THE EGOIST

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THE EGOIST.

By Richard Aldington.

The work of M. Remy de Gourmont has been probably more written about in The Egoist than in any other English periodical. That is because many of the younger people who are enthusiastic about literature feel that M. de Gourmont is the most fascinating literary artist now living in France. Perhaps that is too much to say, but at the same time it is difficult to find any other writer in France whose work is as interesting and beautiful as that of M. de Gourmont.

Le Latin Mystique is not a new book; it was first published by the "Mercure de France" over twenty years ago, and until recently many people must have regretted that it was out of print. The present edition is in a form which better suits the contents of the book. It may be most delightful, as Lamb thought, to read Shakespeare in the cheapest and most used editions, but this resuscitated Latin poetry reads more gracefully in good type on fine paper. Le Latin Mystique is a book for poets, perhaps for the better kind of connoisseur, and for people who are curious about poetry not read in schools, universities, the British Academy, Soho restaurants, the provinces and the Cabaret. That last sentence should be no doubt that Latin, as a vital language, did exist and on the next, opposite:

But, in general, it may be laid down as an axiom that the somewhat uncommon breadth of mind of Ausonius for example—the lion of Christian zeal has lain down in perfect amity with the lamb of classic culture. M. de Gourmont, who will be a perfect France whose work is as interesting and beautiful as well as orthodoxy, as it happened to be at the time. It would be both instructive and tedious to trace the growth of this literature from Commodien in the third century to Thomas à Kempis. It will be more feasible to select a few authors. One of the most interesting is Saint Bernard (1091-1153), abbot, father of the church, and in general one of the most cultured men of the 12th century. To readers of Villon the poem "de contemptu mundi" of St. Bernard is extremely important. Along with the Pianto di la Chiesa reducta a mal stato of Jacopone de Todi and (so I am told) Las copias di Manriquez, and the somewhat uncommon breadth of mind of Ausonius, who wrote on one page:—

"Sancta salutiferi redeunt solemnia Christi
Et devota pii celebrant jejunia mystae . . ."

and on the next, opposite:—

"Cum dubitat natura marem faceret ne puellam,
Factus es, o pulcher, pene puella, puer."
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"Dic ubi Salomon, olim tam nobilis,
Vel ubi Samson est, dux invincibilis?
Vel superor Absalon, vultu mirabilis?
Vel dulcis Jonathas, multum amabilis?
Vel Cæsar abit, celsus imperio?
Vel pulcrior Absalon, vultu mirabilis?
Vel dulcis Jonathas, multum amabilis?
Vel Aristoteles, summus ingenio?"

(“Tell me, where is Solomon, once so glorious? Where now is Samson, the leader unconquerable? Or kindly Jonathan, who was most gentle? (Where has Caesar gone, lord of the empire? Or where is great Dives, always at banqueting? Tell me, where is Tully, the exquisite orator? And where Aristotle, the greatest in genius?”)

Villon wrote in his Ballade des seigneurs du temps and in the next ballade:—

"Où est Claquin, le bon Breton?
Où est le preux Charlemagne!"

In the next ballade:—

"Mais où sont ly saints apostoles,
D’aublue vestus, d’amys coeffez,” etc.

It seems to me far more likely that Villon should know the works of St. Bernard, who was a father of the Church, and possibly part of the course at Villon’s university, than that he should imitate the work of a Spaniard almost his contemporary. We know that Villon knew Latin, French slang and French; we have no evidence of his knowing Spanish. However, that is a question for antiquaries and grammarians. This kind of lament for dead greatness is common to all times and literatures; it is possible to quote numerous examples. From Mimnermus to Herrick, and later, poets mourn that beauty and nobility and glory fade and die. Dante has one of the most beautiful of these reflections in Canto XII. of the Purgatorio:

"O Saul come in sulla propria spada
quivi parevi morto in Gelboe,
po i non in pugna se ruggiada.”

In another poem St. Bernard has given a Christian turn to one of the beautiful commonplaces of all literatures. He reverses the advice of Omar, Catullus and Ronsard, and says:—

"Nec modo laetaris, quia forsan cras morieris:
Quo Cæsar abiit, celsus imperio?
Vel pulcrior Absalon, vultu mirabilis?
Vel dulcis Jonathas, multum amabilis?
Vel Aristoteles, summus ingenio?”

(“Tell me, where is Solomon, once so glorious? Where now is Samson, the leader unconquerable? Or beautiful Absalom, in countenance wonderful? Or kindly Jonathan, who was most gentle? (Where has Caesar gone, lord of the empire? Or where is great Dives, always at banqueting? Tell me, where is Tully, the exquisite orator? And where Aristotle, the greatest in genius?”)

"Où est Claquin, le bon Breton?
Où le comte Dauphin d’Auvergne,
Et le bon feu duc d’Alençon?..."
LET us speak of agitators. The conviction dawns it were high time we held a few words of prayer together. For nowadays it is counted as being not merely worthy to be an agitator: since Oscar Wilde let the mark of intelligence rest on this label, not merely worthy to be an agitator: since Oscar Wilde has become the only smart thing, so much so that not to agitate and be agitated is to be guilty of immoral conduct of the worst brand: to be dowdy, to wit. It is as bad as not eating your father where the correct mode is that you should eat him: or wearing clothes where the fashion is that you shouldn’t. So oppressive indeed among the advanced is the weight of authority demanding that you should “do your own business,” “Help yourself and heaven will help you,” “rebellion among the ‘meaner sort’”—those of no possessions—cut no ice at all. Aristocratic and middle-class revolutions have succeeded and failed according as chance circumstances had it: but the record of rebellion among the unpropertied makes a doleful story, and the propertyless rebel has been written down a scurvy knave. When, therefore, opinion turns turtle so rapidly that a reputable thinker can ask whether one is not a rebel in a tone in which one silk-hatted stockbroker might ask another whether it were his habit not to wear shirts; or in which one person might be scandalised by another who walked abroad knowing himself to be infected with smallpox, it is advisable one should assert one’s intention to withhold one’s neck from the block for such a period of time as will enable the assumptions which are in the minds of persons who call themselves “rebels” to be sized up. Persons who have become enthused under the influence of assumptions are quite liable to become a danger to one’s existence if they are permitted to assume in addition that one agrees with them.

One of this week’s correspondents, for instance, has been struck by the notion it is possible we are not rebels, and immediately concludes there can be no other adequate reason for our continued existence. “Why not put up the shutters?” it begins, amiably. “If,” etc., “there seems to be no raison d’être for a paper like this one. Against what is The Egoist rebelling? Against Rebel? Having discovered that you are not an Anarchist am I now to discover you are not even a rebel?” This letter is to us truly revealing. It had not occurred to us that our pampered existence was being prolonged through time on the understanding that we were rebels and always rebels. We had come to regard them as a sort of release sport. As for our reason for existing it was only, to our way of viewing it, to bear true witness—to the extreme limit to which our ability to do so admits—regarding the things and persons and relations between these as our whim and haphazard line of interest suggested. We find that in journalism, as in literature generally and in all the arts, the result of the most fertilising, illuminating, provocative and pugnacious thing to do.

But let us return to agitators and rebels. We once defined a rebel as a “Webbite ashamed of the Webbs,” and doubtless thought it true enough and smart to boot. Hence what we now suffer in the shape of misunderstanding: the discipline of consequences Spenser would have called it. We imagined that to call a rebel a Webbite would have been effectual; not merely in irritating vastly the “rebels,” but would have made it clear to the world that the rebels and we were as worlds apart. We prove merely that to the “provinces”—overseas London is provincial, and that its slang like any other slang is limited to itself: that beyond a ten-mile radius from Charing Cross (to which area the “Fabian News” will link up a number of intellectual enterprises) the Webbs are non-existent; and that to the rest of the world a “Webbite” might be a new species of teetotaller or herb-eater.

So the task awaits us to define it afresh. A rebel, we take it, is a person who either for himself or others is dissatisfied with the condition of things—especially things connected with the possession of wealth—in which he finds himself situated; one who therefore concerns himself to alter those conditions. An agitator we might add is a rebel either “born” or “made,” who from one motive or another takes it upon himself to make persons who are in the conditions to which he objects, also dissatisfied with those conditions with a view ultimately to induce them to alter them.

Well, very estimably what is there to cavil at all that? Let us look at it. The characteristic of the “rebels” is a feeling of angry temper against—something: i.e. conditions, presumably static. Now as a matter of fact “conditions” of a relative degree—precisely in that relative degree under which the agitator conceives them, are an illusion. There are conditions which men would find as absolute, as in the case of an explorer without food in Arctic territory: but in a “land of plenty” such as these in which the “rebels” is trying to make headway: conditions—static—hard and fast—are illusory, and impermanent as the blocking out of light from a room by a night’s frost is impermanent. Heat the room and the window-panes clear and the light streams in. Now seemingly-harsh conditions of wealth-acquiring in fertile lands with instruments of production such as we possess are as formidable as an army of snow warriors exposed in the glare of warm sunlight. Consider dissolving dissolute by the presence of human initiative, energy, and temper. What is amiss, in the worst (of these relative) conditions human eye has rested upon, is not the condition: but the conditioning human quantity which has enabled it to take shape. The condition was not there first: it followed in the trail of the human beings who allowed it to settle round them as an aura; and altering the condition is not the first concern: the seat of the agitator’s offending lies in his trying to persuade the “poor” that it is: the folly of the rebels is that they believe it so to be.

Consider the “rebels” movement in England, which, one is not unhappy to note, evidently reached its high-water mark some considerable time ago, and is at present rapidly receding. The most spirited and distinguishing feature of its campaign was its onslaught on “Fat.” Even its artist—one whose ability to English rebels must have appeared almost incredible. The cartoonist spent his time in picturing the foibles and physical protuberances of the “Man of Wealth,” thereby putting the “rebels” in great fettle. At the same time it must be said that one of the most genial diversions of the “Fat” itself. The traditional gibe at the girth of an imaginary waistband can only be the
piquant addition to the satisfaction of those who are well aware that it is a symbolic, what though envious, acknowledgment of the stoutness of their purse—an acknowledgment of their importance from a source which they could well understand with things, to be prepared to attack persons and institutions. An egoist would say that such an hypothesis is erroneous and that hopes built on working it out will end in failure and disappointment. He would regard the "poor" man (whom later we shall perhaps be able to distinguish further) i.e. the man who cannot engineer his abilities to the point where what he can get comes within measurable distance of what he wants, one analogous to the sick man in a community. Now for a sick man the first obvious necessity is to get well. If he were to spend what little vital power is left him in raging against those whom he sees around him who are well it would be concluded that his sickness had affected his brain as well as the less sensitive part of his person. If the sick man sees that a man in full health is getting ahead of him in the attaining of the things which the forming wants, he could conclude that partially it is because the healthy man had a walk-over. Again, the only obvious thing for the sick one is—to get well.

