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By Allen Upward.

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THESE are the chessmen of Fan-ti the carver. He sings while he carves them. It is the song of his clan, and their home is a thousand miles away up the Yang-tse River. His ancestors came down the river in the days of the Han Emperors, to carve chessmen. He carves as they carved. He does not work fast. He stops often, and feels the soft ivory. He is blind. None of his chessmen are quite alike, not even the pawns. They are not so well made as those made by the steam-saw.

This is Fan-ti. Never having heard of the Christ pidgin he is consequently very wicked. He carves chessmen without clothes, which is forbidden to the Christ-eaters. The honourable persons who come here in the train of the Lord Cook are justly offended. Yet these chessmen, forbidden by the Lord Cook, have delighted many poets and princes.

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VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

SALVATION, service, saviours: the alliterative trinity whose kingdom does so alarmingly spread. The reason that this phenomenon of modern times—the raising up of "Saviours" by the squad so to speak—gets less attention than its significance deserves, is to be sought in the existence of a certain clashing between the "deliverers'" modesty and their vocabulary: their business, without a doubt, they conceive to be the "saving of society," but remain a trifle deprecating labelling of themselves boldly and assertively, Saviours. It is a pity, for the special kink which is the mark of the saviours is quite considerably interesting. The thought that the existence of even their least little one should be overlooked for want of its proper designation seems to make it worth while lifting the name of the species into the currency of recognised labels. So as Saviours let them be known for our better appreciation of their unique quality.

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Two publications—a book published by Mr. Heinemann on "Prisons and Prisoners" and a volume of cartoons by Mr. W. Dyson published under the auspices of the "Daily Herald"—"both signs of the times" and therefore reserved for comment in these columns, are the inspiration of the foregoing reflections. Together they make a complete presentation of salvationism—form and substance. "Society saved through the Service of Saviours and How it is Done" as conceived by the agents in person, is the gist expressed by line and word of both the volumes. Both look to the swelling of the already stout host of Saviours by the winning for it certain particular chunks of the populace. The author of the written volume "Prisons and Prisoners" —Lady Constance Lytton—believes that her own little lot—"women" in general, and "leisured women" in particular, together with a lost tribe called Liberal Government will be won in response to the call of the spirit of sacrifice.

Whereas Mr. Dyson in his rôle of saviour conceives his mission to be with a stouter party: an unsaved crowd which he calls the "Fat," and his way is by chiding. Both believe that a future day will see their special flocks, enlightened and redeemed, won for humanity and the service of the world, all their ancient greedy selfish tricks remembered only to be blushed for while the rest of us—all, that is, who do not belong to "women in general," the Liberal Government, Leisured Women and the Fat, will contribute to the salvation scheme by remembering that the verb to serve is transitive and requires an object: the awkwardness which ensues when many people strive to enter one door at one and the same time: the futility of taking in each other's washing: that, in short, to make the salvation-scheme work we must serve by being served: by allowing the saviours and servers to live the Higher Life in serving us.

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The subject of serving is really a very amusing one, worth following out: and Lady Constance Lytton's book makes an irresistible invitation: it does so satisfyingly go the whole hog in its devotion to Service. Lady Constance wonders how long it will be before women are "threaded together by means of the woman's movement into a great organised band, self-expressive yet co-ordinated, and ruled by the bond of mutual service." It is her faith that "where doctrine, precept and example all fail, *the Spirit of Sacrifice*, which makes an echo in all human hearts, will find a way." In response to which spirit she says: "My whole being responded and I yearned to hand on the message as I myself had in spirit received it: 'Women, you are wanted. Women, as women, because you are women, come out in all your womanliness, and whether or not victory is for your day, at least each one of you make sure that the one course impossible to you is surrender of your share in the struggle. To you, dear, faithful Suffragettes at heart, whatever the handcuffs of circumstance which may limit your powers of visible service, I pass on this message."

As we have said, this author's way of putting things does make one curious as to what all the pother is about. Of course the rhythm, the alliteration, the satisfying recurrence of the sound, "Woman, as women, because you are women—in all your womanliness," one knows and recognises all that as good stage property; it titillates as "Around the rugged rocks the ragged robber ran," and the like. It is to the rhetorician what topical patter is to the comedian, or the string of sausages to the clown: his stand-by: a safe pull with his audience. But the solemnity in the business belongs to quite other matters: to salvation and service; and only the saviours' attitude towards these can explain it. The noticeable feature about these salvation movements is that they are effected mainly through faith alone. In the humdrum ways of daily life of course "saving" is a matter which demands capacity and competence for the job. A man whose business is just going under for lack of money would require that his saviour should actully possess money: a stony-broke individual offering to save him would seem uncommonly like a mocker. A man unable to swim drowning in mid-stream would require a saviour who either could swim, or offer a

raft or a boat. In normal affairs, in short, a saviour must be competent for his job. Which shows the advantage which great causes possess in comparison with common affairs. To be a saviour, then, demands nothing in particular; in fact the less competent you are, the more you are drawn to the rôle. It is your only chance of getting into goodly company: as when Mr. Kingsley said: "Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever": he offered a choice of rôles in terms which implied one could select either with dignity, or as Miss Christabel Pankhurst put it exquisitely once when she said: "If Joan of Arc can die for her country surely we can stand a little ridicule," a sentiment which her audience endorsed in applause equally distributed between themselves and the saviour of France.

Lady Constance Lytton is very frank about her own qualifications. A spinster, approaching the age of forty, a semi-invalid unaccustomed to leaving home "save for family reasons," conventionally-reared, the reverse of wealthy, few interests, vaguely bored, belonging to a class of women which she describes as "this leisured class, herded as I have so often seen them at ballrooms and parties, enduring the labours, the penalties, of futile, superficial, sordidly useless lives, quarrelling in their marriage market, revelling in their petty triumphs, concerned continually with money, yielding all opinion to social exigencies, grovelling to those they consider above them, despising and crushing those they think beneath them, pretending to be lovers of art and intellect, but concerned at heart only with the appearance of being so. Subservient to a superficial morality, tested not by the question, 'What has been done?' but 'What is the general opinion about what has been done?'": a debit account mainly. On the credit side she could advance one item: she is the daughter of an Earl, and also, discerning readers would advance that she was gentle, courteous, and kind, a definite competence among intimates though nothing for the world outside. For that, only the first item counts, whether it is composed of Government officials, Liberal politicians, or the erstwhile committee of the W.S. and P.U. Lady Constance's book is very unhappily named under the title of "Prisons and Prisoners." It should have been, "My emotions and some events during my spell with the Suffragists." It would have guided the author's theme better. A vague uncertainty of intention has led her to believe that she is concerning herself with prisons and has served to confusion: quite literally she does not know what she is talking about. Although detail by detail as she gives them are doubtless true, she appears completely unaware as to what they hang on: so that she is driven into charging up against a "government" or a handful of officials what is common to all women and men. All men and women respect that which they must have a mind for: that in fact is what respecting a thing means: it is a bearing in mind of probable and definite consequences which will follow from dealings with so-and-so: consequences which are in direct ratio with so-and-so's competence, i.e. the sum total of his powers. If he is nothing in particular in himself but is connected with a family whose interests are respected by the powerful: he will be respected because of and in proportion to those same family interests: not of course from love of the family but to ensure not being selected as the scapegoat when the family's *amour propre* having been inadvertently offended sets out demanding vengenace. Now Lady Constance Lytton's "prison plot" is just this: "How will the prison authorities respect me if I carefully conceal the evidences of family which always and everywhere have been sufficient to secure for me respect?" The answer is obviously foregone: A person who is to all intents and purposes of the status of a washerwoman will be given the sort of treatment washerwomen get: and that, all the world over. How little Lady Constance grasps this simple "truth" is plain from the fact that it never occurred to her to think of the results a similar plot would have had, had she cared to play it upon the very capable, very astute and very charming persons, Mrs. Pankhurst or Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence. Had she adopted still another rôle, say plain "Martha Jones" and presented herself at Clement's Inn as a deputant would she have "rested" in Miss Christabel's boudoir? In faith, love and truth we declare unto her she would not. No, not, not, NOT. She would have been more in the path to receive what she is pleased to call justice among the prison officials than among these saving ladies. Because government offices are, ordinarily speaking, safe steady berths: whereas the cause of salvation is ever climbing: aspiring to the top of the "interested" tree. Its "leaders" cannot afford to miss any chances: their entire organising ability is tested by the exercise of a precise economy in expending respect, accuracy in respecting the powerful persons. No matter to what follies of speech they may have given way in order not to disturb the stupid praseology of word-addled audiences they have never been guilty in action of pandering to any humorous notions about "equality."

