ANENT THE DECALOGUE. II. " LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

Perhaps the most striking illustration of the unquestioning habit of mind common to us all is the tone in which we use the word “immoral.” Actions may be all things else and be tolerated, but if they are voted “immoral” their case is closed: they are damned, though most of us would need to be hard-pressed before we were able to say why. For obviously all that is said when one says “immoral” is “not-customary.” It is informing to note moreover that while not-customary conduct is to be damned, it in nowise follows that its positive opposite is to be blessed. People are not prepared to admire enthusiastically “customary conduct”: they have in fact no very high opinion of it: why then the working up of fierce indignation at the prospect of its contrary? That the “faithful” have been aware of the difficulty is shown by the extensive searches they have made to find the justification of “moral” conduct both as to foundations and superstructure: what inquiry into the Fundamentals of Ethics has shown to be missing the Metaphysics of Morals has attempted to make good. Indeed to enjoy the spectacle of human beings indulging in the full tide of talk in their least graceful moments one must turn to them when they are presenting the “philosophy” of morals. On no other occasions do they twist, shift and cant with so little effect of grace. And they are still hard at it and still stick at nothing. If moral conduct does not suit men, then change the men. The latest Defender of the Sacred, Eucken, unconsciously puts their case neatly. He says:

Before all else the natural world keeps man bound down to

the mere ego; . . . it becomes clearly visible that, as compared with the strength of the mere man, something impossible is being demanded. Therefore man must become something more than mere man. . . . The original affirmation has become intolerable, but out of the negation has arisen a new affirmation. Here are great demands and great upheavals, gigantic tides of life sweeping men along and transforming them . . . . . . . an inner infinitude becomes increasingly manifest. If anything can show us that our life is not a matter of indifference, that in it something significant takes place, it is morality that can do it.

And there we may leave them.

"Moral" conduct is, as its name implies, "customary" conduct. Its advantages are the advantages of all repetitive action which is facile and foreseeable because habituated. Moral conduct is mechanised conduct and possesses all the advantages of mechanical reliability. It fits almost perfectly on to the routiniser. Its disadvantages are the same: it plays havoc when it comes into contact with the new and unexpected: meets the unobserved factor which was not taken account of in blocking out the moral plan. To fit properly, moral conduct would need to be the activity of a "living automaton"—of a combination of forces which are denials of each other. It is the conjoining of these two contradictions which enables men to construct "tragedy." The recipe for the production of a Tragedy, i.e. a play upon a simulated Terror, is as follows: A collection of living beings with an appetite for experience, adventurous therefore; a recognition of a species of conduct customary to the people to which the special collection belongs (what species of course being quite immaterial); lastly a "respect" for the second in the "intellect" of the first. These three ingredients mixed well together will account for any of the
The effect of tragedy on an appreciative audience appears to be a subconscious one. Of a certainty it is true that Aristotle, the function of which is to purge the mind by pity and terror of these and similar emotions. The unconscious effect of tragedy is to reveal as the slang phrase has it "the greatness of man" as against the cobweb-like moral "fashion" to which men lend the moulding of their actions as an affair of sport and make-believe. Melodrama purges terror of its basis of terror: as the turning up of a light in a dark room at once makes an object which in the half-light looked feebler and less menacing by dint of the surrounding of the emotions. All this arises as the moment: "tragedy" most. They enjoy it because subconsciously they are ceasing to respect the reality of the concepts which are the making of it. Melodrama because it displays so garish a light the nature of "morals" is the subtler shading of the "theme" with an infinite variety of details. The churches for instance cannot be friendly towards the "pattern" according to which they may call it reverence, but no matter.) Whatever accounts for the unfriendliness of advocates of the sacred for this attractive but too destructively bright exhibition of their holy ghosts—the moral concepts. The churches' exigences. So too, it is obvious that the arch-conceptualist, Plato, must demand the rigorous concentration, "as the spy-system is more 'efficient' than an ordinary police-system. More efficient because more intimate, and more effective because it is easy to control actions once feeling has been surrendered under control. The favour with which the command to "Love one another" is revered is evidence of the strength of the desire for neighbourly espionage and democratic control of "each by all" of which all modern legislation is but the grotesque parody in action. (Now with democracy merely an infant, 'loving one another' is the most "in" of the churches' exixgences. So too, it is obvious that the arch-conceptualist, Plato, must demand the rigorous suppression of tragedy in his model republic. It is clear that the one emotion which the moralists cannot afford to permit to weaken is: Fear. (They would call it reverence, but no matter.) Whatever strengthens human fear is to them the basis of "good"; because "Fear" is disintegrating, and throws its owner in submission on to the breast of any and every concept which is thrust forward and called "salvation." The moralists exploit and play upon the feeling of smallness and loneliness which is the first outcome of that sense of isolation and separateness which is called self-consciousness. It is because men are in the first place lonely and afraid, that the feebler sort move in herds and act alike: hence the growth of "customary" action: moral action. The outcry against the "immoral," i.e. the unusual, is the expression of distress of the timid in the presence of the innovation. It is the instinct which feels there is safety with the crowd and danger as well as loneliness in adventuring individually which puts the poigniant note into the epithet "moral." To be "moral" is to be on precisely the same level as the unconventional and the unfashionable: that and no more.

Although "morals," i.e. the collective term applied to automated action, are based on the all-too-commonly observable phenomenon that the actions of herds at a given time run to one pattern,
in the cult of love such as, for instance, in the "gospel" of Tolstoy, to consider what people seek in those aspects of love which are not "sex": in the passionate friendships and tenderness of love: the wider, more harmonious and majestic forms of love, appearing more and more in appearance with the intensification of "culture." The irony of the efforts of the advocates of the new dispensation to press "love" into the service of the "moral concepts" is not immediately apparent. It is customary to regard "love" as the outcome of "culture" and therefore in some special way available to the service of culture. It has become too much a habit of speech with the "civilised" world, i.e. the moralised, idea-ised world, to look on "love" as in some sort a means of "salvation," to expect it to analyse why it does so. If it did men would realise the explanation: it is the crystallisation for consideration an actual existing relation between the wider emotional needs which have made their appearance, i.e. the love that is the consummation of moralisation. It is in fact an effort to escape from it. The heavy incrustation of habitualised actions, i.e. morals, increases in tenacity as life goes on, forming the sort of asphalt which is hard shelter and half tomb. The taking on of its earlier incrustations is called "growing-up": as they grow more obviously oppressive it is called "growing old." To be "morally-minded" is to have lost the instinct which revolts against this walling-up of the changing spirit: revolts against the atomised world which is the grown old. As most people are morally-minded the world is left with a tiny remnant of individuals of whom if we spoke of them in terms of time-measurement we should say ranged in age from two years to five: the people of genius and charm. The age of maturity, if we may put it like that, when all that we mean is the age at which the soul has made itself familiar with its dwelling-place and is at its best, brightest, most inquiring and "true," is from two years to five: not twenty-five or fifty-five as the moralist would like to pretend. From five onwards the brow-beating process which is called moral education begins, and as we have said only spirits which are bigger and more resistant than their would-be instructors resist it and sand firm at their height of growth. The rest are slowly driven back by "culture" to the state of automatic living which was their pre-natal existence. The irony therefore of the moralists' efforts to capture "love" in the interest of their already too successful canvases lies in this: that in seeking after the "ten- dencies of love and the understanding of friendship," one might safely risk giving a guarantee that they have not first called up from within them selves. And with the passing of the set manner of "dealing in grace" which is "dispensation," there passes the ghostly basis of mechanised action: "duty" and "morality"; and men begin unashamedly to judge the quality of life by its flavour in actual living: by their own "taste" in regard to it, forming thereby their principle as to what they accept and what they reject in it, which is living by a "principles" principle: as unashamedly as the principle principle. It is living according to personal desire: life according to whom: life without principle: the essentially immoral life.

only let us make the draft of the people's pious resolutions, then let who will make their laws." The time has come to rehabilitate the pious resolution which—people being what they now are—is at present held in wholly unmerited contempt. Resolutions are arrogantly despised because, forsooth, they are all "talk." As though "talk" could mean more than the voice with its confidence, its self-assurance: as the "people" never act in fact. People who cannot hit out straight off their own instincts, so to speak, fight their first rounds in talk, just as a person unable to use a sword might use a club. A club, though not a sword, has its uses sometimes: we could invent a "loving weapon" if we wish. People who see to it that it is not worm-eaten. To return then to the combat by talk: the fight waged in a campaign of "resolutions." Let it be granted that "resolutions" might have a value. Provided they are apposite to facts as they actually exist, they can crystallise for consideration an actual existing relation ship: and by so doing neutralise the verbiage of orators who rely for their rhythm and sonorousness as well as their innocuous effects upon up enlargements unashamedly children, they tried to build a refuge in "love." The tenderness of love or friendship (they are in fact the same thing) are the instinctive means which we seek for ourselves and offer to others, to enable us, in one relation at least, to exist unashamedly ourselves, very little removed from newborn children. This is the reason why the efforts of those of the "love-cult" to "ennable" love appear—and appear so particularly to the quite ordinary conventional person—so irredeemably damned. To introduce and attitudes which are resistant than their wouldbe, appears to be a revolt against attitudes is to snatch from the conventional what is literally his one means of salvation, and that gone too certain. It is a sufficiently rare thing for one individual to meet another with enough native sympathy with him to encourage him to show "talk" with all his weakness. It is inevitable that what we feel to be ourselves should in comparison with the harsh-set incrustations of our normal "moral" attitudes, appear "weak." The fact is overlooked that as long as the "weak" thing is there, we are still alive: and that only when the genius in us has been driven out: when we have become one with the herd, do we feel strong in our moral worth.

