

THE EGOIST

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SIXPENCE.

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ANENT THE DECALOGUE.

II.

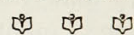
"LOVE ONE ANOTHER."

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

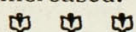
the mere ego; . . . it becomes clearly visible that, as compared with the strength of the mere man, something impossible is being demanded. *Therefore man must become something more than mere man.* . . . The original affirmation has become intolerable, but out of the negation has arisen a new affirmation. 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 routineer. 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

"great tragedies" known to men. Every "tragedy" has a "problem": playwrights spin their brains to shreds to concoct one: a new "problem" will win fame for any playwright: so anxious are men to enjoy the sensation of mock Terror: the so-called purgation through pity and horror. To understand the fascination of "Tragedy" it is necessary to realise that all Tragedy is melodrama, that is: actual living judged by a "concept" of living. It is worked by dint of an acceptance of the hoisting of a sky-scape, a canvas stretched across the mental heavens whereon is painted the moral scheme to which the herd below make effort to comport themselves. The "tragedy" is achieved by concentrating attention on the movements of those who being the least herdlike venture to ignore the sky-scape in order to follow their own bent for experience, thereby inviting the onslaughts of the terror-stricken herd. If the playwright can make it look feasible for the "hero" himself to participate in the herd's horror at his "sacrilege" the chances of success are heightened, the "heinous" effect of the situation upon which the "Terror" of the tragedy depends thereby having been increased.



The effect of tragedy on an appreciative audience appears to be a subconscious one. Of a certainty its effect is not what Aristotle said was the function of these representations of woes of heroes—"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 mesh of "thoughts" 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 fearsome and strange, obvious and harmless. Those most swayed by concepts relish "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 in so garish a light the nature of "morals" is the subtlest sapping of the framework it is built on: which 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 for instance cannot be friendly towards drama: half-tones are among the foremost of the churches' exigences. 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 poignant note into the epithet "immoral." To be "immoral" is to be on precisely the same level as the unconventional and the unfashionable: that and no more.

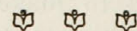


Although "morals," i.e. the collective term applied to automatised action, are based on the all-too-commonly observable phenomenon that the actions of herds at a given time run to one pattern,

in the course of time it is a patent fact that certain influences acting on the herds tend to change the pattern. "Fashions" give the best illustration of how "morals" change. When crinolines for instance are "in," all women wear crinolines; when they are "out," to wear a crinoline would be a mild scandal, but something else is "in," and all women like sheep are approximating to that. So with "morals." They change but when they do the herd changes with them as by a common impulse. It is therefore only on account of the little extravagances of the rhetoricians—who will do many things to come by a good-sounding mouthful—that we hear talk of "the changeless law of morality." Morals are fashions in conduct that are constantly changing: but change as they will they will find their faithful attendant crowd of timorous and ineffectuals. The strong and alert are never moral: when they appear upon occasion to be so, it is by mere coincidence. It is the realisation of this fact that they are catering only for the needs of the feeble which puts zest into the ambitions of great "founders," "leaders," "teachers." They can lay down precepts fit for followers with easy minds because it is only the born followers that will follow. So each new "leader" has his "precept" for the guidance of the faithful: the "pattern" according to which they must work. Each "New Dispensation" has its "law," and it would be a pity to leave the precepts of the decalogue without turning over the commandment of the newer dispensation which in a curiously odd way has worked itself haphazard in and among the pattern of the older which still verbally holds good.

The commandment "Love one another" is an advance in subtlety as compared with the injunctions it was intended to supersede. It is an attempt to establish an intra-conscious police in the shape of Conscience. It is what the Webbs for instance would call a move in the direction of "efficiency in administration," 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" was received 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" only mildly, we control each other in the realms of marrying, being born, housed, clothed, educated, fed and similar minor matters only. When all "Love one another" with zeal our inter-neighbourly control will begin to show something of what it can be.)

It is therefore quite clear what motives of economy would operate in the point of view of "Authority" in substituting "compulsory love" for "compulsory circumspect behaviour" such as the decalogue enjoins. If only universal "loving" could be made the fashionable habit, the supreme "moral," how easy the work of "leaders" would be. When individuals love one another how easily they work together: how they appear successful in overcoming the otherwise unmanageable ego. Then why not make love among the herd compulsory: and hey presto: the New Dispensation: the Christian era.



How grotesque a failure and how offensive, the pose of "love according to conscience" has been no one need pause to state with the history of two thousand years written before them. Of all the attitudes which men have struck in emulation of painted canvases which have been stretched across the heavens for their guidance, none has given such good cause for individualist contempt as this. As long as conceptualists in the interest of their large concepts press only *thoughts* into service, the strain is little felt. But "love" is not a thought. It is worth while, in face of revivalist efforts

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 emotional needs which have made their 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 amenable 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 that the explanation is the reverse of the current one, i.e. that love 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 a sort of hutch which is half 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 that is against either growing up or growing 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 new 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 browbeating 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 stand 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 the morally-bound individuals are seeking a refuge free from the attitudes which make them grown-up. Because they cannot appear what but for fear and a brow-beating education they would be: i.e.

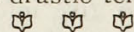
unashamedly children, they have tried to build a refuge in "love." The tenderness of love or friendship (they are in fact the same thing) are the instinctive means which we seek for ourselves and offer to others, to enable us, in one relation at least to be unashamedly ourselves, very little removed from new-born children. This is the reason why the efforts of those of the "love-cult" to "ennoble" love appear—and appear so particularly to the quite ordinary conventional person—so irredeemably damned. To introduce an attitude into a relation whose very existence is a revolt against attitudes is to snatch from the conventional what is literally his one means of salvation, and that none 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 "himself," 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 flickered 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, the churchmen or such moralists as the feminine theorists 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, willy nilly, 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 "principle of taste"—a principle which is no principle. It is living according to personal desire: life according to whim: life without principle: the essentially immoral life.

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

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 be despised by any save those who act in confident 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 and any whose only weapon it is might as well 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 relationship: and by so doing neutralise the verbiage of orators who rely for their rhythm and sonorousness as well as their innocuous effects upon enlargements

concerning any or all of 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.



The South African deportees 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 have drawn it up in an exceedingly pleasant tone: which is no small consideration considering the amount of scolding which is now going on. Everybody is scolding. The journalistic atmosphere indeed is that of the household where the mother of a densely-populated family is engaged in the weekly wash: and the perfectly apposite resolution anent the South African labour incidents would have cleared the atmosphere and toned the temper. Of course it may yet be forthcoming. Intelligence

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 add cunning to force in suppressing a feeble enemy ; 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 ;

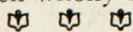
(3) That it can congratulate the South African people that in their case there is no need to add to their shame in being governed, the offensive shame of being governed by fools ; that in General Smuts, who affirms frankly to an astonished world that the means which keeps men free is the necessary force to defend whatever state or condition it pleases any whatsoever 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 long fostered in the belief that 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 when 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 confrères—the deported nine," we shall probably wake up on Monday morning to find the report of Mr. Arthur Henderson's resolution running, "as for our exiled confrères, we offer them our sympathy in their discomfiture (temporary, let us hope) and in the rude and sudden separation 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 been treated by men of valour and comprehension 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 crows 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 confrères will not by foolish disclaimers as to preparedness for armed rebellion and the like continue to give 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."

