A CRITICISM of an editorial article under the heading of "Beauty and the Human Form," which appeared in the October 15th issue of THE NEW FREEWOMAN, challenges decisions on a number of aesthetic problems which we ourselves were sufficiently cautious (save in one particular) not to raise.

Our relatively modest concern was to establish the point that the inquiry into the beautiful had to do with an inquiry into a definite class of sensations, and not into abstract notions and associated ideas; and that that part of the "beautiful" which was not a sensation was an affectation, or misnomer. A few additional observations may have been dragged in out of unbridled interest in the subject, but we do not gather upon what part of our remarks the writer would place responsibility for the opinion that "repose" or "calm" was a necessary ingredient and provoking cause of the sensation. We will not however take up space in debating the point; we are sufficiently interested to use the criticism as a peg for further inquiry from which our correspondent will gather our meaning and learn whether, with greater explicitness, it can make terms with his objections; for in any judgment passed on the nature of sensation, direct appeal must be made to experience, and though even a widely different experience of another would not cancel our own, it might quite possibly cancel the claims of an attempted explanation. It would be a scheme much to our liking, some time in the future, to issue a supplement containing the observations of observers whose experience is sufficiently defined to bear recounting. In any case the experiment should prove valuable. Should the versions prove too disparate to allow of any sort of co-ordination, any general basis of agreement, it would at least show that the hypotheses were worthless; show the necessity of overhauling the terms supposedly covering elementary data; of observing the phenomena afresh from the beginning, having banished all preconceived notions; whereas on the other hand, should there issue a promise of agreement, of arriving at the general character and function of the experience, a work of incalculable value would have been set on foot.

That however remains a proposal for the future. What we propose here is to advance an hypothesis: not an idea, nothing to do with the "essence" of the experience; merely a suggested explanation of the way in which its elementary characteristics are achieved; quite likely perhaps to prove wrong as right, but containing a few "pegs" of fact which, if not accommodated by this explanation will require to be accommodated in some other which later may be found. To formulate hypotheses, based on careful observation, and advance them for criticism without prejudices in favour of their ultimate accuracy, appears the chief means of bringing a little light into the consideration of vital phenomena. Indeed, unless philosophers (pretentious title) are prepared to be proved in the wrong as well as in the right, to test their "guesses" in the open, vital truth will never progress beyond the closed systems of the individual cult-makers. As long as philosophers continue to be so destitute of emotional integrity as to be willing to set up a "system" on the limping leg of any unverified hypothesis; to make a cult of some windy idea, with creed, ritual disciples and perpetuators all exclusive and complete, so long will culture, i.e., life-knowledge, remain the tenebrous thing it is.

Before we can continue the inquiry with any profit it will be necessary to define three terms, the undefined use of which seems calculated to render the
enough to enable one to feel life living, and to hear its unborn sound.

The explanation of what has happened appears to us to lie in the dual function of the sense-filaments and in the waiting energies of a soul developed to a fulness when increased play of its powers becomes a fierce necessity. The sensation of the beautiful is the successful overleaping of barriers of limitation laid on the soul by the inhibitory function of the sense. What appears to happen at any rate in regard to visual beauty, is the confusion of the sense under a species of hypnotic influence which the illusion of beauty exercises. The sense-filament, perhaps by an instinctive feeling of well-being—often mistaken as the syren fables go to show—is put off its sentinel guard; tricked of its excluding characteristic, its inhibitory side rendered inoperative. As the common speech puts it, the senses are "spell-bound" and the avenues of feeling are open for a fuller stream of emotion to pour through and eat into the experience. So we get the two elements of absolute beauty: the fascination and overpowering of the sense and the joy of exercising imprisoned emotion. By the mesmeric action of certain phenomena, the thin sense-filament, head, as it were, of the emotional procession, is placed under arrest while the rest of the "trail" grows into the moment. Hence—a seeming halting-place in life which never halts, a realisation of the soul-life without sensing the jag of the sense-bridle.

The sense of unity which is part and parcel with bound—has experienced. It is the full tide of emotion which beats upon the barrier of sense, and surges towards a fuller outlet and stronger experience. These definitions made, we may proceed to the inquiry into the sensation of the "beautiful": of which inquiry we may distinguish three main aspects; the quality of the sensation itself; the existence of the capacity to experience the sensation; and the special nature (if any) of the external agents capable of producing it. The grievance which most of us have against our sensations is that they are too short to allow emotion to turn round in them. Feeling is but rarely able to sense the quality of itself in the moment of experience. Consequently we are thrown back upon the secondhand knowledge of memory for confirmation; and memory is faulty because sensation, in addition to being brief, is feeble. This briefness of realisation is the most baffling thing in life: it is that which lies at the root of all excesses and all attempted voluptuousness; the excess is the outcome of a series of efforts to appease to a fuller satisfaction sensation tantalisingly incomplete. Repetition attempts to do what only duration could achieve; its effect is to make even repetition impossible. The sensation of the beautiful is the one case where realisation is long-drawn out. It is voluptuousness in excelsis, unfretted by repetitions because satisfying in a single time-length. It is pleasure caught on the wing: brought to a pause to be enjoyed. It is a moment in which realisation is fixed; then grows; sublimes; then fades, and the flux of normal being moves on. But the momentary stay in the flux has been enough to enable one to feel life living, and to hear its unborn sound.

The explanation of what has happened appears to us to lie in the dual function of the sense-filaments and in the waiting energies of a soul developed to a fulness when increased play of its powers becomes a fierce necessity. The sensation of the beautiful is the successful overleaping of barriers of limitation laid on the soul by the inhibitory function of the sense. What appears to happen at any rate in regard to visual beauty, is the confusion of the sense under a species of hypnotic influence which the illusion of beauty exercises. The sense-filament, perhaps by an instinctive feeling of well-being—often mistaken as the syren fables go to show—is put off its sentinel guard; tricked of its excluding characteristic, its inhibitory side rendered inoperative. As the common speech puts it, the senses are "spell-bound" and the avenues of feeling are open for a fuller stream of emotion to pour through and eat into the experience. So we get the two elements of absolute beauty: the fascination and overpowering of the sense and the joy of exercising imprisoned emotion. By the mesmeric action of certain phenomena, the thin sense-filament, head, as it were, of the emotional procession, is placed under arrest while the rest of the "trail" grows into the moment. Hence—a seeming halting-place in life which never halts, a realisation of the soul-life without sensing the jag of the sense-bridle.

The sense of unity which is part and parcel with

entire discussion nugatory; the terms body, soul, and sense. The critic to whom we have already referred complains that we "banish" the body, and asks if Blake were not wiser in maintaining that "a man has no body distinct from his soul; for that called body is a portion of the Soul." Whether we allow that Blake was wiser or no; whether we allow that his statement is or is not even roughly accurate, we do not alter the fact that if the body be a "portion" of the soul it is one of which the soul becomes extraordinarily negligent. Every man has a time in his life when he very drastically cuts his connection with this "portion" which he leaves lying like derelict property, abandoned luggage, for any to dispose of. This neglect involves a misprisal of the body which common sense is not slow to take note of. It recognises that one day the "Man" will repair to haunts upon an invitation which does not include the "body," and that this will, without ceremony, be left like a cast-off garment. We would rather say that the "body" was a screen of dead matter specially acted upon by a unit of living energy to serve as a huffer and a neutral zone between the latter and the world (i.e., all things not itself) outside. Dead matter does not become living matter when it is "used" by organised emotion. It is merely transmuted to make it more apt to the using. "Living matter" is "dead matter" interpenetrated with organised emotion. A dead body is no more "dead" than a living body. The difference between the two is that the one is being used and preserved in a certain semblance suggesting organisation while the other is not. Dead, the organised life which encouraged the illusion that the body too was organised is gone and has left no address. The remnant left behind at death is all that there existed of "body" in life. Aggressively common-place remarks which curates and other simple souls repeat every day, and neither Blake nor any other could say a word in contradiction. So much for the "body" dead matter even in life, from our point of view.

The senses, in our way of using the term, are the thin streams of soul which filter through the screen of matter outward towards the external surface. They are the fringe of soul where feeling, i.e., life, runs thinnest, slender feelers, some too fine to feel more than the dimmest awareness of the shiver of contact; and some broader and stronger. The effect, if not the purpose, of this difference in density and intensity which is indicated in the use of the two terms "soul" and "sense" is to enable a life-unit to ingratinat itself into the phenomenal world with a minimum implication of emotion in experience. The organisation of the senses represents caution embodied in the structure of life. The senses have a two-fold action: explorative outward into phenomena; inhibitory inward, checking off the main reservoirs of the emotional depths, all save the thin streams of feeling which connect them. Scouts outwardly they are sentinels inward. The soul is the general name we would employ to indicate the deeper reaches of the emotional organism. It is the denser organised complex of all the feelings which the ego—soul and sense com-
I t was Oscar Wilde who illuminated the arid regions of causes and propaganda with the observation that great movements come to an end with the birth of their founder. The remark came involuntarily to mind as we endeavoured to find the real basis of criticisms passed on The New Freewoman by a number of American friends who were strong enthusiasts of its predecessor. Elsewhere, in this issue, there appears a complaint from Mr. Benjamin R. Tucker, who is also an American, against the alternate pelting and scolding of "Americans" of which he thinks we have been guilty. In reply we make these notes on "Americans and Movements.” First, let us tell of our contribution for speaking of "Americans" as if they were the spell before we are aware, living into the moment with a desire which is of ourselves and for ourselves as much as is that which makes us eat food.

Before passing to the difficult question as to what agencies produce the beautiful (difficult because of the limitations of individual experience) it would be well to remove from the discussion yet one other source of confusion, to wit, the confusion between beauty and art. Beauty is a sense: the latest arrival among the senses: rather the latest development of power in senses already existent, and for the artist, like every other sense, it has evidence to give, for which the artist creates the forms of expression. To alter the phrase, it creates and holds up a light torch while the seeker casts about. So in their degree do all the senses: but beauty in a higher degree because its light is brighter and less fitful. Beyond this, art has no concern with beauty. The business of art is to tell as much of the truth as it knows about life. Its marks are skill, power, insight, accuracy. It has nothing to do with prettiness, effectiveness, the "moonlight and pointilace" pieces. Art is that rarest thing in the world: the steady dogged speaking of the truth concerning oneself.

(To be Continued.)

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

November 15th, 1913.

The New Freewoman
We must return to our disappointed American friends. The cause of their disappointment lies in their former mistaken belief that they had found another "leader," one even more interestingly shaped "ladder" than many others. That would not be their way of putting it; they have more self-respect and a stronger sense of humour than the female cis-atlantic genuflectors; but it comes to the same thing. They imagined that The New Freewoman was "to stand for something." Whereas it stands for nothing: it is the flexible frame waiting to be filled with the expression of the constantly shifting tale of the contributors' emotions. It has no "Cause." All that we require of it is that it remain flexible and appear with a different air each issue. Should an influence came in to make it rigid, as happens in all other papers, it would drop from our hands immediately.

With an expression so mobile that what was said yesterday flows under the check of what we feel today, it behoves us to pick phrases even gingerly. There is no possibility of compatibility of expression as the refusal to recognise any claims to hold consistently to any past expression. It is the "protected" consistency which plays havoc with consistency. Hence the "quibbling with terms" and the absence of those old "clear notes, ringing like blows from Thor's hammer," which one of our "Americans," greatly faithful to The New Freewoman, in spite of its defects, so sadly misses. "Thor's hammer" is a very satisfying weapon to use when one is whacking about among words, and ideas, and other bodiless things which don't matter; but it is better to regard it as a curb when dealing with living things: especially bare human emotions. The point of a fine pen is often too blunt for the purpose, we find. Nevertheless, we imagined that occasionally we succeeded in tolerable measure. For we love the clear light; and love not the mysterious; upon occasion we have given evidence of candour frank to the degree of primitive. Thus another American friend who sends the following comment will believe that we are not "post anything" by intention. The obscurity which she expresses shows how achievement falls short of that lucidity for which we have a passionate longing. "Apparently my simple Middle Western intelligence is inadequate to grasp the import of a paper so post-everything as The New Freewoman. I have a dizzy sense of being at sea in a high gale with nothing but a cockle-shell between me and the briny deep. In reading it, I am oppressed with a truly awful conviction of crudity and ignorance; and I long unutterably for some tiny spot of the solid ground of knowledge and experience on which to stand while I size up the stuff. I want to keep on with it for no other reason than that I want to get over this hideous sense of intellectual insecurity.

