
By Leigh Henry.

Music as all other arts must be evolutionary to justify its existence. There have entered into life many hitherto unrecognised elements consequent upon the changed environment of humanity, and if art is to be of any avail it must be cognisant of these facts: it must be a record of its epoch, not an inert sentimentalism stagnant with out-worn tradition. It is for the musical artist not slavishly to imitate precedent, but to continue the expression of art progressively without wasting energy upon repetition. Virility above all else is the most necessary element, and if at times an overflow of superabundant energy produces work which is seemingly freakish we have yet to be thankful that such productions emanate from a living force of which they are the extravagant manifestations and are not to be numbered among dead things, since death and out-worn vitality breed corruption and decay. Further, in judging work which is termed iconoclastic we must take into consideration the fact that in certain epochs art from various causes is removed from the influences contemporary with it, to the consideration of isolated groups of formalists who concern themselves with theoretical ideas and not with living spirit, and in such surroundings cabbages on a garb of inhuman formality—the product of over-cultivation, and sentimental affectation—which requires drastic measures to restore it to health. It is easy to follow a beaten path, but it is another matter to cleave a new one, and the mental postures of an era of hollow formalism are of no avail to artists seeking inspiration in living facts. In consequence of this continual upheavals are necessary in order to obtain individual expression and reinfuse vitality. It is the eternal war of Dionysos and Apollo. At no period in the annals of Art has this desire to revivify borne greater fruit than at the present time, and in modern music this is particularly evident.

Music has become a refuge for those people lacking everything but the mechanical dexterity obtainable by continual rehearsal. Thus we obtain the deal level of technical standards which, if permitted to dominate music, will result in the destruction of personal expression. It is with the purpose of attacking this false standard, and the critical body subordinate to it, that I write these studies. Art is a servant of individuality, and individuality cannot exist without vitality.

To those who love degeneration be left the embalming of dead phases of intellectualism. The expansive artist seeks life and health even though his aim necessitates the destruction of things about which sentiment has woven a fictitious value.

1. Arnold Schönberg and the Protection of Introspective Psychology.

The appearance of Arnold Schönberg [born Sept. 13th, 1875] in the world of music is an event which apart from its intrinsic significance has been exceedingly valuable in another important direction. The general restriction of vision and incapacity for appreciating values which are marks of the average musical critic have within the last few years been repeatedly exposed; but with the advent of Schönberg the absolute necessity for a new critical faculty has been finally demonstrated. It may be said that the need of a new criticism was also evident with the advent of Wagner. Even were this the case, the finality of such a revolution as was necessary for the appreciation of Wagnerian theories is questionable to-day. Wagnerism, from being a revivifying element, has become a superstition. This is due to
the voluntary self-confinement of certain writers within the bounds of Wagnerian ideals. By this means, they are relieved of the necessity of following contemporary evolution, and by the construction of certain formulas are enabled to repudiate any development which might shake their confidence. A similar tendency is evident in the followers of Debussy, who by insisting on the whole-tone scale and the peculiarities of style which distinguish their master would consign music to the limitations of another system, in which, opening up vital possibilities, by its inception can only result in stagnation if carried to excess. But as it is my intention in these studies to treat of the internal significance of modern music, it is unnecessary to enter further upon any discussion of technical matters beyond such simple indications as may serve to make the inner meaning of contemporary composers clear. There is a surfeit of pedagogues who, after deriding and reviling an innovator, exhibit a contemptible alacrity to devise technical quibbles justifying the object of their abuse when his hold upon the public becomes manifest. Such writers are incapable of appreciating anything beyond mere technique, and the works which are of value to that mental world which, after all, modern composition most concerns: the ideas which they put forward only serve to bewilder the public and create a hostile atmosphere of the type which has greeted the production of certain works of Schönberg.

Two distinctive elements of music are generally understood. The first of these known as "absolute" music does not concern us here, as, while answering to a fixed form or design, it is merely a series of sounds without any definite meaning, reducing musical art to mere dexterity in technical forms and debasing music in relation to the listener to the level of a sensuous form of amusement. The second division, known as "programme" music, expresses some definite cycle of objective or subjective incidents with indicative commentaries thereon; and it is in this division that the aims of Arnold Schönberg must necessarily be placed.

Programme music from being first evident in works which were merely a vulgar realistic reproduction of obvious things, such as Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, has evolved amazingly during the passage of a century. The Progression by means of the realistic symbolism of Berlioz, whose imitative themes had the addition of a vague symbolism, and Liszt who took actual incidents symbolic of wider meanings and gave them expression in his symphonic poems, through the symphonic work of Saint-Saëns to the more refined writings of composers such as Franck and d'Indy. So we have arrived on one hand at a school of composition which, becoming more and more subtle in expression, still preserves the essence of the older formalism. In Germany Strauss gives us personal psychology by means allied to the realistic method as in the Domestick Symphony and Don Quixote, but growing more intense and introspective in Thus spake Zarathustra and the operas Salome and Elektra. In France Debussy and Ravel go a step further, and relinquishing depiction in any external sense present the abstruse mood in its symbolic aspects, not the contentment with the presentation of the external symbol in its personal or national sense. Of a kindred quality are the works of the American Charles Martin Loeffler and Florent Schmitt. The metachoric principles governing the music of Erik Satie give us an analysis of the essential ideas underlying rhythm, so that there is little application to the external. In Italy the consciousness of new mental dimensions is presented in its dynamic aspect by Balilla Pratella, the Futurist musical leader. In England can be observed a further development in the subtle study of subjective emotion and broad social and philosophic analysis displayed in the works of Granville Bantock and Rutland Boughton. Here also we get the intimate expression of Elgar in compositions like Dream Children, and the more subtle and purely personal output of Frederick Delius. In Russia we have Stravinsky, an exponent of Dionysian music, who repudiates all realism, and in a way the Russian composer, where the implication of atmosphere heightens the internal significance. Taking as a motive the most intimate and subtle psychological influences of our complex modern existence, he is not content with mere analysis but strives to give us also the essence of their potentialities.

His psychological development has been remarkably consistent; the mental trend which has reached such sensitive expression in his later compositions being abundantly evident in a tentative fashion in his earliest work, and growing progressively more apparent with each fresh creation. From the first songs of his first opus, though normal in musical form, far more than any mere setting of poems in the average sense. The tendency to intensify by rich harmonic treatment manifestly proceeds from no mere spirit of technical exploitation, but is the outcome of an inexorable impulse to present the complex elements combined in the emotional moods of the text. This impulse growing steadily more pronounced in the two intervening opus numbers, attains amazingly early expression in the string sextette Night Transfigured, Op. 1, a treatise which has, taken as the literary basis of his work, an extract from a poetic volume Weid und Welt by Richard Dehmel, which has been summarised by Mr. Alfred Kalisch as follows:—A man and a woman walk in a cold leafless wood. The moon is their companion. The woman begins to tell of her suffering, and of her isolation against herself. I sinned through longing for life and joy because the world was empty. Now that you have crossed my path, I know it was naught but sin. 'They walk on with tottering steps. The moon is their companion. Then the man speaks. 'Let not your sin be a burden to your soul. I will bear part of it. The joy which came to you through it will shine on my soul also. Look how the whole world is now transfigured.' They meet in a passionate embrace. A man and a woman walk through gleaming glory. This work Schönberg displays a capacity for poignant expression which it is scarcely possible to equal in the work of any composer preceding him. This mastery of utterance is only one of a number of remarkable features. We are made aware not only of the agony which finds expression in the woman's words but also of the passionate moods which have resulted in that agony,
VIEWS AND COMMENTS

I t will be quite clear to many persons if we point the sequence out to them, why in these demo-
crathe times an indiscretion is more credible to a man and more embarrassing to his party than the
lightest staggering of "crimes." In a household attained by emotional contraction in contradistinc-
tion to the methods of Wagner and Strauss, who express themselves by an expansion of passion which often borders on melodrama.

The tone-poem Pelleas and Melisande is absolutely distinguished from the music drama of Debsy by
the method in which the literary text is approached. Debussy by atmospheric treatment subordinates
the passionate element of the play to its symbolic import. Schönberg by the analysis and contraction of
those elements creates the dramatic atmosphere of his tone-
poem and enables us to realise the symbolic aspect of the text upon which it is based. This is the last
work by Schönberg in which the dramatic material image is evident. The cycle of declaration poems
"Lieder des Pierrot Lunaire" belong both by method of treatment and internal quality to the purely
differential period of his latest work, with which I am
about to deal.

The "Kammer Symphonie" and the "Three
Piano Pieces," Op. II., mark a new mental quality in
Schönberg's compositions. Having relinquished the material
of the "Kammer Symphonie" and Pelleas and Melisande, nothing emerges purely introspective in expression. Turning to the analysis of mental and psychological influences, it deals with hitherto unknown quantities in music and
has found it necessary to adopt an entirely new mode of
expression, which is first demonstrated in the piano
pieces, of which the "Piano Pieces," Op. 19, and also the Penthesilea and Pelleas and Melisande, have nothing in them to equal the sensitive delicacy of the moods underlying these
compositions, which are expressed without aid of any
extraneous image. The barely conscious forces struggling for utterance in the second and third
movements (Passage for Pianist and Beethoven) are things totally
unknown in music until the appearance of these
works. Evolving gradually through compositions which include the declaration poems already alluded to, these forces attain full expression in the Five
Characteristic Pieces for Orchestra. Together with the culminating points of every psychological crisis come a
thousand results unborn and incapable of birth until
that moment. So in the first number of the Five
Pieces [Presentiments] is given the awakening of
mentality from subconsciousness to the realisation of
possibilities emanating from an approaching psycholog-
ical crisis. While in the third number [The Changing Chord] we find not the mere exposition of the
musical possibilities of a chord but the statement of
a psychological crisis, given in such terms that
one is instantly aware of the series of happenings
which have built it up, and Schönberg strives to realise
in potentialities which such a crisis reveals and
joins. So is it with the second piece [The Past].
It is not only the past in the obvious sense with all its poignant memories. It is the thousand
darely discernable changes and subtle deepenings of
psychological perception which the more introspective
outlook of life caused by increased complexity gains
from the past. The same delicate sensitiveness under-
lies the fourth piece [Perpetua], and for the last
piece [The Obligatorio Recitative] what more obvious
symbol of its meaning could be found than Schönberg
himself telling? Here surely we have thesolitary
thought striving above the weight of common opinion
and jarring it at every turn, so light that at present it
has lost touch with our grosser aspect, and can only
work on our subtler nerves, which being barely
conscious are frittered away by their unceasing agitation.

