SKYSCAPES AND GOODWILL.

If the skill of a doctor were bespoken to effect the cure of a madman, and he proceeded to attempt the systematising of the insane ravings while giving no heed to the existence of the madness one would say there was little to choose from in soundness of mind between doctor and patient. Yet no one marvels when from all those who have a nostrum to offer as a cure for the disease of civilisation and its complications no voice is heard drawing attention to the species of sickness which is its antecedent cause. It remains nameless and unsuspected, to be indicated only by a description of its symptoms.

It begins with the failure of the self-assertive principle of the vital power: a failure of courage. Tolerated, it acts on the power of the heart and thins it out to a degree at which it is too light to retain its seat there, and forthwith mounts to the head where transmutation begins. The power of the heart, already grown virtueless and thin, distills poisonous clammy vapours which emerge from the head. As they grow denser they settle, a heavy cloud of mist about the herd. Descending, they breathe a film upon the eyes and dim the senses. Within, the heart left tenantless of power is contracted by ghostly hands—the hands of fear. The face becomes pallid under the Thought-wreaths with the chilliness of fear. The vapours become the breath of his nostrils and are breathed in as Duty and Circumspection. The hands fold meekly: the man walks with circumspection. He is already civilised: he awaits merely the idiosyncracy of the particular civilisation.

A civilisation is the attempted working out of a Scheme of Salvation: a plan of escape. It is the imperfect form built up from the perfected plan which the religious philosophies of the “great” “constructive” “thinkers” of its age have projected. For it is not merely that a race of men bleached white with the failure of courage would do well with a prelaid scheme of action: they refuse to move on without one. They beat for a Deliverer—a great constructive thinker—as sheep for a shepherd. Being without prescience, without inner compelling desire, they wait to be told. The great world of audiences puts out its distracted agitated tentacles, swaying about aimlessly, dumb appeals to be told how to expend themselves, and where. Culture, training in the art of spending oneself, is the imperious necessity of the bleached race, whether lettered or simple. Life without the courage for it, is so bad a business that they must needs approach it with caution. Earth is so little to their taste that they demand the construction of a heaven. To construct the “New Jerusalem,” work to the plan of the Deliverer, and make a heaven on earth is a task they can put their hands to.

But to live for themselves—to lose “faith”? They would as soon not live at all.

So the heads steam with fresh purpose, and the thought-wreaths mount apace: until there is enough and to spare to build Heavens without end, Hells to match and Attacking and Delivering Hosts of Thoughts to storm and defend. What the battalions shall be named and how they shall be drawn up is nobody’s concern save that of the “constructive” thinker who outlines the vaporous sketch. He maps out a bold
skyscape in smoke, and the civilised group themselves under whatever concept taste or convenience dictates. They follow out the scheme as a whole as they would the colour-scheme and revelries on the floor of some great hall in imitation of its painted ceiling. So are they safe: linked up with heaven. If their earthly concerns get neglected and somewhat mixed on account of conducting their affairs on a pattern pertaining strictly to a heaven of thought who is to say they would not have been more hopelessly confused had their turned their feeble temple upon them: and whatever befalls, have they not Faith—in Heaven? And does not their bemusedness give the earthly sort their chance to use them, for what they are worth?

It is the flexibility with apparently unlimited power to make adjustments according to order in human nature which the Thought-weavers work upon when rigging out their canvases. Human nature can be accorded a summary treatment quite other from that which is given to inert matter. If the Thames flows east and the Severn west “thinkers” will acknowledge and respect the stubborn tendency; but human nature must set itself to all the points of the compass if the Plan of Salvation demands it. As it can if it works to it with Goodwill. The Goodwill can in fact accomplish all things. It is therefore the base of every “constructive” scheme of thought. It is the one factor indeed which makes them thinkable. That is why it is so extolled. What system is there which does not give the palm to the Goodwill: the set intention to work to pattern. If the weavers of shadows can count on this set intention, it is enough. The result they can safely leave to the slow wearing down of habit and constant repetition. In time, with Goodwill, the “plan” will be plotted out in conduct as quantities are on squared paper to give a curve. This “plan” plotted out by Goodwill into conduct will similarly “reveal itself in our lives.” The plans differ, and the “curves” of civilisations differ in consequence, but Goodwill is the same in them all. It is the amenable teachable will: the fluttering tentacle, beating about uncertainly, charged with energy but without direction. It stands for the intention to follow if only directions are given to it—if the canvas is stretched across its sky.

The humanitarian skyscape under which we walk nowadays and which we are all expected to be “revealing in our lives ” is the residue of rubbish left over after the Revolution had enabled what there was in it of egoistic temper to obtain the desired spoil under exceptionally favourable circumstances. This vapourous design is the maleficient legacy which has been bequeathed to succeeding centuries after the French bourgeois had acquired the sole benefits of the insurrection. The legatees have done handsomely by it, spreading it out and patching it up like old property, until now it is both neat and compact. It could be stretched out on half a sheet of notepaper and leave plenty of available space.

The ceremony is the formal abandonment of the Self-will by which Goodwill becomes Goodwill in earnest as Fraternity, in which rôle it will reappear later in the sketch as the divine parent of Humanity. From this point all is plain sailing. To love one’s neighbour as oneself: to love the Public Good, i.e., all one’s neighbours put together, better than ourselves: that is the fruitful spirit in which is begotten the “more than Brotherly,” the Oneness of Humanity and the Race, when we shall “all one body be.” Then shall each little one be as a limb to the great body, each well-pleased that he pleases not himself but serves the Whole. The design grows. Dimension has entered into it, and with it a greater and a less: a standard of measurement therefore and a seat of authority: a scale of values which indicates automatically when a “member” offends. If the smaller frets the greater: perish the smaller or let it amend its ways. What is the greater? What can it be but Humanity, the Type, the generalisation, the thing with capitals, high conception and lofty thought. How the heads steam, and thoughts mount—rise to the “All,” the “each and every” pounded out of recognition into sameness, bound together by the fraternal cement into—Man: the master-achievement to accomplish which we sink our mean differences and forget our inequalities. Has not each become equal in willingness to serve—Man. Equal then, we are: with equal “rights” to protection of our “freedom” to perform our “duties” towards—Man; receiving equal dues from a blindfold “Justice” with even scales. The tableau grows complete: Goodwill—Fraternity—Humanity—Peace: Order: Law: Rights: Justice: Liberty: Man—the Humanitarian Heaven, so balanced and symmetrical that it requires an unregarding egoism to break into it. Unfortunately for the picture’s stability, the power of Goodwill is not equal to its intentions. It is like the God of Arnold’s Empedocles who “would do all things well, but some times fails in strength.” When it abandons self-will to enter the empyrean of the gods, it does not annihilate it, and the “obstinate unreason of the she-intelligence” which is the temper of men whose intelligence has had strength to resist the torturings of intellectual feebleness, breaks regardless into the pretty thought tight systems, only to leave them lying in the path of history broken and awry like shattered mechanical toys. The spikes and bars on the garment of the selfish man rip into the gossamer thought meshes which stretch like cobwebs across
the field of action. It is the selfish man who reduces all the systems to inoperation; who is the despair of the "constructive" thinkers. The power to annul any and every thought-system is founded in the absence of Goodwill. The streak of self-determination cuts the selfish man off from the well-intentioned from the outset. Unless the docile temper is available to work it on to the warp of reality, the "Plan" is futile. Its beginning and end rest on the Goodwill, which will plod along like an industrious mole to "realise" the "philosophic" scheme fashionable to its day and generation. Temper, which is energy self-conscious of its direction, has plans and insight of its own: it is not amenable to direction, or to moral suasion. Instead of an intention to serve Man, its intention is to serve itself and its own soul as suits itself: it has no "standard" save its own satisfaction. It saves its soul alive by respecting it; by preventing it from being merged with blunted characteristics into anything else—the whole or anything other. It holds by the instinct that emergence from the herd is the proof positive that it is not of the herd; that to be conscious of its emergence is its distinction and master achievement, and to maintain and accentuate it is its supreme business; to make it more and more of its "own" kind, unique; to weed out that which is alien to itself; to be "sincere" through and through; to free itself from all elements non-selfish: this is the work to which it finds it has a natural bent, and by it, it makes itself impregnable; incapable of being broken into or broken down. It is the instinct for its own permanence, its immortality may be, which, without regard, eats up or casts out every particle of Goodwill. Hence the futility for all save the herd, of all schemes of salvation based on Goodwill, and the value which temper sets upon its antagonisms equally with its attractions. The one is as essential as the other for that light and shade in which individual differentiation finds itself clear. To be incapable of being repelled by any of the brethren is at least as much death in life as to be incapable of being attracted. Antagonism, not for what is bad for the fancy picture—the community and the race—but for that which repels the something within oneself, independent of its relation to the scheme of values, is as valuable—more exciting if not as comfortable—as attraction. Oh universal brotherhood, universal love, sameness, monotony, extinction! Mankind pressing onward to Unity, swept forward as by one impulse to the bosom of the Type! Like those swine which it says somewhere, were swept into the Gadarene Sea!