"A paper so post-everything as The New Freewoman" comes near enough to Mr. Tucker's phrase about our "wild onslaught on all ideas." "pure nonsense, unanswerable because intangible," to enable us to treat the two together. But first let us make a direct statement which we hope will remove much of the apparent obscurity. "There is no urge so compelling towards consistency and the absence of those old "clear notes, ringing like blows from Thor's hammer," which one of our "Americans," greatly faithful to The New Freewoman, in spite of its defects, so sadly misses. "Thor's hammer" is a very satisfying weapon to use when one is whacking about among words, and ideas, and other bodiless things which don't matter; but it is better to regard it as a curb when dealing with living things: especially bare human emotions. The point of a fine pen is often too blunt for the purpose, we find. Nevertheless, we imagined that occasionally we succeeded in tolerable measure. For we love the clear light; and love not the mysterious; upon occasion we have given evidence of candour frank to the degree of primitive. Thus another American friend who sends the following comment will believe that we are not "post anything" by intention. The obscurity which she expresses shows how achievement falls short of that lucidity for which we have a passionate longing. "Apparently my simple Middle Western intelligence is inadequate to grasp the import of a paper so post-everything as The New Freewoman. I have a dizzy sense of being at sea in a high gale with nothing but a cockle-shell between me and the briny deep. In reading it, I am oppressed with a truly awful conviction of crudity and ignorance; and I long unutterably for some tiny spot of the solid ground of knowledge and experience on which to stand while I size up the stuff. I want to keep on with it for no other reason than that I want to get over this hideous sense of intellectual insecurity."

We frankly do not understand why Mr. Tucker, an egoist, and Stirner's English publisher, does not see the necessity of clearing current language of padding as a preliminary of egoistic investigation. It is a task which pioneers in a new branch of science are always faced with. Stirner himself worked like a navvy at the job. As for Proudhon, we are entirely beyond the reach of the verdicts of opinion among those who know, and are not moved by the fact that Proudhon wrote at the zenith of his power," when he wrote "L'Idée générale de la révolution au XIXe siècle."

"A paper so post-everything as The New Freewoman" comes near enough to Mr. Tucker's phrase about our "wild onslaught on all ideas." "pure nonsense, unanswerable because intangible," to enable us to treat the two together. But first let us make a direct statement which we hope will remove much of the apparent obscurity. "There is no urge so compelling towards consistency and the absence of those old "clear notes, ringing like blows from Thor's hammer," which one of our "Americans," greatly faithful to The New Freewoman, in spite of its defects, so sadly misses. "Thor's hammer" is a very satisfying weapon to use when one is whacking about among words, and ideas, and other bodiless things which don't matter; but it is better to regard it as a curb when dealing with living things: especially bare human emotions. The point of a fine pen is often too blunt for the purpose, we find. Nevertheless, we imagined that occasionally we succeeded in tolerable measure. For we love the clear light; and love not the mysterious; upon occasion we have given evidence of candour frank to the degree of primitive. Thus another American friend who sends the following comment will believe that we are not "post anything" by intention. The obscurity which she expresses shows how achievement falls short of that lucidity for which we have a passionate longing. "Apparently my simple Middle Western intelligence is inadequate to grasp the import of a paper so post-everything as The New Freewoman. I have a dizzy sense of being at sea in a high gale with nothing but a cockle-shell between me and the briny deep. In reading it, I am oppressed with a truly awful conviction of crudity and ignorance; and I long unutterably for some tiny spot of the solid ground of knowledge and experience on which to stand while I size up the stuff. I want to keep on with it for no other reason than that I want to get over this hideous sense of intellectual insecurity."

We frankly do not understand why Mr. Tucker, an egoist, and Stirner's English publisher, does not see the necessity of clearing current language of padding as a preliminary of egoistic investigation. It is a task which pioneers in a new branch of science are always faced with. Stirner himself worked like a navvy at the job. As for Proudhon, we are entirely beyond the reach of the verdicts of opinion among those who know, and are not moved by the fact that Proudhon wrote at the zenith of his power," when he wrote "L'Idée générale de la révolution au XIXe siècle."

"A paper so post-everything as The New Freewoman" comes near enough to Mr. Tucker's phrase about our "wild onslaught on all ideas." "pure nonsense, unanswerable because intangible," to enable us to treat the two together. But first let us make a direct statement which we hope will remove much of the apparent obscurity. "There is no urge so compelling towards consistency and the absence of those old "clear notes, ringing like blows from Thor's hammer," which one of our "Americans," greatly faithful to The New Freewoman, in spite of its defects, so sadly misses. "Thor's hammer" is a very satisfying weapon to use when one is whacking about among words, and ideas, and other bodiless things which don't matter; but it is better to regard it as a curb when dealing with living things: especially bare human emotions. The point of a fine pen is often too blunt for the purpose, we find. Nevertheless, we imagined that occasionally we succeeded in tolerable measure. For we love the clear light; and love not the mysterious; upon occasion we have given evidence of candour frank to the degree of primitive. Thus another American friend who sends the following comment will believe that we are not "post anything" by intention. The obscurity which she expresses shows how achievement falls short of that lucidity for which we have a passionate longing. "Apparently my simple Middle Western intelligence is inadequate to grasp the import of a paper so post-everything as The New Freewoman. I have a dizzy sense of being at sea in a high gale with nothing but a cockle-shell between me and the briny deep. In reading it, I am oppressed with a truly awful conviction of crudity and ignorance; and I long unutterably for some tiny spot of the solid ground of knowledge and experience on which to stand while I size up the stuff. I want to keep on with it for no other reason than that I want to get over this hideous sense of intellectual insecurity.
Sayings of K'ung the Master.
Selected, with an introduction, by Allen Upward.

II.
THE MASTER ACCORDING TO OTHERS.

The warder of the marches of E requested to be introduced to the Master. When he came out from the interview, he said to the disciples,—"My friends, why are you distressed by your Master's loss of office? The empire has long been without right principles: Heaven is going to use your Master as a bell with its wooden tongue."

There were four things which the Master taught,—letters, behaviour, firmness of mind, and truthfulness.

The subjects on which the Master did not talk were,—marvels, feats of strength, treasons, and spirits.

Ke Lu asked about serving the spirits. The Master said,—"While you are not able to serve men, how can you serve spirits?" Ke Lu said,—"I venture to ask about death." He was answered, "While you do not know life, how can you know about death?"

The Master angled, but did not use a net. He shot, but not at birds sitting.

The Master was mild, and yet dignified; majestic, and yet not fierce; respectful, and yet easy.

The subjects of which the Master seldom spoke were,—profitableness, the appointments of Heaven, and perfect virtue.

A man of the village of Ta-hiang said,—"Great indeed is this philosopher K'ung! His learning is extensive, and yet he does not render his name famous by anything!" The Master heard the observation, and said to his disciples,—"What shall I take up? Shall I take up chariotteering, or shall I take up archery? I will take up chariotteering!"

There were four things from which the Master was entirely free. He had no foregone conclusions, no arbitrary decisions, no obstinacy, and no egoism.

When Yen Yuen died, the Master bewailed him exceedingly, and the disciples who were with him said,—"Sir, your grief is excessive." "Is it excessive?" he said. "If I am not to mourn for this man, for whom should I mourn?"

The Master, standing by a stream, said,—"It passes on just like this, not ceasing day or night."

III.
The MASTER AND HIS DISCIPLES.

Tsze-loo asked whether he should immediately carry into practice what he heard. The Master said,—"There are your father and elder brothers to be consulted;—why should you act on that principle of immediately carrying into practice what you hear?"

Yen Yew asked the same, whether he should immediately carry into practice what he heard, and the Master answered,—"Immediately carry into practice what you hear."

Kung-se-Hwa said,—"Yew asked whether he should carry immediately into practice what he heard, and you said,—There are your father and elder brothers to be consulted." Yew asked whether he should immediately carry into practice what he heard, and you said,—'Carry it immediately into practice.' I am perplexed, and venture to ask you for an explanation."

The Master said,—"K'e is retiring and slow; therefore I urged him forward. Yew has more than his own share of energy; therefore I kept him back."

The Master said,—"Hwuy gives me no help. There is nothing that I say in which he does not delight."

The Master said,—"Yew, have you heard the six words to which are attached six becloudings?" Yew replied, "I have not." "Sit down and I will tell them to you. There is the love of being benevolent without the love of learning,—the beclouding here leads to rudeness. There is the love of knowing without the love of learning,—the beclouding here leads to an injurious disregard for consequences. There is the love of straightforwardness without the love of learning,—the beclouding here leads to rudeness. There is the love of boldness without the love of learning,—the beclouding here leads to insubordination. There is the love of firmness without the love of learning,—the beclouding here leads to extravagant conduct."

The Master said,—"I would prefer not speaking."

Tsze-kung said,—"If you, Master, do not speak, what shall we, your disciples, have to record?"

The Master said,—"Does Heaven speak? The four seasons pursue their courses, and all things are produced; but does Heaven say anything?"
IV.
THE SUPERIOR MAN.

The mind of the superior man is conversant with righteousness; the mind of the mean man is conversant with gain.

The superior man wishes to be slow in his words and earnest in his conduct.

The superior man is satisfied and composed; the mean man is always filled with distress.

Sze-ma New asked about the superior man. The Master said, "The superior man has neither anxiety nor fear;"

"Being without anxiety or fear!" said he. "Does this constitute the superior man?"

The Master said, "When self-examination discloses nothing wrong, what is there to be anxious about; what is there to fear?"

Without recognising the appointments of Heaven, it is impossible to be a superior man.

Without an acquaintance with the rules of propriety, it is impossible for the character to be established.

Without knowing words, it is impossible to know men.

V.
PERFECT VIRTUE.

Yen Yuen asked about perfect virtue. The Master said,—"To subdue oneself, and return to propriety, is perfect virtue. If a man can for one day subdue himself and return to propriety, all under heaven will ascribe perfect virtue to him. Is the practice of perfect virtue from a man himself, or is it from others?"

Yen Yuen said,—"I beg to ask the steps of that process."

"Without recognising the appointments of Heaven, it is impossible to be a superior man.

Without an acquaintance with the rules of propriety, it is impossible for the character to be established.

Without knowing words, it is impossible to know men.

On Interference with the Environment.

V.—MAINLY ON OFFENSES TO THE EYE.

Under the head of pure water, it appears to me that bathing in a river or lake, if it is not receiving such special care as belongs to a water-supply reservoir, cannot be reconciled as a pollution, because an open river cannot be supposed to be in such a state of purity as bathing would impair. Of course, indeed, fear of the pollution of the Ganges water by the bathing at Benares; but, until I see the testimony of a competent specialist observer, I am inclined to doubt whether—even if the running of sewage into the river had first been stopped—the abolition of this bathing would make the Ganges below Benares a perceptibly better river to live by. Of course what I said earlier about the isolation of persons carrying known disease-germs applies to the bathing of such persons.

As to offenses to the sense of hearing, we must not regard as invasive any noises which, by their use as public warnings, are practically necessary for the protection of life and property.

Of the points that I had intended to speak of, I think there remains only that of offenses to the sense of sight. Doubtless some other things may seem to others to require special attention. For instance, if I were a tobacco-smoker I might find difficulty in my assertion that the creation of an offensive smell in a public place is an assault on those who happen to dislike the smell. Not being a smoker nor any friend of the weed, I find myself incompetent to present the argument on that side with sufficient appreciation to develop the force which it may doubtless possess; I must therefore leave it to smokers to make their own argument in favour of stenches, and I will read that argument with as much open-mindedness as I am able to bring to it.