Where the analogy between the sick man and the poor man is particularly important and altogether parallel and sound is in this point. The first necessities of both respectively, i.e. health and power, are not limited quantities: they are not monopolies in the gift of someone else: only in a very remote degree and under exceptional circumstances can they be conferred: they must in some mysterious manner—in the mysterious and miraculous manner which is the way of all life, be culled from within one's self. What the way is for each individual, he finds out not by rebelling but by acquiescing in the "make-up" of his own nature and in that of those with whom he will be in competition. Just as a student in a laboratory could get no way by being a rebel, by asserting that it would be better and safer all round if nitrogen became oxygen, if mercury and gold sank their places alongside a thousand other things desired, which "power" can attain if its desires are set in its direction. Power is the first requisite no matter what the want. Even to lead the quiet non-aggressive retired life, one must have power to insist on these conditions coming into being. Unless a man—even the most peaceful—has power to resist, one kind of spy or another with an armed force to support him will invade his privacy—the tax-collector, the sanitary inspector, the school attendance officer, and in the predictable future the recruiting-officer, the state-doctor, and so on from time to time. The necessity for power can never be lacking, if there be any wants left: aggressive wants or peaceful wants. With it, peace or aggression are available at will: without it, one must accept what is given. Which explains the speaking difference in the positions of Sir Edward Carson and his Ulster handful, and the nine South African "leaders" with the working population of South Africa behind them. The situation is plain as a pikestaff: explaining it is like "explaining" the fact that most persons have noses somewhere near the centres of their faces: the basis of all concessions, whether from men, governments, or nature itself rests on the power to compel them. The "concession" is the mere act of grace which prefers to assume the pose of giving something, which withheld, would be taken. "Sing a song of liberty," forsooth! Every one is at "liberty" to do what he can. A man's "liberty" is always at his elbow: always as much of it as he has of "power." Then what is the value of rebelling? It is an irrelevance, a waste of attention, time and energy.

"Why not put up the shutters?" The query emanates from Mr. Tucker. Our view of course is that the shutters, i.e. those things which a friendly neighbour can handle in the interests of another, are just these catchwords of the "rebel" army: liberty, justice, what not. By removing their influence, we remove the obstruction which separates the mind from the light, of one who has eyes to see. The growth of the eye is beyond any external power to effect: but something can be done—always has been done since men became self-conscious—became artists, that is—to remove the uncouth growths, the scales which gather round the senses where they become external. All language is an art-form: much of it a rotten bad form: bad, being untrue to the experience it purports to tell forth. How then should we put up the shutters? Is it our pleasure even more than we consider it our business to take them down.

How the misconception regarding what this "problem" (let me reserve the word "poor" is connected with is most likely to end—the misconception that its remedy has to be sought in the "system" rather than with the individual "poor"—is becoming clear. It fosters in the weak an hitherto unknown arrogance concerning what they may regard as their just dues which ultimately will lead them into a position they at present are incapable of imagining. Because they are "told" that the powerful have wrongly taken advantage of an "unfair system," the feeble-minded conceive themselves as holding claims of Right and Justice against them. These claims are the actual instruments of their undoing: they are the stumbling-block in their line of comprehension. They imagine that with these as defenders, ultimately to appear as another Castor and Pollux in the heat of the battle, any mouldering stick is sufficient to fill out their armoury for the struggle.

Indeed, with the assistance of "Conscience—working-on-the-other-side": power and wealth put together as though they were terms of equal weight: whereas they are quite other. "Wealth" takes its place alongside a thousand other things desired, which "power" can attain if its desires are set in its direction. Power is the first requisite no matter what the want. Even to lead the quiet non-aggressive retired life, one must have power to insist on these conditions coming into being. Unless a man—even the most peaceful—has power to resist,
run it was for their pleasure as well as for their good!" Meantime, while they are theorising, with their eyes in the ends of the earth, the already powerful are using their very theories against them. Under the delusion that in a community of brotherly democrats, each is going to govern all, the "poor", going to some degree, governing which would never have been attempted had it not been glazed over by the fact that it was done with their consent. The deluge of powerful men's laws—arrangements to suit the schemes of order which will best suit them, has fallen on the meek little democrats, by request. They imagined they were contriving with their own might: the fact they were all to become equal, before the law. They imagined that having proved themselves inferior in the open lists, they would be allowed to draw up the rules for contests.

The "poor" cannot have it every way: they cannot fail in the fight and then dictate the manner of fighting. How are they going to persuade those who have beaten them all round that the latter's needs are not what they think they are, but what it is right they should be? How are they going to persuade them that the "Morals" which serve them so badly are better ways than the "Immorals" which serve their conquerors so well? By talking, gush, pious sentiment and rhetoric? They delude themselves. They have either to be prepared to tug at the bundle of power and possessions or take what is given them if anything is given them—and be thankful. Their dislike for tugging is not going to stop it: simply because better men than they like it and intend going on with it. To lay too much count on the sensitivity which is fretted by their discomfiture is to make an enormous mistake of calculation, for no man is his brother's keeper except in the sense that he is his gaoler: a fact which the working out of all these philanthropic tendencies most unmistakeably reveals. That enjoyment of struggle can be diminished by the awareness that one is trampling on someone is due to a repugnance at the "feel" that one's foot is on something which writhes and not on solid earth; but not even the dislike of the sensation of squelching one's boots into another's vitals is likely to stop the struggle: for the simple reason that healthy people can't exist happily without it. What then will happen to those who prove themselves incapable, in spite of much friendly aid and substantial encouragement, in maintaining their foothold will be that they will be carried out of the way, "employed" in a protected irresponsible position, legislated for and controlled. For such as are useful, a legal status will be guaranteed: they will be well-fed, well-clothed, well-housed, by means of a "legal" minimum wage: of the highest rank among the domesticated beasts of burden. This as long as they remain useful and well-regulated, hard-working and moral, that is. If they become too useless or too troublesome, they will, according to the degree in which they offend, be confined or killed off. The staggering yearly increase in the number of indictable offences shows what direction governments and social reformers consider the line of efficiency in the confinement department will take. The eugenics movement on the other hand illustrates the line of efficiency in the extinction department. Segregation, castration, lethal chambers, elimination of "criminal" types along with the "feeble-minded"—these things although their advocates are mostly only sub-consciously aware of it, are the steady bearing out of the "principle" whereby the "tuggers" despatch the non-strugglers.

The responsible party of course are these latter: and in their arrogant setting towards disaster they are supported by the counsels of rebels, reformers, moralists and masters alike.

NOTE.—The following MSS. was left with me by a Chinese official. I might have treated it in various ways. He suggested that I should rewrite it. I might excerpt the passages whereof I disapprove but I prefer to let it alone. At a time when China has replaced Greece in the intellectual life of so many occidentals, it is interesting to see in what way the occidental ideas are pouring into the orient. We have here the notes of a practical and technical Chinaman. There are also some corrections, I do not know by whom, but I leave them as they are.—Ezra Pound.

By F. T. S.

THERE are two great Republics in the world, namely the United States of America and the Chinese Republic. One is the oldest and richest republic in the world and the other is the newest and poorest. Indeed the wealth and strength of one make the poverty and weakness of the other more prominent.

There are four hundred million inhabitants in China against seventy million in the United States; there are more than forty million square miles against thirty million in the United States; and there are innumerable valuable mines in China hidden under the ground untouched, against the already developed resources of the United States. In none of the above respects is China inferior to the United States. There is no limit to the wealth and power she may produce by the industry of her dense population, by the development of her vast territory and unbounded natural resources. Thus China, China possessing advantages enabling her to compete with America, might even surpass any other country in the world for riches and power. However to our disappointment we find that after every means has been employed to relieve her financial difficulties, there is still an empty exchequer, and her people we find can hardly drag on their miserable existence. Certainly this abnormal condition should have no right to exist in so vast a territory as China, which contains a population of four hundred million souls and countess undeveloped resources, such as cannot be found in any other country in the world.

However it must be known that the poverty of China is rather superficial and temporary. In reality she is rich and her riches are sure to materialise in the near future. In order to improve her condition we must study the various causes, present or remote, which led to the present poverty so that means may be provided for remedy. Among the recent causes the most prominent ones are failure in commercial struggles and the defeat of our arms. Since the country was opened to international commerce, tens of millions have been drained away every year by foreign countries by the exchange of our raw materials for their manufactured goods; hence by constant losses the people have been impoverished. In the Sino-Japanese War and the Boxer trouble hundreds of thousands of lives were sacrificed and hundreds of millions of dollars were paid for indemnity. Thus poverty has been the outcome of these disasters. The poverty should also be a consequence of the causes which have now made their effects felt. These causes have, since hundreds or thousands of years ago, conspired for the weakness and poverty of the present day. For hundreds of years the natural resources and the industry of China have not been developed. Occasionally there were a few good
emperors who tried hard to exercise economy in state expenditure, but on the other hand there were many bad ones who squandered the funds of the state. Thus there was no lasting improvement made. By international trade a strange element came into existence of the nation. By the Sino-Japanese War and the Boxer uprising, the existence of this nation received a severe blow. And the expenditures of millions and millions of dollars, consequently we see to-day the corruption of the internal administration, the weakness of our army, the deplorable condition of our finance and the misery of the people. Much attention has been drawn to more recent causes but we should not neglect to study the remote ones to which ancient ones are but their effects; therefore it is desirable that we should investigate them carefully.

