younger
like those that go with him,
but now, a man of position,
and in any case
denial is not without difficulty, secrecy a trial.

Permission to claim the body of said Jesus. . . .
A man that has brought uneasiness to many—
who would have thought that uneasiness
would have come within this garden ?
. . . And if not a place for resurrection, how then a
resurrection ?
Promotion cometh neither from the east
nor from the west,
after, to be remembered,
patron of the resurrection.

The place under the laurels, have it cleared out.

There was a woman who gave ointment
and was praised :
the lace is fitting, a place to leave
graciously, fitting a place to be left,
emptiness a witness,
only the swallows swooping low before the entrance
shall echo the emptiness,
his going in the morning a song for swallows.

J.M. REEVES.

NEW YEAR NOTES

Last year widowed many beds,
ladies will rise early in the spring,
plant flowers
on graves that faith would once have planted,
the dead heart giving
bent to speak to the dead heart dead.

Many who hoped to find themselves well-off
are poor still. Curtains remain
unchanged in the front room. "The only time
I ever come into contact with wealth, *my* boy,
was when a Rolls Royce knocked me down in Bond St."

When the frost gives, new and unmistakable
the yearly common miracles the old wants unfold,
the untold confidence
cold in the mouth, the hope still hope
of expiation for a backward spring.

Coughing, the rich voice of the celebrity
surveys the past year for the B.B.C.
. . . Many great men have died, yet on the other hand
(with a note of hope) many have been born.

Coleridge left Jesus, turned dragoon.
Millionaire in tears over a fake Velasquez.
Sudden reversals – no slow change
as change is.
Deafness in age clowns the serious note.

Live to forget the dead heart and the live heart,
let us not praise famous men, be tricked
with clichés, he four treasons of the year

follow with accents sweet, down forest aisles, sing
expiation for a backward spring.

J.M. REEVES.

FROM WORK IN PROCESS

Yet may we not see still the brontoichthyan form outlines, aslumbered, even in our own nighttime by the sedge of the troutling stream that Bronto love and Bronto has a lean on. *Hic cubat edilis. Apud libertinam parvulam.* Whatif she be in flags or flutter, reekierags or sundyechosies, with a mint of monies or beggar a pinnyweight, arrah, sure, we all love little Anny Ruiny, or, we mean to say, lovelittle Anna Rayiny, when unda her brella, mid piddle med puddle, she ninnygoes nannygoes nancing by. Yoh! Brontolone slaaps, yoh snoores. Upon Benn Heather, in Seeple Iseut too. The cranic head on him, caster of his reasons, peer yuthner in yondmist. Whooth ? His clay feet, swarded in verdigrass, stick up stark where he last fellowem, by the mund of the magazine wall, where our maggy seen all, with her sister-in-shawl. Where over against this belle's alliance beyind Ill Sixty, ollollowed ill ! bagsides of the fort, bom, tarabom, tararabom, lurk the ombushes, the site of the lyffing-in-wait of the upjock and hockums. Hence when the clouds roll by, jamey, a proudseye view is enjoyable of our mounding's mass, now Wallinstone national museum, with, in some greenish distance, the charming waterloose country and they two quitewhite villajettes who hear show of themselves so gigglesomes minxt the follyages, the prettilees ! Penetrators are permitted into the museomound, free. Welsh and Paddy Patkineses, one shelenk. For her passkey supply to the janitrix, the mistress Kathe. Tip.

This way to the museyroom. Mind your hats goan in ! Now yiz are in the Willingdone Museyroom. This is a Prooshious gunn. This is a ffrinch. Tip. This is the flag of the Prooshious, the Cap and Soracer. This is the bullet that byng the flag of the Prooshious. This is the ffrinch that fire on the Bull that byng the flag of the Prooshious. Saloos the Crossgunn ! Up with your pike and fork! Tip. (Bullsfoot ! Fine !) This is the triplewon hat of Lipoleum. Tip. Lipoleumhat. This is the Willingdone on his same white harse, the Cokenhape. This is the big Sraughter Willingdone, grand and magnetic, in his goldtin spurs and his ironed dux and his quarterbrass woodyshoes and his magnate's gharters and his bangkok's best and goliar's goloshes and his pulluponeasyon wartrews. This is his big wide harse. Tip. This is the three lipoleum boyne grouching down in the living detch. This is an inimyskilling inglis, this is a scotcher grey, this is a davy stooping. This is the bog lipoleum mordering the lipoleum beg. This is the petty lipoleum

boy that was nayther bag nor bug. Touchole FitzTuomush. Dirty MacDyke. And Hairy O'Hurry. All of them arminus-varminus. This is Delian alps. This is Mont Tivel, this is Mont Tipsey, this is the Grand Mons Injun. This is the crimmealine of he alps hooping to sheltershock the three lipolleums. This is the jinnies with their legahorns, feinting to read in their handmade's book of strategy while making their war undisides the Willingdone. The jinnies is a cooin her hand and the jinnies is a ravin her hair and the Willingdone git the band up. This is big Willingdone mormorial tallowscoop, Wounderworker, obscides on the flanks of the jinnies. Sexcaliber hrosspower. Tip. This is me Belchum sneaking his phillippy out of his most toocisive bottle of Tilsiter. This is the libel on the battle. Awful Grimmet Sun'shat Cromwelly, Looted. This is the jinnies' hastings dispatch for to irrigate the Willingdone. Dispatch in thin red line across the shortfront of me Belchum. Yaw, yaw, yaw ! Leaper Orthor. Fear siecken ! Fieldgaze thy tiny frow. Hugacting. Nap. That was the tictacs of the jinnies for to funtannoy the Willingdone. Shee, shee, shee ! The jinnies is jillous over all the lipoleums. And the lipoleums is gonn boycotton onto the one Willingdone. And the Willingdone got the band up. This is me Belchum, bonnet to busby, breaking his secered word with a ball up his ear to the Willingdone. This is the Willingdone's huroid dispitchbak. Dispitch deployed on the regions rare of me Belchum. Ayi, ayi, ayi ! Cherry jinnies. Figtreeyou ! Damn fairy ann, Voutre, Wellingdone. That was the first joke of Willingdone, tic for tac. Hee, hee, hee ! This is me Belchum in his twelvemile cowchooks footing the camp for the jinnies. Drinkasip, drankasup, for he'd as sooner buy a guinness than he'd stale store stout. This is Rooshious balls. This is a ttrinch. This is mistletropes. This is Canon Futter with the popynose. This is the blessed. This is jinnies in the bonny bawn blooches. This is lipoleums in the rowdy howses. This is Willingdone, by the splinters of Cork, order fire. Tonnerre ! (Bullsear ! Play !) This is camerly, this is floodens, this is panickburns. This is Willingdone cry. Brum ! Brum ! Cumbrum ! This is jinnies cry. Underwetter ! Ghoat strip Finnlambs ! This is jinnies ringing away dowan a bunkersheels. With a trip on a trip on a trip so airy. This is me Belchum's tinkyou tankyou silvoor plate for citchin the crapes in the cool of his canister. Poor the pay ! This is the bissmark of the marathon merry of the jinnies they left behind them. This is the Willingdone branlish his same marmorial tallowscoop Sophy-Key-Po on the rinnaway jinnies. This is the pettiest of the lipoleums. Toffeethief, that spy on the Willingdone from his big white harse, the Capeinhope. Stonewall Willingdone is an old maxy montrumeny. Lipoleums is nice hung bushellors. This is hiena hinnessy laughing alout at the Willingdone. This is lipsygy dooley krieging the funk

from the hinnessy. This is the hinndoo Shimar Shin between the dooley boy and the hinnessy. Tip. This is the wixy old Willingdone picket up the half of the threefoiled hat of the lipoleum fromoud of the bluddlefilth. This is the hinndoo waxing ranjymad for a bombshoob. This is the Willingdone hanking the half of the hat of the lipoleums up the tail on the buckside of his big white harse. Tip. That was the last joke of Willingdone. Hit, hit, hit ! This is the same white harse of the Willingdone, Culpenhelp, wagglng his tailoscrupp with the half of a hat of lipoleums to insoult on the hinndoo seeboy Hney, hney, heny ! (Bullrag ! Foul !) This is the seeboy, madrashattaras, upjump and pumpim, cry to the Willingdone : Ap Pukkaru ! Pukka Yurap ! This is the Willingdone, bornstable ghentle,an tindere his maxbotch to the cursigan Shimar Shin. This is the dooforhim seeboy blow the whole of the half of the hat of the lipoleums off the hop of the tail on the back of the big wide harse. Tip. (Bullseye ! Game !) How Copenhagen ended. This way the museyroom. Mind your boots goan out.

JAMES JOYCE.

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A FOOTNOTE TO *WORK IN PROGRESS*

For his *Work in Progress* James Joyce employs at once a new literary form and a new technique of words ; hence the difficulties in its perusal. The form of *Work in Progress* (so far as can be judged from that portion of the work – a little more than half – which has so far been published) may be likened to a carefully planned and exactly ordered fantasia, based on a set of ancient but abiding folk-tunes. For it is the paradox of this work to be at once fantastic and extremely symmetrical ; nothing could be further from the super-realist “free writing,” yet a reader's first impression is one of confusion, a vivid welter of ideas and free associations. A baroque superstructure hides the steel frame beneath.

The effect is one of polyphony ; themes flow one above the other as in a fugue ; the printed words represent a series of cross-section, chords. Syllabic sounds are treated as units which can be moulded or reassembled so as to convey a host of meanings in a single vocable. A slight vowel change may suffice to ass the required nuance, or – and this is where the plain reader is apt to stumble – the basic word or root is sometimes deformed out of easy recognition.

Ulysses was the epic of a day ; *Work in Progress* is a nocturne, the stuff of dreams. The time dimension falls into abeyance, as in dreams ; personalities far removed in time are merged in each other and, similarly, the scene of action is at once specific and world-wide.

The passage now reprinted in *Experiment* is taken from the opening pages of *Work in Progress* and was originally published in *Transition*, No.1 (April 1927). Its texture is comparatively simple and its humour exoteric. In the first paragraph we discover the gigantic protagonist, the strong man of any situation, a Vercingetorix, Adam, Sitric Silkenbeard (the Danish King of Dublin), Noah, Dunlop of the Tyres, Peter the Great, the “Boss” of a big modern brewery, newspaper, etc. Two of his nonce-names are Here Comes Everybody and H. C. Earwicker (*alias* Persse O'Reilly). The initials H.C.E., once familiar as those of a pompous minister in Gladstonian times (Hugh Childers Erskine), often serve to indicate his presence, as in *Hic cubat edilis*. One of his many avatars is the Hill of Howth, near Dublin (there is an allusion to this is the word “Whooth?”). Beside him we find Anna Livia Plurabelle, his river wife, the eternal feminine, one of whose vehicles is the Dublin Liffey ; A.L.P. is a gay little old woman who trips along to a lilt of rollicking dactyls.