A keener appreciation of the master-qualities of her heroines would have helped Lady Constance very considerably towards an understanding of her "villains." Phrases such as Mrs. Pankhurst, "the guardian protector of this amazing woman's movement, conscious not only of the thousands who follow her lead to-day, but of the martyred generations of the past and of the women of the future whose welfare depends upon the path hewn out for them to-day," or Christabel Pankhurst, "the sunrise of the woman's movement," would look well on Christmas cards, samplers and souvenirs of this kind, but they do not mean much, and have not proved illuminating for their author. Tags as enveloping as shrouds have successfully obscured the fact that one would need to travel far before encountering a trio of women as selfish as the former committee of the W.S. and P.U., and that just because they were as selfiesh as they could hang together they were charming and had their following of worshippers only too willing and pleased to be charmed. It is not because they were selfish that followers have fallen off: but because these charming and selfish ladies were more than a little obtuse. As so often happens they realised they were worshipped without realising why: unfortunate—for a worshipper is a delicate subject in a delicate position: his idiosyncracy is that when under the spell you can acquire his money or his life, but you may not interfere with his worship: especially if you are his divinity. For this reason: it is a necessity from time to time to give ourselves the abandon of worship: which is an impulse after the same principle as that which makes it imperative to stretch a cramped limb. The worshipped one is merely the *point of support* for an extended effort which is the satisfaction of itself, like a footstool on which to rest a gouty leg. If the support becomes fidgetty: fussing about making bargains, stipulating that in return for something done—or attempted—the "following" of the worshipper be guaranteed, there will be fretting and trouble. If Miss Christabel after intoxicatingly assuring us the night before that she is the Life-Force, tracks down our thrills with a bill of costs in the morning, asking how far her authority is being respected and the like, she is likely to meet with as little ceremony from the painfully dashed worshipper as would the footstool which argued with the leg the proprieties of give and take. No: gods must be gods: and know their places. They are expected to please themselves and go their own way unheeding: there is only one thing in which they may not meddle and that is the worship which is offered them.

The argument has made a wide loop round but is now ready to return—to the gospel of "service": to the saviours who are believing to save the world by serving; an argument competent, we hope, to make clear to these persons who are misguided more than willingly by erring; that their avocation is futile and distressful; that they in concrete fact actually spoil the landscape for those whom they believe they serve. Their mistake comes from a belief that people can be served, whereas people can only serve themselves. They can and do serve themselves to what they are competent for, but what balks is not merely what may be a limited power to serve themselves but a real meagreness in the repast to which their powers must be related.

Those of our readers who remember the days when they were settlement workers will remember how the fact was borne in upon them that it was not the faithful ever-ready but rather plain tract deliverer and district visitor who was really appreciated by the "settled" ones. It was the graceless and charming person, who came down once a session garbed in her best clothes for the occasion whom they voted it had proved worth while accepting the invitation ticket for. One could in the light of such experiences ask the Saving-Classes to calculate precisely, without flattery and without excessive modesty, what they think they can be worth in a saving capacity to the "world," and the "poor." To begin with these leisured ladies: women of position such as Lady Constance Lytton and wealth such as Mrs. Pethick-Lawrence and other moneyed persons who have for instance "run" the W.S. and P.U. Were the acuteness theirs they would recognise that they themselves and the family and moneyed interests which make them "respected" are a direct charge on the "poor": before the "poor" feed themselves with crusts they must first feed these on whatever expensive things they can conceive they want. In the second place, for the execution of these tasks which make the production of this unequally distributed wealth possible, the "poor" are competent: equipped with strength and skill: their saviours but rarely supplied with either: in this sense therefore the "poor" serve their would-be servers and there must be some humour for them in the suggestion that it is otherwise. It is true of course that they would not serve could they avoid it, but until they can themselves increase their competence, this forced service is a necessity and in accepting it for the time being they look about for compensations. They serve themselves as far as they can to what there is, and among the choicer dishes of the feast at which they may fare, there is chief the graces and aspect of those who have served themselves better. If those of the leisured female aristocracy who are thinking of plunging into Salvationism will hesitate a moment while they turn over a few points, reflection will give them pause. Apart from their own incompetence to do anything beyond remaining leisured, i.e. do-nothings, they might remember that they form picturesque points in a landscape. If they require to learn in detail what we mean, they may purchase the kind of literature which the "poor" devour in quantities: the novelette which costs a copper, and they will see how important a part they play in the world of the poor. Or the novels of Ouida will guide them aright. They will realise that for anything short of saving their *own* souls it would be sheer brutality to shatter these visions of the poor. They will realise that the difference between the view-points of the poor and rich is as that between persons who occupy a hut in a park and of those who inhabit a mansion in a slum, and we believe it will dawn upon them why the wardresses in a prison for instance do not wax enthusiastic over the distresses of an earl's daughter among them. They are rather cast down, as perhaps some self-mortifying saint might be who accidentally got a peep into heaven and saw the real thing. The root of the misunderstanding which leads saviours astray is that people do so tend to narrow the number of things of which we can make use: serve ourselves from. The rose-tree is as useful as the cabbage patch: a delicate vase as a slop-pail: a friend more useful than a servant; an expensive wife than an economical housekeeper: the mistaken notion that these things are otherwise comes from a too misleading divorce of what we need from what we want. A closer linking of the two together may guide these disturbed leisured ladies to a more satisfying decision as to whether they are to save or not to save. If they feel it is for their own benefit, in their own self-interest, if to intrude on the "poor," to drag tired feet along evil streets, to go to prison, or to starve or anything else is *to please themselves*, that should settle the matter: by all means let them do it. It is what they want and doubtless the "poor" will survive it, for they lead a tenacious life and when one interest fails they put a firm tentacle round another.

In the foregoing remarks, we have dealt rather with Lady Constance Lytton's assumptions as to "Women's" mission: to the tenets which her atmosphere and the remarks and assertions she makes in passing imply she takes as established; but inextricably interknitted into the structure and phraseology of her book there is something far more curious and arresting. It is too insistent to be counted as an impression, or as something implied: it refuses either to be ignored or fenced with, it must be faced: the book is either it or nothing. It was a first intention merely to count the number of references made to the subject and dismiss it in that way: but as one read on it became clear that to do so would be to bone a skeleton. One must either refer to this preoccupation with the exigencies of the alimentary system in "Prisons and Prisoners" or merely fence with the book. One might if one wished, make a comment on the apparent mental effect of persistently wearing the white flower of a blameless life, and of doing the other thing, and draw a parallel for instance between two productions—"Prisons and Prisoners" and "The Ballad of Reading Goal," one a trivial account of sanitary arrangements and one the vision of souls in pain. *Why* this one feature of prison life should have loomed so importantly in the author's account we do not dare definitely to say, but after conceiving and rejecting various explanations we alighted on one conclusion and give it for what it is worth. It is Lady Constance Lytton's contribution to the "sex-question." On the "touching pitch undefiled," "to the pure all things are pure" principles she sings on this one note without a tremor and considers it a daring deed done for purity.

Oh Saviours! Oh brains!

We suppose that it would mean little to the "movemental" mind if one were to say that when one has invoked a label one has advanced no further towards explaining the thing to which it is attached. We remember just before one of the suffragist processions, one of the leaders of subsidiary hosts, in telling over the prospects of her own muster, who said "And I've got four prostitutes coming too," in a tone which revealed how overcome she was with her own daring. . . . Afterwards we looked to her contingent for four in scarlet: but no: these members of an alient species if they were there were labelless and not to be distingished from the lady's daughters. Happily for the "movement" however prisoners are much easier quarry because they wear the garment: hence they may rise to the interest level of "hobbies." "Prisons as you know have been my hobby. What maternity there lurks in me has for years past been gradually awakening over the fate of prisoners, the deliberate, cruel harm that is done to them, their

souls and bodies, the ignorant, exasperating waste of good opportunities in connection with them, till now the thought of them, the yearning after them, turns in me and tugs at me as vitally and irrepressibly as ever a physical child can call upon its mother. The moment I got near the Suffragettes the way to this child of mine seemed easy and straight, but I knew the temptation to think this must make me doubly sure of my ground. I have felt from the first that I could not take this woman's movement merely as an excuse for Holloway. . . . It is my yearning after the hobby that sucks up my soul like a tide, my Nile sources, my Thibet, my Ruvenzori. If you, ... will only help me in spirit that the little spark in Sven Hedin shall not fail in me. I am no hero, but the thought of other travellers' much worse privations on that road will, I believe, fizzle up my flimsy body enough for what is necessary."

It is difficult to get into the mind which chooses prisons as a hobby. One supposes prisons are selected on account of their human content—the prisoners and in order to "help" them: yet one would doubt whether there are many "prisoners" so hard put to it that they would choose prisons as a hobby: nor indeed so little capable of satisfying the human loneliness which the prison-hobby seeks to fill. They are not of the kind which tolerates things easily: not so humble and submissive as their saviours seem: nor so lost for ways and means of personal salvation. A servant-girl would not waste words over the "yearnings for motherhood," nor take to hobbies as alternatives. Out of the many "fallen" in prisons whom Lady Constance would "raise up" and "save," if the two cases were plainly put to them—hers and their own—they would account their own the more preferable. But it is very possible to take all these "yearning" women too seriously: there is an air of unreality about their phrases; if it is children they want when they can so easily get them, is there sense or reason in being fobbed off with a "prison"? If only they would insist on having a few minutes' serious discussion with themselves we should probably henceforward hear less twaddling cant about motherhood. When we are unblushingly presented with the following as a soul-to-soul talk which the author has with Annie Kenney ("through (whose) whole being throbbed the passion of her soul for other women": "marching arm-in-arm around the garden, under dripping trees"):—"She told how amongst these offices of women was the glorious act of motherhood and the tending of little children. Was there anything in a man's career that could be so honourable as this?" what can one say except that Miss Kenney is really quite too sudden! Lady Constance makes the comment, "All that she said was obvious, but in it there was *a call from far off, something inevitable as the voice of fate.*" It is as likely as not that it will be a call from the attendant of a lunatic asylum unless they pull themselves together.