(1) The cause in connection with the education of the country. The progress of the economy of the people is in proportion to the progress of the education of the country. According to the foreign economists, the progress of economy is based upon the demands and appetites of the public. When hunger is the desire for food, the desire for clothing, and the desire for clothing, and the desire for luxury etc. without any end. The desire for existence will therefore create many appetites and demands. In addition to the above there are many desires towards the perfecting of the moral nature, to encourage the various desires is the cause of progress in the condition of the people of foreign countries. But the principles taught by the Chinese sages are totally different from the above. The most important teaching of the sages is that a man should minimise or suppress his desires and appetites. "After a man has become destitute of desired he is a perfect man." "To nourish a heart; nothing is better than to restrict one's desires." Hence to regulate his person "a man should not seek to satisfy his hunger when he eats, nor to seek for comfort when he lives; and he should lose his joyful mind when he takes the poorest food." With regard to worldly comforts, "he will not live in a magnificent palace, nor sit at a sumptuous table, nor keep a numerous retinue with thousands of state carriages when he has the power to do so." The great sage Tseng Sheng was so poorly dressed that when he moved his coat was torn and his elbow was seen, and when he parted his shoe was broken. Han Yu, another sage, was so poor that his children wept for having no clothing to pass the winter and his wife complained owing to hunger in a time of good year. The more philosophy a man has, the more he would suppress his desires and appetites. 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THE fellows talked together in little groups. Some provinces are more developed and others are still in a state of antiquity. To study the condition of the latter one only needs to go to Honan, some parts of which province may be taken as an example of the primitive state of affairs. Here and there are groups of more than a hundred people living together in loess caves, and their way of living has been so poor and simple that none would think that such a society could exist in a country like this at the present day. They have been struggling very hard the whole year round, but they can scarcely drag on their miserable existence. Moreover they are in perfect ignorance of what has taken place in their own country. They do not know that there is something called politics, and they still record the present as the 4th year of the Reign of Hsuan Tung. In this world of struggle such a state of society should never exist. If the above be the state of the people of the interior, it is therefore unnecessary to talk of the state of affairs in Mongolia and Tibet, and if this be the state of the Chinese it is unnecessary to talk of aborigines of Yunnan and other places. We do not mean that this is the state of affairs all over the country, but do mean that such a state has existed in many parts of the country, showing the slow progress of the livelihood of the people of the country. Therefore we say that the custom and habit of the people may be one cause of the poverty of the country.

Let us turn round to the other direction. When a Chinese visitor reaches Shanghai or Tientsin he will meet totally different elements. He will meet many of his fellow-countrymen adopting a foreign costume from head to foot. He will see many of the houses of his fellow-countrymen adorned with foreign furniture and pictures, and their meals and everything are also foreign. They have tried to imitate the foreign way of living, but they have failed to see the loss resulting from their imitation of foreigners. Were the financial situation of this country not so difficult the loss would not be felt, but in a time like this when China is hard pressed from every side within and without such prodigality and sumptuousness will no doubt hasten a great disaster to this nation. This then is another reason of poverty in this country.

(To be Continued.)

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.

BY JAMES JOYCE.

The fellows talked together in little groups.

One fellow said:
— They were caught near the Hill of Lyons.
— Who caught them?
— Mr. Gleeson and the Minister. They were on a car.

The same fellow added:
— A fellow in the Higher Line told me.

Fleming asked:
— But why did they run away, tell us?
— I know why, Cecil Thunder said. Because they had felled cash out of the rector's room.

Who felled it?
— Kickham's brother. And they all went shares in it.

But that was stealing. How could they have done that?
— A fat lot you know about it, Thunder! Wells said. I know why they scut.

Tell us why.
— I was told not to, Wells said.
— O, go on, Wells, all said. You might tell us.

We won't let it out.

Stephen bent forward his head to hear. Wells looked round to see if anyone was coming. Then he said secretly:
— You know the altar wine they keep in the press in the sacristy?
— Yes.
— Well, they drank it and it was found out who did it by the smell. And that's why they ran away, if you want to know.

And the fellow who had spoken first said:
— Yes, that's what I heard too from the fellow in the Higher Line.

The fellows were all silent. Stephen stood among them, afraid to speak, listening. A faint sickness of awe made him feel weak. How could they have done that in the thought of the dark silent sacristy. There were dark wooden presses there where the cramped surplices lay quietly folded. It was not the chapel but still you had to speak under your breath. It was a holy place. He remembered the summer evening he had been there to be dressed as boat-bearer, the evening of the procession to the little altar in the wood. A strange and holy place. The boy that held the censer had swung it gently to and fro near the door with the silvery cap lifted by the middle chain to keep the coals lighting. That was called charcoal: and it had burned quietly, as the fellow had thought it gently, and had given off a weak sour smell. And then when all were vested he had stood holding out the boat to the rector and the rector had put a spoonful of incense in and it had hissed on the red coals.

The fellows were talking together in little groups here and there on the playground. The fellows seemed to him to have grown smaller; that was because a sprinter had knocked him down the day before, a fellow out of Section of Grammar. He had been thrown by the fellow's machine lightly on the cinder-path and his spectacles had been broken in three pieces, and some of the grit of the cinders had gone into his mouth.

That was why the fellows seemed to him smaller and farther away and the goalposts so thin and far and the soft grey sky so high up. But there was no play on the football grounds for cricket was coming: and someone that Bernard would be the prod. and some said it would be Flowers. And all over the playgrounds they were playing rounders and bowling twisters and lobs. And from here and from there came the sounds of the cricket bats through the soft grey air. They said: pick, pack, pack, puck: little drops of water in a fountain slowly falling in the brimming bowl.

Athy, who had been silent, said quietly:
— You are all wrong.
All turned towards him eagerly.
— Why?
— Do you know?
— Who told you?
— Tell us, Athy.

Athy lowered his voice and said:
Athy pointed across the playground to where Simon Moonan was walking by himself kicking a stone before him.
— Ask him, he said.

The fellows looked there and then said:
— Why him?
— Is he in it?

Athy lowered his voice and said:
— Do you know why those fellows scut? I will tell you but you must not let on you know.
— Tell us, Athy. Go on. You might if you know.

He paused for a moment and then said mysteriously:
— They were caught with Simon Moonan and Tusker Boyle in the square one night.
The fellows looked at him and asked:
— Caught?
— What doing?
Athy said:
— Smuggling.
All the fellows were silent: and Athy said:
— And that's why?

Stephen looked at the faces of the fellows but they were all looking across the playground. He wanted to ask them. What did that mean about the smuggling in the square? Why did the five fellows out of the Higher Line run away for that? It was a joke, he thought. Simon Moonan had nice clothes and one night he had shown him a ball of creamy sweets that the fellows of the football fifteen had rolled down to him along the carpet in the middle of the refectory, when he was at the door. It was the night of the match against the Beehive Rangers and the ball was made just like a red and green apple only it opened and it was full of the creamy sweets. And one day Boyle had said that an elephant had two tuskers instead of two tusks and that was why he was called Tusker Boyle, but some fellows called him Lady Boyle because he was always at his nails, paring them.

Eileen had long thin cool white hands too because she was a girl. They were like ivory; only soft. That was the meaning of Tower of Ivory but Protestants could not understand it and made fun of it. One day he had stood beside her looking into the Hotel Grounds. A waiter was running up a trail of bunting on the flagstaff and a fox terrier was scampering to and fro on the sunny lawn. She had put her hand into his pocket where his hand was and he had felt how cool and thin and soft her hand was. She had said that pockets were funny things to have: and then all of a sudden she had broken away and had run laughing down the slope of the path. Her fair hair had streamed out behind her like gold in the sun. Tower of Ivory. House of Gold. By thinking of things you could understand them.

But why in the square? You went there when you wanted to do something. It was all thick slabs of slate and water trickled all day out of tiny pin-holes and there was a queer smell of stale water there. And behind the door of one of the closets there was a drawing in red pencil of a bearded man in a Roman dress with a brick in each hand and underneath was the name of the drawing:

Balbus was building a wall.

Some fellows had drawn it there for a cod. It had a funny face but it was very like a man with a beard. And on the wall of another closet there was written in backhand in beautiful writing:

Julius Cæsar wrote The Calico Belly.

Perhaps that was why they were there, because it was a place where some fellows wrote things for cod. But all the same it was queer what Athy said and the way he said it. It was not a cod because they had run away. He looked with the others across the playground and began to feel afraid.

— At last Fleming said:
— And we are all to be punished for what other fellows did?
— I won't come back, see if I do, Cecil Thunder said. Three days' silence in the refectory and sending us up for six and eight every minute.

Yes, said Wells. And old Barrett has a new way of twisting the note so that you can't open it and fold it again to see how many ferulæ you are to get. I won't come back too.

— Yes, said Cecil Thunder, and the prefect of studies was in Second of Grammar this morning.
— Let us get up a rebellion, Fleming said. Will we?

All the fellows were silent. The air was very silent and you could hear the cricket bats but more slowly than before: pick, pock.

Wells asked:
— What is going to be done to them?
— Simon Moonan and Tusker are going to be flogged, Athy said, and the fellows in the Higher Line got their choice of flogging or being expelled.

— And which are they taking? asked the fellow who had spoken first.
— All are taking expulsion except Corrigan, Athy answered. He's going to be flogged by Mr. Gleeson.

— I know why, Cecil Thunder said. He is right and the other fellows are wrong because a flogging wears off after a bit but that fellow's says been expelled from college is known all his life on account of it. Besides Gleeson won't flog him hard.
— It's best of his play not to, Fleming said.
— I wouldn't like to be Simon Moonan and Tusker, Cecil Thunder said. But I don't believe they will be flogged. Perhaps they will be sent up for twice nine.

No, no, said Athy. They'll both get it on the vital spot.

Wells rubbed himself and said in a crying voice:
— Please, sir, let me off!

Athy grinned and turned up the sleeves of his jacket, saying:
— It can't be helped; it must be done. So down with your breeches And out with your bum.

The fellows laughed; but he felt that they were a little afraid. In the silence of the soft grey air he heard the cricket-bats from here and from there: pock. That was a sound to hear but if you were hit then you would feel a pain. The pandybat made a sound too but not like that. The ball was made of whalebone and leather with lead inside: and he wondered what was the pain like. There were different kinds of sounds. A long thin cane would have a high whistling sound and he wondered what was that pain like. It made him shivery to think of it and cold: and what Athy said too. But what was twice nine?