Happily the nightmare lives mainly only in the picture: in reality, individuals pair off in two and threes or scrap among themselves. Universal brotherhood is mainly subscribed to by people very capable of giving the salutary cut to the simple brother foolish enough to assume that they mean it. The fact which misleads, and encourages the notion that Goodwill is more than a thought-mist for any not of the herd is the extension of the imaginative area by the wide sweep of the senses, whereby things which one sees, hears or hears of, become part of the mental landscape; and as such are subjected to efforts which would change them to our liking. One makes effort to remove unsightly features which disgust us in those about us from a motive like that which would impel us to remove an unsightly structure which faced one's window. Not for the sake of the structure, but for the sake of our personal comfort. But with more than that no one has truck with. Anything beyond that must be left to be indicated on the "Plan": as π is left to indicate the power of a number increased to infinity.

With the breaking of the thread of Goodwill, the humanitarian philosophy would unravel at a single pull, like a chain-stitched seam would if the right thread were seized. Humanity is robbed of its "principle" and dissolves soulless when egoists break in upon fraternity. It falls apart into its component individuals like the sand from mortar, if the cohering lime were removed. Its "progress," become the progress of a non-entity, vanishes and with it the source of authority which in its name advised and admonished individuals. What "progress" there may be, becomes a progression in the individuals themselves, which follows individual laws, each being a law to himself. Authority gone, "protection" goes, and "rights" go with it. There are no rights without protection. Anything of "rights" which is not might is "bestowed," "permitted," and only with the protection of Authority can there be adequate bestowal and permission. Authority shattered, the only right is might—right to what one can get, that is: one's just dues. The easy assumption that one has a right to anything, livelihood, "equitable returns," comfort, liberty, or life itself shrink like phantoms in daylight. When Goodwill is gone rights can be had for the commanding—for the power to enforce them—and no cheaper.

Liberty too is impossible without protection. Liberty is nine parts coercion, and the coercion of the weak,—the only ones who make appeal for liberty—is exercised through authority. Liberty, the plaint of the feeble, is the "assumption" that the strong must stay feebler, is the "assumption" that the strong must stay as the other for that light and shade in which individual differentiation finds itself clear. To be incapable of being repelled by any of the brethren is at least as much death in life as to be incapable of being attracted. Antagonism, not for what is bad for the fancy picture—the community and the race—but for that which repels the something within oneself, independent of its relation to the scheme of values, is as valuable—more exciting if not as comfortable—as attraction. Oh universal brotherhood, universal love, sameness, monotony, extinction! Mankind pressing onward to Unity, swept forward as by one impulse to the bosom of the Type! Like those swine which it says somewhere, were swept into the Gadarene Sea!

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when the pathetic pleaders decide to increase their power to get and hold; or to support in power a strong authority to which they can make appeal for appropriation and protection; or to persuade the powerful already in possession to a voluntary act of grace towards the weak and non-possessing.

The second method has been tried, is being and is likely to be for some time to come; the third is the method which by common consent of all orators and clergy sounds the best: on all occasions sacred or profane: it is the method firmly believed in by all the feeble and none of the strong. It is the millennium arrived at by way of Liberty, Love and Humanity.

The first is the one the poor in spirit and pocket have no heart for; it has no friends; it dismays the rich as much as it sickens the poor, and in the long interval which is likely to elapse before it is put on its trial, the ravelling thread of the humanitarian canvas will be caught up and the array of vaporous combatants in the army of Humanity, the entire assemblage of the Delivering Hosts of Thought will wreath themselves out like a painted battle until the real flesh and blood combat is ready to begin. The poor will continue to lay claim to rights—to look for claims rejected. They will be classed as nuisances and a bore. But "Pleasure," the vague generalisation it is impossible to define. It is of the order of the static concept which have the function of tombstones among words. Tombstones, as Mr. Allan Upward points out in his illuminating "Divine Mystery," are intended to keep the spirit down: imprisoned underneath in the vault, and that "pleasures," which however vary with person, mood and circumstances, and if insisted upon are likely to be classed as nuisances and a bore. But "Pleasure," the vague generalisation it is impossible to define.

We may take from where we please, but have no heart for; it has no friends; it dismays the mind that we are very great pots and can therefore diminish. We may take from where we please, but have no heart for; it has no friends; it dismays the arrival at by way of Liberty, Love and Humanity.

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Of the property which they want when they ask for liberty—not one jot. To get that they would require to seize and thieve, and thieving is not prescribed on the Sky-scape. Nor is it compatible with virtue when exercised on a humble scale, and who can hope they will ever rob on the noble one, generously and like gentlemen? If one of them were caught red-handed, he would be found to be smuggling away a can of milk: which is hopeless as thieving. Scarcely in our time will they need to take in and pack away the humanitarian canvas—unless indeed there is force and a sting in irony.

**VIEWS AND COMMENTS.**

We can now consider Mr. Meulen's dictum that "egoism is the doctrine that the motive of every human action is the pleasure of the performer." The Egoists is an odd quarter wherein to present a word like 'Pleasure' as the main term in a definition. What is "Pleasure"? The text-books even will point out that there is a confusion: that there are concrete activities which may be called "pleasures," which however vary with person, mood and circumstances, and if insisted upon are likely to be classed as nuisances and a bore. But "Pleasure," the vague generalisation it is impossible to define.

It is of the order of the static concept which have the function of tombstones among words. Tombstones, as Mr. Allan Upward points out in his illuminating "Divine Mystery," are intended to keep the spirit down: imprisoned underneath in the vault, and that is what words like 'Pleasure' manage to do. They blur over with an abstract generality the positive active element in that which they pretend to name. Their only use is to create seemingly irreconcilable opposites, playing with which manages to keep the professors and scholars from swelling the ranks of the unemployed. They go in pairs: and "self-sacrifice" is the verbal opposite which nicely balances "Pleasure." Both represent mental confusion, and we suggest to Mr. Meulen the advisability of abandoning both to the exclusive use of scholars and clergymen: putting in their place the active verbal form which comes nearest to expressing what they suggest rather than what they possess of meaning. To "please oneself" is to direct one's energies moving in a channel in which they run readily and with comfort: that is a definition which for the moment will do for "Pleasure"; to sacrifice oneself is to set them on enterprises where they move reluctantly and with hardship. The motor-power in both cases comes from the self: the motive is self-satisfaction and fulfilment. Whether the issue is satisfactory or not is more or less accidental: with judgment it tends to become less rather than more. To "please oneself" and to "sacrifice oneself" are in the main, activities by the way, like the passing through roads of varying quality in the course of a long journey. A sturdy traveller will take them as they come philosophically. On occasion, the passing
over a favourable tract will be undertaken and repeated solely to enjoy the ease and facility with which it can be covered: as in advance the dancers will move continuously round the floor. And on the other hand, a difficult stretch will be undertaken and repeated in order to enjoy the ultimate satisfaction at not having been defeated by its rigours: as in the more difficult feats of mountain-climbing or in any of the "tasks" of "self-sacrifice" which men will set themselves to prove they can go through with them. It is a healthy method of hardening and weathering, and great fun as long as no one is mistaken by it. Whether men are by pleasing them- selves or "sacrificing" themselves they are enjoying themselves very well indeed, particularly in the latter if they have an audience. Probably because in the long history of experience the "hardening" process makes men more fit and inclined to venture into new fields than does the lingering over the facile and unintelligible, "than is ready to be persuaded" that their form of amusement "self-sacrifice." If anyone speaks of "self-sacrifice," it is a certainty they are speaking of "sacrifice." Those who are getting at someone, for they feel they are quite alone. We have of course been speaking of "pleasures," definitely entered upon as diversions and "self-sacrifice" adopted as a tonic with a strong probability of amusement in the form of applause rounding it off at the finish. Both are hobbies, off the track of life's main courses. The "self-sacrifice" which has sprung up by instinct and veined itself into the mesh of consciousness, has little to do with the audience is not so easy to explain. Perhaps the feature which best helps to explain it is the fact that it never regards itself as "self-sacrifice." The term is applied by onlookers after the event. The "sacrifices" of love in any of its forms in the eyes of the makers of them are desires whose frustration would be represented in a degree which itself explains the sacrifice. Of the desire to alleviate suffering, and the supposed existence of goodwill we have already spoken. In relation to the former it is to be noted that sensitiveness, the form to which vital power runs, and the power of the imagination of the suffering caused proportionately hateful. We mind our manners and our ways for our own sake. As for goodwill, it has no real existence. Sensitiveness, stupidity, and fear explain every form of its seeming appearance. The feeling of such an existence is often conjured into a belief that it exists because the schemes which are erected on it as a basis seem to meet his difficulties. But he is thinking of goodwill as existent not so much in himself as in the powerful: he expects them to adopt its precepts: whereas they, on the contrary, regard the whole scheme of psychology for "government by consent," the poor expect "government by consent" to give them "liberty"; the rich look to it to secure a docile serving community. In a few thousand years, after experimenting with every "constructive" scheme of government, "divine" and human, men will begin to understand that the only will existent is Self, will.