It is natural that "love" should have attracted the attention of the most thoroughgoing types of moralists or such moralists as the feminine theorisers who call themselves oddly the Woman Movement. The more powerful the agent, the more admirable if pressed into their service. It is unfortunate—for them—that in all cases where "love" has been utilised to further a "system" it has turned and gnawed a yawning gap in the system. But that is part of another story. The fact remains that the chief value of the law of the New Dispensation "Love one another" has been to make evident to men that they will have to, willingly, dispense with all dispensations: that there exists for them no "grace" to be "dispensed" which they have not first called up from within themselves. And with the passing of the set manner of "dealing in grace" which is "dispensation," there passes the ghostly basis of mechanised action: "duty" and "morality"; and men begin unashamedly to judge the quality of life by its flavour in actual living: by their own "taste" in regard to it, forming thereby their principle as to what they accept and what they reject in it, which is living by a "principles" principle. The new principle is a "principle principle. It is living according to personal desire: life according to whom: life without principle: the essentially immoral life.

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

The Southern African reporters have arrived, and by Sunday, we are told, the "talk" will be in full swing in Hyde Park and elsewhere. There will doubtless be the pious resolution, which unfortunately Mr. Arthur Henderson and Mr. Ramsay Macdonald have made no request to us to draft out. It is a pity: we could invent a "loving weapon" for that purpose which is called moral education begins, and as we have said only spirits which are bigger and more resistant than their would-be instructors resist it and sand firm at their height of growth. The rest are slowly driven back by "culture" to the state of automatic living which was their pre-natal existence. The irony therefore of the moralists' efforts to capture "love" in the interest of their already too successful canvases lies in this: that in seeking after the "tendencies of love and the understanding of friendship," one might safely risk giving a guarantee that they have not first called up from within themselves. And with the passing of the set manner of "dealing in grace" which is "dispensation," there passes the ghostly basis of mechanised action: "duty" and "morality"; and men begin unashamedly to judge the quality of life by its flavour in actual living: by their own "taste" in regard to it, forming thereby their principle as to what they accept and what they reject in it, which is living by a "principles" principle. The new principle is a "principle principle. It is living according to personal desire: life according to whom: life without principle: the essentially immoral life.

concerning and of all the things which aren't. Granted therefore, for instance, a campaign of talking: a preliminary skirmish with apposite "resolutions," one might safely risk giving a guarantee that in a measurable distance of time, the fight would be progressing on more drastic terms.
is Puck-like and appears from unexpected quarters: who is to say beforehand that the resolution will not run as it should: something like this: That this meeting of British helots drawn together to express their opinion on the unexpected turn which industrial affairs have taken in South Africa, desire to put on record:

(1) Their admiring and grateful appreciation of the character of the South African Administration in general and of General Smuts and General Botha in particular;
(2) That in these men this meeting recognises not merely sturdy fighters but good sportsmen, who scorn to remain inactive in the pressing a foe to destruction; that they not merely know what kind of weapons to use, but are sufficiently conscious of their skill in using them not to be afraid to exhibit them to the enemy and thereby challenge these latter to use them as ably;
(3) That it can congratulate the South African people that in their case there is no need to add to their shame in being governed, the offensive shame of being governed by fools; that in General Smuts, who affirms frankly to an astonished world that the British working-classes though dispossessed have still a right to give the name of "freedom," they are acquainted with a man of intelligence: and a man of courage and honest expression withal; and that the British working-classes though dispossessed of all property, and softened and weakened by being factional in the British sense, though they have no might they still have "rights," though softened and weakened, as aforesaid, have still managed to retain by aid of their weekly attendance at football matches sufficient of the sportsman spirit of Drake, Raleigh and Robert Blake to recognise it which they see it, even in the person of a Dutchman.

(4) That these sentiments be recorded suitably and permanently in the form of Illuminated Addresses, the same to be forwarded to General Smuts and General Botha in due course.

"As for our exiled confères—the dejected nine," we shall probably wake up on Monday morning to find the report of Mr. Arthur Henderson’s resolution running, as for our exiled confères, we offer them our sympathy in their discomfiture (temporary, let us hope) and in the rude and sudden separations from their families and country. All that can be done by British workmen to soften the harshness of their situation we feel should be done. In the meantime, this meeting offers its congratulations to them inasmuch as they have treated by their prehension as opponents worthy of drastic measures; it recognises that there must have been that in their previous history which has made it evident they are not to be cowed as a scolding housewife cows shivering scullery-maid: by vilification and shouting: which method is the one mainly in use among ourselves;

(6) That, finally, we hope and would like to believe that these our confères will not be foolish disclaimers as to preparedness for armed rebellion and that they believe to give up into the possession of the enemy the tale of those "sins of omission" for which they as "leaders" must consider themselves responsible, but that by their self-respect and the swift making of such arrangements as are responsible for its protection they will prove to an interested world that the compliment which their superiors have paid them has not been wholly misdirected.

With something like the foregoing as text, printed and handed round on small bills, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Henderson and the entire official Labour Party might be allowed to slobber for hours without any pernicious effects: indeed Hyde Park during the week-end might be the scene for a very Profitable and Pleasant Sunday Afternoon: the form of diversion which the stars of the Labour Party most dearly love. If they included in the proceedings the singing of Ehenezer Elliot's fine and stirring hymn "When wilt Thou save the people?" and closed with the Deity's reply "When they appreciate Mr. Smuts," no more admirable gathering could be desired.

It is a wise editor who knows the name of his paper's creed. It appears that we are to be counted among the not-so-wise. At all events, one who is perhaps the best-known of the enemy, General Smuts and hitherto an unwavering friend of The Egoist has informed us that we are not Anarchist. We are rather "Egoist and Archist," that "combination which has already figured largely in the world's history. The first thing to be said anent that is, that if it is to be so we must accept it. If to be an Archist is to be what we are, then we prefer Archism to Anarchism which presumably would necessitate our being something different. There is nothing in a name once one has grasped the nature of the thing it stands for. It is only when there is doubt as to the latter that it becomes possible for names to play conjuring tricks. It is therefore more because the mist of vagueness hangs over the connotation both of Archism and Anarchism than because we are greatly concerned as to which label we are known by that we find it worth while to discriminate in the matter.

The issue of course turns upon the point as to whether in Anarchism, which is a negative term, one's attention fixes upon the absence of a State establishment, that is the absence of any organised and armed force with acquiescence as to its continued supremacy held by allowing to it a favoured position as to defence, in the community among whom it is established; or the absence of every kind of order supported by armed force provided and maintained on behalf of the community; but the presence of that kind of order which obtains when each member of a community agrees to want only the kind of order which will not interfere with the kind of order likely to be wanted by individuals who compose the rest of the community. It is into our very utmost to state the second position as accurately as possible, but that it is difficult to do so, those who profess it know well from their apparently interminable debates on this very subject of definition among themselves.) The first is what we should call Anarchistic and represents one half of that Egoistic-Anarchism which The Egoist maintains against all-comers. The second, which is that of our correspondent, as far as we can define it in our opinion no claims at all that are not embedded in a hundred confusions of Adolphe and Anarchist and which we call it a sort of Clerico-libertarian-archism, and this without any desire maliciously to "call names." It represents a more subtle, more tyrannical power of repression than any the world as yet has known: its only distinction being that the Policeman, Judge, and Executioner are ever on the spot, a Trinity of Repression that a Spy to boot, i.e. Conscience, the "Sense of Duty," Conscience, more powerful than armies, "doth make cowards of us all." Conscience takes the Ego in charge and but rarely fails to throttle the life out of him. Therefore as compared with the power of egoistic repression the Ego comes up against in an ordinary "State," that which it meets in the shape of Conscience is infinitely more oppressive and searching. The Archism which is expressed in the Armies, Courts, Gowns and Wigs, Jailors, Hangmen and what not, is but light and superficial as compared with that of our Clerico-libertarian friends.