As to sight, we are continually hearing of the crime committed by those who offend sight in this or that way, and of proposed legislation to stop such offenses. A little patience with some of these crimes may be recommended. A few years ago we heard much of the atrocious artistic crime of spoiling the sky-line of New York by sky-scraper buildings. To-day, after the public has taken a very short time to change its mind, we always hear that this square-toothed sky-line is New York’s greatest artistic merit. I take credit to myself for having thought that skyline a good thing while the opinion voiced by critics was most loudly condemnatory. At present there is a movement for the restriction of further sky-scraper building on the ground that the supply has got ahead of the demand and that they cut off their neighbours’ light. But if this movement is successful—as it well may be, since it has behind it the money of those who already own buildings and feel that they have too much competition—it will not mean that critical opinion is on the side of those who once wanted to suppress them for beauty’s sake.

At the present moment a large section of the public is saying that if any offense to the bodily senses constitutes an assault it is the exhibition of advertisements. I think there remains only that of offenses to the eye. The Master said,—"It is, when you go abroad, to behave to everyone as if you were receiving a great guest; to employ the people as if you were assisting against you in the country, and none in the family."

Chung-kung asked about perfect virtue. The Master said,—"It is, when you go abroad, to behave to everyone as if you were receiving a great guest; to employ the people as if you were assisting against you in the country, and none in the family."

Sze-ma New asked about perfect virtue. The Master said,—"The man of perfect virtue is cautious and slow in his speech."

"Cautious and slow in his speech!" said New. "Is this what is meant by perfect virtue?"

The Master said,—"When a man feels the difficulty of doing, can he be other than cautious and slow in speaking?"

(To be continued.)
The Divine Mystery.*

"I was sitting like Abraham in my tent door in the heat of the day, outside a Pagan city of Africa, when the lord of the thunder appeared before me, going on his way into the town to call down thunder from heaven upon it."

"He had on his wizard's robe, hung round with magical shells that rattled as he moved; and there walked behind him a young man carrying a lute. I gave the musician a piece of silver, and he danced before me the dance that draws down the thunder. After which he went his way into the town; and the people were gathered together in the courtyard of the king's house; and he danced before them all. Then it thundered for the first time in many days; and the king gave the thunder-maker a black goat— the immortal reward of the performing god."

"I begin the history of the Divine Man, and such is his rude nativity. The secret of genius is sensitiveness. The Genius of the Thunder who revealed himself to me could not call the thunder, but he could be called by it. He was more quick than other men to feel the changes of the atmosphere; perhaps he had rendered his nervous system more sensitive still by fasting or mental abstraction; and he had learned to read his own symptoms as we read a barometer. So, when he felt the storm gathering round his head, he put on his symbolical vestment, and marched forth to be its Word, the archetype of all Heroes in all Mysteries."

So begins the fascinating book on folk-lore that I have chosen for quotation. It is not a philosophy, yet it manages to be an almost complete expression of philosophy. Mr. Upward has been a "resident" in Nigeria; he has had much at first hand, and in all his interpretation of documents he has never for an instant forgotten that documents are but the shadow of the fact. He has never forgotten the very real man inside the event or the history. It is this which distinguishes him from all the encyclopaedists who have written endlessly upon corn gods, etc.

Moreover, he thinks.

He thinks, it seems. He is intelligent. Good God! is it not a marvel that in the age of Cadbury and Northcliffe, and the " Atlantic Monthly" and the present " English Review," etc., ad nauseam, is it not an overwhelming wonder that a thinking sentient being should still inhabit this planet and be allowed to publish a book!!

Very well then. Mr. Upward is intelligent. He is cognizant of the forces of intelligence and has traced, in some measure, their influence. He has traced the growth of religious superstition from the primitive type of the thunder-maker to the idea of the messiah. He has traced many of the detestable customs of modern life to their roots in superstition.

The first half of the book is planned, if it can be called so, on the slow recognition of the sun. That is to say, on the many things that have to do with the worship of the dead, and of the earth and of various fears, to a worship of the life-giving Helios. The solar missionary says it is unnecessary to bury a man in the cornfield in order that crops shall rise by virtue of his spirit. The Aten disc is explained. The "Dies Irae" turns out to be a relic of fire worship. The " Divine Mystery" necessitates a new translation of the bible. And if the ecclesiastical mind were not ossified beyond all hope of revivification we should see the introductory notes above the chapters abandoned in favour of something related to truth.

Mr. Upward has left the charming pastoral figure of Jesus in a more acceptable light than have the advocates of " That religion which the Nazarene has been accused of having founded."

He has chosen the word from the word Goat, which will be a satisfaction to many. He has related prophecies to astrology, and has shown the new era to be related to the ascent of the successive signs of the zodiac in which the sun appears, changing his mansion about once in each eight centuries.

The book itself is a summary, a leisured summary, that does not cut corners, or leave one with insufficient information. Still it contains so much and so much of vivid interest that it is very nearly impossible to review it.

It is a book full of suggestion for half a dozen sorts of specialist, at the same time it is legible and so clearly written that one has no need of specialized knowledge to read it.

I, personally, find in it clues and suggestions for the Provençal love customs of the Middle Ages—in the chapter on early marriage laws. Modern marriage is, apparently, derived from the laws of slave concubinage, not from the more venerable forms of primitive European marriage. So much so for the upholsters of "Sacrament."

It is great satisfaction to find a nice, logical book, where all the cantic fools who have plagued one are—no, not "abused," but where an author, writing in a gentle and reasonable tone, presenting simple fact after simple fact, undermines their pretensions, and shows them naked in all their detestability, in all their unutterable silliness.

The lovely belief in a durable hot hell dates back to the Parsee who squatted over a naptha volrano. And various other stupidities still prevalent are shown to be as little inspired by either divine or human intelligence. It is a great book for liberations.

*The Divine Mystery. By Allen Upward. (Garden City Press. 10/6.)
Someday, when the circulationists are neatly forgotten, people will take note of Mr. Upward's work in fundamentals. His "The New Word" will be recognised, instead of being ranted about by a few enthusiasts.

He is wholly careless of certain matters; he is apparently quite willing that his work should be immortal in general belief, instead of being "preserved in specific works.

This author is a focus, that is to say he has a sense of major relations. The enlightenments of our era have come to him. He has seen how the things "put together."

It is pleasing to know that the ordinary native's hunt in Africa sets out with an ark of the covenant every whit as sacred as the junk box which the recognised, instead of being ranted about by a few in fundamentals. His "The New Word" will be "The Hands" (1901). "The Music of the era have come to him. He has seen how the things "put together."

I do not wish to lead anyone into the belief that this is an immoral book. I believe Mr. Upward to be one of the devoutest men of the age. He insists that the real God is neither a cad nor an imbecile, and that is, to my mind, a fairly good ground for religion.

"All that has been was right, and will be wrong." He shows that even the crusades of the earlier and now detestable religions came in their own time as liberations.

It is a very difficult work to review. How Mr. Upward has managed to tell so many interesting facts in three hundred pages, is somewhat beyond me. It is, I must repeat, a clarifying book, it is perspicacious, but his mind is balanced by nature and by a knowledge of the Chinese classics. He is nowhere content with a sham.

Speaking in moderation, I suppose one might call "The Divine Mystery" a book indispensable to clergymen, legislators, students of folk-lore, and the more intelligent public. I do not write this as a specialist; but judging by those points where Mr. Upward's specialité coincides with my own, I should say that he was led a scholarship not only wide but precise. He shows remarkable powers of synthesis.

However correct or incorrect I may be in my estimate, of this at least I am certain: no sane man will be bored during the hours he gives to the reading of this book.

Ezra Pound.

Otakar Brezina.
(Translated by P. Selver.)

The name of Otakar Brezina (which, by the way, is the pseudonym of Václav Jevaby) has not yet reached the ordinary works of reference. This offers some excuse for the tabulation of a few bare facts concerning the man. Brezina was born in Southern Bohemia 45 years ago, and lives at present in a small town of Moravia, where he is a schoolteacher. Nothing more definite than this appears anywhere. From 1895 onwards he has issued the following volumes of poetry: "The Mystic Distances," then, "The Dawn in the West" (1896), "The Polar Winds" (1897), "The Temple Builders" (1899), and "The Hands" (1901). "The Music of the Springs," his one collection of prose essays, appeared in 1903.* This year a definitive edition of his complete works was published in a single volume — an event which seems to imply that Brezina has now had his say.

It is a real delight to trace Brezina's spiritual progress from 1895 to 1901. The mere titles are full of hidden and unexpected meanings. Of course, it would be affectation to deny that Brezina is a difficult poet. But I, for one, refuse to designate him as obscure. His difficulties arise rather from the excess of light in his poems, with their wealth of dazzling images. But read on, and read again, and your eyes will grow accustomed to the splendour.

I suppose I must say a word or two about the translations. If they serve their purpose of revealing something of Brezina's world, they have done good service. More I cannot claim for them. With all the revising and polishing in the world (and they have had enough of it, Heaven knows), nothing can reproduce the taciturn dignity of Brezina's highly-inflected Czech, in a language where prepositions and pronouns are worn threadbare.

P. Selver.

Places of Harmony and Solace.

Mute and bewildered we rove thro' the halls of illusion in thy palace;
Ere ever mysterious grows the world before our gaze:
Ere ever more joyful grows our grief, ever more sorrowful grows our laughter,
Ere ever more riddling the responses of thy tokens.

The radiant wisdom of the sun, the advent of nights and mornings,
The meeting of heaven and earth, the prophecy of death and the stars,
The melancholy fatigues of summer, the tender rejoicings in autumn,
And the dazzling sight of immortality in the gaze of a lover.

And at the end we approach the crystal halls of thy stillnesses,
(Happy is he who has entered them, happier he who finds not return from them.)
And the whole secret of the grievous and majestic world
Quivers before us in the light of thy familiar smile.

At our every step and greeting, a cry and breath of amazement
Resounds there thro' the azure passages like the music of echoes reaching into the infinite;
And by magic reflection, our most hidden thoughts Are visible there to all, like the star-clusters of the purest night.

There our hearts blossom like spring, a nest for all thy song-birds,
The blue lustre of songs and kisses is above the heads of toilers,
And in a Radiance, as if the suns of all firmaments were welded into one
We behold the annals of our souls in the enchanted mirror of countless mortals.

Thou goest before us to the steps of the worlds, like a mystical Asperser*
With a gesture that uplifts rainbow-gates above the ages, thou dost consecrate all:
The grief of genius, the beauty of women, the blithness of children, the kindling of bliss,
The delicate sleep of flowers, and, the devoted, un­ murmuring humility of the beasts.

* Roman Catholic ceremony of sprinkling.
We cry "Hail" to lands and cities, the corn-cars and vines of all fields,
He who has drunk from our hands, departs transfigured and wistful,
And the meeting of brethren, even of the meanest, is glorious, we see, in thy smile.
As the meeting of princes with unending, invisible retinue.

And knowing no other griefs than the most secret of all forfeits,—
To fear thy nearness upon the threshold of thy inmost worlds—
Humble conquerors, we follow thee to thy gardens,
And All the armies sent forth against us, surrender into our hands.

O mournful graveyard, where slumber the spirits of the Mighty,
Where gleaming shadows, in a throng, wander age upon age to their tombs.
The glow of mystical fires, like a polar radiance Flings its reflection to thy portals!

Like a sleep-walker I approach the garden of thy splendours,
Whither night, like a gulf of black oceans, is shed
Upon a field of perished blossoms, that, clad in bluish lustre
Burns like livid phosphorus.

Time has stretched as a drab woof upon the sorrow of thy silence,
The quivering of mute words, the vapour of quenched passions;
The sighings of a dead multitude rise oppressive from thy soil
And fill thine atmosphere with decay.

O Eternal, speak, durst I, unclean with the longing of my blood,
Declaim to thee my quiet mass, where thy metal shrine is upraised
Above a marble city, before a small altar,
Under some vault aloof?