The new capacity of music which is so evident in
these orchestral pieces develops with ever-increasing
surety in the succeeding works like the Six Little
Piano Pieces, Op. 19, which are among the latest
output of Schönberg, and which evince a capability
for concentrated utterance within small dimensions
considerably in advance of even the preceding piano-
forte works.

In considering not only the past but the future
work of Schönberg, it is necessary to remember his
own declaration: "The artist, however, no matter what
others consider his work to be for himself is a neces-
sity," always bearing in mind that the theory of an
absolute standard of beauty is a fallacy preventing
nothing but obstruction to the progress of art.
indiscretion undermines his creed, because it undermines his creed's Assumptions—the pillars upon which the fabric of democratic society rests.

It is not the custom to discuss politicians in The Egoist, or in the accepted way, their works. Our present unusual course in discussing Colonel Seely's recent political exploits must be explained by the fact that Colonel Seely's conduct was just now politically irregular: and concerning a politician it is not possible to make a more serious allegation than that. To be regular is the first and last word of a politician's creed; he may traverse no least convention without custom's warrant: nor raise the least whisper of inquiry into current and popular dicta. The act otherwise is, politically, to reach the giddiest pinnacle of the immoral at a bound. Therefore when counsel at Colonel Seely, politically speaking, at this moment commands the fascinating regard an ordinary person would turn upon a Dr. Crippen or a Jack-the-Ripper.

He has questioned a democratic Assumption, and this being a democratic age a democratic Assumption is Sacred. That his conduct has serious consequences from the point of view of democrats, all—his friends and foes alike—will readily allow. They agree that democratic stability is threatened, that the democratic basis of a democratic society is undermined. Naturally and obviously to be expected. If there be removed only one prop of a four-legged bench there can be no surprise if the board lists in the direction of the missing leg. How much more then if two legs; and so forth. No wonder that when a democratic assumption is called in question, two democratic assumptions in the course of ten days or so, the democrats—the eloquent women, idealistic men, the labour party and the poor, all these little ones should be scandalised, they are in fact in imminent danger of falling off their democratic basis, platform, what not, and of being shot on to their own feet. Even if their platform admits of being propped up by some adventitious stump and they are able to maintain the lofty and erect attitude, it will never be quite the same after so undignified a scramble. Never the same sense of security, unquestioned stability, after so nasty a shock. "Doubt, hesitation and pain, forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight, Never glad, confident morning again."

The two legs of the democratic platform which have just become rickety with too much unregarding inquiry have both to do with the Army only in the first instance. In their consequence they involve the entire democratic community. The first concerns the purely mechanical admixture of units whose covering label would suggest that it is a single unitary body: the Army; the second concerns the recognition of a difference between the "people" and the "Army": both questions which would never be raised by an Authority which knew its strong card to be Assumption.

Now the correct democratic assumption is first that the Army is an abstraction. It is the ultimate instrument for the expression of "the People's" will. It is highly improper to regard it as a collection of individuals whether high or low, great or simple. It is the "Means of Coercion": automatic sequence of theWill of the Representatives of The People, carrying it into effect involuntarily and of necessity as the nerves and muscles of a healthy person put into effect their owner's will. It is a "Service": its function is to serve. It's normal reason why, but to serve and to die is its deed. That is the correct attitude of the Army in the democratic polity: the "Fighting Arm of the Body Politic," Colonel Seely questioning members of this force whether they are willing to serve and if not willing bidding them resign, is from the democratic point of view as much in order as a navvy who, when before scooping up his spadeful puts it to his elbow-joint whether it means to work or not, and if not, giving it orders to resign. A highly improper proceeding. If the shovelling is to be done the elbow-joint has got to work: the navy does not propose to bring up the shingle: and the six hundred gentlemen who "govern" us do not personally undertake the task of coercing any reluctant obedience. The annex of a coercing Arm must be attached to the governing office and must work automatically, so that if three hundred odd gentlemen of the brand of Mr. Thomas, Mr. John Ward, Mr. Henderson, Mr. Macdonald and others take their seats in the People's House, they need merely say to the Wellingtons, Nelsons, Kitcheners, Goughs, and all the men under these: "Go," and they go: "Come," and they come. As we have said, this is the first democratic assumption, and it should have never been assumed in a position which is undermining the sacred. A veritable scourge for the democratic back is Colonel Seely.

Intoxicated by the rashness of his betters no doubt, Mr. John Ward, one of the Labour Little Ones, hacks into a second leg: another Assumption upon which the democratic plank rests. He sacrelegiously raises issue "The Army versus the People!" For the maintenance of the democratic argument, Mr. Ward must assume that Army and People are One: they are an Organic Whole, to give the correct phrase. It is highly improper, irregular, immoral for a democrat to assume that they are other; he wars against his own household, he makes even for a moment that the two entities capable of existing outside each other as opposing forces: as the claims of the cart might be pitted against those of the horse. A true democratic governor must remain on completely harmonious terms with the people, all the time, for the health of his system. To raise an issue with it is like raising an issue between the blood and the blood corpuscles. The one only postulates the other. For consider what would happen if an issue such as this short-sighted democrat dream of, could be raised: what would it mean? For the "people" to declare: the Army it would be compelled merely to secrete from itself another—Army. It is impossible for a "People" to quarrel with an "Army." Only an Army can quarrel with an Army. The "people" will be unduly flattering themselves if they imagine they can quarrel with the Army, the soldiers: a rabble that cannot have a quarrel: their limits outside "bounce" are talking and making crosses on paper, added to a little surreptitious "ragging" practised on the non-comprehending. The fact is that when the shattering of the Unity of the People of which these democrats make so much talk occurs, it will be the most loth to raise a distinction among the People by opposing to it the Army moves on to completion, both the Army and People will be pulverised into units—a consummation of affairs which Democracy of all forms of Authority will be the most loth to recognise. There will be no entity—"The People": only people; no Army—only soldiers, and quarrels will continue to be settled just as the soldiers—the fighters—care to settle them. Above all forms of government Democracy has been contemptible because the civilians have had to assume to instil a belief that those of the "people" who are not soldiers can remain non-fighters and retain regard. It has worked on the credulous silliness and faint-heartedness of the "people" to persuade them they are governed "but only with their own consent": it know's how to make a little surreptitious "ragging" so that the little omission whereby the obtaining of their consent is overlooked. The lot of them are asked to pick between certain Joneses and Browns, certain Smiths and Robinsons, who ostensibly are to govern them willy-nilly, though in reality these governors when chosen could scarcely present a creditable battalion amongst them: these governors of the governed are in turn governed by those who have the power to resist and coerce them.
When the so-called governors are faced with such a resistive, disenchanted, government of the people, for the people, reveals itself in a jingling incantation, serviceable only to put the already too, too small intelligence of the people under arrest. They are told they are governed "democratically": for some strange reason, to put it like that flatters them: presumably and ludicrously enough it gives them an impression of vividness with which they are not acquainted with. Pride which recognises its own limits and the intelligence which knows itself governed by these is beyond them. They try to claim in a clasp of equality the hand which obviously to any not hypnotised by flattery stretches out towards them to cuff them into doing its bidding. The flattery assumes they owe not to 'law' which is equal for all and which is voluntarily made and voluntarily accepted." That the so-called laws which their elected mannikins put into currency, are, according to the measure of their competence, a restraint, a burden or a command; a bagatelle, an irrelevance, something to mock at, or break, or ignore according to their power, is beyond their comprehension. Democrats tell them "All are equal before the law" and they are a democrat, therefore things must be so and in spite of evidence.

It is this oppressed, powerless, yet credulous host "the People" which in the name of democracy flatters itself it is going to govern. Colonel Seely, inadventently no doubt, has just been the means of producing some exquisite fun out of the indignation of the democrats which rage in the name of People and do not and cannot assume that they are connected with those, sufficiently acute to understand their points. That there is one law for the rich and another law for the poor is a very inadequate way of putting the matter: there is a law for each man individually. He is rich or not according to the resultant of all his powers: his strength, charm, skill, intelligence, daring: the sum of his total worth and what he secures is a man's just dues.

If the democrats are rash enough to drag into the arena a mixed multitude labelled Army and People, scrutiny of their contents is likely to reveal what their credulity least expects. Consider the Army bundle for a first instance. Unfortunately for democracy, its main structure is built up of men: not screws and pulleys which the working of a lever reveals what their credulity least expects. Consider the Army, as well as from the sensitive ranks of the railwaymen's unions and the rank-and-file of the Army, as part of Talk as to broach the possibility of suggesting to his union that they should spend the half million they have saved up, not on a week's holiday called a "strike," but—incredible and horrible to a democrat—on rifles. Of course he won't. He would swoon at the image of a respectable working-man holding a rifle: but his own small and private assumption—that to carry his suggestion into effect would be objectionable to the people whom his wild words were meant to affect, is worth noting. Mr. Ward imagines that he and his like would be more offensive as rivals of the union to convince the people that they are at present in their position of smug ineffectualness, arrogant yet impotent, heads addled and swollen with demagogues' flattery, hands innocent of all evidence of substantiation. We believe he makes a mistake. We believe the prospect that they must be the means of increased might to do other deeds which makes the demagogues detestable: it is the offensive mixture of oil and bounce which endeavours by scoring a verbal advantage in the terms of current piety to effect a readjustment of powers which they would never dream of putting to the test of genuine comparison.