If therefore to be Anarchistic is to hope for and strive after the abolition of "The State" as by the force of governors and submissiveness of governed together compounded, a term with (one may build only a temporary significance, then we are it. If on the other hand it is to stand for "liberty," "respect for the liberty of others," and vague ideas of this nature, we incline to think the term would be most
appropriately treated if it were abandoned to become the playing-grounds of cranks and discussionists. For it will be found that such persons mean, as far as their elementary middle-headedness permits them to mean anything, to substitute for the obvious repressive agency represented by Arms and the State, the of Conscience with its windy words and ideas. The sum amount of argument to be deduced from their own fears and weaknesses. If we say "Let the State, i.e. the persons who are dominant at the present time, rule," it is because alongside the State's onslaughts by all its weapons of force, it provides some degree of safety under cover of which the timorous find shelter: and in their own little run, rule themselves. For which consideration they are prepared to "respect" the purely arbitrary conventions of statutory law, "crimes" and "criminals"—terms without meaning outside the circle of the respectful ones timidities. If in addition to fearing physical violence and consequently to be on their guard against the State's onslaughts, be subjected to the brow-beating of education, and are more than ordinarily timid, it is in response to a personal desire of their own souls that they put themselves mentally under the control of a system of words, the reaction of the weight of which system is felt in consciousness and "honest." It is not on account of the machine-system, nor the "surplus-value" it supposedly creates, that things are as they are, but because some men are reluctant to be put to shame. They have in fact a hundred reasons for not pulling: it is illegal, or immoral, forbidden by conscience, God and the Church: it is theft and Heaven knows what else: therefore because they can't or won't, "Stop the pulling." That is the socialist, communist and (in the main) the anarchist solution of "Poverty." The bundle must be respected: not grabbed at without warrant, because, say the theorists, by right it is the "property of All." Whereupon the few "respectless" ones divide up the lot between themselves. The sooner the poor become "Archists" therefore the better.

On MARCH 13th, 17th, and 20th, Miss Hoskyns-Abrahall, M.A., will deliver at Crosby Hall, Chelsea, S.W., at 5.30 p.m.,

COURSE OF LECTURES on "Biology in Relation to Education."
Two Dialogues of Lucian.

I.

HERMES AND APOLLO.

HERMES. Why so glum, Apollo?

APOLLO. Because, O Hermes, I am unlucky in love.

HERMES. Enough to make you doleful—but who is it now? are you still mourning over that Daphne affair?

APOLLO. No; now I am mourning for my lover, the Spartan boy, Oibalon's son.

HERMES. Tell me, Hyacinthus is not dead?

APOLLO. Yes.

HERMES. Through whom, Apollo? Could anyone be so unworthy of love as to kill a beautiful lad?

APOLLO. I did it.

HERMES. You! Were you mad drunk?

APOLLO. But how? I should like to hear.

HERMES. You have not seduced any she-goat; but try and remember the girl you deflowered in Arcadia. Why do you bite your finger so doubtfully and wonder which one it was?

I mean Penelope, daughter of Icarus.

HERMES. But did she not beget you with a he-goat before

APOLLO. Surely. But does that make you my son?

HERMES. Hail! Father Hermes.

APOLLO. Father? I am born you disown me.

HERMES. My Apollo! for you know that you had letters upon it which bewails his death.

APOLLO. I built up a tomb to the lad at Amyclae, and, being disdained, could not endure the wound and Hyacinth fell dead.

HERMES. I came along?

APOLLO. You! Were you mad drunk?

HERMES. Father, you should not jeer at me, your own hoofs and crooked legs and a tail over your buttocks?

APOLLO. The animal elements, instincts and desires existed before the Divine Spirit illuminated them and made them into man. Animal man is the son of the animal elements out of which his soul was born and animals are the mirrors of man. Whatever animal elements exist in the world exist in the soul of man, and, therefore, the character of one man may resemble that of a fox, a dog, a snake, a parrot etc. Man is derived from the dog and not the dog from the man. Therefore a man may act like a dog but a dog cannot act like a man. . . . The same stars (qualities) that cause a wolf to murder, a dog to steal, a cat to kill, a bird to sing etc. make a man a singer, an eater, a talker, a lover, a murderer, a robber, a thief etc.” (“The Life of Philippus Theophrastus Bombast of Hohenheim known by the name of Paracelsus,” by Franz Hartmann, M.D.)

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Some Notes on the Drawings of Andre Rouveyre.*

In his atrocious exposure of woman in her erotic moods (“Le Gynee,” with a gloss by Rémy de Gourmont) M. André Rouveyre seems to show that he has had a revelation of the theory expressed as follows by Paracelsus:

“The animal elements, instincts and desires existed before the Divine Spirit illuminated them and made them into man. Animal man is the son of the animal elements out of which his soul was born and animals are the mirrors of man. Whatever animal elements exist in the world exist in the soul of man, and, therefore, the character of one man may resemble that of a fox, a dog, a snake, a parrot etc. Man is derived from the dog and not the dog from the man. Therefore a man may act like a dog but a dog cannot act like a man. . . . The same stars (qualities) that cause a wolf to murder, a dog to steal, a cat to kill, a bird to sing etc. make a man a singer, an eater, a talker, a lover, a murderer, a robber, a thief etc.” (“The Life of Philippus Theophrastus Bombast of Hohenheim known by the name of Paracelsus,” by Franz Hartmann, M.D.)

Rouveyre’s pencil penetrates through to the animal in man and, especially, in woman. For this reason, perhaps, his portraits of women show them in baser, more organic aspects than those of men. Of the prettiest woman he makes a beast in chains—chained to her animal self. In “Le Gynee” she creeps on all fours, is depicted rampant, biting, scratching, barking, howling, not only a grimace of herself but, also, of the animal she embodies in a

* List of works by Rouveyre:

150 Caricature Théatrales (Editions, Albin Michel).
La Comédie Française (Editions Albin Michel).
Carcasses Divines (Editions du Mercure de France).
Le Gynee (ditto).
Phèdre (ditto).
Mort de l’Amour (ditto).
Visages des Contemporains (ditto).

RICHARD ALDINGTON.
human version. Here, she may resemble some apocryphal monster; there, a lion; elsewhere she is distinctly and unmistakably a goat, or an ape, or a dog, or a cat, or a toad, or a wolf—she has hind-legs and fore-legs, hoofs, claws, a mane; at her soberest and least (or most?) human she is on her knees, humble and servile. In only one drawing does she command the situation except in so far, as M. de Gourmont writes, as all the women here "yield, with the complaisance of slaves, to the design of their own passions and, while satisfying their curiosities, appear to give proof of feminine docility." Thin and fat, tall and short, pretty and ugly, young and old, they are tragically, insatiably lascivious.

Rouveyre's drawings have nothing in common with ART, though they may be considered an art in themselves. Art, being occupied with form, renders the motions of the soul through attitude. Sometimes—as in Rodin—it seeks to render physical mobility itself. Caricature is occupied with—caricature, that is, the emphasis of obvious expression; the result is comic. Rouveyre chooses the morbid, material aspect. He sifts the divine soul from the animal soul and centres his attention on the latter. (In this interpretation I differ from one of Rouveyre's exegetes, the late Mecislas Golberg, who, in his curious book, "La Morale des Lignes," reverses the point.)

When Rouveyre finds himself vis à vis a model like Rémy de Gourmont, this carnal impression, prevalent in most of his drawings, is minimised. He carefully appropriates the resources of his medium to the degree of spirituality or bestiality suggested in physical peculiarities; thus, thick lines serve to express the material; very fine ones, the ideal. An emphasised shadow will lay bare the skeleton.

When he dissects Mme. Réjane in her "passionate" parts, or the lewd antics of a nympho-maniac, he finds a rich field for the exploitation of the *spiritus animalis*. Woman, being nearer to nature than man—by which I do not mean she is his inferior, on the contrary, I think intimacy with nature, whether in man or woman, constitutes an advantage, for it does not involve the domination of the material, but that of the spiritual—woman is his pet victim; it follows that his drawings of her seem unfair (and, with respect to certain recently-published portraits, I think they are). Dr. Brandes has described his astonishment on finding M. Rouveyre a gentle, family-man

* Madamoiselle Gaby Deslys.*

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* Madame Simone.*
A "monograph" by Rouveyre (it should be noted that he has not done any of men) consists of a succession of graduated drawings beginning in a comparatively suave key to work up, through a riot, to a paroxysm of un governed passion in which the unfortunate victim seems to decay "layer by layer" (as Mecislas Golberg put it) until, a climax of putrefaction or devolution having been reached, serenity may suddenly re-ensue, like calm after the storm, or the peace which, in the dying, follows pain and torment. (This applies, at least, to the "monograph" of Mme. Régane. The one of Mme. Marthe Brandès begins with a gentle portrait-sketch and is left at its most material and elemental.)

