

# FREEWOMAN

AN INDIVIDUALIST REVIEW.

No. 13 VOL. I.

MONDAY, DECEMBER 15th, 1913.

SIXPENCE.

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## KAROS, THE GOD.

BY ALLEN UPWARD.

FOR a long time Karos lay where he had fallen, after the scourge had picked off its last strip of flesh. He lay quite still. Nothing moved in the darkness except the blood that welled slowly from the smashed veins and oozed along the cracks in the clay floor of the slave-house into the tiny pool of sunlight beneath the door.

The pain of the scourging he had just undergone had stunned him. He neither writhed nor groaned. He kept telling himself that the scourging was over; and the certainty of this steeped his spirit in a dull ecstasy which seemed to Karos the most delicious sensation he had ever known.

He was sorry when the numbness passed from his mind, and the sense of pain where the lash had eaten him revived. He got up, moaning softly, and wrapped his coarse shirt round him. When the stuff brushed against the raw face of his wounds he shrieked aloud. Stumbling like a drunken man, he went to his cubicle.

The cubicle held a straw pallet covered with a thin blanket, a three-legged stool, and a wooden box, on which there stood a comb, an earthen cup and such trifles. Among them was a small clay god, about the height of a man's forefinger, with wings on its feet, and a rod with two twined serpents in its hand. Every slave possessed one of these images; they were made by Eratosthenes, the blind idol-maker in the Street of the Conduit, and sold for half a drachma.

Karos stood and looked at the Hermes, a frown gathering on his brow. It was the duty of Hermes to protect slaves and thieves as well as travellers, and Karos had relied on that protection when he stole the silver cup which had brought him to grief. In a fit of anger at the god's treachery, he took it up, spat on it, dashed it on the ground, and stamped it into pieces with his foot.

The moment his fury had spent itself, Karos repented. In his mind a purpose was already formed which he dared not carry out without the very amulet he had just destroyed. He must get another, and he had no money wherewith to buy one. He bethought himself of the famous lucky Hermes of his fellow-slave Lukidas. No other idol did so much for its

owner as this one. Lukidas had been offered ten drachmas for his god before now, but it had been worth more to him to keep it. Karos knew that it was shameful for one slave to rob another, nevertheless he crept softly out of his cubicle, and into that of Lukidas. When he came back the stolen god was safely tucked under his girdle.

Karos stepped out of the slave-house and looked round him.

The slave-house stood by itself in the sesame fields, some way from the hall. Beyond the fields there were olive groves reaching as far as the mountain side, where the great white high-road wound from distant Korukos by the sea, up into the heart of the Kappodokian highlands. There were towns and villages along the road for two or three days' journey, but after that they ceased, though some said the white high-road went on still, stretching into the unknown region beyond like a ray cast by the lighthouse of civilization. Dark tales were told of the barbarians who dwelt in those inaccessible valleys, speaking no Greek, and paying no tribute to the governor in Ikonion. Karos had heard that there were man-eaters among them, and dog-headed men.

No one had seen him come out of the slave-house. The overseer had gone back to the olive-press, where a number of slaves were hard at work crushing out the oil. Karos slunk round the corner of the building, and got under the shelter of the prickly-pear hedge which protected the growing sesame. Then he began to run in the direction of the olive groves.

He ran for a few yards and stopped, overcome with pain. The bleeding had broken out worse. He was obliged to go on very slowly, grinding his teeth to counteract the pain. In this way he passed through, first the fields, and then the olive plantation, and reached the ditch which formed the boundary of the estate. Here, beside the highway, stood a square pillar of stone ending in a bearded head. Beyond this figure the slaves were forbidden to pass. Karos stood for a minute, leaning against the Term, and looking anxiously all about him. Then he stepped across the ditch into the high road, and went steadily forward with his face to the north.

In the creed of the slave-owner the worst of all slaves was the runaway. This was a vice that could not be eradicated. The only way with the runaway was to put irons on his legs and send him to the hard labor of digging in the mines. Among the slaves themselves the runaway was looked on with a sentiment like horror, as one whose conduct was unnatural. Karos knew all this; but he had made up his mind. While those furrows were being dug into his body, he had decided that he would kill himself rather than endure that punishment again. For Karos was a spoilt slave, he had been his master's cupbearer and favourite, and it was the first time he had ever been scourged.

He dragged his feet along the dusty road for some hours, till it crowned the summit of the hill and began to go down again. At last he came to a forest of tall dark trees whose name he did not know. He left the road, and crawled into the shadow of the trees till he was exhausted and dropped. In a few minutes he was fast asleep.

When Karos opened his eyes again it was lighter than when he lay down. The morning air was fresh and virginal, the wood hummed with grasshoppers, and steel-clad beetles wheeled above the moss. Karos lay contentedly, and let the lull of the forest soothe the dull aching in his body. Into the midst of this peace there burst a sound which caused him to start to his feet, pale and sick, and plunge desperately into the heart of the wood. It was the bay of a bloodhound.

Karos shut his eyes as he ran, and saw the kennel into which he had so often gone to take the dogs their food. There were four of them, huge brutes with dripping jaws and shining pointed teeth like knives. Each was more than a match for either man or wolf. The slave ceased to feel any pain as he tore through the branches and stumbled across the roots of the trees, instinctively moving down hill all the while in search of running water.

He ran fast, but the baying grew always louder and clearer. For some time he could hear men's voices urging the dogs on, but these cries became fainter till they ceased. Karos did not know how long or how far he ran. His heart hammered his ribs as though it would break them. His breath came like the last suck of a pump when the well has gone dry. A bowstring was twisted tightly round his temples. His legs were changed to stone. He ran till he felt it worse to run than to be worried by the fangs of the dogs behind him. He saw a brook twelve paces in front of him, but those twelve paces seemed like the vast distances of the desert. He ran a quarter of the way—a half—and then he fell down, and the living spirit forsook him.

When his spirit came back to him, he felt something wet and soft on his cheek. He opened his eyes. One of the bloodhounds was licking him. It was Bellona, Karos' favourite, which he had always fed before the rest. The other three were lying on the ground, panting, with their tongues outside their mouths. As soon as Karos lifted his head, they got up and came to him. He stroked each in turn, and called it by its name. Then he remembered the men's voices that he had heard, and scrambled up from the ground. His feet were full of thorns, and bled, as he stepped into the bed of the watercourse, and began to go up against the stream.

The bloodhounds shook themselves and followed Karos, till he turned round and ordered them to go back. He fled along the watercourse for hours, slipping and sliding over the stones which lined its bed. When he was quite safe from pursuit he noticed that he was hungry. He left the stream and went into the wood again, where he found some crimson berries and a few sour black plums, which he ate greedily. He went on picking and eating till it was too dark to see, and then slept again.

He awoke feeling hungry and ill. He found a few more berries, and presently there were no more trees

and he was on a heath. A long way off a little smoke went up into the air. Karos went towards it for an hour, and saw a small hut standing in the middle of a few badly cultivated fields. A woman and three children came out of the house as he approached, but there was no man. Karos asked for bread, and the woman answered him in a strange tongue. He pushed her aside and went into the house. He found bread on a shelf, three loaves. He took two, one in each hand, and came away. The woman shook her fist, and the children spat on him as he went by.

Karos began running again till the house was a long way off. He came to a small pool and sat down. He threw a few crumbs into the pool as an offering to its spirit, and then ate one of the loaves.

After that his journey brought him among the hills, and he wandered for days without knowing whither. He found nothing to eat, and the sickness returned to him. He had dreams as he walked along; he dreamed that the dogs were following him, and then that he was feeding them with great pieces of red juicy meat. He dreamed also that he was a child in the pirate ship which was taking him from his home. They were rowing the ship, and he could hear the rumbling of the oars in the rowlocks and the splash of the blades in the water. Then there was a wind, and the deck of the ship slanted, and he stumbled as he tried to walk along it.

Karos decided to walk to the top of the hill in front of him, and lay himself down there to die. He took the stolen Hermes from under his girdle, and reproached it bitterly for not having brought him good luck. He supposed that the Hermes was only powerful in the district he had come from, and after a time he threw away the useless god. He did not know what were the gods of the country he had come to, or he would have worshipped them. When he got to the top of the hill he saw a large village in the valley which lay beyond.

Karos uttered a cry, and stood still. Hunger urged him to go down into the place and ask for food; but he remembered all the tales he had heard about these highlanders and fear held him back. He was obliged to remind himself of the resolution he had just made to die rather than wander further. If he were to die in any case, as well perish by the hands of the barbarians, as by hunger. A runaway slave, his clothing a few dirty rags, his body a mass of sores and bruises, his bones coming through his skin, sick, forlorn and desperate, he stood there for a few minutes, shrinking.

Then he began to go down the mountain side.

Between him and the village there were fields of wheat and millet, and another corn which was strange to Karos. The wheat was being cut in one of the fields by women who were unlike any one the slave had ever seen. They were stunted in shape, and dark-skinned, with long, straight black hair. They wore woollen garments, and shoes that ended in a turned-up point. As the slave came toward them, they left off reaping and stood up to stare at him, and a man dressed in a sheepskin cloak, who had been ordering the work, gave a shout, and started off running toward the village.

Karos' heart sank. He went forward slowly, dragging one swollen foot after the other. He had just got to the last field outside the village when he was astonished to see a troop coming out to meet him.

At the head marched an old man, taller than the rest, whose long white beard and venerable aspect struck the slave with awe. He wore a fillet on his head which reminded Karos of the sacred fillet worn by the priest of Demeter, and in his hand he carried a garland of wheat-ears mixed with blue cornflowers, like the garlands bound round the horns of a bull about to be sacrificed. Next to the leader of the procession came boys and girls with their hands full of flowers, and after them young men playing on reeds and wooden cymbals, and then a crowd of

villagers. As they came along they kept up a joyous chant like the sacred chorus of Dionusos.

Karos stood still, and waited. The old man, whom he supposed to be the village king or priest, came up to him and greeted him in a strange tongue, with a respect the slave could not account for. Next he bound the fillet on Karos' head, and as he did so the musicians clashed their symbols, and the procession burst into a louder and more exciting chant. Then the priest took Karos by the hand and led him into the village, the children running in front and casting their flowers under his feet.

Karos was bewildered. He suffered himself to be led along, scarcely knowing what he did. The music made him drowsy, and he told himself that this was another dream like those which had come to him when he was climbing the hill.

The village was defended by a mud wall the height of a man's breast. Outside the gate they passed by a great oak, and beneath it there stood an enormous stone with a flat top like an altar; but Karos looked in vain for the god. The dwellings of the villagers were rude wigwams built of untrimmed boughs wattled together, the cracks being stopped up with mud, so that they looked to the Greek like birds' nests. But there was one house in the middle, better than the others, built round the trunk of a living tree that stood in an open space, and thatched over with fine straw. Into this house the priest led Karos.

The slave had to lower his head to pass through the doorway. The inside was dark at first, but after a time he saw a pile of skins, of some animal he had never met with, the fur of which was soft and brown. There were also some domestic furnishings, such as a platter and drinking cup, and a large flint stone, shaped like a hatchet-blade.

Karos sank down on the bed of skins. He was light-headed owing to extreme hunger, and did not yet feel sure that all this was real. But the venerable old man seemed to understand his condition. He spoke to the men who had followed them to the door, and they hurried away, returning quickly with milk and boiled chestnuts and small cakes of bread. The slave snatched the food from their hands, and devoured it. The chant was still going on outside, and the sounds reached his ears. A warm, soothing languor passed into him. He felt very happy, and went to sleep.

When Karos awoke he was alone. He arose and went to the door of the hut. He found a man squatting on the threshold, who stood up when he saw Karos, shaking his head and signing to him not to pass out. The runaway shrank back with a touch of fear. It seemed he was a prisoner.

During the time that followed Karos fared much the same. He saw that the villagers wanted to please him, but that they were careful to give him no chance of escape. They brought him the best of everything they had to eat and drink. After a few days they placed a young girl in his hut, and signified that she was given to him for a wife. The girl fell on her knees to Karos, who was pleased that she should be afraid of him. This, and the reverence of his keepers, gave him boldness, and after a time he insisted on going out of doors, and walking about the village. That was permitted, but a close watch was kept on him, and whenever he tried to wander out into the fields he was turned back.

Meanwhile the venerable priest came day by day to visit Karos, and from him and from the girl the Greek began to pick up the speech of the barbarians. As soon as he could make himself any way understood he sought to learn the name of the village god.

All this time he had been wondering what was the worship of the place. He remembered that strange altar he had passed outside the village; but he had seen no sign of any god there, neither was there sign of temple or idol anywhere else. To Karos it was a fearful thing to live without the presence of some divine protection, for he had been taught that the

gods resented and punished the neglect of men.

When he tried to question his wife about this she seemed afraid to answer, responding only by gestures that puzzled him. The old priest explained to him that there were many evil spirits whom the people kept off by means of magic signs and tokens. Some of these signs he offered to teach Karos, who found they were familiar to him already, being the same as the slaves used. At the same time the priest assured him that he need have no fear on his own account, as long as he remained indoors, inasmuch as the tree around which his dwelling-place had been constructed was itself possessed of magical properties, a powerful defence against the demons.

None of this lore was new to the Greek, but what puzzled him was the absence of those greater and more beneficent beings who were worshipped in the world from which he had fled. There were the Sun and Moon, for instance, Diana of the Ephesians and the great Phrygian Cybele—did these barbarous highlanders know nothing of such gods as those?