It is the making Claim by Right to that which they are incapable of securing by Might: the attempt to carry through the exchange by shouting and rious incitaments which makes the democratic advocates offensive. The democrats are sweedlers: from no point of view to be recognised as on a level of estimable equality with highway robbers who are gentleman by comparison.

Supposing then for the moment that through a misunderstanding the Ward-Thomases of the community should slide into the position of the intelligent, and advise the "arming" of their invertebrate unions. What then? Anarchy and the subversion of Society? Pas du tout, messieurs. The structure which they come to command must be the offensive. The structure which they dream of making the wordy interpretation of these instincts affects the stability of Society as little as an accidental error in the set of the angle of the axis in the engine affects the sequence of the seasons. Summer will follow Spring although his instincts affects the stability of Society as little as an accidental error in the set of the angle of the axis in the engine affects the sequence of the seasons. Summer will follow Spring although his
save doctrinaire non-combatants, and even these suspicious-looking gentry would be forced into a position which would enable them to clear themselves of the charge of cant. To be non-combatants in a community which claims to have its combats waged by an arm worked by an involuntary nerve can be called a stoicism only by supererogation: its virtue is after all equal of trial and imprisonment: though doubtless in a military community they would be admitted in a protected area as a luxury. Their desire not to fight would be defended by others fighting to make its fulfilment possible: even as at present: only their smug aspect might be removed.

The democratic armoury is of course not exhausted when "Society in Danger" fails to set things in a blaze. There is still "The horror of Civil War." Yet there is much to be said in favour of a gala-performance of Civil War. A depressing Civil War is always with us, with its depressing effect due to its drab, furtive, hugger-mugger manner. No guns, no bands, no uniforms, swords, excitements, adventures, or thrilling bravery. Just a sordid, mean pressure: hunger, monotony, dreariness, squalor, filth, baillifs, policemen, judges, jailors and hangmen. Just for the tinsel on it there is much to be said for Civil War. Moreover Civil War would tend to put all questions to a trial of strength, and when such a test rises uppermost, even the feeblest must look to his resources. Moreover if existent moral conduct has done its hypnotic work: men of the poorer sort are dazed by the constant keeping in tune with the existent moral incarnations: "Thou shalt not steal," good enough on the lips of rich men, makes tragedy on those of the poor. Civil War, with its different and far healthier proprietary "morality," would trouble the orderly waters, and to fish in them would come easier for a mechanised people than "fishing" is in fact for an order more dignified but nevertheless mesmeric. Civil War would furnish a springing board for the "poor" to open up new "lines" of "order." There are indeed more things to be made out in favour of Civil War than for the bastard variety which is being waged now. It would bring lightly into the established order of things, which has too thoroughly in the minds of those who submit to it, assumed the immutable character of the progression of the sun and the stars.

This Carson campaign caddied by the Seely incident and the dissolution of assumptions which this last puts into the melting-pot is going to prove the high-water mark of modern democracy. In England since Disraeli's time, the dominant classes have allowed the anti-democratic argument to go by default: no doubt because they lacked the brains to establish it. Since, with one name or another—Tory-democrats, Conservative Working-men—innocuous flirtations with popular democracy have been going on; it has been necessary for the "classes" to wait until opportunity made it possible for their instinct to instruct their intellect. Truculent temper is now explaining to a dilatory intellect why democracy won't wash. It will not now take long for them to get the hang of the argument: to see through the windy wordy business: this latter-day Cult of Humanity, the Rights of Man and all that is made to go with them. By challenging the conception of the Unity of the People—or rather, by egging the government on to make the challenge—the supporters of Ulster resistance have snipped a springing board for the "poor" to establish anything solidly.

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Imitations of Lucian.

DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD.

From F. De Salignac de Lamothe-Fénélon.

DIALOGUE XV.

HERODOTUS. LUCIAN.

Her. Lucian! Well, you are not so flippant as of old—you who made so many famous men fall when they went down into Charon's raft. And here you are in your turn on the banks of Styx.

Luc. You were right to mock at tyrants, flatterers and scandrels—but why at me?

Her. When did I ever break a jest on you? You are trying to quarrel with me.

Luc. In your "True Histories" and elsewhere you speak of my narrations as fables.

Her. Was I wrong? You advanced too much on the word of priests and similar people, who always desire the mysterious and the marvellous.

Luc. Atheist! You do not believe in religion.

Her. It needs a purer and more serious religion than that of Jupiter and Venus, of Mars, Apollo and the other gods, to convince men of good sense. The worse for you that you believed it.

Her. But you despised philosophy just as much. Nothing was sacred to you.

Luc. I despised the gods because the poets have described them as being like the most infamous people on earth. As for the philosophers, they pretended to esteem virtue by giving it a name, and they were filled with vices. If they had been bona-fide philosophers I should have respected them.

Her. And how did you treat Socrates? Was it his fault or yours?

Luc. It is true that I mocked at virtue without even wishing to trace it back to the principles of religion and philosophy which are its real foundation.
Luc. You reason better down here than in your great "Voyages." But let us both plead guilty. I was not sufficiently credulous, you were so excess.

Her. Ah! You are still yourself, I see, turning everything into mockery. Is it not time that your shade was a little serious?

Luc. Serious! I am sick of seriousness; I lived with men who had nothing else. I was surrounded with philosophers who pised themselves on their seriousness, and had neither good-faith, justice, friendship, moderation nor modesty.

Her. You speak of the philosophers of your own age, who had degenerated: but . . .

Luc. What do you think I ought to have done, then? Could I see men who died several centuries before I was born? I am not like Pythagoras; I cannot remember having been at the siege of Troy. Everyone cannot have been Euphorbos.

Her. Still joking! And that is your reply to the most weighty reasoning! I wish for your punishment that the gods who have denied would send your shade into the body of some traveller who should be compelled to visit all the countries of which I have written and which you treat as fabulous.

Luc. After that nothing would be left for me but to pass from body to body through all the philosophic sects which I have decried; then I should accept in turn all the contrary opinions which I have mocked at. That would be charming. But you have said things nearly as credible.

Her. Go, I despise you. I am glad to remember you for many years, but I contrived to get the siege of Troy. Everyone cannot have been Euphorbos.

Luc. You do not understand men very well. When you press me so hard with your reasoning, I always understood. And I should have known myself. We do great things nearly as credible.

D.V. To get yourself married was not much to do, but for me to keep men in love with me was an accomplishment. Love is easily irritated when unsatisfied and very difficult to keep alive when satiated. Thus, you have only to refuse me severely at every request, and I must perfome fall in with your demands.

A.B. Since you press me so hard with your reasoning I will admit that my insistence on marriage did not result from my chastity.

D.V. And the constancy with which I was loved was not a reward for my fidelity.

A.B. I will also admit that I had neither chastity nor a reputation for chastity.

D.V. So I always understood. And I should have counted reputation as being the same thing.

A.B. I don't think you ought to place your infidelities among your triumphs over me; for, according to all reports, they were secret. Therefore they add nothing to your glory. But when the king of England fell in love with me, the public, perfectly well acquainted with my intrigues, did not keep them secret, and yet I triumphed over every scandal.

D.V. If I liked I could prove to you that I was unfaithful to Henry II. in so open a manner as to bring me great credit; but I will not stop for it now. Lack of fidelity can be hidden or repaired; but how can loss of youth be repaired or hidden? Yet I succeeded. I was a coquette and I was adored. That is nothing; but I was an old woman. You were young and you could not save yourself from the block! Although I was a grandmother I know I could have kept my head on my shoulders.

A.B. That was the great blot on my career; let us not speak of it. I will come back to your age, which seems to be your favourite subject.

But surely it was less difficult to disguise than my conduct. I vastly perturbed the mind of anyone who resolved to marry me, but it was sufficient for a man to be prejudiced in your favour and for him to grow gradually accustomed to the alteration in your beauty, when, of necessity, he found you always beautiful.

D.V. You do not understand men very well. When we appear charming in their eyes we can seem to their minds anything we wish—even chaste; though, of course, we are not so. The difficulty is to appear charming as long as we wish.

A.B. Well, I admit that. But, tell me, by what secret art can you conceal your age? I am dead now and you can tell me without fear of my profiting by it.

D.V. I' faith, I do not know myself. We do great deeds without knowing how we did them, and we are surprised to find that it was we who accomplished them. Ask Caesar how he conquered the world. Perhaps he could not reply without difficulty.

A.B. A glorious comparison.

D.V. And a just one. To be loved at my age I needed good luck at least as much as Caesar. But what is most fortunate is that the talent I usually attributed to infallible schemes and secrets to people like Caesar and myself, who have accomplished something remarkable, and does them far more honour than they deserve.
Satan? One of the more important gods of Nero.