No one can keep his dress-mask on before Rouveyre. A surgeon becomes a butcher, the fundamental vulgarity of a face superficially intellectual or "gentlemanly" is as candidly expressed as the remark of an "infant terrible," and no face can hide its racial stamp, however faintly inherited, for Rouveyre's eyes see through walls. They see, as I have had occasion to mention, the animal resemblance which in a Darwin, for instance, can be so eloquent. Here we have the portrait of a young author who has obtained a reputation for his fables—he is exactly like a fox, and his clothes hang awkwardly on his shoulders as they do on a dressed-up dog; here, again, is the wise Aurel, the image of an owl; again, J.-H. Fabre, the entomologist, like a beetle; and, in spite of these abstractions, the likeness is appalling. How many people have I not recognised from a portrait by Rouveyre! He sees, also, the sign of death lurking behind our pathetic little attempt to play at life. The morbid core which eats the frame away, making of life a progressive death, is conspicuous to him, and, strange to say, whenever he tries to evade it, his sketches lack, precisely, in life and consequent interest. Rouveyre, when at his best, destroys to construct. This greatest of contemporary portraitists—perhaps the only portraitist we have to-day—breaks up the smooth lines of the individual form and, with a compound of his own making, sets free their expression and significance.

**P.S.—It is à propos of a portrait by Rouveyre of M. Rémy de Gourmont, the subtlest, most cultured, and honest of contemporary French intellects, that I have written the above lines. The subject of Rouveyre suggests a few lines anent M. Rémy de Gourmont.**

Interviews by correspondence are a feature of French journalism. A questionnaire is set to a certain category of personalities and their answers published. It is an ingenuous way of "making copy." The *Intransigant* has just put these two questions to a number of celebrated authors: "1. Which of your books is your favourite? 2. Which has been the most popular?" To the first question M. Bergson (to attend whose lectures society-women in Paris fight) has answered as

* From "Les Visages des Contemporains."

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follows: “My books wrote themselves, so to speak, each time I thought I had reached the solution of a philosophical problem. I put them all on the same line and prefer none. (2) ‘L’Evolution Créatrice’

From “Le Gynécée.” has had the greatest number of readers.” To the same question M. Rémy de Gourmont replied: “1. The book I will write. 2. None.”

M. C.

Poems.

A SELECTION FROM “IRRADIATIONS.”

By John Gould Fletcher.

I.
The spattering of the rain upon pale terraces Of afternoon is like the passing of a dream Amid the roses shuddering ’gainst the wet green stalks Of the streaming trees—the passing of the wind Upon the pale lower terraces of my dream Is like the crinkling of the wet grey robes Of the hours that come to turn over the urn Of the day and spill its rainy dream. Vague movement over the puddled terraces: Heavy gold pennons—a pomp of solemn gardens Half-hidden under the liquid veil of spring: Far trumpets like a vague rout of faded roses Burst ’gainst the wet green silence of distant forests: A clash of cymbals—then the swift swaying footsteps Of the wind that undulates along the languid terraces. Pools of rain, the vacant terraces, Wet, chill, and glistening, Towards the sunset beyond the broken doors of to-day.

II.

Gaunt sails—bronze boats of evening Float along the river, where aloft Like dim swans the clouds die Softly. I am afraid to traverse the long still streets of evening, For I fear to see the ghosts that stare at me From the shadows. I will stay indoors instead and await my wandering dream. She is about me, fluid yet and formless: The wind in her hair whispers like dim violins, And the faint glint of her eyes shifts like a sudden movement Upon the surface of a dark pool. She comes to me slowly down the lost streets of the evening And their immutable silence is in her feet. Let no lamps flare: be still, my heart: hands, stay: For I would touch the lips of my new love with my lips.

VII.

Flickering of incessant rain On flashing pavements: Sudden scurry of umbrellas, Bending, recurved blossoms of the storm. The winds come clanging and clattering From long white highroads whipping like ribbons up summits: They strew upon the city gusty wafts of apple-blossom, And the rustling of innumerable translucent leaves. Uneven tinkling, the lazy rain Dripping from the eaves.

VIII.
The fountain blows its breathless spray From me to you and back to me. Whipped, tossed, curdled, Crashing, quivering: I hurl kisses like blows upon your lips. The dance of a bee drunken with the sunlight, Irradiant ecstacies, white and gold, Sigh and relapse.

The fountain tosses pallid spray Into the sorrowful, silent sky.

IX.
The houses of the city no longer hum and play, They lie like careless drowsy giants, dumb, estranged.

One presses to his breast his toy, a lighted pane; One stirs uneasily; one is cold in death. And the late moon timidly peering over an immense shoulder Sees in the shadow below the unpeopled hush of a street.

XXX.

I have seemed often feeble and useless to myself, And many times I have wished that the tedium of my life Were at last dissolved in the cold acid of death: Yet I have not forgotten The sparkling of water in the sunlight, The sound of a woman’s voice, Gliding dancers, Chanting worshippers, A child crying, The wind amid the hills. These I can remember And I think they are more of me Than the wrinkles on my face and the hungry ache at my heart.

XXXI.

My stiff-spread arms Break into sudden gesture My feet seize upon the rhythm, My hands toss it upwards: Thus I create the dance. I drink of the red bowl of the sunlight; I swim through seas of rain; I dig my toes into earth; I breathe the smack of the wind; I am myself; I live;— The temples of the gods are forgotten or in ruins; Professors are still arguing about the past and the future; I am sick of reading marginal notes on life, I am weary of following false banners; There is nothing about me you are so likely to note as my presence: Let me then rejoice silently, A golden butterfly glancing against an unfecked wall.
My desire goes bristling and growling like a hungry leopard:
My ribs are a hollow grating, my hair is coarse and hard,
My flanks are as sharp iron wedges, my eyes glitter like chill glass;
Far below me there are meadows where my famished hopes are feeding,
I will waylay them to the windward, stalking in watchful patience,
I will pounce upon them and plunge my muzzle into the hot gush of their blood.

What weave you, what spin you,
What wonder win you,
You looms of desire?
Sin that is splendid,
Love that is shameless,
Life that is glory,
Life that is all.

The barking of little dogs in the night is more remembered than the shining of the stars;
Only those who watch for long may see the sun rise.
And they are mad ever after and go with blind eyes,
Nosing hungrily in the gutter for scraps that are thrown to the dogs;
Few heed their babblings.

"The Horses of Diomedes."
By Remy de Gourmont.
(Translated by C. Sartoris.)

XXI.—THOUGHTS.
Thoughts are made to be thought and not to be acted.

DEAREST DIO,
"You shall know the whole tragedy of my love.
"I was so free, so completely mistress of my acts that my Father never dared deny me the right to even one of my wishes. He let me go out, one evening, with you but he awaited my return, sad and suspicious, and told me his resolution to take me to Flowerbury the very next day. I knew. I was expecting that. Marriage, to a girl, is a second first communion, and nothing more; the act is the same, albeit less pure and, humanly, more significant; its consequences, all of a material order, are vulgar and traditional.

"Its mysteries could no longer move me; Lord Grouchy displayed a discreet satisfaction, such as at killing a wild goose or at tasting the joy which lost itself in my flesh, and our eyes would be of the same radiant hue.

"Await me. . . .

"Dio, it is now that I love you!
"I love you, Dio! You have made me so different from other women! I feel as if an eagle had swept on to the summit of a forest, amongst the leaves, in the house of the wind; it is there that I live and it is there that I think of you, whilst under the branches, which brush human heads, beings rejoice at the solidity of their limbs and the power of their backs. I, I lift myself to your brow and I explore the kingdom of your thoughts, and I realize your discourses by the beauty of my attitudes.

"I gave myself to you, to be worthy of you, and with so little love when doing it that I was perhaps Unseenly during the sacrifice. One must love to surrender oneself gracefully. But now, in this hour, filled with harmony, I would find the joy which lost itself in my flesh, and our eyes would be of the same radiant hue.

"Belle."
again be pale flowers on the blue carpet and I shall see you once more stretched out on my bed as an eternal statue laid on a tombstone. . . . I fear you no longer, I know that your love is but a desire to astonish me "by the beauty of your attitudes." And when your hazel eyes wish to smile, I shall be happy.

Diomedes went out, wanting to calm himself by an indifferent spectacle. In the Champs Elysees, he met Cyrene in her landau, with Elian and Flavie, pink checked and laughing. She was scolding them like lap dogs, and giving them sweets to eat.

Further on under the trees, Pascase and Christine were walking hastily with a somewhat vacant gaze: Diomedes thought he saw a violent man driving them away with a whip.

"Charming shadows !"