Dublin is the ostensible scene of interaction in *Work in Progress* as in *Ulysses* ; for, despite its ubiquity, the Joycean cosmorama is quaintly camouflaged in local colours. As in the *Notti Romane* of Verri, Romans of all the ages forgather by night around the tomb of the Scipios, in a somewhat similar way not only Dubliners but heroes of all nations appear on a road outside Dublin, an Irish Appian Way. The curtain rises on a nightscape of the Phoenix Park (once a parade-ground of British troops), dominated by the Wellington obelisk inscribed with the names of far-flung battlefields. Like Noah, H.C.E. generally moves to a rainbow accompaniment, a septuple uniform, his seven spectral attributes being sometimes his liaisons, sometimes the branches of his business, or, again, his seven days' license, for he is publican as well as brewer.*

It may be of interest in passing to record the manner in which this prelude to the queer battle-scene which follows was suggested to the author. A friend sent him a pamphlet entitled "A Giant Grave" (at Penrith), compiled by a Cumberland rector, which described and depicted a sepulchre with a tall headstone and a smaller buttress at the feet ; his friend proposed to Mr. Joyce a big tailoring job : to make the giant's suit of prose. The challenge was accepted, and here we see the burial place of H.C.E. (*a gigas*, "earthborn," returned to Mother Gaea), his head the Hill of Howth (Danish – *hoved*, a head), his feet under the Magazine Mound in Phoenix Park, and his vast frame outstretched beneath Dublin City ; with his wife, the faithful river, flowing at his side.

As the mist rises, we find ourselves near a famous battlefield in the "waterloose country." A garrulous guide, her palm extended for the frequent *pourboire*, takes us round the Waterloo Museum. We see Wellington (a Dubliner ; H.C.E. as the conquering hero) on his charger, Copenhagen, directing the battle. We hear the war-cries of French, Prussians, Belgians, and read the "Jinnies" despatch : *Lieber Arthur, wir siegen. Wie geht's deiner kleinen Frau ? Hochachtend*, while a Belgian sneaks a fillup from his bottle of Tilsiter, surprisingly labelled *Arthur Guinness Sons & Company, Limited*. Presently the Belgians decide to *foutre le camp* and we hear their twelve-league gumboots (*cowhooks*) clucking *drinkasip, drinkasup*, across the "bluddlefilth" (battlefield).

A modern student of the Battle of Waterloo may well be amazed by the extreme confusion of those one-day conflicts, the misunderstandings and difficulty in transmitting despatches, the fact that when every man was needed it was possible for a whole corps to be marched to and fro, in compliance with orders and counter-orders, without ever getting into the fight. This confusion

*The 'Salmon of Wisdom' famed in Irish legends, is another of his avatars ; it is noteworthy, perhaps, that the salmon is known under *seven* different names, according to his age, condition and coat

is reproduced in the Joycean narrative ; for example, Copenhagen, a bay, seems here to be a white horse (like Napoleon's Marengo) ; curiously enough this very error was made in a popular English print of the time ; and, again, the confusion of tongues in Wellington's army is recalled here by the polyglot *jeux de mots* in the text.

We see “missile troops” – “Up, Guards, and at them!” – “bawn blooches” of the Prussians, *rote hose* of the French, and, in the cries of the combatants, “Ghoat strip Finn lambs” (*Gott strafe England*), “Pour la Paix,” we forehear a premonition of the wrath to come.

Interwoven with the texture of this passage is a pattern which persists throughout the episodes of *Work in Progress* – a group of multiple personages comprising the great leader, his wife, two girls, three males, a manservant (here the *Belchum*) and a serving woman (here the narrator). The name “Jinnies” involves an allusion – “publish and be damned” – to a notorious ducal intrigue ; it is significant that this seemingly plural name governs a verb in the singular. (The proper names employed in *Work in Progress* play as important a rôle as those in that other nocturne, the Egyptian Book of the Dead.) There is a reference to the dove and the raven sent forth by Noah (H.C.E.) in the “jinnies a cooin her hand” and the “jinnies a ravin her hair” ; the two “quitewhite villajettes” – the two Iseults (often regarded as one) – are other avatars of the third element of the pattern group.

Those comic cornermen, Hinnessy and Dooley, *alias* Shem and Shaun (familiar figures of *Work in Progress* : *Jean qui pleure* and *Jean qui rit*), blend into a third person between them, a Hinn-Doo “seeboy” crying *Ap pukkaru ! Pukka Yurap !* While Wellington, that “bornstable ghentleman,” gives a light to a Cursigan Shimar Shin, the trio of “lipoleums” (Shem and Shaun again, with a shadowy third between them) ; Napoleon triune, like his famous headgear. Soldiers three – an “inimyskilling inglis,” a “scotcher grey,” a “davy stooping” – yet another trinity, deploy within thw motley pageant which streams across this Rabelaisian chronicle.*

In the “hallucination” episode of *Ulysses* there is a curious passage where the “Madame” of a brothel closes her printed fan, which, folded akimbo against her waist, mutters a crumpled tirade in the ears of Mr. Bloom. *Work in Progress* may be likened to such a folded fan or a polyptych whose surface is inscribed with an akasic record of all the stages of human progress, its cycles of growth and decline, illusions that flourish, decay and then revive, its wars

*Readers who may desire to supplement this necessarily 'sketchy' account of *Work in Progress* by a more complete exposition are advised to consult the collection of twelve essays on *Work in Progress*, published under the title of *Our Exagmination*, by Shakespeare and Co., 12 Rue de l'Odéon, Paris.

to end war, utopias each as futile as its precursor, no less and no more, ultimates identical with antepenultimates, world without end. A comic world indeed, a world for clowns to live in, which only the ostrich-minded can take in earnest or even sympathetically. Satirists, moralists, reformers, all alike are mocked by the phantoms of their meliorism ; the primal matter, a Proteus, contrives to slip through their fingers and leave them gaping at panther, snake, or watery mirage upon the barren beach of Pharos . . . it was left to the author of *Work in Progress* to weave a spell to bind the old man of the tides, a grotesquery corral with the cosmic harlequinade.

STUART GILBERT.

POEMS

- 1 Friend, out at the sea-south :
from that time of year how should you know me ?
and have not seen my mistress,
if not bodily, how far herself removed ;
or my eyes : or how to look
through the hot misty banks,
your Gulf and the meet of it this north climate,
see out of one (wonder) to what it ism this other.

- 2 Land, to look land for, for home : not home see,
though you look for my mountains ; and their lost place
give consideration, that it has lost name, and all is
waste of levels, where plunge out, eye. My home is out.
Yet I am in this place, though nine, happy ;
that's put for sea and shrinks the bossed plain,
buckle-rock not failed falling under swell,
and though gone in flood. Comes this thy sight amazing
prick-bubble : I gaze
over sea and must be hard
in my blood's soft land for the land not mine,
hurting, splinter to sight ; who has this has too much,

the sheer beautiful country too near,
and fanged, of mobile lipping seas, breaker-rock country,
my land, land look. In storm to be held in the mouth,
in the eyes in air, kissed.

3 The went down, dumb, with the lights downed that the motor
half-charged : heart heart : and was shut down :
till with the ferry moving out
I was taken in a fresh wind and gust, o sudden pain
breath, filling of blood : had so
crossed to the other land and the last wind felt,
then cannot forget.

4 That now my hands
are under your breasts,
full of kisses : as dark
then over, lightnings

the cones
are pine trembling, over
upward hands ; and pinefire's
crescent of the narrow
vivid boughs, your young arms
having love in them like the press of a May,
leaf-sweet, sharp but

green brazier-flame, your bough of kisses

who by night
are like a fine light of faggots,
the white willow has gained fire ;
the tendrils of the ash
are under your hands

for thunder, come
come by lightning,
come against my eyes like burning.

5 The reedy airlake under
 you walk (or caught guessed geared at
 margin) then look in the humming heat :
 the noon stands still without thinking,
 faintly, the drift on glass seen, changed
 or finned pilot, not visibly
 hung from four to five and narrow marginal
 rush in airflood clutched
 caught at : knows
 the whistling sphere desperate beyond safety, buoyed.
 But the web of crystal braced air will fall and he out of his will
 down, down fall, the soft creature that down on her and
 through's
 fallen, will losing and motion, and hers, the cry at drowning.
 Who hushed, stand still, waits for the falling a long way
 off, one hand to her mouth. Four to five
 in thinking drawing-offices : in the evening :
 in the papers.

6 So he died : who in a fraction
 and engaging of gears, their grudging
 instantly (night then was day)
 changed. His spirit had had it to be handsome
 now fell out of his eyes, a cheat
 to leave him fine ; sharped ; dead.
 He was to have been held to ransom
 but for that, time failed.

7 What's death ? 's
 to discard
 when the gull flies up
 and the heron up, by night the water
 is after, crying, their flight and geese cry

what ? for quickly
 dispose of

the birds fallen fallen a clot over the heart
 and blood runner then died

what's death ? at autumn the light goes south.

- 8 Silence afterwards you will remember it to have been suppled,
as reed in the air fleshly ; was fibrous ;
and long brilliant flowered to lean out of the gunpits,
no silence. No silence. Put out your fronds, death,
out of the blind gunpits the lovely corruption
whose roots with shoulders grow
heavily to the fatigued gunsprings and blossom
for vivid death. Silence afterwards. But you
put out your whistling lips death and breathed honey
that's sweet by the wind gathered, sweet of
flowertubes, the trembling, involved
firing-void in the air. Put out
the pithed piping stem who shrilly
sucked deep at Tannenberg and the leaning flower
lateblows on march-blue, naked, the gymnospermm
blown against a pistol in Sarajevo,
then the gunthunder in Quentin. Barely death
is a hollow by the wind : barely put out.
- 9 I think this way is least to fall back
from pitch to pitched ambush, breathless, in flight of moon
when metal's reloading at gates
then the gun in the hand to jump again
avoiding the arches. Nor is under a wall to fall back
that that tongue's single, instant end of death
barrel-spark, and spoken to gone.
- 10 Though this year will be out
but having been glad : with frost :
or summer's Adriatic gay, and enjoyed spring :
that only so will come, morselled, instant,
accidental in the same orgasm : yet gay :
though the glowing lowers in the bowl
and the pipe not sweetens, nor the music.

J. BRONOWSKI.

ROCK PAINTING AND *LA JEUNE PEINTURE*

This article is prompted by a vital exhibition recently held in Paris, whose vitality derives from its co-incidence with the contemporary situation of painting, a coincidence which is to our generation what the discovery of Negro art was to the generation of Cubists. This is not essentially a coincidence of technique, but rather of directional feeling.

The cubists soon left behind their superficial likeness to Negro work, which was only a confirmation of their feelings, not a source of inspiration. A profound confirmation of the feeling in *la jeune peinture* and its supporters is to be found in the rock paintings of South Africa. The importance of this has been emphasised by an exhibition at the Salle Pleyel, where copies of rock paintings from all parts of South Africa have been on view. These were made by Prof. Frobenius on his last expedition (1928-30) and were exhibited mainly owing to the energy of M. Christian Zervos, the editor of *Cahiers d'Art*, who devoted a double number of his paper to the subject.

The significance of this exhibition is overwhelming to people who have followed the course of modern painting beyond Cubism. It included copies of work from different localities and ages, but an indisputable sameness of feeling and constancy of power made themselves felt throughout. South African painting is both unified and profound. (How far Prof. Frobenius has departed from the originals in these copies is merely a matter for archaeology. For us his results only are of importance. It should be noted, however, that it is improbable, judging from other copies of similar work, that he has exactly rendered the colours of the originals. However, there is no reason to suspect his rendering of relative tones.)

A fundamental difference between these works and practically all other painting lies in the different conceptions of time and space evidently natural to the African mind. A single work may have been painted at different times by different men with no apparent consciousness of the consequences of superimposition. Figures overlay, definite planes are abandoned, rhythms intersect and above all, scale is widely varied.