Wes. Yea, though I walk through the valley of the—

Nero. What thing art thou? Now assuredly do I know that I am in hell! Thou art some devil sent to tempt me! Hence, by Zeus and Apollo, if Jesus and I were not excellent friends I would hurl thee into Cocytus. Pan and Priapus, from your mind certain fundamental misceptions prevented you from enjoying—song, poetry, the arts, fine buildings, delicate pleasures of life which your narrow intelligence prevented you from enjoying—song, poetry, the arts, fine buildings, delicate clothes, baths, cards, dicing, wine, women and the like? I was a gentleman, sir, and lived like one. Do you think I should be put in hell? As for Jesus, whom you have taken to be the founder of your castrated cult of tinkers and apprentices he is over there, lying on cushions and girls' shoulders, drinking iced Falernian and playing vingt-et-un with Phryne, the Marquis de Sade and St. John.

Wes. O powers of hell, what damnable temptation is this? In the name of Christ and the Holy Trinity I charge you depart from me, unclean spirit!

Nero. O, mort de ma vie, c'est un imbécile!

Wes. What? You, speak French, devil?

Nero. Certainly; why not? A gentleman must keep pace with the times.

Wes. I will not come! It is some plot against my sanctity, to make me betray my Lord. Even if you showed me Jesus Himself engaged in that hideous blasphemy of card-playing—I shudder to speak it—I would believe neither you nor my eyes. You have some horrible simulacrum, some devil in His shape. Therefore I charge you, trouble me no more. I will commend my soul to my God and He shall deliver me from bottomless hell.

Nero. Comme vous voulez. Though I may as well tell you that you are here for ever. Au revoir. Come and take a hand at ombre or picquet some time when you feel more at home here.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Passing Paris.

A FEW days after Miss Richardson's performance at the National Gallery I read the following appreciation in a French newspaper: "You have seen their two portraits, haven't you? Reports by photographers, like those of the best articles. There they were this morning, face to face, the voluptuous and perfect Venus by Velasquez and Miss Richardson who cut the masterpiece up. Perhaps it is not very courteous to make a comparison, but, after all, Miss Richardson had only to keep quiet! The sight of two elegant figures of such long, flat faces, so disposed in "All the Papers" just published by those one is rather a shock. The manner of proceedings, like the costume, the physical characteristics, vary according to latitude. The manner of publishing and punishing it too.

However ludicrous the press of England may be— and no less ludicrous than is so deliciously empha-sised in 'The Rivoli rue' to the amusement of these and the shame of those—according to whether you are her compatriot or not.

Thereupon a different type of l'ange du foyer, a Frenchwoman, added another crime to that of having ospreys in her extravagant millinery. The manner of proceedings, like the costume, the physical characteristics, vary according to latitude. The manner of publishing and punishing it too.

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of scandalous. Every morning and evening since—

to the great surprise of her husband who seemed to

should be exempt from such measures—she was

taken to Saint Lazare prison, the newspapers give

minute details of how she spent the night, what dress

she wore during the day-time, what she had for

dinner ("In reply to her request a stove has been

licked while they have the chance, it is well done for

the country.

Here, in France, the moment a system is on the way

to cease to be crystallised, the "thin end of the wedge"

dominates the whole drama is shown

against the invoked immorality of Rodin's art, in

which absurd attitude he ranged himself alongside

Mr. Frederick Harrison who, in the "Fortnightly

Review," I believe, protested in one and the same

article against the indecency of that sculptor's works

and Miss Isadora Duncan's legs. In his accusations

against M. Caillaux, reflecting on imputed corruption,

political as well as private enemies of the ex-Minister

of Finance. The allegations are, nevertheless, most

probably based on fact for political ambition—aiming

as is said it was, at the ultimate presidency—cannot

be satisfied without ample funds and if they are

wanting they have to be procured somehow.

M. Sebastien Voirol's literary fastidiousness expresses

itself not only in his choice of language but also

in the form in which is presented his last book

"Les Sandales aux Larmes" (publisher: Louis

Conard) (the name, as one is glad to learn, of a

flower grown in South America). Exquisitely

printed on exquisite paper its additional attraction of

two drawings, the most insignificant ever seen,

deservedly proclaimed on the first page. M.

Voirol belongs to that latest group of innovators in

verse who exercise their talents in chorus (under the

name of "simultanistes") through "Poeme et Drame"

already referred to once or twice in THE

EGOIST. In prose M. Voirol is gifted as far away

from his readers as it is possible to imagine. He has,

also, a strange taste for inversion of syntax of this
description: "I am the other's poison," a phrase

"You might salute," scowled M. Caillaux when he

asked the driver of his car to the curiously shaped

polo man somewhat excusably bewildered by the events,

"don't you know I am the Minister of Finance?"

And to be sure the poor man made hurriedly up for

his negligence in due respect towards this representa­
tive of the papers duly reported) to the "Figaro"

office in the commissariat for the car for which the

nations pays and kept it waiting with its driver wearing the three-coloured cocarde in his hat while she put out a life. We would rather,

for her sake, she had gone on foot in a "boy-scout

costume" or her dressing-gown, but in France

vanity is an extinguishing circumstance.

If the English have made themselves ridiculous in

the eyes of all with their plutocraticanism, their

thousand religions, their Salvation Army, their

missionaries, their tourists, their shoppiness and their

suffragettes, it is after another fashion that the

French can make themselves pitiful. The Calmette

murder and all it entails—the dead itself, the cause,

the motive, the incitement, the consequence or the

press reports—are nauseating and depressing.

Politically speaking, it was just the little extra

impetus needed to send the already loose political

structure crumbling to the ground, the little friction

wanting they have to be procured somehow.

Here, in France, the moment a system is on the way

to cease to be crystallised, the "thin end of the wedge"

at once makes its appearance; the moment a man

attempts to affirm himself he is suppressed by the

envious or the suspicious; and if its government falls

the thirtieth Salon des Independants, being held at

the Galeries Nationales, is now open. It is, as usual, a great fair with wares to suit all tastes and purses and as such is vivid and inter­

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On Certain Reforms and Pass-Times.

"THE Church of England," began my friend Bullheim, "is a cross between a comedy and an annoyance."

As a loyal churchman I hastened to contradict this slander upon the ark of our faith.

"The church of England," continued my friend Bullheim, "is undoubtedly an annoyance, it rings bells in our noisiest cities, thereby adding to the already intolerable clatter of modern life. It is undoubtedly a comedy for it ends in unhealthy curates and it culminates in bishops who commemorate the fall of our first parent in the pattern of their own, which all answers are equally heretical, and . . ."

I am quite serious about this matter though my tone is somewhat light, that, I am actually contributing nothing like writing in the press to do it, and do it quickly.

In fact the cause of humanity, the machinery for the advancement of humanity by writing in the daily press has itself become, in our happy age, an art, a science, an institution, and of course there is no use trying to do anything until you get an institution to do it. Matter myself off I don't. I just feel my real value when I say that, even if my tone is somewhat light, that, I am actually contributing to the progress of the race by this little causerie. So I will go on with my argument.

My friend Bullheim was really wrong about the church, for if the church was really comic it wouldn't be an annoyance. And it's this that puzzles people who we simply must do away with all institutions and return to a state of savagery more primitive than that of the Fabian society, and then we shall have complete peace and no contentment, and contentment is bad for a man, for as soon as a man is really contented he stops trying to develop his higher nature, and every public speaker and every owner or editor of a daily paper and nearly every influential man, all of 'em, the whole lot believe that man has a higher nature and that he is sent into this world to develop it and that he wants to develop it and that therefore he shouldn't be contented or he won't. And that always did seem to me a contradiction, or rather a baseness in some politicians, who in arguing against those in power, say that the governed are discontented. But life is very complex.

Life is so very complex that even a simple question like this as to whether great ought or ought not to have any institutions at all, seems to lend itself to a great lot of quite different treatments.

I begin with the church because the church is undoubtedly an institution, and I find it unpleasant to have anything to do with a man who knows so little of the social and political as the great vicar of this parish.

Quakers recognise their incapacity in producing music at 11 a.m. on Sunday and therefore keep quiet, but churchmen and nonconformists to a man and a woman—with a few notable and eccentric exceptions—do not recognise anything of the sort. It therefore narrows itself down to a question of whether we shall abolish the churches or teach all curates to distinguish between Bach and Debussy, and to teach all congregations to sing or to listen, and as this latter is manifestly impossible, I think we had better abolish the churches, or at least limit them by a 'pub' monopoly law as is done with saloons, for a "pub" may be noisy if it is just under your window, but you can hear a church a block off and a church is therefore the greater nuisance of the two.

And the form of this essay may be a bit puzzling as to whether great ought or ought not to have any institutions at all, seems to lend itself to a great lot of quite different treatments.
friend calls a "jaw-house." And therefore I don't see why we shouldn't abolish that too, for it also is an institution and the cause of countless dissensions. They talk about abolishing the Lords (I heard of that even in Italy), why not the Commons? "Why not the Commons!!!" as the "Evening Eve" would say.

I realise, regarding these reforms, that it is not so much a question as to whether they are desirable as to "whether they are feasible," and if feasible, in how far they may be carried out without endangering governmental stability, social stability, moral stability and ecclesiastical stability.

Having decided those points it will be necessary to consider whether or not these four kinds of stability are desirable, or inevitable or insupportable. And this cannot be decided without some animadversion upon the agents, that is upon those who are to desire, support or avoid these various stabilities. And the trouble with all modern argument is that it simply will not consider serious matters with that detailed and profound and indefiniteness which was, in happier ages, bestowed even upon matters which now appear to us trumpery and effete and metaphysical.

We therefore see that we cannot properly or fittingly undertake the discussion of these affairs without discussing, first, the educational system and deciding whether or not it is desirable in relying on it as the only remedy. And that is a very grave question to raise, for it opens the old problem propounded by Machiavelli, viz. "Is it better to be governed by one fool or by several?"