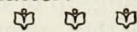


With something like the foregoing as text, printed and handed round on small bills, Mr. Macdonald, Mr. Henderson and the entire official Labour Party might be allowed to slobber for hours without any pernicious effects : indeed Hyde Park during the week-end might be the scene for a very Profitable and 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

Ebenezer 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 living exponent of Anarchism and hitherto an unwearying 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 so we must manage to put up with 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 *one* particular *view of order* supported by 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 with the consent 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. (We do 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 Anarchism 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 has in our opinion no claims at all that are not embedded in a hundred confusions to the label of Anarchism. We should call it rather 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 is 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, Hangsmen 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 hope) 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 plaything of cranks and discussionists. For it will be found that such persons mean, as far as their elementary muddle-headedness permits them to mean anything, to substitute for the obvious repressive agency represented by Arms and the State, the subtler and far more perniciously repressive agency of Conscience with its windy words and ideas. The sum total of the matter amounts to this: We are all Archists: we believe in Rule. The question which divides us is: "*Whose Rule shall say it is?*" The reply is a matter of frankness or discretion. Which-ever we select by name, in actual fact it remains our own rule: our own view of which "order" should prevail modified by a knowledge of our 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 accepting the State, men are submitted 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 as Conscience. It is the pull of a set of "allowed" claims which are called duties, the disallowing of which claims are Sin. But the "Archism" is there all the same. The readiness to accept the weight of "Sin" and "Duty" is merely the outcome of an unreadiness—a dislike for self-responsibility. And the clerico-libertarians, let them call themselves by what name they will, possess in reality this kind of temper. They will not openly confess an approval of the will to satisfy the wants of the "selfish" self. They will allow the self to "rule" but it must first *change itself*. It must nominally be a regenerate, dedicated-to-a-system sort of self. Like Eucken's man which is to be more than a man: the libertarian's self must be a self with the universe tacked on: and the "claims" of the universe must be attended to first. Now when we say that we believe the satisfaction of individual wants is the only "authority" we "respect" we mean the wants of the ordinary person: of any unregenerate Tom, Dick, or Sue. Not what after much argument someone persuades them they want: which finally they will agree they do but will still look as though they don't, but vulgar simple satisfaction according to taste—a tub for Diogenes: a continent for Napoleon: control of a Trust for a Rockefeller: all that I desire for me: *if we can get them*. Our wants are entirely matters of taste: and our tastes are bounded by our comprehension and awareness. We may be fools and gross beasts but nothing is gained by putting us to intellectual strain: making us attitudinising hypocrites. Our illness is that we are dull-witted and stupid without the power which feels things. Then give the penetrative power its chance to grow: wriggle and strain itself into comprehension: when it can, it *will*: and when it *can* is soon enough. The exact tale of the wriggling and straining when it has found a voice is what one means by being "true" and "honest."



So "Egoist and Archist" let it be. There is—or we imagine it so—a sarcastic ring in our correspondent's comment, "a combination which has already figured largely in the world's history." The sarcasm is unfortunately wasted. If the combination *has* figured largely, it is apparent at least that it is one which will "work": and that is—according to the pragmatists—mainly what matters. The appeal which would have us turn a cold eye on the evidence as to what things succeed in this world wears thin at

length. The time has arrived (it is we who say it) when worldly evidence as to what motives do actually work the springs of men's actions should be impartially examined. The evidence in a "cultured" community would no doubt be distasteful, but it is almost sure to be useful. The evidence might be treated, should we say, distantly but honestly as an analyst might treat sewage. In the process one might arrive at the reason why the libertarian, humanitarian idealist cure-alls won't go down: the reason why they won't and knowledge of what will. It will become clear that by their present hopes those that have nothing are deceiving themselves: and that those who know how things are got are quite willing they should remain deceived.

"The World is a bundle of hay,
Mankind are the asses who pull."

Byron knew so much more of the nature of "temper" than the author of "*Das Kapital*"! 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 or unable to pull. 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.,

a

COURSE OF LECTURES

on

"Biology in Relation to Education."

MISS HOSKYNs-ABRAHALL has had large experience in teaching—not only with girls in their teens, but with very young children. Her conviction that the Education of the young ought to correspond directly and closely with their physical development, goes back to a time before the introduction of the schemes of health training which now prevail so widely; her advice was asked and followed in the drawing up of important and effective Memorandum for Reform in this direction issued some years ago. In her view the development of the child may be illustrated, errors guarded against and many wholesome suggestions supplied by a careful study and application of the principles of growth throughout all things. Much of this she has made public already both by writing and lectures delivered to teachers and others at many centres.

During the last few years she has set herself to research in fields which modern education and scientific workers have as yet hardly touched, and the results, while they confirm what she has already urged, open up a good many prospects. Some of the results obtained are to form part of the subject matter in the course of Lectures to be delivered at Crosby Hall this spring.

LECTURE I.—Persona, the Mask. Multiple Personality. 'Normal' Sense Perception. Ancient Therapeutics. Value of Character.

LECTURE II.—Psyche, the Soul. Intuition. 'Abnormal' Sense Perception. Insanity. Importance of the Ideal.

LECTURE III.—Mors Janua Vitæ. Death as New Life. Sleep. Trance. Ancient Views of Death. The Spiritual, the aim of Education.

Admission—The Course—Reserved Seats, One Guinea; Unreserved Seats, 10/6; Teachers 5/- Transferable.

For tickets taken before March 13, apply to Herbert Flack, Stationer, 315, King's Road, Chelsea, S.W., or to Miss B. K. Taylor, 98, Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, S. W.

Two Dialogues of Lucian.

I.

HERMES AND APOLLO.

Her. Why so glum, Apollo?

Ap. Because, O Hermes, I am unlucky in love affairs.

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

Ap. No; now I am mourning for my lover, the Spartan boy, Oibalos' son.

Her. Tell me, Hyacinthus is not dead?

Ap. Yes.

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

Ap. I did it.

Her. You! Were you mad drunk?

Ap. No, it happened against my will.

Her. But how? I should like to hear.

Ap. He was learning discus-throwing and I was practising with him. Zephyros, that murderer among winds, also loved the boy, and, being disdained, could not endure the slight. And as I threw the discus into the air Zephyros blew hard from Taygetus, carried the discus away, and hurled it on the boy's head so that the blood gushed from the wound and Hyacinth fell dead. I shot at Zephyros with my arrows in revenge and pursued him to the mountains. I built up a tomb to the lad at Amyclæ, where the discus struck him down. And from the blood I made the earth send forth a flower, the sweetest, Hermes, and the most rich-flowering of blossoms; and it has letters upon it which bewails his death.

Now do you think I am unreasonably sad?

Her. Yes, truly, my Apollo; for you know that you made him die a lover, and not from sorrow.

II.

PAN AND HERMES.

Pan. Hail! father Hermes.

Her. Hail thou. And since when have I been your father?

Pan. Are you not Kullenian Hermes?

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

Pan. I am one begotten in adultery, and now that I am born you disown me.

Her. By Zeus! some she-goat has committed adultery with a Billy-goat then. But how can you be mine with those horns and such a nose, with a tangled beard, goatish cloven-hoofs and crooked legs and a tail over your buttocks?

Pan. Father, you should not jeer at me, your own son, and make me a reproach; I, who am guiltless, should rather curse you for begetting such a child.

Her. Well, well. Who do you say is your mother? Or have I unawares committed adultery with a she-goat?

Pan. 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 Icarius.

Her. But did she not beget you with a he-goat before I came along?

Pan. I will give you her own words, for when she sent me into Arcadia, she said, "O son, I am your mother, I Penelope of Sparta, and your father is Hermes, son of Zeus and Maia. And do not feel ashamed of your horns and goat-legs, because your father lay with me in the likeness of a goat, to avoid suspicion, and so you were born with a goat's form."

Her. By Zeus, I remember it now! But I, who love beauty, I, who am yet beardless, shall I be called your father and be laughed at by everyone for my fine child-begetting?

Pan. Do not be ashamed, father; I am musical and I play very beautifully on the reed-pipe. Dionysios can do nothing without me, and he has made me his comrade and one of his revellers, and I lead the choros with him; and if you would see my cattle, they are all those between Tegea and Parthenia. I rule over all Arcadia. And recently I was the best of those who fought with the Athenians at Marathon, and therefore the best cave under the acropolis was voted to me.

Her. Tell me, Pan, are you married yet? I should think you would be much sought after.

Pan. No, father; I am very amorous, and I should not like to be bound to one woman.

Her. Then obviously you have to be content with she-goats.

Pan. You are scoffing again; but I mingle with Echo and with Pitys and with all the Mænads of Dionysios and I am very much desired by them.

Her. Do you know what would most gratify me, my boy?