Despite all this diversity there is extraordinary unity ; a unity new to us because it does not depend upon a frame-induced composition. The African

pictorial cosmos is cellular in structure ; when you look at the largest of these copies (forty or fifty feet long), you are impressed by the fact that however small or large an area is considered, that area is itself a unity and at the same time is organically related to the surrounding work. The copy of a detail, even of a single figure from a surrounding area, is superbly self-sufficient, so passionately is it stated.

Depth, as we have said, is not excluded from these works, despite the fact that modelling is almost entirely absent : nor is it dependent upon observance of natural recession, or upon any substitute for perspective, such as those used in Chinese and Egyptian art. The effect is of what can only be called mental depth. It is obtained by the process of superimposition above described, by the conflict of scales remarked on, and especially by the quality of light issuing from their accute feeling for tonal values which are established by the process of superimposition. Their use of white is particularly striking in this connection.

Their stupendous sense of rhythm, exercised on their subjects from contemporary life (one naturally full of movement) produces the most violent and the most satisfying distortions. It is most important to remark that these distortions do not reduce the paintings to mere patterns, nor are they naturalist or surrealist works. The African scale of values induces a new proportional interpretation of the human body. The spiritual significance of these distortions is on a parallel to the significance of the heroic distortions in Western art. The latter depends for depth primarily upon modelling, as in the heroic paintings of Rubens, while the former substitutes its own peculiar effect of mental depth. African painting is thus possessed of its own proper and particular mythology.

Where our comparison of the African paintings to *la jeune peinture* begins is at the acknowledged death of Cubism in 1925. A cubist picture is primarily a construction of wedges. By the above date all possible wedges had been driven home. The resulting tightness caused Cubism to degenerate into mere pattern-making, dictated by a preconceived composition. Freedom had to be regained, both technically and mentally, and we can now see how this was done.

To take a few obvious examples : Miro shook flat the areas of Cubism into movement ; Borès and Cossio revived brushwork on a large scale ; Masson contributed spontaneous quality of line, Viñes new ideas of space and light. Vigorous rhythms, both of areas and line, light and grace interrelated, revolt against architectural composition : precisely the qualities of the rock-paintings. Smaller points may be noticed : superimposition and the corresponding transparency of planes, are to be found especially in Borès and Masson. But in this revolt these qualities have come to be not so much characteristics of new discoveries in painting, as to be the discoveries

themselves : the fundamental effects of actual technique have been used for their emotive qualities.

Cubism not only enslaved technique, but practically killed the naturalist myths (landscape, still-life, portrait) upon which painting has for the most part relied on since Poussin.* The want of myths following on Cubism has been filled from various sources, pre-eminently by Surrealism. Of Surrealist paintings two things can at once be said : their principle of construction is that of dreams and their unity depends, not upon demonstrable composition, but upon mental reconstruction of elements which are in themselves pictorial unities ; and not, as in cubist picture, wedge-like fragments. The one follows from the other ; a dream has two aspects : its obvious shapes and the impulses these shapes represent. So that, for example, a picture by Dali has in it a group of recognisable objects, which by arrangement, lighting, and so on, form a piece of phallic symbolism it is a kind of pictorial pun.

Evidently the Surrealist myth may be constructed of anything, and the scope of myth-construction is by this almost infinitely widened. (Léger has arrived at the same position in a different way, by breaking up the cubist still-life.) But at the present moment the Surrealists (especially Ernst) are exploiting the rather temporary emotive qualities of incongruity provided by the juxtaposition of objects as objects (with literary associations). There are other pieces of myth-construction in *la jeune peinture*, related to Surrealism : dream-suggestion has been used by Sima, metamorphoses and animal combats by Masson, and Roux has extended the idea of metamorphosis into a complete world-reconstruction by symbolism. The work of these painters also relies greatly on the actual shock of following the literary metamorphosis. Thus, both technique and myth are present using our associations for their power ; a state of affairs which by its nature cannot last. A new solidity as firm as Cubism, but fluid, not static, is required. Precisely such a solidity both of technique and myth we find in South African rock painting ; we are not for a moment suggesting that the solution of modern painting problems lies in the copying of African painting, but that in it may be seen a solution of similar problems.

Of the qualities present in African work, *la jeune peinture* does (as we have indicated) possess many, but the contribution of each painter is limited to a few only, whereas the present position demands their collection in one man. †

Paining stands between Fear and Nature : between Surrealism and Realism. By Realism we mean both the more obvious return to nature of (say) Léonide, and the much subtler imaginative treatment of nature employed by Borès and Cossio. The work of Masson and the Surrealists is based on fear

* Delacroix us the obvious exception : his influence in Paris lately has been enormous.

† Perhaps Beaudin is the nearest young painter to this ideal.

primarily, and is correspondingly limited. In a sense these two classes cancel out : each possessing the virtues lacking in the other. This is not to disparage the painters we have mentioned for a moment : in spite of contrary opinions in this country, painting in Paris has more promise and energy now than at any time since the first period of Cubism. By its qualities it challenges comparison with the African painting we have described, and compared to the finest, the “classical style” of South Rhodesia, it naturally looks rather fragmentary. That it will find solutions to its problems as complete and satisfying as the solutions of similar problems in the rock paintings we feel confident and suggest that it is through the fusion of the different elements of technique and myth here analysed that it may do so. We look for a slow regaining of the heroic sense. By heroic we mean the co-ordination of a greater number of emotions than painting has for some time managed to use ; a grasp of problems as complete as that which Rubens had of the middle of 16th century painting, and as in Rubens, the use of technique as technique, to create mutations in the subject, and the subject thereby to be in its proper place, as the basis of a metamorphosis by paint and not by literary substitution : producing a world of heroic mutations parallel to the heroic proportions of African painting.

HUMPHREY JENNINGS.
G. F. NOXON.

HIPPOLYTUS

I

Phaedra pain-tore explored her heart
with claws of growing rage and doubt ;
borrowed paler eyes from heat of flame,
and the trembling throats of nightingale
echoing in plaints profusely poured
pity – piercing all the hallowed trees;
loaded the ear – leaves with troubled
secrets of love's desires unappeased :
so compelled the twigs with charms and spells
to rustle love about the hunter's feet.

In blown – buds trees pleaded to prevail
their labyrinthine arms entreating
with red of berries and green of bay ;
yet unavailing for
When Adonis couched in softest grass
Hippolytus, alone, unheeding,
hunted past with hounds and horses fleet.

Phaedra,
failing this, her pleas refused,
schemed in fine nets of cobweb
how to ensnare or punish,
plotted, spun, and fatal-mouthed,
spoke wrong before Theseus,
who, hypnotised, rebuked, cursed,
then exiled Hippolytus,
his son, to death, charioted
to plunge into the whirlpool
rush of salt and sacred sea.

Theseus like a column fell news-stricken
broken by the fatal shadow of his son

And tragic Phaedra, open-eyed,
took refuge with the ancient trees ;
bit, kissed, the bitter core,
felt for the sap once more ;
and in the cold moon-glade
looked long hate upon the wintry moon,
her throat grown drier her breast more parched,
till white-faced she coiled a silver sash
about a sleeping branch,
head mounting up to smash the passionless sphere,
when a moon-beam blade cut through,
and the severed twig
snapped in strangled tone of nightingale.

Phaedra hair forest-tangled
in air's embrace
dark swung earth down
and in the wood birds poised upsinging
leaves trembled distantly as planets
while sombre trees composed a silence over all.

II

but Hippolytus,
moon-saved, escaped the crumbled chariot
and the vague-buried ruins in the sand ;
left his crushed shadow farspread in dunes
to lap the pride of trunks, the glory of grass and green.

Himself, herculean, hurled past Venus,
nor throttled to her breast's hurried suasion ;
escaped the cyclic order of compulsive birth ;
and, unconfirmed by diaphragm, annexed
the polar empire of the glimmering Bear ;

Whence, curled inviolate in snows of moon,

He mocked at Primavera and the Rose ;
violet and daffodil her flowret eyes ;
and summer through kept pallid ironies
of smile, pronounced in stars, but lingering
by day, in mountain place scorn of sun.

GEORGE REAVEY.

A POINT OF VIEW
BY MICHAÏL ZOSCHENKO

Zoschenko esd born in 1895, of a noble family. He first published in 1921. He was one of the Serapion Brothers.

Yegorka Glasov drove me from the station Leski.

We entered into conversation. "Well then," I asked Yegorka, "are the people in your district class-conscious, eh?"

"The people ?" said Yegorka, "The people are class-conscious. What could be the matter with them ?"

"And what about the women ?"

"The women ? The women are class-conscious too. What could be the matter with them ?"

"And are they many ? I mean the class-conscious women ?"

"Oh, many enough," said Yegorka. "Though, to speak bluntly, not many too many. They don't make your eyes bulge. Rather few, on the whole. . . . There was one in the district. But she, too, we don't know . . . maybe she'll pass away."

"And what's the matter with her ?"

"Well . . . so . . ." said Yegorka vaguely. "Her husband is a raging one. Klopov Vasili Ivanich. A thumper, in a word. At the least thing he gives her one in the mug with a log. He drubs her."

"Well, and she, does she keep silent ?"

"Katerina, you mean ? Why us she silent ? She answers : 'This,' says she, 'is unhealthy. You,' says she, 'Vasili Ivanich, you be steadier swinging your loges. The epoch,' says she, 'is not the same!'"

"She ought then to go into the Soviet . . ."

"Well, what about it ? She did go into the Soviet. There they say, 'That's good, dear woman, that you've come. The woman question, that is new,' they say, 'the three whales of our life. Divorce this blackguard of yours, my dear,' they say, 'and that's that !' Well, and she doesn't want to. 'I'll wait,' she says, 'for a little while. Because I don't feel inclined,' she says, 'to divorce him.' After that she bore it – and then went to town. And brings a pill. And one she takes herself, and the other she mixes in his food. She mixes, and he turns on her, drubs her. The pill

doesn't affect him. She set about giving him two pills and takes two herself. But nothing comes of it – he beats her. And then she took six at once and collapsed. And lies flat. What a pity ! Just one class-conscious woman in the district, and she, maybe, will pass away.”

“Well, and the other women,” I asked, “are they obscurer still ?”

“The others are even obscurer,” said Yegorka. “The others are scarcely awake at all. There was one took her husband to court after a squabble. They gave it him hot. Fined, he was. Five silver roubles – stop the beatings, you vagabond. . . . Well, and now the woman cries and complains. What will she pay with ? Such a class-unconscious fool. . . . And another too, went for a divorce. The mouzhik is glad, it's winter time, and she is starving. Such an obscure fool.”

“Bad,” I said.

“Of course things are bad,” affirmed Yegorka. “Our muzhiks know everything through and through, they understand everything, what's what, and what for ; well, and the women, indeed, stay slightly behind in the development.”

“Bad,” said I, and looked at Yegorka'a back.

And the back was think and torn, and yellow wadding stuck out in bits.

Translated by FANIA POLANOVSKAYA.

NERVOUS PEOPLE
BY MICHAÏL ZOSCHENKO

Recently a scuffle took place in our communal lodgings. That is, not a scuffle, but a straightforward battle. On the corner of Glasovaya and Borovaya Street.

They fought, of course, tooth and nail. The invalid Gavrilov's noddle got almost hacked off.