Poor Machiavelli, he said, that the people are behaving stupidly, some intelligent person may arise and persuade them to do differently, but a foolish and obstinate prince, who can dissuade him?" Poor Machiavelli, he lived at a most interesting time, in an age fairly dripping with tyrants, and he believed in democracy. Democracy had existed for him only as an intellectual pass-time.

We live in the presence of democracies, and there is not one of us who does not believe in his holy of holies that a "government, of the people, by the people and for the people" is the worst thing on the face of the earth. We therefore indulge in intellectual pass-times like Machiavelli, we agitate for forty-nine sorts of freedom, all theoretical. We would like freedom from the tyranny of the Gas and Coke company or from our just debts. This would not be an intellectual pass-time, but a relief. It can never therefore become a political issue, or a moral issue or a social issue. In the face of such a monstrous injustice as gas bills, coke bills, coat bills we can utter nothing save cheques.

It is therefore impossible that any broad-minded man should have "principles" regarding a reform of, or a reformation of, gas bills, for a principle must be something one can talk about. It must be something high, lofty, impracticable. It must lead us toward something useless and undesired, which we, ourselves, do not want or need and by which we can in no wise benefit. We should either believe or pretend that it will confer inestimable benefit on someone whom we have not met and we never will meet, preferably upon a class not a person, or better yet a nation.

This is the quintessence of quixotics for at no time in the history of the world has a "nation" ever profited by any one thing or measure. And this brings us to the wholly unsolvable problem: If everyone of us is reforming we, why is there not so much as a vage and indefinite "they," would we or would we not see the country not "going to" but actually arriving at that vague and indefinite bourne called categorically "The Dogs"? I ask all these various questions, and propound all these arguments in that sort of serious helplessness which is the hallmark and ear-mark of the especially modern man. It all depends on the vote.

HERMAN C. GEORG JESUS MARIA.

The Causes and Remedy of the Poverty of China.

[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 occidentales ideas are percolating 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.]

(3) Causes in connection with politics of the country. Our nation has hitherto been submitted to the yoke of despotism. The empire has been generally regarded as the personal property of a despot. Consequently whatever was done was done with the object of advancing the personal interest of the sovereign and not that of the state. The policy of the despot, deliberately disregarding the furtherance of the interests of the people and the progress of the civilisation of the country. It is true that in the book of rites the system for the management of finances of the country has been dealt with at some length setting forth quite minute details, but it is rather a system of how to exact from the people more money for the despot than to devise for the people a way to produce wealth for themselves. Hence it is rather the economy of the despot than an economy for the people.

Since Chin and Han Dynasties, it has become a principle generally accepted by the despots that the common people should be led and not be educated in the state affairs. Being poisoned by this fallacy, the systems of military defence, the criminal code, and protective measures guarding against the outbreak of the people, have been nothing but an instrument to such perfection that there seems to be no room left for improvement: but with regard to the interests of the people such as the improvement of agriculture, industry or commerce, not a thought has been bestowed. However there have occasionally been edicts encouraging agriculture or fixing the farming and industry or commerce, not a thought has been bestowed. However there have occasionally been edicts encouraging agriculture or fixing the farming conditions of the places under their jurisdiction: but all these have invariably been nothing but a means to increase the land taxes enlarging the receipts of the revenue of the country. In other countries the local officials are men who have made it their business to develop the educational and financial conditions of the places under their jurisdiction: but not so with our local officials, such as Chow and Hsien, whose sole object has hitherto been to guard against the rebellion of the people, and who would be commended as competent officials if they show skill in deciding the lawsuits of the people, or be punctual in obtaining the revenues for the Government. In other words, the policy of the Chinese Government was to defend the Government against the people, and not to advance the interests of the nation. All that has been done is to safeguard the personal interest of the sovereign and not that of the people. This may be considered as a result of despotism. It can never therefore become a political issue or a moral issue or a social issue. In the face of such monstrous injustice as gas bills, coke bills, coat bills we can utter nothing save cheques.

With reference to the common people, Wen, Emperor of the Han Dynasty said that one hundred pieces of
gold should be considered as movable property of 10 families of the middle class, hence each family would possess 10 pieces of gold. When one family should accumulate 1000 pieces of gold it may be considered as the richest in the empire, and such family perhaps will stand alone. And the strong will become thieves and robbers. From the above it will be easy to understand the difficulty of the maintenance of lives for the people of this country. The people of this country have been well known for their industry and patience. Whenever they venture to start a trade in foreign countries they have always succeeded, but whenever they start any enterprise in their own country failure will almost be sure. This has been due to a bad Government, which has been despotic and has imposed upon the people unjust taxes, and which has impeded instead of developing the condition of the people.

(4) Causes in connection with geographical positions. Geography has great influence upon the livelihood of the people. The territory in Europe is small: the nations are living closely one with another and it is known that one mountain range or river may pass through several countries. Thus it has been very convenient for their trade and commerce, which is the only road to struggle and progress. It is seen from the commercial history of Europe from the sixteenth century that the development of the people there for the last three centuries has been by leaps and bounds. The inhabitants have increased eight times, the prices of articles have increased 12 times, and the production of wealth and the increase of revenues of all resources are simply astonishing. With us since the Chin and Han Dynasties 2000 years ago there has been no progress in the livelihood of the people, and the reason is not far to seek, China has long been living in seclusion in the Far East, having no contact with the outside world. Internally on account of the lack of proper means of communications and the vastness of territory, people living separately in distance from one another have been content to live and die in their native places and to follow the methods of agriculture and industry handed down from their forefathers. Hence the influence of conservatism prevails, and for ages we have the same capital for the country and the same method of carrying on business. Thus the result of the lack of proper means of communications has been that in the east and south the territory is overpopulated, while in the west and north many fertile lands are lying waste, which being uncultivated are of no value to the state. Being densely populated the produce of the land is insufficient to meet the demands of the population, and the fact is that the supply of food for one man has to be divided into two or more shares in order to satisfy all. This has always been the consequence of robbery and starvation. The principle of economy is production and consumption; but having no facilities of communication both the production and the consumption cannot be adjusted with one another, hence the present poverty. This is the reason why the inhabitants along the sea ports are more rich, and the people in more secluded places are poor and miserable. Therefore geography has a great deal to do with the condition of the livelihood of the people.

This is the reason that foreigners can decide the condition of the society of the people by the length of sea coast and the lines of railways of the country.

The causes under the above four groups are those causes which are more prominent ones, but there are many more sub-causes derived from the above. These causes have produced their effects and the effects become new causes, for tens of dynasties the evil influence has thus become deeply rooted with attracting the attention of the people. The power of customs and

—continued.—

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.

CHAPTER I

A VOICE from far out on the playground cried:
— All in! An other voices cried:
— All in! All in! During the writing lesson he sat with his arms folded, listening to the slow scraping of the pens. Mr. Harford went to and fro making little signs in red pencil and sometimes sitting beside the boy to show him how to hold his pen. He had tried to spell out the headline for himself though he knew already what it was, for it was the last of the book. Zeal without prudence is like a ship adrift. But the lines of the letters were like fine invisible threads and it was only by closing his right eye tight tight and staring out of the left eye that he could make out the full curves of the capital.

But Mr. Harford was very decent and never got into a wax. All the other masters got into dreadful waxes. But why were they to suffer for what fellows in the Higher Line did? Wells had said that they had drunk some of the altar wine out of the press in the sacristy and that it had been found out who had done it by the smell. Perhaps they had stolen a monstrance to run away with it and sell it somewhere. That must have been a terrible sin, to go in there quietly at night, to open the dark press and steal the holy gold thing into which God was put on the altar in the middle of flowers and candles at benediction while the incense went up in clouds at both sides as the fellow swung the censer and Dominic Kelly sang the first part by himself in the choir. But God was not in it of course when they stole it. But it still it was a strange and a great sin even to touch it. And he felt an awe: a terrible and strange sin: it thrilled him to think of it in the silence when the pens scraped lightly. But to drink the altar wine out of the press and be found out by the smell was a sin too: but it was not terrible and strange. It only made you feel a little sickish. It was the smell of the wine. Because on the day when he had made his first holy communion in the Chapel he had shut his eyes and opened his mouth and put out his tongue a little: and when the rector had stooped down to give him the holy communion he had smelt a faint winy smell off the rector's breath.
after the wine of the mass. The word was beautiful: wine. It made you think of dark purple because the grapes were dark purple that grew in Greece outside houses like white temples. But the faint smell off the rector's breath had made him feel a sick feeling on the morning of his first communion. The day of your first communion was the happiest day of your life. And once a lot of generals had asked Napoleon what was the happiest day of his life. They thought he would say the day he won some great battle or the day he was made an emperor. But he said:

"Gentlemen, the happiest day of my life was the day on which I made my first holy communion."

Father Arnall came in and the Latin lesson began and he remained all the time leaning on the desk with his arms folded. Father Arnall gave out the theme-books and he said that they were scandalous and that they were all to be written out again with the corrections at once. But the worst of all was Fleming's theme because the pages were stuck together by a blot: and Father Arnall held it up by a corner and said it was an insult to any master to send him up such a theme. Then he asked Jack Lawton to decline the noun *mact* and Jack Lawton stopped at the last word had no plural. Father Arnall suddenly shut the book and shouted at him:

"Kneel out there in the middle of the class. You are one of the iddlest boys I ever met. Copy out your themes again the rest of you.

Fleming moved heavily out of his place and knelt between the two last benches. The other boys had over their theme-books and began to write. A silence filled the classroom and Stephen, glancing timidly at Father Arnall's dark face, saw that it was a little red from the wax he was in.