Pan. Tell me, father; I should like to know.

Her. Come here and embrace me; look upon your father and call me by no other name.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Some Notes on the Drawings of Andre Rouveyre.*

IN his atrocious exposure of woman in her erotic moods ("Le Gynécée," 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 Gynécée" 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 *Caricatures Théâtrales* (Editions, Albin Michel).

La Comédie Française (Editions Albin Michel).

Carcasses Divines (Editions du Mercure de France).

Le Gynécée (ditto).

Phèdre (ditto).

Mort de l'Amour (ditto).

Visages des Contemporains (ditto).

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.

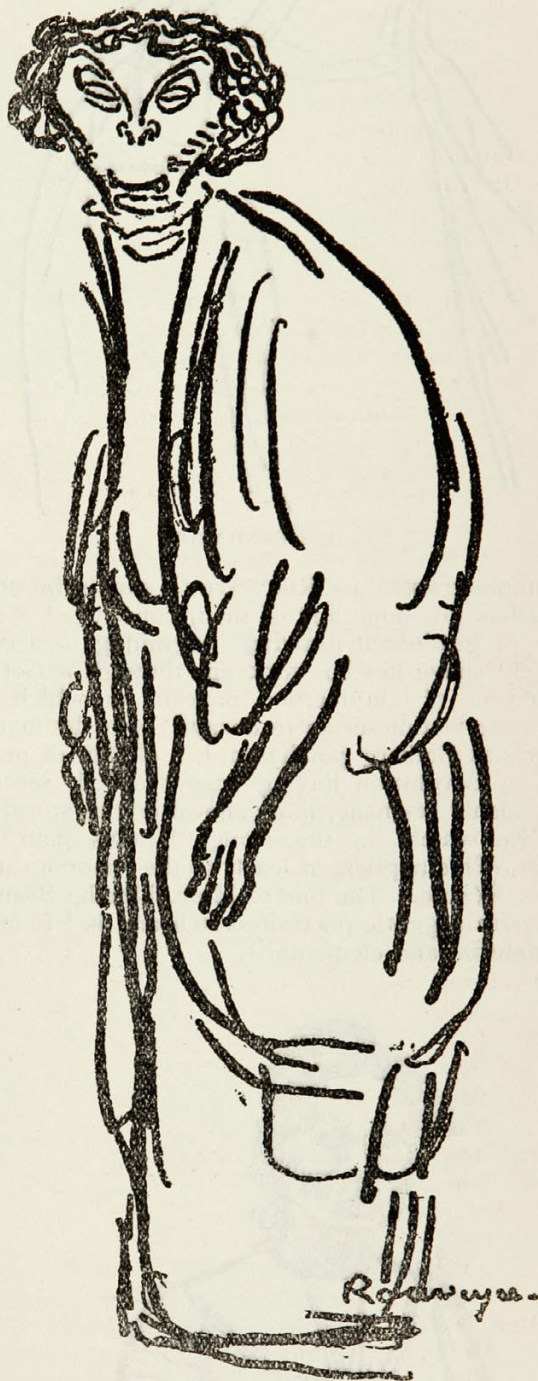
Rouveyre's drawings have nothing in common with ART, though they may be considered an art in themselves. Art, being occupied with form, renders the motions of the soul through attitude. Sometimes—as in Rodin—it seeks to render physical mobility itself. Caricature is occupied with—caricature, that is, 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.)



* MADLLE. GABY DESLYS.

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.

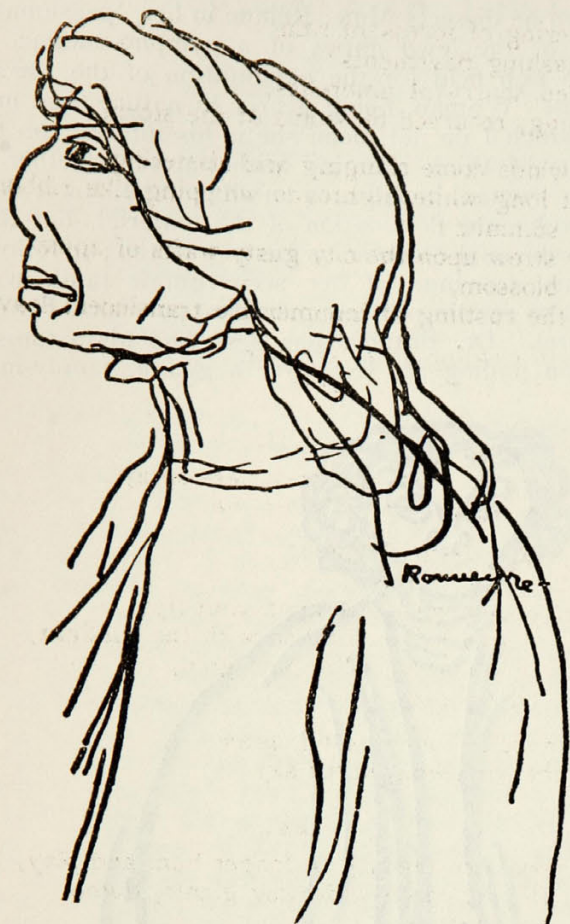
When he dissects Mme. Réjane in her “passionate” parts, or the lewd antics of a nympho-maniac, he finds a rich field for the exploitation of the *spiritus animalis*. Woman, being nearer to nature than man—by which I do not mean she is his inferior, on the contrary, I think intimacy with nature, whether 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. Brandès has described his astonishment on finding M. Rouveyre a gentle, family-man



* MADAME SIMONE.

with a predilection for his domestic hearth and the society of a charming wife and children! From the drawings he had seen he had, somewhat excusably, imagined Rouveyre to be a fierce misogynist.

Personally I question whether Rouveyre realises the horror of his work. He has no conventional ideas on beauty and is, perhaps, insensible to linear, static beauty, consequently to ugliness also. In his opinion nature is, probably, simply nature, deprived of either beauty or ugliness, to him mere words or concepts. To most of us “Le Gynécée” would seem to be a savage indictment of the “eternal feminine,” contemptuous of it like the views of a German philosopher. M. Rouveyre, I remember, appeared to be almost surprised that Mme. Réjane had taken offence at his “monograph” of her.

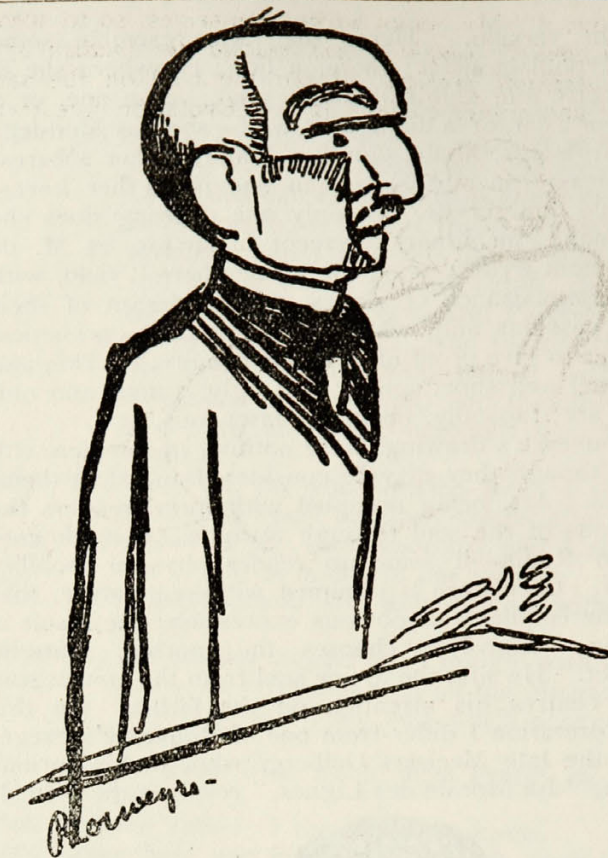


* SARAH BERNHARDT.

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 ungoverned 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. Réjane. The one of Mme. Marthe Brandès begins with a gentle portrait-sketch and is left at its most material and elemental.)