Perhaps they would claim that mania has its advantages: undoubtedly these two women mooning about in a wet garden, persuading each other that the "act of motherhood" which they share with the cats and dogs, birds and trees placed a special halo round their heads were having the time of their lives: as men driven mad by money worries may grow happy under the mania that they have inherited great wealth. One can question the kindness of restoring them to sanity. But however this may be for the patient, to onlookers their condition conveys a serious *malaise*. To them the complaint of which the sufferers are oblivious is the most salient feature about them, and these women, the victims of tepid emotions too frail to rise to the consummation-point where they strike their definite image and define their nature, are genuine sources of distress. The obvious course to take in relation to them would be to forget them: but in these times their numbers are legion: they rule the roost, and it is difficult. They emerge everywhere, in literature and affairs—everywhere. Only when the Art of Living grows better known will they be catalogued in their proper place: forces too feeble for knowledge. Till then we must all perforce swim in their treacle-ish stream of emotions too feeble to clarify themselves.

To our regret the expenditure of space upon one volume leaves but little to give to the second—Mr. Dyson's cartoons. In mitigation be it said that in writing of the first we have been all the while mindful of the second. If salvationism were limited to suffragists and other persons of delicate intelligence it would scarcely be matter for more than bare mention: it is because one can see the trace of the insidious poison vitiating the work of a gifted craftsman that it has seemed worth while to linger over the subject. Bluntly, the spirit which runs its sapping course in "Prisons and Prisoners" is the same spirit as that of the editor of the "Daily Herald": soft, gentle, smudging, blearing, confusing, competent to defeat the finest pencil which is effected by its influence. And Mr. Dyson is under its influence: it has gone so far as to start cataracts growing on his eyes so they cannot see straight. Always they are touched by this confounded propaganda. What business has an artist with propaganda? his business is to bear true witness and look straight through opinion which merely queers one's vision and record what he sees. If truth won't save a case, partisanship can't. A year ago, in the first issue of this paper, we reviewed a first volume of Mr. Dyson's drawings and drew attention to the fact that English working men did not present the appearance of some beautiful lawn-tennis champion masquerading as a navvy, viewing the ways and works of fat plutocrats with a delicate ironic scorn. And that a hoofed fat and genial devil, with horns which would be suitable as ears on a rabbit, attractive as a gollywog, a face kindly as the Trafalgar Square lions is not a creation likely to cut any ice here. His Lean Men and his Fat Men were both failures: they are still running and they are still failures. We suggest that Mr. Dyson sack Mr. Lansbury, forget for the moment Plutocracy, Democracy, Justice, Equality, Fraternity and purge his soul by a series of satirical sketches on himself, a proceeding which will absorb all the slush and slop which have been his portion as one among the saviours: and all upright persons will pray for his soul.

The best things in the volume (which is handsomely got up and worth its price many times over) are Mr. H. G. Wells' boots, and the cartoon which they make smile, entitled—"A little child shall lead them" is the best in the collection. But why on earth are English authors placed in an unaccountable situation in the train of this infant? Any one of them would have done quite as well put in the place of Miss Christabel Pankhurst (aged twelve) who leads them. Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Chesterton or any of the group in fact done out in tie-ups and ankle-strap shoes would have penetrated to the root of the situation and would have been far less misleading, for it is because the spirit of the "little child" (special brand) which is so strong in our modern authors had already done its white-sheet work that the spirit of Miss Pankhurst and other saviours is now so much in command of the situation.

ASHNUR GALERIE, 211, Boulevard Raspail, Paris, Exhibition of Paintings and Sketches, by Charles Winzer Daily, May 15th—June 1st. Entrance free.

The Prose of W. H. Hudson.

By Richard Aldington.

NINE people out of ten when asked their opinion of Mr. Hudson's books will reply that they have always understood him to be one of the best of modern prose-writers and that they have always intended to read his books, but somehow there was never time. . . . After receiving at least a dozen similar replies to this question, and because certain literary friends of mine, who presumably *had* read Mr. Hudson, assured me that his books were about the greatest thing in literature, I concluded to discover for myself the reason of this great respect among the many who had not read him and this enthusiasm among the few who had.

Thus, when I came to read Mr. Hudson's books, my feelings were about as follows:—"I know he writes books on natural history and South America from his titles. Certain people in whose judgment I have some faith profess to admire him immensely. On the other hand the general run of people have only that vague respect for him which the mediocre feel towards a 'classic.' The chances are that he is very fine."

I am afraid I expected too much; at any rate my first venture was a great disappointment. From the library list of Mr. Hudson's books I picked one which had the pleasing title, "A Crystal Age." Unfortunately it was the early edition without the preface warning the reader of its vaguely Morris-like Utopian tendencies. A worse specimen of Mr. Hudson's art could not have been chosen—at least as far as I was concerned. In spite of a certain constructive skill and of the very limpid form of expression, its Jeffries-Morris-1880 sentiments and its damnable Sunday-school ethics were paralysing to admiration. The reader's first impulse on reading this book is to rush out into the street, shake the first navvy he meets by the hand, and thank God for filth, beer, noise and naturalness. Exercising more generosity and self-control than usual I "gave him another chance."

Let me digress here to say that it must be understood that I am narrating a personal adventure among a—to me—unknown author's books. I therefore make no apology for dealing with these works in the order I read them instead of in the more ordinary and orderly classification of preference. The second of Mr. Hudson's books which fell into my hands was "El Ombú."

That was in some sort an enlightenment, and I did not need to read any more to understand why my friends had praised Mr. Hudson to me. Practically from the first page of the first story of that wonderful book I was filled with a great literary pleasure, and more than that even, I felt that it was a literary pleasure of a new kind. I can only explain my impression by a banal and ineffective kind of metaphor. I felt as if I were sitting by a small stream of silvery water tumbling over brown mossy stones among green reeds on a sunny day, so that in one place the water seemed dark ochre, in another green, in another blue where the sky was reflected, and white where the water splashed over a little rock and gold where the sunlight touched the ripples. Only in this way can I express the feeling of fresh vivid colour and of harmonious language, beautifully clear. Add to that the excitement one gets from reading good poetry and you get my impression.

Indeed I am not certain that we ought not to claim Mr. Hudson as a poet—the French would certainly do so. They would call him a poet writing in prose. Take this passage, for example, from the early part of El Ombu:—

"Do you hear the mangangá, the carpenter bee, in the foliage over our heads? Look at him, like a ball of shining gold among the green leaves, suspended in one place, humming loudly! Ah, señor, the years that are gone, the people that have lived and died, speak to me thus audibly when I am sitting here by myself. These are memories; but there are other things that come back to us from the past; I mean ghosts. Sometimes, at midnight, the whole tree, from its great roots to its topmost leaves, is seen from a distance shining like white fire. What is that fire, seen of so many, which does not scorch the leaves? And, sometimes, when a traveller lies down here to sleep the siesta, he hears sounds of footsteps coming and going, and noises of dogs and fowls, and of children shouting and laughing, and voices of people talking; but when he starts up and listens, the sounds grow faint, and seem at last to pass away into the tree with a low murmur as of wind among the leaves."

I have transcribed the whole paragraph when I meant merely to quote a portion, but I had to continue, partly for the sheer pleasure of writing down such fine English and partly because the cadence and sense of the prose required full quotation. There is nothing in this particular passage which sets it above the rest of the story from which it is taken; I mean by that that words as delicate, imagination as unforced, a charm as great may be found throughout the tale. It has an extraordinary suavity and romance. And the prose is so fine and clear, like a stream as I have said, and the imagination so unclouded; there is so strong a sense that the writer used words not because he did not know exactly what he wanted to say but because he had old memories, or new fancies, so utterly free from vagueness, that it all fell into words quite easily and unconsciously; that it seems like poetry to us and we understand why it is that the French say that a man can be a novelist and write prose, and yet be a poet.

The story called "Marta Riquelme" has a great allure; it is rather difficult to say why. The tale of the lonely priest in the remote South American village combating the old pagan gods who are gathered there as in their last citadel—this story has so much of the essential stuff of tragedy in it that it stands out with a certain permanence among one's memories of books. In this short story, and in the two novels to be mentioned later, Mr. Hudson has created a new sense of the supernatural, and presented it in such a way that disbelief is harder than credulity. You do not believe that a terribly wretched woman, persecuted by the old gods Pachacamac and Viracocho, can be changed by them into a spirit-bird, the Kakué, whose screams are heard among green foliage, but whose shape is never seen? No? Then read "Marta Riquelme," and two pages from the end put the book down and swear that it did not happen—if you can. The best tales of the "Metamorphoses" are nothing to this.