The old man shook his head. The sun and moon were too far off to be reached by their prayers; they hardly recognised them as divine.

Whom did they worship then?—for a village could not exist without a god.

"You are our god," the old priest answered, staring at him curiously.

The slave was struck dumb. As the light broke into his mind he found an explanation of all that had so bewildered him; the joy at his arrival, the religious march, the sacred fillet and the flowers. Evidently these barbarians had mistaken him for a heavenly visitor, like Hermes or Apollo. The hut he was in was the village temple, the old man was his priest.

From that hour a great change came over Karos. In all his comings and goings he felt that the eyes of the villagers were fixed on him in awe, and he strove to act up to his divine part. His step grew stately, his mien severe and condescending. He spoke to the people rarely, and with much reserve. They on their part seemed to be prepared for this divine assumption, and to be gratified by it. Only his girl-companion shrank from him in his exalted mood and sometimes he found her weeping silently. Once when he was fingering the stone axe-head in the wigwam she snatched it from him, and hid it out of his reach. Karos beat her.

Upon a day in Spring the divine slave heard outside his dwelling the joyous music that had welcomed him when he first came. The aged priest appeared, and bade him make ready for the great yearly festival of the seed. In Springtime all men sacrifice to their gods to gain a blessing on the fields, and Karos exulted at the thought that sacrifice should be offered up to him. The priest made him put on a new white robe and anointed him and gave him an intoxicating drink. Then they went out into the open space before the house, and found it filled with minstrels and singers, and children carrying willow branches that were bursting into bud, and a great crowd of men and women.

Karos was dizzy, but men on each side held him up, and led him along, following the joyful music, till they came to the tree outside the village wall, where stood the great stone altar. Karos noticed that the priest carried in one hand an axe with a flint head like that which his wife had hidden; and when they had reached the place of sacrifice he looked round for the dedicated calf or lamb, but could not see it. He became aware that the people were strangely excited, thronging round him, and laying their hands on his garment as if to snatch a blessing.

Then the music waxed louder and frantically loud, and the chant rose to a scream as the singers broke their ranks and whirled round him in a mad dance; and the divine slave's head whirled round with the dancers, and he swooned and found himself falling backwards on the altar, and saw the flint-edge above him taking a thousand years to reach his throat.

## VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

It is proposed that with our issue of January 1st, 1914, the title of THE NEW FREEWOMAN be changed to THE EGOIST.



Although THE NEW FREEWOMAN has been in existence only six months, it has become clear that its present title can be regarded only as a serious handicap. It contrives to suggest what the paper is not, and fails to give any indication whatsoever as to what it is. The implications following upon this suggested false identity are so clearly indicated in a letter addressed to us by a group of contributors, to whose generous support the paper has owed much from its start, that we may allow it to state this aspect of the case, and in publishing the letter we take the opportunity of acknowledging the courtesy of its authors. It runs:

"We, the undersigned men of letters who are grateful to you for establishing an organ in which men and women of intelligence can express themselves without regard to the public, venture to suggest to you that the present title of the paper causes it to be confounded with organs devoted solely to the advocacy of an unimportant reform in an obsolete political institution.

"We therefore ask with great respect that you should consider the advisability of adopting another title which will mark the character of your paper as an organ of individualists of both sexes, and of the individualist principle in every department of life."

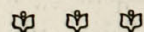
The letter bears the signature of regular contributors to the paper—Allen Upward, Ezra Pound, Huntly Carter, Reginald W. Kauffmann, Richard Adlington. Our own dissatisfaction with the title is due to the fact that it fails to suggest itself for what it is.

The critic who accuses us of selling "Æolian harps under the name of tin whistles" indicates the positive element from which the paper suffers.

We offer a commodity for sale under a description which is not only calculated to attract a section of the public for which in itself it can have no attraction but which would be an active deterrent to those who should compose its natural audience. At the time the title was assumed there existed considerations strong enough to lead us to its adoption; these now no longer exist and we therefore propose that the change be made.

In adopting the neutral title THE EGOIST and thereby obliterating the "woman" character from the journal, we do not feel that we are abandoning anything there would be wisdom in retaining. The emphasis laid on women and their ways and works was, as was pointed out in the early days of the first FREEWOMAN, more in the nature of retort than of argument. "Feminism" was the natural reply to "Hominism," and the intent of both these was more to tighten the strings of the controversy than to reveal anything vital in the minds of the controversialists. What women could, should, might, would do if they were allowed was the retort to those who said that such things they could, should, might, would not do and therefore should not be allowed. The feminist argument was an overture many times repeated to a composition voicing the great works of women. The controversialists are now tired, and the spectators can reasonably expect to have something of the main composition. What women—awakened, emancipated, roused, and what-not—what they *can* do, it is open for them to do; and judgment as unbiased as ever it is likely to be, is ready to abide by the evidence of their work's quality.

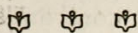
The time has arrived when mentally-honest women feel that they have no use for the springing-board of large promises of powers redeemable in a distant future. Just as they feel they can be as "free" now as they have the power to be, they know that their works can give evidence now of whatever quality they are capable of giving to them. To attempt to be "freer" than their own power warrants means that curious thing—"protected freedom," and their ability, allowed credit because it is women's, is a "protected" ability. "Freedom" and ability "recognised" by permission, are privileges which they find can serve no useful purpose.



The moment when we propose attaching to ourselves a new label seems the right one to answer an objection raised by a contributor, Mr. Benj. R. Tucker, in the present issue, against a former statement that we "stand for nothing." THE EGOIST (we suppose he will say) at least will stand for egoism.

The irony of "standing for" a thing lies in the fact that the first return the thing stood for makes is to bring its advocates kneeling before it. A man will lie down prone before the thing he "stands for" and serve it, and the one assertion of egoism is, to our minds, that a man shall make it his concern with things to force them to minister to him. Standing for anything whatsoever means setting that thing on a pedestal, demanding that all around it shall pay it tribute. "Let Justice be, though the heavens fall": if for Justice we read, all or any of the things which have been "stood for" in human history—and their number is legion—we assemble the hosts of tyrants to which men have presented their souls to be scourged since the world began. From among these tyrants there is nothing to choose. They apply the scourge with equal zest. Liberty is as tender as Moloch, Justice is as white-handed as them all. The egoist stands for nothing: his affair is to see to it that he shall not be compelled to kneel; and provided that he remains standing, all that he needs of those things, before which men have bowed down because they first consented to "stand for" them, shall be his for the getting. Mr. Tucker rakes up our past propositions against us: it is a kindly service as it enables us to strain them a little clearer. "We stand for the empowering of individuals" we have said. Our usual modesty, we fear! We *hope* that we may empower individuals: we think we shall. We know we do empower ourselves, our contributors, and those who find pleasure in reading us: three admirable achievements of which the most admirable is the first. But ourselves apart we do not "stand for" the empowering of any. We are not, for instance, deterred by the knowledge that the effect of much in THE NEW FREEWOMAN upon some of its earlier supporters has been as disconcerting as a blow struck upon the face of a child. We go forward, following our own lead, and allow those whom it hurts to fall back. We are not dedicated to their service or to their empowering. Only in so far as their condition becomes part of the landscape over which our understanding must travel does it become vitally our concern. With the pictures and paper on our walls we are concerned because our eyes daily feed on them. But to wall papers and pictures which do not come within the stretch of our experience, we are dead. And so with people in general, and readers of this journal in particular. Primarily the paper is not written for them, it is written to please ourselves. If, while making things clear to ourselves, we make difficulties for our readers, we have done nothing alien to that which

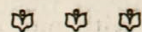
we set out to do. If however our readers apprise us of the difficulty we make, and we are sufficiently sensitive to be rendered uneasy thereat, the resolving of the difficulties becomes part of what is required for our own satisfaction. If in carrying through our work in this spirit one cares to believe that we "stand for" anything beyond the satisfying of ourselves, they are welcome to remain in their belief. We prefer to say we "stand" for nothing since the "selves," to whose power and satisfaction this effort administers, are too changeable for anything which "stands" to keep up with; their satisfactions must move forward. Accordingly we feel no fear of being the "dumping-ground for miscellaneous wits," since we have more respect for wits than for their creeds or works. Any work therefore bearing the marks of first-hand vision, and the ring of honest and economised expression will, if it interests us (it is necessary always to allow for a wide streak of personal preference) have a chance of finding its way herein.



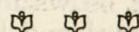
The endeavour to keep an enterprise fixed firm by attaching it to a stationary idea, the disproportionate amount of respect which is paid to a man's opinions compared with that paid to the man himself, and the deep-seated uneasiness felt in regard to a person who asserts that to allow himself to change is the first step towards allowing his powers the opportunity of being themselves, are merely aspects of the distrust and fear of self which is the most articulate though not the most powerful impulse in the human world. A man who subscribes to a fixed idea is a "safe" man. The "idea" can be relied upon to keep him anchored. But one who trusts to himself is an incalculable, unreliable unit which no safe and respectable body of opinion would tolerate.

It would appear that the small frail glow of sensitive-ness which is a man, hung isolated in an inanimate world, split its experience into two parts: the pleasurable which it believed itself to have come by through the benevolent kindness of a remote Patron: the Lord or any other sufficiently remote; and the painful whose origin it ascribed to itself. Hence the fear of the power of the self. The self pays the price; the self is the culprit; therefore the self must be put into bondage, restricted in its power to do mischief. The states, the churches, laws, moral codes, duties, conventions, public opinion are the variant forms which the efforts to put the self under restraint have taken. The dividing up of experience into parts with the responsibility for the least desirable falling to the self has enabled the ingenuity of men's fears to work out a neat little comedy, the naïve plot of which appears and reappears in the religions of the world. The articulate part of the self takes sides with the Saving Grace against the self as a whole. The articulate part, when uttering its counsels of perfection proposes the overcoming of the self: its sacrifice and abandonment, in favour of the higher power. Hence down to the actual moment, self-sacrifice retains the high tone, the elegance and unction, no matter how the blind inarticulate instincts of men have brushed its precepts aside. The only change in the setting of the comedy has been in the name of the "Person" in whom the Saving Grace is supposed to reside. The rôle of the Self has remained constant as the scallawag. In these latter fraternal and democratic days it is the "Person" of the "All" which supplies for it the efficient sacrificing motive. Humanity, the sacred Unity of the All, has in some mysterious fashion acquired a worth which the reputation of its compounding units does nothing at all to explain. Worthless, meet only to be "overcome" individually, unhouseled and graceless, taken *en bloc* they acquire worth in the mere act of aggregation. Addition is the saving grace, division is the sin. Let men cluster together therefore and compound the Holy Unity:

as they do, hence Democracy, the Brotherhood of Man, the cult of Humanity and The Race—all holy entities requiring capital initial letters!



If we could get into the habit of describing a man as he feels himself instead of in the terms of the physical image under which he presents himself to sight, we should break through this deadening concept of unity. If we described him—as an artist would—that is, as he feels himself, we should say an intense flaming heart of sensitiveness in a sheath of material substance, in and out of which it can send piercing fingers, keen tongues of itself as foragers into an external world. We should say that a man was confined with his bodily sheath no more than the rays of an arc lamp are confined by the transparent globe; that unlike the rays of a lamp which, once shed, dissipate with degenerating potency, the rays of sensitive life return to their source with increased power; we should say that this is the inner meaning of "building up" an organism: that it is the withdrawal of the living threads, heavy with gathered impressions, back within itself that distinguishes life from energy: distinguishes that which is being built up into the egoistic unit from that which is running down towards disintegration; that experience is the food of life: that the senses of sight, sound, and scent, sympathy and understanding, and a vague growing awareness too immature to be given a name, stretching out into the world pass outside the limits of the body to ransack the universe—for experience. With a million tentacles they invade the world of appearance; pierce, scour, scan, scoop up as with a mighty arm the panorama of the world: but they return an army laden with spoil always to their own. They have lost nothing of their individualised uniqueness in their excursions. They have scooped impressions from that with which they have had contact all they were capable of assimilating: but they have in no way merged their identity in what they have fed on: rather they have intensified it: made the distinctness from all that was not of itself more definite. Nor does experience—which is awareness—absorb or diminish the thing it grows on. Each retains its integrity. Contrary to the testimony of the hymn which tells us "We are not divided, all one body we, One in hope and doctrine, one in charitee," we *are* divided, and division grows increasingly with our growth. Because an individual is not confined within the cover of his skin, he is not therefore limitless; because he can make excursions beyond the limits of his body he is not therefore merged in the "All" and the "All" in him; because the self gleans among that which is not itself it does not thereby become part and parcel with it—democratic opinion and the devastating blight of an Oriental philosophy, now everywhere spreading, notwithstanding.



NOTE.—Owing to the exceptional circumstances under which the present issue has been made up, the Editor was compelled to make a forecast as to the amount of space which would be required for the above comments. The forecast was inadequate for the length to which the actual article ran out and the Sub-Editor was compelled to cut off several paragraphs. Apologies are therefore offered to Mr. Tucker and Mr. Byington to whose article and letter respectively are appended notes in which references are made to the amputated sections. The paragraphs containing the replies referred to will appear in the next issue.

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# The Philosophy of Ideas.

By HENRI BERGSON.