Was that a sin for Father Arnall to be in a wax or was he allowed to get into a wax when the boys were idle because that made them study better or was he only letting on to be in a wax? It was because he was allowed because a priest would know what a sin was and would not do it. But if he did it one time by mistake what would he do to go to confession? Perhaps he would confess to the minister. Perhaps he would go to confession to the minister. And if the minister did it he would go to the rector: and the rector to the provincial: and the provincial to the general of the Jesuits. That was called the order: and he had heard his father say that they were all clever men. They could all have become high-up people in the world if they had not become jesuits. And he wondered what Father Arnall and Paddy Barrett would have become and what Mr. McGlade and Mr. Gleeson would have become if they had not become jesuits. It was hard to think what because you would have to think of them in a different way. What sort of hats and trousers and with beards and moustaches and different kinds of hats.

The door opened quietly and closed. A quick whisper ran through the class: the prefect of studies.

"Any boys want flogging here, Father Arnall?" cried the prefect of studies. Any lazy idle loafers that want flogging in this class?

He came to the middle of the class and saw Fleming on his knees.

"Hoho! Fleming! An idler of course. I can see it in your eye. Why is he on his knees, Father Arnall?"

"He wrote a bad Latin theme, Father Arnall said, and he missed all the questions in grammar."

"Of course he did! cried the prefect of studies, of course he did! A born idler! I can see it in the corner of his eye."

He banged his pandybat down on the desk and cried:

"Up, Fleming! Up, my boy! Fleming stood up slowly."

"Hold out! cried the prefect of studies."

Fleming held out his hand. The pandybat came down with a loud smacking sound: one, two, three, four, five, six.

"Other hand!"

The pandybat came down again in six loud quick smacks.

"Fleming knelt down squeezing his hands under his armpits, his face contorted with pain, but Stephen knew how hard his hands were because Fleming was always rubbing rosin into them. But perhaps he was in great pain for the noise of the pandies was terrible. Stephen's heart was beating and fluttering.

- "At your work, all of you! shouted the prefect of studies. We want no lazy idle loafers here, lazy idle little schemers. At your work, I tell you. Father Dolan will be in to see you every day. Father Dolan will be in to-morrow."

He poked one of the boys in the side with the pandybat saying:

"You, boy! When will Father Dolan be in again?"

- "To-morrow, sir, said Tom Furlong's voice.

- To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow, said the prefect of studies. Make up your minds for that. Every day Father Dolan. Make away. You, boy, who are you?"

Stephen's heart jumped suddenly.

"Dedalus, sir."

"Why are you not writing like the others?"

"I. . . . my glasses.

He could not speak with fright.

"Why is he not writing, Father Arnall?"

- "He broke his glasses, said Father Arnall, and I exempted him from work."

- "Broke? What is this I hear? What is this? Your name is? said the prefect of studies.

- "Dedalus, sir."

- "Out here, Dedalus. Lazy little schemer. I see schemer in your face. Where did you break your glasses?"

Stephen stumbled into the middle of the class, blinded by fear and haste.

- "Where did you break your glasses? repeated the prefect of studies.

- "The cinderpath, sir."

- "Hoho! The cinderpath! cried the prefect of studies. I know that trick."

Stephen lifted his eyes in wonder and saw for a moment Father Dolan's white grey not young face, his baldly white grey head with fluff at the sides of it, the steel rims of his spectacles and his no-coloured eyes looking through the glasses. Why did he say he knew that trick?

- "Lazy idle little loafer! cried the prefect of studies. Break my glasses! An old schoolboy trick! Out with your hand this moment!

Stephen closed his eyes and held out in the air his trembling hand with the palm upwards. He felt the prefect of studies touch it for a moment at the fingers to straighten it and then the swish of the sleeve of the soutane as the pandybat was lifted to strike. A hot burning, stinging, tingling blow like the loud crack of a broken stick made his trembling hand crumple together like a leaf in the fire; and at the sound and the pain scalding tears were driven into his eyes. His whole body was shaking with fright, his arm was shaking and his crumpled, burning, livid hand shook like a loose leaf in the air. A
cry sprang to his lips, a prayer to be let off. But though the tears scalded his eyes and his limbs quivered with pain and fright he held back the hot tears and the cry that scalded his throat.

Other hand! shouted the prefect of studies.

Stephen drew back his maimed and quivering right arm and held out his left hand. The soutane sleeve swished again as the pandybat was lifted and a loud crashing sound and a fierce maddening, tingling, burning pain made his hand shrink together with the palms and fingers in a livid quivering mass. The scalding water burst forth from his eyes and burning, tingling pain pressed in to his sides, he thought of the hands which he had held out in the air with the palms up and of the firm touch of the prefect of studies when he had steadied the shaking arm in terror and burst out into a whine of pain. His body shook with a palsy of fright and in shame and rage he felt the scalding cry come from his throat and the scalding tears falling out of his eyes and down his flaming cheeks.

— Kneel down! cried the prefect of studies.

Stephen knelt down quickly pressing his beaten hands to his sides. To think of them beaten and swollen with pain all in a moment made him feel so sorry for them as if they were not his own but someone else's that he felt sorry for. And as he knelt, calming the last sobs in his throat and feeling the burning, tingling pain pressed in to his sides, he thought of the hands which he had held out in the air with the palms up and of the firm touch of the prefect of studies when he had steadied the shaking fingers and of the beaten, swollen, reddened mass of palm and fingers that shook helplessly in the air.

— Get at your work, all of you, cried the prefect of studies from the door. Father Dolan will be in every day to see if any boy, any lazy, idle little loafer wants flogging. Every day. Every day.

The door closed behind him.

(To be continued.)

Poems.

By D. H. LAWRENCE.

A WINTER’S TALE.

Yesterday the fields were only grey with scattered snow,

And now the longest grass-leaves hardly emerge;

Yet her deep footprints scar the fall, and go

On towards the pines behind the hills’ white verge.

I cannot see her, since the mists’ pale scarf

Obscures the purplish wood and the dull orange sky,

But she’s waiting, I know, impatient and cold, half sobbing into her frosty sigh.

Why does she come so promptly, when she must know

She is only the nearer to the inevitable farewell?
The hill is steep, in the snow my steps are slow—

Why does she come, when she knows what I have to tell?

SONG.

Love has crept out of her sealed heart

As a field bee, black and amber,

Breaks from the winter cell, to clamber

Up the warm grass where the sunbeams start.

Love has crept into her summery eyes,

And a glint of coloured sunshine brings,

Such as lies along the folded wings

Of the bee before he flies.

But I with my ruffling, impatient breath

Have loosened the wings of the wild young sprite;

He has opened them out in a reeling flight

And into her words he hasteneth.

Love flies delighted in her voice,

The hum of his glittering, drunken wings

Sets quivering with music the common things

That she says, and her simple words rejoice.

EARLY SPRING.

The sun sets wide the yellow crocuses

To fill them up their brimming measures,

And deep in the golden wine of their chalices

Sway the live pearls their flowering pledges.

The breeze wakes up a music in the sallow

About its golden-stopped notes,

Then down the breeze, light waiting o'er the falling

Pass like a tune the sallow's golden notes.

When softly I call at her door, and enter the room,

Gold, gold, deep gold her glowing eyes unfold,

While trembling somewhere in their wondrous gloom

A little wild bubble is loosing hold.

So she closes her eyes; but the aimless breeze of the wood,

Comes over to me with a covert music that stirs

My quivering answer, and kisses like fragrance of flowers

Pass unseen from my lips to hers.

HONEYMOON.

I wonder, can the night go by,

Can this shot arrow of travel fly

Shaft-golden with light, at the joint of the sky

And out into morning,

Without delivering once my eye

From sight of me, without once your turning

Your face toward my agony?

What is it then that you can see,

As at the window endlessly

You watch the fire sparks swirl and flee

And the night look through?

The sight of you peering lonely there

Oppresses me, I can scarcely bear

To share the train with you.

Still I must sit in agony

As you chouch and turn away from me,

In torture of your proximity—

Oh, I would not love you—

How I have longed for this night in the train,

Yet every fibre of me cries in pain

Now to God to remove you.

But surely, surely I know that still

Come on us another night, you will

Lift up your measure to me to fill—

Touch cups and drink.

It is only I find it hard to bear,

To have you sitting averted there

With all your senses ashrink.

But my dear love, when another night

Comes on us, you'll lift your fingers white

And strip me naked, touch be alight,

Light, light all over?

For I ache most earnestly for your touch,

I am ashamed that I ache so much

For you, my lover.

For night after night with a blemish of day

Unblown and unblossomed has withered away:

Come another night, come to-morrow, say

Will you pluck it apart?

Will you loose the heavy, weary bud

To the fire and rain, will you take the flood

Of me to heart,

To the very heart?
Listening for the sound of her feet across the floor,
With a music of light, melodious feet
With shadows drifting underneath,
The low-hung lamps stretched down the street,
And I lingered on the threshold with my hand
the great leap than to continue an existence that
desperate or disillusioned, have found it easier to take
Hollow re-echoed my heart.
Hollow rang the house when I knocked at the door,
of the race the weight of another suicide.
The golden lamps down the street went out,
Days, or there is added to the burden upon the back
The last car trailed the night behind,
Upraised to knock and knock once more;
I had stood with my hand uplifted.
She clung to the door in her haste to enter,
Opened, and quickly cast
It shut behind her, leaving the street aghast.

Leon Deubel.

FROM time to time are born among men a
scattering of individuals in whom a single
faculty is inherently so developed that it over­powers
all other faculties and forces them into the
background. These are the born specialists. The
difference between the average man and the born
specialist is seen in their respective abilities to adapt
themselves; the former is infinitely pliable, the latter
is brittle. He is a key to open a single lock; he
may be broken but cannot be bent to serve a double
turn.