"Green Mansions" and "The Purple Land" are the names of Mr. Hudson's two novels. The purple land which England lost is the Banda Oriental in South America—whatever that may be. Mr. Hudson tells somewhere or other how the book was only reviewed twice on its first appearance, and once under "Travel and Geography"! A tribute to the accuracy of Mr. Hudson's fiction. The plot of the book is not particularly felicitous. It mostly happens in the foreword. An Englishman, Richard Lamb, runs away with an Argentine girl to Monte Video, goes up country (without his wife) looking for a job, combines the "Sentimental Journey" with martial exploits and botany, and eventually returns with a damosel errant to his pretty wife who has waited for him with an old aunt. The charm of the book lies in its reconstruction of a life that none of us Europeans has ever lived—the life of the gauchos and ranch-keepers in that primitive land. "The iron foot of Progress" as Mr. Hudson calls it, has stamped out all this simple existence and substituted the horrors of cleanliness and mediocrity. We sympathise.

But Mr. Hudson is more charming when telling us his recollections of these days, than when lamenting the evil times that have come to pass. Doubtless it was admirable to be in North America, say, when nobody but a few nonconformists and Red Indians lived there; doubtless the old Banda Oriental was more delightful than the new to a man who was a zoologist and specialist in solitudes; but damnable as the present age is, we live in it, and mere reaction is useless and merely nerve-racking to the reactionary. A beastly age is the age for artists; there is a fine opportunity for them to atone for the shortcomings of life by the splendour of their imaginations. That is the reason why people nowadays read so many books, why we hear of a revival of the interest in poetry; I positively tremble with excitement when I think of the chance writers have to-day. The more brick villas and stockbrokers there are in England the more opportunity for the poet to demonstrate the splendour of his art.

"Green Mansions" might almost have been written by Mr. Conrad himself. It has one advantage over him. It does not exhaust one's brain and emotion to breaking point with intensity, for though it has emotion and intensity it does not fatigue one in the reading. "Lord Jim" and "L'Education Sentimentale" are condensed epics, and can only be safely taken in small doses. I do not wish to spoil a reader's pleasure in Mr. Hudson's beautiful book by saying stupid things about it, yet one or two points should be noted. The supernatural is very strong here, and yet well proportioned. We are never told what Rima is, whether "spirit in human form" or a real girl; the mystery of her stealthy, concealed movements among the forest trees, of her birth, of her strange bird-song, is never wholly explained. The descriptions of the tropical country seem to be accurate with verging on "vérisme." It was perhaps an error to make it appear that so long a story was told at one sitting.

The bulk of Mr. Hudson's writing has for its subject natural history. "Afoot in England," "A Shepherd's Life," "Adventures among Birds," "Birds in London," "Birds in a Village," "Hampshire Days," indicate by their titles his pastoral tastes and his delight in observing birds. I wonder, in spite of Mr. Hudson's plea, whether books of this kind properly become subjects for literary criticism, however much one may admire the workmanship and the accurate writing. I am very possibly wrong, but though I have read all the books cited above, I feel no greater respect for Mr. Hudson as a prose-artist than when I had only read his novels. Charming and interesting as one finds "A Shepherd's Life" and "Hampshire Days," Mr. Hudson is most to be admired for "Green Mansions" and "El Ombú." Granted the knowledge of animals—which is not rare nowadays—and a certain clarity of mind, there are a score of living people who could have written "Adventures among Birds." "Niño Diablo" and "Marta Riquelme" are unique. Personally I got very bored with birds after about six volumes, and without any disrespect, I submit that from an artist's point of view it is no more admirable to "babble o' birds" than it is to "twaddle about trees." I don't believe there is enough human emotion for anyone to make immortal books out of natural history—that is to say when it is a semi-scientific interest that the author has and not the "sublimated regard of poets." We all read Gilbert White and the great Bates and Darwin's "Beagle" and Richard Jeffries (who is nearer to literature than any of them, simply because he is less scientific) but there is something about scientific writing which makes it boresome after a time. It is not literature in the sense that we read it again and again with new emotions. "Science," as my friend Ezra Pound says, "is like plumbing, necessary, but not in literature."

I wish Mr. Hudson would write some more tales and leave grasshoppers and cirl buntings.

A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.

By James Joyce.

HE was sitting on the backless chair in his aunt's kitchen. A lamp with a reflector hung on the japanned wall of the fireplace and by its light his aunt was reading the evening paper that lay on her knees. She looked a long time at a smiling picture that was set in it and said musingly:

— The beautiful Mabel Hunter!

A ringletted girl stood on tiptoe to peer at the picture and said softly:

— What is she in, mud?

— In a pantomime, love.

The child leaned her ringletted head against her mother's sleeve, gazing on the picture and murmured as if fascinated:

— The beautiful Mabel Hunter!

As if fascinated, her eyes rested long upon those demurely taunting eyes and she murmured devotedly:

— Isn't she an exquisite creature?

And the boy who came in from the street, stamping crookedly under his stone of coal, heard her words. He dropped his load promptly on the floor and hurried to her side to see. He mauled the edges of the paper with his reddened and blackened hands, shouldering her aside and complaining that he could not see.

He was sitting in the narrow breakfast room high up in the old, dark-windowed house. The firelight flickered on the wall and beyond the window a spectral dusk was gathering upon the river. Before the fire an old woman was busy making tea and, as she bustled at the task, she told in a low voice of what the priest and the doctor had said. She told too of certain changes that she seen in her of late and of her odd ways and sayings. He sat listening to the words and following the ways of adventure that lay open in the coals, arches and vaults and winding galleries and jagged caverns.

Suddenly he became aware of something in the doorway. A skull appeared suspended in the gloom of the doorway. A feeble creature like a monkey was there, drawn there by the sound of voices at the fire. A whining voice came from the door asking:

— Is that Josephine?

The old bustling woman answered cheerily from the fireplace:

— No, Ellen, it's Stephen.

— O . . . O, good evening, Stephen.

He answered the greeting and saw a silly smile break over the face in the doorway.

— Do you want anything, Ellen? asked the old woman at the fire.

But she did not answer the question and said,

— I thought it was Josephine. I thought you were Josephine, Stephen.

And, repeating this several times, she fell to laughing feebly.

He was sitting in the midst of a children's party at Harold's Cross. His silent watchful manner had grown upon him and he took little part in the games. The children, wearing the spoils of their crackers, danced and romped noisily and though he tried to share their merriment, he felt himself a gloomy figure amid the gay cocked hats and sunbonnets.

But when he had sung his song and withdrawn into a snug corner of the room he began to taste the joy of his loneliness. The mirth, which in the beginning of the evening had seemed to him false and trivial, was like a soothing air to him, passing gaily by his senses, hiding from other eyes the feverish agitation of his blood: while through the circling of the dancers and amid the music and laughter her glance travelled to his corner, flattering, taunting, searching, exciting his heart.

In the hall the children who had stayed latest were putting on their things: the party was over. She had thrown a shawl about her and, as they went together towards the tram sprays of her fresh warm breath flew gaily above her cowled head and her shoes tapped blithely on the glassy road.

It was the last tram. The lank brown horses knew it and shook their bells to the clear night in admonition. The conductor talked with the driver, both nodding often in the green light of the lamp. On the empty seats of the tram were scattered a few coloured tickets. No sound of footsteps came up or down the road. No sound broke the peace of the night save when the lank brown horses rubbed their noses together and shook their bells.

They seemed to listen, he on the upper step and she on the lower. She came up to his step many times and went down to hers again between their phrases and once or twice stood close beside him for some moments on the upper step, forgetting to go down, and then went down. His heart danced upon her movements like a cork upon a tide. He heard what her eyes said to him from beneath their cowl and knew that in some dim past, whether in life or revery, he had heard their tale before. He saw her urge her vanities, her fine dress and sash and long black stockings, and knew that he had yielded to them a thousand times. Yet a voice within him spoke above the noise of his dancing heart, asking him would he take her gift to which he had only to stretch out his hand. And he remembered the day when he and Eileen had stood looking into the Hotel Grounds, watching the waiters running up a trail of bunting on the flagstaff and the fox terrier scampering to and fro on the sunny lawn, and how, all of a sudden, she had broken out into a peal of laughter and had run down the sloping curve of the path. Now, as then, he stood listlessly in his place, seemingly a tranquil watcher of the scene before him.

— She too wants me to catch hold of her, he thought. That's why she came with me to the tram. I could easily catch hold of her when she comes up to my step: nobody is looking. I could hold her and kiss her.

But he did neither: and, when he was sitting alone in the deserted tram he tore his ticket into shreds and stared gloomily at the corrugated footboard.