And drench in the wine of ecstasy the bread of life
Upon the table of sacrifice, where, beneath the roses of my dreams,
And beneath the glitter of missals, are hidden
The hallowed reliquies of thy dead?
Or, by the pressure of my weak hands, shall thy body, a grape-cluster,
Yield its miraculous blood to a golden chalice,
And with the lustre of angels wilt thou kindle my gaze,
Whose birth-place is in the dusk?

From the hecatombs of my days I cry to thee:
Torture and burn,
And in the penthouse of griefs whiten my countenance to snow-whiteness:
I will burn my sorrow till it become a fragrant and grateful incense
At a fire of rhythm in song to thee!

In white blossoms I will strew the foam of bliss, that love in its ferment flings,
Upon the purple of carpets to thee,
And the bliss of maidenly bodies, where fragrance slumbers,
Moulded bosom-shaped in alabaster.

I will thrust forth my soul in a glowing pillar to heaven,
I will sink to rest in the coffin of my power, as in a metal sheath;
Till, clutched by the Mystery, like a smitten priest,
I will kneel down before thy altars.

—The Mystic Distances.

THE SILENT OCEAN.

The voice of our nightingales sparkled in thy dusk.
And buds
Like music settled before their unfolding. Beating of hearts, plashing of oars
In the rigging rang thy morning breeze, and the earth moved around us,
Mirrored in gold, like a coast of kingliness splendour.

But before us and above us, above the mystery of thy depths
A silent ocean burned with its thousand tracks of invisible worlds;
And ever gentler, like the murmur of waterfalls in the ears of the infirm,
The grief of the ever-lost earth flowed in our meditations.

We thought of its blossoms, covetously fragrant,
Kindled in its hidden fire, like the drawing together of lips;
Of every instant of love, resonant as a straying bee,
When it strikes at the glass casements against icy skies;

And of words bowing down in compassion; of the sacred blush of ecstasies,
And of the soul's unsullied voice, when it casts an assuaging spell
On the tempest of the blood; of the visions of prophets, wherein a myriad stars
Seethe like dust raised by the wind beneath the wheels of thy triumphal chariot.

Of the sun's smile of comfort amid the despair of days,
When suddenly it glisters on earthly things like the gilding of secret inscriptions;
Of the peaceful beckoning of the hostess of multitudes, when the fields of grain
Flash from the horizon, like glittering loaves upon a jasper dish.

Of the nights behind us, in whose dangerous muteness
Strangers, we wandered, as in time-old forests with their mournful beauty,
While the roaring of thy eternal flood-gates and the monotonous beat
Of thy wheels in thy mills of enchantment sorrowed from afar.

How silent are all these places become! We row upon a mute ocean;
Nightingales fly in the distance before us; above us a voiceless height
But as recompense for our eyes, the farther we wander from earthly shores,
The clearer do they behold its earliest sacred glory and marvel thereat.

—The Hands.

PREPAID ADVERTISEMENTS,
rd. per word, Minimum 1/-.
"The Horses of Diomedes."  
By Remy de Gourmont.  
(Translated by C. Sartoris,)  
XIII.—THE LAMB.

And its name is Lamb.

In the morning, Diomedes had just risen, and someone rang; the little bronze bell with its soft, pure tinkling, shivered, distraught; and at the same time, the door groaned under repeated knockings. It was Cyran, always announced in this violent and tyrannical manner.

A lamb bleated in his arms. It is my lamb for John the Baptist. It was brought to me from the country, two or three days ago, but dirty, its wool all knotted and smelling of the sheep-pen. It is a small male; I had it washed like a dog, by the man with a recruiter's cap on the river bank. The man wanted to shear it! Poor lamb! It is harbourèd rue Blomet, at a cattle feeders, who brings it to be every morning. It breakfasts with me, and a few lettuce leaves. And its name is Lamb. It shall be made into a ram with fine crumpled horns. Feel there, near the ears, the two little knots, hard already. Don't you think it bleats lovingly? It is so white!

Put on its feet, Lamb stumbled, then rolled on the carpet like a dog, its eyes soon closed.

Then, lighting his pipe, Cyran spoke in changed tones:

— The other evening, whilst talking, I looked, I observed, amused by the youth of the faces, the brightness of the eyes, scarcely wondering, that the women should have a silence, and the men long locks. There are modes and affectations of vices. It is indifferent to me as, outside of absolute chastity, all, hereafter, seems ugly. Moreover I soon ceased to wonder. In presence of faces I am the painter. I spoke of models, I examined heads, seeking the character which would suit my door. My Saint John is painted on the interior door of the sacristy. It is he who opens the door, from inside on the outer world so that from the secret life Jesus should pass into public life and to the sacrifice—consequence of every life dedicated to the people. It is perfectly clear, though the squarilic bird could not understand the symbol of my door, and especially the lamb marching, resolute and proud, in its gentleness, before the prophet. And yet, the lamb must not be carried; it must advance willingly towards the knife of the sacrificer.

— Last, wishing for an adolescent Saint John and not a withered old hermit, I singled him out a youth called Elian.

— Elian! ejaculated Diomedes. But his mouth is a sign-board!

— Then you can imagine. He came yesterday. And he played the part of an amorous countenance?

— Yes.

— Cyran, you really live too much beyond the pale of everything. He attempted the same adventure with Sully. It was very stupid. With Sully who marched, resolute and proud, in its gentleness, before nature.

— I was, I also, a scandal. Cyran objected:

— But I do not wish to marry. I am a monk. An old mistress? No. A passing liaison. I had a great tenderness for her it is true at the time when I was, I also, a scandal.

— Sully has been so beautiful and she is still so beautiful that it is forgiven her, resumed Diomedes. The world, in spite of its increasing stupidity, admits perfectly that a woman like Cyrène should have other claims in life and on life, than a woman of whom virtue is the only grace. Her existence will have been broad pompèan fresco, somewhat lascivious, something voluptuous, but of vivid colours and softened flesh. And then she cares for you. Did you not feel her emotion the other evening?

— I fear her love, answered Cyran. She will wish to obtain of me (and it would be her right) pleasures I desire no longer. I caress the hips of a woman, I caress the lips of a woman. And what is the use? The skin of a woman is now to me nothing but a very fine raiment, and if it is stretched over pleasant curves, it is a useful art, a documentary art?... Costumes interest the future historian, and clever people dissert on the colour of hair in Italy at the time of Veronese.

— Like Cecile and Valerien...

— In what will she find the strength to renounce love? The women should have short hair and the men long.

— Perhaps.

— My painting? Absolutely. It is necessary that it be a mystic marriage, purely white, angelic, beautiful that all is forgiven her, resumed Diomedes. The world, in spite of its increasing stupidity, admits perfectly that a woman like Cyrenè should have other claims in life and on life, than a woman of whom virtue is the only grace. Her existence will have been broad pompèan fresco, somewhat lascivious, something voluptuous, but of vivid colours and softened flesh.

— But with a creature whom I loved, whom I inhaled, whom I drank in.... I am troubled my dear Diomedes. Who will paint my pictures if I make love?

— Diomedes, amused by this controversy, insinuated:

— Painting is not incompatible with love.

— Painting is not incompatible with love. My painting? Absolutely. It is necessary that it be a mystic marriage, purely white, angelic, beautiful that all is forgiven her, resumed Diomedes. The world, in spite of its increasing stupidity, admits perfectly that a woman like Cyrenè should have other claims in life and on life, than a woman of whom virtue is the only grace. Her existence will have been broad pompèan fresco, somewhat lascivious, something voluptuous, but of vivid colours and softened flesh.

— But with a creature whom I loved, whom I inhaled, whom I drank in.... I am troubled my dear Diomedes. Who will paint my pictures if I make love?

— Diomedes, amused by this controversy, insinuated:

— Painting is not incompatible with love.

— Your painting? Absolutely. It is necessary that it be a mystic marriage, purely white, angelic, beautiful that all is forgiven her, resumed Diomedes. The world, in spite of its increasing stupidity, admits perfectly that a woman like Cyrenè should have other claims in life and on life, than a woman of whom virtue is the only grace. Her existence will have been broad pompèan fresco, somewhat lascivious, something voluptuous, but of vivid colours and softened flesh.

— But with a creature whom I loved, whom I inhaled, whom I drank in.... I am troubled my dear Diomedes. Who will paint my pictures if I make love?

— Diomedes, amused by this controversy, insinuated:

— Painting is not incompatible with love.

— Your painting? Absolutely. It is necessary that it be a mystic marriage, purely white, angelic, beautiful that all is forgiven her, resumed Diomedes. The world, in spite of its increasing stupidity, admits perfectly that a woman like Cyrenè should have other claims in life and on life, than a woman of whom virtue is the only grace. Her existence will have been broad pompèan fresco, somewhat lascivious, something voluptuous, but of vivid colours and softened flesh.

— But with a creature whom I loved, whom I inhaled, whom I drank in.... I am troubled my dear Diomedes. Who will paint my pictures if I make love?

— Diomedes, amused by this controversy, insinuated:

— Painting is not incompatible with love.

— Your painting? Absolutely. It is necessary that it be a mystic marriage, purely white, angelic, beautiful that all is forgiven her, resumed Diomedes. The world, in spite of its increasing stupidity, admits perfectly that a woman like Cyrenè should have other claims in life and on life, than a woman of whom virtue is the only grace. Her existence will have been broad pompèan fresco, somewhat lascivious, something voluptuous, but of vivid colours and softened flesh.

— But with a creature whom I loved, whom I inhaled, whom I drank in.... I am troubled my dear Diomedes. Who will paint my pictures if I make love?
Novembre 15th, 1913.

But he resumed:—Cecile was pure, Valerian was young; their sacrifice was great, perhaps cruel. Mine would be peaceful, my friend. Frescoes are to me admirable and chaste; spouses, giving me perfect joy. . . . I do not compare me to Valerian, or compare Cyrene to Cecile. . . . One cannot even think of Philemon and Baucis, which is still admirable, but of an old misanthropist, ill, nervous, and of a woman, less illustrious in virtue than in beauty and esprit, and who to-morrow will be old, saddened, and ugly. . . . To do die alone, that is the question, and that is the horror. . . Without doubt, but it is perhaps more beautiful.

"He was found dead, paint brush in hand, lying at the feet of the lamb who seemed . . . ." What? I wish to paint until my last breath, souls, clouds, incense, white, white things. . . . Come and see me one of these days. . . . I paint everything at a time; I admit, Saint John, the Annunciation. All is begun, all. . . . To induce Lamb to stand erect, one holds out to him a salad leaf steeped in milk.

"Well, my friend, come with her if you wish. . . . She will see my souls, she will see what women have become for me, she will see how I understand life. . . . Souls, souls unto my last hour! Adieu!"

And, lifting the lamb in his arms, he went, like the Good Shepherd.

When Cyran had left, Diomedes, with sorrow, calculated his age, but he only arrived at almosts.

"He must be even older than he admits. . . . His, was a great brain. . . . He still has hours. . . ."

And Diomedes thought of the truly beautiful life of that man, ever untroubled by ambition or fortune. He had never departed from art, but to beg nobly by some passing work, his daily bread; his entrance into glory had been slow, processional, hieratic: never a gesture to please the people, or a smile towards the Jews, detainers, and dealers in sacred vessels, or a step towards laurels, wreaths, and flowers, but rather towards the reed and the sponge and the gall that men's hatred pours to those men who are the nobility of humanity.

Diomedes, who had always been filial, but not servile, began to doubt of his authority to urge him still towards Cyrene and towards such a risk. He was glad that Cyran had resisted and, admitting his objections, had resolved not to search his motives, tiring them away if his advice were again solicited.

Cyrene had in herself such a vast seduction! He was found dead, paint brush in hand, lying at the feet of the lamb who seemed . . . ."

The green trees stretched out their new shoots like fresh hands; the metallic laurels shone like sheaves of lances round purple beeches, solemn and proud, and the assembly of heavy chestnut trees, lifted towards heaven, the flame of its sconces seemed like some immense repository, to shield the Blessed Sacrament of nature.