The chief reason – the people are so very nervous. Get upset about minute trifles. Fly into a passion. And on account of that fight brutally, like in a mist.

But then, of course, the nerves of the people get always shaken after civil war, they say. It might well be so, but the invalid Gavrilov's pate won't skin over quicker for this ideology.

And there comes, for example, a lodger, Marya Vasilyevna Schipzova into the kitchen at nine o'clock in the evening, and lights the Primus. She would always, you know, light the Primus at that time. She would drink tea and make compresses.

So she comes into the kitchen. Puts the Primus in front of her and lights it. But the Primus, the plague take it, doesn't catch.

She thinks :

“And why the devil does it not catch ? It is perhaps smutty, the plague take it.” And she takes the needle in her left hand and wants to cleanse it. She wants to cleanse it, takes the needle in her left hand, but another lodger, Darya Petronva Koleylina – it's her needle – saw what was taken, and answers :

“Put that needle back, by the way, dear Marya Vasilyevna.” Schipzova, naturally, blushes at these words, and answers :

“Please,” she answers, “choke yourself with your needle, Darya Petrovna. It's sickening for me,” she says, “to touch your needle, let alone take it in my hand.”

Here, naturally, Darya Petrovna Koleylina blushed at those words. So they started to talk among themselves. A noise arose, a rumble, a crash.

The husband, Ivan Stepanich Koleylin – his needle – makes his appearance at the noise. Such a healthy man, big-bellied even, but in his turn nervous.

So this same Ivan Stepanich comes and says :

“I'm working,” says he, “like that elephant in the Co-op for thirty-two roubles and some copecks, I'm smiling,” says he, “to the customers and weighing out for them sausage, and with that money,” he says, “with the hear-earned farthings I but for myself needles, and I won't,” says he, “that is, for nothing on earth will I allow a strange outside personage to use those needles.”

So there arose again a noise and a discussion about the needle. All the lodgers, naturally, pressed into the kitchen. Bustle about. The invalid Gavriylch makes his appearance too.

“What kind of noise is that ?” he says, “and no scuffle ?”

Now, after these words a scuffle immediately affirmed itself. It started. And the kitchen, you know, is a narrow one. No comfort to fight in. Crowded. All round saucepans and Primuses. No room to turn around. And twelve men pressed in. you want, say, to give one a rap on the phiz, and you box three. And you knock, naturally, against everything, you fall down. Not only, you know, for a legless invalid, there is no possibility whatever of keeping one's ground on the floor even with three legs.

And the invalid, the devil's pepper-pot, pushed himself in, into the very throng. Ivan Stepanich – his needle – bawls to him :

“Go away, Gavrilich, from the sin. Look out, they'll tear off your last leg.”

Gavrilich says :

“Perish,” he says, “the leg ! But,” says he, “I can't go away now. They have just made all my ambition bleed.”

And, indeed, at that minute somebody gave him a rap on the snout. So that he doesn't go away, turns upon people. There, at that time, somebody knows the invalid on his pate with a saucepan.

The invalid, down he falls, and lies. Is bored.

And there now some parasite rushes off to fetch the militia.

The Bobby appears. Shouts : “Provide coffins, devils, I'm going to fire now.”

Only after those fatal words the people slightly recovered their senses. Rushed off to their rooms.

“There now,” they think, “huckleberry, what did we start fighting for, venerable citizens ?”

The people rushed off to their rooms, only invalid Gavriylch didn't tush off. Lies, you know, on the floor, bored. And blood drops out of his noddle.

Two weeks after this fact the trial took place.

And the people's justice happened to be such a nervous man too – *and* he gave them what for!

Translated by FANIA POLANOVSKAYA.

EPITHALAMIUM FROM "LAS SOLEDADES"
OF GONGORA

SEMICHORUS I

Come Hymen come, for here to thee we bring
With eyes but without wings a god of love,
Whose unshorn locks that sweetly hang above
Conceal the down upon his visage fair ;
His down the flowers of a youthful spring,
And sunbeams from his forehead are his hair.
A boy he loved her, but adores to-day
This Psyche of the village, nymph to wage
For parchèd Ceres. Join her now, we pray,
Who in the twilight of her second age
Uncertain is, join in thy yoke to stay
At his desire sincere,
Come Hymen, Hymen here.

SEMICHORUS II

Come Hymen come, where in the morning skies
Of candid roses, day is now foretold
By such a beautiful young virgin, she
– Herself the Aurora of her sovereign eyes –
Could warm with her two suns Norwegian lands,
And whiten Ethiopia with two hands.
April carnations, early rubies, see
As many as are set in hair of gold,
With flowers that chain the lovers' necks – behold
The links of concord in the chain of rose –
These to her cheeks, that modesty disclose,
The purple spoil appear,
Come Hymen, Hymen here.

SEMICHORUS I

Come Hymen come, and may each wingèd son
Of every lovely nymph the woods can shew
Render no common feathers to the air ;
Some, from the silver quivers that they bear,
Shoot musket roses, orange blossom snow ;
Let others keep the hamlet safe from one,
The most unlucky of nocturnal fowls,
That flies too slowly and ill-bonding howls ;
And in their their flight let some crown silently
The marriage-bed, while the lascivious bee
From virginal acanthus sips the rare
Hyblaeon nectar there,
Come Hymen, Hymen here.

SEMICHORUS II

Come Hymen come, the flying steeds and pied
(For azure eyes with lashes fine of gold
Compose their plumes) the goddess high shall lead,
The greatest glory of the sovereign choir ;
And let her guarantee the bonds indeed
Only to be dissolved when they grow old ;
She who is Juno now unto our bride
In varying months shall chaste Lucinda be,
To greet their threshold so repeatedly
That the world shall her, new Niobe, admire,
But no white marble's ill fecundity
And cliff to Lethe near,
Come Hymen, Hymen here.

SEMICHORUS I

Come Hymen come, our agriculture heap
With plenty that from friendly stars is due,
A progeny robust, so that their hand
Shall tame wild bulls, and a red sea of grain
Shall liberally flood the stubborn land ;

Let too the young and flowery green plain
Be hoary turned by many flocks of sheep,
And all the pasture worn in hours few ;
They to Minerva liquid gold shall strain,
And, wedding elms unto the vineyard trees,
Bacchus with vine shoots crowning Hercules
Even his club shall rear,
Come Hymen, Hymen here.

SEMICHORUS II

Come Hymen come, and may she also pay
To Pales as to Pallas pledges sweet,
A mother then, hardly a girl to-day.
With wandering lilies some the forest greet,
A thousand lambs whose wavy wool shall dress
The shining crystals of the streamlet slow ;
Others Arachne, arrogant and vain,
Shall modestly, accusingly, display,
Of their white stuff ; but never to express
The thefts and amorous wiles of Jove below ;
Oh let them hold the shining golden rain
And the white swan in fear,
Come Hymen, Hymen here.

Note. – I am indebted to Sr. Alonso for text, commentary, and personal criticism.
In his edition the lines translated are ll. 774-851.

E. M. WILSON.

A RECONSIDERATION OF HERRICK

Herrick's *Hesperides* was first published in 1648, failed, and was rediscovered in the last years of the 18th century, though not reprinted entire until 1823. but the popularity of Herrick in the 19th century was evidently inaugurated by a selection published in 1810. this popularity may be judge from the following representative passages.

“His poems resemble a luxuriant meadow, full of king-cups and wild flowers, or a July firmament sparkling with a myriad of stars. His fancy fed upon all the fair and sweet things of nature ; it is redolent of roses and geraniums ; it is as bright and airy as the thistledown, or the bubbles which laughing boys blow into the air, where they float in a waving line of beauty.”

(*Retrospective Review*, 1822.)

Sir Edmund Gosse (*Cornhill*, 1875) found in *Hesperides*

“a storyhouse of lovely things, full of tiny beauties of varied kind and workmanship. . . . What is so very precious about the book is the originality and versatility of the versification. . . . Those delicate warbles that Herrick piped out when the sun shone on him and the flowers were fresh. . . . Our gentle and luxurious babbler if the flowery brooks.”

Similarly, Grosart (1876) wrote :

“The book s full of all those pleasant things of Spring and Summer, full of young love, happy nature, and the joy of mere existence. . . . Herrick's sun might be that stray Venus of Botticelli's, which rises, rosy and dewy, from a sparkling sea, blown at by the little laughing winds, and showered upon with violets and lilies of no earthly growth. . . . It matters not what Herrick describes – he gives you its very 'form and pressure,' and over it, as the seven-fold rainbow breaking into ineffable fragments under its load of rain, or before the blast of the wind ; and better than saint's nimbus, you have the 'final touch' in epithet or in a break of music, that differentiates the Poet from the Versifier.”

And this is the last word of Mr. Humbert Wolfe (1926) on the situation. Quoting the end of *Corinna*, he declares :

“All of us who read this will in the end be a fable, song, or fleeting shade. But Herrick is none of these things. It is early Spring with him. The dew is on the grass. The larks are up, and, as we take our leave, we hear him, as the centuries after us will hear him, calling on a note of immortal laughter –

Come, my Corinna, come, let's goe a Maying.

And they are going.”

We do not quote these passages primarily for the sake of amusement ; they represent the serious judgments of a century upon Herrick's poetry, and show Herrick reconstructed according to the perversities and propensities of a taste formed by the two principles of the Romantic Revival, its return to nature,

and its undirected romance. Further not only has Herrick been the especial victim of the concentrated fatuity of a hundred years, but our possibilities of such experience from his poetry may have been seriously inhibited by an attitude such as that of Dr. Moorman, who (1910) said that

“Burns and Shelley and Heine are of necessity more to us than Herrick can ever be. . . . But there are times when, feeling that the world is too much with us, we try to free our minds from the burden of modernity ; and then it is that, in holiday mood, we turn to the *Hesperides*, and find refreshment of soul in the contemplation of an age that know little of misgiving or disillusion.”

Herrick, it is true, never experienced misgiving or disillusion as profoundly as Donne and Webster. At the same time he was not the simple poet of escape that the critics have found him : the poet of escape is one who, like William Morris, fails either to recognise reality or to complete a system which is for him both a self-defense and a positive statement.

The anthology method of reading Herrick – gathering rosebuds in holiday mood – has obscured the complexity of imagery in the *Hesperides*. For an investigation of the totality of Herrick' work reveals that one poem explains another, that the imagery is interrelated, and hence that to isolate poems and then to be aware only of the qualities retained or acquired in isolation is to make his experience appear fragmentary and his imagery casual. In other words, Herrick has been reduced to the level of, and acclaimed in terms of, the Romantics : but since not unnaturally, after the reduction, Dr. Moorman has to find Herrick unsatisfactory by these standards, no course is left to him but finally to reverse the positions ; to elevate Shelley to the level of “high seriousness” (“O world! O life! O time!”) from which Herrick has just been debased. That is to say, Romantic standards have impoverished Herrick by emphasising his apparent affinities with their own poets of escape.