The next day he sat at his table in the bare upper room for many hours. Before him lay a new pen, a new bottle of ink and a new emerald exercise. From force of habit he had written at the top of the first page the initial letters of the Jesuit motto: A.M.D.G. On the first line of the page appeared the title of the verses he was trying to write: To E—— C——. He knew it was right to begin so for he had seen similar titles in the collected poems of Lord Byron. When he had written this title and drawn an ornamental line underneath he fell into a day dream and began to draw diagrams on the cover of the book. He saw himself sitting at his table in Bray the morning after the discussion at the Christmas dinner table, trying to write a poem about Parnell on the back of one of his father's second moiety notices. But his brain had then refused to grapple with the theme and desisting, he had covered the page with the names and addresses of certain of his classmates:

Roderick Kickham
John Lawton
Anthony MacSwiney
Simon Moonan

Now it seemed as if he would fail again but, by dint of brooding on the incident, he thought himself into confidence. During this process all those elements which he deemed common and insignificant fell out of the scene. There remained no trace of the tram itself nor of the trammen nor of the horses: nor did he and she appear vividly. The verses told only of the night and the balmy breeze and the maiden lustre of the moon. Some undefined sorrow was hidden in the hearts of the protagonists as they stood in silence beneath the leafless trees and when the moment of farewell had come the kiss, which had been withheld by one, was given by both. After this the letters: L. D. S. were written at the foot of the page and, having hidden the book, he went into his mother's bedroom and gazed at his face for a long time in the mirror of her dressing table.

But his long spell of leisure and liberty was drawing to its end. One evening his father came home full of news which kept his tongue busy all through dinner. Stephen had been awaiting his father's return for there had been mutton hash that day and he knew that his father would make him dip his bread in the gravy. But he did not relish the hash for the mention of Clongowes had coated his palate with a scum of disgust.

— I walked bang into him, said Mr. Dedalus for the fourth time, just at the corner of the square.

— Then I suppose, said Mrs. Dedalus, he will be able to arrange it. I mean about Belvedere.

— Of course, he will, said Mr. Dedalus. Don't I tell you he's Provincial of the order now?

— I never liked the idea of sending him to the Christian Brothers myself, said Mrs. Dedalus.

— Christian Brothers be damned! said Mr. Dedalus. Is it with Paddy Stink and Mickey Mud? No, let him stick to the Jesuits in God's name since he began with them. They'll be of service to him in after years. Those are the fellows that can get you a position.

— And they're a very rich order, aren't they, Simon?

— Rather. They live well, I tell you. You saw their table at Clongowes. Fed up, by God, like gamecocks.

Mr. Dedalus pushed his plate over to Stephen and bade him finish what was on it.

— Now then, Stephen, he said, you must put your shoulder to the wheel, old chap. You've had a fine long holiday.

— O, I'm sure he'll work very hard now, said Mrs. Dedalus, especially when he has Maurice with him.

— O, Holy Paul, I forgot about Maurice, said Mr. Dedalus. Here, Maurice! Come here, you thick-headed ruffian! Do you know I'm going to send you to a college where they'll teach you to spell c.a.t. cat. And I'll buy you a nice little penny handkerchief to keep your nose dry. Won't that be grand fun?

Maurice grinned at his father and then at his brother. Mr. Dedalus screwed his glass into his eye and stared hard at both of his sons. Stephen mumbled his bread without answering his father's gaze.

— By the bye, said Mr. Dedalus at length, the rector or provincial rather, was telling me that story about you and Father Dolan. You're an impudent thief, he said.

— O, he didn't, Simon!

— Not he! said Mr. Dedalus. But he gave me a great account of the whole affair. We were chatting, you know, and one word borrowed another. And, by the way, who do you think he told me will get that job in the corporation? But I'll tell you that after. Well, as I was saying, we were chatting away quite friendly and he asked me did our friend here wear glasses still and then he told me the whole story.

— And was he annoyed, Simon?

— Annoyed! Not he! *Manly little chap*! he said.

Mr. Dedalus imitated the mincing nasal tone of the Provincial.

— Father Dolan and I, when I told them all at dinner about it, Father and I had a great laugh over it. *You better mind yourself, Father Dolan*, said I, *or young Dedalus will send you up for twice nine.* We had a famous laugh together over it. Ha! Ha! Ha!

Mr. Dedalus turned to his wife and interjected in his natural voice:

— Shows you the spirit in which they take the boys there. O, a Jesuit for your life, for diplomacy!

He reassumed the provincial's voice and repeated:
— I told them all at dinner about it and Father Dolan and I and all of us we all had a hearty laugh together over it. Ha! Ha! Ha!

(*To be Continued.*)

Memoirs of a Charming Person.

FOURTH CONVERSATION.

THE next time I met the Count he began enquiring again which kind among the invisible peoples I fancied for my marriage; and when I told him I hadn't yet made up my mind on the subject, he argued with me at some length. Did I not believe it possible that God should have made creatures such as he described, out of the elements? It was possible, of course, I answered, but was there any sort of proof that he had done so? Thereupon the Count offered me the most convincing proof: namely, that he should cause one of Cardan's Sylphs to appear, who would tell me all about herself.

I objected strongly to this idea, alleging that I did not want such proof till I was quite convinced that these beings were not the enemies of God. He went on, as was his way, to quote the Fathers of the Church, S. Athanasius and S. Jerome, both of whom had written about the temptations of S. Anthony, and had given an account of his conversations with a Sylph; which they would never have done had the latter been a devil. I was not, he said, to fancy myself wiser than such writers; and he supposed that if I had been one of the 10,000 hermits to whom S. Anthony told his adventures, I should have taken upon myself to convince him that it was all pure illusion, and should have dissuaded Athanasius from publishing any story so contrary to religion, philosophy, and commonsense!

"True," said I. "I should either have said nothing at all, or a great deal more."

"Athanasius and Jerome couldn't say more," he replied, "because they did not know more, and even if they had known all, which was impossible, as they were not one of us, they wouldn't have rashly given away the secrets of Wisdom."

I asked why the Sylph hadn't proposed marriage to S. Anthony, and the Count asnwered laughingly that it would not have been much use tempting Providence by marrying at that age, and expecting children.

I exclaimed in astonishment, "But does one marry these Sylphs to have children by them?"

"Is it ever permissible to marry for any other reason?" asked he.

"I thought," said I, "that it was only to make the Sylphs immortal."

"Of course," answered he, "that is the first object of a Philosopher, but he is human enough to wish them to bear children. Ah, if only there were more of these philosophical families, and none of the children of sin! For you must know that all human beings conceived in the ordinary way are creatures of sin. Yes: I see what you want to say, and you must know further it was never the will of God that men and women should have offspring. If Adam had not grossly violated the command given him to have no relations with Eve, but had been satisfied with the Nymphs and Sylphs, the world would never have been shamefully peopled with imperfect creatures—almost monsters, compared with the children of the Philosophers."

"Then," cried I, "you think Adam's sin didn't lie in eating the apple?"

"Are you among those who take the story of the apple literally?" he retorted. "Do you not know that Holy Writ uses metaphorical language to express what could not otherwise be decently said? But the Sages have understood the mystery, and know that if Adam had had relations only with Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs or Salamanders, the world would have been filled with a wonderfully strong, wise race. As it is, God has sometimes allowed members of it to be born, so as to accentuate the difference between innocent and guilty offspring."

"But surely," said I, "a Licentiate of the Sorbonne, who quoted S. Augstine, S. Jerome and Gregory of Nazianza to me the other day, couldn't have been mistaken when he said that unions between men and Elementals could bear no fruit."

"Lactansius and S. Thomas Aquinas knew better," returned the Count. "Not only are they fruitful, but the children are of a generous and heroic nature. You can read of them in the xxiii. Chapter of Numbers. Think of what the world would have been if all its inhabitants had been like Zoroaster!"

"Zoroaster!" I exclaimed, "who is supposed to have been the inventor of necromancy?"

"Yes," said he, "so the ignorant think. He was the son of the Salamander Oromasis and Vesta, the wife of Noah. He lived for 1200 years, and was then taken by his father to the region of the Salamanders."

"That I don't doubt, but I can't believe anything so outrageous of Noah."

"On the contrary, these patriarchs took a great pride in being the putative fathers of the children whom the Elementals wished to have by their wives. With regard to Oromasis, he was beloved of Vesta, Noah's wife, who became the tutelary goddess of Rome; and besides Zoroaster, they had a very beautiful daughter, the divine Egeria, who gave the laws to Numa Pompilius. She made Numa build a temple to her mother Vesta, where the sacred fire was always kept burning in honour of her father Oromasis. This is the truth about the fables which poets and Roman historians have told about the nymph Egeria. Even Guillaume Postel, the least ignorant among the Cabalists, thought that Egeria was only the good genius of Vesta. We learn from the Cabala that Egeria was conceived whilst Noah was living in the Cabalistic ark, during the Flood. Not only did he give up his own wife to the Salamander Oromasis, but persuaded his sons to follow his example, with the result that the world was soon inhabited by beings which were so admirable in every way that their descendants took them for divinities. The one among Noah's sons who fell a victim to the charms of his earthly wife, as Adam had to those of Eve, was Cham; and his defection is plainly shown in all his black posterity. Hence, say the Cabalists, comes the horrible colour of the Ethiopians, and all those hideous tribes who are condemned to live beyond the Torrid Zone, as a punishment for the profane ardours of their father."