When this single faculty is a kind of insight into
the lyric significance of things (to use an expression
whose vagueness lends it safety) we call him who
possesses it a “true artist.” True artists may choose
any medium of expression whatever, but they must
express their feelings for natural lyricism because it
is all they have. Prophets, thinkers, political
reformers, all make use of artistic means to accompl­ish
their several ends. The true artist has but one
end: the expression of his vision into the immanence
of things. He has but the one faculty: it is so over­mastering a passion that will, self-control, adapta­bility—the paraphernalia of common sense—are as
though non-existent.

To the world at large he says, rejoice with me, for
I bring you new beauty. Upon the world’s reply
depends the future of the artist. If he, a being whose
“useful activity” is severely restricted to the practice
of his art, cannot awaken enough response in his
fellows to make them willing to recognise it, there is,
save in the rare cases where the artist may draw on a
private income, nothing for him to do but renounce
his vocation, or contrive to leave an indifferent world.
Either we of the crowd have another painter,
sculptor, poet or musician for the enriching of our
days, or there is added to the burden upon the back
of the race the weight of another suicide.

Many people who are not artists, having become
desperate or disillusioned, have found it easier to take
the great leap than to continue an existence that
appeared too heartlessly alien. We of the multitude
feel more keenly, however, the self-annihilation of an
artist because the artist is by nature a prophet to his
development, our greatest benefactor. In our hearts
we know we have made a bad transaction in letting
such an one die. And so we heap upon the new
grow fresh flowers—how green are the graves of
dead poets!—and raise our voices to the departed in
the shabby cadences of an all but empty acclaim.

The twelfth of April, 1913, the body of the poet
Leon Deubel was lifted from the waters of the river
Marne, near Paris. At the inquisition that followed
the evidence seemed clear: the case was pronounced
a suicide. Little notice was, however, taken of the
event, and not until midsummer did anyone trouble
himself to cast light upon the situation. Then in the
periodical appeared several articles on Deubel,
written by friends of the dead man. The public
became slightly agitated. A poet, a real poet, had
been among them and been unrecognised even by the
elite. Curiosity demanded that the facts of his life
be submitted to public gaze. But as one friend wrote
happily, “The biography of Leon Deubel is blended
with the history of his work. His occasions of
sadness and joy, his periods of high spirits and of
lassitude, his rancour and his pride—he has cast them
all into his poems. Why seek them elsewhere?”

There is indeed scant use in making known the
fact that the poet was not pushed to his act by
externals of the civilisation that martyred him. He
asked recognition, not for himself, but for his work. When this
was refused he felt himself a dead appendage to the
living body of literature. When his pain at simple
neglect became too poignant, he took the simple way
out that, for all our sentimentalism, statutes and
social philosophies, lies at the disposal of each of us.
A contemporary describes him as a man without
nuances. For such as this is to-day but one
remedy.

Deubel was not a great poet. Among English­speaking peoples he would have been called a minor
poet, as Keats has been called a minor poet. He had
no message, he stated not one, he added little interest in
biology or economics. What he did was to write a number of very perfect poems, prefer­ably
in the regular classical form. Had he been born an
Arab or a Moor his fame would have been secure,
since the Moors and Arabs regard the gift of song as
divine and any possessing it is assured of a
remedy.

The gods might find amusement in the fact that he
chose to sing of the “old human subjects,” those eternal
emotions that are the common man is supposed to love.

The maestros of Youth in France to-day are producing
works that are dangerously near to being imitations of
the Titan, Emile Verhaeren. Verhaeren, by per­sonal
power and prodigious vision, has been able to
sing in great rough chants the significant beauty of
modernity. Deubel, unlike many of his fellow poets,
refused to force his inspiration and seek modern
subjects for his songs. He did not pretend to see in
the externals of the civilisation that martyred him,
any specious beauty.

Instead he carried the banner of the older tradition
—which may, in a slight measure, account for the
obscenity of his name—Says M. E. Allard (“La Phalange,” July, 1913), “In fact it is
Lamartine to whom Deubel is linked, across Verlaine
symbolism.” Deubel’s habit of frankly presenting
his emotional deeps, his lyric felicity, and the gentle
simplicity of expression that he employed on nearly
all occasions, do savour of both Lamartine and
Verlaine, enriched by the right to subjectivity which
is the enduring fruit of the battle waged by the
Symbolists. As a lad he worshipped the memory of Verlaine and strove with rare success to write in the manner of that unstable visionary. Later he became more independent. His verse, which, like Verlaine's, seemed equally ready to slide forward into the modern versus libres, or to return to classic regularity, became definitely oriented toward the latter. In his Verlainian period he wrote short lines of eight and nine syllables, seeking that organic unity that is not explained in any treatise, but is recognised when form, image and sound are in true accord.

As he grew older his manner became more vigorous, and his verses longer. The note of suffering became a more insistent challenge. Often he exchanged his flute for the cornet:

"Idéal! Idéal! O Roland plein de gloire! Avant de retourner à la pensée des dieux, Sache emboucher encor ton oliphant d'ivoire Et jette à l'univers un appel furieux . . . ."

Perhaps it is the choice of subject here, but more probably the stern dignity of both form and content that make one think inevitably of Alfred de Vigny. Both Vigny and Deubel were pessimists. But Deubel could not long uphold the mask of challenge. He was of more piable material.

The keynote of his poetry is pain, wistful, smiling and intense. Almost everything he encountered seems, directly or by its power of suggestion, to have hurt him. "In the art of turning suffering to the profit of his poetry," writes M. Allard, "he equals Jean Moréas, whose sombre ardour and despairing bitterness he shared." Literally, he did not know how to ingratiate himself with critics or fellow poets, yet their neglect cut him to vital depths.

"Seigneur, pardinnez moi s'ils ne m'ont pas aimé!" The sorrow, the humble bitterness, make a heartrending apostrophe.

In almost equal measure, though indirectly, Deubel suffered from material cares. Upon one occasion he spent two weeks in the streets, living upon public charity, sleeping under bridges, with a Belgian political refugee named Gueubel for his sole companion. To assuage his hunger he was compelled to perform all sorts of depressing work. At one time he gained the scantiest possible of livelihoods by addressing envelopes for a fashionable millinery establishment.

"Et je me couche au lit de la détresse humaine, Is his complaint. It must have needed an almost hopeless despair to inspire the following lines:

"Seigneur, je suis sans pain, sans rêve et sans danger. Les hommes m'ont chassé parce que je suis nu . . . ."

Happily, the simplicity of this avowal embodies a little insincerity. Deubel was never "sans rêve." His dream remained with him to the last. Steadily, during the long periods when he led the outward life of a menial, he was endeavouring to write studied, elevated poetry. The key to his artist's conscience is desire (for perfection), and he was an earnest, ambitious, almost overambitious, desire. This leads often to a harmful prevalence of form over content, he was able to tame, perhaps because aestheticism does not fare well in poverty. Curiously enough, with a premonition not uncommon among suicides, he half saw his own end.

"Ne crains-tu pas celui que le mal désenchanter, Aveugle à ce qui brille et sourd à ce qui chante. Dout la vie est semblable à quelque moine grève, Et qui dans le jour vaste et multiple qui luit, Sanglote vers l'étroite unité de la nuit?"

The happy spot in his universe—the only one—was his delight in the presence of nature. He was able to live fully only in the country. It is a long way from "La Chanson Balbutiante," published in 1899 with his first poems, to "L'Éléphant" in the last volume, a current of sentiment unites the two groups—love of flowers, trees, birds, all the beautiful organic world. He writes:

"Puisque je trouve enfin le vrai refuge en toi Nature en qui je vis. . . . ."

Again and again the miserable poet retired to some half-solitude to live for a time among the objects of his chiefest delight.

His nature love is not strange in a man so thoroughly pagan—a lover of beauty and the smile of life, in a sunset, a verse or a passionate woman. In a measure he was a sensualist. Yet the pantheon of his pleasures was not without an overdraft. He has been called a materialist. Perhaps he sometimes was. In his deepest moments of reflection there is another cry:

"Je crois à mon corps, l'Arbre; à mon âme, la Chose; A mon amour, le Feu; à ma force, le Vent; Je crois au Dieu lointain, cruel et décevant Et ma croyance en lui le parfum des roses."

In his nature verse there is a serenity elsewhere absent. Deubel needed quiet. Yet despite everything he returned repeatedly to the city, drawn by the craving for recognition to the life that he felt, abstractly, to be worse than the most agonising obscurity.

Wise men do not consider death an evil. From the time of Socrates it has seemed to many (and they the noblest) less distasteful than dishonour, less fearful than an infringement of the personal ideal. The suicide of a young poet, the suicide Léon Deubel for an act of cowardice or condemn him through faith in the dicta of a creed, forget that the first duty of a human being is to be true to his own vision of integrity. Deubel's character, his will particularly, was not robust. His feebleness is touching when we learn that the mania of this young singer was to have a volume published by the "Mercure de France," a dream which has too late been realised. There is, however, a kind of tenacity in weakness, that makes the flinching convict at the oar the equal of the slave-driver. Though unwilling against circumstances to betray his integrity, he has it to hold through hail and fire to some distant purpose. Such strength Deubel possessed—up to the age of thirty-four. When at length he gave up the struggle for fame ("Régner" was the title he had chosen for his last volume), he renounced only life, not his ambition. Perhaps he saw and carried out the only plan of action that could have so soon immortalized him. Like the "little king of dreamerie" whom, in a poem, he counselled to abdicate before all his subjects, Deubel himself quietly left the poetic field he had not known how to hold. And as in the poem faint voices sound across the kingdom, from hilltop to hilltop, an echoing message:

"Le roi s'en va . . . Il y avait mal à son royaume."