The 19th century, Matthew Arnold excepted, failed to realise the nature of the experiences that can produce poetry, limiting them by a demand for naturalist statement : that philosophical poetry should sound like philosophy and natural description like nature. They found Herrick merely decorative because his experience fell outside their definition. Arnold (1865) formed a wider conception of poetic experience :

“In literature, the elements with which the creative power works are ideas ; the best ideas on every matter which literature touched, current at the time. . . . The grand work of literary genius is a work of synthesis and exposition, not of analysis and discovery ; its gift lies in the faculty of being happily inspired by a certain intellectual and spiritual atmosphere, by a certain order of ideas, when it finds itself in them ; of dealing with these ideas, presenting them in the most effective and attractive combinations – making beautiful works with them, in short. . . . It has long seemed to me that the burst of creative activity in our literature, through the first quarter of the century, had about it something premature. . . . and this prematureness comes from its

having proceeded without its proper data, without sufficient materials to work with. In other words, English poetry of the first quarter of this century, with plenty of energy, plenty of creative force, did not know enough. . . . In the England of Shakespeare, the poet lived in a current of ideas in the highest degree animating and nourishing to the creative power ; society was, in the fullest measure, permeated by fresh thought, intelligent and alive.”

It was in terms of this thought, this knowledge, that Herrick conceived and directed his experience. Renaissance England used and collected ideas of antiquity, of revived mediaeval cosmology, and of the outside world in general, to give dignity and significance to its life. Such a synthesis of impressions through the agency of exotic ideas implied the equation of native experience with foreign ritual.

“If you will bee good Scholars, and profite well in the Arte of Musicke, shutte your Fiddles in their cases, and looke up to Heaven : the order of the Sheres, the unfallible motion of the Plants, the iuste course of the Yeere, and varietie of seasons, the concorde of the Elementes and their qualyties, Fyre, Water, Ayre, Earth, Heate, Colde, Moysture and Drought concurring together to the consitution of earthly bodies and sustenance of every creature.

Th politike Lawes in well governed common wealthes, that treade downe the prowde, and upholde the meeke, the love of the King and his subjectes, the Father and his childe, the Lorde and his Slave, the Maister and his Man, The *Trophees* and *Triumphes* of our auncestours, which pursued vertue at the harde heeles, and shunned vyce as a rocke for feare of shipwracke, are excellent maisters too shewe you that this is right Musicke, this perfecte harmony.”

(Gosson : *The School of Abuse*, 1579.)

Gosson is speaking not of the ordering of life itself, but of the position of the artist, and the nature of his ideal experience, which is, he insists, to be derived from a ritualist conception both of the universe and of man's activities. Critics have noted Herrick's “delight” and “interest” in folklore and ancient ceremony, but they have failed to see that, delight and interest apart, ritual in a wider sense was integral to Herrick's way of thinking.

By “integral” we mean that Herrick possesses a subtler kind of unity than that which critics have looked for, or than he claimed for his book. For instance, the title *Hesperides* places a conscious unity on the book. This word has been mainly interpreted “poems written in the West,” “children of the West,” “golden apples of Devonshire” : naturalist interpretations which by no means state all the implications of the word. *Hesperides* is not simply a playful way of describing products of the West ; following the Renaissance methods discussed above, Herrick actually identifies his golden apples with the famous Golden Apples, and so on. And the book, thus dignified, becomes Herrick's weapon against time :

“Pillars let some set up,
(If so they please)
Here is my hope,
And my *Pyramides*.”

The word “hope” suggests another meaning of *Hesperides* evident from the Dedication : “To the Most Illustrious, and Most Hopefull Prince, CHARLES, Prince of Wales.”

“Well may my Book come forth like Publique Day
When such a *Light* as *You* are leads the way :
Who are my Works *Creator*; and alone
The *Flame* of it, and the *Expansion*.
And look how all those heavenly lamps acquire
Light from the Sun, that *inexhausted Fire* :
So all my *Morne*, and *Evening Stars* from You
Have their *Existence*, and their *Influence* too.
Full is my Book of Glories ; but all These
By You become *Immortal Substances*.”

The *illustrious* and *hopeful* Charles is the sun, which brings light and hope : giving light to the stars, that is, inspiring the poems as Apollo (“all my *Morne* and *Evening Stars*,” children of Hesper) and bringing hope of immortality to Herrick, since the dedication has related the personal (and therefore mortal) life of the poems to the central ritual of his time and country, the life of royalty.

Such a conscious attempt to make his poems “*Immortal Substances*” through relating them to ritual, is extremely interesting in itself, but does not give a unity to his poems in the way that his poetic experience bas on that ritual does. (Gosson's instructions will not make an Elizabethan artist, but *King Lear* evidently contains experience of the ideas described by Gosson.) Again, in *The Argument of his Book*, Herrick catalogues everything that it contains except his epigrams and some poems addressed to friends and patrons. This catalogue should be taken not so much as the list of subjects it purports to be, as an indication of the nature and scope of the imagery Herrick uses. Thus, without making a definite statement, the lines

“I write of *Youth*, of *Love*, and have *Accesse*
By these to sing of cleanly-*Wantonnesse*.
I sing of *Dewes*, od *Raines*, and piece by piece
Of *Balme*, of *Oyle*, of *Spice*, and *Amber-Greece*”

suggest and cover the poems whose imagery is from clothes and perfumes. These are, incidentally, more numeroud then the flower-poems with which Herrick has usually been associated, and contain a big percentage of his best work. Herrick the flower-poet is largely an invention of people who like flowers and wish Herrick to have liked them too, because he mentions them. Delight in the motive imagery of Wordsworth leads to making the imagery of the Elizabethans emotive also. But the question of Herrick's likes and dislikes is irrelevant since for him as a poet imagery has no intrinsic significance :

an image is one element of a metaphor, and Herrick's poetry is a structure of metaphors ; the *Argument* is a catalogue of elements. It is the interchangeability of these elements that is the basis of Herrick's cosmos.

Both times and things are interchangeable. Times, for instance, in the bringing together of customs of different ages in his *Epithalamia* : from the Song of Solomon, from Catullus, from English folk-lore. The most obvious examples of interchangeability of things are to be found in the many short poems which record actual metamorphoses :

HOW MARIGOLDS CAME YELLOW

“*Jealous Girlies* these sometimes were,
While they liv'd, or lasted here :
Turn'd to *Flowers*, still they be
Yellow, markt for Jealousie.”

This interchangeability derives from the ritualist attitude we have insisted on ; in ritual there is no waste, everything has a symbolic, as opposed to naturalist, existence : it is related to something else by more than fortuitous resemblance, and at the supreme moment of the ritual becomes the thing symbolised.

Herrick, of course, make continual use of simile in its simplest form (superficial likeness), but more often his similes involve metaphor (organic relation) which in turn leads to ritual (systematic identification). Transition from simile to metaphor is well illustrated in the lines *To Virgins*.

Heare ye Virgins, and Ile teach,
What the times of old did preach.
Rosamund was in a Bower
Kept, as *Danae* in a Tower :
But yet Love (who subtile is)
Crept to that, and came to this,
Be ye lockt up like to these,
Or the rich *Hespirides* ;
Or those Babies in your eyes,
In their Christall Nunneries ;
Notwithstanding Love will win,
Or else force a passage in ;
And as coy be, as you can,
Gifts will get ye, or the man.”

What appears to begin as a succession of similes is made a closely inter-related structure by the metaphors contained in the last simile : the word “Babies” translates as a pun on the meanings of *puella*, and the continued metaphor of “Nunneries” looks back to “Bower” and “Tower,” giving them increased definition. Again, since Love is said to enter at the eye and the Virgins are compared to the pupils of their own eyes, metaphor becomes ritual : the eye

as a whole is symbolic of the Virgins in a nunnery, and at the moment, in life, of Love's entrance into bower and tower the eye will actually be entered too. This suggestion in Herrick of a leap from metaphor into life is naturally connected with his interest in actual scenes of ritual where life seems to make a leap into metaphor, not only in his descriptions of "*May-poles, Hock-cars, Wassails, Wakes,*" but also (as in his Epithalamia) where the poem describing the event can be used as part of the event itself.

"In sober mornings, doe not thou rehearse
The holy incantation of a verse ;
But when that men have both well drunke, and fed,
Let my Enchantments then be sung, or read."

These lines, from *Where he would have his verses read*, are designed as a bridge between the reader (the outside world) and the cosmos of the poems : they describe the transformation of normal circumstances of reading into the ideal magical conditions necessary for the success of his "enchantments" ; and to these magical conditions the poem is itself an initiation.

Thus, not only is Herrick's method of writing magical, but also the materials of his transformations are often remains from the system of the Magical World,* and by this derivation suited to his purpose. Among the poems so constructed is his most important work, *Corinna's going a Maying*. "The dew is on the grass" (says Mr. Wolfe) "The larks are up." But consider the actual passage in Herrick :

"Get up, sweet-Slug-a-bed, and see
The Dew-bespangling Herbe and Tree.
Each Flower has wept, and bow'd toward the East,
Above an houre since ; yet you not drest,
Nay ! not so much as out of bed ?
When all the Birds have Mattens seyde,
And sung their thankfull Hymnes ; 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation to keep in,
When as a thousand Virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner then then the Lark, to fetch in May."

It is admittedly essential to know what dew and larks are, and that they are to be seen in the early morning ; as, indeed, it is necessary to know that the background of this poem is the actual rite of bringing in may (which was sophisticated at least as early as the time of Henry VIII). But to this background, and to Mr. Wolfe's realistic dew and larks are brought association, quotations, suggestions, "to make of impressionism something sold and

*See, in this connection, the very important chapter on "The Neutralization of Nature," in Mr. I. A. Richards' *Science and Poetry*.

lasting.” The dew becomes pearls for decoration at the rite, tears for lost maidengads ; the lark in Renaissance literature appears with the morning to praise the sun (*l'alouette, l'ouer*).

It should be realised that this symbolism was Herrick's inheritance, not his invention : from the mass of ancient symbolism extant at the time he made a selection which it was his problem to present “in the most effective and attractive combination.” Herrick's cosmos was constituted according to the mutations effected by his process. With what complete control Herrick ordered his materials can be seen in *The Lilly in a Christal*, where the images are not, as in *Corinna*, related by their derivation :

“Thus Lillie, Rose, Grap, Cherry, Creame,
And Staw-berry do stir
More love, when they transfer
A weak, a soft, a broken beame ;
Then if they sho'd discover
At full their proper excellence ;
Without some Scean cast over,
To juggle with the sense.”

These objects have by nature only the slightest imagic connection ; symbolically they are not inter-related at all. But by an extremely delicate suggestion (in the earlier stanzas) of the likeness of the changes they undergo in certain conditions, Herrick effects a relationship between them which gives them an importance parallel to that derived from a magical connection. The poem is thus a cosmos constructed on the analogy of the Magical World : and is as highly organised.

HUMPHREY JENNINGS.
J. M. REEVES.

ECLOGUE. II

In the second month of drought
after the rain-making
after the prayers to the gods
urgently futile against
the second month,
the shepherds return to their flocks
and lie in the brown grass
too listless for music,
lips too dry for their flutes
and dream
 in the fever of heat
 of rain.

“no dew for the bee's thirst
none for the beetle's
nor for those who
in the crevices, red,
in the fissures, black,
in the crevices and fissures of the earth
red and black
black ants and red
Red ants and Black
and Black
and Red
Red and Black
under the sun wage war
thirsting for dew, but
no dew
no dew for these
no dew for those
these nor those, nor for grass
trees or men
no dew for these, for any of these,
no dew
and no rain.”

The sheep lie in the sun
tongues loll
dry and dull
from parched mouths,
and their flanks heave, as
the eyes of the shepherd fade,
ears fade, and mind,
to a dream of rain.