* MME. PIERRE CURIE.



* HENRI BERGSON.

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 *enfant 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.

MURIEL CIOLOKOWSKA.

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 *Intransigeant* 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."

These drawings are reproduced with acknowledgments to the publishers of the works in which they appear.

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 ecstasies, 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 unflecked wall.

XXXII.

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.

XXXIV.

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

EPILOGUE.

To Skipwith Cannell.

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.

"Flowerbury Manor, Saturday.

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 pureness of some old brandy of France, discovered amidst the dust of the cellars. He confided in me sufficiently to unveil his tastes; he is not hypocritical, he desires a male heir of his flesh and blood. May God satisfy him; truth is that which one believes—according to your precepts, Diomedes,—but I, I shall read the soul of the father in the eyes of the son.

"You remember, my friend, the letter that you were not capable of reading even through the envelope. Re-read it. It will seem clear to you, now, if you see, at the word lover, that, from that time on, I should consider myself as married. A purely legal operation, and the most usual formula for the transmission of property; a social custom of which I only suffered the shadow, smiling! I smiled at cheating society, the world and all the dupes of the game; I smile at you from over the seas, my exquisite accomplice!

"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 up 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 unseemly 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.

"Await me. . . .

"Belle."

A letter interrupted by the return of the hounds, mused Diomedes, coldly. But I did not anticipate such poetical enthusiasm. It no longer interests me. Where falsehood has passed, I will not tread. There are fresh grasses. I will go beside the stream, in the field, amongst the flowering rushes, and I will strip the reeds to see the whiteness of their pith shiver between my fingers. I shall love genuine souls, unconstrained, verdant and innocent as are the rushes of the fields. . . .

I was mistaken. One cannot say anything in this life that does not fall into blundering ears, and beings hasten to travesty your thoughts into acts. Thoughts are made to be thought and not to be acted. Action thou—art not the sister, thou art the daughter of the dream, its ridiculous and mis-shapen daughter. Action, abstain from listening outside the doors of the brain, find in thyself, if thou art capable thereof, thy motive and thy justification.

Be barren O! Thought! Do not release until dried by irony, thy pestilential grains. Be a manure but not a seed. However if the dung heap should blossom, resign thyself to poisoning the world. Thy perfume will carry women to the sphere of the blood-stained males, and thy beauty will smile in the locks which are adorned for lust. One must be silent. As soon as the mouth is opened, arrows fly, burst forth carrying words, penetrate the limbs forcing them into movement. Thought writhes in dances and gestures; it lies to itself, it denies itself in becoming a principle of strength, that is to say, unconscious and stupid. The chance priest was right: stupidity is one of the forms of intelligence; it is intelligence become act: it is the phrase of Beethoven become the hand evoking an obscene gesture; it is the idea of the liberty of the sexes become the motive of turpitude.

All idea which realizes itself, realizes itself ugly or null. One must separate the two domains: instinct shall guide acts, and thought, liberated from the dread of base deformations, will bloom free and alone, following the vast beauty of its unlimited nature.

The thought should not be acted; the act should not be thought.

When I think my actions, I despise them still more; isolated in their own groove, they would perhaps be innocent as thoughts are innocent. Some acts, very few! none of mine, can, like white lambs, enter the close of innocent thoughts. . . .

How vulgar Néo was! "I realise your discourses by the beauty of my attitudes." Oh! stupidity! Néo, you realised the discourses which penetrated your ears and not those which came from my lips.

"Exquisite accomplice!" That is better and it is true. I shall answer her. Can I abuse a woman because she forgot to elucidate an obscure moment of the metaphysics of ideas? Exquisite accomplice you shall come here again, your bare feet shall

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 Elysées, he met Cyrène in her landau, with Elian and Flavie, pink cheeked 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 carriage brushed past a Sister of Mercy who slipped in moving back. Diomedes held out his hands, but the nun rose alone, straightened her veils and, without any expression passing over her waxlike, harsh, flat, dejected face, said, looking at the already distant carriage and sniffing like some animal: "I can smell death."

She elbowed her way through the crowd.

— Let the good Sister of Mercy pass, said a priest bowing to the nun who disappeared, followed by fearing eyes.

— You will see her again, resumed l'abbé Quentin, addressing Diomedes. But fear her, she is an omen.

At the café, waiting for Cyran, Diomedes read the last dispatches in the evening papers:

"Jerusalem, midday.—Have registered at the hotel of the Golgotha. . . ."

"Another idea which realised itself badly, or an act mis-shapen by thought to such an extent that even a priest knows its history no longer. . . ."

. . . . Golgotha: the Countess Ephrem de Sina"

Further:

"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, but the one begun by you, another will complete. And thus it goes on towards the infinite, following a curve whose beauty we do not fully comprehend"

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 distorting thought that makes evil, with all its temptations, its labyrinths, whence none can escape unless maimed in the struggle and fevered by intellectual arguish."

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.

Be cursed, O Thought! creator of all things, but deadly creator, clumsy mother who hast never given birth save to beings whose shoulders are the step-ladder of chance and whose eyes are the laughing-stock of life."

THE END.

Agni Konda.*

"There are four Manias," says Plato, "the musical, teletic or mystic, the prophetic, and that which belongs to love. The enthusiasm of love leads the soul back to its first divinity and happiness."

Gilbert Murray in his introduction of "Œdipus Rex" has pointed out that the Greek Myth upon which Sophocles constructed his Tragedy in which Œdipus, the King, marries his mother, Jocasta, has for one of its meanings the relationship which Man enters into with Nature. He says: "Mythologists tell us that Œdipus was originally a dæmon haunting Mount Kithairon, and Jocasta a form of that Earth-Mother who, as Æschylus puts it, 'bringeth all things to being, and when she hath reared them receiveth again their seed into her body! That stage lies very far behind the consciousness of Sophocles.'"

Take another Myth with a like message, Sleeping Beauty. Who is Sleeping Beauty? The Spirit of Nature that is ever virgin; for we may say conversely, it is the nature of spirit to be soiless and ageless; the princess Nature, daughter of a King, who though alive seems unconscious. She who is the fruitful Mother returns to the first freshness of her estate and becomes the Virgin bride.

The secret of ecstasy is for the hero. In love there is always the ring of fire or the quickset hedge, and each human spirit must end the century of dream that has fallen on so royal a palace.

Earth renders not her bosom but to her long-tried lover; hard indeed to win; a hero-loving goddess. To the babe will she give her breast tenderly as Nature-Mother, but disrobes not her divinity to childhood.

The necessity for perfection in the Divine Spirit becomes the "high sexual pride" of maidenhood, that demands a worthy wooer.

"The hero is not fed on sweets,
Daily his own heart he eats."

The ambition of the Many, however, leads them to another diet. They stomach what seems the vast vanity of life for the sprinkle of pleasure. The challenge of pain, the insolence of misery insults them not, for they are yet the children of the hours, soon forgetting their tears; plucking the wayside blossoms, while their dance is the dance of shadows.

Men go to the country for golf, not God, and so the Princess slumbers on, to one day stir at the thrill of her lover's lips, and waking in her bridal hour, greet the Hero, Man, from his Promethean martyrdom. Virginité and Valour are of kin.

The "drama of self-conquest" is the secret of the glory of battle, as it is the divine love that sheds on Manhood the grandeur of Apollo, and on Womanhood the gracious loveliness of her archetypal Aphrodite.

Yet while the principle of union in the physical and spiritual worlds is related to Touch, the active generative principle in the spiritual world is Sound.

"In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God"—and the Apostle to make it quite clear goes on to say—"and the Word was God." Creation opens with a voice: "Let there be light," so too the Builder of Form was also recognised as the Liberator from the Form: "He uttered His voice and the Earth melted." Touch is the connecting, home-coming principle, Sound is that which goes forth.

"The World was made with seven peals of laughter."

The geometric patterns of dust that arrange themselves in response to musical notes illustrate this formative power of sound in the physical world.

But the vital and chemical changes necessary for

* Sacred Fire.