"These are very interesting details," said I, "and your Cabala does throw a wonderful light on ancient history."

"Yes," replied he, gravely, "and without it, the Scriptures, history, fable, and nature herself are alike unintelligible. This story of Cham, for instance, really bears quite a different interpretation from the literal one. Noah, on coming out of the Ark, fell in love again with his own wife, and Cham, fearing lest his father should commit the same sin as himself, took the opportunity when the old man was full of wine, to deprive him of his virility. Do you laugh?"

"I'm laughing at Cham's indiscreet zeal," said I.

"You should rather admire the good feeling of Oromasis," replied the Count, "for jealousy did not prevent him from taking pity on his rival. He told his son Zoroaster, otherwise known as Japhet, the name of the God of fecundity, and by the use of this powerful word, JABAMIAH, the patriarch was restored to his former powers. The Greeks misinterpreted this story, and said the oldest of the Gods had been castrated by his own child. You can see from this tale how much more humane the fire people are than ourselves, and even than the people of the air or

water, for the jealousy of the latter is terrible, as we know from an adventure told by Paracelsus. A philosopher of Stauffenberg, who had entered into relations with a Nymph, had the bad taste to be unfaithful to her with a mortal. Whereupon, when he was dining with his new mistress and some friends, the most beautiful thigh in the world showed itself in the air; the invisible one thus proving to the friends of her faithless lover what a wrong he was committing in preferring a woman to her. After which the indignant Nymph killed him within the hour."

I exclaimed indignantly at this conduct, but the Count assured me that all the Elementals wanted was fidelity as far as mortals were concerned. They are not at all jealous of one another, he said, and like to have as many children in their Republic as the Sages can give them. I asked him why there were so few instances of what he had been telling me, and he replied that there were a great many, but they were attributed to the Devil by the ignorant.

"A little Gnome," he went on, "was loved by the celebrated Magdalen of the Cross, abbess of a monastery at Cordova in Spain, for nearly thirty years, until an ignorant Director persuaded her that he was a Goblin, and compelled her to ask absolution of Pope Paul III. Yet that Gnome could not have been a Devil, for miracles were performed every day in her favour, as Cassiodorus Remus tells us, and as all Europe knew. The same learned Director would no doubt have said that the Sylph who was immortalizing himself with the young Gertrude, a religious of the monastery of Nazareth in the diocese of Cologne, was also a devil."

"Certainly I should say so too," said I.

The Count pursued, laughing, "Well, my son, if that be so, the Devil is a lucky fellow; but as a matter of fact, he is busy in Hell with graver occupations more suited to him; but it is in this way such falsifications get about. Titus Livius, for example, says that Romulus was the son of Mars; which story the sceptics say is a fable; the theologians say he was the son of a diabolic succubus, and the jesters, that Sylvia covered her lapses by pretending they were due to a god. But we, who have knowledge, know that the so-called Mars was a Salamander, who fell in love with Sylvia, and made her the mother of the great Romulus. He was also the father of Hercules and the great Alexander, also of the divine Plato, Apollonius of Tyana, Achilles, and the famous Melchisedek—you did not know who was Melchisedek's father?"

"No, indeed," said I; "neither did S. Paul."

The Count then told me that S. Paul had known, but would not reveal a Cabalistic secret. Melchisedek, he said, was the son of a Salamander, by the wife of Shem; and his sacrificial ritual of bread and wine was the same as that taught by his cousin Egeria to Numa. This worship of a God without visible presence or representation was also the same; and though the Roman cultus degenerated, and the sacred books of Numa were burned, nevertheless, in remembrance of this first religion, God gave Rome the supremacy of the world. Melchisedek's sacrifices

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Here I interrupted him.

"Sir," said I, "let us have done with Melchisedek, the Sylph who begot him, his cousin Egeria, and the sacrifice—these are far-fetched proofs. I want something newer, though I've heard that these Sylphs and such like, are all dead; for you yourself own that they were mortal, and we know nothing about them now."

The Count answered with some emotion that he prayed I might not be confounded for my ignorance: that if only I would not take the old woman's point of view of the Elementals as devils, I might find proofs everywhere of what he had told me.

"How," he asked, "could a devil take the form of a beautiful woman, and live with a Spaniard for three years, bearing him children—a well-known fact! Again, Apollonius of Tyana was the son of a Salamander, and yet you would attribute the birth of such a great man to the Devil!"

I objected that Apollonius was a magician and nothing more.

"Indeed," said the Count, "old wives' fables again. S. Jerome, S. Justin Martyr, both say he was a great philosopher: he was reputed to understand the language of birds; to have appeared at several places in different parts of the world on the same day; to have raised a girl from the dead; and yet you uphold the old woman's idea that he was a mere sorcerer."

Before I could answer him, he went on to speak of Merlin, whose mother was a religious, daughter of the King of Great Britain; a Sylph consoled her in her solitude, and brought up their son in knowledge of all the sciences, as is recorded in the history of England. He also alluded to Melusine, wife of one of the Counts of Poitiers, who, according to Paracelsus, was a Nymph: she has never failed since her death, he said, to warn the family when any misfortune is impending, by appearing on the walls of the Castle of Lusignan.

"Is it not better," he ended, "to suppose that great men were begotten by creatures as perfect and wise as these Elementals, rather than by some wretched demon?"

"Our theologians," I said, "do not attribute all the children of unknown fathers to the Devil—indeed, they deny that demons, being spirits, can beget at all. But they say the latter have methods——"

"Do not speak of these horrors!" cried the Count. "Your theologians should have been better employed than in making such disgusting conjectures."

"They had better have denied all the facts on which the whole question rests," I retorted.

"Ah," said he, "that's a good way of getting out of the difficulty! Now, supposing you were a noted theologian, and the blessed Danhuzerus came to you, as to the oracle of his religion——"

At this point we were interrupted by a lackey, who informed me that a young gentleman was waiting to see me. I made my excuses to the Count, and he left the room, as my visitor came in.

M. DE V.-M.

Georges Polti: A Sign of the Times.

ALL philosophies that pretend to reduce literature to a branch of universal history under the control of a pre-arranged formula, will forever seem outrageous to lovers of good books. Not that these would deny that literature is a branch of universal happening. Their complaint is with the inveterate egotism of the historical philosophers, who imagine themselves capable of understanding an "epoch" before they have settled the problem why men are born or think or die—absolutely essential before anyone can dream of tracing "movements" for which our only evidence is the works of certain individual minds. Books always contain something more than a certain quantity of certain ideas; at the very least they present these ideas in an arbitrary order that is determined exclusively by something within the author's head, an individual quality that resists the scalpel of the surgeon and refuses to dance when the wires of race, heredity, climate or planetary ascendancy are pulled.

But though philosophy of history does not yet exist and cannot until the mole of psychological research has gone through the human brain and emerged triumphant on the other side, history remains. And history, though it cannot tell a convincing tale of why things happen, may be allowed to insist that

certain matters did come to pass. It enables us to state, even of a thinker, what novelties he has brought to the surface himself, and what lay in the pack he drew on in order to complete his hand. We may say without too great fatuity that the scholars of the Italian Renaissance were better equipped to study the thought of the ancients after 1429, the year when the good Emmanuel Chrysolorus made the journey to Italy from Constantinople seeking aid for his city against the Turks, and offering a number of rare manuscripts of ancient authors as evidence of good faith. Italian books that appeared after this date show an obvious familiarity with certain systems of thought previously hidden to view.

Study of the author's sources may be made of any book whatever; it will be fruitful if the student remember that men of a certain time do not all represent their epoch in the same degree, but only in the measure in which they made use of knowledge and opinion already at hand. He who would create a new system of thought entire out of himself (an obviously impossible task), could not be said to depend upon his times, for that which was unthought obviously did not exist. Another writer may give only a rehash of the erudition and mental habits of his day. Such a one lends himself with peculiar fitness to vivisection, for by analyzing him we come to know of what stuff our own mental suburbs are composed. We can criticise in the small what we were unable to discern in the large. For this reason, because he seems to be compound of nearly all the intellectual habits of our own time (particularly the pernicious), the work of the Frenchman Georges Polti, can be investigated with no small profit to the inquirer.

To look into his single representative work is, indeed, what I attempted, only to discover that certain difficulties lay strewn, as it were, purposely, in my way.

"It is good," a friend once said, "to let one's mind wander occasionally off the beaten track." But after I had allowed mine to wander for five solid hours among lonely regions in company with M. Polti, I began to doubt not only the wisdom of the *wanderlust*, but the sanity of my absent friend, of Polti, and of myself. At last the fear of losing myself forever beyond the pale of the narrowly human, became intolerable. Already my reason was wavering. Far-away bells rang, phantoms bumbled in my ears, ghosts of fictitious personages swarmed about us menacingly. It was too much. With an exclamation I broke the links that had held my attention. The covers of the book I had dared to read slammed to.