He looked at Athy's rolled-up sleeves and knobby ink hands. He had rolled up his sleeves to show how Mr. Gleeson would roll up his sleeves. But Mr. Gleeson had round shiny cuffs and clean white wrists and fattish white hands and the nails of them were long and pointed. Perhaps he pared them too like Lady Boyle. But they were terribly long and pointed nails. So long and cruel they were though the white fattish hands were not cruel but gentle. And though he trembled with cold and fright to think of the cruel pernicious nails of them, the other fellows are wrong because a flogging wears off after a bit but a fellow that has been expelled from college is known all his life on account of it. And indolently ripple on the shore.

As if the soul of calm had hushed their roar;

Give me the peace that rests upon life's wave,

And all the spurious joys that life once gave

When on the beach the purling wavelets play

Seems paved with placid dreams forever more,

By fondling winds, its sunlit floor

And sunlit seas can mirror depths of Heaven!

March 16th, 1914

— Smuggling.

Athy said:
— Indolently ripple on the shore.

The murmurous waves have lulled themselves to rest

And indolently ripple on the shore,

As if the soul of calm had hushed their roar;

The sunlight smiles upon the ocean's breast

And sunlit seas can mirror depths of Heaven!

Give me the peace that rests upon life's wave,

When on the beach the purling wavelets play

And storms are lulled by lovelier visions driven,

And all the spurious joys that life once gave

Are merged in silence on oblivion's way,

And sunlit seas can mirror depths of Heaven!

ISTIDORE G. ASCHER.
Exhibition at the Goupil Gallery

The exhibition of new art now showing at the Goupil Gallery deserves the attention of everyone interested in either painting or sculpture. The latter art is represented by the work of Epstein and of Gaudier Brzeska. I endeavoured to praise these men about a month ago and shall again so endeavour. Jacob Epstein has sent in three pieces: a “Group of Birds” placid with an eternal placidity, existing in the permanent places. They have that greatest quality of art, to wit: certitude.

“A Bird Pluming itself” is like a cloud bent back upon itself—not a woolly cloud, but one of those clouds that are blown smooth by the wind. It is gracious and aerial. These things are great art because they are sufficient in themselves. They exist apart, unper­turbed by the piettaess and the daily irritation of a world full of Claude Phillipses, and Saintsburys and of the constant bickerings of incomprehending minds. They infuriate the denizens of this super­ficial world because they ignore it. Its impotences and its importances do not affect them. Represent­ing, as they do, the immutable, the calm thorough­ness of unchanging relations, they are as the gods of the Epicureans, apart, unconcerned, unrelenting.

This is no precious or affected self-blinding aloof­ness. Mr. Epstein has taken count of all the facts. He is in the best sense realist. The green feline woman expresses all the tragedy and enigma of the germinal universe: she also is permanent, unescaping.

This work infuriates the superficial mind, it takes no count of this morning’s leader; of transient con­ditions. It has the solemnity of Egypt. This is no precious or affected self-blinding aloof­ness. Mr. Epstein has taken count of all the facts.

Brzeska is formative stage, he is abundant and pleasing. His animals have what one can only call a “snuggly,” comfortable feeling, that might appeal to a child. A very young child would like them to play with if they were not stone and too heavy.

Of the two animal groups, his stags are the more interesting if considered as a composition of forms. “The Boy with a Coney” is “Chou,” or suggests slightly the bronze animals of that period. Brzeska is as much concerned with representing certain phases of animal life as is Epstein with presenting some austere permanence; some relation of life and yet outside it. It is as if some realm of “Ideas,” of Platonic patterns, were dominated by Hathor. There is in his work an austerity, a metaphysics, like that of Egypt—one doesn’t know quite how to say it. All praise of works of art is very possibly futile—were it not that one finds among many scoffers a few people of good will who are eager for this new art and not quite ready.

It is perhaps unfitting for a layman to attempt technicalities, the planes of Mr. Epstein’s work seem to sink away from their outline with a curious deter­mination and swiftness.

Last evening I watched a friend’s parrot outlined against a hard grey-silver twilight. That is a stupid way of saying that I had found a new detail or a new correlation with Mr. Epstein’s stone birds. I saw anew that something masterful had been done. I got a closer idea of a particular kind of decision.

It is much more difficult to speak of the painting. It is perhaps further from one’s literary habit, or it is perhaps so close to one’s poetic habit of creation that prose is ill got to fit it.

Wyndham Lewis is well represented, especially by his “Columbus.”

One can only pause to compliment the Countess Drogedia that she has set a good example to London. Mr. Etchells has gained greatly in strength. Edward Wadsworth has shown a number of canvases with brilliant and interesting refractions. I would mention especially the moods “Scherzo” and “Vivace,” and his “Radiation” which is the “pictorial equivalent” of a foundry as perceived—and there is no need to ridicule these terms before having considered them—as perceived by the retina of the intelligence. It is expressed in terms of arabesque.

In general one may say to the initiated curious that cubism is an art of patterns. It differs from the pre-renaissance Italian patterns, and from the Japa­nese or from the pattern of art of Beardsley in that these arts treat a flat space. They make a beautiful arrangement of lines or colour shapes on a flat sur­face. Their first consideration is the flat space to be used.

Cubism is a pattern of solids. Neither cubism nor these other arts of pattern set out primarily to mirror natural forms. Thus one is removed from Andrea del Sarto and Carlo Dolce and from the discussions of art in “Il Cortegiano” and from all those people who are preoccupied with mimicry. It is difficult to speak of the rest of this exhibit in detail, one may as well fall back upon impressionism as some of the painters have done.

There were so many pictures and so many people. They were a glittering confusion. There was someone after Van Gogh. And some one doing music halls not quite à la Degas. And there were people complaining about the Camden Town group and people very much relieved to find that there was still something which didn’t threaten their early habits of thought. And it was—I mean the private view was—as they say in the “Times,” “A very brilliant occasion.”

Ezra Pound.

Poems.

The Wanderer: A Rococo Study.

Advent.

Even in the time when still I
Had no certain vision of her
She sprang from the nest as a young crow
At first flight circling the forest,
And I know now how then she showed me
Her mind, flying near the tree tops,
Reaching out and over toward the horizon.
I saw her eyes straining in the new distance
And as the woods fell from her flying,
Likewise they fell from me as I followed—
So that I knew (that time) what I must put from me
To hold myself ready for the high courses.

But one day crossing the ferry
With the great towers of Manhattan before me,
Out at the prow with the sea-wind blowing
I had been wearying many questions
Which she had put on to try me:
How shall I be a mirror to this modernity?
When in a rush, dragging
A blunt boat on the yielding river—
Suddenly I saw her! and she waved me
From the white wet in midst of her playing!
She cried me, “Haia! here I am son!
See how strong my little finger! Can I not swim well?
I can fly too!”, and with that a great sea-gull
Went to the left, vanishing with a wild cry,
But in my mind all the persons of godhead
Followed after.
CLARITY.

Come! cried my mind and by her might
That was upon us we flew above the river
Seeking her, grey gulls among the white—
In air speaking as she had willed it—
"I am given, cried I, now I know it!"
I know now all my time is forespent!
For me one face is all the world!
For this day I have at last seen her,
In whom age in age is united—
Indifferent, out of sequence, marvelously!
Saving alone that one sequence
Which is the beauty of all the world, for surely
Either there, in the rolling smoke spheres below us,
Or here with us in the air intercircling,
Certainly somewhere here about us
I know she is revealing these things!"
And as gulls we flew and with soft cries
"We be speech flying, " It is she,
The mighty, recreating the whole world
And this the first day of wonders!
Attiring herself before me—
Taking shape before me for worship
As a red leaf fallen upon a stone!
She of whom I told you, that old queen,
Forgiven, unrebukable!
That high wanderer of byways
Walking imperious in beggary—
On her throat a single chain of the many
Rings from which most stones are fallen,
Wrist wearing a diminished state, whose ankles
Are bare! Toward the river! Is it she there?
And we swerved clamorously downward—
In her I will take my peace henceforth!"

BROADWAY.

Then it was, as with the edge of a great wing
She struck!—from behind, in mid air
And instantly down the mist of my eyes
There came crowds walking—men as visions
With expressionless, animate faces;
Empty men with shell-thin bodies
Jostling close above the gutter,
Hasting nowhere! And then, for the first time,
I really scented the sweat of her presence
And turning saw her and—fell back sickened!
Ominous, old, painted—
With bright lips and eyes of the street sort—
Her might strapped in by a corset
To give her age youth, perfect
May I be lifted still up and out of terror,
Up from the death living around me!
Took up the mighty, recreating the whole world
And its eyes roll and its tongue hangs out—!
Tossing me as a great father his helpless
As gulls we flew and with soft cries
"We be speech flying, " It is she,
The mighty, recreating the whole world
And this the first day of wonders!
Attiring herself before me—
Taking shape before me for worship
As a red leaf fallen upon a stone!
She of whom I told you, that old queen,
Forgiven, unrebukable!
That high wanderer of byways
Walking imperious in beggary—
On her throat a single chain of the many
Rings from which most stones are fallen,
Wrist wearing a diminished state, whose ankles
Are bare! Toward the river! Is it she there?
And we swerved clamorously downward—
In her I will take my peace henceforth!"

NEW grip upon that garment that brushed me
One time on beach, lawn, in forest!
May I be lifted still up and out of terror,
Up from the death living around me!
Torn up continually and carried
Whatever way the head of your whim is!
A bur upon those streaming tatters—
But with the fall of night she led me quietly away.

PATERSON—THE STRIKE.

At the first peep of dawn she roused me
Trembling at those changes the night saw,
For brooding wretchedly in a corner
Of the room to which she had taken me—
Her old eyes glittering fiercely—
Go! she said and I hurried shivering
Out into the deserted streets of Paterson.

That night she came again, hovering
In rags within the flimsy ceiling—
Great Queen, bless me with your tatters!
You are blest! Go on!

Hot for savagery,
I went sucking the air! Into the city,
Out again, baffled, on to the mountain!
Back into the city!