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NOTHING would be easier, now, than to extend Zeno's argument to qualitative becoming and to evolutionary becoming. We should find the same contradictions in these. That the child can become a youth, ripen to maturity and decline to old age, we understand when we consider that vital evolution is here the reality itself. Infancy, adolescence, maturity, old age, are mere views of the mind, *possible stops* imagined by us, from without, along the continuity of a progress. On the contrary, let childhood, adolescence, maturity and old age be given as integral parts of the evolution, they become *real stops*, and we can no longer conceive how evolution is possible, for rests placed beside rests will never be equivalent to a movement. How, with what is made, can we reconstitute what is being made? How, for instance, from childhood once posited as a *thing*, shall we pass to adolescence, when, by the hypothesis, childhood only is given? If we look at it closely, we shall see that our habitual manner of speaking, which is fashioned after our habitual manner of thinking, leads us to actual logical deadlocks,—deadlocks to which we allow ourselves to be led without anxiety, because we feel confusedly that we can always get out of them if we like: all that we have to do, in fact, is to give up the cinematographical habits of our intellect. When we say "The child becomes a man," let us take care not to fathom too deeply the literal meaning of the expression, or we shall find that, when we posit the subject "child," the attribute "man" does not yet apply to it, and that, when we express the attribute "man," it applies no more to the subject "child." The reality, which is the *transition* from childhood to manhood, has slipped between our fingers. We have only the imaginary stops "child" and "man," and we are very near to saying that one of these stops is the other, just as the arrow of Zeno is, according to that philosopher, at all the points of the course. The truth is that if language here were moulded on reality, we should not say "The child becomes the man," but "There is becoming from the child to the man." In the first proposition, "becomes" is a verb of indeterminate meaning, intended to mask the absurdity into which we fall when we attribute the state "man" to the subject "child." It behaves in much the same way as the movement, always the same, of the cinematographical film, a movement hidden in the apparatus and whose function it is to superpose the successive pictures on one another in order to imitate the movement of the real object. In the second proposition, "becoming" is a subject. It comes to the front. It is the reality itself; childhood and manhood are then only possible stops, mere views of the mind; we now have to do with the objective movement itself, and no longer with its cinematographical imitation. But the first manner of expression is alone conformable to our habits of language. We must, in order to adopt the second, escape from the cinematographed mechanism of thought.

We must make complete abstraction of this mechanism, if we wish to get rid at one stroke of the theoretical absurdities that the question of movement raises. All is obscure, all is contradictory when we try, with states, to build up a transition. The obscurity is cleared up, the contradiction vanishes, as soon as we place ourselves along the transition, in order to distinguish states in it by making cross cuts therein in thought. The reason is that there is *more* in the transition than the series of states, that is to say, the possible cuts,—*more* in the movement than the series of positions, that is to say, the

possible stops. Only, the first way of looking at things is conformable to the processes of the human mind; the second requires, on the contrary, that we reverse the bent of our intellectual habits. No wonder, then, if philosophy at first recoiled before such an effort. The Greeks trusted to nature, trusted the natural propensity of the mind, trusted language above all, in so far as it naturally externalizes thought. Rather than lay blame on the attitude of thought and language toward the course of things, they preferred to pronounce the course of things itself to be wrong.

Such, indeed, was the sentence passed by the philosophers of the Eleatic school. And they passed it without any reservation whatever. As becoming shocks the habits of thought and fits ill into the moulds of language, they declared it unreal. In spatial movement and in change in general they saw only pure illusion. This conclusion could be softened down without changing the premisses, by saying that the reality changes, but that it *ought not* to change. Experience confronts us with becoming: that is *sensible* reality. But the *intelligible* reality, that which *ought* to be, is more real still, and that reality does not change. Beneath the qualitative becoming, beneath the evolutionary becoming, beneath the extensive becoming, the mind must seek that which defies change, the definable quality, the form or essence, the end. Such was the fundamental principle of the philosophy which developed throughout the classic age, the philosophy of Forms, or, to use a term more akin to the Greek, the philosophy of Ideas.

The Greek word *eidos*, which we translate here by "Idea," has, in fact, this threefold meaning. It denotes (1) the quality, (2) the form or essence, (3) the end or *design* (in the sense of *intention*) of the act being performed, that is to say, at bottom, the *design* (in the sense of *drawing*) of the act supposed accomplished. *These three aspects are those of the adjective, substantiye and verb, and correspond to the three essential categories of language.* After the explanations we have given above, we might, and perhaps we ought to, translate "idea" by "view" or rather by "moment." For "idea" is the stable view taken of the instability of things: the *quality*, which is a moment of becoming; the *form*, which is a moment of evolution; the *essence*, which is the mean form above and below which the other forms are arranged as alterations of the mean; finally, the intention or *mental design* which presides over the action being accomplished, and which is nothing else, we said, than the *material design*, traced out and contemplated beforehand, of the action accomplished. To reduce things to Ideas is therefore to resolve becoming into its principal moments, each of these being, moreover, by the hypothesis, screened from the laws of time, and, as it were, plucked out of eternity. That is to say that we end in the philosophy of Ideas when we apply the cinematographical mechanism of the intellect to the analysis of the real.

But, when we put immutable Ideas at the base of the moving reality, a whole physics, a whole cosmology, a whole theology follows necessarily. We must insist on the point. Not that we mean to summarize in a few pages a philosophy so complex and so comprehensive as that of the Greeks. But, since we have described the cinematographical mechanism of the intellect, it is important that we should show to what idea of reality the play of this mechanism leads. It is the very idea, we believe, that we find in the ancient philosophy. The main lines of the doctrine that was developed from Plato to Plotinus, passing through Aristotle (and even, in a certain measure, through the Stoics), have nothing accidental, nothing contingent, nothing that must be regarded as a philosopher's fancy. They indicate the vision that a systematic intellect obtains of the universal becoming when regarding it by means of snapshots, taken at intervals, of its flowing. So that, even to-day, we shall

philosophize in the manner of the Greeks, we shall rediscover, without needing to know them, such and such of their general conclusions, in the exact proportion that we trust in the cinematographical instinct of our thought.

We said there is *more* in a movement than in the successive positions attributed to the moving object, *more* in a becoming than in the forms passed through in turn, *more* in the evolution of form than the forms assumed one after another. Philosophy can therefore derive terms of the second kind from those of the first, but not the first from the second: from the first terms speculation must take its start. But the intellect reverses the order of the two groups; and, on this point, ancient philosophy proceeds as the intellect does. It instals itself in the immutable, it posits only Ideas. Yet becoming exists: it is a fact. How, then, having posited immutability alone, shall we make change come forth from it? Not by the addition of anything, for, by the hypothesis, there exists nothing positive outside Ideas. It must therefore be by a diminution. So at the base of ancient philosophy lies necessarily this postulate: that there is more in the motionless than in the moving, and that we pass from immutability to becoming by way of diminution or attenuation.

It is therefore something negative, or zero at most, that must be added to Ideas to obtain change. In that consists the Platonic "non-being," the Aristotelian "matter"—a metaphysical zero which, joined to the Idea, like the arithmetical zero to unity, multiplies it in space and time. By it the motionless and simple Idea is refracted into a movement spread out indefinitely. In right, there ought to be nothing but immutable Ideas, immutably fitted to each other. In fact, matter comes to add to them its void, and thereby lets loose the universal becoming. It is an elusive nothing, that creeps between the Ideas and creates endless agitation, eternal disquiet, like a suspicion insinuated between two loving hearts. Degrade the immutable Ideas: you obtain, by that alone, the perpetual flux of things. The Ideas or Forms are the whole of intelligible reality, that is to say, of truth, in that they represent, all together, the theoretical equilibrium of Being. As to sensible reality, it is a perpetual oscillation from one side to the other of this point of equilibrium.

Hence, throughout the whole philosophy of Ideas there is a certain conception of duration, as also of the relation of time to eternity. He who instals himself in becoming sees in duration the very life of things, the fundamental reality. The Forms, which the mind isolates and stores up in concepts, are then only snapshots of the changing reality. They are moments gathered along the course of time; and, just because we have cut the thread that binds them to time, they no longer endure. They tend to withdraw into their own definition, that is to say, into the artificial reconstruction and symbolical expression which is their intellectual equivalent. They enter into eternity, if you will; but what is eternal in them is just what is unreal. On the contrary, if we treat becoming by the cinematographical method, the Forms are no longer snapshots taken of the change, they are its constitutive elements, they represent all that is positive in Becoming. Eternity no longer hovers over time, as an abstraction; it underlies time, as a reality. Such is exactly, on this point, the attitude of the philosophy of Forms or Ideas. It establishes between eternity and time the same relation as between a piece of gold and the small change—change so small that payment goes on for ever without the debt being paid off. The debt could be paid at once with the piece of gold. It is this that Plato expresses in his magnificent language when he says that God, unable to make the world eternal, gave it Time, "a moving image of eternity."

Hence also arises a certain conception of extension, which is at the base of the philosophy of Ideas, although it has not been so explicitly brought out.

Let us imagine a mind placed alongside becoming, and adopting its movement. Each successive state, each quality, each form, in short, will be seen by it as a mere cut made by thought in the universal becoming. It will be found that form is essentially extended, inseparable as it is from the extensity of the becoming which has materialized it in the course of its flow. Every form thus occupies space, as it occupies time. But the philosophy of Ideas follows the inverse direction. It starts from the Form; it sees in the Form the very essence of reality. It does not take Form as a snapshot of becoming; it posits Form in the eternal; of this motionless eternity, then, duration and becoming are supposed to be only the degradation. Form thus posited, independent of time, is then no longer what is found in a perception; it is a *concept*. And, as a reality of the conceptual order occupies no more of extension than it does of duration, the Forms must be stationed outside space as well as above time. Space and time have therefore necessarily, in ancient philosophy, the same origin and the same value. The same diminution of being is expressed both by extension in space and detension in time. Both of these are but the distance between what is and what ought to be. From the standpoint of ancient philosophy, space and time can be nothing but the field that an incomplete reality, or rather a reality that has gone astray from itself, needs in order to run in quest of itself. Only it must be admitted that the field is created as the hunting progresses, and that the hunting in some way deposits the field beneath it. Move an imaginary pendulum, a mere mathematical point, from its position of equilibrium: a perpetual oscillation is started, along which points are placed next to points, and moments succeed moments. The space and time which thus arise have no more "positivity" than the movement itself. They represent the remoteness of the position artificially given to the pendulum from its normal position, *what it lacks* in order to regain its natural stability. Bring it back to its normal position: space, time and motion shrink to a mathematical point. Just so, human reasonings are drawn out into an endless chain, but are at once swallowed up in the truth seized by intuition, for their extension in space and time is only the distance, so to speak, between thought and truth. So of extension and duration in relation to pure Forms or Ideas. The sensible forms are before us, ever about to recover their ideality, ever prevented by the matter they bear in them, that is to say, by their inner void, by the interval between what they are and what they ought to be. They are for ever on the point of recovering themselves, for ever occupied in losing themselves. An inflexible law condemns them, like the rock of Sisyphus, to fall back when they are almost touching the summit, and this law, which has projected them into space and time, is nothing other than the very constancy of their original insufficiency. The alternations of generation and decay, the evolutions ever beginning over and over again, the infinite repetition of the cycles of celestial spheres—this all represents merely a certain fundamental deficit, in which materiality consists. Fill up this deficit: at once you suppress space and time, that is to say, the endlessly renewed oscillations around a stable equilibrium always aimed at, never reached. Things re-enter into each other. What was extended in space is contracted into pure Form. And past, present, and future shrink into a single moment, which is eternity.

This amounts to saying that physics is but logic spoiled. In this proposition the whole philosophy of Ideas is summarized.

Our perception and thought begin by substituting for the continuity of evolutionary change a series of unchangeable forms which are, turn by turn, caught "on the wing," like the rings at a merry-go-round, which the children unhook with their little stick as they are passing. Now, how can the forms be pass-

ing, and on what "stick" are they strung? As the stable forms have been obtained by extracting from change everything that is definite, there is nothing left, to characterize the instability on which the forms are laid, but a negative attribute, which must be indetermination itself. Such is the first proceeding of our thought: it dissociates each change into two elements—the one stable, definable for each particular case, to wit, the Form; the other indefinable and always the same, Change in general. And such, also, is the essential operation of language. Forms are all that it is capable of expressing. It is reduced to taking as understood or is limited to *suggesting* a mobility which, just because it is always unexpressed, is thought to remain in all cases the same.—Then comes in a philosophy that holds the dissociation thus effected by thought and language to be legitimate.

(Creative Evolution. By Henri Bergson. Page 329 *et seq.*\*)

## The British Academy.

THE British Academy held a meeting or a séance or a gathering, or whatever they call it, on November the 28th. I suppose they might have been more ridiculous; I suppose one could find a duller set of old buffers if one set out with that intention. I suppose the British Academicians have good hearts. I believe that their lack of brains was not obvious in the Caxton Hall. I know I was amused by the audience and the speakers; I believe one must be respectful to Mr. Yeats and say that he, at least, was not foolish.

Possibly one could find excuses for all the members of the Academic Committee, for all their speeches. It was a hard task for Sir Walter Raleigh (the professor not the poet) to have to hail Mr. Masfield as a treasure for any Academy. Sir Walter made what would be called a tempered speech. He praised Mr. Masfield just a little doubtfully; he glided with academic delicacy over the subject of oaths; he admired the Widow in the Bye Street. When he quoted poetry, or rather when he quoted Mr. Masfield's jingles, he spoke through his nose like a sucking curate, and the Hall was hushed. He made a joke without meaning to—at least I don't think he meant to—he said of Mr. Masfield's poems, "The streets are made of red clay and the fields are full of murder."