There remains the concept of chivalry: the strongest evidence to be offered in support of "self-sacrifice." If we allow the activity suggested by chivalry to emerge from under the weighty slab of the "tasks" of "self-sacrifice" which men have been habitually practiced among men and women of voluntarily stepping into a position of danger in order to allow some other weaker than themselves to take up the more advantageous position. The difficulty about chivalry is that the chivalrous are at once so noble and modest that they really cannot be run through a cross-examination. One is thrown back upon one's own feebly chivalrous tendencies about which to be brutally honest. First,—perhaps foremost—on spectacular occasions at any rate, one is chivalrous because it is the tradition: one is courageous for lack of the pluck to be a coward: and then, if it is a matter of performing the jumpy and at the mercy of nerves: it is not likely that there are many "heroes" who cannot conceive the possibility of making one in a stampede. "Nerves," in fact, appear to be an integral concern ("nerves" in the popular sense, that is) in chivalrous conduct. Unless caught in one's feeble moments of cowardice, some one is in danger of the spectacle of distraught nerves in another person: even when they are occasioned by a danger in which both share. Terror has the appearance of being out of all proportion to the occasion, no matter how serious; and the feeling puts the situation in a new perspective. Why the symptoms of a great fear appears excessive. It is strange how commonplace a matter death may look upon occasion, and it is on an occasion when the terror of others has made it assume such diminished significance that the genuinely chivalrous action is performed. It is prompted by pity and a sense of superior tranquillity; and the act of "sacrifice" is performed with a sense of the necessity of another's excessive distress. "Chivalry" becomes a question of sensitiveness therefore, which accepts the lesser of two evils. If that is not the frame of mind of "chivalry" one would like an account of it from one who is chivalrous.

The "ways of men" are complex and various, but they are not past finding out. Speaking humbly as in the presence of "constructive" thinkers, one would suggest that, observed as an artist observes and not as a moralist, they would be as explicit as the "ways of things," that it is only the overlaying by the "constructive" process which makes the imagination of the suffering caused proportionately hateful. We mind our manners and our ways for our own sake. As for goodwill, it has no real existence. Sensitiveness, stupidity, and fear explain every form of its seeming appearance. The feeling of such an existence is often conjured into a belief that it exists because the schemes which are erected on it as a basis seem to meet his difficulties. But he is thinking of goodwill as existent not so much in himself as in the powerful: he expects them to adopt its precepts: whereas they, on the contrary, regard the whole scheme of psychology for "government by consent," the poor expect "government by consent" to give them "liberty"; the rich look to it to secure a docile serving community. In a few thousand years, after experimenting with every "constructive" scheme of government, "divine" and human, men will begin to understand that the only will existent is Self, will.
M. de Régnier's Last Book.

WITH the modesty natural to a man with a European reputation and with the same languid grace he used in offering us his "Corbeilles des Heures," M. de Régnier now beckons a slave to lay before us a lacquered tray. Le Plateau de Laque is not the most significant of the works for which he has found an aesthetic title, but it contains many curious trifles and a few beautiful little pictures. Someone once spoke of the Greek Anthology as the "carven cherry-stones" of Greek poetry; the Plateau de Laque contains the carven cherry-stones of M. de Régnier's prose. Even a foreigner could never fail to perceive and delight in the workmanship of these sketches; however slight they are, however incredible or bizarre, you have always in reading them the pleasure of their incomparable style. If you would know how to make a little story out of two old ladies playing bezique, out of an old bachelor in love with an acacia tree, out of the most artificial Venetian incidents, you must examine the bric-a-brac extended on this lacquered tray and note carefully the method and expression of the artist. It would have been very easy to make them banal; it was difficult to make them effective; but in spite of the "de l'Académie Française" after his name, in spite of the clamours of les jeunes, an impartial reader—or one prejudiced in his favour—will allow at once that M. de Régnier has lost neither his imagination nor his technique. If we do not recommend him for the Nobel prize it is because we feel he may be more fittingly honoured in the lofty seclusion of those old Italian gardens assigned to him by one of his contemporaries.

M. de Régnier is very imaginative; he loves the past with an epicurean relish, and tolerates the present with a kind of polished contempt. It amuses him to supply the deficiencies which belong to every present time by means of this lively faculty; he finds, I should imagine, little pleasure in cataloguing the banlieu or the appearance of the houses in the Boulevard Raspail. It is for this reason that he prefers Venice to every other city in the world and invents a mythical China and a fabulous Orient as a stage for his imaginary characters. His love of Venice is quite touching; he seems to know every rio and calle, is as much at home in the Zattere as in the Piazza of Saint Mark. He seems never so happy as when setting out in his gondola to some imaginary garden on the Giudecca, or perhaps to the real one there which he conceals under another name.

The Venetian stories in Le Plateau de Laque are some of the best in the book. The Testament of Count Arminati is quite the sort of grisly story one would expect to hear of the crumbling palaces of Venice, and the idea of hiding the skeleton under the clothes of the masked mannekin was admirable, especially to anyone who knows the wax figures at the Museo Civico, which M. de Régnier assures us were the companions of this other horrible one. And the curious tale of the maniac, and the other half cynical one of the "Collier de Verre" are admirably Venetian.

There is a great deal of Venice in this short description:

"Elle (the view) offrait toujours à mes yeux le canal de la Giudecca aves ses gros bateaux amarrés le long du quai, et, au delà du canal, dominant les façades bariolées de l'autre rive, les nobles archi-

against my will, and altered one or two phrases. Messrs. Maunsel continually postponed the date of publication and in the end wrote, asking me to omit the passage or to change it radically. I declined to do either, pointing out that Mr. Grant Richards, of London, had raised no objection to the passage when Edward VII. was alive, and that I could not see why an Irish publisher should raise an objection to it when Edward VII. had passed into history. I suggested arbitration or a deletion of the passage with a prefatory note of explanation by me, but Messrs. Maunsel would agree to neither. As Mr. Hone (who had written to me in the first instance) disclaimed all responsibility in the matter and any connection with the firm I took the opinion of a solicitor in Dublin, who advised me to omit the passage, informing me that as I had no domicile in the United Kingdom I could not sue Messrs. Maunsel for breach of contract unless I paid £1,000 into court, and that even if I paid £1,000 into court and sued then, I should have no chance of getting a verdict in my favour from a Dublin jury if the passage in dispute could be taken as offensive in any way to the late King. I wrote then to the present King, George V., enclosing a printed proof of the story, with the passage therein marked, and begging him to inform me whether in his opinion the passage (certain allusions made by a person of the story in the idiom of his social class) should be withheld from publication as offensive to the memory of his father. His Majesty's private secretary sent me this reply:—

Buckingham Palace.

The private secretary is commanded to acknowledge the receipt of Mr. James Joyce's letter of the 1st instant, and to inform him that it is inconsistent with rule for his Majesty to express his opinion in such cases. The enclosures are returned herewith.

11th August, 1911.

(The passage in dispute is on pp. 193 and 194 of this edition from the words But look to the words play fair.)

I wrote this book seven years ago and hold two contracts for its publication. I am not even allowed to explain my case in a prefatory note: wherefore, as I cannot see in any quarter a chance that my rights will be protected, I hereby give Messrs. Maunsel publicly permission to publish this story with what changes or deletions they may please to make, and shall hope that they may publish it so as to make it resemble that to the writing of which I gave thought and time. Their attitude as an Irish publishing firm may be judged by Irish public opinion. I, as a writer, protest against the systems (legal, social, and ceremonious) which have brought me to this pass. Thanking you for your courtesy,

I am, Sir,
Your obedient servant,
James Joyce.

18th August, 1911.

I waited nine months after the publication of this letter. Then I went to Ireland and entered into negotiations with Messrs. Maunsel. They asked me to omit from the collection the story, "An Encounter," passages in "Two Gallants," the "Boarding House," "A Painful Case," and to cover their losses on printing it they would sue or to my brother or to me if he were fully indemnified. He said that the copies would never leave his printing-house, and added that the type had been broken up, and that the entire edition of one thousand copies would be burnt the next day. I left Ireland the next day, bringing with me a printed copy of the book which I had obtained from the publisher.
The Horses of Diomedes.

By Remy de Gourmont.

(Translated by C. Sartoris.)

XIX.—LEAVES.

"Oh! how my life is shedding its leaves."

N coming out of the cemetery, Pellegrin joined their hands. Alone of men, Diomedes, the poet, and the changed priest had followed the little pauper's hearse in the shape of a coffin that candied flowers made falsely virginal; all three went under the bower of green leaves whence the sight of recumbent slabs vouched for the certain and dignified end of all activity and of all love.