Nowhere
The subtitle! Everywhere the electric!
A short bread-line before a hitherto empty tea shop:
No questions—all stood patiently,
Dominated by one idea: something
That carried them as they are always wanting to be carried,
But what is it, I asked those nearest me,
This thing heretofore unobtainable
That they seem so clever to have put on now?
Why since I have failed them can it be anything
But their own brood? Can it be anything but brutality?
On that at least they're united! That at least
Is their bean soup, their calm bread and a few luxuries!

But in me more sensitive, marvellous old queen,
It sank deep into the blood, that I rose upon
The tense air enjoying the dusty fight!

The patch of road between precipitous bramble
The flat heads with the unkempt black or blond hair!

Faces all knotted up like burls on oaks,
Grasping, fox snouted, thick lipped,
Sagging breasts and protruding stomachs,
Pistons too powerful for delicacy!

The women's wrists, the men's arms, red,
Used to heat and cold, to toss quartered beeves
And barrels and milk cans and crates of fruit!

The tree in the wind, the white house, the sky!

I am at peace again, old queen, I listen clearer now.

Abroad
Never, even in a dream
Have I winged so high nor so well
As with her, leading by the hand,
That first day on the Jersey mountains,
And never shall I forget
The trembling interest with which I heard
Her low voice in a thunder:
"You are safe here, look child, look open-mouth!
The patch of road betweenprecipitous bramble
banks,
The tree in the wind, the white house, the sky!"
March 16th, 1914

THE EGOIST

111

Speak to them of these concerning me!
For never while you permit them to ignore me
In these shall the full of my freed voice
Come grappling the ear with intent!
At which I cried out with all the might I had,
Waken! O people, to the boughs green
With unripe fruit within you!
Waken to the myriad cinquefoil
In the waving grass of your minds!
Waken to the silent Phœbe nest
Under the eaves of your spirit!

But she stooping nearer the shifting hills
Spoke again, Look there! See them! There in the oat-field with the horses!
The weight of the sky is upon them,
The great fire-flies in the evening of heaven
Beneath which all roof beams crumble!
There is none but the single roof beam,
There is no love bears against the great fire-flies!

At this I shouted again still more loudly
But my voice was a seed in the wind,
And she, the old one, laughing
Seized me and whirling about, bore back
To the city, upward, still laughing
To the thin tops,
Leaving the leafless leaved,
With fern free fingers on their little crags,
Beneath the little creeks, the mallows
Their hollows, the new Atlas, to bear them
For pride and for mockery! Behold
Old friend, here I have brought you
The youth you have long wanted.
Stand forth river and give me
The old friend of my revels!
And the filthy Passaic consented!
Then she leaping up with a great cry—
Enter youth into this bulk!
Enter river into this young man!

The ecstasy was over, the life begun.

As on any usual day, any errand.
Alone, walking under trees,
I went with her, she with me, in her wild hair
By Santiago Grove and presently
She bent forward and knelt by the river,
The Passaic, that filthy river,
And there, dabbling her mad hands,
She called me close beside her.
Raising the black water, then in the cupped palm
She bathed our brows wailing and laughing:

River we are old, you and I,
We are old and in our state, beggars.
Lo the filth in our hair! our bodies stink!
Old friend, here I have brought you
The young soul you have long asked of me.
My arms in your depths, river,
Let us hold this child between us,
Let us make him yours and mine!

Such were her words spoken.
Stand forth river and give me
The old friend of my revels!
Give me the well-worn spirit
For here I have made a room for it
And I will return to you forthwith
The youth you have long wanted.

The Passaic, that filthy river,
And so the last of me was taken.

Then the river began to enter my heart
Eddyng back cool and limpid
Clear to the beginning of days!
But with the rebound it leaped again forward—
Muddy then black and shrunken
Till I felt the utter depth of its filthiness,
The vile breath of its degradation,
And sank down knowing this was me now.

Then she leaped up with a great cry—
Enter youth into this bulk!
Enter river into this young man!

Willing the spirit, waiting the crag,
And the filthy Passaic consented!
Then the river began to enter my heart
Eddyng back cool and limpid
Clear to the beginning of days!
But with the rebound it leaped again forward—
Muddy then black and shrunken
Till I felt the utter depth of its filthiness,
The vile breath of its degradation,
And sank down knowing this was me now.

Then she leaping up with a great cry—
Enter youth into this bulk!
Enter river into this young man!

EIGHT DAYS WENT BY, EIGHT DAYS

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EIGHT DAYS WENT BY, EIGHT DAYS

EIGHT DAYS WENT BY, EIGHT DAYS

EIGHT DAYS WENT BY, EIGHT DAYS

EIGHT DAYS WENT BY, EIGHT DAYS
MAY God keep the soul of the Count de Gabalis, for I have just heard that he is dead of an apoplexy. The curious will not fail to say that such a death is usual for one who has failed to keep the secrets of the Sages; and that since Raymond Lully, of blessed memory, so ordained in his will, an avenging angel has never failed promptly to wring the neck of any who have indiscreetly revealed the mysteries of philosophy.

But they should not so lightly condemn this learned man, without further light on his conduct. It is true that he told me everything, but only with all due cabalistic circumpection, and one owes it to his memory to say that he was zealous in the religion of his fathers, the philosophers, and that he would have been burned alive rather than profane their sanctity by confiding in any unworthy prince; in any man either ambitious, or incontinent, these three kinds of people having been from all time excommunicated by the Wise. Happily I am not a prince, I have but little ambition, and it will be seen from what follows that I have even a little more than the chastity necessary to a Sage. He found my mind docile, curious, and not timid; I only lacked a touch of melancholy, to make it clear to those who would blame Count de Gabalis (for having withheld nothing from me), that I was a fair subject for the Secret Sciences. It is true that without melancholy one cannot make any great progress in them; but he was not deterred by my possessing so little. "You have (he said to me a hundred times) Saturn in an angle, had, as you have, Jupiter in the ascendant; nevertheless he is never known to have laughed once during his whole life, so powerful was the influence of his Saturn, although it was much feebleer than in your own case."

So the curious must blame my Saturn and not Count de Gabalis if I take more pleasure in telling their secrets than in practising them. If the stars fail in their duty, it is not the Count's fault; and if I have not the least of them, to try to become the master of Nature, to overthrow the Elements, to communicate with Supreme Intelligences, to command Demons, to engender Giants, to create new Worlds, to speak with God on his awful throne, and to compel the Cherubin who guards the entrance of the Earthly Paradise, to allow me to take a few turns in his garden; it is I alone who am to be blamed, or pitied; and the memory of that rare man must not be insulted on my account, nor must it be said that he died because he taught me all these things. Is it impossible, as frays are of daily occurrence, that he should have fallen in a fight with some intractable prelates, monks, little nuns, for my companions; in brief, all sorts of people. Some were concerned with the Angels, others with the Devil, others with their own Genius, others with Incubii, others with the healing of all ills, others with the secrets of the Divinity, and nearly all with the Philosopher's Stone.

They were of one mind as to the difficulty of finding out these great secrets, particularly that of the Philosopher's Stone, and were agreed that but few can discover them; but I had a sufficiently good opinion of myself, to believe they were among the Elect. Happily the most important among them were at that time impatiently expecting the arrival of a German, a great lord and a great Cabalist, whose property is near the Polish frontier. I had promised to pay a visit to the Children of Philosophy in Paris, on his way to Germany. I was commissioned to answer the letter of this great man; I sent him the hour of my nativity, so that he could judge whether I was of sufficient capacity to discover the Philosopher's Stone. My horoscope and my letter were lucky enough to make him do me the honour of replying that I should be one of the first he would see in Paris; and that if the heavens were not in opposition, it would not be his fault if I were not received into the Society of the Sage.

In order to make the most of my good luck I carried on a regular correspondence with the illustrious German. From time to time I laid grave doubts before him, in as logical a form as I could, on the Harmony of the World; on the Numbers of Pythagoras, on the Visions of St. John, and on the first chapter of Genesis. He was delighted with theGravity of these subjects; he wrote unheard-of marvels to me, and I could see that I had to do with a man of very vigorous and very wide imagination. I have sixty or eighty letters of such an extraordinary nature that I could not bring myself, once alone in my study, to read anything else. On a day, when I was reading over again one of the most far-reaching, I saw a good-looking man enter, who, bowing gravely to me, said in French, with a foreign accent: "Adore, my son, adore the All-Good, the All-Great God of the Sages, and never let your pride grow too strong at his having sent you one of the Children of Wisdom, to join you to their company, and make you a sharer in the wonders of his might."

At first the novelty of the greeting surprised me, and for the first time I began to doubt whether apparitions do not sometimes appear to one: however, taking courage as best I might, and looking at him with as much civility as the slight fear I felt allowed me: "Whosoever you may be (I said to him) whose greeting is not of this world, you do me great honour to speak."

As common sense has always led me to suspect that there is a presence in what are called Secret Sciences, I have never been tempted to look through the books which treat of them; but, not thinking it reasonable to condemn, without knowing why, all those who are addicted to them, who are often otherwise clever men, mostly learned, notable in the service of the law or of the sword, I have taken upon myself (to avoid being unjust, and not to bore myself with dull reading) to pretend that I am interested in all these sciences, when with anyone whom I have reason to suppose has enquired into them. At first I had even more success than I expected. As all these gentlemen, however much they may pride themselves on being mysterious and reserved, ask nothing better than to display their imaginations, and the new discoveries which they claim to have made in Nature, in a few days I was the confidant of the most considerable amongst them; I had always one of them in my study, which I had purposely furnished with their most fantastical authors. No foreign man of learning came without my knowing of it; in a word, as regards science, I was soon a celebrated man of learning, great lawyer, beautiful ladies, and ugly ones also; doctors, prelates, monks, little nuns, for my companions; in brief, all sorts of people. Some were concerned with the Angels, others with the Devil, others with their own Genius, others with Incubii, others with the healing of all ills, others with the secrets of the Divinity, and nearly all with the Philosopher's Stone.
"You receive me very wisely, sir (replied he laughing, and taking the chair I offered him). You ask me at first to explain things which, with your leave, I will not do. You too-day, as the Sages taught you to-day, have made us in the words the Sages used to greet to them to whom they have resolved to open their heart, or to discover their mysteries. I thought, as you seemed so wise in your letters, that this Salutation would not be unknown to you; also that it was the greatest compliment that could be paid you by Count Gabalis."