A carriage passed quickly in which a woman was weeping: he recognised Mauve, also Tanche who as he leant over her, seemed to be consoling; the weeping: he recognised Mauve, also Tanche who as the nun slipped past a Sister of Mercy who slipped away with a whip.

"Death of M. Cyran. . . . He was found dead, paint-brush in hand, at the feet of the lamb who seemed to watch over him. . . ."

In the midst of his grief, Diomedes mused: "The journalist has completed Cyran's sentence. To live, is to complete a sentence begun by another, the one begun by you, another will complete."

Then again: "I will adopt Lamb. According to Cyran's wish, I shall make a ram of him to perpetuate his race, without perpetuating the thought which corrupts the races and destroys the harmony of unity. Lamb is a being whose acts will always be pure, since their rhythm cannot be troubled by any scruple. It is the disturbing thought that makes evil, with all its temptations, its labyrinths, whence none can escape unless maimed in the struggle and fevered by intellectual anguish."

Cyran has died from having wished to write ideas on the walls of a chapel; the walls rejected the writing; spurned by the stone, the ideas like spears, have pierced Cyran's heart.
life to be born, is the resultant of tactile stimulation; the Word becomes flesh. It is a creative and destructive energy.

The inter-relationship between sound and sex is indicated by the breaking" or deepening of the voice at adolescence.

"Everything in nature has its name, and he who has the power to call a thing by its proper name can make it subservient to his will; for its proper name is not the arbitrary name given to it by man, but the expression of the totality of its powers and attributes, because the powers and attributes of each Being are intimately connected with its means of expression."

This is the word of Power, that with invocations and incantations produce changes in the worlds invisible.

Even the so-called arbitrary or Christian names of persons tend to represent types of temperaments. Tennyson had the faculty of naming to type.

The creative energy of sex has, therefore, a mysterious and special affinity with both touch and sound.

The men of pure science, and typically the eugenist, tend to regard sex as the seductive sweet of nature offered that man may multiply his kind. If we regard the Mystic marriage as the ultimate expression of the divinity of love, union, and not generation must be considered as its purport. It may be that in the vast of things these two are never apart, but even if that be so, it does not mean that one is subservient. In other words, love is not god but goal, or if we conceive it in any way as goal, it is only that the sting of imperfection is the goad to perfection.

Though universal union be the potential principle working itself out in the life of humanity, it has to be adapted to the evolutionary status. It must be recognized that the concentrated essence is also the poison; that a sudden access of electrical current may fuse conducing wires: and it is the same with the life of love. The seer in Shelley saw that which the sage in Shelley could not sociologically adapt, i.e., the universal nature of love, with its pan-sympathy, to its surrounding conditions. If universal union endeavoured to express itself in our present day not only in fraternity but free-love, would not the despairing cry of that Legend King be heard anew—"And all my realm reels back into the Beast?"

Mr. Carpenter speaks of love as being dread, and elsewhere as terrible; and if life is love then it is indeed terrible.

Our human affections convey little of the vast working of that world-reality identified with their principle. Our mortality is like a flower in a certain season, we are consumed before this great Nature that crowns us with the storm-crown of her awful love.

The constitution of Love is the reciprocal action of two motions. The outgoing motion is that already spoken of as power, glory, manifestation; the scattering of the seed. In the hard and bitter unripeness of the soul we know it as hate and war. The inward motion is the slavery of passion, loss, intimacy; in immaturity it expresses itself as cupidity, insulasion, theft, exclusiveness. Centrifugal hate, centripetal greed.

As it is the nature of imperfection to pass away, so the chemistry of lust and hate is cathartic.

In simple humanity cupidity and aversion alternate. Lust quickly passes into hatred and warfare for acquisition and defence, while the spirit of destruction appropriates and robs. Lust is a dual nature, it has for its potential principle, the universality of life, diluted or conditioned by the particularizing principle of selfishness. This latter is the surrounding setting of the one universal life, moderate to extreme lust, according to intensity into hatred the violence of the reaction stimulates its dormant power-principle, or potentiality, into momentary activity, and we get remorse.

So too when hatred has sufficiently debauched itself in plunder and cupidity, sooner or later arises the reaction of safety, the thirst for something better and bigger, the first sign that the life is outgrowing that crude form of expression. The fire of hatred is the effort of nature to smelt the alloy of selfishness out of lust. For selfishness is the sepulchre of the spirit, when the spirit is alienated, then it finds itself a counterpoise in the spirit. The spirit has its equivalent in outward exclusion and separation that become death and disappointment and division. Even the seemingly snow-white affection of humanity is subject to grief and calamity because it still has this proprietary strain within it. Human love is also hatred.

After love has passed through its crudest form of destruction and exclusion, the action and reaction become complementary rather than contingent. It is not then a matter of merely destroying and building, but a process of evaporation; or rather a transformation and accretion of the spirit, which in a certain connection gives us the process of exhalation, nutriment, excrement. But it is in the shrine of the heart of love itself that we must look for the wonderful wedding of the two principles in their perfect reciprocal action. In fact the two principles may be said to act simultaneously. The contraction of the cardiac walls is the forgoing of the vitalised blood, while the expansion of the heart is the reception of the vitiated stream. The diastole is not destruction but expansion, the systole is not the taking but the giving, it contracts not to approach but to move away from the soul, and its opening is the reception of the hospitality of Love that receives the exhaust current and fills it with renewed life.

The hand thrust out to strike has become the hand stretched forth to give, and the grasp of it becomes that embrace of the Beloved that is the very act of giving; the systolic outpouring.

The brain learns slowly the secret of the Heart. Only the Heart knows its own secret.

To begin to realise that the great illusions are the great teachers, is to commence to harness the tide of sexual illusion that sways men’s lives to and fro and dashes them to pieces on the rocks until the message of this mighty force has been heard, and the burden of it becomes the salutary word which crowns us with the storm-crown of her awful love. Aphrodite Pandamos is the earthly sister of Aphrodite Uranus, leading men through the glamour-lit darkness of her Kingdom into the Way, the Truth, and the Life.
For Tragedy is the deep night of that stupendous romance—the Romance of the Spirit.

Eve is the fruitful Mother of Man, and at his second birth he returns into her divinity, his moral nature vanishes and she is again Virgin, immaculate Mary.

Our long apprenticeship with the superficial cannot reveal life as love until our knowledge of life has so widened our knowledge of love as to show it at last sublime by the transfiguration of the terrible.

"The paths of glory lead but to the grave." Yet they are the outward and visible pictures of the inward and spiritual reality.

Shelley more truly says "Fame is love disguised." For it is his native glory, when as a warrior-bridegroom issuing from his chamber in the East he rejoices as a strong man to run a race.

When Love goes forth it is Morning and Power. He stays his course and it is the blinding noon of omniscience. His home-coming is the shadow of twilight, the intimacy of the bridal chamber, for intimacy is the dearest word of love, the benediction of true happiness.

Noontide is the serenity of knowledge that beholds the Truth, but at the centre there is the peace that passes understanding because it enters into the Truth itself, and is therefore the deepest wisdom, as Power raised to its highest degree is that absorption of opposition in which the spirit lays down arms in the throned presence of its own childhood: effortless strength. The intimacy of love is the ultimate expression of power and wisdom, the sceptre of the throned presence of its own childhood: effortless expression of power and wisdom, the sceptre of the throned presence of its own childhood; effortless opposition in which the spirit lays down arms in the throned presence of its own childhood: effortlessness, the intimacy of the bridal chamber, for intimacy is the dearest word of love, the benediction of true happiness.

The Tongue of Flame is the Heart of Love, turned from Earth and pointing to infinity. Power, wisdom, bliss, beauty, these are its attributes, the hints and revelations of that eternal being, the self-nourished Agni Konda—Love.

LEONARD A. COMPTON-RICKETT.

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.

By JAMES JOYCE.

A great fire, banked high and red, flamed in the grate and under the ivy-tuined branches of the chandelier the Christmas table was spread. They had come home a little late and still dinner was not ready; but they would be ready in a jiffy, his mother had said. They were waiting for the door to open and for the servants to come in, holding the big dishes covered with their heavy metal covers.