She led Diomedes under the trees. The stately park, solitary and light, welcomed them in its smile. The green trees stretched out their new shoots like fresh hands; the metallic laurels shone like sheaves of lances round purple beeches, solemn and proud, and the assembly of heavy chestnut trees, lifted towards heaven, the flame of its sconces seemed like some immense repository, to shield the Blessed Sacrament of nature.

She led Diomedes under the chestnut trees.

Robed in sombre red stuff, the obscure reflection gave a hard copperish glitter to her golden hair, partly rail way to Jaffa of an annual pilgrimage whose torpidity would suit the invalid.

She shrieked, waving her olive stones:

"May the Mother of God be blessed! I will go to Jerusalem!"

Néobelle came in, and led Diomedes away whilst the old woman still shouted in menacing tones:

— I will go to Jerusalem.

XIV.—The CHESTNUT TREES.

The grass is soft and deep around the chestnut trees.

She led Diomedes under the trees. The stately park, solitary and light, welcomed them in its smile. The green trees stretched out their new shoots like fresh hands; the metallic laurels shone like sheaves of lances round purple beeches, solemn and proud, and the assembly of heavy chestnut trees, lifted towards heaven, the flame of its sconces seemed like some immense repository, to shield the Blessed Sacrament of nature.

She led Diomedes under the chestnut trees.

Robed in sombre red stuff, the obscure reflection gave a hard copperish glitter to her golden hair, partly rail way to Jaffa of an annual pilgrimage whose torpidity would suit the invalid.

She shrieked, waving her olive stones:

"May the Mother of God be blessed! I will go to Jerusalem!"

Néobelle came in, and led Diomedes away whilst the old woman still shouted in menacing tones:

— I will go to Jerusalem.

XIV.—The CHESTNUT TREES.

The grass is soft and deep around the chestnut trees.

She led Diomedes under the trees. The stately park, solitary and light, welcomed them in its smile. The green trees stretched out their new shoots like fresh hands; the metallic laurels shone like sheaves of lances round purple beeches, solemn and proud, and the assembly of heavy chestnut trees, lifted towards heaven, the flame of its sconces seemed like some immense repository, to shield the Blessed Sacrament of nature.

She led Diomedes under the chestnut trees.

Robed in sombre red stuff, the obscure reflection gave a hard copperish glitter to her golden hair, partly rail way to Jaffa of an annual pilgrimage whose torpidity would suit the invalid.

She shrieked, waving her olive stones:

"May the Mother of God be blessed! I will go to Jerusalem!"

Néobelle came in, and led Diomedes away whilst the old woman still shouted in menacing tones:

— I will go to Jerusalem.

Weared by these controversies, he wrote to Néo requesting a meeting, an hour, spent near a window, or under the trees in her park.

To go there?

"Yes, she expects me. But what nuisances to contend with! See the old jockey, have to greet the old lady who detains you anxiously, near her sofa by the questions she has long been stirring up in her uncultured, Oriental brain. She hates Néo imposed on her as being an orphan niece. The truth, which she knows, and which she dares not murmur, animates her crafty black eyes when the young girl passes, or when her name is mentioned. If she were not paralysed, Néo would have long since drunk poison."

In the afternoon, Diomedes, having posted his letter, strolled, in spite of it, towards the Sina mansion.

The old jockey had gone out with Néo. He was obliged to endure the old Levantine " at home."

On approaching the shaded corner where she was buried under cushions, a noise of medals and olive stones was heard. She prayed the whole day with ardent pleadings, aimlessly, thoughtlessly. Yet Diomedes had heard her confess: "I am strong, the Saints must take care of me, the Mother of God protects me!"

Keeping her rosary in her thin hands her fingers lingering upon the bead whose orison she was finishing, she extended to Diomedes a vast gesture of welcome, then she spoke:

— They have sent me an idea, for they love me and wish me cured: "Rise and go to Jerusalem!"

Then I ask: How does one go to Jerusalem? But here, no one knows how to answer when it is I who ask. Diomedes, you will tell me how to go to Jerusalem, I am listening.

Diomedes explained the faculties, the fatigue of the journey. He remembered the name of a steamer, of the railway to Jaffa, of an annual pilgrimage whose torpidity would suit the invalid.

She shrieked, waving her olive stones:

"May the Mother of God be blessed! I will go to Jerusalem!"

Néobelle came in, and led Diomedes away whilst the old woman still shouted in menacing tones:

— I will go to Jerusalem.

XIV.—The CHESTNUT TREES.

The grass is soft and deep around the chestnut trees.

She led Diomedes under the trees. The stately park, solitary and light, welcomed them in its smile. The green trees stretched out their new shoots like fresh hands; the metallic laurels shone like sheaves of lances round purple beeches, solemn and proud, and the assembly of heavy chestnut trees, lifted towards heaven, the flame of its sconces seemed like some immense repository, to shield the Blessed Sacrament of nature.

She led Diomedes under the chestnut trees.

Robed in sombre red stuff, the obscure reflection gave a hard copperish glitter to her golden hair, partly rail way to Jaffa of an annual pilgrimage whose torpidity would suit the invalid.

She shrieked, waving her olive stones:

"May the Mother of God be blessed! I will go to Jerusalem!"

Néobelle came in, and led Diomedes away whilst the old woman still shouted in menacing tones:

— I will go to Jerusalem.
They sat on a bench, henceforth less nervous, able to look at each other, read in one another’s eyes. Their lips trembled with desire but Néo shook her head, threw herself back like a horse refusing the curb. To resist more easily she spoke:

"Do not know, I dream. . . It is difficult to give oneself really, entirely.

— Not entirely yet, Néo. To give oneself little by little, day by day, joy by joy, as the flowering clusters of the chestnut trees which to the breeze give one by one, their small pink leaves.

And see what they become, stains on the gravel, and we walk on them. To give oneself is to die.

Leaf by leaf, it is to die slowly. . . Do I am neither chaste nor craven, I desire all I anticipate, and I know that beyond my desire and my anticipation, there is a whole garden of flowers and delights; I only question myself as to whether I love you.

Yes, I do love you, friend, and yet, if I were only to love your intelligence, your eyes, your brow, your words—and not your lips?

Diomedes entered willingly into this sentimental controversy. He answered with ironical warmth:

— Taste of the fruit Néo, and you will know.

— Evil angel!

— The advice was good. What should we do with innocence? Ignorance, innocence, virtues, childhood, and even somewhat animal. . . Néo, your strong brave heart confesses scruples of a "child of Mary." Taste all fruits and nourish yourself with the one you like.

— It is not the first time, Diomedes, that I have been given that advice. I have even given it to myself often, but without being able to follow it—even in thought. I am not the woman who goes amongst the field of men and who breaks off an awn and shells it, then another and still another, until the pathway leads her to another field, orchard, vineyard, or garden.

No, my friend, I wish for a beautiful garden and gilt, in which to drink a drop of pure wine, poured from a single flagon. I do not need a dinner service or a complete vineyard.

— But then what did I advise you, resumed Diomedes? To taste all fruits until you find the one that tempted you. I was thinking of myself, and that afterwards, you would go no further.

— No, that is your present thought. I prefer to believe you immoral than foppish.

I am not a very beautiful glass, answered Diomedes smiling. I am neither gilt or chiselled, but one can become intoxicated with the wine I contain. Thinking she had humiliated him, for his voice was somewhat embittered, Néo gave him her hands. Then, playing with their rings, Diomedes continued:

I have the right to offer myself to you, Néo, having read your letter. She endeavoured to take back her hands:

— Do not avail yourself of my weaknesses, of the dreams of a day of ennui.

Diomedes released her hands.

— Néo, you are a woman like every other woman. And perhaps rather more obscure, am I not?

— Neither more or less.

— Ah! we were such friends when I did not know you were a man. . . Let us still be friends. I will listen to you, looking into your eyes, and you will forget the perfume of my flesh. Since you have read my letter, I will remember all the pages and all the lines. I did offer myself but divided. Leave me half of myself.

— But that is impossible. To give but a part of oneself is to give all or nothing following the intention or the will. We are indivisible beings. Your soul is in your bosom, in your hips, in your knees, and as complete as in your brain; it is in your hands, your limbs and on your lips, it is everywhere, in your hair and in your finger nails, at the tips of your toes and at the bud of your breasts; it is in your smile, in your iris, in your teeth, on the tip of your tongue, in your gestures and in your fragrance. In kissing your shoulders I tasted your soul.

You wish to love only my words, you will love but a breath and a sound. My real words of life and love lie closed within the obscurity of my flesh; your caresses shall call them to the surface and you shall imbibe them easily like the sap which trickles through the bark of the ash trees.

— Be silent, Diomedes. It is you now whom I fear. You represent as being mysterious and terrible, pleasures in which I saw but the voluptuousness of an ambition and an insecure communion. . . No! No! I fear you. Go! It seems to me as if all my flesh were going to sing like a harp and that you will hear, with your ear against my heart, all the accumulated secrets of my life and of my dreams! No!

— I will not listen, Néo, resumed Diomedes gently. I will understand but what you wish me to understand, and I will capture only the most elementary secrets and outpourings with my hands and with my lips. I will only ask of you, joy and cordiality, and to read on your lips the admission of desire.

— Diomedes, you look cruel, despite the languor of your words. I do not recognise you. You are ugly. Your eyes pierce me. Your mouth would bite.

— It is because I love you, answered Diomedes, again becoming ironical. If you loved me also, you would think me handsome.

Remote, one from the other, they were silent, looking far away, beyond the grasses and the varicoloured flowers.

The silence which calmed Diomedes and gave him back the mastery of all his egotism, seemed to affect Néobelle. Her hands trembled somewhat on her knees, her bosom heaved slowly, she wept.

—I do not know what I wish! I do not know what I wish!

She clung to Diomedes and embraced him violently.

Diomedes kissed her eyes slowly, musing:

The thick moss lies abundant beneath the oaks.

The grass is soft and deep around the chestnut trees. With an adroit gesture I can lather on this grass and be happy. In the garden Ignorance, no window glances at us. To be happy! A singular pleasure to ravish gently this powerful virgin! Irretrievable pleasure, joys enduring unto death! Ah! I will have time to listen when she is heedless, and time to fill my lips with that taste of love whose freshness has the insipidity of wine in porous pitchers. She weeps, she weeps for her innocence, and she is chokéd by desire as she would be by an apple. I have her and I play. The game does not amuse me. How she has changed since the day I feared to be the ball of thread grasped in the young, violent claws. I pity her. She is young, she is witty, and she is chaste. Virginity is tragic, as the day that dawns or the day that dies, as the hour that strikes. Not more so. It is nothing.

The hand passes over the figures with the same movement as it does the emptiness separating them; it only quivers at the start and at the finish. Must I cling to this chain? Descend slowly in the obscure glances at us. To be happy! A singular pleasure to ravish gently this powerful virgin! Irretrievable pleasure, joys enduring unto death! Ah! I will have time to listen when she is heedless, and time to fill my lips with that taste of love whose freshness has the insipidity of wine in porous pitchers. She weeps, she weeps for her innocence, and she is chokéd by desire as she would be by an apple. I have her and I play. The game does not amuse me. How she has changed since the day I feared to be the ball of thread grasped in the young, violent claws. I pity her. She is young, she is witty, and she is chaste. Virginity is tragic, as the day that dawns or the day that dies, as the hour that strikes. Not more so. It is nothing.
November 15th, 1913.

THE NEW FREEWOMAN

The Serious Artist.

IV.

La poésie, avec ses comparaisons obligées, sa mythologie que ne croit pas le poète, sa dignité de style à la Louis XIV., et tout l’attirail de ses ornements appelés poétiques, est bien au-dessous de la prose dès qu’il s’agit de donner une idée claire et précise des mouvements du coeur; or, dans ce genre, on n’émuit que par la clarté.—Stendhal.

And that is precisely why one employs oneself in seeking precisely the poetry that shall be without this fummery, this fustian à la Louis XIV., “farci de comme.” The above critique of Stendhal’s does not apply to the Poema de Cid, nor to the parting of Odysseus and Calipso. In the writers of the duo-cento and early tre-cento we find a precise psychology, embedded in a now almost unintelligible jargon, but there nevertheless. If we cannot get back to these things; if the serious artist cannot reproduce this precision in verse, then he must either take to prose or give up his claim to being a serious artist.