"Ah, sir," cried I, remembering I had to play a great part, "how can I be worthy of so much goodness? Is it possible that the greatest of men is in my closet, and that the great Gabalis honours me with a visit?"

"I am the least of the Sages (replied he, seriously) and God, who metes out wisdom as it pleases his sovereignty, has only given me a little portion, compared with what I admire in my companions. I hope you will some day be equal to them, if I dare judge to the horoscope which you did me the honour to send me; but you will not mind, sir (added he, laughing), if I complain that at first you took me for a phantom?"

"Ah! not a phantom" (said I), "but suddenly remembered Cardan tells how his father was visited one day in his study by seven beings clothed in various colours, who told him odd enough things as to their nature and uses—"

"I understand you (interrupted the Count); they were Sylphs, of whom I will speak to you some day; who are a sort of aerial substances, and come sometimes to consult the Sages about the works of Averroës, whom they do not quite understand. Cardan was roused to publish it in all its subtle detail: he found the memoirs among his father's papers, the latter being one of Us; who seeing his son was a born chatterer, never taught him anything important, and he of himself amused himself with ordinary astrology, by which he did not even find out that his own son would be hanged. It is through this scamp that you have done me the injury of taking me for a Sylph?"

"Injury! (answered I). Why, sir, am I unhappy enough?—"? I am not angry (he interrupted). You could not know that all the elementary spirits are our disciples; that they are the happiest when we will descend to teach them; and that the least of our Sages is more learned and more powerful than all these little people. But we will talk of all that some other time; to-day it is enough satisfaction for me to have seen you. Try, my son, to become worthy of receiving the Cabalistic knowledge, the hour of your regeneration is come, and it only lies with you to become a new creature. Pray earnestly to him who alone has power to renew the heart and give you one capable of the great things I have to teach you; and that he may inspire me to keep none of our mysteries from you."

Then he got up, and embracing me without giving me time to answer him: "Good-bye, my son (he went on). I have to see our companions who are in Paris, after which you shall have news of me. But watch, pray, hope and be silent."

So he left my closet. As I showed him out I complained of his short visit, of his cruelty in leaving me so soon, after having given me a glimpse of his knowledge. But having assured me very graciously that I should lose nothing by waiting, he got into his coach, and left me in a state of inexpressible wonder of receiving the Cabalistic knowledge, the hour of your regeneration is come, and it only lies with you to become a new creature. Pray earnestly to him who alone has power to renew the heart and give you one capable of the great things I have to teach you; and that he may inspire me to keep none of our mysteries from you."

I understood nothing of it all, nevertheless I resolved to see it through to the end; although I realised there would be some sermons to put up with, and that the spirit way moved him was nothing if not moral, and a preacher.

M. DE V.-M.

(Passing Paris.

R ODIN'S long-announced volume on the cathedrals of France has at last appeared. Price 70 and 50 frs. They tell me there would be six subscribers to a book at this figure on such a subject in England. In France, where the reading-public is far more limited, publications de luxe are quite numerous.

Rodin's work, comprising essays and drawings, coincides with the appearance of "La Grande Pitié des Eglises de France," wherein Maurice Barrès deplores the vandalism or neglect which the lesser-known churches of old France suffer in the hands of the Republic.

Monsieur Rodin also makes known his intention to bestow his collection of antiquities and a large number of his own works to the nation on the understanding they be left as he displays them in the "Biron" mansion at 77 rue de Varenne, where he now has his studio and presented to the world as the Musée Rodin. Originally it had been thought that this museum would be housed at his country estate above Meuden, overlooking the valley of the Seine, where it would have become a temple of artistic pilgrimage. By abbreviating the journey for his future admirers M. Rodin has attenuated the touch of vanity in a deed which will be so much to the general advantage while apparently adding to the gratification of a closing career.

Miss Isadora Duncan, whom, in "La Vie des Lettres," Fernand Divoire exhorts in rhyme to resume her mission, has pitched her tent, for herself and her little following of pupils, on the heights of Bellevue, in a vast building large enough to hold an army. This means, no doubt, that M. Divoire's prayer will be fulfilled.

The practice of intelligent dancing, in view of developing both the limbs and the senses, is gaining ground in France. Two disciples of Jacques Dalcroze conduct successful classes, while Mr. Raymond Duncan has gathered a little group of faithful adherents around his ideas. All the members of the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier company go in for M. Jacques Dalcroze's methods.

A new dancer was recently revealed in a series of performances given at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées. She is a Persian and she dances her national dances. Though she claims to be merely an interpreter and not an inventor, her choreography is none the less new to a European audience which, uninitiated though it may be in the subtle mysteries of this delicate form of artistic expression, cannot fail to recognise what Armène Ohanian contributes to it of her own. Seduction is the main instigator of these pretty movements as performed at the harem, but the tragic element introduced by Armène Ohanian, who never allows them to become lascivious in a trivial sense, gives them a character placing them in the very first rank of dances such as we have seen. Armène Ohanian is a great artist in her minute way. She should be welcomed in England.

M. Alexandre Mercereau, who is the author of an admirable book of criticism entitled "La Littérature française et les Idées nouvelles," publishes "La Paix
Armée et le Problème de l’Alsace dans l’Opinion des nouvelles générations françaises” at Figuière’s. M. Mercereau is a very earnest writer, consequently suited to treat a subject of the kind.

M. J. P. Compton-Rickett’s article “Agni Konda” in the last Égoïste and Mgr. Benson’s “Paradoxes of Catholicism,” gives us a revised and augmented edition of his poems grouped under the heading “Reliquiæ” (Crès et Cie.).

I AM not sure that I shall be alive in 2014 or thereabout. Probably someone else will be asked to relate the story of how England, after the struggle the theatre has passed through, has at last come to the recognition that it is one of the most vital and most important of the arts.

Reviews.

THE HOUSE THAT THE SET-BACKS BUILT.

If, as I have had occasion to mention above, publications at fancy prices meet with sufficient demand to justify their fairly frequent repetition, the ultra-cheap editions become more frequent from day to day. You can now buy a whole novel—printed in newspaper form for one sou and I have just indulged in the luxury of a book by Henri de Régnier for 10c.—biographical sketch thrown in. I find I can allow myself such distinguished contemporaries as Rachilde, H. G. Wells, Georges Le Cardonnel, Péladan, Colette Willy, Gorki, Paul Adam, Camille Flammarion—not to speak of Upton Sinclair and numerous classics from Shakespeare downwards. These can be had in pamphlets at the same price, or bound at 30c. and 95 centimes.

This charming poet also contributes to a little volume of Specialised Unintelligence (including the literary speeches) might be forgotten altogether. And as a consequence someone else suggested that what was needed to save the situation was a National Theatre. On hearing this out came the Set-Backs, the Classical Archaeologists, Great Scholars and others of the Tribe of Specialised Unintelligence (including the literary persons turned dramatic tasters) to see what could be done towards building a National Theatre. And one said that for his own part he thought that the best
thing to do was to erect a knowledge of fossilized classics into a dramatic career; and others thought that on a foundation of stinking dregs supplied by Greece, or Rome, or the Renaissance a National Theatre would best stand and expand. So they set to work to show how these foundations were shattered. Now when the Set-Backs (the same which are of the Tribe of Specialised Unintelligence, including the literary persons turned dramatic tasters), had set to work excavating and building it was observed that there was no life in their efforts. Zeal and energy were apparent, but misdirected, and some candid persons went so far as to say that the T.O.S.U. were incapable of handling their own materials. Then the truth came out. They could not handle words to mean anything. As the learned doctors and professors of 2014 are likely to question this charge of incompetence I will add evidence in support of it.

The first on my list to exhibit brain-fuddled in the handling of materials (words) is Miss Jane Harrison, LL.D., Litt. (a most learned doctor of literature be it observed). Miss Harrison's contribution (in Ancient Art and Ritual, Williams & Norgate), to the perplexing question of how to preserve the poisonous influences of the classic and modern intellectual tradition in the name of what, for the sake of brevity I shall call a House of Set-Backs, is a foundation suggested by Tolstoy and supplied by Greece. From the outset it is clear that Miss Harrison is a slave to Tolstoy's theory of art. Indeed but for Tolstoy it is doubtful whether her book would have been written. Tolstoy is brough end with a book where the book (which ought really to be read backwards) with democratic airs and much damp gunpowder in an attempt to blow individualism to the moon. "Tolstoy divined," says the author, "that Art is social not individual. Thereupon she proceeds to argue that "Art is social in origin and ritual and social in function. The dance from which the drama rose was a choral dance, the dance of a band, a group, a church, a community." Persons who maintain authoritatively that "Art is social in origin" and that the drama rose from a group dance, are ignorant windbags. They may try to invent an ingenious confirmation of their opinion by the aid of intellectual theory but they will not succeed. They forget or they have never realized that Art was before intellectual theory, or society was. Classical scholars and specialised intellects, instead of accoun on Art, Drama and Religion, are the product of civilisation and it is they who preach that Art is "social in origin" and begins and ends with civilisation. If such persons would divest themselves of civilised ways, ideas, thoughts and clothing and retire to some South Sea Island and subsist on roots and feeling for a time it might occur to them that the origin and nature of Art are to be sought in a world of emotional reality, not in one of intellectual reality where Miss Harrison makes her start. Art, Drama and Religion to primitive Man mean his individual feeling of relation to the world of emotional reality. When man became civilised or mass-man he lost this sublime feeling and instead formed an idea of the world of intellectual reality and his relation to that world. Thus Art and Drama to him became social gods. They took sides, were given a mission, worked for social ends. Thus the Universal to the Local, from the Eternal to the Ephemerol, from Heaven to Hell. In fact they changed their original and individual meaning for a new and unintelligible one. And what this meaning is may be discovered in Miss Harrison's book.