“rain will come
as surely as winter will
rain come
with dew for the bees and the beetles
come rain will
swelling the slaked earth
closing the fissures and crevices
over the slain,
on the red, on the red and the red
and the black
and the black who survive,
who are not slain
under the grey
the black
under the moving the black
under the grey and moving sky
under the black who survive
go quietly about the business of peace
over the tombs, the forgotten tombs
that the rain obliterates
quietly
scattering the limbs of he slain
rain
rain for these
rain for those,
these and those, and for grass
trees and men,
rain for all these, rain for all
and for all.”

And after the rains,
the shepherds among their remnant flocks
play leaden flutes and leaden flutes
across the empty plains.

HUGH SYKES.

POEM ABOUT A BALL IN THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY

Feather, feather, if it was a feather, feather for fair, or to be fair,
aroused. Round to be airy, feather, if it was airy, very, aviary, fairy, peacock,
and to be well surrounded. Well-aired, amoving, to peacock, cared-for, share
dancing inner to be among aware. Peacock around, peacock to care for danc-
ing, an air, fairing, will he become to stare. Peacock around, rounded, to turn
the wearer, turning in air, peacock and I declare, to wear for dancing, to be
among, to have become preferred. Peacock, a feather, there, found together,
grounded, to bearer share turned for dancing, among them peacock a feather
feather, dancing and to declare for turning, turning a feather as it were for
dancing, turning for dancing, dancing being begun turning together, together
to become, barely a feather being, beware, being a peacock only on the stair,
staring at, only a peacock to be coming, fairly becoming for a peacock, be fair
together being around in air, peacock to be becoming lastly, peacock around
to
be become together, peacock a very peacock to be there.

Moving and to make one the pair, to wear for asking of all there,
wearing
and to be one for wearing, to one by moving of all there.

Reproof, recovered, solitaire.

Grounded and being well surrounded, so feathered that if a peacock
sounded,
rounded and with an air for wearing, aloof and grounded to beware.

Aloof, overt, to stare.

Will he be there, can he be there, be there ?

Being a feathered peacock.

Only a feathered peacock on the stair.

1927.

WILLIAM EMPSON.

A NOTE ON W. H. AUDEN'S "PAID N BOTH SIDES"

I must first try to outline the plot, as it is not obvious on one's first reading. There is a blood-feud, apparently in the North of England, between two mill-owning families who are tribal leaders of their workmen ; it is at the present day, but there are no class distinctions and no police. John, the hero of the play, is born prematurely from shock, after the death by ambush of his father ; so as to be peculiarly a child of the feud. As a young man he carries it on, though he encourages a brother who loses faith in it to emigrate. Then he falls in love with a daughter (apparently the heiress) of the enemy house ; to marry her would involve ending the feud, spoiling the plans of his friends, breaking away from the world his mother takes for granted, and hurting her by refusing to revenge his father. Just before he decides about it, a spy, son of the enemy house (but apparently only her half-brother) is captured ; it is this crisis of the play ; he orders him to be taken out and shot. He then marries Anne ; she tries to make him emigrate, but he insists on accepting his responsibility and trying to stop the feud ; and is shot on the wedding day, at another mother's instigation, by a brother of the spy.

This much, though very compressed, and sometimes in obscure verse, is a straightforward play. But at the crisis, when John has just ordered the spy to be shot, a sort of surrealist technique is used to convey his motives. They could only, I think, have been conveyed in this way, and only when you have accepted them can the play be recognised as a sensible and properly motivated tragedy.

The reason for plunging below the rational world at this point is precisely that the decision to end the feud is a fundamental one ; it involves so much foreknowledge of what he will feel under the circumstances not yet realisable that it has to be carried through on motives (or by choosing to give himself strength from apparent motives) which do not belong to what is then the sensible world he lives in. For the point of the tragedy is that he could not know his own mind till too late, because it was just that process of making contact with reality, necessary to him before he could know his own mind, which in the event destroyed him. So that the play is "about" the antinomies of the will, about the problems involved in the attempt to change radically a working system.

He has the spy shot partly to tie his own hands, since he will evade the decision if he can make peace impossible, partly (the other way round) because it will make peace difficult, so that the attempt, if he chooses to make it, will expose him to more risk (for this seems to make it more generous), partly from a self-contempt which, in search of relief, turns outwards, and lights on the

man who seems likest to himself, for he too is half a spy in his own camp ; partly because he must kill part of himself in coming to either decision about the marriage, so that it seems a first step, or a revenge, to kill by an irrelevant decision the man likest him (for whom he must at the moment, from a point of view which still excites horror in him, feel most sympathy), partly because only by making a decision on some associated matter can he string himself up to know his own mind on the matter in question, partly because what is in his mind makes him feel ashamed and guilty among his supporters, so that he mistakenly thinks it necessary for his own safety to prove to them he is wholeheartedly on their side.

In this way the spy becomes a symbol to him, both of the feud itself, of which he is part, so as to make it seem contemptible, and of his own attempt to escape from the feud, which makes him seem contemptible to his own camp ; and in either case the spy is both himself and his chief enemy. And having united himself with the man he despises, he must feel some remorse and self-contempt about killing him for these accidental and neurotic reason ; at any rate it puts him in the wrong, and in part make him deserve the consequences.

And yet bit is precisely the painfulness and dangerousness of these expulsive forces that make it possible for him to give birth to a decision.

Hence we sink down, in this crucial and solvent instant of decision, into a childish scheme of judgment, centring round desire for, and fear of, the mother ; jealousy of, and identity with, the brother, who is also the spy ; away from the immediate situation, so that younger incidental reminiscences of the author become relevant ; below the distinction between murderer and victim, so that the hero escapes from feeling his responsibility ; below intelligible sexuality ; and in the speech of the Man-Woman (a "prisoner of war behind barbed wire, in the snow") we are plunged into a general exposition of the self-contempt of indecision. Then the spy is shot, and we return, with circus farce like the panting of recovery, into the real world of the play ; from then on he knows his own mind, and is fated to destruction.

One reason the scheme is so impressive is that it puts psycho-analysis and surrealism and all that, all the irrationalist tendencies which are so essential a part of the machinery of present-day thought, into their proper place ; they are made part of the normal and rational tragic form, and indeed what constitutes the tragic situation. One feels as if at the crisis of many, perhaps better, tragedies, it is just this machinery which has been covertly employed. Within its scale (twenty-seven pages) there is the gamut of all the ways we have of think about the matter ; it has the sort of completeness that makes a works seem to define the attitude of a generation.

WILLIAM EMPSON.

PUNCTUM INDIFFERENS SKIBET GAAR VIDERE

“I ain'y telling you the word of a lie but this yankee fellow came up to me and e sez fond of cigars so I sez yes I am fond of cigars – like who wouldn't be on this here fore and aft sea-crane. Wall e says ketch hold of these – plenty of these where they come from. And he give me a great box of cigars. Yes.”

“Yes, but that's only cigars. This bird was a journalist or something like that on a paper in Australia. He's travelling round the world for it and singing songs at the piano. He says of you talk to me –.”

“Lor Lumme days. *Talk* to you. Do you mean he stood you that feed just for talking to him?”

“*Certainly* he did. He kept saying, now say that again. And all the while he was writing in a little black notebook.”

“Well what did you tell im?”

“Ave you heard about Hilliot chaps? Andy nearly crowned im this morning with a drying pan. The seven bell dinner watch sent im up to the galley to tell him the sea-pie was lousy.”

“–guano–”

“Well, so it was, lousy.”

“–Pass –”

“I don't like im ; serves im right ; he's what you call a no-classer that feller.”

“Where is he now?”

“—one no trump—”

“Oh dreaming about on the poop, he always gets up there during the lunch hour.”

“–gang–”

“He's probably listening at the skylight to all we say.”

“Three hearts.”

“Probably –”

“Romeo : wherefore art thou Romey bloody O –”

“But I didn't know there was a seven bell dinner to-day – not on Sunday.”

“That's not your ruddy heart! It's my ruddy heart!”

“Yes. We're sailing this evening. The mate came down and served out a lot of bull about getting in more mail. So Mister Hilliot had to get a seven bell dinner in.

“And Andy nearly crowned him for telling im it was lousy. Well let me tell you that that's the lad's job. The sailors peggy always has orders from the bosun to complain about the food ; you know, if it's rotten – ”

“Yes. But the silly twirp went about it in the wrong way. You know the way he'd go up. Not going straight to the point-like. You know the way e does. . . . Well, it's no business of mine sort of thing but these fellers – these *damned sailormen* say your food's rotten. No wonder that Andy got on his ear.”

“Well for heavens' sake. But Andy's all right, eh?”

“Yes, Andy's all right, fellers.”

“Guano gang – ”

“Well, wot did Hilliot do?”

“Hey, you didn't shuffle up these cards right and all.”

“Damn all. He didn't do a darn thing. A good thing for Andy, I reckon, but anyway Hilliot just said well, just as long as you know, Andy. And walked out.”

“Oh wot a twirp.”

“Hullo, ere's the second steward.”

“Ow go second?”

“*My* trick – ”

“Second, while you're about it, you might give this god-awful peggy of ours a clean dishcloth. He never washes the thing es got : and its about as white as a gyppo's – ”

“Are you still abusing that boy? I like him for myself like. He's got pluck that Hilliot. I seen him aloft too right on the foretopmast there swinging on the ladder and laughing like a son of a bitch – ”

“And the bosun bawling him out from below.”

“Guano – ”

“Yes, Mister!”

“One club – ”

“Well, what about that dishcloth, second?”

“Pass – ”

“Reminds me of the story of the nigger fireman on one of Lamport and Holt's. Ah doan min dirty hands : ah doan min dirsty face : but ah du like clean-*food!*”

“Ha ha ha!”

“Pass – ”

“Well, well, so do we – ”

“Go on and get your bloody club – ”

“But Andy doesn't like im second.”

“Gang, guano-”

“No my gosh.”

“Andy crowned im this morning with a frying pan. Or would have done if Hilliot hadn't got out of the road.”

“So I heard.”

“It was pretty good I thought. It'll teach im that not every little Christ Jesus in the temple can come running round cargo steamer.”

“*My* trick! -”

“*Well*, no. but what he done in coming to sea at all shows the right spirit –”

“*My* trick !-”

“He came up to the ship in a car didn't he – no – I dunno – but the Chinese storekeeper tell me.”

“Well boys, he didn't come up to the ship in any car last night : as a matter of fact, he got on to the *wrong* ship.”

“The wrong ship. Second, how come?”

“The *Hyannis*. Sister ship to this one came in late last night. He was tight as a tick so couldn't tell the difference.”

“-- *my* trick --”

“But the *Hyannis*, her foc'sles forward ain't it ? Like it should be on my ruddy boat, instead of being stuck under here like a lot of bloody ventilator covers.”

“Yes. That was the joke. He went right down aft looking for the forecastle and, or course, couldn't find it ; so being very drunk he slept on the *poop*.”

“Well, wot did he do in the morning?”

“--*my* trick --”

“He just got up and walked off. Nobody said a word to him.”

“--for Jesus sake--”

“--for Jesus sake--”

“--told me so himself this morning when he came aboard. I was standing on the gangway--”

“The silly twit – eh ? That's why he's on the poop now. Afraid the Captain'll tell his Mama.”