It is precisely because of this fustian that the Parnassians and epics of the eighteenth century and most of the present-day works of most of our contemporary writers are pests and abominations. As the most efficient way to say nothing is to keep quiet, and as technique consists precisely in doing the thing that one sets out to do, in the most efficient manner, no man who takes three pages to say nothing can expect to be seriously considered as a technician. To take three pages to say nothing is not style, in the serious sense of that word.

There are several kinds of honest work. There is the thing that will out. There is the conscientious formulation, a thing of infinitely greater labour, for the first is not labour at all, though the efficient doing of it may depend on a deal of labour foregoings. There is the “labor foregoings,” the patient testing of media, the patient experiment which shall avail perhaps the artist himself, but is as likely to avail some successor.

The first sort of work may be poetry. The second sort, the conscientious formulation, is more than likely to be prose. The third sort of work savours of the laboratory, it concerns the specialist, and the dilletanti, if that word retains any trace of its finer and original sense. A dilletante proper is a person who takes delight in the art, not a person who tries to interpose his inferior productions between masterwork and the public.

I reject the term connaisseurship, for “connaisseurship” is so associated in our minds with a desire for acquisition. The person possessed of connaisseurship is so apt to want to buy the rare at one price and sell it at another. I do not believe that a person with this spirit has ever seen a work of art. Let me restore the foppish term dilletante, the synonym for folly, to its place near the word artist.

To take three pages to say nothing is not style, in the serious sense of that word.

There are several kinds of honest work. There is the thing that will out. There is the conscientious formulation, a thing of infinitely greater labour, for the first is not labour at all, though the efficient doing of it may depend on a deal of labour foregoings. There is the “labor foregoings,” the patient testing of media, the patient experiment which shall avail perhaps the artist himself, but is as likely to avail some successor.

The first sort of work may be poetry. The second sort, the conscientious formulation, is more than likely to be prose. The third sort of work savours of the laboratory, it concerns the specialist, and the dilletanti, if that word retains any trace of its finer and original sense. A dilletante proper is a person who takes delight in the art, not a person who tries to interpose his inferior productions between masterwork and the public.

I reject the term connaisseurship, for “connaisseurship” is so associated in our minds with a desire for acquisition. The person possessed of connaisseurship is so apt to want to buy the rare at one price and sell it at another. I do not believe that a person with this spirit has ever seen a work of art. Let me restore the foppish term dilletante, the synonym for folly, to its place near the word dilletato. The dilletante has no axe to grind for himself. If he be artist as well, he will be none the less eager to preserve the best precedent work. He will drag out “sources” that prove him less original than his public would have him.

As for Stendhal’s stricture, if we can have a poetry that comes as close as prose, pour donner une idée claire et précise, let us have it, “E di venire a ciò to studio quanto posso. . .che la mia vita per alquanti anni duri.” And we cannot attain to such a poetry, noi altri poeti, for God’s sake let us give up. Let us “Give up, go down,” etcetera; let us acknowledge that our art, like the art of dancing in armour, is out of date and out of fashion. Or let us go to our ignominious ends knowing that we have
strained at the cords, that we have spent our strength in trying to pave the way for a new sort of poetic art—it is not a new sort but an old sort—but let us know that we have tried to make it more nearly possible for our successors to recapture this art. To write a poetry that can be carried as a communication between intelligent men.

To this end to studio quanto posse. I have tried to establish a clear demarcation. I have been challenged on my use of the phrase "great art" in an earlier article. It is about as useless to search for a definition of "great art" as it is to search for a scientific definition of life. One knows fairly well what one means. One means something more or less profane; to one's experience. One means something quite different at different periods of one's life.

It is for some such reason that all criticism should be professedly personal criticism. In the end the critic can only say "I like it," or "I am moved," or something of that sort. When he has shown us himself we are able to understand him.

Thus, in painting, I mean something or other vaguely associated in my mind with work labelled Durer, and Rembrandt, and Velasquez, etc., and with T'ang and Sung—though I dare say I've got the wrong labels—and with some Egyptian designs that should probably be thought of as sculpture.

And in poetry I mean something or other associated in my mind with the names of a dozen or more writers.

On closer analysis I find that I mean something like "maximum efficiency of expression"; I mean that the writer has expressed something interesting in such a way that one cannot resay it more effectively. I also mean something associated with discovery. The artist must have discovered something—either of life itself or of the means of expression.

Great art must of necessity be a part of good art. I attempted to define good art in an earlier chapter. It must bear true witness. Obviously great art must be an exceptional thing. It cannot be the sort of thing anyone can do after a few hours' practice. It must be the result of some exceptional faculty, strength, or perception. It must almost be that strength of perception working with the conviction of fate, or chance, or whatever you choose to call it.

And who is to judge? The critic, the reviewer, however stupid or ignorant, must judge for himself. The only really vicious criticism is the academic criticism of those who make the grand abnegation, who refuse to say what they think, if they do think, and who quote accepted opinion; these men are the vermin, their treachery to the great work of the past is as great as that of the false artists to the present. If they do not care enough for the heritage to have a personal conviction, then they have no licence to write.

Every critic should give indication of the sources and limits of his knowledge. The criticism of English poetry by men who knew no language but English, or who knew little but English and school-classics, has been a marasmus.

When we know to what extent each sort of expression has been deprived in, say, a dozen great literatures, we begin to be able to tell whether a given work has the excess of great art. We would not think of letting a man judge pictures if he knew only English pictures, or music if he knew only English music—or only French or German music for that matter.

The stupid or provincial judgment of art bases itself on the belief that great art must be like the art that it has been reared to respect.

Ezra Pound.

The Battle of the Cubes.

WHERE there is no genius, there is often insolence. At the Dore* Galleries, the scene of the new Post-Impressionist and Futurist Exhibition, there is a little genius and much insolence. The insolence, in this case a kind of mistaken courage, comes mostly from the British section, which is as uninspiring as a Royal Academy show. Imagine, indeed, if you can, a crowd of Royal Academy artists, long locked in the passion for new art, and you have an adequate idea of the nature of English Cubism. You look in vain for a spark of divine, or hellish, fire, for some stray note of emotional excess and exhilaration, for colour that lives, for planes that sing, for rhythm that dances. Of that dynamic quality of which modern art boasts, there is here none, but the works are as tedious to the eye as the sound of dominoes at the Café Royal is to the ear.

There is assuredly nothing wrong in cubes, planes and angles themselves. But they are useless, as words are useless, if they are applied to things that are prosaic. As long as the English section is willing to give us "Great art must of necessity be a part of good art." It looks at the modern English section as if it were an experiment that is a failure. Delaunay's "Kermesse" (84) by Mr. Wyndham Lewis. He seems to have overstepped the mark in this picture. It is true that Cubism is based on mechanics, but mechanics are merely a means to an end, and that end is some sort of emotion which the artist has felt and has wished to convey to the spectator. There are mechanics in an aeroplane, and a flying aeroplane is a work of art. The aeroplane soars. There are no soaring qualities in the "Kermesse." It is perhaps as conscientious as an Academy picture, and just as laboured and uninspired in a new way. It looks very much as though the formula had haunted the artist. Convince his friends that it is lifeless and colourless and they will say to you: "But look at its construction; see its sense of design." I fear very much that Mr. Lewis has made an airship that will not fly. As an experiment it may be interesting, but why exhibit an experiment that is a failure? The artist, Mr. Fergusson, who is original without being a Cubist. His "Rhythm," a decorative nude in firmly outlined curves, shows a seated feminine figure in exaggerated fleshly contours; the background is in keeping with the design of the figure. The picture is typically Fergussonian in colour. Mr. Fergusson indeed is one of the comparatively few good English painters. His "Still Life, Blue and Gold" (65) is a
joyous spot of pigment, while his "Red Sail" (117), with its large foreground of waves painted in arbitrary colour, is no less vivacious.

A historical subject is a real curiosity of Cubist art. Such is Mr. C. R. W. Nevinson's "Departure of the Train de Luxe" (67) shows an intact engine emerging out of a mass of debris. It is difficult to comprehend why a Cubist should deliberately build a conventionally realistic engine and set it in a Cubist railway station. But I shall not enumerate all the incongruities. I must confess though that I had wondered how two charts of thumbprints (58 and 59) escaped from the Scotland Yards, until, having looked up my catalogue, I discovered that they were "Polka" and Valse by Gino Severini, the only real Futurist in the exhibition.

Possibly we shall find an explanation of them in the Futurist Manifesto No. 187.

Among the saner works of the Cubists A. Wolmark's "Still Life" (113) is worth coming back to. Another reasonably sane work, this time that of a Matissian offspring, is Dunoyer de Segonzac's "Boxers" (86), a monochromish but decorative caricature which legitimately emphasizes the essential angular rhythms of modern combat.

As this is largely a retrospective exhibition and an attempt to show the historical origins and growth of Post-Impressionism, the work of Camille Pissarro and of several offshoots of Impressionism is included. Pissarro is particularly interesting.

A few choice canaries and choicer nightingales make their song heard despite the din of the Cubist, Ku-ku-re-kus. Van Gogh is here. His pictures cover small space, but the man is a giant. I would rather have his "Portrait of Father Tranquit" (92) than anything in the exhibition. I have seen better Mattises. His series of lithographs, however (182-6), is splendid. Two early etchings by Picasso (126 and 127) are decidedly Blakanid.

There are a number of worthy paintings among the Camden group, but they do not come within the scope of my review.

Of the half-dozen sculptures in the exhibition the chief piece is Jacob Epstein's "Group of Birds." It is quite as simple as the giant Egyptian beetle in the British Museum, of which it is somewhat reminiscent. Very good, too, are the heads by Joe Zadkin, which lean to the Assyrian.

As a concluding word, with especial reference to the Cubists, I have in mind that rather unprofessional but trenchant bit of musical criticism I once heard or read: "There are pianists and pianists. I refer to the latter only."

I recall one sunny April morning at Naples, when I walked in via Nardones. I entered one of those dark arched courts which support the tall tenements, and I looked for the porter. The transition from sunlight to dark for a few moments dimmed my vision, but gradually through the doorway of a small, dark chamber I discerned a face, then another, and another. They were working there, the porter mending boots, the wife sewing, I could not see what the third person was doing.

I thought of this incident as I left the garish flare of the Dore Galleries and found myself a few minutes later at the Grafton, where an exhibition of the Spanish Old Masters is being held in support of National Gallery Funds.

As I plunged into the large salle of dark canvases, I felt for a while decidedly depressed. I bemoaned my rash experiment, cursed myself inwardly. I regretted that I had resisted the impulse to have my tea first. I sat down and rested.

Gradually, as I opened my eyes, the walls grew somewhat more animated. Here out of a dark background emerged a figure, there a face, elsewhere a group of figures and faces. I grew more cheerful. Later I was surprised, revealed. It was decidedly interesting, my experiment.

I discovered at least one modern, and by modern I do not necessarily mean a Cubist. El Greco comes nearer our age in spirit than Velasquez. You could hang his "Supper in the House of Simon" (121) at least by the side of Van Gogh. The curious elongated figures and everything else in the picture create an atmosphere of dramatic tension consistent not only with the theme but with the modern idea that the function of pictorial art is to express emotion. And El Greco is versatile. Whistler was never more Whistler than the Spaniard is in his "Portrait of Masutio de Masutii" (114). It is Whistlerian in both arrangement and in tone. If anything, there is greater sturdiness in the character of the head, which is drawn with the precision of an old master. Otherwise, it is marvellously a Whistler. Another picture conceived in a modern mood is a "Portrait of the Artist" (127).

The number of Velasquezes in the exhibition bear witness to the amazing fecundity of an artist, the legitimacy of whose pictures will always be disputed. Velasquez has now his Mazo, just as a hundred years hence Whistler will have his Greaves.