Mr. Hewlett welcomed Mrs. Margaret Woods to the Academy. He spoke as if he were constantly trying to spit a piece of tobacco out of the corner of his cheek. He would have made a better figure welcoming Mr. Masfield. Mr. Hewlett was flowery and Prosper-le-Gaiish. "He rode out at the Ferrara gate"—I mean he talked about Mrs. Woods' sensitive pen which has gained force among the ramparts of something or other. He said that its throb was the more intense for being sheathed in marble. He mentioned Milton and Gray. He has heard of Rossetti—at least, he said "fundamental brainwork." There were "irony of life," "stern and poignant little masterpiece," "high tragedy," "the thing became a trumpet," and lots more. He sat down unexpectedly and everyone clapped.

Mr. Benson looked a little warm and a little surprised at being present. He spoke of the glorious, the staunch, the noble, the flashing cavalier, the fearless and trenchant philosopher, etcetera, etcetera. He meant the Right Reverend Dr. Inge; you might have thought that he was praising Rabelais and Jesus Christ. Dr. Inge is now a member of the British Academy. God save the King.

Mr. Binyon soared above the heads of his predecessors like Phaëton above the Ethiopians. He spoke for Mr. Max Beerbohm. (Please Mr. Beerbohm tell

us exactly what you think of your fellow Academicians.) Mr. Binyon, in his speech, began by praising the Muse of comedy—I think he said the Comic Muse—in a tone of dull melancholy, with a lugubrious countenance. But Mr. Binyon was shamming. He came out; he made a joke; it was a good one. Mr. Yeats, who, up till that time had been writing his speech for the press or fanning his forehead in an agitated way as he muttered Irish folk-lore to himself—Mr. Yeats turned round and smiled, and waved a delicate hand. Mr. Binyon went on; he made three witty sayings which I have forgotten. He was twice banal when I thought he was going to make a joke. He parodied the parodying Mr. Beerbohm. He was an admirable fellow.

Mr. Yeats? Ah, Mr. Yeats. Mr. Yeats explained with Dublin Theatre gestures and parsonic elocution that he had no manuscript to read from. He had given his to the press. He smiled benignly, and recited his memorised speech perfectly. He spoke in his beautiful voice; he expressed Celtic lore with his more beautiful face; he elevated and waved his yet more beautiful hands. He blessed us with his presence. He spoke of spirits and phantasmagoria. He spoke of finding two boots in the middle of a field and the owner of the boots listening for the earth-spirits under a bush. He said that in Ireland the hedge-rows were rushing upon the towns. He praised Mr. Stevens' Crock of Gold. He read one of Mr. Stevens' poems, which was admirable as he read it.

Mr. Yeats concluded the performance by giving Mr. Stevens a hundred pounds. We could not hear Mr. Stevens promising to be a good boy and not spend it all in toffee and fairy-books.

R. S.

## Plays, Books, and Papers.

THERE seems to be no real reason for objecting to blood and thunder. Both are intimately connected with primæval religious rites, and they have been used before now to "evoke pity and terror" in the bosoms of innocent spectators of drama. There is not a great amount of pity and terror to be derived from "Between Sunset and Dawn." The whole thing is pretty cliché. It is a kind of post-Masfieldian cliché, come to rejoice us as the post-Dickensian brand delighted our ancestors. The sunset occurs in the East end. The people have curiously novel names, like Mrs. Harris and Bill Higgins. Mrs. Harris is not mythical, she conducts herself unpleasantly towards unchaperoned ladies. Mrs. Harris is herself a lady. Jim Harris begins brutally by eating ham, but reforms himself by knocking Bill Higgins down once or twice, in a chivalrous effort to prevent Mr. Higgins from assaulting his (Mr. Higgins') wife. Mrs., otherwise Liz, Higgins, finds it difficult to decide between her husband and the amiable Mr. Harris. The result of her indecision is that her husband precipitately extinguishes the lamp and hurls two precious Crown Derby vases into the connubial fireplace, where, strange to say, they are broken; and, as a further result, Mr. Harris is attacked by finer feelings, discourses obscurely on the nature of love and stabs Mrs. Higgins with a table-knife. Mr. Harris' sentiments after he has done the deed are firm, manly and delicate. From this play ladies in the East end may learn never to leave their husbands until they are quite sure their lovers have no finer feelings, and never to deceive any man, never to tell a lie, &c., &c. The actors did their best. I suppose Cockneys do talk like that?



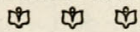
Mr. Shaw's Great Catherine, which follows Between Sunset and Dawn after an interval of ten minutes, is in many respects a studied contrast to its predecessor. Mr. Shaw's play is not gloomy; it is

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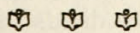


not even very moral. That is not to say that it is immoral. I believe Mr. Shaw to be far too respectable even to dream of setting immoralities upon the stage. I have such an admiration for Mr. Shaw that I would willingly claim that his play is original, if I could. He is really almost as Dickensian as Mr. Hermon Ould. It is true that Prince Patiomkin is very drunk and makes amusing epigrams; but then a good deal of the fun comes from Victorian horse-play. We all know how delighted an English audience is with a "drunk"; it is one of the inexplicable things about that otherwise refined mass. And Mr. Shaw's drunk is a typical specimen; he reminds me of the kind of thing I laughed at in the Drury Lane Pantomime when I was eight years old. Prince Patiomkin sits on the floor and drinks vinegar to sober himself, he wreaks physical violence upon Cossacks and ushers, he even carries the immaculate English Captain Edaston and dumps him into the Empress' bed; all in the most approved 'pantomime way. Very likely, Mr. Shaw wanted to write a pantomime; I have no objection. I would far rather that he amused his middle age thus than by burdening us with "magna opera."

The Empress Catherine had a charming Russian accent and splendid gowns. She made an excellent foil for Mr. Shaw's very English jokes on the Englishman. She tickled the Englishman barbarously. She made one most admirable joke, from a Dickensian standpoint; and thus terminated the play.

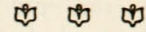


There is enough intellectual ability in Miss Violet Hunt's *The Desirable Alien*\* to quiet the long-tongued feminists and anti-feminists who go around complaining that females have no minds. Usually one resents the 300 pages of prose which authors are now bound to put out to make a book; the essay-like construction of *The Desirable Alien* is a great relief; you can put the book down at the end of a chapter and pick it up again next day without having lost all interest. M. Remy de Gourmont declares that each section of a book should be written spontaneously and at a sitting, in order to preserve the rhythm. I feel as if most of *The Desirable Alien* had been written like that. There is an ease, a sort of "professional" style about Miss Hunt's writing which leaves one feeling comfortable about the author's training. Not that one cannot discover faults. But then the faults are distinctly feminine—a sort of damn-your-eyes carelessness, a fair amount of vanity (if that estimable virtue be counted a fault), a pre-occupation with material comforts, especially food (this is a book of travel). The virtues of the book are feminine too; a power of clarity and of satire in rendering people's minds and appearances, a descriptive ability—especially in relation to costume—a kind of female-Robin-Goodfellow wit. (Miss Hunt's enemies would probably call it "Cockney.") And yet I think she loses a good deal of vigour by her thoroughly feminine indifference to means; she seems to care less for writing than for what she is writing about.



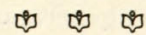
I suppose it is natural that Miss Hunt's writing should remind me of painting. *The Desirable Alien* makes me think of a sheaf of sketches of a foreign walking-tour, done at odd turns and corners, and produced by the painter for one's delectation after dinner. There is a vivid sense of colours and bright patterns about her writing. I suppose, with apologies, that it is post-Pre-Raphaelite. Take, for instance, the description of the market-place at the end of chapter IX. Apart from the catalogue of flowers, you get as clear and actual a sense of painting as a written page can give. It started me thinking of a painting I saw a while back, by a man whose name

and school I have forgotten—he was post-Van Gogh, I imagine. Any way, the paint was laid on in thick dabs, which gave a feeling of almost Pre-Raphaelite smoothness three yards off, and an effect of glitter and brilliance—different from the glitter of Constable or the brilliance of Rossetti. (I am describing it very badly.) But that is how I see Miss Hunt's writing, while the two chapters by Mr. Hueffer seem to me even more highly coloured. His very dogs are as scintillating as butterflies. I shall probably be wrong, and force the comparison, if I say that Mr. Hueffer is like a Pointillist. And his notes to *The Desirable Alien* are an asset to its humour.



*Gens de là et d'ailleurs*\* is a collection of short stories, divided into three series, as its sub-titles indicate. They are, *People of the Soil*, *People of the town*, *People of Paris*. The first section is the most difficult to appreciate for an English reader, possibly because there is so much writing in dialect, which tires one's mind. Also this section shows more than the others the worst fault in M. Mercereau's writing. I refer to his tendency to emphasise a situation or a character, unnecessarily, to underline what would have been more effective if left alone. It is rather hard to illustrate this without long quotations, but the story called *les Mathieu* and the sketch, *Un Simple*, are very good examples. *La Ravaude*, a curious "study" in crude agricultural passions, is the best in this series.

*Sœur Sainte-Colombe*, in the *Gens de la Ville*, is an amusing little piece, spoilt a little by an exaggerated antithesis. The idea is good enough: a boy is told that his cousin, *Sœur Sainte-Colombe* is coming to see them. He pictures to himself a marvellous female personage, lives in dreams of seeing her, and finds her a horrible, toothless old maid when she does arrive. I like the free-mason story, *La Maison Mystérieuse*, pretty well, also; it satirises the same sort of abject stupidity that one meets with in provincial England. The best story in the book is *Louis et Louise*. It deals with too much to be a perfect short story, and is too typical for some tastes, but the thing is extraordinarily well told. M. Mercereau drags in a moral at the end, but I suppose we can forgive him that. *Rose, jeune fille mystique*, *La grand Adèle*, *Le Jardin des époux Bonnard* and *Madame Dupont* are all worth reading. The *Bonnards* were "too poor to have one child and not poor enough to have eight," and therefore they went gardening in *Père-Lachaise*. *Madame Dupont* was a prude who had once been the opposite and for her hypocrisy was very properly slain by little black fauns.



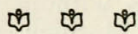
It would be ridiculous for me to pretend to speak authoritatively of Mr. Samuel's translation of "*The Road to the Open*,"\* a novel by the great Austrian, Arthur Schnitzler, because I am almost totally ignorant of German and entirely so of Schnitzler's work. The thread of the book is largely concerned with the somewhat morbid introspections of what they called in the nineteenth century the "hero." He tortures himself over the deaths of his father and his mother, and years after they die wonders why he is not more moved in recollecting them. In a semi-mystical way he excruciates his feelings over the death of his illegitimate child, imagining that its death was caused by his own indifference to the mother and the child before its birth. In the last

\**Gens de là et d'ailleurs*. Alexandre Mercereau. Edition nouvelle. Paris. Figuière.

\**The Road to the Open*. By Arthur Schnitzler. Authorised translation by Horace Samuel. (Howard Latimer Limited. 6/-.)

\**The Desirable Alien at home in Germany*. By Violet Hunt. With preface and two additional chapters by Ford Madox Hueffer. Chatto & Windus.

chapter Heinrich, the "hero's" friend, tells him exactly what is wrong with him and his character. He points out that George is suffering because he has "an obligation to feel guilty" and not because he really felt responsibility. A great deal of the earlier portion of the book is devoted to descriptions of the Jews in Vienna, and particularly to the two Ehrenbergs. The son tries to get received in good Viennese society, and commits suicide after an insult by his father finally excludes him. After "George" goes to Italy, Schnitzler manages to bring in some descriptions of Italian scenery, whose accuracy I can commend from personal experience. The book is a little long, Tedescan in its completeness, but un-English in its accuracy and "psychologie." If you ask a German about Schnitzler he will probably tell you that he is the greatest living writer in the world after Anatole France. Anyone brought up on French traditions will be inclined to doubt that. Still, it is important to notice the real literary value of Schnitzler's work and to welcome this effort to introduce modern German literature into England, where it is far too little studied. It may be true, as some people assert, that all the good work is done in Paris, but after all we ought to take the trouble to find out what the Germans are doing.

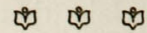


The *Cerebralist* is a new review founded by Mr. E. C. Grey for the propagation of his theories, and also for the encouragement of literature and the arts. Mr. Grey has some very startling theories on the ancient Adam-and-Eve question; I believe I am right in saying that one of his strong points is that the mentality of sex is determined by certain brain-cells whose exact use has hitherto been undetermined. On this point and on many others raised by Mr. Grey one must be content to wait for explanation until the publication of his book. Mr. E. H. Preston, who is editing the periodical, has an article entitled "Three Masters of Pessimism," dealing with James Thompson, Leopardi and Schopenhauer. Mr. Preston seems to know his authors "inside out"; his article, which is the beginning of a complete essay on these three men, will be continued in subsequent numbers of the *Cerebralist*. Among other contributions this number of the *Cerebralist* contains an essay on the Imagistes, a group of young English poets, two poems by "Frances Greegg," two stories, crude and violent but interesting, by Mr. Llewellyn Powys, an essay on novelists, poetry by Mr. F. S. Flint, and a short note by Mr. Ezra Pound. The *Cerebralist* will appear in Paris as well as in London. It has taken large premises near the Champs Elysées, and seems determined to carry out its propaganda seriously, with the assistance of the more noticeable among the "youngest generation."