Pellegrin, remembering a previous meeting, introduced l'abbé Quentin as being an unparalleled priest, far superior to the clerical herd; but the priest protested, affirming himself the most modest of apostles far superior to the clerical herd; but the priest produced l'abbé Quentin as being an unparalleled priest, and of beauty. Turning towards Diomedes he said:

"The简单 words "You are saved" can save, but their strength is intellectual, not verbal. The syllables that the mind does not spiritualise are without power, either to condemn, or to absolve. It is not the priest who delivers from sin, it is the sinner who frees himself by the knowledge that his bonds have just been torn asunder; to that voluntary act the priest brings but the aid of his hands and the encouragement of his presence and of a tone of solemnity. The people, that is to say, all mankind, believes eternally in magic: believes that he is controlled by forces which move him, which make him say things, and act, which move him, which make him say things, and act, which move him, which make him say things, and act. . . . What do you think?"

Pellegrin began to laugh:

"My dear Diomedes, if you interweave metaphors in a philosophical discussion, night will fall, a night thronged with dreams. . . .

— A night thronged with dreams. . . . Thine, that is truly the semblance of my life.

— And of all lives, resumed l'abbé Quentin. As soon as a brain wishes to think, twilight descends on it. One seeks, amidst the darkness, one's fallen keys.

— Yes, said Diomedes, you would wish to open the door of the chamber in which Truth contemplates herself eternally, in several mirrors hung upon the walls. She smiles at herself and trifles with her companions whom she despises, for she is Truth.

— Have you read Palafox? You must read Palafox.

— You drive me back towards magic, Monsieur, answered the priest who thought he perceived a raillery. But I know what I want. I want to help men to suffer and I will help them to unburden themselves of suffering. That is why I spoke to your dying friend the words that you heard.

— But that was magic, that also; it was a conjuration.

— No, it was the encouragement of a soul to a soul. Was it not so, Monsieur?

— Your little poem was agreeable, Monsieur, answered Diomedes, but less so than the words of the liturgy. And precisely in that, it seemed to me that you exiled yourself from harmony. Think that, of these words, many doubtless are older than all our traditions, very old stammerings of the primitive terror! That which you disdainfully qualify as formulae is really verbal beauty crystallised in the memory of the centuries. There are in the Zend-Avesta, a few sentences that could still console me and bless my life and my bread; but they are reused and perhaps ineffectual.

— Words have their magic, Monsieur, and I very sincerely believe that some verses of Virgilius have produced incantations. The priest seemed to pursue some inward discourse.

— He uttered with an inspired look:

— God and life. . . . Life within God, serious, cordial, rich with love and joys. . . . It is death that made me love life. It is through seeing death that I came to understand how solemn life is and how happy it should be, to justify death. Having known injustice, I believed in the infinite where all is annulled and in the supremacy of God, who is infinite pain and the absolute of our sufferings. God suffers from not being able to know himself and we suffer from not being able to know God. Let us love God, and we shall know him; let us go to his rescue; beloved of men, he will know himself in the love of men and all life of suffering shall cease and all souls, human souls and the divine soul, shall be beatified in the Infinite. The creation of life is the means of salvation that God in the beginning of centuries.
chose for himself; it is the mirror in which he wished to see himself but the wickedness of mankind obscured the face of the earth. And in face of death, he wished to see once more the forlornness of the bed and that beauty because it is cordial and human. . . ."

Then Diomedes praised such sentiments, finding however this theology somewhat curious. Secretly he judged the ecclesiastic as being rather incoherent, and would have preferred a country curate capable of playing "bowls."

Then:

"A bad tempered opinion. . . What a dis­paraging mind I have!"

Then:

"Still another day during which I shall have thought very little of myself. . . . A letter from Néobelle has just reached me. . . . The reign of Love. Fanette was that—rather. Poor child!"

Abruptly, he deserted Pellegrin and the priest: after a few steps, he repented:

"I should have kept Pellegrin. I shall bore myself to tears.

He came back; they had gone.

"Oh! how my life is shedding its leaves!"

He did not dare go back to Fanette's apartment, to see once more the forlornness of the bed and that arm-chair in which the Sister of Mercy seems to have seated herself for all eternity.

Where could such vocations be recruted, he mused.

What horror, sounding in the night, could sound loud enough to call together a herd of such woeful women? To give the whole of one's life up to death, to have recovered, being of the same sex they attracted each other but chastely, as the motive of such an exile and of the mind. Their destiny is insuperable. Their nerves thrill at all the perfumes of life, and, as l'abbé Quentin said, it is the perfumes of decay as other nerves thrill at all the perfumes of death, are the coleopterous beetles of humanity. Their coherence of Ibsen's art by the conflict of opinion. At the worst, they copied facts, and imitated gestures and habits of speech. Life, in their plays, sank from the absurd human tendency to obey the Voices. . . . These Creatures chose such a painful task probably from several motives. Firstly it was necessary and traditional, inherited from the ancient mortuary corporations whose pious spade had delved so many catacombs. Then Diomedes admitted the imperative need of salvation, which inclines beings either towards sacrifice, or towards crime, if, as with the Mussulmen, crime is one of the paths to Paradise. But especially the reason of such a choice, was vocation, the instinctive marching at the call of the horn, the sad human tendency to obey the Voices. . . ." These Sisters and the men who live similarly on their own—i.e., on their own account—without other surrenderings than those of the flesh, of the mind.

T here dramatists of the North girded up their loins to pillage Ibsen. From the outer ring of the immortals, his spirit, beginning to watch them, smiled, serene in the knowledge of their vanity. Exultant or doubtful, they bore away an empty chalice. Some of them were dissatissted with its form, and made clumsy efforts to reshape it. All were assured of one thing: that it had held Reality. And indeed a thousand copies of it began to pour their measure of dramatic truths. One, and all, they were ignorant of its high significance, and drama that waited or grimaced within their Theatre was a thing without soul or form. For Reality is of the spirit, born of a need to give form and meaning to the disorder confronting the inartistic vision of life. The drama of these men was born of intellectual restlessness, or a desire for easy fame, or a belief in the value of their simian skill. At the best, they offered a partial Reality of the intellect, replacing the spiritual coherence of Ibsen's art by the conflict of opinion. At the worst, they copied facts, and imitated gestures and habits of speech. Life, in their plays, sank from the spiritual vision to an idea or an unmeaning collection of small events and small people. Magnanimous, we set aside those early playwrights who attempted psychological study after the Norwegian fashion. Magnanimous in very truth, since still we suffer the dreary procession that stretches from Paula Tanqueray and Agnes Ebbsmith. In these playwrights was little understanding and no vitality. But there were others who seized the heritage of Ibsen's genius with firmer hands and clearer brains. Of these, some were conscious alike of their own and the theatre's complementary task: They had neither the power of personalizing the supreme dramatic vision to master the life they took. They relinquished the attempt, and concerned themselves with its conditions. Mr. Shaw brought to the task intellectual greatness: life in his drama is torn in rags by the disintegrating forces of his ideas. Yet his plays remain the highest achievement of this theatre of "intellectuals." Further, he and others with him made use of a trick much in favour with writers of the secondary drama. They cried Realism and Social Reform, filling the Theatre with the shouts of the market-place and the political cockpit. Marriage and sexual disease, the housing of the poor and the evils of betting, free love and forced motherhood: anything that might be forced within the limits of a "problem," finely human or stupidly banal, they took to make their petty conflict of the
debating-room and the Fabian Kindergarten. Outside the portals of their Little Theatres, tragedy and comedy, grave-browed, gave their Ave atque Vale to the high gods and the greatness of man. For within is neither divine nor human significance, only the arrogance of restless minds and the prying stupidity of the district visitor.

That is the drama of ideas. Other playwrights there were, honest men, who disdained the doubtful methods of the reformers. They claimed a curious quality of sincerity, intimating that although they had no power to re-create life, they could yet copy faithfully their partial view of it. To their drama, a flickering vision lends what measure of coherence it has. Here, one of them holds for a moment the spirit of the social system, his drama at the same time indictment and warning. There, another, fair poet and incompetent playwright, breaks the restless grace of his art in the hard service of the stage. These have not that supreme need to create new forms which is the dramatist’s gift to life. But at least they have known that life is more than the dialectician’s idea of it, more than the disorder of its conditions. By virtue of that knowledge, the gifts of their work are a little order in disorder, partial interpretation, and a dim vision of reality.

After they come many who have no such understanding of dramatic truth. With more or less skill, these harnessed life and the “new” ideas to the business man’s demand for an effective play, and the vague needs of the pseudo-intellectual. They exploited life, adding an appearance of social philosophy to the sensation and false-emotion of the higher melodrama. In this way they flattered the advanced and delighted the plain man. Character to these clever charlatans is no more than the peg for an emotional appeal, the means to a pre-arranged climax. Their dramatic form is not beauty of line, the restraint of strength, but the mechanical neatness of a commercial playwright. Reality is sacrificed to an appearance of real life, dramatic truth to a bourgeois morality and a bourgeois notion of art. To this exploitation of life in the service of effect, other playwrights added the babblings of a querulous intellect. The impotent opinion of immature people take the place of significant speech. The position of women, the divorce laws, anything that will rattle in a vacant mind, are discussed with as much charity of thought, as much understanding, as may be found in a Fabian pamphlet or a Trades Union Congress. No ordered vision, human significance, comes to disturb their sweet futility. Rejecting the false grace of pre-arranged effects, these less competent exploiters have attained a graceless monotony. Peace be with them: their plays do not pay.