An ultra-modern painter can hardly be expected to have sympathy with Velasquez. I have already heard him referred to as the Perfect Photographer. Certainly in such portraits as that of Pope Innocent X. (50) in the present exhibition, and in that of the same pontiff in the Doria Galleries at Rome, the artist has uttered the last word in naturalistic painting. It might be said of Velasquez that he painted portraits with the same disinterested aloofness—and I speak relatively—that he painted still-lives. The moderns are at the other end of the pole. They declare that a still-life has the same human and dramatic possibilities in a picture that a face has, since the artist uses a concrete object, be it a face or a stone jug, to express his emotion. Even the ultra-modern painter may find the modern tolerating the moderns do not wish to know that Velasquez was of another age, for they point out, and with some justice, that Rembrandt was a contemporary of the Spaniard, and yet he did not limit himself to the expression of external appearances of things. For pure craftsmanship I know few things to equal "The Dying Gladiator" (36), a wonderfully drawn nude attributed to Velasquez. This picture was only recently discovered in Sweden.

Speaking of Rembrandt, there is the man in the exhibition whose work curiously resembles that of the Dutch Master. He is Valdes Leal, who was born in 1630 and died in 1691. Especially in "The Life of the Virgin: The Nativity" (94) is there a marked likeness between Rembrandt in the Doria Galleries and the artist in the golden light. It is a very beautiful picture.

There is an excellent Zurbaran here (91), and good examples of Murillo. Also a few charming Goyas, the best of which is a "Portrait of a Spanish Lady" (183). It looks fresh enough to have been painted yesterday.

Lovers of art can hardly afford to miss this exhibition, or for that matter the Dore Galleries show. Only I should advise them to reverse the procedure, and go first to the Grafton, where an exhibition of the Spanish Old Masters may prove less interesting, and also, psychologically, less depressing. And again, it may be a toss-up.

JOHN COURNOS.

The comparatively late arrival of August Strindberg and the immediate recognition of his place among European writers is of considerable psychological importance.

Strindberg is, for some, the modern writer par excellence: he is of the people.

This instant recognition is not in itself sufficient proof of genius. Many have come and gone whose brilliant gifts have been mistaken for that general high level of sensitiveness that is genius. Strindberg, in his instability, his mad self-infatuation, his mental discord, his tortured sensibility, his derangement of growth, suggests rather the unique vision of deformity than the clear vision of harmonious development.

Strindberg has come late not only to our quiver of civilisation, but to Europe in general. European civilisation is now feeling its way, not without misgiving, along the shores of a new 'terra incognita,'—the perplexing dreams and experiences of Strindberg, the hyperborean.

Two books, "Legends" and "The Inferno," are devoted to these adventures in the occult. Much of these two volumes is mystical hypochondria, in which trifling symptoms are distorted out of all relation to their original value and interpreted according to the time-worn tradition of such things, but from time to time a point of flame leaps from these embers.... the period of the prophets seems to have come to an end. The Powers want to have nothing more to do with priests and have taken the direct government of souls upon themselves." A dark and troubled beauty pervades these books and there sounds that mournful note that is dominant in Strindberg's work, "All happiness, all peace is illusion, as landscapes look all golden or flecked with silver discs after looking at the sun."

This newly discovered, yet not new, writer is not easy to estimate, to exploit and to systematize; not easy to drain of his formula, of his essential secret. Strindberg is "modern." The word, with its double implication of weakness and power, is applicable to the author of "The Confessions of a Fool" and "Marriage."

Strindberg was opposed to the intellectual advancement of women: he revered the mother. In the collection of stories called "Marriage" he intended to voice this reverence. He drew the material from the lives of his friends: half-way through he found that his reaction might lead him, violently, without consideration of where his reaction might lead him: he is of the people.

Putting together the various plays and stories in which women emerge, we sum up Strindberg's contribution to sex analysis. There are only, such is this Swede's discovery, three types of women in the world, and they are all vampires. The first is the spiritual vampyre, who betrays, as it were, the very soul of the universe, for the purpose of drinking up the sweet dregs of cosmic pity and intoxicating herself with a delusive wine. This woman becomes a kind of inverted, perverted female Christus. The second is the cerebral vampire; and of her there are two species. There is the typical "wife," as in "Comrades," who sucks the intellectual blood of her victims; and there is the typical mother, who, as in "The Father," disassociates her offspring from its parentage, and leaves it, deliberately, in the hands of some barbarian with remorseless singleness of purpose. The third is the erotic or emotional vampire, whose sexual instinct is only satisfied by insatiable provocation, a provocation which feeds its jaded senses upon the abnormal and the perverted.

Fear and hate sharpened Strindberg's already abnormal powers of observation. Women have never been so cruelly depicted as by this rational and un-synthetic observer. They discourse with pathos and fervour upon subjects they do not understand: their untrained minds are incapable of subjecting their theories and fancies to logical criticism: they are impressed with their own merit and greatness, however their talent may appear to be trivial in the light of the truth and the circumstances. To express these notions in fine words enables them to infatuate themselves and the followers who applaud them: the contradictory nature of their tenets does not distress them; they desire to be conspicuous: they revel in a scene; that is, in the greatest emotional exercise with the least expense of intellectual energy.

Well, most women do: witness the suffragette and one's female friends. One is magnificent: when, however, you have said that man has one set of sex organs, and woman another and quite different: that man by reason of his impulse to generation is idealistic abstract in thought, philosophic; and woman, by reason of her functional generation—is materialistic, preoccupied with the event and malleable to circumstances. So absurdly notions in fine words enables them to infatuate themselves and the followers who applaud them: the contradictory nature of their tenets does not distress them: they desire to be conspicuous: they revel in a scene; that is, in the greatest emotional exercise with the least expense of intellectual energy.

Ibsen had said all this forty years ago, and being both poet and seer, had seen woman as the source of all the lyric passion in the world: as the light that was to irradiate consciousness: had seen the mystic value for all time of "He humbled himself to be born of a Virgin": Woman was the body, Man the soul: Ibsen pointed the way to the health of the body. And so by infinite labyrinthine ways he fled the thing that he desired and was stalked by it as by a spectre.

What then is this something, which, with all his obvious limitations makes Strindberg so much more interesting, so much more exciting than the rest? What is it, which in so peculiar a way seems to have in it both the very "perfume and superlance of the minute" and the roar of the gulls of the abyss?
It is a strange blending of assurance and misgiving. It suffers and shrinks and hesitates and withdraws, and yet it does not yield. It is embarrased, bewildered, uncertain, cynical. The shadow upon it is the shadow of disillusion, and we meet it at the parting of the ways. It goes furiously with uneven steps over broken ground, and the goal of its desire is the mirage of the bell from which it flees. "Out of its weakness and its melancholy" it is apt at the end of its journey to build for itself a sepulchre of "second thoughts," and to lie down with the emperors and kings of reaction. Strindberg reminds us of that strange Shadow, of which Poe speaks, whose voice is not solitary but multiplied into fragments, morsels, echoes, and snatched refrains of all great recent oracles muttered and beckon and fade above the eddies of his passionate advances and retreats. He resembles them one after another. He has room for these conflicting voices, for the smell of the sweet brute earth, for the silvery monotones of second thoughts; and he has room, he, the amorous idealist, for more savage and mordant outgoings of the Paphian's knot than has any misogynist. Like Hamlet he would bid all little, pathetic, dangerously appealing Ophelias "To a Nunnery, and quickly, too!" Yet, like Hamlet, he is ready with his "I loved Ophelia."

Much has been said of the "daring Zolaesque detail" of these novels. Strindberg is Zolaesque in a very limited sphere, and he has selection, which Zola had not. He discourses upon the charm of his wife's petticoat and her seductive stockings: he speaks naively of his uxorious emotions; all the things that are delightful in the boudoir he puts into his novels. That may have been daring thirty years ago, but not to this generation.

His vices, by which we would indicate his petulance, his insane self-preoccupation, his distorted perspective, his morbid irritability, are, in a peculiar sense, his most effective engines and instruments of research. Hate can be as illuminative as love, and with Strindberg, as with Catullus, the "Odi et amo" is always followed by the inevitable "Excitius." He hated the successful and the prosperous, he hated gay triumphant people, he desired to be always trou­bled, and beckon and fade above the eddies of his multi­titudinous. Fragments, morsels, echoes, and snatched refrains of all great recent oracles mutter and beckon and fade above the eddies of his passionate advances and retreats. He resembles them one after another. He has room for these conflicting voices, for the smell of the sweet brute earth, for the silvery monotones of second thoughts; and he has room, he, the amorous idealist, for more savage and mordant outgoings of the Paphian's knot than has any misogynist. Like Hamlet he would bid all little, pathetic, dangerously appealing Ophelias "To a Nunnery, and quickly, too!" Yet, like Hamlet, he is ready with his "I loved Ophelia."

He hated the successful and the prosperous, he hated gay triumphant people, he desired to be always troubled, and yet he loved him he hated, and even while he embraced he dissected and exposed, his genius bites and entices us.

C. H.

Lego et Penso.

PROUDHON'S STYLE AND SANITY.

MISS MARSден, in her rejoinder to my challenge, speaks less respectfully of Americans and their ideas than she did in the extravagant remarks which called the challenge forth. That is a point gained. If, having over-rated Americans, she now under-rates them, the injustice serves at least to restore the balance.

Her criticism of the passage which I quoted from Proudhon seems to be directed in part at that author's style and in part at his sanity. So far as it is directed at his style, it interests me little. True, I might urge that the competent of France generally class Proudhon with Michelet and Balzac as prominent among those whom the Academy ignored to its own disgrace. Or I might contrast with Miss Marsden's opinion my own that Proudhon is a master stylist, littledreaming that it convicts me of a fondness for "highmindedness" and "clichedness." I will not insist. I content myself with pointing out that the passage in question, far from "showing Proudhon at his worst," was written at the zenith of his career, after the "Property" and the "Contradictions," those powerful works of his immaturity, and before the "Justice," that product of wonderful, but uneven, excellence. Miss Marsden has chosen to read his prime and has not read his prime. She has called sharply to account for his endeavour to read the meants of attaining its "dissolution of government in the economic organism," meaning thereby the gradual and successive lopping-off of the functions of the State, and the assumption of these, so far as useful and non-invasive, by voluntary associations of workers. In view of this, one sees how wide of the mark is Miss Marsden's analogy, "a scheme for building a block of flats as high as St. Paul's with lily-stalks for materials."

ANARCHISM AND PROPERTY.

I learn in a roundabout way that the quality of my Anarchism has been questioned lately in the English press. The news comes to me through "Regenera­tion," an interesting journal published in California, partly in Spanish, partly in English, the English section being edited by Mr. W. C. Owen, from whom I quote as follows:

"The editor of the 'Herald of Revolt' has been called sharply to account for his endeavour to read Benjamin R. Tucker out of the ranks of Anarchism, and we are glad to see that he has had the fairness to open his columns to a full discussion of the question. We have expressed ourselves already on the subject, and shall only repeat here that Anarchism means exactly what its name expresses, 'Without Rule,' and does not chain humanity to the wheel of any economic dogma. Indeed, it is negative, declaring simply that no economic arrangement can be satisfactory which places one man in the power and at the mercy of another man. If Communism, for example, should result in that, Communism would stand condemned by Anarchism."

I do not suppose that the Editor of the "Herald of Revolt" has gone farther than to express the opinion that I am not an Anarchist, and it is perfectly proper that he should do so. It is a liberty that I have taken repeatedly with reference to John Most, Kropotkine, Emma Goldman, and numerous other so-called...
Anarchists, and there is no reason why their sympathizers should not retaliate in kind. I do not agree with Mr. Owen that Anarchism does not commit its adherents to any economic dogma. Anarchism is a word without meaning, unless it includes the liberty of the individual to control his own product or whatever his product has brought him through exchange in a free market—that is, private property. Whoever denies private property is of necessity an Archist. This excludes from Anarchism all believers in compulsory Communism. As for the believers in voluntary Communism (of whom there are precious few), they are of necessity believers in the liberty to hold private property, for to pool one’s possessions with those of others is nothing more or less than an exercise of proprietorship.