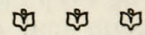


The September-October number of *Poème et Drame*, edited by M. H-M. Barzun, contains five fragmentary poems written in accordance with the principles of the "new æsthetic" of "Simultaneity" which M. Barzun has been proclaiming for some time past. The idea is briefly this: up till now poets have been content to write as though everything happened in sequence, whereas we know that in real life half-a-dozen things happen at once—thus, a bird sings, the wind rustles, a dog barks, a stream ripples, and so on, simultaneously—and therefore M. Barzun calls upon artists to devise some way of rendering all these phenomena as they occur, i.e. simultaneously. This theory will find acceptance neither in the academic shades of the Inner Temple nor in the cultured circles of Bayswater, Chicago, and Putney. Nevertheless there are distinct possibilities in the idea. M. Barzun's poem about the aeroplane is quite effective. The *Pastorale de l'Aube* has too many curious onomatopœias for my liking. In fact I think that objections to these experiments might be well founded

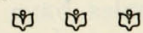
on the ground that they are too rhetorical and too full of imitative noises. Rhetoric is the damnation of poetry; and imitation is not presentation—the proper end of the arts.



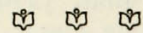
Le *Mercure de France*, the most successful of the old Symboliste reviews, contains articles on Sterne, and on the last painter of Montmartre, Fernand Pelez; a translation of Lafcadio Hearn, and poems by François Porché and Elsa Koeberle. Also some interesting notes by Fagus, entitled *Paysages Parisiens*. The *Revue de la Quinzaine* without M. Remy de Gourmont is like a row of trucks without the engine. M. Georges Duhamel has a long revue of "Chansons pour me consoler d'être heureux," the fifteenth in the series of *Ballades Françaises* of M. Paul Fort, Prince des Poètes.



The *Effort Libre*, the journal of the Unanimistes, has become a comparatively sober periodical. Of late *L'Effort Libre* has devoted a good deal of attention to translations. It has published versions of poems by Whitman and Wordsworth, and the present number contains translations of two poems of Meredith, an article by Mr. Grierson, &c. Mlle. Mantoy translates Meredith; M. Leon Bazalgette, Mr. Grierson. M. Valéry Larbaud has an eloquent defence of translation. I thoroughly agree with him. We also have too many "sages et correctes traductions" done by college dons and similar people; we also have too few "personal interpretations," too few translations by people who love the arts artistically and not pedagogically.



*Les Bandeaux d'Or* is edited by M. Paul Castiaux, whose last book of poems was reviewed the other day in *THE NEW FREEWOMAN*. This number of the *Bandeaux d'Or* contains poems by Mm. Jouve, Georges Duhamel and Castiaux; prose by M. René Arcos. M. Duhamel is the critic of poetry for the *Mercure de France*. M. Arcos contributed to the anthology of the *Effort Libre* published in January, 1912.



*THE NEW FREEWOMAN* will endeavour to keep its readers informed of the literary movements and events in Paris. It will endeavour to be as explicit and complete as is compatible with a limited space, although among the multiplicity of claims it can exert only a personal choice. English periodicals will only be dealt with occasionally, because English-speaking people may be supposed to know of their own magazines and reviews, and because the nature of the French review is so different from the English and American periodical. In the two latter countries journalism is usually a means of making money; in France there is a number of reviews which are run solely in the interest of literature, to popularise some artistic movement, or to help young writers to obtain an audience. Contributions to these periodicals are seldom paid for, never, I believe, in the case of poetry. Yet the standard of these reviews is such as to make an Englishman open his eyes pretty wide. Naturally there are bad reviews, as well as good ones; but the majority are interesting, many original, some written by young men of genius. A good many people are uninterested in literature outside their own country, only because they are unacquainted with it. *THE NEW FREEWOMAN* hopes to indicate to these latter those works of young France which are best worth their attention.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

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## Ford Madox Hueffer.

MR. FORD MADOX HUEFFER is presented to us as the father or at least the shepherd of English Impressionist writers—not that Mr. Hueffer is an institution. Mr. Hueffer is younger by a decade than most of the English Institutions. Mr. Hueffer has preached "Prose" in this Island ever since I can remember. He has cried with a high and solitary voice and with all the fervors of a new convert. "Prose" is his own importation. There is no one else with whom one can discuss it. One is thankful for Mr. Hueffer in land full of indigenous institutions like Gosse, and Saintsbury, and the "Daily Mail" professor at Cambridge for the reluctance of Abraham to take these three upholders of obsolete British taste to his once commodious bosom is a recurring irritation to nearly every young artist.

Mr. Hueffer having set himself against them and their numerous spiritual progeny, it is but natural that he is "not taken seriously" in Institutional quarters.

Mr. Hueffer has written some forty books, very good, quite bad, and indifferent. He can and, sometimes, does write prose. I mean Prose with a very big capital letter. Prose that really delights one by its limpity.

And now they have collected his Poems. And he has written a charmingly intelligent and more or less inconsequent preface. He has written a preface that one can take seriously as criticism because he declines to lie. He frankly says what he likes—a paradigm for all would-be critics. And for the most part the things he likes are good and the things he dislikes abominable.

It is true that he invents a class of German lyricists, and endows them with qualities more easy to find among the French writers. He supposes a whole tribe of Heines, but no matter. The thing that he praises is good; it is direct speech and vivid impression.

As for the poems themselves one does not need to be a devotee of letters to be amused by "Süssmund's Address to an Unknown God." It is a "conversation" such as one might have heard from the author in any drawing-room at any one of his more exasperated moments this five years. We feel that that author has expressed himself and has mirrored the world of his day. *His* world that is, London, a circle of diners and writers. And his refrain

"God, fill my purse and let me go away."

is its soul cry and its sum of all wisdom.

The acme of intelligence is again reached in "The Three-Ten."

"When in the prime of May-Day time dead lovers  
went a-walking,  
How bright the grass in lads' eyes was, how easy  
poets talking.  
Here were green hills," etc.

The stanza is rather obscure, but we learn that he is comparing the past and present, the fields of Bayswater with the present pavement, and implying the difference in custom. He ends,

"But see, but see! The clock marks three above  
the Kilburn Station,  
Those maids, thank God! are 'neath the sod and  
all their generation."

It is a light song, but one has only to open the pages of Cowper to return and sing it with fervour.

Of course Mr. Hueffer is obscure, but after knowing his poems for three or four years one finds oneself repeating his phrases with an ever-increasing passion.

When Mr. Hueffer is not reactive; when he is not "getting things off his chest" and off all our chests altogether, he shows himself capable of simple, quite normally poetic poetry, as in "Finchley Road."

"You should be a queen or a duchess rather,"

In some very ancient day and place as follows:

"Lost in a great land, sitting alone

And you'd say to your shipmen: 'Now take your ease,

To-morrow is time enough for the seas.'

And you'd set your bondmen a milder rule

And let the children loose from school.

No wrongs to right and no sores to fester.

In your small, great hall 'neath a firelit daïs,

You'd sit, with me at your feet, your jester,

Stroking your shoes where the seed pearls glisten,

And talking my fancies. And you, as your way is,

Would sometimes heed and at times not listen,

But sit at your sewing and look at the brands."

Mr. Hueffer has in his poems the two faces that one has long known in his novels—the keen modern satires as in that flail of pompositives "Mr. Fleight" and the pleasant post-pre-Raphaelite tapestry as we find in such chapters as that on the young knight of Edgerton in his bath, or in "The Young Lovel."

His emotions make war on his will, but his perception of objects is excellent. From a technical point of view the first poems in the book are worthy of serious study. Because of his long prose training Mr. Hueffer has brought into English verse certain qualities which younger writers would do well to consider. I say younger writers for the old ones are mostly past hope.

I do not mean that one should swallow the impressionist manner whole or without due discrimination.

In "The Starling" the naturalness of the language and the suavity with which the rhyme-sounds lose themselves in the flow of the reading, are worthy of emulation.

Naturalness of speech can of course be learned from Francis Jammes and other French writers, but it is new and refreshing in contemporary English.

As Mr. Hueffer in his opening bow declares himself to be, not a poet but merely a very distinguished amateur stepping into verse from the sister art, one need not carp at his occasional lapses. And there is no doubt whatever that this is the most important book of verse of the season, and that it, moreover, marks a phase in the change which is—or at least which one hopes is coming over English verse. (I refer to the first three sections of the book, the reprints of earlier work need not come into discussion.) Mr. Hueffer has also the gift for making lyrics that will sing, as for example the "Tandaradei" more or less after Von der Vogelweide, and "The Three-Ten" which I have mentioned. This is no despicable gift and there is no man now living in England who is possessed of it in more notable degree.

Hang it all, if "a lyric" means a song calculated to be sung to music such as we know it, we would not be far wrong in calling Mr. Hueffer the best lyricist in England. This métier he certainly knows and he calculates for both composer and vocalist. The "Tandaradei" is one of the few things in modern English that Brahms might have set without being wholly disgusted.

EZRA POUND.

## Poems.

BY MATURIN M. DONDO.

## LE VENT QUI PASSE.

Ecoute,  
 Tu veux dormir?  
 Notre heure passe. Ecoute.  
 Nous poursuivons le cycle immense de l'espace,  
 Notre heure passe  
 Et voici devant nous l'interminable route,  
 Et nous, les messagers de l'âme de tes frères  
 Passons  
 Et portes et volets se ferment à nos cris.  
 Ecoute  
 La voix des vents  
 Errants,  
 Les vents errants à l'aventure.  
 Tu veux dormir? Ecoute.  
 Si notre appel fait tressaillir les corps  
 Dans la tiédeur des linges fins,  
 Si l'oppresseur entend venir la mort  
 Quand nous hurlons dans ses festins,  
 Si tous les heureux de la vie  
 Tremblent la peur  
 Quand on entend nos clameurs rauques  
 Par le trou des serrures closes,  
 C'est parce que nous annonçons  
 Les grandes épouvantes,  
 Nous sommes les vastes poumons  
 Des multitudes,  
 Des légions,  
 De ceux qui clament la justice  
 Et dont la voix s'étouffe aux murs de vos prisons,  
 De ceux qui veulent la lumière  
 Et dont l'appel se brise aux murs de vos usines  
 Et sous l'épaisseur de vos mines,  
 De ceux qui cherchent un peu de pain  
 Et que l'on chasse  
 Et qui s'en vont par les chemins,  
 De ceux qui croient dans la fraternité  
 Pour s'entr'unir et s'entr'aider  
 Et que l'on tue  
 A coups de fusil dans les rues,  
 De ceux qui portent la vérité  
 Et qu'on ne veut pas écouter.

Tu veux dormir? Ecoute.  
 C'est la clameur de ceux qui vont mourir,  
 C'est l'anathème.  
 De ceux qui œuvrent, de ceux qui sèment  
 Pour ton loisir,  
 Ce sont tes frères dans les géhennes,  
 Dont nous portons vers toi les ires et les haines  
 Dans le vortex énorme des langues confondues.  
 Ecoute  
 La grande voix des vents,  
 Des vents errants à l'aventure.  
 Nous avons pris dans les mesures  
 Des cris de faim et de blessures  
 Et des sanglots de mère après la flétrissure,  
 Et des gémissements de longues agonies,  
 Et par les rues aux larges houles  
 Nous avons pris le rire amer des foules,  
 Des sombres foules  
 Ivres du rouge espoir des pleines destructions.

Ecoute, entends  
 La grande voix des vents errants,  
 Ecoute, et sens  
 Leur âcre haleine  
 Imbue de sueur et de sang,  
 Ecoute et sens  
 Leur froide froide haleine  
 Comme un attouchement d'un spectre de victime  
 Après le crime.  
 Ecoute, Entends.  
 Ecoute et sens.

Car l'heure passe  
 Et les coureurs de ciel n'ont point de logement.  
 La route est longue  
 Aux vents éperdus qui s'en vont  
 Avec des voix d'humanités agonisantes  
 Dans les poumons.  
 La route est longue, et ceux qui dorment  
 Ferment l'entrée de leurs maisons.  
 Et nous allons toujours  
 La nuit, le jour  
 Criant aux sourds :  
 Ecoute, Entends.  
 Ecoute et sens.

La route est longue  
 Aux vents qui vont errants à travers mondes,  
 Aux vents si las,  
 Si lourds, si las  
 Qui voudraient s'arrêter et qui ne peuvent pas,  
 Qui voudraient s'endormir sur des océans bleus  
 Et s'enivrer de soleil et de fleurs  
 Et dans les branches bercer les nids chanteurs,  
 Et caresser des fronts heureux  
 Et murmurer d'un cœur à l'autre un doux aveux,  
 Et dans l'écho vibrant des sonores coupoles  
 Accompagner les métropoles  
 Au chant des rédemptions et des fraternités.

Ecoute, entends  
 Les voix qui parlent dans le vent,  
 Les formidables voix d'un monde révolté,  
 Et dors—dors si tu peux—  
 Dors mollement  
 Jusqu' à la sombre nuit de carnage et de feu  
 Quand nous repasserons pour dessécher ton sang.

## LES GRELOTS.

Vers le soir en hiver  
 Quand les tisons flambent  
 Dans la chambre aux volets clos,  
 J'entends retentir dans l'air  
 Le bruit lointain des grelots,  
 Argentin,  
 Grêle et tremblant,  
 Un son tintinabulant  
 Qui s'égrène.