Lower yet come the dealers in little problems of sex or sentiment, hawkers of uninspired studies in character. The sexual arrangements of commonplace people are treated with a gravity due to high matters of established reputation. It is permitted to vary the problem of marriage and free love by the treatment of adultery. His work is “searching” when it is dull, “powerful” when it is pleasingly exciting. If the characters of these plays have any distinction at all, it is the unenviable distinction of the unbalanced mind. His moral women and neurotics of every kind shrift their views and parade their mental impotence in the high name of drama, their nervous instability providing what there is of plot and motive. From within advancing shadows, Hedda Gabber, arch-degenerate, draws aside her skirts from the rattle of her following. Under some, in its novel phrase and interpretation, is the content of this worthless problem drama, degraded offspring of the drama of ideas. Passion in the true sense there is not: the passion that inspires to high deeds and noble words, and in itself is more than appetite. Distracted emotion, too feebly to realise itself, the product of jaded minds and excited nerves, takes its place. Physical need, repugnance, degeneracy, complete a weary tale of the exploitation of sex. First, more offending because more pretentious, come those who exploit it in the name of reform or intellectual satisfaction; and through the door opened by these ignominious worshippers, sexual disease stalks naked in the theatre. No power of vision or beauty of form removes it from the medical treatise and the Lock Hospital. It serves neither art nor life, but only the garrulous intellectual and the old maids of either sex. Together with this pseudo-scientific drama, one more discursive burbles of sexual relations, tearing at the skeleton of philosophy based on the unphilosophic belief that the marital and pre-marital complications of ordinary folk are of general value and interest. Men and women of third-rate intellect expound an aesthetic disdain born of physical degeneration. Their pitiful gravity would be humorous were the sense of irony a less rare and dubious quality. As it is, they remain dammably dull.

As stupid, but less limping, are the debauched sentimentalist of the second class. Ginger is hot i’ the mouth, but my lord’s dark eyes are troubled. My lady is as ice-cream to her world, but when she falls on her lover’s breast her passionate breath is heard in the gallery. He is as the wax candle that follows a scene behind, and they die together, too hoarse to go through a fourth act. Or she comes too late, and must act against a corpse. A suggestion of noble purpose and spiritual torment masks the leer of these sorry Bacchantes; perchance a comfortable domesticity ends the play; perchance a spiritual crisis rids the woman of her meltosome admirer. However it be, the senses are glutted, the imagination starved, and the sex-obsessed look up and are fed.

In two ways only, might the vast second-rate treat the subject of sexual passion and be safe from melodrama as from discursive inanity. The Love romantick is beyond them; the power that made drama of incest far above them. Their prayers should be for sanity, and sense to see over the top of sexual love. Further than that, their need is grace to know that the high crags are not for their slight wings. Sex, for them, must needs be subordinate, one motive among others, a trifle or a jest. So only may they handle it and achieve an exquisite art, some fragile distinction. For the orgy is ended; the chalice shattered; the wine a memory. In mediocrity and chaos ends the modern drama of realism, reaching its last degradation in those tragedies of maudlin peasants and dog-house criminals that follow generally the isolated passion of Strindberg. Disease, poverty, curses and drink, mingle in an unnatural monotony. Where the little problems merely failed to inspire, these depress, making what is ugly in life uglier. So in inarticulate imitation and drab falsity, the theatre of the North endures the hour before the dawn. Solitary and dim, the half-gods wait. In Russia, a measure of spiritual rhythm, in Austria the glory of a distinctive form: these stand at the doors of the future.

Storm Jameson.

The Housekeeper.

I let myself in at the kitchen door.

"It's you," she said. "I can't get up—for me—Not answering your knock. I can no more Let people in than I can keep them out. I'm getting too old for my size, I tell them. My fingers are about all I've the use of So's to take any comfort. I can sew: I help out with this bead-work what I can."

"That's a smart pair of pumps you're beading there. Who are they for?"

"You mean?—oh, for some miss! I can't keep track of other people's daughters. Lord, if I were to dream of everyone Whose shoes I primped to dance in!"

"And where's John?"

"Haven't you seen him? Strange what set you off I let myself in at the kitchen door. Two weeks since."

"Yes, what's it all about? When did she go?"

"I just don't see him living many years, I am sure she won't come back. She's hiding It will go hard with John. What will he do?"

"Oh, if you ask me that, what will he do?"

"He's just dropped everything. He's like a child. He blame his being brought up by his mother. He's got hay down that's been rained on three times. He hoed a little yesterday for me:

I thought the growing things would do him good. Something went wrong—I saw him throw the hoe Sky high with both hands. I can see it now—Come here—I'll show you—in that apple tree. That's no way for a man to do at his age. He's fifty-five you know if he's a day."

" Aren't you afraid of him? What's that gun for?"

"Oh, that's been there for hawks since chicken time. John Hall touch me? Not if he knows his friends. I'll say that for him. John's no threatener, Like some men folk. No one's afraid of him. All is, he's made his mind up not to stand What he has got to stand."

"Where is Estelle? Couldn't one talk to her? What does she say? You say you don't know where she is?"

"Nor want to. She thinks if it was bad to live with him, It must be right to leave him."

"Which is wrong."

"Yes, but he should have married her."

"I know."

"The strain's been too much for her all these years: I can't explain it any other way. It's different with a man, at least with John: He knows he's kinder than the run of men. Better than married ought to be as good As married—that's what he has always said. I know the way he's felt—but all the same . . ."

"I wonder why he doesn't marry her And end it."

"Two weeks since."

"Can't talk to her, and Lord, if I could . . . I know she isn't holding out for terms, Nothing like that. I gave that up this morning."

"It will go hard with John. What will he do? He can't find anyone to take her place."

"Oh, if you ask me that, what will he do? He gets some sort of bakeshop meals together, With me to sit and tell him everything, What's wanted and how much and where it is. But when I'm gone—of course, I can't stay here: Estelle's to take me when she's settled down: He and I'd only hinder one another. I tell them they can't get me through the door, though: I've been built in here like a big church organ: We've been here fifteen years."

"That's a long time To have lived together and then pull apart. How do you see him living when you're gone? Two of you out will leave an empty house."

"I just don't see him living many years, Left here with nothing but the furniture. I hate to think of the old place when we're gone, With the brook going by below the yard, And no one here but hens blowing about. If he could sell the place—but then, he can't: No one will ever live on it again— It's too run down—this is the last of it. What I think he will do is let things smash. He'll sort of swear the time away—he's awful! I never saw a man let family troubles Make so much difference in his man's affairs.

He's just dropped everything. He's like a child. I blame his being brought up by his mother. He's got hay down that's been rained on three times. He hoed a little yesterday for me:

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"I hate to think of the old place when we're gone, If he could sell the place—but then, he can't: No one will ever live on it again— It's too run down—this is the last of it. What I think he will do is let things smash. He'll sort of swear the time away—he's awful! I never saw a man let family troubles Make so much difference in his man's affairs."

The rights of that are harder to get at. I guess Estelle and I have filled the purse. "Twas we let him have money not he us. John's a bad farmer—I'm not blaming him— Take it year in year out, he doesn't make much. We came here for a home for me you know, Estelle to do the housework for the board Of both of us. But see how it turns out: She seems to have the housework and besides Half of the outdoor work, though as for that He'd say she does it more because she likes it. You see our pretty things are all outdoors. Our hens and cows and pigs are always better Than folks like us have any business with—
And we live up to it, or I don’t know. That’s what you can’t help liking about John: his fondness for nice things—too fond, some would claim. But Estelle doesn’t mind: she’s like him there: she wants the hens to be the best there are. I guess you’ve seen this room before a show, “What’s this?” I said. “A bill. For fifty dollars for one Langshan cock, receipted—and the cock is in the yard.” “Not in a glass case then?” “He’d need a tall one—he can eat off a barrel from the ground. He’s been in a glass case as you may say, The Crystal Palace, London. He’s imported. John bought him and we paid the bill with beads—Wampum, I call it. Mind, we don’t complain, but you see, don’t you, we take care of him.” “And like it, too! It makes it all the worse.” “It seems as if. And that’s not all. He’s helpless in ways that I can hardly tell you of: sometimes he gets possessed to keep accounts, to see where all the money goes so fast. You know how men will be ridiculous; he’s the one that’s blind. Don’t talk to me.” “It makes it all the worse. You must be blind.” “Estelle’s the one that’s blind. Don’t talk to me.” “Can’t you and I get to the root of it? What’s the real trouble? What will satisfy her? John’s a good man to save, it seems to me.” “It’s as I say. She’s turned from him, that’s all.” “But why when she’s well off? Is it the neighbours? Being cut off from friends?” “We have our friends: that isn’t it. Folks aren’t afraid of us.”