The Fabian Society recognises that there are those of others is nothing more or less than an exercise of proprietorship.

A Fabian on Banking Reform.*

May I note that Mr. Swartz’s preference of frankness to hypocrisy does not prevent him from carefully avoiding my question whether he would organize the sex-workingmen as well as the sex-workingwomen?

Benjamin R. Tucker.

The Fabian Society recognises that there are those who declare that the solution of the social problem requires the abolition of existing State interference with freedom of contract in the provision of credit rather than the imposition of fresh legislation, and Mr. Pease has apparently been commissioned to expose the fallacies of this school.

Some of us have devoted many years’ study to an examination of the present banking system, and to urging the need for its reform. The opening sentence of the latest Fabian Tract is not calculated to inspire us in the mood of “Come let us reason together.” Mr. Pease declares somewhat loftily that “Currency cranks are the most foolish of theorists, and their schemes the most futile of Utopias.” If our author were the serene exponent of orthodoxy in matters financial that one would expect from this sentence, one might forgive it; but, seeing that his views on finance are unorthodox to a degree rarely equalled in the welter of currency theories, it had behoved him to refrain from throwing stones in his very fragile glass house.

Let us, however, consider in how far Mr. Pease meets the contentions of the particular species of currency crankness in which I am interested, namely, that of the Banking and Currency Reform League. This League affirms that the universal State restriction upon note issue enormously increases the demand for gold throughout the civilized world for payment of wages and domestic exchange, and gives to gold-owners a monopoly privilege of taxing industry unduly for the use of their commodity. An increase of prosperity in any country causes an increase in the demand for exchange medium in these transactions, and, in the absence of a flexible note issue, drains gold from the banks into the channels of exchange. When the bank’s reserves become dangerously low, the bankers are compelled to raise the Bank Rate, firstly to discourage the demand for credit, and secondly to attract gold from abroad. This act simultaneously cuts down prosperity at home and, by draining foreign banks of gold, similarly throttles industry abroad. Thus we saw a few years ago that prosperity in Egypt caused the withdrawal of gold from the Bank of England, and for several weeks our Bank Rate stood at 7%. If the demand for gold persist, financial crisis is the inevitable result. The continual danger of financial crises to-day compels banks to confine their long-term credit, those who take credit being anxious to pay the interest which is saleable in times of monetary stringency, times when the Bank Rate is high, when there is an extreme hunger for money, and when all but the most valuable gilt-edged security is quite unsaleable. The Banking Reform League asserts that it is this continual restriction of credit to the minority of possessors of relatively valuable securities which is chiefly responsible for the monopoly of machinery in few hands, and consequent over-competition and low wages among the many wage-earners.

Firstly, Mr. Pease throughout this Tract makes no reply whatever to the contention that the universal prohibition of the free issue of notes is responsible for stagnation of trade and unemployment. In one case only does he come to grips with modern bank reformers, and that is when he denies that there is a monopoly of gold (1) because gold can be freely bought and sold, (2) because, so far from desiring to preserve such a monopoly, bankers endeavour to keep as small a reserve as possible. I find in these statements no answer to the contention that the State prohibition of suitable substitutes for gold gives a monopoly to holders of gold, and renders their commodity dearer than it would otherwise be.

Secondly, Mr. Pease stigmatizes as a delusion the idea that the basis of our banking and currency systems is gold. Commercial common sense, says Mr. Pease, is the basis of our currency. It is here that our author begins to wander in the realms of unreality. Reference to any orthodox text-book on currency reveals the undisputed principle that the quantity of gold used in commerce is the measure of the lack of mutual trust between producers. In primitive times, gold and other valuable metals were almost the sole media of exchange. Gradually, however, the development of social security, with its concomitant growth of mutual trust, enabled the use of the precious metals to be superseded by paper promises to pay gold to bearer on demand. These notes were freely issued as loans by the early gold-smiths, and circulated wherever there existed confidence that the issuer was a person of integrity, and one likely to confine his loans to such as would repay the debt in due time. In 1844, however, after a series of vicious interferences with the free development of this process, the State virtually abolished the free issue of these circulating promises, with the deplorable result above described. The growing demand of commerce for an adequate supply of exchange medium, however, has found an avenue of escape from the absurdities of this legislation in the direction of cheque issue. Banks still enjoy the right of freedom of cheque issue, and there has been built up a superstructure of non-circulating paper promises to pay gold, so stupendous as literally to make Lord Overstone and other promoters of the 1844 Act turn in their graves could they but witness its present proportions.

But the use of gold has only been diminished, not abolished. Whilst it is perfectly true that 98% of present industry is conducted upon paper promises, yet it must never be forgotten (the bankers never do forget it) that the whole of this paper is redeemable into gold at the banks at the will of the holders. The bank reserves consist of gold which belongs to the bank’s depositors. As was remarked above, State proscription of note issue enormously increases the demand for gold in the international gold market. This is of any inability on the part of the banker to pay gold to those who demand it may bring a line of suspicious depositors to his counter on the following morning to withdraw their gold. By the evening the line has developed into a clamouring crowd. If the bank can satisfy all these people with gold, all well and good; if not, by the morrow the bank may be ruined, and the community in the throes of financial crisis.

* Fabian Tract No. 164.
Mr. Pease doubts whether any of our great banks would be permitted to go bankrupt to-day: he thinks that the State would step in to avert the catastrophe. Well—passing by the fact that the Birkbeck, quite a decent-sized bank, was permitted to fail, every text-book on banking asserts that a certain gold reserve is kept against the danger of financial crisis. Every text-book on banking also states that bankers continually limit their long-date credit issues to holders of exceedingly valuable security on account of the danger that unforeseen financial crisis may find them possessed of a mass of security not convertible into gold. A gold reserve is a costly luxury, and to refuse the opportunity of making profitable credit advances pains the heart. Does Mr. Pease think that bankers would not be the first to dispose of their gold and extend their credit issues if they thought that Mr. Asquith's powers were a sufficient substitute for a gold reserve? Or is it perhaps that the bankers would consider Mr. Pease a most untrustworthy currency crank? Your glass-house fabric of argument, Mr. Pease, is uncommonly fragile.

For ages men have been gradually reducing their demands for gold in exchange in proportion to the development of their trust in those who set up as bankers. This was a voluntary development, and could be hastened by no State interference. The legal prohibition of the development of this process in the direction of the issue of circulating paper tokens—bank notes—is a direct and most usual cause of financial crises; and it is the fear of financial crises which prevents banks from distributing the wealth produced for exchange to those possessors of productive ability who could use the same in fresh production. Hence unemployment, over-competition among wage-earners and consequent low wages. Now, the community is willing to trust its bankers. It is trusting them to-day. The banker has built up his reputation slowly by actual practice; he risks his own future with every considerable loan made by him. This is the severest school for prudence. But the community has had bitter experience of entrusting its banking to the State. Political jobbery, over-issue, and fraud are outstanding features of the history of State banking, and inflexible bureaucracy the main feature of existing State banks. The monopolistic State bank proposed by Mr. Pease may be practicable when a more ideal breed of men appears; but at present a majority in the community is fearful of entrusting more administrative work to its politicians. The Socialist may have a case for nationalization of industry so long as that is the sole alternative to the present deplorable social system; but the Banking Reform League declares that it is precisely existing legal interference with freedom of contract in the issue and acceptance of exchange medium which is mainly responsible for present evil conditions, and that the abolition of this clumsy legislation will prepare the way for the gradual abolition of other restrictive legislation, such as Factory Acts, compulsory education, Insurance Acts, &c., until the Spencerian ideal of freedom of contract, with the State as mere policeman and the consequent reduction in importance of the politician, is attained.

This declaration, together with its supporting fabric of argument, Mr. Pease simply does not touch.

HENRY MEULEN.

Correspondence.

To the Editor of The New Freewoman.

MADAM,

The Individualist (with a great capital "I") is always talking of the "I" individual. There is no "I" individual. There are individuals—whose name is rejection—but among these each is only an "I" individual.

The individualist is always thinking of a grown-up individual—and pre-eminently of himself as this individual—and as having been born such an individual. He confounds individuality with personality. He seems unable to realise that each individual is born a child—capable of being trained into anything within the limits of its specialised race heritage—the heritage of vertical evolution; seems unable to realise that the only invincible heredity is that of the type—that personality is entirely the outcome of environment—horizontal evolution.

Thus the individualist is seen to live in chimera, wherein is no reality.

Max Stirner's greatness, as a supreme individualist, lay only in the colossal poetic imagination which was his specialised race heritage and which his personality perverted into an attempt to envelop the cosmos in chimera.

ALICE GROFF.

SANCTITY AND SLUMDOM.

MADAM,

The happenings in Dublin are tragic in the extreme. The conditions of labour—the ghastly sweating, the existence in slumdom—have at length been exposed. As the cruel labour war proceeds a small band of genuine Good Samuritans have come forward to aid the sufferers. The Catholic Priests and Protestant Levites, by no means conscience smitten at having remained quiescent throughout all the years of industrial injustice—having (true to tradition) "passed by on the other side"—now suddenly flante forth in a strenuous effort to discredit those who are working for the starving and crushed: their ire is aroused at the possibility of suffering children being "prostituted" (a palpable fabrication) by the Good Samaritans who have come to succour and save the children.

There is sentiment and sentiment, and now that the big-hearted man, who has done most to reveal local industrial injustices, has been set to good use, some recalls that once before Priests "mocked and brought false accusations." Having themselves sanctioned sweating and slumdom, they would shut every door of escape. Truly the righteousness of the Pharisee! Must it not be exceeded?

OTWAY M'CANNELL.

EDITORIAL.

Letters, &c., intended for the Editor should be personally addressed : Ainsdale, England.

PUBLICATION.

All business communications relative to the publication of The New Freewoman may be addressed, and all cheques, postal and money orders, &c., made payable to The New Freewoman Ltd., Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C., and should be crossed "Parr's Bank, Bloomsbury Branch." Terms of Subscription. Yearly, $14 (U.S.A.), 3 dollars 50 cents); Six Months, 7/- (U.S.A., 1 dollar 75 cents); Three Months, 3/6 (U.S.A., 90 cents). Single Copies 7d., post free to any address in the Postal Union.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

All orders, letters, &c., concerning advertisements should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, The New Freewoman, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.
Poetry
A Magazine of Verse.

Endeavours to publish the best poems now written in English;
Reviews and discusses new books and verse:
Promotes in every possible way the interests of the art.
If you believe that this art, like painting, sculpture, music, and architecture, requires and deserves public recognition and support, subscribe.

POETRY,
543, Cass Street, Chicago, U.S.A.
Send Poetry for one year ($1.50 enclosed)
beginning ________________________ to
Name ____________________________________________
Address __________________________________________

The Divine Mystery.

A READING
in the
History of Christianity down to the Time of Christ.
By ALLEN UPWARD,
AUTHOR of THE NEW WORD.
The author's New Word is the only work on science and religion that has ever been accepted by both sides. In the present volume the history of religion is presented as the history of science. The story of the Virgin Mother, though only an episode in the narration, will be read with especial interest by reformers of the relation between the sexes.

Garden City Press, Letchworth.
Price 10s. 6d.

It is requested that the work may be ordered through a Bookseller.

THE
Canzoni
of
Arnaut Daniel
Translated by
EZRA POUND.

With text and an introduction by him and fac similes of the original music and transpositions made by Walter Morse Rummel. A limited edition. Write for prospectus.

THE
RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR
CO., Publishers,
1025 Fine Art Bldg. Chicago, U.S.A.

READERS
of the
New Freewoman
are asked to become
SUBSCRIBERS.
This is the most effectual way of helping the Paper.

SUBSCRIPTIONS must be sent to
Miss HARRIET SHAW WEAVER,
Oakley House
Bloomsbury Street,
London, W.C.

All Cheques, Money Orders and Postal Orders should be crossed "Parr's Bank, Bloomsbury Branch," and made payable to The New Freewoman Ltd.

For Terms of Subscription see page 219.