Des fantômes épars  
 Glissent sous un ciel blafard  
 Vers les bourgs et les hameaux,  
 Et je rêve à l'écart  
 Au bruit rythmé des traîneaux,  
 Un bruit incertain,  
 Grêle et tremblant,  
 Argentin,  
 Un son tintinabulant  
 Qui s'égrène.

La nuit vient,  
 Dans son manteau boréal  
 La terre est d'un blanc spectral,  
 Calme comme un astre mort.  
 Mais je crois entendre encor  
 Un bruit incertain,  
 Grêle et tremblant,  
 Argentin,  
 Un son tintinabulant  
 Qui s'égrène.

Les noirs coursiers du malheur  
 Emportent mes jours  
 Au bruit lointain,  
 Grêle et tremblant,  
 Argentin,  
 Un son tintinabulant  
 Qui s'égrène.

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## "The Horses of Diomedes."

By REMY DE GOURMONT.

(Translated by C. Sartoris.)

### XVII.—THE LAUREL BUSH.

If I had met Apollo, I should not have  
changed into a fig-tree.

Into a laurel bush?

What does it matter? . . .

"POSSESSION at a distance. But are there distances? Our nerves are antennæ, prolonged into the infinite. . . . Hermits, men confined in the hollow of a tree, watch, as in a mirror, the movements of human life. . . . Will is almighty, will, that is to say, desire, or perhaps dream. . . . For we cannot steer our antennæ beyond the immediate; further off, their movements escape us, they agitate at a venture. . . . All is mystery, all is miracle. . . . The senses have a boundless power. It is not more surprising to be able to see through a wall than through a window pane. Besides, there are no material laws; there are all possibilities; there is the infinity of manifestations and combinations. . . . Christine came, I disrobed her slightly, she yielded to me the grace of her silent kisses. She, the same, that one whom I saw driving nails into a wall? The same one, or the same nothingness? She had fallen asleep amongst roses; she came and gave herself to me although keeping the integrity of her flesh and the candour of her chasteness. Absurd and so true! Insane, and so reasonable, so consistent with all the histories of past times, when the sensitive genius of man had not yet been choked by analysis and reasoning! But he revolts, he waves aside the claws of the demons, he must live everything in life; he bursts asunder and disowns the naïve little prison in which he had been bound with puerile chains. . . ."

Diomedes mused on the one work he wished to write after long years of adventure.

He searched for a title:

"Philosophy of the possible. Yes. . . ."

Just then he felt confusedly that his arm had been taken and that someone was walking by his side. The picture was entering slowly through the corner of his vision. It was confused. He turned slightly to verify it.

— It is Mauve!

Mauve began to laugh, but discreetly. She seemed calmed, sagacious, subdued. She was dressed almost seriously with less frivolity and less servitude: a morning costume of resigned elegance.

She was willing to lunch with Diomedes.

— I was going to see Tanche, but without having promised to do so. He expects me always. He knows how to wait, being neither jealous nor restless. Tanche knows life. I am very fond of him.

She dared not say more. The good news was too difficult to expound. The necessary words seemed to her somewhat big and as if beyond the purpose. So then, she prattled:

The restaurant gave her the assurance that their own drawing-rooms give to other women. Seated on the red plush she regulated her demeanour with facility, erect, slow to take off her gloves, to twist her wrists; attentive to her rings, to her movements in the distant mirror.

After some banalities, she enquired about Pascase.

— He is very handsome, that friend of Diomedes, he seems strong and cordial, Pascase shall be my only regret. All those I desired, I held, I drew imperiously to me.

She laughed and, less intoxicated by wine than by her laughter and her memories:

— All! And some were difficult to capture. I was sentimental, clad in a sombre robe, sensual in a light dress, I made my complexion look pale or fair, my eyes blue or dark. . . . And whilst marchionesses have but jockeys or valets, musicians or fools, Mauve was the beloved of Parnassus. . . .

— And of the Gymnasium, added Diomedes.

— Some are handsome, answered Mauve, and others, eloquent. They compensate one another. If I had met Apollo, I should not have changed into a fig-tree. . . .

— Into a laurel bush? . . .

— What does it matter? I should not have changed into a laurel bush. I would rather have wished myself twice a woman. . . . Circumfusa. All around. . . . Pellegrin explained it to me. . . . His joy exhaled itself in the recitation of Latin verses, and he translated to me. . . . It was intoxicating.

— Less than listening to you, little Mauve. Exquisite confessions!

— I am not confessing, I am speaking at random, I think aloud, I live my past again for I shall henceforth live but little. . . . Listen, Diomedes. I who had but precise desires, but carnal passions; I who thought myself capable but of friendship or companionship, well, I am in love, deplorably in love. . . .

— With Cyran.

— With Tanche!

— Ah!

— Yes, Cyran moved me, at first, but one feels him to be so indifferent! Tanche has said to me the same things as Cyran, but with such warmth! Ah! things, things! . . . At last he has conquered me—and I love him.

— Mauve, it seems to me as if flowers have just died. In the garden there is a smell of dead leaves.

— It is finished. I have given myself. In a few days, I shall go and live with him. Cyran allows it. Later on we can marry.

— Very good, said Diomedes. Rather sad, but very good.

— There is the raillery I feared, resumed Mauve, now quite serious. Are you railing at me, Diomedes, or at Tanche?

— At myself, answered Diomedes. The acts of others are a mirror in which one sees one's own future. . . . And then Mauve, even if I did smile slightly, would you be really angry?

— Not really. Mauve's wedding. . . . Mauve's wedding. . . . Besides, it is only a prospect. Tanche is already married. But if I married him to-morrow, in two years I should be a fine lady, like the others, my dear, and as much thought of, with a court, a day at home, festoons, astragals and sighs, teas, parties, suppers, débutante balls. . . . Yes, Mauve will give débutante balls, when her daughters are fifteen and the wives of her lovers of yesterday shall come with their progeny.

Diomedes was careful not to insist. One could not weigh too heavily on Mauve, the little sweet-meat seller would reappear, spring up like a jack in the box. Five or six years of literature and bad morals had given her an agreeable varnish but the varnish was liable to crack. He experienced some pity for Tanche. Mauve was a pretty pastime, an amusing romance for a wet afternoon, but to always read Mauve—and re-read her!

He pondered and was alarmed to see how many of his thoughts and even his sexual tastes had lately become modified. Was it a normal change or was he enduring Néobelle's domination, but truly Mauve interested him no longer. . . . His flesh had detached itself from this passing flesh notwithstanding its freshness and comeliness! He thought of Fanette, wished to see her, assured of a last disillusion. . . . And, as Néo inspired him with none save calm, almost religious desires, despoiled of

all sensual pursuits, of all that is the luxury and spice of voluptuousness, he realised himself suddenly, in the state of an overfed, torpid animal who licks his chops before going to sleep.

Such baseness horrified him. He wished to vanquish the sentimental herd.

"Mauve and I now, it would be a little secret adultery."

But that pimento seemed weak and even rancid to him.

"How dead they are, all these old pleasures, and how dead they are, all these old sufferings! Marriage! all that was social in that word formerly solemn or jocund! And all the cunning, or all the theatrical exclamations about a contract or an oath! Now one has to attain the secret and human fact at the bottom of all conventions and all duperies. . . . The deed of flesh, pure and simple, is more majestic than a pompous wedding with flowers and music."

He was thinking nervously, his head aching and full of contradictions; but he had not even the courage to retract his thoughts, as was his habit, so as to correct their paradoxical excess.

Mauve was bored. Diomedes had nothing to say. However, having at last conquered his painful sur-excitation, he murmured sad but almost gentle words:

— So, Mauve, we shall see each other no more?

— Oh! yes!

— No more with the same eyes. The eyes change colour when they change their desires. You know it, Mauve?

— I shall always love Diomedes.

— No. And already the other day, when you came to me—from habit or friendship—you were no more the same sparkling spring, and I tasted but saddened and tepid waters.

— Oh!

— You had no desire. You did not wish to be the stream coursing under the salted water-cress, amongst the flowering-mint. The water stagnated in the shadow of pine trees that harden and rust it. . . .

— I do not know. . . . Am I not always the same?

She screamed almost, striking her breasts kneaded in wholesome firm dough.

— It is Mauve!

Then she laughed:

— I shall find myself anew. Who knows? The spring will burst forth again. It sleeps. Perhaps it is not dead.

They drank naïvely to the perpetuity of their natures, but Diomedes knew that one does not look twice over the same landscape and that one does not drink twice at the same fountain.

When Mauve had been escorted to Tanche's door, Diomedes experienced a dislike for solitude. Néó seemed far away and almost diffused in the nimbus of the past.

"Yesterday! But there was so little of my will in that adventure! And I am so incapable of governing the sequel according to my liking or even of choosing an ending for it! Why did Néó leave? To flee from me? Absurd, since I obey her. Perhaps is it to make me thoroughly understand *that*—that I obey her, that she can withdraw scornfully without fearing me at the hour when the most hardened hearts suffer from solitude. Everything is solitude to me, to-day, everything is darkness, and the little light made by Mauve was agreeable. . . ."

He roamed about the streets, aimlessly, dreamed before paintings, of Cyran, of his frescoes, of Cyrène whom he was to lead there.

On returning home he found a note in an unknown, pale awkward handwriting.

"5 o'clock.

"I would like to see Diomedes to-night. Very, very ill.

"Fanette."

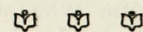
(To be continued.)

## Lego et Penso.

### A REBEL AGAINST WAR.

ON the death of Louis Nazi at the age of twenty-eight, France has lost one of the most promising of her younger writers, and one whose promise had already resulted in a considerable performance. I shall venture to offer *THE NEW FREEWOMAN* a sample of his quality, though I do so with some foreboding, lest this offering also may appear, to the editorial eye, or ear, as mere "bombast and fustian." Writing of armed peace and compulsory military service, he says:

"I hate war, violently, with all my filial and fierce love of life. From the day when I understood the work of faith, ardour, and suffering that is summed up in the single word, life, I have refused my consent to war, which at school I was taught to venerate. When one thinks of the amount of goodwill, tenderness, devotion, fruitless effort, anxious and vigilant thought, toilsome deeds, and tiresome marches, requisite to the filling of a man's existence from the cradle to the grave, one cannot admit its criminal destruction in the name of an interest declared superior. No reason can triumph over it. Nothing can make me deny the individual; I am for him, against sanguinary czars and republics. Man is his own country, and the vastest of all. All that I know, feel, and am, my entire being, rises and refuses its complicity for the day of the next butchery. I need my arms and my brain, my heat and my thought, for my own, my work, and myself. My country is what I love and understand; it overruns four frontiers. If you wish me to kill, efface from my soul my dreams of happiness, efface the words of peace and love, efface everything. Drive from my vision all the images of earth, expel all light! Burn my deepest recollections, my dearest associations, my reasons to hope and smile again! Devastate my past, all that has been and all that means to be—the uncertain future that I have prepared by the painful labour of my loyal and trusting hands! Break the embrace of the mother, the wife, and the child! If you wish me to kill, kill first the man that is in me; perhaps then the beast will obey you."

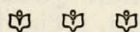


### A REPORT OF PROGRESS.

If a first point was gained, in my little tilt with Miss Marsden, in causing her to offset her too flattering remarks about Americans by an estimate of them apparently belittling, a second point now is gained in causing her to express contrition for having momentarily abandoned her Stirnerism to the extent of bunching individuals according to their nationality and ancestry. And I may claim even a third advance in having elicited from her a new appreciation of Proudhon, which, if still inadequate, is at least more generously specific in its allotments to the credit side of that author's long account. But, as to the main contention,—whether it is crazy to think of voluntary co-operation for defence, in conformity with a voluntary contract fixing the limits of such co-operation, as a possibility of the future,—we are no farther forward than before; for Miss Marsden still neglects to supply a reason why a person who pursues that ideal will find his proper environment within the confines of a mad-house. Until such is forthcoming, the discussion cannot proceed. But incidentally, I had better correct the statement, unhappily erroneous, that I have published "most of Proudhon's works," one or two being much the lesser part of forty or fifty; and I will venture to express my surprise at hearing that *THE NEW FREEWOMAN* "stands for nothing." May I ask for an explanation of the subtitle: "An Individualist Review"? And what did

Miss Marsden mean when she said that the paper was "not for the advancement of woman, but for the empowering of individuals"? My interest in the paper grows out of my belief that it "stands for" such empowering. And I am persuaded that Miss Marsden's declaration to the contrary is nothing more than one of those buzzing intervals which she finds in Proudhon's communications and which I find in hers. If I am wrong; if, in truth, THE NEW FREEWOMAN is not, or is no longer, a co-ordinate effort toward a definite end, but has become, instead, a mere dumping-ground for miscellaneous wits,—then, even though the dumping be effected through an editorial sieve of a mesh most rare and fine, my interest will diminish materially and speedily.

[We have not been in the habit of accustoming our readers to over-modest statements, and lest Mr. Tucker's modesty should be misunderstood, we are impelled to say that in an advertisement appearing as late as 1907 Mr. Tucker offers to mail—for the due consideration—close upon 40 works in various languages, by or about P. J. Proudhon: and we will leave the matter at that. To the remaining criticism of THE NEW FREEWOMAN in the above paragraph we reply elsewhere.—ED.]