She lets it worry her. You stood the strain, and you’re her mother.” “But I didn’t always. I didn’t relish it along at first, but I got wonderted to it. And besides—John said I was too old to have grand-children. But what’s the use of talking when it’s done? She won’t come back—it’s even worse—she can’t.” “Why do you speak like that? What do you know? What do you mean? She’s done harm to herself?” “I mean, she’s married—married someone else.” “Oho, oho!” “You don’t believe me?” “Yes, I do. Only too well. I knew there must be something! So that was what was back. She’s bad, that’s all.” “Bad to get married when she had the chance?” “Nonsense! See what she’s done. But who, but who—” “Who’d marry her straight out of such a mess? Say it right out—no matter for her mother. The man was found—I’d better name no names. John himself won’t imagine who he is.” “Then it’s all up. I think I’ll get away. You’ll be expecting John. I pity Estelle: I suppose she deserves some pity, too. You ought to have the kitchen to yourself. To break it to him. You may have the job.” “You needn’t think you’re going to get away. John’s almost here. I’ve had my eye on someone coming down Ryan’s hill. I thought ‘twas John. Here he is now! This box. Put it away. And this bill.” “What’s the hurry? He’ll unhitch.” “No, he won’t, either. He’ll just drop the reins, and turn Doll out to pasture, rig and all. She won’t get far before the wheels hang up on something—there’s no harm. See, there he is! My, but he looks as if he must have heard!” “How are you, neighbour? Just the man I’m after. Isn’t it Hell?” John said. “‘I want to know? Come out here if you want to hear me talk. I’ll talk to you, old woman, afterward. I’ve got some news that maybe isn’t news. What are they trying to do to me, these two?” “Do go along with him and stop his shouting!” She raised her voice against the closing door: “Who wants to hear your news, you dreadful fool?” 

Robert Frost.
Such is my guess as stated in the December 15th issue of this journal. I said it is verifiable by experience, and the whole of my experience strengthens it. I call it my guess though I doubt whether I am entitled to do so. Perhaps its germ-seed was born in me. I remember hearing that my father devoted almost a lifetime to the problem of the reconstruction of the world. He followed the example of original minds and aimed to reconstruct it in his own likeness. As a painter who was also an artist (a very rare combination nowadays) he dreamed of a Utopia that should be as near pure spirit as it is possible for a world of men to be. He had formulated some hypothesis, but I cannot say what it was. It may have been: Art is pure spirit; the artist is a highly sensitised instrument for receiving and transmitting pure spirit. Given a world of artists and the result must be a world approximating to pure spirit.

Though I use the word pure let it not be imagined that I think it necessary. To me it is a puzzling word that has been devised to make an absolute distinction where none exists. Let me say instead of Art is pure spirit, Art is the Spirit of Life, that is, that substance which informs matter and immortalises form. Thus Art-forms are Spirit-forms and for me Art is another name for Spirit. Souls without any definition is fiendish. And here I am in a very Maelstrom of metaphysical terms—Spirit, Substance, Matter, Life, Form.—all demanding definition. I will define them as I proceed. As I said, I do not know whether the foregoing was my father's suggestion. I only know that he regarded everything really, that is, everlasting, great in the world as of spiritual origin.

I need not go into my father's plan. It was not so far as I know deficient in common sense; not a stiff flattery to hollow-headed underlings, like one or two shallow and unworkable schemes of reconstruction I have heard vented in the sixpenny press. Underlying it was the truth to be found in this syllogism. The desire for material power is immoral; present-day man's desire is for material power; therefore present-day man is immoral, and will remain so till his desire is altered. Here the suggestion is, I think, a digression; it will only be possible to return to it after the other ideas have been developed. The desire for material power is immortal; the desire for spirit is immortal, and it may be stated this way.

Though I use the word pure let it not be imagined that I think it necessary in a world of artists and the result must be a world approximating to pure spirit. I regard it as a way of speaking. I believe the difference to be this: the Artist is a spiritual symbol; and the non-Artist is an impure spirit. Given a world approximating to pure spirit, I believe we shall have something like Utopia, and possibly something more. The Artist will be the revitalising power of the world. He will have a Utopia, and he will be in it. This world of artists and the result must be a world approximating to pure spirit. It may be stated this way.
machine constructed to act upon him, how in God’s name is he going to act upon the machine? Tell me that.” And I reply. “How do I propose to destroy public ownership of the Artist? How do I propose to detach him from the machine and restore to him his own paymaster? It is a question. If, in short, do I propose to re-individualise the Artist? I will tell you. But first I must tell you how the Artist became de-individualised. It involves my own story.”

HUNTY CARTER.

On Interference with the Environment.

As long as the sight of the undisguised human figure is unfamiliar in a certain inhabited place, the person who exhibits it must reckon with a probability of stones and whip-lashes. And if anybody undertakes either the protection of that person or the protection of the public peace, the protector will have to be cautious. Take a case, for instance, where he imagines to be my views (his imaginations are partly right) on the ground that economy, and the desire to avoid disagreements, will require any rational police agency to pay attention to as few things as possible, and that I would increase the expenses and difficulties by giving the police more things to do. I call Mr. Tucker’s attention to the fact that the police are already in the business of saving themselves trouble, and that they regularly do this by prohibiting whatever is so shocking to the feelings of the crowd as to promise to start a disturbance. The result is that whatever the crowd objects to is prohibited by the combined forces of the crowd and the policeman. East-and-west streets in New York are generally not full of vehicles; a woman walks along the middle of such a street because it happens to be a better pavement than the sidewalk; a company of street boys come jeering behind her; the policeman restrains the woman for creating a disturbance. Thereby he saves himself the much more difficult job of handling the boys. The papers print it as an amusing occurrence, not as an alarming one; and every New Yorker who reads it knows that the policeman did just what any policeman would be likely to do. That’s what you get by making the saving of trouble to the police your guide: by no means a reduction in the number of things that the police arrest for. The present reign of restriction is distinctly the lazy man’s way of doing things, and Theodore Roosevelt is eminently characterised by the desire to handle every difficulty in the easiest way. Mr. Tucker should not imagine that by appealing to the desire to save the policeman’s trouble he will get anything like what either he or I want.

But laziness will not soon be extinct, and the desire for public quiet will continue to be widespread. Hence the fact that the person invites fistfights will, as long as it is a fact, be a potent reinforcement of all arguments for systematically and quietly suppressing the exposure of the person. And, as it will certainly be a fact till some time after the contrary practice is introduced, any discussion of practical policies must begin by treating it as an unescapable fact.

This all looks as if a workable social order must count it legitimate to let those who object to any exhibition as obscene suppress that exhibition, whatever the exhibition may be, until such time as the human mind shall have undergone a quite unpredictable change. It is time to balance the argument a trifle by reminding the respectable public that if we make any pretence to uniformity or consistency, then the rule must be applied equally where the custom of clothing is stricter than among us, and any Englishwoman who goes with unveiled face in a Mohammedan community where the wearing of women on the street is general must be held liable to the appropriate penalties of indecent exposure. The parallel is rigorously correct. It is perfectly true that the Englishwoman’s face has the same effect on the men of such a community as the sight of a Marquesas Islander’s whole person would have on an English street. Englishmen resident in such cities as Lahore declare, for instance, that in driving through the city by a lady’s side it is hard to resist the temptation to get off the carriage several times to thrash Mohammedans for the looks that they are seen to cast. If the rousing of such feelings constitutes a public nuisance that calls for forcible suppression, then the wearing of unveiled faces by Englishwomen should be forcibly suppressed in every community where even a large minority are dominated by the classic Mohammedan tradition. The moral orthodoxy of a majority is ground for suppression, then the unveiled woman should be suppressed where Mohammedans are a majority. If the matter is made to rest on the ground that Lahore is controlled by the English, and consequently English notions of propriety shall rule, then we establish at least one of the widest breaches with what may be called the majority, as such, has no special right to control such things: if a majority and a minority cannot agree on a modus vivendi, the strongest fighting power must have its way.

For it positively cannot be maintained that the English standard of propriety is entitled to preference on the mere ground that its precise grade of strictness is more ideally correct than either the stricter standards or the less strict. Evidence of such a thing is too utterly lacking. The English standard of decency in clothing is not supported by the instinct of most stock of race. Mohammedans are controlled by a uniform feeling on the right little tight little island itself. I suppose by hearsay (I have never been to Europe) the words “mixed bathing” will suffice to shut the mouth of any Englishman who might claim permanence as a quality of the English standard. And it is hardly more than a century since the poet Coleridge saw handsome women bathing naked among men on the beach of a fashionable watering-place on the Welsh coast, and recorded his testimony (valuable as coming from a young man at the most impressionable age) that the effect was not salacious.

I do not see how we can, in the end, refuse to consider the issue which this testimony raises. It is indeed certain that the sight of an unfamiliar exposure of the person will produce on some beholder that salacious effect with which it is popularly credited. But it is not certain, far from it, that this effeminate orthodoxy of a majority is ground for suppression, where Mohammedans are a majority. I do not see how we can oppose the exhibition of the human body and those who are antecedently prejudiced in its favor to shut the mouth of any Englishman who might object to the exhibition of the human body and those who are antecedently prejudiced in its favor.