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 and salvation 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 goad but goal, or if we conceive it in any way as goad, 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 remembered that the concentrated essence is also the poison; that a sudden access of electrical current may fuse conducting 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 afresh—"And all my realm reels back into the Beast"?

The reason for this lies in the fact that love and hate in their earliest beginnings not only pass into one another but are interwoven. The humblest beginning of love is scarce distinguishable from its opposite, while the sexual passion in Man as well as beast, is bellicose. Among people of refinement and culture you will hear their regard for one person expressed in terms of dislike for another, especially where sex-life is affected.

Until the alchemical separation of love and hate is well-nigh complete, to evoke the essential power of love would be to call down consuming fire from Heaven. It is the function of human life and death to make this separation, refining in the lustral pyre of the passions all that has base alloy—

"Still Love and Death, veiled figures, hand in hand,
Move o'er men's heads, dread irresistible,
To ope the portals of that other land
Where the great Voices sound and Visions
dwell."‡

* "The Human Chord," by Algernon Blackwood.

† The general underlying principle of power language is that every object has its own rate of vibration, whether it be the heavy matter of flesh or the impalpable substance of thought. The name that commands a thing is the note that is the resultant of the varying vibrations of the form. A note of such a nature is the name that called it into being.

‡ "The Drama of Love and Death." Ed. Carpenter.

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 the flame, 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 indrawing motion is harvest, embracement, bliss, intimacy; in immaturity it expresses itself as cupidity, insulation, 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 love, diluted or conditioned by the particularizing principle of selfishness. This latter is the surround or setting of alloy. When lust passes with a certain 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 satiety, 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 surrounding, and this deathlike exclusive condition of the spirit has its equivalent in outer 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 favouritism.

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, the thrust and intake of the piston turn the wheel of life and such a stage corresponds to inhalation, 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 forthgoing 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 appropriate but to pour forth, and its opening is the hospitality of Love that receives the exhausted 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 embracement 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 impulsion 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 its missive word of union been delivered to the souls of men. 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 sword, the crowned child.

Outgoing, resting, incoming we say, but to separate into succession is to commit the deepest sin against Love, for it is to divorce him from his true nature, whose motions are aspects.

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-twined branches of the chandelier the Christmas table was spread. They had come home a little late and still dinner was not ready: but it 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 stir 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, bending now and then 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 him 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:

— Now, Stephen.

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 pearled around the edge with glistening drops.

Stephen looked at the plump 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 pandybat 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, with bluish fire 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 him feel queer and oldish : and that morning when 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 lopsided 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 make your hair curl.

He poured sauce freely over 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 canon. 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.*

— A nice answer, said Dante, for any man calling himself a Catholic to give to his priest.

— They have only themselves to blame, said Mr. Dedalus suavely. If they took a fool's advice they would confine their attention to religion.

— It is religion, Dante said. They are doing their duty in warning the people.

— We go to the house of God, Mr. Casey said, in all humility to pray to our Maker and not to hear election addresses.

— It is religion, Dante said again. They are right. They must direct their flocks.

— And preach politics from the altar, is it? asked Mr. Dedalus.

— Certainly, said Dante. It is a question of public morality. A priest would not be a priest if he did not tell his flock what is right and what is wrong.

Mrs. Dedalus laid down her knife and fork, saying :

— For pity sake and for pity sake let us have no political discussion on this day of all days in the year.

— Quite right, ma'am, said Uncle Charles. Now Simon, that's quite enough now. Not another word now.

— Yes, yes, said Mr. Dedalus quickly.

He uncovered the dish boldly and said :

— Now then, who's for more turkey?

Nobody answered. Dante said :

— Nice language for any Catholic to use!

— Mrs. Riordan, I appeal to you, said Mrs. Dedalus, to let the matter drop now.

Dante turned on her and said :

— And am I to sit here and listen to the pastors of my church being flouted?

— Nobody is saying a word against them, said Mr. Dedalus, so long as they don't meddle in politics.

— The bishops and priests of Ireland have spoken, said Dante, and they must be obeyed.

— Let them leave politics alone, said Mr. Casey; or the people may leave their church alone.

— You hear? said Dante turning to Mrs. Dedalus.

— Mr. Casey! Simon! 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 could 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!

— Princes of the Church, said Mr. Casey with slow scorn.

— Lord Leitrim's coachman, yes, said Mr. Dedalus.

— They 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!

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 down they 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 renegade Catholics.

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 got 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 ivory: a cold white thing. 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 closed 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 baaing, man, you never heard. They called us the names in the world. Well there was one old lady, and a drunken old harridan, 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: *Priest-hunter! 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 *Phth!* says I to her like that.

He turned aside and made the act of spitting.

— *Phth!* 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 Cabinteeley 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 the head with her umbrella because he had taken off 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 condemned 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 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 from the pulpit and in the confession-box? And didn't they dishonour the ashes of Terence Bellew MacManus?

His face was glowing with anger and Stephen felt the glow rise to his own cheek as the spoken words thrilled him. Mr. Dedalus uttered a guffaw of coarse scorn.

— O, by God—he cried—I forgot little old Paul Cullen! Another apple of God's eye!

Dante bent across the table and cried to Mr. Casey:

— Right! Right! They were always right! God and morality and religion come first.

Mrs. Dedalus, seeing her excitement, said to her:

— Mrs. Riordan, don't excite yourself answering them.

— God and religion before everything! Dante cried. God and religion before the world!

Mr. Casey raised his clenched fist and brought it down on the table with a crash.

— Very well, then, he shouted hoarsely, if it comes to that, no God for Ireland!

— John! John! cried Mr. Dedalus, seizing his guest by the coat-sleeve.

Dante stared across the table, her cheeks shaking. Mr. Casey struggled up from his chair and bent across the table towards her, scraping the hair from before his eyes with one hand as though he were tearing aside a cobweb.

— No God for Ireland! he cried. We have had too much God in Ireland. Away with God!

— Blasphemer! Devil! screamed Dante starting to her feet and almost spitting in his face.

Uncle Charles and Mr. Dedalus pulled Mr. Casey

back into his chair again, talking to him from both sides reasonably. He stared before him out of his dark flaming eyes, repeating:

— Away with God, I say!

Dante shoved her chair violently aside and left the table, upsetting her napkin-ring which rolled slowly along the carpet and came to rest against the foot of an easy-chair. Mrs. Dedalus rose quickly and followed her towards the door. At the door Dante turned round violently and shouted down the room, her cheeks flushed and quivering with rage:

— Devil out of hell! We won! We crushed him to death! Fiend!

The door slammed behind her.

Mr. Casey, freeing his arms from his shoulders, suddenly bowed his head on his hands with a sob of pain.

Poor Parnell! he cried loudly. My dead King!

He sobbed loudly and bitterly.

Stephen, raising his terror-stricken face, saw that his father's eyes were full of tears.

* * * *

(To be continued.)

Correspondence.

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

"AN EPIDEMIC OF LAW."

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

Some of your correspondents have written very wittily but very speciously about law—as if it were only an arbitrary effort on the part of arbitrary individuals arbitrarily to prevent other individuals from doing what these latter wish to do. If they would reason they would discover that this is not at all what law is. They would realise that law is the expression 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 induce 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 establishing of power 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 such quality must depend upon the evolution of our knowledge of scientific truth as to the two great principles of life—self-preservation and race-preservation.

ALICE GROFF.

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 Hulse for the now obsolete Plato and Herakleitus, to enjoy the vital pictures of Roger Fry and the geometric sardine-tins of Wyndham Lewis instead of yawning before tedious Titians and lymphatic Leonardos, to burst into ecstasy before the ithyphallic creations of Epstein instead of standing in mute boredom before the insipid and barely sexual productions of Scopas and Pheidias!

Madam, I say, what joy for us!

And, Madam, how admirably our young Picus handles his theme! with what intimate expert knowledge of Hellenic literature and art! with what skill he traces the growth of Greek sculpture from the glorious spindle-shanked sharp-nosed totems of 3300 B.C. (found at Gnosso) down to the final degradation of the vicious age of Pericles!