"Old clothes merchant! Old clothes merchant!" rasped a voice in my ears that seemed to saw its way in from the street. A little sigh escaped me, for at that instant I knew I had slipped back into the old thought and actions of every day. I had escaped the menace of the madhouse.

I have often strayed from the road of the usual. I have gone through *Etidorpha* to the End of Earth, with John Uri Lloyd, to learn that science is unable to explain why the water in the ocean does not all run out. Once I stayed with John of Patmos almost to the last monster; and later picked up the trail where I had left it and travelled to the last full stop. From William James I had it that my consciousness progresses like a parade of buckets; from a phrenologist, that my head is a cross between the "nervous" and the "sanguine." But the salad of all these is too indigestible. How is it possible to suppose that there is a connection between Theophrastes, the "Imitation of Christ," and the latest theories of M. Thomas Ribot? or to have seen the essential interdependence of the seven series of visions in the "Book of Revelation," and Analogical Subtraction, the latter leading indubitably to the proof that the "Iliad" and the "Odyssey" are the work of a single Homer and he a mathematician? The title of M. Polti's work is singular enough: "The Art of Inventing Personages. (The XII. Principal Types.—Their 36 subdivisions and 154,980 varieties still unedited.)" To this strange handle the author hitches a philosophy illuminated by a lamp of learning so conglomerate that hardly two of its component rays can be mutually intelligible.

The title is significant but it is not illuminating. If you had seen M. Polti at one of the occasional dinners of the "Artists of Passy," had noticed his curious eyes, his somewhat ineffectual gestures, his hair and beard of neglected black, you would have guessed at once that his works would bear the stamp of idiosyncracy. You could not, however, have guessed, even when his yellow-covered volume lay before you, that in his effort to reduce the art of fiction to a science, Polti has forged a philosophy entire of filings and chips from other workshops. You would not have known that he has read all the books and classified them in a new way, and that to do so he has made long detours into phrenology and comparative religion, or that it is upon this latter ground that he is most firmly seated. To learn these you must read the book. To read the book demands a patience comparable to a geological epoch or an unusual interest in singular individuals. Moreover, the risk does not seem slight of losing your mind completely and of turning forever in the mazes of divine permutation and combination about the major axis of each confrontation of the "divers dyads, triads, tetrads, pentads, etc."

"The Art of Inventing" is, the author assured me, a summing up of all he has accomplished until this time. To give a fair presentation of the weirdness of Polti's thought it would be necessary to follow his footsteps from paragraph to paragraph through the 226 pages of his work. Failing this one can do little more than offer some hints about the philosophy of borrowed bits and the richness of the mind it expresses. This method of attack will save a large amount of time and is sure to give the reader of this sketch a better grasp of the whole than he would have after a single reading of the work in question, so phenomenally badly is it organised.

Each of us, says M. Polti, contains not *a soul*, *an ego*, but *all* human souls because *all the* human soul, everywhere identical and complete. But for the sake of the partial *Human Type*, the soul gives up its "intimate absolute. It denies for this idol, the total it has the duty to be: Saintliness, formidable image of the God—One, that is to say, infinite, perfect."

Three influences contribute to this debasing of the cosmic soul into a spurious human ego: (1) *moral and physical education*, such as heredity, stimulants, etc.; (2) the *ambiguity of words*; and (3) *examples* by which men aid each other to descend "from the heights of history to the familiar relations of daily life." The soul consents to play a rôle. (Moreover, this rôle is usually inferior. Having, so to speak, all possible rôles to choose from, each of us has sacrificed to the abominable lie, namely, that the ego is real, the man of genius that he possesses along with all humanity, in his soul.)

The *I* cannot exist in itself. Disputes between desire and conscience prove the fact. "Oh, if the human *I* were unique, then between whom would take place the debates of conscience? What grotesque picture do you present to me of a tribunal where the judge is alone, and bounds from the bench to the bar and everywhere about the precincts? Would not he who, entering the hall of justice, should come upon such a spectacle, conclude with reason that this judge was mad? Yet thou are not mad; thou must then be many."

This is solemn truth. What we call our character is a sheaf of "attitudes, nothing but attitudes." Each of us, by reason of our unique humanity-soul, can, indeed, in so far as this has remained free from determining causes, indulge in any act whatever. Anything we do is rational. Or rather, it is neither

rational nor irrational: it is. For failure to recognise this fact science has consistently been unable to throw any light on the soul. Poets, however, have done so, for literature is content to draw a single consistent attitude which is called a literary character. Here we are dealing not with a capricious human being but with a pseudo-being, an attitude whose reality depends upon the degree in which the reader is made to feel its consistency. Attitudes may be counted and classified. Thus a true basis for the science of literature is established.

Classification is the next need. How many immediately visible types are there? Primarily six: rôles, employments, professional types, types of social rank, character types, more individual types. Each of these is susceptible of being placed in one of several relations to the others. He may be tragic, comic, serious, ridiculous, etc. But this classification is too empirical, too naïve.

A surer, more intellectual method, starts with the theory of temperaments: the *nervous*, the *bilious*, the *lymphatic*, and the *sanguine*. Phrenological illustrations give weight to this thesis. Four are the unit forms of human individuality. From the *four temperaments* we proceed to the *six types*, to wit, the *objectives*, combinations of the *bilious* and the *lymphatic*, whose dominant need is to be more, to manifest themselves in their works; the *subjectives*; the *actives*; the *passives* (or *sensitives*); the *intellectuals*; and the *corporeals*. These six morally and physically well-cut types are nothing else than "the exaggeration of our energy in one of the six directions in which the three dimensions of space are doubled: height (up, down), breadth (right, left), depth (behind, before)."

I imagine it is unnecessary to continue this game any further. By a series of noble analogies the author convinces himself that mankind has at all times been able to group its units under twelve heads, symbolised among early nations by a pantheon of twelve gods and goddesses. Here M. Polti shows his strength. He is able to see correspondences not only between the twelve major divinities of India (including Buddha, who was at no time, to my knowledge, accounted a god) and those of Greece; but, following Pythagoras and the French mythologist Dupuis, between all the "twelves" in human history. From Dupuis he cites the following: the twelve Roman lictors, the twelve altars of Janus, the twelve columns of the temple of Heliopolis, the twelve palaces of the dedalian Labyrinth, the twelve gates of the apocalyptic New Jerusalem with the same number of bases and genii to guard them; the twelve branches of the candlestick, the twelve fountains of the desert, the twelve sacred cushions, the twelve stars of Joseph's dream.

All this sounds occult, and must be if it is to have any sense at all.

Not at all, replies the undaunted Polti; there are twelve divinities in every religion simply because the people could not create more.

Passing over an enormous amount of mythology and leaving Polti's theory of the genesis of gods to those who are capable of judging it, we come finally to the summit of the author's achievement. This irrepressible number 12 corresponds to a strange and obsessing rhythm of human life.

"It is the rhythm of vitality.

"Listen to it now, beating in your heart, in your arteries, in your nerves . . . and even in your (sexual?) spasm."

Lay aside your objections and listen to this modern Bacon. He has not only taken all regions of knowledge to be his province, but has made of them his fief, his overlordship, his backyard. His claim is to nothing less than omniscience. Double the twelve principal types once for tragedy and comedy, and again for male and female, and you have—not forty-eight subdivisions, but thirty-six! Under each main head Jupiter, Vesta, etc., are three subdivisions depending for their special natures upon that of the general head. Each of these subdivisions is again divided into as many classes as M. Polti could distinguish; for example:

MARS.

1. Murderers and Assassins.
2. Violent and Revolutionary.
3. Daring (as follows):

1. Sacred heroines: Jahel, "Judith." No masculine equals.

2. Patriot heroes: Jeanne Hachette, Clélie, the Amazons of Dahomey; "Nicomède," Gustav Conrad (Mickiewiez, "The Festival of the Dead"), and the ridiculously exaggerated Vercingetorix and Arminius.

3. Fearless warriors: Bradamante and Marphise ("Roland furieux"), Artémise à Salamine; "Siegfried," Rhésus (Euripides; the "Iliad"), "Richard Cœur-de-Lion," Hotspur (Shakespeare, "Henry IV."), "Richard-sans-peur" of the fable, "le Cid," "Charles XII.," "Sié-jin-kouéi" (by the courtesan Tchang-koué-pin), "Raskasa (The Seal of," by Vicakhadeva), and all the Mars of all the cults.

4. Calm and noble men of courage: Porus (Racine, "Alexandre-le-Grand"), Xiphares ("Mithridates"), "Gaston" (-et Bayard," Belloy).

5. Moral revolutionaries: the Prophets, St. John the Baptist ("the greatest of all men," said Jesus-Christ), "Hedda Gabler" (Ibsen), "l'Insociale" (Mme. Aurel), "Renée Mauperin" (Concourt), Germaine (Mirabeau, "les Affaires"); "le Jeune Goldner" (Hirschfeld), Byron.