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favour, to contend that the right of self-defence involves a right to make a man clothe himself for fear of the harm that the sight of his body may do.

I seem to have ended with deciding a single detail of the question I set out to discuss. But this detail is so dominant that a few will hesitate to let its settlement settle the central question. Besides, if we started rightly by deciding that the claim for restriction had no plausibility except when the obscenity was salacity, then we might now take note that obscenity in the sense of salacity cannot be defined with sufficient certainty to let anybody know what exhibitions a rule of restriction would apply to. The only exhibition to which the advocates of restriction would be tolerably unanimous is the exhibition of the flesh-and-blood human body; remove that, and the demand for restriction breaks up into incoherent discord.

STEVENV. BYINGTON.

Anti-Hellenism.

A NOTE ON SOME MODERN ART.

"O Beloved Pan and all ye other gods who dwell here, grant that I be beautiful within myself; and that those things I have without may be at peace with those within. Let me hold the wise man (ton sophon) the really wealthy. And may my store of gold be no more than a wise man (sophron) may bear and carry."

At the risk of being considered academic and old-fashioned by all my friends, I have it upon my conscience to enter what lawyers call a "pleading" on behalf of the new unfashionable and unstudied Hellenic ideal of art; and of life, too, for that matter. For a few people, their philosophy, or rather their views, of art are also their views of life. A great but now unread French writer, who had not much more pretention to philosophy than I have, declared that it was the age that produced the work of art and not the work of art that produced the age; to allege the contrary is as ridiculous as to say "les petits pois font pousser le printemps." Now the works of art of this age—those, I mean, which have that natural vigour which belongs to the typical product of any time—are curiously far from any Hellenic conception. And since this is so, we must presume that the age is unHellenic; which is perhaps obvious enough. But there are two main kinds of art; there is the art which is in sympathy with its time, which seeks to express the whole life of its time—that of Shakespeare, for example—and there is the art of Ben Jonson or of Theocritus, the art of men who run counter to the spirit of their time, or rather to the artistic as well as the creative habit of their time. (I have nothing but praise and admiration for the artists and poets who are striving to render their times in the terms of their times.) But I would have them recollect the other kind of art which seeks to create those things which the time has not.

If we consider the main facts of intellectual development in modern times we shall perceive the following broad facts. The Renaissance came after centuries of turbulence, after centuries of conventions in morality, art and literature. From the art conventions of the middle ages we inherit most of what we have of the picturesque, the abnormal and the grotesque. With the Renaissance men had some sense of the old intellectual freedom of the Greeks, of their restless subtlety, of their blitheness, their—I must use the word—"kîdhè." The Greeks—if we can so far generalise on a nation which produced such differing genius—worshipped and desired for themselves and for the arts the ordinary, normal, uninteresting goods of life, such as health and beauty, and successful love and moderate wealth, and so on. There is a Greek epigram extant in which the author wishes for himself a health and, and the beauty, then moderate wealth, and then to be young in the twinkle of (frankly) eyes. Such simple, uninteresting things we may believe to have been desired by the Greeks quite sincerely, for the license and corruption of later Greece was due to contact with the sensual barbarian Eastern races.

The Renaissance, however blithe and youthful it may seem to us now to recall that this could simplicity. Behind it was always the haunting memory of that nightmare-like time of the middle ages. The men of the Renaissance were like men suddenly released from prison, and their new liberty led them at once into extravagances. Let anyone who will allege that the Greeks were unparalleled in their (to us) criminal pictures, and admit that we have this simple and beautiful in a way no other nation has ever surpassed. And the delicate criminals of the Renaissance, though they sang and painted divinely, came very short of the Hellenic predecessors they worshipped. Literature became most highly developed in England, a sober country, which cast off its medieval superstition and convention very unwillingly. And the extravagance of the Renaissance was its own damnation; the arts wandered off into all manner of curious floridities, and the inevitable reaction to "purism" and the "age of reason" resulted. From that the world eventually revolted to romanticism, fetching up all the forgotten lumber and mysticism of the middle ages to assist it in forming a picturesque milieus. And from this "romantic" period which began somewhere in the twenties of the last century, we have further minor reactions. (Parnassians, Symbolists, Realists, Aesthetes, Unanimistes, Paroxysmes, Imagistes, etc., you are all wonderful and of God's grace divine.)

The qualities I observe in the latest reactionary art are all unHellenic, and, if I may use the word without odium, unhealthy. These artists propose, I believe, to render, not to mirror certainly, their age, and judging from their works we must say that the age does not like health or beauty or simplicity or youth in the midst of friends or any such simple uninteresting things. The art of this age is tired, like that of the Byzantines, who invented conventions to excuse themselves for not attempting to emulate the art of their ancestors; or it is wild and savage, like the art of the South Sea Islanders and of the makers of totem-poles; or it is agitated and nervous, as no other age has been, and the result is the work of M. Picasso or Mr. Wadsworth, which may intrigue our eyesight but does not illuminate our intelligence. And against all this I have no word to say. I believe it to be all admirable and right and very fine. I pay my shilling to go to exhibitions and I do my best to follow the latest thing in post-Whitman-splendour-des-forces-simultaneous poetry. I trust I am not so foolish as to deride all this excellent work. But some artists, I may say, have nothing but praise and admiration for the artists and poets who are striving to render their times in the terms of their times.
Penultimate Poetry.

XENOPHILOMETROPOLITANIA.

I. TENZONE ALLA GENTILDONNA.

Come, my songs.

II. CANTATA.

"Men polys lois paih vyns."

—ARNOUT OF MARVOIL.

Come, my songs,

Let us observe this person
Who munches chicken-bones like a Chinese consul
Mandilibrating a delicate succulent Polynesian spaniel.

III. ELEVATORS.

Come, my songs,

Let us whizz up to the eighteenth floor,
Let us present our most undignified exterior
To this mass of indolent superstition
To this perverted somnambulistic age;
Let us soar up higher than the eighteenth floor
And consider the delicate delectable monocles
Of the musical virgins of Parnassus:

IV. ANCOR.A.

Pale slaughter beneath purple skies.

Rest me with mushrooms,
For I think the steak is evil.

V. CONVICTED.

Like an armful of greasy engineer's-cotton
Flung by a typhoon against a broken crate of ducks' eggs
She stands by the rail of the Old Bailey dock.
Her intoxication is exquisite and excessive,
And deserve her delicate sterility.
Her delicacy is so delicate that she would feel
Affronted
If I remarked nonchalantly, "Saay, stranger, ain't you dandy."

VI. GITANJALI.

Come my songs.
(For we have not "come" during three of these our
delicate canzoni)

Come, my songs, let us go to America.
Let us move the thumbs on our left hands
And the middle fingers on our right hands
With the delicate impressive gestures
Of Rabindranath Tagore. (Salaam, o water-cress of the desert.)

O my songs, of all things let us
Be delicate and impressive.
I implore you my songs to remain so;
I charge you in the name of these states.

VII. ALTRUISM.

Come my songs,

Let us praise ourselves;
I doubt if the smug will do it for us.
The smug who possess all the rest of the universe.

VIII. SONG OF INNOCENCE.

The wind moves over the wheat
With a silver clashing,
A thin war of delicate kettles.

IX. ANCORA.

The apparition of these poems in a crowd:
White faces in a black dead faint.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Two French Books.

An invitation to excursions in the less familiar realms of French literature is held out by a little anthology just to hand entitled "Almanach Littéraire Crès." Besides specimens from J.-K. Huysmans, Ernest Dowson (translated by Stuart-Merrill); Maurice Barrès, Léon Bloy, Paul Claudel, Rémy de Gourmont, Francis Jammes, Emile Verhaeren, Pierre Louys, Jérôme and Jean Tharaud, Louis Thomas, and some others, it comprises hitherto unpublished letters by Bardey d'Aurevilly and Jules Renard, "curiosités" and anecdotes about Flaubert, Leconte de Lisle and Villiers de l'Isle Adam and admirable wood-cut portraits of some of these by E. Vibert.