The author's chief concern is to show the importance of the "And" as denoting "an intimate connection" which "exists between ritual and art." Accordingly the "And" performs strange conjuring tricks. It makes art and ritual do the same thing. "Both art and ritual copy." It makes ritual precede art in a whole chapter devoted to the transition from ritual to art (drama). In this way " Dionysus is but a maypole once perceived, then remembered, then conceived." Hence the Greek choral dance. It disappears and leaves ritual and art in each other's arms. Study this rigmarole: "Ritual we saw was a re-presentation or a pre-presentation, a re-doing or pre-doing, a copy or imitation of life, but—and this is the important point—it is not his immediate emotion that has somehow not found its ethical way into our daily life. As the learned doctors and professors of 2014 are likely to question this charge of incomprehensibility I will add evidence in support of it.

If Miss Harrison will cultivate the habit of using the terms Art, Drama and Ritual appropriately with a knowledge of their primary and metaphorical senses and then rewrite her book she may have something interesting to say. It will not be that Art and Drama are social in origin."

The second on my list of brain-fuddled Set-Backs is Mr. John Palmer. Mr. Palmer is a critic by intention and a prophet by hope, who is anxious to present London with a National Theatre. He is the author of a book (The Future of the Theatre (Bell)). After struggling through the maze of cant, contradiction, stuff, garbage, and romantic splashes presented to us by this book, I put the book aside for detailed review. I notice that the "Mask" alone appears to give an honest opinion of "The Future of the Theatre." In the current issue it repudiates both the author and his book. It says, "He (the author) succeeds in misrepresenting and misunderstanding with a faultless ignorance all things to do with the theatre and its future." It refers to his "indifference to the achievements of other nations," "blindness to larger issues" and adds, "He has failed completely—to write a serious book on the Theatre of the Future." The "Mask" also has an interesting note on the life and letters of Vincent Van Gogh by Felix Urban. The note refers incidentally to "The Letters of a Post-Impressionist" translated by our old friend Andy McTeerlane alias "To-my-friends-Ludovici." It does not tel us that Professor McTeerlane succeeds in rendering of Japanese proper names, Mr. T. G. Komai, of Tokio, the January "Poetry Review" has said them for me. After pointing out that Miss Stopes is a bit shakey in her rendering of Japanese proper names, Mr. T. G. Komai, of Tokio, has undertaken to handle are Japanese, and her object in doing so is to enlighten us on the Japanese theatre and poetic form of drama. I had some unpleasant things to say about her book "Plays of Old Japan," and the "No" (Heinemann) but I find that it does not tell us that Professor Ludovici went to Japan with a practical end. Art is also a representation of life and the emotions of life, but and cut off from immediate action." Appreciation is impractical. And to prove it the author argues something as follows. Two men see a log. One, a social reformer, cuts its throat; the other, an artist-caricaturist, instantly expresses the emotion which the sight of the body calls forth. Thus the "Mask" - again it is the social factor. "Ritual makes, as it were, a bridge between real life and art." "Real life" is doubtless Jane Harrison for her book "Plays of Old Japan." It says, "He (the author) succeeds in giving us back something strangely like a world-soul, and art is beginning to feel she must utter our emotions towards it." The follies are mine.

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of Japanese dramatic poetry, has overlooked its breathing exercise properties. Unlike Milton's full-breathed poetry, none of her translated stuff is likely to add inches to the chest. Here is a specimen.

"And pritchie, traveller, these useless things
We beg thee ask us not, we prize the time
When we can gather these young roots of spring."

This reminds one of Browning's jumble of fat consonants and starving vowels. A reciter who attempted to get this idiot describes the Japanese theatre, stage, symbolical scenery and producers of special effect out of the moment of simplified staging. Two of the admirable plates, a view, and a diagram of the "No" stage are reproduced in the current "Mask."

If we must have the diction drama as an aid to physical culture, then let us have something which can be both spoken and listened to with pleasure. In the aforementioned translation the poetic soul of Japan is missing and the result is not in any sense a sound investment for England. We could do without it. In the department of poetry and prose we have writers who shine with a fair amount of lustre and who could at a pinch, turn out a steady supply of material for vocal gymnastics. The fact has been observed and more than one society has arisen in the belief that what England needs is not more Bread-nought, but a stimulus to the verbal expression of suitable verse. Such is the belief of the society which centres round the Poetry Bookshop under the active direction of Mr. Harold Munro. Accordingly we are told in the current number of "Poetry and Drama" that "the proper value of poetry can only be conveyed through its vocal interpretation by a sympathetic and qualified reader." "Poetry is the supreme form of verbal expression." It will be gathered that a great deal depends upon the "singer" and the "singer's" English. And some persons would say that it is not much use writing good verse till we get the "singers." How for instance would a view, and a diagram of the "No" stage are reproduced in the current "Mask."

extremes. It seems that "the individual" is only at home in society and only in society can "the individual" develop his potentialities and individualism. In support of this view the author of "Man and Superman", "This is the true joy of life, the being used for a purpose recognised by yourself as a mighty one." Italic mine. This in essence is exploitation and falsification. In the same issue Mr. S. H. Swinney considers Giambattista Vico according to Comte-Fichte and the Thrasymachus-Nietzsche dialogue as the first impulse to the study of dynamic sociology. He was also the initiator of "Ideal History" according to which social evolution resembles "the brook." The superstitious belief in the current "Timidly".

Modern Dramatists. II.

There was a man whose strength was great, and who would try it by shouldering the heaviest burden. He fell beneath its weight, despairing; then rose again, and so, in despair and in courage, stumbled towards the future. The drama of Anton Tchekhov lifted a double burden. He wrote of the educated classes of Russia at the time of their blackest despair. The failure of their movement in the eighties had driven them back to the provinces to sheet under their impotence. The face of them, the young men, returning from college, worked with desperate energy, trying by individual strength to lift the misery of the people. Slowly their energy left them, crushed out by the terrible indifference that met their efforts. They lost faith and courage, staking at last into the apathy of their neighbours, resigned to eternal card-playing, vodka-drinking, eating, sleeping, and dying in a shameful indolence. In "Ivanoff" an intangible depression hangs over the action like a heavy mist. Mind and spirit share in the sense of strain, of wasted effort. Ivanoff struggles, protests, and fails, and his failure is a comfortless release.

But this misery of the provincial landowners is not the deepest that Tchekhov's drama faces. The Western mind finds it difficult to walk in the twisted bypaths of Russian thought. The national heritage of repression, the Asiatic element of resignation, the incalculable penalties that a nation pays for an enslaved lower class, combine to give to the Russian intellectual life a character in which a spirit intensely national is curiously blended with a desire for the universal and the eternal. For the Russian artist, his sight turned inwards, and bearing in his soul the suffering of centuries, is face to face with life itself. No partial concern with its conditions can satisfy his need to answer the problem that meets him as he enters his soul. To what goal is humanity stumbling? In "Ivanoff" the artist of Russia's despair, never quite loses sight of reality and beauty. But the spirit of introspection that drove him ever further in search of a meaning for life is a Greek gift, pressing despair upon every weakness of spirit. The trends of Tchekhov's drama are exhausted in his efforts against disillusion, becomes at times a terrible shadow-play. He fought despair, he had the need to interpret, to lead his age, but his creative strength failed at times before a threatening distrust of life.

And so the people of his drama, distinctive in speech and thought, peer at us between their words, striving desperately for full revelation. They embody the vision of a new dramatic form. Their author is in uncompromising revolt against the dead stupidity of H.C.
The average realist drama, the endless tale of little lives, the wearisome insistence on commonplace morality and thought. In its plays scene passes into scene, people drift across the stage, talking, and drift away. They have not only distinctive speech, but even in their partial obscurity form in the modern theatre a group of vivid personalities, subtle, capable of intense feeling. There is nothing in modern drama like the last scene of "The Cherry Orchard," a series of interrupted conversations, the fantastic crossing of a hundred threads of life. So subtle is the blending of speech and action that gradually the mind sweeps beyond them on the flood-tide of life itself, seeing beneath these broken lives, these half-articulate words, the movement and purpose of human life. As in "The Seagull," the artist dies, but the spirit of art lives on, breaking old forms in the eternal need for a new vitality. And life, the body of art, degraded when art is degraded, is eternally re-created in the strife with worn-out faith and ideals. Protest against spiritual degeneration, and continual struggle are the meaning of life, as the distinction and interest of Tchekhov's drama.

There is not always courage in the broken rhythm of these plays. "The Cherry Orchard," the only one of them which suggests any hope for the educated people of the provinces, is at the same time most inconsistent on the absence of a lasting value in life. Seeing the decay of every faith, it fails to see beyond illusion to the last undying reality. None the less, Tchekhov has seen, and in this vision of his, his drama stands with the philosophy of Bergson, with the whole movement of the scattered Art Truth-Seekers, as a revolt against the determine philosophy that weakened even the drama of Ibsen, and the promise of as noble a dramatic rhythm as the world has known. He is not a great dramatist: but by virtue of the complexity of the life of his plays reveal, of their unresting note of revolt, he is a poet on verse, a musician on music. Their criticism can be technical and exact. I do not much believe in any criticism of the arts save that which is made in the twilight of the old and in the dawn of the new. I do not believe in any critic who is interested in form alone. If he is a thoughtful man or a man skilled in some other art very probably he is interesting. They are not, or in most cases they are not in the least likely to be the artist's reasons.

I say for instance that Epstein is a very great sculptor and that after him Brzeska is more interesting than any other sculptor in England. I don't in the least suppose that I like a work of Epstein's for the same reasons that he likes it. If I were more interested in form in that I would not be a writer. I would not be interested in anything which something that moves me is only moderately interested in form. Rummel is interested in sound produces a composition which sounds which may be am only moderately sensitive to sound. I, if I am lucky, produce a composition of words which moves someone else who is only moderately interested in words.

This faculty for being moved is not criticism but appreciation. There is no need to confuse them. It interests me that my surest critic is a contemporary painter who knows my work better than I do—say by an artist who knows what the technical process. It is interesting philosophically or whatever you choose to call it. Anyhow it indicates a life. If it is -- if it is a same-ness somewhere that we are both trying with our imperfect means to get at.