All were waiting: Uncle Charles, who sat far away in the shadow of the window, Dante and Mr. Casey, who sat in the easy-chairs at either side of the hearth, Stephen, seated on a chair between them, his feet resting on the toasted boss. Mr. Dedalus looked at himself in the pierglass above the mantelpiece, waxed out his moustache-ends, and then, parting his coat-tails, stood with his back to the glowing fire; and still from time to time he withdrew a hand from his coat-tail to wax out one of his moustache-ends. Mr. Casey leaned his head to one side and, smiling, tapped the gland of his neck with his fingers. And Stephen smiled too for he knew now that it was not true that Mr. Casey had a purse of silver in his throat. He smiled to think how the silvery noise which Mr. Casey used to make had deceived him. And when he had tried to open Mr. Casey's hand to see if the purse of silver was hidden there he had seen that the fingers could not be straightened out: and Mr. Casey had told him that he had got those three cramped fingers making a birthday present for Queen Victoria. Mr. Casey tapped the gland of his neck and smiled at Stephen with sleepy eyes: and Mr. Dedalus said to him:

"Yes. Well now, that's all right. O, we had a good walk, hadn't we, John? Yes . . . I wonder if there's any likelihood of dinner this evening. Yes . . . O, well now, we got a good breath of ozone round the Head to-day. Ay, bedad.

He turned to Dante and said:

"You didn't sit out at all, Mrs. Riordan? Dante frowned and said shortly:

"No.

Mr. Dedalus dropped his coat-tails and went over to the sideboard. He brought forth a great stone jar of whisky from the locker and filled the decanter slowly, bowing, don't you know, to see how much he had poured in. Then replacing the jar in the locker he poured a little of the whisky into two glasses, added a little water and came back with them to the fireplace.

"A thimbleful, John, he said, just to whet your appetite.

Mr. Casey took the glass, drank, and placed it near on the mantelpiece. Then he said:

"Well, I can't help thinking of our friend, Christopher manufacturing . . .

He broke into a fit of laughter and coughing and added:

"manufacturing that champagne for those fellows.

Mr. Dedalus laughed loudly.

"Is it Christy? he said. There's more cunning in one of those warts on his bald head than in a pack of jack foxes.

He inclined his head, closed his eyes, and, licking his lips profusely, began to speak with the voice of the hotel-keeper.

"And he has such a soft mouth when he's speaking to you, don't you know. He's very moist and watery about the dewlaps, God bless him.

Mr. Casey was still struggling through his fit of coughing and laughter. Stephen, seeing and hearing the hotel-keeper through his father's face and voice, laughed.

Mr. Dedalus put up his eyeglass and, staring down at him, said quietly and kindly:

"What are you laughing at, you little puppy, you?

The servants entered and placed the dishes on the table. Mrs. Dedalus followed and the places were arranged.

"Sit over, she said.

Mr. Dedalus went to the end of the table and said:

"Now, Mrs. Riordan, sit over. John, sit you down, my hearty.

He looked round to where Uncle Charles sat and said:

"Now then, sir, there's a bird here waiting for you.

When all had taken their seats he laid his hand on the cover and then said quickly, withdrawing it:

"No.

Stephen stood up in his place to say the grace before meals:

"Bless us, O Lord, and these Thy gifts which through Thy bounty we are about to receive through Christ our Lord. Amen.

All blessed themselves and Mr. Dedalus with a sigh of pleasure lifted from the dish the heavy cover peared around the edge with glistening drops.

Stephen looked at the plum turkey which had lain, trussed and skewered, on the kitchen table. He knew that his father had paid a guinea for it in Dunn's of D'Olier Street and that the man had
prodded it often at the breastbone to show how good it was: and he remembered the man's voice when he had said:

— Take that one, sir. That's the real Ally Daly.

Why did Mr. Barrett in Clongowes call his pandy-bat a turkey? But Clongowes was far away: and the warm heavy smell of turkey and ham and celery rose from the plates and dishes and the great fire was banked high and red in the grate and the green ivy and red holly made you feel so happy, and when dinner was ended the big plum-pudding would be carried in, studded with peeled almonds and sprigs of holly, and that big bird was running around it and a little green flag flying from the top.

It was his first Christmas dinner and he thought of his little brothers and sisters who were waiting in the nursery, as he had often waited, till the pudding came. The deep low collar and the Eton jacket made his mother had brought him down to the parlour, dressed for mass, his father had cried. That was because he was thinking of his own father. And Uncle Charles had said so too.

Mr. Dedalus covered the dish and began to eat hungrily. Then he said:

— Poor old Christy, he's nearly lapsed now with roguery.
— Simon, said Mrs. Dedalus, you haven't given Mrs. Riordan any sauce.

Mr. Dedalus seized the sauceboat.
— Haven't I? he cried. Mrs. Riordan, pity the poor blind.

Dante covered her plate with her hands and said:
— No, thanks.
— Mr. Dedalus turned to Uncle Charles.
— How are you off, sir?
— Right as the mail, Simon.
— You, John?
— I'm all right. Go on yourself.
— Mary? Here, Stephen, here's something to think I had better eat it myself because I'm not well in my health lately.

He winked at Stephen and, replacing the dish, he heaped up the food on Stephen's plate and set the boat again on the table. Then he asked Uncle Charles was it tender. Uncle Charles could not speak because his mouth was full but he nodded that it was.

That was a good answer our friend made to the carver. What? said Mr. Dedalus.
— I didn't think he had that much in him, said Mr. Casey.
— I'll pay you your dues, father, when you cease turning the house of God into a polling-booth.

Dante turned on her and said:
— Mr. Casey! Mr. Casey! said Mrs. Dedalus, let it end now.
— Too bad. Too bad! said Uncle Charles.
— What? cried Mr. Dedalus. Were we to desert him at the bidding of the English people?
— He was no longer worthy to lead, said Dante. He was a public sinner.
— We are all sinners and black sinners, said Mr. Casey coldly.
— Woe be to the man by whom the scandal cometh! said Mrs. Riordan. It would be better for him that a millstone were tied about his neck and that he were cast into the depths of the sea rather than that he should scandalise one of these, my least little ones. That is the language of the Holy Ghost.
— And very bad language if you ask me, said Mr. Dedalus coolly.
— Simon! Simon! said Uncle Charles. The boy.
— Yes, yes, said Mr. Dedalus. I meant about the . . . I was thinking about the bad language of that railway porter. Well now, that's all right. Here, Stephen, show me your plate, old chap. Eat away now. Here.

He heaped up the food on Stephen's plate and served Uncle Charles and Mr. Casey to large pieces of turkey and splashes of sauce. Mrs. Dedalus was eating little and Dante sat with her hands in her lap. She was red in the face. Mr. Dedalus rooted with the carvers at the end of the dish and said:
— There's a tasty bit here we call the pope's nose. If any lady or gentleman . . .

He held a piece of fowl up on the prong of the carving-fork. Nobody spoke. He put it on his own plate, saying:
— Well, you can't say but you were asked. I think I had better eat it myself because I'm not well in my health lately.

He winked at Stephen and, replacing the dish-cover, began to eat again.

There was a silence while he ate. Then he said:
— Well now, the day kept up fine after all. There were plenty of strangers down too.

Nobody spoke. He said again:
— I think there were more strangers down than last Christmas.

He looked round at the others whose faces were bent towards their plates and, receiving no reply, waited for a moment and said bitterly:
— Well, my Christmas dinner has been spoiled anyhow.

There would be neither luck nor grace, Dante said, in a house where there is no respect for the pastors of the church.

Mr. Dedalus threw his knife and fork noisily on his plate.
— Respect! he said. Is it for Billy with the lip or for the tub of guts up in Armagh? Respect! For Princes of the Church, said Mr. Casey with slow scorn.
— Lord Leitrim's coachman, yes, said Mr. Dedalus.

— We are the Lord's anointed, Dante said.

They are an honour to their country.
— Tub of guts, said Mr. Dedalus coarsely. He has a handsome face, mind you, in repose. You should see that fellow lapping up his bacon and cabbage of a cold winter's day. O Johnny!
March 2nd, 1914

THE EGOIST

He twisted his features into a grimace of heavy bestiality and made a lapping noise with his lips.
— Really, Simon, you should not speak that way before Stephen. It's not right.
— O, he'll remember all this when he grows up, said Dante hotly—the language he heard against God and religion and priests in his own home.
— Let him remember too, cried Mr. Casey to her from across the table, the language with which the priests and the priests' pawns broke Parnell's heart and hounded him into his grave. Let him remember that too when he grows up.
— Sons of bitches! cried Mr. Dedalus. When he was doing that, turned on him to betray him and rend him like rats in a sewer. Low-lived dogs! And they look it! By Christ, they look it!
— They behaved rightly, cried Dante. They obeyed their bishops and their priests. Honour to them!
— Well, it is perfectly dreadful to say that not even for one day in the year, said Mrs. Dedalus, can we be free from these dreadful disputes!
— Uncle Charles raised his hands mildly and said:
— Come now, come now, come now! Can we not have our opinions whatever they are without this bad temper and this bad language? It is too bad surely.
— Mrs. Dedalus spoke to Dante in a low voice but Dante said loudly:
— I will not say nothing, I will defend my church and my religion when it is insulted and spit on by renegades like Mr. Casey.
— Mr. Casey pushed his plate rudely into the middle of the table and, resting his elbow before him, said in a hoarse voice to his host:
— Tell me, did I tell you that story about a very famous spit?
— You did not, John, said Mr. Dedalus.
— Why then, said Mr. Casey, it is a most instructive story. It happened not long ago in the county Wicklow where we are now.
— He broke off and, turning towards Dante, said with quiet indignation:
— And I may tell you, ma'am, that I, if you mean me, am no renegade Catholic. I am a Catholic as my father was and his father before him and his father before him again when we gave up our lives rather than sell our faith.
— The more shame to you now, Dante said, to speak as you do.
— The story, John, said Mr. Dedalus smiling. Let us have the story anyhow.
— Catholic indeed! repeated Dante ironically. The blackest Protestant in the land would not speak the language I have heard this evening.
— Mr. Dedalus began to sway his head to and fro, crooning like a country singer.
— I am no Protestant, I tell you again, said Mr. Casey flushing.
— Mr. Dedalus, still crooning and swaying his head, began to sing in a grunting nasal tone:

O, come all you Roman Catholics
That never went to mass.