Among the more arresting contributions to the collection is a portrait-essay by the brothers Tharaud

**"Almanach Littéraire Crès."** (George Crès et Cie, Paris. 3fr.)
of the man with whom no one shakes hands, Deihler, the public executioner, he " for such a man to be able to exist in the midst of the human family a special decree from the Divine Power was needed." M. Paul Claudel, a leader in modern French literature with a considerable following of admirers and disciples, gives a criticism of M. Francis Jammes, that charming "potted-few" poet, unreal realist, the bourgeoise psalmist whom the bourgeoise does not read, who chants of a world where everyone is good and kind and forgiving, the comfortable country with a considerable following of admirers and disciples, gives a criticism of M. Francis Jammes, "it is all he needs" [but who wants more?] "when he has done contemplating it, he stoops tenderly over it and examines it with his short-sighted eye" [perhaps that is just his chief fault: short-sightedness] "as with a magnifying glass" the creation of which he is fond he o'erstrides tirelessly, armed with a gun and botanist's box. To Francis Jammes nothing that is, is indifferent; to him every person he meets, from the mayor to the candlestick-maker of his village, is interesting though I suspect he has preferences for the lowly: the Francis Jammes school is the school of the cult of humility; "reasons for which his work has such a unique human character, a social significance; showing an epic and Christian sense of the importance and dignity of the beings surrounding us." In his image Jammes is to be seen as "the workman looking helplessly at God, said, 'Oh! don't.' "

And here is an anecdote about Villiers himself: "Sitting at the terrace of a café, Villiers was looking dreamily at the sky. A passing confère put his hand on the shoulder of the writer, said the intruder, 'always,' and he made a gesture as of a thought ascending like a spiral heavenwards. Villiers looked at him with a distant, horrified eye: 'And you,' he answered in a dark voice, 'and you making with his finger a similar spiral—earthwards.'"

Another handy little volume published by the same firm is "Six Promenades au Louvre; De Giotto à Puvis de Chavannes" by Fritz R. Vanderpyl with a preface by Ad. van Bever. It is about as good a guide to the picture galleries of the Louvre as can be written in so concise a form. As a guide, however, it might be a little less opinionated: as always in matters artistic when opinions are not entirely in agreement with one's own, the question is: 'Do opinions on art agree with our own?' Taken as a critical study this fault—if fault it is—is compensated for by the writer's enthusiasm for his subject. Mr. Vanderpyl is obviously a true and great lover of painting and without love for such a subject any amount of knowledge is worthless.

When people speak about art—as when they do about love—it is customary to remind them that "He who knows the Tao does not talk of it, and those who prattle about it do not know it." It is what the critics say to artists when they find these trespassing on their self-allotted privileges as though they who are impotent to create were alone entitled to make comment, while it is considered nothing short of the creator's duty to be silent. In the days of Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Poussin and Sir Joshua Reynolds there were no critics, consequently the artists and in the eighteenth century the artists undertook to explain their profession they roused no animosity in interested quarters. Latterly, artists have resented letting the critics reap the harvest they—the artists—sow, and art has become a bone of contention between the critic-dog and the artist-dog. "Create," says the critic to the artist, "and let me, who am qualified, do the talking, for when you talk, being only a creator, you talk rubbish." Surely there is as much chance of rubbish emanating from the critic as from the artist.

Wonderful this modern world of ours is, wherein nothing has become a more disputed product of commerce than art. Mr. Vanderpyl, precisely traces this evolution to a culmination in the following passage: "Leur grande vertu" [that of the "primitive" or pre-Raphaelite painters of Italy, Flanders, &c.]." and whilst those who prattle about it do not know it. It is considered nothing short of the creator's duty to be silent. In the days of Leonardo, Michael Angelo, Poussin and Sir Joshua Reynolds there were no critics, consequently the artists and in the eighteenth century the artists undertook to explain their profession they roused no animosity in interested quarters. Latterly, artists have resented letting the critics reap the harvest they—the artists—sow, and art has become a bone of contention between the critic-dog and the artist-dog. "Create," says the critic to the artist, "and let me, who am qualified, do the talking, for when you talk, being only a creator, you talk rubbish." Surely there is as much chance of rubbish emanating from the critic as from the artist.

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A CRITICISM OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF EGOISM.

To the Editor of The Egoist.

MADAM,

The sudden change in the title of your journal fills me with misgivings: I was not aware that the Stirnerian Egoism had taken so strong a hold upon you, and I hasten to beg you to explain to me in disagreeable person that philosophy.

Egoism is the doctrine that the motive of every human action is the pleasure of the performer, the word "pleasure" being taken to include all forms of moral satisfaction. The view of orthodoxy to-day is that people sometimes commit acts of self-sacrifice. Sometimes I seem to be foregoing a big moral pleasure (a pleasure that, so far as introspection carries me, I am at that moment appreciating to the full) for a smaller, less noble satisfaction; and sometimes I seem to be sacrificing a strong ignoble pleasure for the sake of a weaker noble one.

How will you prove to me now that in both these cases I am in reality choosing in the direction of my greatest pleasure?

It is useless to tell me that the fact of my acting in a particular way proves the pleasure anticipated from that act to have been the stronger: this does but assume the point to be proved, for it advances no reason for denying that an action may sometimes proceed in the line of the weaker of two anticipated pleasures.

It is equally useless to tell me that the fact of my wanting to perform an act is a proof that I anticipate the greatest satisfaction from that course: this again simply assumes the point at issue, namely, that I am surely able more accurately than any outsider to appraise the comparative strength of my anticipated pleasures, decide that I want to act in the direction of a weaker pleasure. You will doubtless here assert, as these ingenious Stirnerians do, that the fact of my wanting to perform a particular action A is a proof that I want to act in the direction of a weaker pleasure B than A indicates that there is a greater hunger within me for satisfaction A than for B. Words—mere words. You cannot possibly know my intimate hunger so well as I, and I decide that my hunger for satisfaction A is less than that for B.

You will ask me why I wish to perform that particular action, if it is going to afford me less pleasure than another action that is equally open to me. I reply that I want to act thus for such and such reasons, but that, so far as I am aware, the performance of that action will afford me less total pleasure (more gratification, future retrospective pleasure, or other satisfaction) than another course that is open to me. So far as I am able to examine and compare my desires, I seem sometimes to perform actions that will yield me small pleasures of a particular kind rather than other actions that will yield me large pleasures of a different kind, and your simple assertion that I must have anticipated more total pleasure from the former actions leaves me quite unconvinced of the truth of Egoism.

Lastly, you will not help your cause by asking me if I anticipate no pleasure from my projected course of action, as these ingenious Stirnerians do, for I assert that I expect only pain; but I may be able most truthfully to affirm that another action would yield me more total pleasure than the one in question. Of course, as I have insisted above, if you assert that the fact that I desire to perform a particular act proves that I expect most pleasure in that direction, you cut the ground from under my feet; but I reiterate that this assertion proves nothing—it simply assumes the point at issue. So long as there exists a man so obstinately deaf to your persuasions that he asserts that he sometimes deliberately performs actions that will yield him less total pleasure than other actions that were open to him, you have no way of proving the truth of your doctrine of Egoism to him.

Hence I am of opinion that the philosophy of
Egoism rests upon unverifiable assumption. Moreover, since culture consists for the most part of a relinquishment of particular satisfactions for the sake of other satisfactions, it may be useful to retain the notion that some of the people whom we admire may, however rarely, have sacrificed strong pleasures for weaker ones in the performance of some of their admirable actions. This knowledge assists us to perform worthy actions—weak vessels that we are.

HENRY MEULEN.

[The above letter is referred to in the current "Views and Comments."—ED.]

WOMEN: EDUCATION: MARRIAGE.

To the Editor of THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

I see that Sir Almroth Wright is suffering from the common delusion that the sex problem in Britain is due to the fact that women are more numerous than men. He thinks that women are discontented because they cannot get married, and that they cannot get married because there are too many of them; therefore he advises women to go to the Colonies.

If Sir Almroth Wright were to spend a day in Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, or San Francisco, he would soon get rid of this delusion. In every one of these places, men enormously preponderate in numbers over women. In Vancouver there are 74,000 men and 49,000 women. In Victoria there are 19,000 men and 12,000 women. In all the other towns I have named the proportion is about the same. Among children the sexes are nearly equal in numbers; therefore the disproportion of the sexes among adults is considerably greater than appears from the figures I have quoted.

Do educated women marry in Vancouver, Victoria, Seattle, Tacoma, or San Francisco? They certainly do not. If any man wants to see the most beautiful and vigorous collection of old maids that the sun ever shone upon, I advise him to go and stand on the main street of one of the cities I have named. In an hour's observation, he will see many of the finest-looking women of thirty and thirty-five that any man ever saw; and he will find on inquiry that a surprisingly large proportion of these women have lived most of their lives on the Pacific coast, and have never even been engaged, not to speak of married. He will find that some of the most beautiful have never even been mentioned in connection with a man.

The simple truth is that the disproportion of the sexes has not much to do with the sex problem in England. Educated women all over the world have ceased to marry, whatever the proportion of the sexes. The same thing has always occurred in highly civilised countries. In ancient Rome marriage became so hateful that Augustus and other emperors tried to enforce it by drastic legislation, which proved utterly futile. Augustus even got two bachelors, Virgil and Horace, to sing the praises of marriage; but that also was futile.

The Roman Empire was destroyed by the barbarians, but modern civilisation has spread over the earth, and will not be destroyed. Wise men and women had better look the fact squarely in the face that marriage is dead among refined women. The vast majority of educated women have left marriage behind them for ever. If celibacy is as bad as Sir Almroth Wright says it is, educated women will be wise to do a little more original thinking than they have done in the past.

R. B. KERR.

— Note. —

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