(But, tut-tut, a pipe must be filled to contemplate this scene with more penetrating intelligence, and a thick dirsty hand inserted into my right dungaree pocket in search of the tobacco-pouch, the last birthday present you gave me, Janet. . . do you remember? It was in the central park, a year ago to-morrow, when we paused to watched the children playing in the swings, and then, “Look, would that be any good to you, dear? Many happy returns of the

day. . ." Loew's Orpheum. Ruby fisheries. Do you remember going there to get the co-steaks for your mother? Well, I have my pouch now, which I have drawn out, crackling and yellow, sprinkling crumbs of tobacco around me. And now I have my pipe well alight. The day? What of the day? Well, the sky has that sort of blackness which in February, in England, would presage thunder. There was wind last night ; and moreover, I slept on the wrong ship. But there is a feeling of approaching disaster, of terrible storm, and my own mood, one of hilarious morbidity, conceals also just such a thing. It is useless for me to tell you of it. Instead – what shall I tell you? Of the Junk that is standing out to sea? Of the Japanese destroyer that came in this morning? Or merely of the crew, of those at any rate whom I see through the skylight. Meghoff, for instance ; down there, filling his pipe too, the old devil, with hasty trembling fingers. Ted, taking the scurf out of his fingernails, ha! a touch, a visible touch! Horsey : lying across the table with his face on his arm. The second steward's broad back, and the patch on his trousers. . . . But the joke's on me. I have to admit that of these men who become day by day intricately and more intensely part of me I know nothing. Nothing at all! Even of Andy, who is more part of me than the rest of them, I know nothing. That awful incident in the galley, everybody is talking about it. Why do I not fight Andy, then? To know a thing is to kill it, a post mortem process? Why won't I? Undignified? too Richard Barthelmess? . . . Perhaps, but I might lose, and I know less than nothing. But there is no reason to fight, even about last night? Bad, dreadfully bad, as that was. . . . My fault. Love makes tradesmen of us all. But how can I stand for it, how can I suffer on top of last night's usurpation, when I was beaten out by that simpering chinless applesquire, this further petty insult added, in the galley, to an injury of which he was not aware? I won't stand for it by god. Jiminy christmas no, as Taff would say! But perhaps Andy won't want to fight, even if he has invited it plainly enough. Then this is not heroic, and there's the humour of it. To fear the foe, and so his follies fight against hiself. Argal. Let us take refuge in the sailor's coil, contemplate a world of winches as a world of machine guns : let there be a sabbath of earthworms, a symphony of scorpions, a procession of flying grand pianos and cathedrals, and the idea, the absolute, is fly-blown. Tucket within, and a flourish of trumpets. Beware Andy! I move like a ghost towards my design, with Tarquin's ravishing strides. . . . Nevertheless, I fear too greatly decisive action is an emotional crisis of this calibre ; nor do I wish to admit to myself that I consider Andy sufficiently important ; but this, as you say, is clearly enough a case of self-defense–)

"--one club--"
 "--one diamond--"
 "--one heart--"
 "--one no trump--"
 "Well . . . !"
 "Lorlumme bloody days eh."
 "I don't car if he do mate."
 "Lorlumme bloody days eh."
 "This first mate's a man ; he's got me weighed up ; like *that*."
 "--dishcloth--"
 "--here you're cheating!--"
 "No, I'm not."
 "Yes, you are."
 "Yes, I am too."
 "He had the ace in his Shanghai jacket."
 "No, I tell you, the poor twot didn't say a thing. He just said well as long as you know, Andy."
 "All these bloody no-classers are the same."
 "You can bet your boots. We had a feller once – been in the Royal Air Force he says during the war as a capting. Capting hell. First time heg oes aloft he nearly throws a fit."
 "I wonder wot made that bird Illiot come to sea ; doing a good lad out of a job that's what I say --"
 "That's what Andy says."
 "That's what we all says, I reckon."
 "No. You've got the lad in wrong there. You can't get him on that at all. It's up to the man himself to get the job. If he don't why then, I guess he don't."
 "That sucker's got influence at the office."
 "He came to the ship in a car. Do you know that?"
 "Oh watch it! Let's talk of something else."
 "--and listen here this mate, he,he,says—air-force officer or no perishing air-force officer you're not out--"
 "Go on, you ain't got hiccups, ave you mate?"
 "Not going up to that nest again or I'll lose my bonus. So no more painting for you, Mister Officer he says : the next job painting you'll do will be--"
 "Aw shag off second, you'll be in the boy's *bunk* next."
 "This air force officer I was telling you about was always falling off derricks. *Hullo* Andy."

“Hullo there.”

“I ain't telling you the word of a lie but this yankee feller come up to me and e sez steyord e sez fond of cigars so I sez yes I am fond of cigars – like who wouldn't be on this fore and aft sea-crane. Waal he says ketch hold of these – plenty of these where they come from--”

“Hullo Andy. Ow go?”

“Hullo there . . . hullo second ; hullo McGoff.”

“What about last night Andy – *we* saw you.”

“Oh, you did : you may've seen me at arf past nine – but you didn't see me at arf past two this morning. Or if you did you oughtn't to have done.”

“No – and you didn't see me either at half past two in the morning.”

“No – nor me.”

“Nor me.”

“Nor my ruddy self.”

“Well, what were *you* doing Lofty?”

“What do you think ? I didn't go ashore at all. I'm a god fearing man and I don't go running after women.”

“Aw watch it. Well anyhow, it's Sunday to-day.”

“I don't care if he do, mate. That's what I always says. I'm a feller like this, I don't *mind* . . . Always willing to do a good turn for anybody, that's me. I don't care if he do.”

“Russian eh?”

“Second – can we have another pack of cards – the King, Queen and Ace are all bollocksed up in this pack and you can spot em, you know.”

“A change for last night eh? Won't your usual Jane get jealous?”

“Sure. There's a pack in the linen locker. Here are the keys.”

“A fine woman.”

“Well, before I was in the guano gang, I was only an apprentice lad for myself like, apprentice, and we was going out to Walfish Bay the whole gang of us with a cargo of lighters in sections although at Cape Cross they had to load from surf boats because the lighters got all broke up --”

“Six pounds a month mate, and all found.”

“Carberian sea, a guinea note --”

“Well, I don't care if e do mate --”

“Six months or so I suppose we was there under canvas like and I'll tell you it was a rum shop. There was one chap we had and we called him *Deaffy*--”

“Wot do you think of that for a cockroach?”

“--this is better eh? you shuffle them--”

“--king of the steamflies eh--”

“Everything in white, you know, lovely buildings, very nice indeed.”

“And one night this chap Deaffy come into wot you might call the mess-room, you know. And e sez look ere fellers come along with me there's a bloody big *barrel* of *wine* oooooh eh? – Just been washed up on the shore. So we got our cups and a corkscrew and followed him along-- it was pitch dark outside-- and we came to where the barrel was-- and one chap had brought a *basin*--”

“--your deal!--”

“Can't you see the water is biling I sez ; and this bloody old skipper turns round to me and he says, 'Lamptrimmer,' e says, 'we always speak the King's English on this ship--”

“And it wasn't wine at all but Cape Dopp, wot we call Cape Dopp-- raw spirit gawdblimey. Why do you know we all went mad, *mad*, and they had to tie Deaffey up to the bullock post.”

“--two diamonds my bloody foot!--”

“--two diamonds my bloody foot!--”

“Yes. And the joke about it all was that it hadn't been washed up on the shire at all but Deaffy had pinched it, see, from the stores.”

“Good god !”

“And there we all bloody were doing time and building breakwaters round the magistrate's house.”

“Fancy that now.”

“That reminds me of the time in--”

“Chamaeleons. Fellers used to keep em as pets and make em drunk on Cape Dopp. They were as long as that, you know. Beautiful pretty things. They used to roll about and change into all sorts of colours, it was like being at masculine and debutante, you know, and then I had a pet one and one day a silly bastard fed it on nuts and bolts. Nuts and bolts, yes. Oh, we had a rare time there, I can tell you . . . Didn't wear no shoes! Oh no, no shoes, walking on the salt plain, we wore what we called veldshols. One day coming back from the West Indie fellers tent – I'd had one or two, you know – I got lost in the salt plains all night and there were jackals and scorpions, bags of the bounders --”

“Scorpions. You ain't heard nothing yet. Let me tell you this when I was in Belawandelli, it was on a Norwegian bastard out of Trondjhem, *The Hilda*--”

“--herons, vodka distillery--”

“Your trick, Ted.”

“We had one fellow there in the guano gang, not a surf boat man, but

loading the bags. He used to work from five in the morning till about nine, he was a sneak, a proper sneak, and a religious bounder too, you know . . . and he was always going to the boss with complaints! We got no money ourselves, we used to gamble with sticks of tobacco and you know how expensive clothes are out there – well he used to get clothes sent from home and sell to use at a much increased price like, the bounder. So one day we kidded him along that there was going to be an attack by the Vompas – a tribe – wot we call the *Vompas*, yes – they come from Vompaland, and we kidded him along and kidded him along and one night, see, he was in his tent --”

“--she's only got one titty but she's all the world to me --”

“One titty --”

“But she's all the world to me.”

“ --one heart!--”

“--two diamonds!--”

“And you know how cold it is at night there and the tents were stretched tight as a drum ; and there we all were outside firing off rifles into the air ; and throwing haricot beans into the tent and of course he thought they were *bullets* and then we went into the tent with assegeis – there are always plenty of those knocking about-- and some of us pretended to be wounded and one thing and the other and there this bounder was all the time underneath the bed, praying for Christ sake !--”

“--fer Christ sake !--”

“--praying--”

“Niggers. Yes. Fuzzy wuzzy niggers there used to be there, curly-headed. Dirty? My god, I've seen them cooking the entrails of a sheep and squeezing the stuff out them like putting your mouth under a tap and eating it, and if you asked them they say : Wo ! Auh. Wolla wolla ! Very good ! Very good!”

“--yes ?--”

“--yes ?--”

“But in the end Deaffy went mad with the loneliness ; and it took nine or ten strong men to hold him ; and he used to lie down on the ground with his eyes wide open and let the fles crawl over his eyeballs . . . yes, and one day he lay down beside the donkey and died too ; and in the morning when we found them, the jackals *had scooped them both out* --”

“Gawdblimey eh !”

“Well, talking of niggers, there was two whacking bull niggers in the miki too, last night : firemen they were, and when I told Olga--”

“No you don't say for gosh sake, Andy.”

“For gosh sake.”

“And do you know what she said. *He he.*”

. . . If I could shut my ears to this, and my eyes, and not have the whole sordid matter set forth in all its vividness ; if I could drown or fly away, ; if I could only be walking down Plympton Street, Cambridge, Mass., again that day in late February with spring approaching and the grey birds sweeping and dipping in curves and spirals about the singing telegraph wires – or weren't there any? – and later the two Sophomores fighting outside the Waldorf. And the brown street cars Harvard – Dudley, which always darted so surprisingly from behind corners as though they had some important message to deliver! . . . This is only a nightmare of course. I am not on a ship. I am not a seaman. The ship is not alongside the wharf in Dairen. I lie in my bed at home, a cold dry bath of sheets! Beside me, the reading lamp with a scarlet shade. For a moment, think of the book I have been reading, Kipling's *Captains Courageous*, and fall asleep, easily as a child gliding down a steep incline into slumber. I dream a dream. In this dream there s Andy – but who is Andy? - singing as he rolls aimfully down the Kuan Tien Road ; Andy fumbling with his entrance ticket to the Miki dancing saloon ; Andy dancing lumberingly and possessively with Olga – but who is Olga? - like a chinless orang outang in the forest with his human captive ; Andy leaving his shoes outside the door. And later, after the second bottle, shifting his shoes outside the second door. There is Andy leaning out of the window in his shirt sleeves, singing to the moon –)

“I don't care if e do mate.”