The suicide of Deubel leaves us with a problem. To what must the death of the poet be traced, to his own weakness, or to a society so organised and controlled that it contains no place for the man of but one faculty, if that faculty be not of a nature to obtain immediate acclaim? To both, no doubt; but with reservations. The facts of the case are stated clearly by M. Léon Bocquet, editor of "Le Belfroi," where many of Deubel's verses appeared.

"Léon Deubel," writes M. Bocquet, "died of not being able to adapt himself to his epoch, of not
THE EGOIST

Correspondence.

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

THE NEW SCULPTURE.

To the Editor The Egoist.

MADAM,—Aucpes—a Fowler—(see Latin Grammar). Have I not caught two fayre foules? Have I not trapped two pretty birds, pluming themselves, with less reason than Mr. Epstein’s for- once-onity-life, or action, on whose indiscreetions and swift perception of imperfections? But the tune is changed, Madam, the tune is changed; they do not even sing in harmony, which I regret, if they did I would have set them both in a cage so that I might hear more of this sweet new-born melody. "Torotororotorotox kikikabau!" "squawks one of them. "Look, brother Ezra, sweet brother artist, our master Fowler hath no feeling. O monstrous! Kikikabau kikikabau!"

"Popopopopopopopopopop in io!" wails the other tunefully. "Nay, dear Gouldier, sweet Gouldier, chuck-chuck chucka-darling, he has too much feeling, he is a sentimentalist. Tititititititita Tere-torca!"

Such is the delicate melody which flows from them whose many hearts beat together in noble Spartan sympathy as they produce works of art upon unction ("Ay, upon unction, Jack!") and how they envision the past.

The impertinent Aucpes! The ignominious Frasaca! (Kikkabau kikikabau!).

But we must not be "ironic," we may not "ridicule."

And yet—

I would they had called me "Duc-a-dame!" and not "Aucpes!" a pretty flautist (though we must not use French) I had made now, for, Madam, Duc-a-dame is a word to call fools together; and who says that I have failed?

But, Madam, I will be serious with you. I call upon you to re-read my letter and to witness three things.

1. I did not complain that Mr. Pound had not stopped to quote the words of Poussin’s ‘Renaissance New Sculpture,’ an article of 1000 words; but I have no doubt that it would have been a much better article if Mr. Pound had selected for a few lines of it, with full criticism of it, instead of displaying his own offensive incompetence.

2. Note, I did not complain of Mr. Pound’s reference to the and the new scraps of knowledge which he does press suggests only too obviously a recent pilgrimage to that Castalian source of journalism of the "New Sculpture" kind.

For, Madam, he has discovered Pound and Apelles, and he prefers the work of Mr. Wyndham Lewis to that of either. He is fortunate above all living men, for, Madam—he be it whispered—his very hands are grown in their new feathers, decked out for the new comet, the paintings of Apelles.

But what of it? Mr. Pound is fortunate above all living men, for, Madam—be it whispered—his very hands are grown in their new feathers, decked out for the new comet, the paintings of Apelles.

3. I made no reference whatever to Pater or to his ideas. I have not read the works of Pater, unless you wish to call a just appreciation of his "Renaissance" reading his works.

I made no reference to soa did not quote from the Encyclopaedia Britannica. I can readily understand that any sort of knowledge of a subject would at once suggest to a person like Mr. Pound the writer but Poussin, the writer’s work. But the Encyclopaedia Britannica did not enter my head the all the time I was writing to you. And I fear that Mr. Pound’s reference to it and the new scraps of knowledge which he does press suggest only too obviously a recent pilgrimage to that Castalian source of journalism of the "New Sculpture" kind.

For, Madam, he has discovered Pound and Apelles, and he prefers the work of Mr. Wyndham Lewis to that of either. He is fortunate above all living men, for, Madam—he be it whispered—his very hands are grown in their new feathers, decked out for the new comet, the paintings of Apelles. But do I stray from my pretty birds? ("Torotororotokikikabau!"") They are still trilling. But the song is different, it is not like the first. Hearty-toity! How grand they are grown in their new feathers, decked out for the new company of Poussin-Bristei Ltd. I can readily understand that any sort of knowledge of a subject would at once suggest to a person like Mr. Pound the writer’s work. But the Encyclopaedia Britannica did not enter my head the all the time I was writing to you. And I fear that Mr. Pound’s reference to it and the new scraps of knowledge which he does press suggest only too obviously a recent pilgrimage to that Castalian source of journalism of the "New Sculpture" kind.

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I wrote my former letter to you, Madam, not because I have any quarrel with Mr. Epstein and his followers—a new formula, with Mr. Gaudier-Brzeska. I did write it because I wished to and contemptuous attitude towards works of art which the author obviously had not studied, and the author's utterly uncritical willingness to set above all other sculpture the work of Mr. Epstein of a previous date. Three of Mr. Brzeska's productions were reproduced on the back page of THE EGOIST. Those who saw them and his work at the Goupil Gallery will decide for themselves whether these hunks of clay and stone are trivial and stupid or ugly grey-silver twilight.

I will explain this a little more fully. In California it is "rape" to have sexual relations with any girl under eighteen, and for committing "rape" on one another. A judge who is too merciful will go out at how a negro in California had just been given thirty years' imprisonment for stealing a trifle from a man in the street. There are every word and every line created by His forerunners to-day. The inscribed words of the Bible (or of the Vedas or of any other holy book) which are commonly said to have been written "by Divine inspiration"—as indeed are every word which is written in English-speaking countries where it has been tried. The truth is that art is really only "craft." That a man may be a fine workman and a born fighter and overthrower, young also and enthusiastic..." and he will lead, as Jesus led 2000 years before; and all the normal men and women will be "divinely inspired" and will sing of him and with him in words, and word of his and of theirs will be of "Divine origin"—as indeed are every word of the English language. The source of all creativity is the God of the Universe, Creator of the word and of to-day knew as "The Lord our God, Creator of the world". Art is the music, the dance, the colour and the stone, in colour and in music, and every artist is the normal man. He allows, also, that there may be, and whose art was so great that they lived, and whose art was so great that those who read them and the bitterness and misfortunes of unhappy love; he simply shows you Paolo and Francesca in hell, he makes them tell us about the origin of works of art: if they are not Divine, what are they?

DIVINE INSPIRATION.

To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM,

In his article on "Le Latin Mystique," Mr. Richard Aldington says of the poems belonging to religious service, they were works of art, not works of 'divine origin.' I hold that those parts of the Bible (or of the Vedas or of any other holy book) which are commonly said to have been written by "Divine inspiration"—by "the hand of God"—were in reality so written, and, moreover, that every work of real art was so written, and will always be so written till the world ends.

Carlyle says that an artist is "A winged messenger from the Infinite Unknown." Greedes says (from the standpoint of biology) that the real artist is the normal man. He allows, also, that there may be, and word of his and of theirs will be of "Divine origin"—as indeed are every word of the English language. The source of all creativity is the God of the Universe, Creator of the world and of to-day knew as "The Lord our God, Creator of the world". Art is the music, the dance, the colour and the stone, in colour and in music, and every artist is the normal man. He allows, also, that there may be, and whose art was so great that they lived, and whose art was so great that those who read them and the bitterness and misfortunes of unhappy love; he simply shows you Paolo and Francesca in hell, he makes them tell us about the origin of works of art: if they are not Divine, what are they?

London.

AMELIA DEFFRIES.

I must confess that I fail to see how any of these generalities can possibly concern me or the arts. If Greedes and Carlyle say the things which Miss Defries attributes to the "keyboard of the soul's instrument" or to "the soul's hand." And, in the awakening of this New Era of ours, there is every possibility that such a man may once more arise, who, having conquered his own personality and imagination, will sing of him and with him in words, and word of his and of theirs will be of "Divine origin"—as indeed are every word of the English language. The source of all creativity is the God of the Universe, Creator of the world and of to-day knew as "The Lord our God, Creator of the world". Art is the music, the dance, the colour and the stone, in colour and in music, and every artist is the normal man. He allows, also, that there may be, and whose art was so great that they lived, and whose art was so great that those who read them and the bitterness and misfortunes of unhappy love; he simply shows you Paolo and Francesca in hell, he makes them tell us about the origin of works of art: if they are not Divine, what are they?

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"R. R. W." asks for proofs as to the correctness of our statements. There is unfortunately not room in your paper for us to give some proof of his contention and on what text, for instance, he may find upon inquiry amongst legal and medical men the matter to be inverted than is generally thought, and historically. As to "divine origin," I have no doubt God can write their story quite directly and simply, and the paths is inasmuch as proofs exist that it has infinite greater than an ocean of Carlyles and Geddes could advertise.

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MARRIAGE.

To the Editor The Egoist.

MADAM,

Agreeing as I do with every other word in Mr. R. B. Kerr's answer, I have a word to say in defence of Dr. Havelock-Ellis, who is called a “male Miss Pankhurst.” I have not read his remarks about Voltaire, but he has been an intimate friend of mine for fourteen years. Even Miss Pankhurst's book is remarkable for the fact that it is of course impossible to form any real percentage of where she scarcely alleges any motive for chastity except the avoidance of venereal disease, and nothing else whatever is suggested as a restraint upon illegal unions.

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MADAM,

To take our critics in the order as they appear in your last issue: it seems that our correspondence with "H. S. C." consists of letters of impression which demand it, and also with those of the women on the feelings of women. Our answer to his letter is that it is only in man, and perhaps in one or two of the apes too, that the sexual means, generally amounting to desires in healthy cases, of the females are quite as great as those of the males, even though more subdued, and in our opinion there is every reason to believe that there are fundamental differences between man and the rest of animals in this respect.

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