Our alliance must be with our own generation and usually with work in other arts. There is no difference between serious controversy and journalistic controversy which is made by artists, that is I want a painter on painting, a sculptor and not a writer. Epstein working in form produces a composition which he treats with so much contempt. The enormous differences advocated in favour of these Greek works from the general contempt which is beginning to be hurled upon "the Greek," the Greek "as a whole," the Pateresque sentimentality Hellenic. But he will not perform this service by refusing to see the other controversies, by resolutely entrechencing himself in prejudice. By limiting his perceptions. "The Egoist"

To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM,

I wish to answer the impertinent "Auceps" on the question of the new sculpture which he treats with so much contempt. The young gentleman seems to have just left a high school and is coming in contact with life he is unable to fathom the depth of the modern renaissance, or awakening, is very largely due to the Greek work was not a uniform and unattainable perfection, but that out of a lot of mediocre work; out of a lot of remainders and fragments there remain certain masterpieces to be set apart and compared with other masterpieces from Egypt and from India and from China, remote from the South seas and other districts equally from Victorian or Pateresque culture. Let it not be supposed that the Hellenic no longer takes his stand upon Tadema and Praxiteles. Let us confess that we admire some Greek works more than others. Let us confess that we have derived more pleasure from the pretty works of the great Tadema and Praxiteles than from the works of Poussin or of Apelles. Let us take note that the Hellenic no longer takes his stand upon Tadema and Praxiteles.

The gods forbid that I should set myself up as an art critic. I do not much believe in any criticism of the arts save that which is made in the twilight of the old and in the dawn of the new. I do not believe in any critic who is interested in form alone. If he is a thoughtful man or a man skilled in some other art very probably he is interesting. They are not, or in most cases they are not in the least likely to be the artist's reasons.

To the Editor, The Egoist.

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

The CARESABILITY OF THE GREEKS.

To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM,

Your correspondent, Auceps, complains that I have not stopped to quote the whole of Reinach's "Apollo" in my article on "The New Sculpture." He is angry because I have not filled my page with ideas out of Pater and the Encyclopædia Britannica. He is more interested in preserving the label "Hellenic" than in the vitality of the arts. The difference between the two is that one is trying to do in his opponent's art, and the other is trying to "do in" one's opponent.

I will therefore try to restate the main passages of my article rather than spend space in the analysis of the young Auceps who is sufficiently apparent in his letter.

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Correspondence.
THE EGOIST
March 16th, 1914

THE EGOIST is most interested.

To the Editor, the Egoist.

MADAM,

As a reader, who after finishing your article last time, was left in a somewhat confused and disconcerted state, I venture to ask whether the purport of your condemnatory remarks on "Love one another" amount somewhat to this:

Love and Hate are fundamental spontaneous emotions that arise in our innermost self and are not for us to tame, nor to allow anyone to tamper with them is to surrender oneself ignominiously to annihilation as an individual.

Just as a piece of sculpture is made by the rejection of such masses as are done, and by the converse exclusion of the rest, so we hew ourselves into shape by our likes and dislikes.

If therefore "Love one another" be taken as an injunction to modify our personal emotions, much better was it done wisely in rejecting this injunction for the past. As a matter of fact when it was first uttered it was probably meant as an injunction to modify our conduct and had no bearing on our emotions.

We have, I think, now reached that stage in human development when we must recognise clearly to ourselves two distinct spheres: the sphere of our personal emotions as they are experienced by us alone—and the sphere in which we communi- cate them to others by action. I take it that is what you are mainly driving at in your articles—the distinction between our personal and our action.

You want to emphasise that prohibitions enforced on us by others on our actions which we cannot resist, may be looked on as a sort of form of art. And this may be so, but it is not the true reason for them.

May I put some illustrations here to show how a personal experience can persist though checked in its expression by the action of other persons. I have always found that the artist would be expected to suppress his outward expression of detestation and be formally polite though he might try his best to avoid the man. The company present would expect that conduct from him. He is not expected to leave the house and never ever to come to the gentleman or to anyone so that by doing so he would have incurred any of his dislike of the man and if the hostess, on the other hand, tried to bring about a friendly and tactful manner regarded by him and others as an unwarrantable impertinence on her part. Although the expression of his hatred had been buried he would have a reason to show it.

Take again another instance: I may violently dislike something, say seedcake (I do), and on all occasions avoid it. Nevertheless if I verbally express this dislike with any frequency, I should bore people to distraction, and if I were at a party in which there was no other cake, in order to avoid hurting the hostess’s feelings I should probably endeavour to swallow it. Again supposing I was shipwrecked in a boat and with no other food than seedcake, and supposing I were a useful oar, I would be expected to consume this cake, I should however, under those circumstances not resent the compulsion. One thing only should I resent violently all through and that is—someone coming to me and forcing me to say I “like seedcake.”

Now that is just what the Moralist would want to do. He would concentrate on this one endeavour to make me change my taste, because to him this would be the easiest way to bring about his object. His aim is to regulate men’s relations to each other in a rough and ready fashion and quite the easiest way for him is to hypnotise men to surrender their likes and dislikes, which assault on their personality all independent men have always hotly resisted.

Again, I cannot remember being present when some child has been forced by his elders “to ask pardon and say he was sorry” and has been shocked and even reprimanded in an indecent exhi- bition. The reason for this sense of indecency, was, that we feel the elders though perhaps perfectly right in suppressing the action of the child, had no right to expose the child’s personality and demand the surrender of the child’s desire. The child was perfectly right from his point of view to want to do some particular thing (say hit his sister) although there were many excellent reasons for preventing him from doing it.

If we interpret “Love one another” then as anything else but an Eastern hyperbole for saying: Refrain from killing and molesting your elders, for which course only the most diverse reasons quite apart from whatever we may feel towards our enemies, we make an unwarrantable assault on the personal life of our fellow-men and it is this personal life I take it that The Egoist is most interested.

Of course this is a complete divergence from the accepted religious attitude, where the personal sacrifices of the body’s concern and to mould the inner life of another man to an ideal pattern is a commendable impulse.

We have however lost faith in anything akin to the Egoist and The Egoist would have each man choose his own ideal pattern and find out what he can do with it.

London.

[We are obliged for the illustrations instanced, which will perhaps pertinently enlarge an exposition of necessity brief and summary.—Ep.]
ANENT THE DECALOGUE.

To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM,—I assume that moral concepts are an outside force ruling the self and making it a slave. So far as I can tell by introspection, they are the self. I am a bundle of tastes and desires, and I gloried in the clearest and most permanent taste, to distinguish it from those whose satisfaction gives me pleasure in the long run. Hence when I see a man inflicting needless pain (the only thing I call immoral), I revile him, condemn him, hate him, and, if I can, punish him, all on purely egotistic grounds.

A pet thought-concept of yours, by which you appear quite enslaved, is that (more or less successively) wealth and power, are the only people who know what they really want, and are taking advantage of other people's delusions of belief. I believe in the self, as heartily as I am in your hatred of the meddlesome nuisances who know what is good for their neighbour better than he knows it himself; and you are as hearty as I am in your hatred of the meddlesome nuisances who know what is good for their neighbour better than he knows it himself. I believe in the self, as heartily as I am in your hatred of the meddlesome nuisances who know what is good for their neighbour better than he knows it himself; and you are as hearty as I am in your hatred of the meddlesome nuisances who know what is good for their neighbour better than he knows it himself. If A likes to be rich and aggressive and B prefers to be poor and non-aggressive, why on earth should you call B's preference a delusion any more than A's? And how can you show that B is any more enslaved by a concept than A? You say that strong and alert are never moral. They appear to me to have exactly as many morals as the weak. You cannot read the lives and letters of Cromwell or Napoleon without being convinced that both of them greatly enjoyed the applause of their respective Censsives, and did not feel happy without it. Of course the standards of ethics (of which I mean they differed from mine); but then so are the consensures of the herd whom you rightly deplore.

C. HARFUR.

[If, for instance, a navvy chooses in his own mind to call his spade, his teaspoon thereon to prevent him: even in the mouths of persons doing so doing is unlikely to affect the date of Christmas. In like manner, if our correspondent chooses to call a life regulated by "taste" or "desire" the "moral" life, few people hereby lose any toleration—will interfere with him, notwithstanding the fact that etymology and popular usage will fail to support his peculiar belief. Every dedication of any sort will effect, however, be the decrying of himself from any part in the general discussions in which words, i.e., labels, are of necessity used. When we find Miss Pankhurst, for instance, can be called soft sugar or a spring vegetable at will, though we might make sounds intelligible to ourselves, substrate of disfavour. Again as to the meaning of "concepts" one could advise our correspondent to look up the accepted meaning: which is that of a "general form" or a "generalised abstraction" presumably culled from a multitude of "particulars," i.e., sensibly-appreciable individual facts. Though, therefore, our correspondent declares that we are enslaved to a "concepts," his specification of our offending goes to prove that he means we are unduly influenced by a particular fact, or as he would agree, a misapprehension as to that fact: to which he exemplifies, I think, that he was the most active man in the world the day before he died. Shakespeare or Balzac.

Leaders of the people.

To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM,—"Those who try to lead the people can only do so by following the mob. It is through the voice of one crying in the wilderness that the way of the gods must be prepared." This is one of the truest things ever said by Oscar Wilde, and we have often seen it verified in our time. Bradlaugh was so absurd as to lead the people that he degenerated from a great secularist to a mere convert to a second-rate parliamentary hack. We have seen Mr. J. M. Robertson do the same. There has been no worse case, however, than that of the Suffragettes. In the last eight years, we have had a fine example of the fate of those who try to be popular with their inferiors.

We are informed that the Pankhursts were leading a movement which contained really enlightened women. The Pankhursts themselves were of a superior type, and would certainly not have felt fitted as guides to the uninitiated, however distinguished they might have been in the White Cross Army. All the goody-goody people hated them. On the other hand, they were befriended by men of real culture and intellect. Mr. A. R. Orage, of the "New Age," and G. K. Chesterton, of the "Glasgow Weekly News," have both been active in the suffragette movement are becoming alive to the fact.

Miss Pankhurst has managed to bring the whole subject into a muddle.

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taught to enjoy and finish the sexual act. She must concentrate her diffused sexuality where it will do most good. How many men have the patience, vigour, tact and knowledge necessary to give the woman, in a certain condition; and why it is that some animals roam in herds in which the females form a kind of harem? Do these...