How cleverly that old bore Aristotle is put in his place! How exquisitely the fallacy of the inter-dependence and artistic relationship of Hellenic sculpture and drama is exposed! (while as a corollary we might observe that a nation which was pre-eminently æsthetic, pre-eminently devoted to beauty of form, of the naked human body, did not produce good sculpture but did write moderately good vers libre!)

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 Zion" that the blessed angels feel themselves un peu de trop.

Think; the whole culture, thought, life, customs, history, literature, art of the thousand years of Hellenic civilisation is now happily and adequately treated in three short paragraphs and wittily condemned to oblivion! Is this not the annus mirabilis? Is it not at least mirabile dictu?

But, Madam, when you are dealing with any subject—be it even so slight a matter as the cake-icing-and-plaster-of-Paris-Greek-sculpture (what a Weltvernichtungsidee is that!)—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 Manofthewsandsinews shows it admirably, but 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 Doryphoros of Polykleitos and the Apoxyomenos of Lysippos (of which there are excellent copies in Rome) which were what we should call "epoch-making" works of art? Could he not have twitted the Discobolos of Myron with 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 work of Pheidias to that of Ictinus? And why does not Mr. Pound so far descend from Zion as to sketch for us the different styles of the six great Hellenic sculptors and show us their abominable and stinking faults? For it cannot be that men who are as different in aim and temperament as, say, Scopas and Lysippos, are bad for precisely similar reasons. That would be like saying that all Greek poetry from Orpheus and Homer to Nonnus and the Christian epigrammatists is bad, and giving only one reason for it. If the graceful and naturalistic Praxiteles is cake-icing &c., what are the other Greek sculptors, who differ as much from him as Giotto, Masaccio, Verocchio, Botticelli and Michaelangelo differ from Perugino.

But I grow tedious and I perceive only too well that I lack that cosmic learning which enables notre jeune Ruskin-Pound to deal so lightly with the quasi-immortals. But I have done what I 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

I have not passed beyond the first of his three paragraphs is because I do not feel competent to agree with so eminent an authority on Greek literature and art. I cannot claim to have spent more than a few idle years in the study of Greek, and, of course, Mr. Pound is a recognised European authority on the subject, as well as on the literatures of Provence, ancient and modern France, Germany, Spain, Portugal, Italy, America, Japan and Bengal, together with classic, mediæval and renaissance Latin, mathematics, fencing, music and astrology, &c., &c.

AUCEPS.

THE NEED FOR ART.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

"If all the artists in the world were to die," said Paracelsus, "there would still be art." If "W. Gerrare," writing to THE EGOIST (see February 16), can understand it this phrase is addressed to him and *tant mieux*. If not, *tant pis*.

In the same issue "H. S. C." most wisely says "that food and sexual subjects are seldom fought over except by people who have too little or too much. Men and women who are leading a normal, healthy sex-life seldom bother their heads about sex." These are words applying with equal pertinence to art and art-talk. The "importance" of art was never questioned when it was, so to speak, a natural function in the world. People who know love, art or the "Tac" talk little about them, far less question their "importance." It is a case of the more absent the more conspicuous. Modern discussion on art and indulgence in criticism is symptomatic of the anxiety everyone feels at a more or less realised loss.

"W. Gerrare" thinks—the error is excusable for it is widespread—that art is something distinct from life (as if there were anything distinct from life except death, which is nothing, being only absence of life). Perhaps your correspondent thinks it is just a modern fad for the diversion of the rich and idle?

Presumably your correspondent can enjoy a (natural) landscape? Presumably he can appreciate a bird's song or the colour of a flower? Presumably he would applaud the Morris dancers, full appreciation of whom needs a very highly developed artistic sense? Perhaps it is not absolutely out of the question that he could be moved to admiration for the marvellous achievements in decorative art to be seen, say, at the British Museum in the section devoted to Red Indian craft? If so, to what does he owe this enthusiasm if not to the universal spirit of art (which turns its back on few unless they be people like Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Webb) the cult of which has only become "individual" since art was hunted forth by the faithless (quite a recent circumstance in history) and, even now, the privilege of none as of all. For it is the rightful possession of whomever has eyes to see it and room in his heart to give it shelter.

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. I do not ask for damages. They are incalculable. She stands before you, a pathetic figure, obscured in shreds and patches, driven from pillar to post, disinherited, a casual, and obliged to beg her bread, who should be a welcome and an honoured guest in every city and country, and in every house, bearing the lamp of art and bringing comfort and joy to all."

For we are of those who think the teachings of William Morris, Ruskin (despite his mistakes) and Walter Crane still, and perhaps more than ever, answer to vital needs.

M. C. (feminine gender).

THE UNIMPORTANCE OF ART.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

The subject of Mr. Huntly Carter's articles is so interesting that I hope he may be allowed to develop its practical aspects which are plainly hinted at in the early numbers. Taking the spiritual as his groundwork, he is the more likely to prove the unimportance of a great deal of art. If he began with a theory of buttons, he might end by lamenting that a world so complicated and so busy as ours had the need to button and unbutton itself to such little purpose. For even the maker of buttons must have moments when they do not fill him. Certainly many artists will be disposed to agree with W. Gerrare about the unimportance of art. Looking around they will see that in everyday life it is usually something short of self-expression which makes success. The modesty of politics will strike them, and the superior aloofness of commerce too. Doing much for oneself is not favoured in any trade, though a case might be made out for that plan. No artist, however, is to be trusted with the case. He is pretty sure to see in it a chance for self-expression, and eventually to make of his statement a corporeal image of his mind, being by nature (or art) prone to find himself by losing a sense of his own importance. An artist may, in fact, modestly contain and give out art, just as a happy nature has power to gather and give happiness without any self-seeking being mixed in. It is easy, on the contrary, to imagine a manufacturer of buttons who is not even interested in buttons, who expresses nothing but rudimentary instincts of trade, and is only disturbed by the rival claims of hooks and eyes.

JAMES GUTHRIE.

THE PSYCHIC ORIGINS OF "MODERN" ART.
To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

In a little book entitled "L'Art de Demain," published in 1897, to which I hope to return some day, I find an explanation of "cubism" which at the time this prediction was made was as yet only in the germ, which may interest readers of THE EGOIST.

"To the unconscious perception of astral transformations are no doubt due the *deformations* for which the neo-impressionist school shows such partiality, for, in their experience, lower phantoms create the disorder in forms answering to the tumult of their passions, *while harmonious and placid order only belongs to spirits on a higher plane.*"

For, as the context says, "each one perceives in the innumerable population of spirits apparitions which are particularly in tune with the psychic vibrations more common to his own peculiar temperament." Consequently "we must not be surprised to find in the pictures of Gustave Moreau the coloured phantasmagoria created by the passionate vibration of the astral population; in the pictures of Puvis de Chavennes the opalescent, vaporous light characteristic of the calmer, higher regions of the atmospheric ocean, where live the serener souls; or in the works of Odilon Redon, the fantastic, incredibly various forms wherein beings of an inferior type make an attempt at life by hybrid combinations of the superior forms they covet."

The particularly sensitive artist-soul is necessarily inclined to perceive, if even unconsciously, impressions of that invisible world which affects us as surely as do light, heat, and the rest (notably in our dreams, impulses, inspirations). And as there are degrees of artistry and clairvoyance, one may be permitted to suppose that the psychic faculties of certain "modern" "artists" are on too familiar terms with that spirit-population which, being nearest planetary contact, is an inferior one, "the natural spontaneity of the soul being here more particularly imprisoned in matter," and therefore hindered in its progress.

M. CIOLKOWSKA.

MR. CARTER'S REPLY.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

I have carefully boiled down W. Gerrare's letter and have extracted the following grotesque argument. Art is unimportant in comparison with a Birmingham button, but the art of living is important. Therefore Art is important when it becomes a matter of living on a Birmingham button. Civilised man lives on everything—even buttons.

HUNTLY CARTER.