#### IS THE STATE WORTH WHILE?

Of late there is much talk in France of the desirability of offering one of the vacant chairs of the Academy to a journalist, and in this connection the name of Henry Moret is among those most frequently mentioned. The Immortals, however, will hardly be tempted to welcome him to their company, if they are readers of his articles in "L'Intransigeant." I quote the following from one of them:

"An academy might well address itself to the problem whether the sum of the benefits obtained by the taxes that we accord to the State really exceeds that which we should enjoy if we paid no taxes. One might ask at the same time whether the sum of the evils occasioned by the established powers—courts, administration, police, etc.—is not much more considerable than that to which we should be exposed if we had not all this lumber. I have always been of those who believe, with the infamous Anarchists, that we spend much more to avoid being robbed than it would cost us to suffer ourselves to be robbed with tranquillity.

"Just as the State sacrifices a large number of our coins to discover an error of a centime, so we hand over a hundred sous to be sure of keeping two francs. Such is the splendour of our advanced civilisation.

"And the beauty of this proceeding will increase continually, until, by an inevitably logical consequence, the State shall take everything and leave us nothing. Then we shall be perfectly happy. I am, in fact, the first to admit that we shall have less care.

"Pending our entry into this paradise, we have already reached the point where one half of the French people pay the other half to annoy them. It is the same with other nations. And there you have the best definition that can be given of a normal society.

"There is a Hindoo proverb which says that the human comedy is one of the seventy-five pieces with which the Eternal amuses himself. It certainly furnishes food for laughter. And the gravity with which we pay for the rods that are to be laid upon our backs must seem comical in a high degree to the dwellers in the Empyrean."

BENJ. R. TUCKER.

## My Hypothesis.

SOME years ago I wanted to turn to journalism. I sent a newly-fledged arrow to a Sugar-Plum paper. It was returned with a brief note saying, "Mr. Sugar Castor asks me to return the enclosed because he thinks it rather over the heads of his readers." I felt flattered, accepted the hint and send no more arrows to the sugary press. But though I went elsewhere with my goods I did my best to keep at the level of experience reached by my readers. Whether I have been successful is a question unnecessary to discuss here—except briefly. Perhaps there are occasions when I have given the highest expression to the highest experience I have reached; but generally speaking, I believe I have been successful in communicating my experiences to others; and this rather by accident than design. For I have never sought to form a "style," or to encourage such unutterable nonsense as "style is the precise use of words." The vehicle by which I convey myself to others is an individual one. It is something born of the spirit which I shall call "temperament" for want of a better term.

I know there are persons to whom "style" is everything, and to whom existence is intolerable unless they are spending laborious days in the British Museum practising "style" as a muddled Oaf practises football. Such persons admire "style" for its own sake, and as an achievement, and are never happy unless they are recounting the steps by which they reached the pinnacle. The average well-trained "stylist" is known by his bag of tricks, which, if he happens to be a poet, has been obtained by a life-long "swotting" at other persons' systems of verse manufacture. One discovers him in the nursery "swotting" Hemans, Longfellow and Scott as healthy children "swot" a tower with bricks. At school, in the playing fields, he "swots" Homer and Virgil. At sixteen he enters a business house with "Childe Harold" under one arm, "Endymion" under the other, and Shakespeare and Molière shouting for help from his side pockets. At twenty he has worked himself into a vague train of mind and is undecided whether to be Prime Minister or Poet Laureate. But eventually he decides on the latter, and thereupon follows a long and heroic course of preparation. He "swots" all over the earth, acquires all languages, learns several million lines of poetry, translates the whole of the ancients including Schiller and Goethe, addresses tedious odes to long-suffering deities, experiments in every conceivable verse-form, makes the acquaintance of, and quotes every known versifier since the Flood, finally emerges a full-blown "stylist" and makes a feeble kind of beginning as a poet. Such is the mystical process of all "style" hunting, and in such ways have our contemporary manufacturers of verse been produced.

"Style" acquired in this manner is always artificial. The stylist-poet is artificial also. He has but one aim, to reduce poetry to a system. Poets of this kidney are in fact tremendously interested in systems, and if we examine them closely we shall find that they are the natural outcome of the passing Age of Systems just as Guild Socialism, aiming to bring workers together in mechanical relations, is the apotheosis of the Machine Age. In the belief that poetry is the highest spiritual expression at the highest level reached by man, and that the cultivation of this expression will surely hasten the millennium, they seek to devise a system whereby men may become poets in spite of themselves. "Take care of technical efficiency," they cry, "and poetry will take care of itself."

In poetry "style" is the poet himself. Mechanical

versifiers and other delicate souls may affect the scientific view of poetry and art and swear fearful oaths by it, but they will not alter the fact that the thing "style" is inborn and there are no methods by which it can be systematised or taught, and the thing to be taught is not "style" but a method of suppressing individuality. I therefore have always felt that to make myself utterly plain to intelligent persons I must assert my individuality. And if at any time my scribbling has been misunderstood, I concluded it was because it lacked this essential and intimate element of self-revelation. To me self-revelation is the first law of Nature and of plain-writing (the same which is good writing).

I have said all this to show that I have a desire to be plain. And having the desire it is not surprising that the study of the perplexed expression of an American correspondent whose letter is quoted in the issue for November 15, should set me looking into the open road of THE NEW FREEWOMAN'S tendencies to follow my own track step by step in order to discover how far it is paved with these same tendencies, and how far it is of the nature of an everlasting mystery. On the whole I do not find that I have been plunging into fog. There is a suspicion of intoxication as though I had made an acquaintance with a new form of æsthetic drunkenness. But it is only a suspicion and the question of intoxication considered as a key to illumination, need not detain me here. I find I have not taken advantage of a prolonged experience of science, metaphysics, philosophy, art and dramatic forms, politics, economics, and social reform, to overwhelm my subject with irrelevances. I find I have kept as clear of technical epithet and unnecessary metaphor as my temperament will allow. I have always recognised the futility of writing in metaphor on subjects that demand the plainest English. I have always felt it is insane to invite one's readers to follow a subject, such, for instance, as the Oneness of The Soul and Art, in a maze, or a whirlpool of relentless images. They will not do it. They simply go off to sleep. And I have always seen the utter stupidity of writing sentence after sentence in all the languages of the world (no matter how choice and highly cultured the variety might be). But in spite of this frenzy of alertness, if I have managed to write simply and clearly, it is not due to the disease of discipline.

As to my articles, I find my contribution to the renewed search for Individualism with which THE NEW FREEWOMAN is now occupied, though strictly individual, is yet a part of the whole. As to the subject of my articles, I find I have been formulating an hypothesis verifiable by experience. This is my hypothesis. *Perhaps Art and Soul are one, and Art and Soul are in themselves neither good nor bad. Perhaps Art exalts and transforms natural man, and man has become unnatural (or what we term civilised) because he has not realised in himself the transforming power of Art, but has sold his birthright to a mass of deputies. And whereas he might have ascended to Heaven by means of Art, he has descended to Hell for lack of it.* The whole of my experience strengthens this hypothesis. So I have come to believe that what we call Art and Soul is that universal vibrative force known to science as Energy, and in the East as the Magician *Mâyâ*; that it ebbs and flows; that it overflowed primitive man; that it receded as that gross impurity, Civilisation, arose; and that it is once more flowing attracted by the awakening of a spiritual desire in man. On looking through my articles, then, I find they are clear and definite in all but one respect; I have omitted to state how I made my guess. This shows me the necessity of briefly restating my position towards Life, Art, Drama, Individualism and THE NEW FREEWOMAN.

There was a poor touring actor who finding no interest in the passing scenery said to me, "Kind

Sir, can you lend me anything to relieve me of the unutterable monotony of this journey?" And I handed him the current issue of the "Mask," inviting him to seek comfort in Dr. A. Coomaraswamy's excellent study of "Indian Dramatic Technique," or Mr. Gordon Craig's famous theory of "Shakespear's Plays" that they were mainly composed by the Elizabethan actors who took part in them. But he never removed his eyes from the first article which appeared to him more beautiful than the scented hills without. And its title was "To the Beggars and Despised People."

HUNTLY CARTER.

## "Great Catherine."

ON the programme it said that "Great Catherine" was a thumbnail sketch of Russian court life in the XVIII. century. It was certainly not a great effort, but I took the play as I found it, and I was frankly amused.

I never had the pleasure of meeting the Empress, but even so, I think one might safely say that she was not in the least like her portrayal. One can hardly believe that Catherine thought her ladies-in-waiting had the best of the fun; in fact I do not think a lady-in-waiting to that Queen is a post for which one would have applied. The Empress realised, one would wager, that her power more than compensated for any hazard it might bring and that she found that her particular game was well worth its candle.

Mr. Shaw's Catherine we must believe to have been snapshotted at a moment when she was feeling "off colour." And truth to tell, one is not surprised to hear of her occasionally awakening in depressing tint, seeing that she slept in a bed which had curtains of beautiful blue satin which were nightly drawn completely about her; one marvels that she was *alive* to be depressed!

Add to the possession of such a bed, the possession of such a disreputable ruffian as her Minister and late lover, who had acquired the habit of bursting into her bedroom when she was scarcely awake, and one cannot but acknowledge that there is cause material enough to account for the strongest nerves occasionally feeling a little overstrained.

The drunken, wily Prince Patiomkin is an amusing scoundrel on the stage, and I personally was much entertained by him; but nothing like so much as he appeared to be with himself. I have indeed seldom, if ever, seen anyone so potent to create for himself so much enjoyment: a faculty exceedingly refreshing—incapable of being abashed though one's epigrams be cheap and even then hard come by. His "Goodness is not happiness," one can thoroughly appreciate from his point of view, when we view his zest in kicking his servants, getting drunk, sobering himself on vinegar, and intimidating everyone but his niece and a British officer.

This officer of Mr. Shaw's was—to me—also amusing. (If I part with my money at the box office, expecting a return in drama, and find when the curtain goes up I'm in for pantomime, I accept the pantomime. I cannot be a hero, for All-or-nothing. I must have something for my money.) This captain is represented as having not a particle of humour (he may be forgiven for not being able to detect it in the Prince's jokes); he is only able to laugh when he hears a foreign name that sounds strange to his English ears, and when he is tickled in the ribs by the Empress' foot. Some of the critics seem to have taken offence at this scene; but why should they? The Captain's laugh was delightful. It was, to be sure, perturbing to see the poor Captain trussed up, and dragged across the ground in his clean white leather breeches; I hoped against evidence that the stage had been well cleaned with a vacuum cleaner, both for him and for the Prince, who



had a decided preference for the floor; and for the sake of the beautiful white satin cushion that the Empress so thoughtfully placed under his head.

The Captain makes up for his lack of humour by his undaunted courage, his unassailable morality, and his tremendous belief in the sanctity of "HOME," that great institution which, we are told, belongs entirely to the English, and has made them what they are, and which we are given to understand is fast disappearing from our midst; a trinity of qualities which make him appear to the Empress such an extraordinary specimen that she expresses the wish to have him for her Museum.

Poor Catherine cuts a very sorry figure. No wonder she awakes in depression, on account of the blue silk curtains aforementioned. Unfortunately I could not catch quite all she said, for she seemed only recently to have studied English, and to find considerable difficulty in its pronunciation. She said she was German—and one was very willing to take her word for it.

We were interested to discover that she only partially undressed on retiring, for she stepped out of bed in white silk stockings—a wise precaution, considering that her unruly Minister burst into the room carrying a struggling English officer, and deposited him on her bed. One would imagine that even Catherine preferred a previous introduction, but one mustn't. It isn't fair. We've made the compact, and when we've compacted aught, let's keep to the compact. Mr. Shaw has agreed to make us laugh till our sides split, provided we'll allow that all tops are bottoms, all heads feet. He does his part handsomely, but he simply couldn't if we began putting things right end up. So let us cheerfully allow him his premisses and enjoy ourselves. We can make deductions after.

One is quite certain, for instance, that he does not really despise the "Home," which he so ridicules in the mouth of the Captain; he himself certainly does not live up a tree, or try anything novel on his own account. Nor does he despise the English too much to live amongst them. We appear indeed the very generators of his genius and humour, and the fact that the "HOME" is disappearing, and our national characteristics going with it, may be the undermining influence affecting the quality of his jokes. Who can tell? Preserve the home and kindred institutions and we preserve the quality of our one stage wit. An incentive indeed, oh conservators! Well, as long as the power to amuse him remains with us we are happy in return to look at ourselves through his spectacles! I am very glad to have done so. These good laughs oil our works, so to speak. And what more can one ask from any dramatist?

As the drunken Prince Patiomkin, Norman McKinnel gave an excellent performance; he revelled in its brutality, and enjoyed himself thoroughly when he had fathered an exceptionally cheap epigram. Edmond Breon too was good; his laughter was infectious. Catherine, as played by Miss Gertrude Kingston, should have had a few more lessons in English before she attempted the part on an English stage. She looked handsome and dignified, which fact should have enabled her to give the impression of power, but which didn't. Of the two other parts, that of Varinka, the Prince's niece, was cleverly played by Miss Miriam Lewes, an able artist who had but little opportunity in this part, while the English fiancée of Miss Massingham was quite in character.