“No, well, that what I sez anyhow Andy : I see a look in his eye which means trouble.”

“Trouble. Yes. It will be trouble too if I have anything to do with it. Trouble! You're right.”

“-- *three* no trumps. Jesus Christ Almighty!”

“I'm damned if I see what you've got against the boy all the same.”

“Well, you'll see right enough, once the fun begins. What you do with a chap like him, stamp on his foot, and – whup! – like that. Uppercut. That's what he wants, the Glasgow punch.”

“Ah, that's a deadly one that is –”

“Shut up for Christ's sake, we're playing bridge.”

“He pinches my steam covers too --”

“Ah, come now, what would he want to do that for anyway?”

“Gawd knows, I don't. But I saw him with my own eyes or rather, no I didn't but the Chief Steward did and he says that he took it to keep extra soda for scrubbing out! . . . And he pinches soft soap off me. He'd pinch the milk out of my tea, that boy, and that's the sort of thing that comes out of your public schools. Well I don't ruddy know. I don't really. Honest.”

“What Hilliot wants is a good strong woman!”

“Ha ha ha!”

“He went ashore last night.”

“Yes, and you all know what happened, don't you?”

“He went and slept on the *Hyannis*.”

“Because he couldn't find his way here.”

-- is that so?--”

-- is that so?--”

“What was the name of the place?”

“Sapporo Cafe and Bar. Here, I've got the card. Listen to this. Nice and clean accommodation. Quick Service. Sapporo Cafe and Bar, No. 157, Yamagata-Dori, Tel. No. 6705. Soft and dark drinks. Mariners are all welcome. Here is a place you must to fail to visit, everything at very moderate charges.”

“Hullo Sculls.”

“Ow go?”

“All right.”

“All right.”

“I ain't telling you the word of a lie but this yankee fellow came up to me and e sez steyord e sez fond of cigars so I sez yes I am fond of cigars – like who wouldn't be on this here fore and aft dung-barge. Waal he says jetch hold of these – plenty of these where they come from. And he gave me a *great* box of cigars. Yes.”

“I had an experience like that on the *Plato* – in Manilla – last voyage . . .”

“Last game --”

“Listen to this, just *listen* to this. Here you will find every comfort and equipment that is sure to please you. Here you will find also best foreign wines and liquors of well known brands only. Sold by retain or by bottle. Don't forget to drop in on your way to or from wharf. *He he*, just *listen to this little lot*. A variety of magazines and newspapers are kept in our hall for your free inspection.”

“Ha ha ha ha!”

“Hullo Lamps boy, how are yer doin?”

“Hullo Jim boy.”

“All right there Jock?”

“All right eh?”

“All right.”

“That's right.”

“Me nice girl very nice very clean very sweet very sanitary.”

(Why not, Janet? I put it to you ; I mean *really* kill Andy. Who was it, the chief cook, said the other day that Andy couldn't swim? And we're going to sea to-night. The habit he has in port of sitting on the starboard rail on the poop! It will be dark before he has knocked off and washed, which makes it all the simpler. At sea, to-night perhaps. Murder at sea! A murderer in thought, a murderer in deed. Now I see it all plainly ; I can do it pat. Norman, whose duty is to arouse Andy, upon being called by the quartermaster to-morrow at four-bells, slide his hand with its broken blackened nails under his slim pillow case to bring out half a crumpled cigarette, Gold Flake, charred and uneven at the end where it has been smoked before turning in. he jumps up and sits on the edge of his bunk, the lower one, with his legs swinging and his feet poised to drop into his size seven unlaced white sand shoes ; he looks around the room, noticing particularly Ginger, the pantry boy, lying on his bunk with his mouth open and his underpants, which are all he wears at night, vibrating evenly with the thrumming of the engine. He will remark for the hundredth time the photographs on the wall. Tallulah Bankhead – or is it Bulkhead? Ginger's mother with an armful of horrible children. Joe Ward taken at the police house, Flint, with his twin brother. Monozygotic twins. Taff standing on Bull Bay sands, Almwch, swinging a mashie-niblick. He wishes profoundly and for the hundredth-thousandth time that he may grow that extra inch, praying softly : “Our father, which art in heaven, may I grow another inch and become a policeman of the Lord.” He pulls his check trousers on over his sandshoes, and pays attention to his chainbreaker singlet. He brushes his hair, and oh, how yellow it is! and cleans his teeth, spitting into a bucket. Now he is walking along the well-deck, his bucket on his arm, scarcely pausing as he spits resonantly into the scuppers ; now he is hoisting himself up the galley-companion-steps. He enters the galley (where a quartermaster's singlet is drying), and rakes out the fires. Four bells strike, he throws his cigarette to leeward, and goes to call Andy. The white cabin door, brass-stilled, windily creaking on the prehensile hook. Everything the same as the chief cook left it when he had turned in, according to his custom, just as eight-bells-all-hands-pip-down had finished striking. The chief cook snoring peacefully – let him lie in till a quarter off six. Andy – where is Andy? His razor strop is stirring in a breath of wind through to open port ; the canary in its brightly bordered cage is already chirruping with joy, its little heart almost

breaking with anxiety to see the blue sea morning. The slim parcel of blankets, embroidered with the company's crests, undisturbed. Andy! Andy! Anybody here seen Andy? Was he sleeping out on deck do you know? No, not bloody likely, too damp, not a worth while thing to do when the tropics was lousy with malaria! Too damp, Norman, yes, that's it, too damp. No good worrying any more about Andy, think of yourself, of your mickey, take the cover off his cage as though you should hope to find Andy there, and see – how knowingly and sagaciously the pigeon eyes you! The adoring eye of God's dog. He knows. Think always of that extra inch, get the potatoes from the potato locker and proceed with your work as scullion. For the sea is picking Andy's bones in whispers. Yes, yes, yes. Sculls. Oh you throw the peel to starboard, acuerdate de Flebas, que una vez fué bello y robusto como tú –)

“Hullo Joe.”

“How go?”

“Not bad.”

“Not bad.”

“How are you doing, McGoff?”

“Ah, Joc, I've got a little story to tell you. Now I ain't telling you the word of a lie, mind you, but this yankee feller, you know that chap, you was there – you saw him didn't you? – well he comes right up to me and e sex steyard fond of cigars. Straight he did. So I sez yes sir, I am right fond of cigars --”

“Skipper. Old fellow. I know years and years ago it will be now --”

“Well, of course, it was his business to find faults. When he does that he's pleased and lights a cigar. When he ain't got no faults to find no cigars for the skipper that day, savvy. Well I reckon it's the same on this God damn dug out --”

“Plenty of these where they come from, ha ha!”

“Well, I always believes in wringing, so as a chap can read because he might owe me something --”

“Ha ha ha!”

“-- naval relics.”

“Chatham --”

“Heard the bosun getting at Hilliot the first day. Well, he was only telling him what to do like --”

“--one more game, come on now, boys--”

“What's that, Andy?”

“I says, the bosun, the first day, telling Hilliot what to do. I expect this room to be speckless, e said. Well, look at it – I bet the bilges are kept cleaner than this ad e pinches enough soft soap from me to keep the whole ship clean

gawd blimey – and that ain't all. You've got my room, the carpenters, and the lamprimmers' rooms to do – e said – and got out washbasins to clean – and the bass to do in there as well, and everything got to be scrubbed out white every day. If you don't do it, I'll hit you till you do, you've got all the meals to get in, and you've got your washing to do as well as the washing up and you've got yourself to keep clean. It's my business to see you do that. Sailors aren't dirty. You ruddy farmers think they are. But they're not. Muck in . . . Well, look at the boy *now*, he never wases himself, this room's like a pigstye, Gawd blimey eh --”

West Hardaway – Portland, Ore.

Seaman.

Certified for use as sailors' messroom. Tin.

Murder, with his silent bloody feet –

“Why, here he is!”

“Hullo Lovey, what've you been doin?”

“How go Hilliot?”

“Andy. I'm going to speak to you. Listen everybody while I speak to Andy. It's for you too. Now then it's about time I had this out with you. I don't deny I've been listening to what you've been saying from the poop. And you can't deny that you've been doing your level best to make life a misery for me since we left home. And what's more, you've been telling a lot of damned lies about me! You say I pinch your steamcovers, and your soft soap – well, let me tell you I don't. I've never pinched anything of anybody's. You've said that I've made a mess of my job. Well, I don't think that's true – this room's not too bad. It's as good as you could make it yourself. Anyone could see that. And I'd like to know how you make out that I'm doing another lad out of a job ; god damn it man, it's surely up to the lad himself to get the job. But, wait a minute, I've got something more to say, I haven't wanted to fight before – but to be frank with you that wasn't because I'm afraid of you and your Glasgow punches – no, simply because I didn't want to hurt you. . . . You weak-chinned son of a Singapore sea-lion. You cringing cowardly skulker. You've got a face like a filthy jackal, all nose and no chin. . . . What a spiteful cunning dirty wreck of the Hesperus you are! That's just it, your *face*. I've just been afraid *for* you, that's all. Why by Christ if you'd *got* a chin you little bastard, I'd hit you on it.”

“Here, go easy Hilliot.”

“Why should I go easy?”

“Come on, you ship's cook, you chinless wonder, you – Put them up. Up I say.”

Tin.

“Here. . . . Go easy, Hilliot.”

“What the hell? What've I got to go easy for?”

“Well – listen – it's like this – ”

“Sit *down* Andy, don't be a bloody fool. Sit down! Sit down!”

“Like what? What's wrong with you all? You know I'm in the right.”

“Now then, Hilliot, don't you be a bloody fool either and go shouting your face off about Andy. He's an older and better an than you. Now then go easy boy : we all know, you see, Andy lost his chin in the war and he's had plates in it, and all, and if you hit him on it he might croak. You mustn't talk like that. We know it's your first voyage and you just get the same as any one of us got on his first voyage. Andy and I've been shipmates for ten years. You mustn't talk like that. Go easy man.”

“Three times torpedoed!”

“No, you mustn't talk like that sonny.”

Tin.

“Oh Andy!”

“ –Mate says we're getting a lot of animals in this afternoon, elephants, tigers, and I dunno what all. I suppose that'll mean the watch on deck. I suppose that's what he meant by *more mail*, gawdblimey. I dunno when we'll be away to-night, I don't really. One of the elephants from Rome, we'll get her off at Port Said for Brindisi ; oh they've all sorts of bloody things, and a special keeper fellow's coming on board with them, prize snakes and Java sparrows for gosh sake – I suppose to feed the snakes. I dunno what sort of ship this is at all with a lot of pouncing serpints aboard her. Well, I certainly don't know when we'll be away to-night.”

“Yes, I says, I certainly am fond of cigars.”

--pass--”

--pass--”

--pass--”

--one spade--”

(And Samson tol' her cut off-a ma hair

If yo shave ma hade

Jes as clean as yo hair

Ma strength-a will become-a like a natch-erl man

For Gawd's a-gwine t'move all de troubles away

For Gawd's a-gwine t'move all de troubles away. . . .)

MALCOLM LOWRY.