MARRIAGE.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

Your correspondent, H. 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 *quite* forgotten, is nearer the truth. The sexual needs of a man display themselves more locally and are like rays of light passing through a well-focussed lens, being gathered up into the centre of the field, in a small and well-defined physical area. They, perhaps, for this reason make themselves more intimately and insistently known to the subject, with more tangible, insistent, provocative and conscious feelings. The results are, that men, as a whole, are more conscious than the average woman at any rate of what is scientifically known as sexual desire, with the very natural result that his witnesses see more signs of that desire which is socially known to women and churchmen as lust. In reality, and it is well known scientifically speaking, they are less sexual. In women the sexual instinct is distributed almost and sometimes entirely throughout the whole body, and its manifestations may be found in nearly every organ, and in every area. The result of this is that their sexual sensations and desires take place in an infinitely broader and more dispersed field, and the manifestations are generally smaller and less noticeable than in men, which is partly the cause that they are less aware of them. This is also the cause, which is, we think, fairly well acknowledged now, of the ill-effects of prolonged virginity having more varied, if less obvious, ill-effects upon the mental, neurotic and even physical constitutions of women than the equivalent state has in men. It is probably owing to this more general and milder distribution of sexual needs in women, that they are, from an early age, less aware of the significance and meaning of the feelings from which they suffer or gather pleasure. It must be a mere platitude to any who have sought experience on this subject to say that though their "needs" are greater their *self-acknowledged* "desires" are probably in many cases far less, this for reasons above stated, but this latter we think occurs less often than is as yet suspected by men and women alike.

We agree that it is "rot" that respectable women should only *submit* themselves to their husbands, but we think that this point must be looked into a little closer. It is impossible to get statistics on such a subject, so we must take what we think is a fair estimate of percentages as a working hypothesis. Probably little more than 50% of married women achieve anything better than submission in this most private part of their lives, and we must blame chiefly the husbands, and the trainers

of those husbands' youth—namely their parents and prostitutes. Parents because they teach them nothing; and prostitutes because they simulate only the characteristics of abnormal and perverted sexuality, and do not show their clients the sexual traits of normal (i.e. sexually ignorant) women. One must blame also the ever-prevalent steeping process which women have undergone for countless generations as to what a woman should *not* say, feel, do and desire, though the conventional and religious code in this matter, as in all others, fluctuates from century to century. This is the chief factor of the rightly-called forced suppression and inequality of women as compared with men, from which, consciously or unconsciously, women are making such righteous efforts to escape. The matter is not political as most of them think, nor economic. The vote is nothing more nor less than the symbol, even as the cross is of Christianity. So we have the picture before us to-day of women suffering for that symbol, and disregarding the features of the cause for which it unconsciously stands, even as we have always had people suffering for the cross and the mystical and folk-lore dogmas connected with it, to the infinite degradation and loss of perhaps the best public religion that the world has seen yet.

But to return to the hypothetical 50% of women who only succeed in, or are permitted to, submit themselves. Probably 40% of these could be added to the other half were their husbands aware of a few ordinary biological sexual facts. *Did* they but know, *would* they but believe, *could* they but thoroughly realise the simple truism that a woman's sexuality though greater, and more all-enveloping, and more important to her though it is than their own, it needs more care, more fostering more encouragement, and greater study should be devoted to the individual requirements of the woman even as these requirements are more varied, before they will crystallise into that intensity which is so essential and healthful, and which rebounds so much to the man's pleasure and credit. These last two words we use advisedly and on the authority of many dozen cases. Did men but know this and practise it, did women but know it about themselves and shamelessly (not shamefully) try to make their husbands aware of it, it would reduce the divorce cases enormously; not those claimed by women, but also those claimed by men. It would reduce the number of women who, during the climacteric, die, or after it become a burden to themselves and others perhaps, and it would reduce that huge army of married men who seek for that physical passion in the street which they cannot find at home. With these would tend to disappear post-nuptial syphilis in men, from whom their wives to-day receive the contagion, and from whom in turn their children inherit or receive it. Also it would reduce the hardly-to-be-exaggerated proportion of female married masturbators (although it is a doubtful matter whether the practice is as injurious to them as we are to-day prone to think). In the majority of such cases, the cause of its existence is their perfectly natural and not in the least immodest desire to achieve by some method that complete satisfaction which their husband can and does generally gain, by means of a provocation so much shorter duration.

When your correspondent says that women "submit themselves to a physical law" like men, he is perfectly right as to the nature of the impulse towards marriage of course, though once again women do not know it generally; but one is afraid he does not really mean that, but refers only to the minority of women who do know the full physical significance of marriage. The "sex-act" comes to an appalling number of brides as a frightful shock, a shock to all those false feelings of modesty, decency, and even cleanliness, which wrong feeling has for generations been instilled into them. So great is this shock of revulsion, that it is by no means an unheard-of thing for a bride to die of heart failure, and this *not* for purely physical reasons. And such a one is far from being a "fool, a brute, or a weakling" in such an event. But her mother was all three before her. . . . There is nothing illogical in saying that such a bride may be sexual and desirous to the highest possible degree, without knowing what is the "matter" with her.

One cannot remain blind to the reason for that which is to be seen around one: the chief cause of social evil to-day—namely mothers' intricate precautions against their children, especially their daughters, learning the most important matters concerning their future life except through doubtful and often undesirable sources—about which sources they themselves know so little (and pride themselves on it forsooth!) that they are totally incapable of instructing their children concerning them, and so of protecting them against them. Hence, death or permanent physical or mental injury is the immediate result following upon their daughter's marriage. Hence also another daughter's illegitimate child and social disgrace, perhaps prostitution, or possibly suicide. Hence, too, another daughter's willing seduction at some youthful superheated hour, followed by a happy deliberate life of promiscuity or prostitution—two different things—and in either case ending up with venereal disease. (We do not apologise for not using the word in vogue—"The Hidden Plague.") Hence also—oh nearly ever damned thing.

Are we mistaken in thinking that H. S. C. hopes that happy married people under present conditions of society *will* cease "to bother their heads about sex"? We sincerely hope not, for surely none are in such a good position to advise about success and happiness as those who have achieved it and realised it, especially after many vicissitudes. One does not want to see girls brought up by those who seek to remain happy though unmarried, nor boys and young men merely taught schoolboy dirt by stupid contemporaries or undesirable roués.

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 and taught to think so from her youth upward, either by direct precept, or by indirect insinuation. It is so innate that it becomes not second to instinct but overcoming it, her instinct waning under this vile treatment.

We think your correspondent 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. Syphilis has, at any rate, been with us since the name and fame of Columbus, and the form it takes, and the toll it levies, is very slightly if at all less than, say, a hundred years ago, during which time influenza has come, and seems to be going, and other contagious diseases have changed considerably. One cannot therefore look on with such equanimity and optimism as H. S. C. does at the prospect of a long sequence of generations writhing in mixed fear and suffering of this disease. Nor do we like passivity in the face of a trouble such as this, any more than we like passivity in women. He says "as prostitution is suppressed" etc.—believe us, it will *not* be, but in some distant future—we know not how many of its causes will be withdrawn or die out with the evolution of common-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 people, in private at any rate, remains much as it did at the very dawn of that history. But there *is* a great light ahead, in sex matters as in most other things.

H. S. C. hopes that someone will carry his discussion one step further than he has been able. He says "it might even be possible to exhume the truth." The truth is amongst us always, and alive, and some of us in our souls know it and 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 indigestion.

BEEBAN AND NOEL TEULON PORTER.

"THE HIDDEN SCOURGE."

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

May 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 on the subject? It bears out what Mr. Allen Upward says—that in the matter of intolerance there is nothing to choose between the free-thinkers and the sectarians. Because you detest Miss Pankhurst and all that emanates from her, and because you are—rightly—impatient with the women who pose as extra virtuous and pure because they haven't got the same impulses as men, you commit yourself to the following wild and slap-dash statements:—That women who have, accidentally or purposely, no sex experience in their lives derive a long-drawn-out *sensual* pleasure from their abstinence; that virginity in women and viciousness in men are synonymous terms; that the average married woman—which is, I suppose, what you mean by the legally-protected "pure" woman—is on the same level as the prostitute; and that venereal diseases don't matter—are, in fact, rather desirable than otherwise!