D. N. A.

## Progress ?

**B**OTH Mr. Bernard Shaw and Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace have recently stated their conviction that no mess could possibly be worse"—than

the mess of the modern world. After this, one naturally re-visualises the victims of persistent slumdom, of harassing insecurity, of the devastations of diseases which are new; one reflects on the increasing barbarity of death-dealing machines, and above all, on the general conditions of life becoming more and more unfavourable to the development of the higher qualities of human nature—and one is amazed at the hold and the extent of the superstition that humanity and the social conditions of life are inevitably evolving to something higher and more perfect.

The discovery of the "evolutionary law" coinciding with an epoch of exceptional inventive energy, the developing of labour-saving appliances, and devices for multiplying material possessions and personal luxuries—these were factors quite sufficient to act on the average mind, the mind only susceptible to what, to them, seems new and strange. Thus during the advent of telegraphy or aviation the country's whole attention is so engrossed in admiring wonder, that there is no attention left to wonder that, despite such increased mastery over matter, human misery and want should continue unabated.

The appalling apathy of the masses is further strengthened by the avalanche of Political Reforms which successfully occupy the limelight. As each of these successive Acts has been passed, multitudes have felt "One more step along the upward road"—and they have thought that the earthly paradise was a measure nearer realisation! Being quite unconscious of the counter, and far more effective current, that owing to the universality of a completely false ideal of life—the effort to consume a maximum of human labour—the percentage of parasites is wildly increasing, amounting even now, in this country, to approximately 60% of the adult population; a fact which reveals what majority rule (if such a thing were possible!) must mean, and that we have reached a condition when no extension of the franchise will in the least imperil the existing order.

But the supreme menace of this evolutionary myth—that the world of humanity is inevitably, and mechanically, going to evolve towards perfection—lies in the smug satisfaction and inertia which it engenders, the attitude that the arrival at the desired goal is merely a matter of the clock, and that the speed of the process must not be interfered with, but allowed to take its course. It therefore effectually extinguishes the high enthusiasms which have illuminated the history of the race.

It is forgotten that a retrogressive evolution is quite as possible as a progressive one, that an upward progress never has been, nor ever can be, achieved apart from personal effort and striving. All the mass of evidence is overlooked of concrete instances of wholesale degeneracy. The significance of the message of Athenian marbles, or the more remote glories of the art of the Orient, is unperceived by the characterless copyists of to-day. But what is more serious, the true purpose of life, the development of the higher spiritual qualities, being ignored, the mere facility whereby material and artificial possessions can be increased and elaborated, is regarded as advancement by so-called Science, even though this spurious success has only been attained through a subtle system of economic slavery, and an equally cruel and coercive ultra-artificial sub-division of labour, necessitating the complete dehumanising of life.

To complete the grotesque, the very people who accept the "progress" myth will calmly contend that should legislation be annulled to-morrow, wholesale licence, robbery, theft, murder and general immorality and pandemonium would be let loose! So the vaunted "progress" is due to, and dependent on, the restraints of legislation! Perhaps they are right. What an admission!

OTWAY M'CANNELL.

## Correspondence.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS—*While quite willing to publish letters under noms de plume, we make it a condition of publication that the name and address of each correspondent should be supplied to the Editor.*—ED.

### ON BEHALF OF IDEAS.

To the Editor of THE NEW FREEWOMAN.

MADAM,

I do not know whether page 165 of THE NEW FREEWOMAN is consciously aimed at me or not. Nor do I very greatly care. The cap fits me and I put it on; and I find it flimsy. The best thing on the page is the perfection with which it characterizes itself in the words "There is nothing more amusing than rhetoric when one has the swing of it. It is as jolly and as chest-swelling as getting drunk, and without the consequences."

It must surely be obvious to the writer of that page that it and its adjoining pages are a flood of what the man on the street would call "ideas" and "rhetoric." I understand, however, that the paragraphs use the word "ideas" in a somewhat special sense as expressing ideas which are at the same time ideals, formulas adopted as fundamentals to which everything must conform or be—committed to the abode of evil spirits. Such are the "ideas" that are condemned. But are they therefore eschewed? Nay; look at the pages. "Right being might"; "the only way to abolish undue depredations is to abolish the non-predatory"; "all ideas are bad"; these, and more, are obviously ideas grown into ideals, formulas invested with authority to condemn all suggestions that do not conform to them.

To be sure, further down the page we see a distinction drawn between "ideas" and "facts," and doubtless we shall be asked to admit that these which I have quoted are "facts." But the distinction is not well defined. If it is that "facts" are in accord with truth and "ideas" are not, it certainly brings us no new wisdom; no devotee of any set of ideas has ever doubted that the value of ideas depends on their soundness, and that unsound ideas are to be cleared away. But the paragraph reads more as if the difference was one of positiveness: ideas, we are told, are hostile to action because they involve a suspension of judgment; the man who knows is ready to act. As if one could not act on a suspended judgment! Clive did not know whether to fight at Plassey or not; but he decided his action, and fought, while his judgment remained uncertain. This must be a very common experience in the life of every general with brains. Any poker-player takes the positive action of placing his bet, or the equally positive action of throwing up his hand, on the basis of an uncertain idea of the opponent's cards or of the opponent's nerve; and the higher the stake grows, the more livelily does his mind work in improving and polishing his idea. A man who cannot take decided action on a suspended judgment must be either too bigoted or too inactive to amount to much. But then the difference may be that the "idea" is carelessly taken up without enough verification to warrant calling it a "fact." We are told as an illustration that the man with ideas does not venture far within the precincts of the physical scientists; they know too much to suffer an interruption in the shape of an "I think," which a little work in the laboratory would turn into "I know." "Physical scientists" is an unfortunate illustration from the pen of a writer living in Great Britain; the life of Lord Kelvin shows clearly enough how warmly physical scientists welcome ideas that still await verification, even ideas whose verification must be postponed to the indefinite future, provided only that the ideas are of the sort which THE NEW FREEWOMAN declares to be worst of all, "good, i.e.

attractive ideas." Or, to go slightly beyond physical science in the narrowest sense, consider how Darwin acquired the reputation of the greatest scientist of his century by ideas of which some took a good while to verify, and some of the chief are still under dispute. To be sure there were those who did not pay respectful attention to Darwin's ideas, but their not having done so is of no advantage to their reputation to-day.

Of course any man who loves truth will try to verify his ideas as far as he can, by experiment or by whatever method may be appropriate. Hence one of Lord Kelvin's chief specialties was the devising of new instruments of measurement. So too Proudhon, against whom all this condemnation of ideas is directed, worked hard to bring his ideas to the test of experiment; and Tucker also has spent much strength for the same purpose. But to insist that the idea must be kept out of sight till the verification is complete would be the mark of a person quite unpractically devoted to an idea of method.

As to Proudhon and experiment, the same paragraph says that Proudhon's ideas will find favour in America because Americans are "young in social experiment." If this is part of a general confession for the human race, that we are all of us disreputably poor in record of social experiment, I agree. But it has the air of being a comparative statement, an intimation that England is much better off for such experience. If that is what it means, the bluff ought to be called. I hereby challenge anybody to show the existence of any record or memory of any quantity of social experimentation in the British Isles, from the Phœnician tin-miners down to Sir Edward Carson, comparable to the body of social experiment that is on record as having been tried between the years 1600 and 1700 in what is now the United States, or comparable to what is on record as having been tried in these same United States between the years 1700 and 1900.

But let us simply accept the name of "facts" for the things that THE NEW FREEWOMAN says, without settling the question why they are so called, and let us further observe how they differ from ideas. We seem to see that the point where THE NEW FREEWOMAN'S flag is most flatly unfurled and most splendidly swung is in the words "We expect . . . life-data expressed in terms of the mobile. By being critical of the static, we at least create a void which in itself will force the production of a more accurate substitute." One who has seen many arguments will be likely to be suspicious of that second sentence; it so often turns out that a statement is true in its positive half and false in its negative half! What if the kinetic and the static should both be necessary, each in its place? However, if there must be a choice between the two, we may agree in preferring the kinetic to the static. Only I do not see quite how the preference of the kinetic is to be a ground for objecting to ideas. It will be acknowledged, I hope, that the two centuries from 1450 to 1650 were a period strongly dominated by ideas; and I should think it might be acknowledged that the world has seldom seen a more kinetic period, and that the ideas bore a causal relation to the kinesis. For another instance of the same thing, see the history of the French Revolution; or, for an absolutely contemporary instance, the record of the past half-century in Japan. These men had ideas, or, if you like, ideas had them; they moved; they moved swiftly, crushingly; and it was their ideas that made them so active. If what is wanted is mobility, it would seem that abundance of ideas is just what we want.

Against this axiom that we must think in terms of the mobile rather than the static, I venture to set up—as a rival, not exactly as a contradiction—my own axiom, printed in these columns three months or so ago, that we should not think or talk of the abstract without plenty of the concrete. For, first, the con-

crete is more intelligible; second, its truth or falsity is more readily demonstrated; third, it brings us nearer to reaching not only conclusions but results. The concrete may be real or imaginary. A classic instance of the usefulness of the imaginary concrete is Bastiat's demonstration of the necessity of interest on capital from the undisguisedly impossible case of the two men with the plane and the planks, and Henry George's demonstration of the impossibility of interest from the same imaginary premises. The question whether Bastiat is right or whether George is right can be determined just as unanswerably as the solution of any other mathematical problem on which two solvers have disagreed, and the result is absolutely conclusive as to the normalness of interest. Take into account the fact that a plane helps to make a new plane, and George's treatment of the problem comes into harmony with Bastiat's. This gives us proof that where private property exists we must expect to find interest; and by continuing the method of concrete illustration we learn that even an absolutely communistic society cannot understand its economic processes, nor intelligently plan its industries, without counting interest on its capital. Which is a thing worth knowing.

Now in these three pages of "Views and Comments" the only things that have any air of being concrete are the comparison of Sir Edward Carson with the Dublin strikers which fills the first page, and the comment on uranianism in the last paragraph. The latter, accordingly, seems very like the grain of wheat in a bushel of chaff. As to the former, it is a most perfect example of how a concrete topic may be handled with utter abstractness. It begins by forgetting that if England can claim to be mature in any department of social experimentation, the handling of strikes is that department; that the unions have long since tried all the methods they could think of, including that of armed force, and that the methods now prevalent are the result of the survival of the fittest, fitness being defined as efficiency; wherefore any armchair critic who sets out to suggest a more efficient method should be notably cautious, or he will find he has been notably incautious. But here our critic makes no attempt to conceive the concrete working of her own suggestions. The most definite of these is that if the strikers are hungry they should break into the breadshops. Make it concrete. They get bread for one day. The bakers bake no more; so next day you must break into the flour-stores and bake your own. The flour-stores, if not burned or otherwise wasted in the fighting, will feed you for several days, probably weeks; then there is no more flour, for the millers shipped no more when they saw that no pay was coming to them. At this point we have to take up the additional advice that they should first make such preparations as will make their campaign effectual. By this THE NEW FREEWOMAN seems to mean that they should supply themselves with indigestible things like cartridges and bayonets; it looks as if they would in the end be quite as much in want of a persuasive that would bring wheat from Chicago. But, whichever way you take it, if the workers are to begin their campaign for better wages by accumulating a fund sufficient either to equip an army or to provision Dublin for a siege, might they not more profitably use that fund to better themselves by some less roundabout method? It reminds me of a passage in Proudhon's "Contradictions." Someone had proposed, or was made to seem to have proposed, that the poor were to raise wages by living more luxuriously so as to become fatter, of which the physiological result would be fewer births, causing a decrease in the supply of labour and a consequent rise in its price. Proudhon thought that when the poor were able to take the first step in that process their prospects would be good.

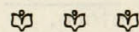
As I write, one of the latest pieces of news in the American papers is that the Asquith Government is

in a sort of panic over Larkin because he has been causing them to lose votes and bye-elections, while Carson never worried them because he turned no votes. I do not know exactly how true this is; but at least it seems that gaol was not strong enough to hold Larkin, while I shall be surprised if it is not strong enough to hold Carson whenever they may choose to put him in. Carson smites Asquith on the hardest plate of his military armour, and Asquith grins. Larkin pricks the most defenceless and vital part of a politician's anatomy, and Asquith gives way. Larkin gets reproved by THE NEW FREEWOMAN for using inefficient methods, and probably Larkin grins.

If ideas are really a snare of the devil, and men need to suppress that part of their natures which bids them to form ideas and be guided by them, by all means let them be taught this self-denial at once. But if they will not believe the preaching, what is to make them believe? Where are the miracles?

STEVEN T. BYINGTON.

[The cap, as far as our memory of it goes, was stock size and not intended for Mr. Byington. We prepare one for our correspondent however in the current "Views and Comments" which we hope will sit a little more heavily than the one which he assumed in pure venturesomeness. We likewise commend to him for consideration, M. Bergson's philosophy of ideas of which we are enabled to publish a fragment. Our excuse for having so to do to the translator of Max Stirner, who anticipated Bergson in this domain by more than half a century, is that he appears to ask for it.—Ed.]



## ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Laughter, laughter, laughter,  
And the winking of eyes—  
It's a gay city is Paris!  
All the old mysteries  
Here are wholly forgotten,  
And the burden of sighs.

All the sorrow of living,  
Yea, the whole pitiful hell,  
Here is wholly forgotten,  
And the dear Christ as well.  
Here are only a thousand souls  
Dancing the tarantelle!

JACK McCLURE.

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

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All business communications relative to the publication of THE NEW FREEWOMAN should 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."

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