He took up his knife and fork again in good humour and set to eating, saying to Mr. Casey:
— Let us have the story, John. It will help us to digest.
— Stephen looked with affection at Mr. Casey's face which stared across the table over his joined hands. He liked to sit near him at the fire, looking up at his dark fierce face. But his dark eyes were never fierce and his slow voice was good to listen to. But why was he then against the priests? Because Dante must be right then. But he had heard his father say that she was a spoiled nun and that she had come out of the convent in the Alleghanies when her brother had given the money from the savages for the trinkets and the chainies. Perhaps that made her severe against Parnell. And she did not like him to play with Eileen because Eileen was a Protestant and when she was young she knew children that used to play with Protestants and the Protestants used to make fun of the litany of the Blessed Virgin, Tower of Ivory, they used to say, House of Gold! How could a woman be a tower of ivory or a house of gold? Who was right then? And he remembered the evening in the infirmary in Clongowes, the dark waters, the light at the pierhead and the moan of sorrow from the people when they had heard.

Eileen had long white hands. One evening when playing tig she had put her hands over his eyes: long and white and thin and cold and soft. That was the famous spit. That was the meaning of Tower of Ivory.
— The story is very short and sweet, Mr. Casey said. It was one day down in Arklow, a cold bitter day, not long before the Chief died. May God have mercy on him!
— He twisted his eyes wearily and paused. Mr. Dedalus took a bone from his plate and tore some meat from it with his teeth, saying:
— Before he was killed, you mean.
— Mr. Casey opened his eyes, sighed and went on:
— He was down in Arklow one day. We were down there at a meeting and after the meeting was over we had to make our way to the railway station through the crowd. Such booing and baying, man, you never heard. They called us the names in the world. Well there was one old lady, and a drunken old haridan, she was surely, that paid all her attention to me. She kept dancing along beside me in the mud bawling and screaming into my face: לפריז-האואן! The Paris Funds! Mr. Fox! Kitty O'Shea!
— And what did you do, John? asked Mr. Dedalus.
— I let her bawl away, said Mr. Casey. It was a cold day and to keep up my heart I had (saving your presence, ma'am) a quid of Tullamore in my mouth and sure I couldn't say a word in any case because my mouth was full of tobacco juice.
— Well, John?
— Well. I let her bawl away, to her heart's content, Kitty O'Shea and the rest of it till at last she called that lady a name that I won't sully this Christmas board nor your ears, ma'am, nor my own lips by repeating.
— He paused. Mr. Dedalus, lifting his head from the bone, asked:
— And what did you do, John?
— Do! said Mr. Casey. She stuck her ugly old face up at me when she said it and I had my mouth full of tobacco juice. I bent down to her and Phiz! says I to her like that.
— He turned aside and made the act of spitting.
— Phiz! says I to her like that, right into her eye. He clapped a hand to his eye and gave a hoarse scream of pain.
— O Jesus, Mary and Joseph! says she. I'm blinded! I'm blinded and drowned!
— He stopped in a fit of coughing and laughter, repeating:

I'm blinded entirely.
— Mr. Dedalus laughed loudly and lay back in his chair while Uncle Charles swayed his head to and fro.
— Dante looked terribly angry and repeated while they laughed:
— Very nice! Ha! Very nice!
— It was not nice about the spit in the woman's eye. But what was the name the woman had called Kitty O'Shea that Mr. Casey would not repeat? He thought of Mr. Casey walking through the crowds of people and making speeches from a wagonette. That was what he had been in prison for and he remembered that one night Sergeant O'Neill had come to the house and had stood in the hall, talking in a low voice with his father and chewing nervously at the chinstrap of his cap. And that night Mr.
Casey had not gone to Dublin by train but a car had come to the door and he had heard his father say something about the Cabbetreeley road.

He was for Ireland and Parnell and so was his father: and so was Dante too, for one night at the band on the esplanade she had hit a gentleman on his hat when the band played God save the Queen at the end.

Mr. Dedalus gave a snort of contempt.

— Ah. John, he said. It is true for them. We are an unfortunate priest-ridden race and always were and always will be till the end of the chapter.

Uncle Charles shook his head, saying:

— A bad business! A bad business!

Mr. Dedalus repeated:

— A priest-ridden God-forsaken race!

He pointed to the portrait of his grandfather on the wall to his right.

— Do you see that old chap up there, John? he said. He was a good Irishman when there was no money in the job. He was sentenced to death as a whiteboy. But he had a saying about our clerical friends, that he would never let one of them put his two feet under his mahogany.

Dante broke in angrily:

— If we are a priest-ridden race we ought to be proud of it! They are the apple of God's eye. Touch them not, says Christ, for they are the apple of My eye.

— And can we not love our country then? asked Mr. Casey. Are we not to follow the man that was born to lead us?

— A traitor to his country! replied Dante. A traitor, an adulterer! The priests were right to abandon him. The priests were always the true friends of Ireland.

— Were they, faith? said Mr. Casey.

He threw his fist on the table and, frowning angrily, protruded one finger after another.

— Didn't the bishops of Ireland betray us in the time of the union when Bishop Lanigan presented an address of loyalty to the Marquess of Cornwallis? Didn't the bishops and priests sell the aspirations of their country in 1829 in return for Catholic emancipation? Didn't they denounce the fenian movement or assertion of the will of an individual or of a group of individuals, in the direction of what these individuals themselves wish to do?

If this expression or assertion of will run counter to the will of others, the only question as to which side should dominate is the question as to which will or set of wills has the balance of power. This is all there is as to majorities. If those who have the balance of power find that those who have opposed them are growing in strength as to such opposition, should they not make use of the best means in their power to increase their own strength in the direction of carrying out their own will? And if in spite of all their efforts their opposers grow strong enough to dominate in their turn, do not these latter make law in this very domination that the original assertion of will must give way to?

If one individual should assert "no one shall bring liquor into my house," he makes a social law, in so far. If, finding himself unable to enforce this law alone, he induces others to make similar assertions and to join forces with him in the carrying out of his will and theirs, he establishes a social law. If there be in any city a sufficient number of persons who will say "no one shall bring liquor into this town"—is the larger expression of social will different from the smaller?

Now this is all that there is to law. This is its ultimate analysis—and law is thus seen to be simply the instinctive social expression of the will of an individual or of a group—and the individual who wishes to abrogate all law is simply trying to impose his will upon the social order in domination of those whose will demands law—simply making a law that there shall be no law but this law, abrogating all law. This expression of the will of human beings in the social order is all that there is then to making law,
and one form of such expression is just as much law as any other form.

As to the carrying out of law—this is simply a question of power through numbers. The whole history of social evolution is nothing but the history of such expression of social will, and of the establishment of laws to carry out such a will through social organisation.

This law is seen to be an integral part of social living, and consequently something that we will have always with us. Let us then set ourselves to the consideration of the quality of law, as to its fitness to foster life in the individual and in the race, realizing that the quality of law depends upon the evolution of our knowledge of scientific truth as to the two great principles of life—self-preservation and race-preservation.

A L I C E G R O F F.

THE NEW ART

To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM,

Ah! What a treasure you have in your recently discovered art critic.

What joy for us to awake from the artistic errors which have chained Europe since the 15th century! What joy for us to substitute the solemn and irrefutable Hulme for the not so solemn and irrefutable Titian and Raphael!

Let Plato and Herakleitos, to enjoy the vital pictures of Roger Fry and the geometric sardine-tins of Wyndham Lewis instead of venerated professors Titans and sympathetic Lenormandos, to burst into ecstasy before the ithyphallic creations of Epstein instead of standing in mute boredom before the insipid and barely artistic charades of Scopia and Piafka.

MADAM, I say, what joy for us!