Well, I hold no brief for Miss Pankhurst and I haven't read her book, but from what I know of her intelligence I imagine that it is a reasoned and reasonable warning against the dangers of venereal diseases—dangers which none but the ultra-cussed—yourself, in this instance—would seek to minimise. But one would really like to know how far the cussedness of the free-woman would carry her—whether she would *really* unite herself to a man whom she knew or believed was suffering from syphilis, and how long his charm would suffice for her after she had contracted the disease. Until these matters have been put to the test of practical experience such loose theorising as yours is nothing but confusion and darkness.

The best—the only good—thing in your article is your eulogy of the joy of being charmed. But it does not help us much in discovering how one is going to eliminate "dulness"—i.e., apparently, lack of sex experience—from the lives of women who have not the attraction necessary to charm men. Prostitution appears to be the panacea, seeing that venereal dangers don't matter, and that you speak more than once so appreciatively of the prostitute. But do you *really* believe that the last state of those women would be better than the first? If not, what are you trying to say?

As for married women being on the level of prostitutes, of course we know that some of them are—those who have married, or remain married, just as a means of livelihood. But do you *really* believe that most women marry only for that? Haven't you noticed that the great bulk of women have a real fondness and loyalty for their husbands? My knowledge of married women leads me to believe that they attach a great deal less importance to the sexual act than the freewoman does—that it is indifferent to them either way, as long as they can avoid too many children; so that as their husbands—as they believe—need it, they accord them, out of their affection and physical indifference, a satisfaction that costs them nothing. It is not very ideal, if you like, and it would be better if the satisfaction were wholly mutual, but, perhaps, even so, it is preferable to "dulness"—at least one would think so when reading in your article about those "dull heats of virginity." The women who seriously object to the sexual act or to preventive measures

generally contrive, after they have had a child or two, to live in married celibacy; there are quantities who do. So *who* are the "pure" women that you are trying to get at?

Your paper is stimulating, to a certain extent, but I am glad that it isn't very widely read because one feels that it would give a very false impression to the world at large of the aims and ideals of the great bulk of freewomen. But the world will get us sorted out presently and, in the meantime, well-seasoned people like myself can put up with a little strong meat—even if it is a trifle "high" occasionally.

E. M. WATSON.

[We are responsible only for what we write: not for our readers' interpretations. If we had advice to offer to our present correspondent it would be that she stick to the text and cease worrying about any esoteric doctrine; we think she will find the moment when she comprehends what has been written quite soon enough to begin surmising as to what one is trying to write. As for our circulation: whether it is small or otherwise: it has import. It comprises—we will not say all the people that matter—but those who retail opinion for the crowd. At present, presumably they are engaged in the process of digesting the "doctrine," but we fear for our correspondent that before long—when they begin telling to wit—she will find herself shockingly compromised.—Ed.]

THE USES OF RESTRAINT.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

I would like 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 reason to believe that a portion of humanity has arrived at that stage in which the spiritual part of them rule and limit those bodily desires in question, as it thinks fit and best for the sublime whole. Thus, the "necessity" for 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 good of the body, by a process of will-power. Only those who have practised this may tell the ennobling effect upon the intellect and spiritual life, the rejuvenating and gracious effect upon the body. When one 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 the wine in the chalice of pious communicants. The sex-act is too often the outcome of animal desire unallied to any soul-desire. Thus, the body suffers a certain amount of degradation.

Prostitution must remain, until men cease to demand the satisfaction of animal appetite at the expense of a woman's body and soul. I am not denying that in many instances women are equally animal; but they possess powers of love infinitely greater than a man's, that can turn them into nobly-striving women, worthy to perpetuate their kind. This power is always latent. Because it is thwarted or stunted they sink from occasional animal satisfactions into complete prostitution, helped of course by their utter helplessness to strive against circumstances which are too great for them.

I leave some more widely read, and broad-headed reader to deal with those questions of "H. S. C." which are beyond my limited capacities.

ETHEL KNOTT.

THE UNCUSTOMARY.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

In Mr. Byington's excellent article on Interference with the Environment he argued, not unaptly, that the principles on which so-called indecency of dress is prohibited by the State in the Occident would equally well sanction the Oriental refusing to permit the appearance in the streets of Englishwomen with unveiled faces. A still more striking parallel case may be brought out, though it seems to have been overlooked by Mr. Byington. There are, it is said by competent authorities, native tribes to whom clothing is indecent. With them the appearance in public of a woman in clothing arouses the most salacious and "immoral" emotions. Now according to the doctrine in vogue, among the "respectable" people in civilised countries, would it not be quite right for such tribes, when a lady missionary appears on the scene, to force her to undeclothe and go through the streets entirely naked, performing her ministrations in the garb of nature? If not, why not?

R. P. RICHARDSON.

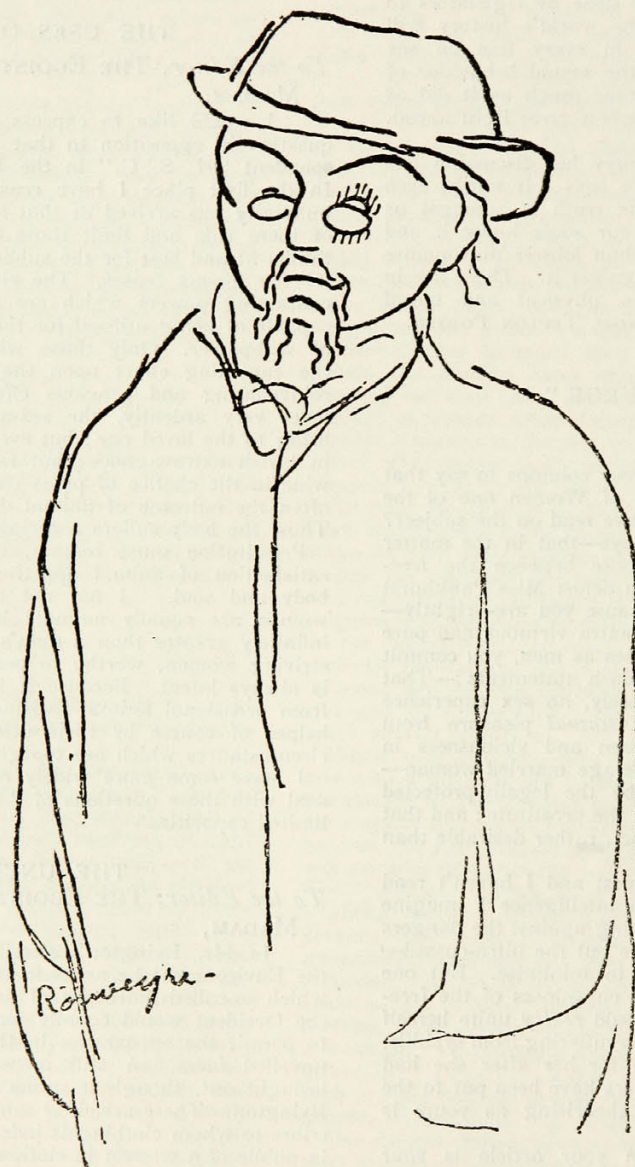
PEACOCKS AT HAMPTON COURT.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

I wish you would make public a small whim of mine. It has for a long time seemed strange to me that the governors or overseers of Hampton Court Palace do not place some thirty or forty peacocks at large in the gardens. I think there are very few people who at some time or other have not enjoyed these gardens—the most beautiful near London—and taken pleasure in the walks, lawns, flower-beds, parks &c. which surround the palace. But what is an old garden without peacocks? Like a fat old man without money, like a picture without bright colour. This nation spends many millions of money upon utilitarian (?) objects, such as armies, navies, cabinet ministers and the like; it might, I think, spend a few extra pounds on decorating this excellent and historic garden, to the great content of the citizens of London and of such other persons as resort there.

THOMAS BROWNE (Kt.).



REMY DE GOURMONT.