We can admirably our young Picasso handles his theme! with what intimate expert knowledge of Hellenic literature and art! with what skill he traces the growth of Greek sculpture! with what unshaken share of Roman totems of 330 B.C. (found at Gnossos) down to the final degradation of the vicious age of Pericles!

How exquisitely the fallacy of the inter-dependence and artistic relation of Hellenic sculpture and drama is exposed! while as a representative of any period which is eminently aesthetic, pre-eminent devoted to beauty of form, of the naked human body, did not produce good sculpture but did write moderately v... very libero!

I repeat, Madam, I am lost in admiration for this young Daniel who plays with lions as if they were mice, who is "so terribly at ease upon Zon" that the blessed angels feel themselves un peu de trop.

Think; the whole culture, thought, life, customs, history, literature, and religion of our so-called "civilised" and "enlightened" Hellenic civilisation is now happily and adequately treated in three short paragraphs and wittily condensed to oblivion! Is this not the annus mirabilis? Is this not a new birth, a new life?

But, Madam, when you are dealing with any subject—be it ever so slight a matter as the cake-icing and plaster-of-Paris-Greek island of aWellesley!—the subject is this!—at least it is well to be explicit. It is well also to show even the most trusting reader that you know something of your subject. Of course, this subject is so admirable, I regret that he did not thoroughly shame every individual Greek sculptor, as well as braining them all with a synthesis. How comes it that he mentions no Hellenic sculptor save Praxiteles and no work of his by name? At least le Ruskin de nos jours might have analysed for us and pointed out the defects of Praxiteles' torse of Hermes at Olympia, his Faun in the Vatican, or the Eros. How is it that we hear nothing of the Praxiteles' torse of Hermes at Olympia, his Faun in the Vatican, or the Eros. How is it that we hear nothing of the Praxiteles' torse of Hermes at Olympia, his Faun in the Vatican, or the Eros. How is it that we hear nothing of the Praxiteles' torse of Hermes at Olympia, his Faun in the Vatican, or the Eros. How is it that we hear nothing of the Praxiteles' torse of Hermes at Olympia, his Faun in the Vatican, or the Eros.

In conclusion, allow me to quote a great artist, our own national Walter Crane to wit, from his essay entitled "Aspects of life and the sense of beauty" which strikes me as peculiarly relevant to this occasion: "Ladies and gentlemen of the jury of public opinion, perhaps I have said enough to support the case of beauty against modern social and economic conditions. If not, let me say that the realisation of such a case before you, a pathetic figure, obscured in shreds and patches, driven from pillar to post, disinherited, a casual, and obliged to himself to such little purpose. For even the maker of buttons has power to gather and give happiness without any self-regarding weakness of his own importance. An artist may, in fact, be the only person in the world to whom such a thing as art is a real thing at all."

M. C. (feminine gender)

THE IMPORTANCE OF ART.

To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM,

The subject of Mr. Huxley's article is so interesting that I hope he may be enabled to develop its practical aspects which are plainly hinted at in the early numbers. Taking it as a spiritual as his groundwork, he is the more likely to come to the conclusion of a great deal of art. If he began with a theory of the existence of art and of the possession of all his limbs and even his head—now happily recovered? Why are we not shown the intimate artistic sympathies which link up the " epoch-making " works of art? And why does not Mr. Pound so far descend from Zon as to sketch for us the different styles of the six great Hellenic sculptors and show us their respective " epoch-making " faults? For it cannot be that men who are as different in aim and temperament as, say, Scopas and Lyaioppos, are bad for precisely similar reasons. The reason why, contrary to all Hellenic sculptors, and show us their respective " epoch-making " faults? For it cannot be that men who are as different in aim and temperament as, say, Scopas and Lyaioppos, are bad for precisely similar reasons. The reason why, contrary to all Hellenic sculptors, and show us their respective " epoch-making " faults? For it cannot be that men who are as different in aim and temperament as, say, Scopas and Lyaioppos, are bad for precisely similar reasons. The reason why, contrary to all Hellenic sculptors, and show us their respective " epoch-making " faults? For it cannot be that men who are as different in aim and temperament as, say, Scopas and Lyaioppos, are bad for precisely similar reasons.

But I grow tedious and I perceive only too well that I lack that cosmic leaning which enables nottje Ruskin to deal so lightly with the quasi-immortals. But I have done set out to do; I have rejoiced at the coming of the Christ among critics, and I have dared to indicate the one faint shade of error in his otherwise apostolic utterances. That

James Guthrie.
THE PSYCHIC ORIGINS OF "MODERN ART.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM, I have carefully boiled down W. Garee's letter and have extracted the following grotesque argument. Art is unimportant in the lives of these women who are men, and that is why important to them. Therefore Art is important when it becomes a matter of living on a Birmingham button, civilised man lives.

MADAM, Your correspondent S. C, in his admirable letter in Feb. 15th issue, gave vent to many useful and welcome suggestions and facts.

He says, "It has been almost forgotten that the sexual needs of a woman are at least as great as those of a man." It has been almost forgotten that the sexual needs of a woman are at least as great as those of a man. Indeed, a man displays themselves more locally and are like rays of light passing through a well-focused lens, being gathered up into a smaller area, a smaller sphere. They, perhaps, for this reason make themselves more infinitely and insistently known to the subject, with more talkative and more touchy persons being nearer. The result of this is that their sexual sensations and desires take place in an area, and in either case ending up with venereal disease.

MR. CARTER'S REPLY.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM, Your correspondent, H. S. C, in his admirable letter in Feb. 16th issue, gave vent to many useful and welcome suggestions and facts.

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MARRIAGE.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

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H. S. C. says he doesn’t believe that there is a “normal woman who regards the sex act as the final pledge of her faith and her love.” We believe there are millions; a woman is trained to and taught to think from her youth upward, either by direct precept, or by indirect example, that it becomes second to instinct but overcoming it, her instinct wanting under this vile treatment.

The respondent is making a great error in likening syphilis to measles or any other contagious disease and suggesting we shall “outgrow” it, as we are outgrowing them, at one blow. It has been with us since the beginning of the world, and fame of Columbus, and the form it takes, and the toll it levies, is very slight if at all less than, say, a hundred years ago, duria has come to mind and seen and gone, and other contagious diseases have changed considerably. One cannot therefore look on with such equanimity and optimism as the prospect of long sequences of generations writhing in mixed fear and suffering of this disease. Nor do we like passivity in the face of such a task, as any morality in womanhood.

He says, “where prostitution is suppressed etc.—believe us, it will not, be, in some distant future—we know not how of its causes will be lost, and we lose all of coming due to a sense. And this good thing will not be done by legislators to any great extent. A glance through the world’s history will show legislation by church and state in every line on sex matters, and we venture to think that the sexual behaviour of the private, in private at any rate, remains much as it did at the very day of Christianity. But it is a great light and in sex matters as in most other things.

H. S. C. hopes someone will carry his discussion one step further than he has been able. He says “it might even be possible to exume the truth.” The truth is amongst us always to carry his discussion one step further than we have been able to do, or even to know it. We do not fear it, even as some of us know and shun lobster mayonnaise because our frumpish doctor warns us against it. There are in fact many points in common between physical and moral indigitation.

BRENNAN AND NOLL TRISTRAM FOREST.

THE HIDDEN SCOURE.

To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM,

I beg for a little room in your columns to say that I consider your article on the Chastity of Women one of the most prejudiced pronouncements that I have read in your journal. I emphatically say that in the matter of intolerance there is nothing more close between the races of thinkers and the sceptics. Because you detest Miss Pankhurst and all that she stands for, and because you are right—patient with the woman who pose as extra virtuous and pure because they haven’t got the same impulses you try, to say? Because our frumpish doctor warns us against it. There are in fact many points in common between physical and moral indigitation.

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To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM,

I wish to express an humble opinion on the sex question in opposition to that put forward by your able correspondent “H. S. C.” in the Feb. 16th issue of The Egoist. In the first place I have read that the ideal of the Catholic church is that the body loves very ardently, the sex-act is the highest gift one can bring to the loved one; but even then, is not to be poured forth in lavish extravagance; but rather to be used frugally as we use wine in the chalice of pious communicants. The sex-act is still the oftentimes the outcome of animal desire unallied to any soul-desire. Thus, the body offers a certain satisfaction to the individual. Prostitution must remain, until men cease to demand the satisfaction of animal desire, and until the body and soul. I am not denying that in many instances women are equally animal; but they possess powerful desires of love infinitely greater than a man’s. It is not a surprise, then, that I have not found the sex-act ceases. The vital powers of the body, the life-containing powers which are given out with the sex-act, are capable of being utilised for the benefit of the sex-act as the final pledge of her faith and her love.

With regard to your article I only wish to say that it is a trifle "high" occasionally. E. M. WATSON.

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THE USES OF RESTRAINT.

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