6. Enthusiasts: Nicolas Rastov (Tolstoi, "War and Peace"), Silvère (Zola, "La Fortune des Rougon").

7. Ridiculous Enthusiasts: Bambaev (Turgenev, "Smoke").

8. Generous and honest: Neoptolemes (Sophocles, "Philoctetes"), Nemours (C. Delavigne, "Louis XI."), "Britannicus," Séleucus (Corneille, "Rodogune"), Hémon (Sophocles, "Antigone"), Antoninus (Massinger and Dekker).

9. Comic brave men: Cécile (Labiche, "les Deux Timides." No masculine example.

From this classification of world literature exactly 369 possible characters are lacking. Multiply this number by five, for the five ages of man (childhood, adolescence, youth, maturity, old age) and you obtain 1,845 varieties. But for each of these one can count seven social classes (royal, high-society or elegant, rich middle class, small middle class, working class, indigent, peasant). Multiplying we obtain 12,915 unedited types. Multiply again by twelve in accordance with a mystical mathematic, and you obtain a grand total of 154,980 varieties of literary character still absent from any book. These are what writers are asked to get busy and create.

As I write these lines my wits begin to wander anew.

It is of course unnecessary to state that he who has consecrated years of time and a more vast amount of learning than I ever knew to be gathered in a single brain, is not a charlatan.

Idiosyncrasy is never entirely original. It consists in a persistence in transporting well-known formulæ to regions where they appear inapplicable. Infrequently they are found to apply so exactly that a new discovery leaps forth. The man of idiosyncrasy becomes the man of genius. For this reason it behoves us to be conservative in our judgment of such a person as Georges Polti.

Yet to me, at least, Polti's greatest interest does not lie in his mythological theories, nor in his proof of the oneness of Homer. He seems primarily a symbol of a historical moment at its worst. This moment is our own. It is one of great science and little sense.

Great science means two things, an enormous amount of collected observation and a certain method. Both of these traits M. Polti possesses to the highest degree. Let those who think him a poor observer read the chapter in which it is "proven that there has existed but a single Homer." In large part his work remains incomprehensible through the misapplication of a method. This is, the author admits, that of analogy. Now it is just this method of analogy that has given rise to-day to so much pseudo-science.

Pseudo-science is the rigid application of scientific methods and presuppositions, *by analogy*, to certain groups of human phenomena to which it is impossible to show that these methods and these suppositions apply. Psychologists are pseudo-scientists in presuming that the activity of the mind is confined to the brain, when this presumption forces them to ignore even, as they say, for the time being, such a simple fact as mental telepathy. Criminologists are pseudo-scientific, not in applying the terms of medical jargon (psychosis, epileptoid group, etc.) to the study of human types, but in applying the results obtained by such an uncertain method of procedure to cases of individual right, as when they declare a man unfit to manage his property on a theory that calls Plotinus, Swedenborg, and Napoleon mad. Taine, again, was pseudo-scientific, as are all philosophers of history, in attempting to reduce genius to certain selected phenomena; Zola, in wishing to reduce literature to study of the physiological man alone; Edison, in wishing to replace all text books by the moving picture film.

By his mathematics, his habit of ignoring facts that contradict his theory, Polti is a disciple of these gentlemen. But with his theory of the universal soul and the general credulity with which he accepts certain theses, he has fallen prey to another malady, impulsiveness. Modern science has with difficulty freed itself from the influence of those who accept as gospel whatever is told to them in an interesting manner. But in general society is still haunted by this mania, as seen in the multitude of contemporary religious creeds that claim to be founded on ancient remote wisdom—occult, psychic, "new thought," moral, mental or Christian science and the like. It is far from my intention to criticise these doctrines; anyone will admit that the ease with which these sects find followers renders both creed and convert open to suspicion.

I think that the interest I have taken in M. Polti for the extraordinary exactness with which he has reproduced the blunders of his age, have by this time become intelligible to the reader. So lest my analysis seem too unfair I shall, in closing it, make use of the words in which this rare individual himself terminates his volume, "Excuse the faults of the author."

EDGAR A. MOWRER.

Passing Paris.

MORE than five hundred thousand (exactly = 505,972) women have favourably responded within one week to the "white vote" to which they were invited through the initiative of the "Journal." The unfavourable replies numbered 114. This means that feminism in France is not merely the intellectual, unpractical and exclusive movement it is generally supposed to be, for the "Journal's" campaign could not have been more democratic. All the women of the country were appealed to, and those who answered most readily, and in the greatest numbers, that they were prepared to take an active part in the political life of the country, were precisely those who do its work: peasants, factory-hands, saleswomen, tradeswomen and so forth. The "Journal" is a Paris newspaper with a large circulation; though it does not penetrate far into the provinces. It seems a fairly safe conclusion, in view of the success of this enterprise, that the majority of the women of France are ready to vote, given a little more preparation and the opportunity. And I think it may be presumed that this innovation would not meet with the opposition it arouses in England.

M. Achille Segard has just brought out (at Ollendorff's) a book on Mary Cassatt, one of the last surviving links with the "impressionist" school. The others are, strange to say, its very pioneers, namely Claude Monet and Auguste Renoir. The former lives near the Forest of Fontainebleau, the latter, who is often in ill-health, in the South of France.

Miss Mary Cassatt is of American birth, but she has lived and exhibited in France since 1874. Manet, Courbet and Degas were her masters and the French claim her as one of theirs. Her work is vigorous, competent, but lacking in sensibility. It has many admirers nevertheless.

I find the following observation in "La Revue des Salons" (Marseille, rue de Seine) by Fritz R. Vanderpyl:

"En outre, vous comprendrez par la même occasion qu'un peintre qui se sert, tout comme nous, du télégraphe, du téléphone, d'autos, d'avions peut-être; qui goute la musique de Wagner et qui lit Kipling, ne peut pas peindre comme Raphael qui allait à pied de sa belle maison pres du Vatican au Palais de la Fornesina, et que La Tour qui faisait ses pastels en écoutant jouer de l'épinette dans le boudoir de la Pompadour."

Quite so, it would be absurd if he did. Yet I do not think that aeroplanes, Wells, Kipling and Wagner, make original painters. I think these elements may influence the expression of their genius, or coincide with it, but they will not contribute to it. An original painter is one who draws upon himself and not upon museums, who sees through his own eyes and not those of his predecessors, and that is why great art is never a repetition of any foregoing style. For art is first and foremost an expression of individuality, and only secondly of a period and its peculiarities such as aeroplanes, H. G. Wells or, say, crinolines. Its individuality keeps it mobile and vital, not the circumstances in which it evolves.

"Le Temps Présent" is publishing a French translation (by Georges Pierredon) of "The Death of Peter Waydelin" by Arthur Symons. "La Vie des Lettres" gives a study by Jethro Bithell of Lascelles Abercrombie and rather an unsuitably heavy essay on the personality and writings of Oscar Wilde by Dr. Ernst Benz. In "La Revue des Deux Mondes" M. T. de Wyzewa has been studying Joseph Conrad and M. Jaques Bardorux, King George V. Perriss et Cie. publish "Un Mariage de Prince": Mme. Fitzherbert et Georges IV., by W. H. Wilkings.

George Crès et Cie. are about to bring out a reprint of Rémy de Gourmont's magnificent translation of perhaps the finest Spanish work of fiction of modern times entitled, in French at least, "La Gloire de Don Ramire," and originally published in France by the "Mercure" firm. Is there no English version of this book and if not, why not?

Good translators receive no credit, or little, for their pains. Anyhow always too little. Yet how rare they are and how meritorious! English translations are often poor; the Germans would seem to be the best hands at the work—perhaps because there is a greater demand in Germany for cosmopolitan literature than in England. The Scandinavian, Hun-

garian and Russian literatures have all been admirably translated into German, indeed this language would seem by nature well adapted for the rendering of those idioms. Ibsen is surely hardly better in the original than in German. One of the most memorable performances in this line was Sabatier's translation of "Faust" where almost each word of the original finds its equivalent position in the translation. Another remarkable, and only just less stupendous, feat has been M. Henri d'Albert's rendering of Nietzsche's complete works. Among the curiosities of translation are Mallarmé's prose versions of the poems of Edgar Allan Poe and notably of "The Raven" where the laconic and sonorous "nevermore" has no French parallel in sound. But he did wonders with it, as also with "The Bells," perhaps more easily rendered.

SAINT FIACRE.

Poems.

BY J. RODKER.

CONSUMMATION.

She was so tired after the night.
Out of a dream all things grew utter white,
One bird was brooding there that dared not sing
But preened a wing.

Out of the widening white haze
Desire now mocked her. All her virgin days
Swung thin and shrivelled; in lush undergrowth
Made ponderous her limbs—and at her mouth
Bittered her lips with drought.

Yet sweet the bitterness thereof
When each limb had sucked full from limbs of love,
Breast from soft breast and thigh from urgent thigh
And lip from lip . . . while sometimes night passed
Most wearily.

Leaving the needless heart to labour on,
Though life grew vain when the dear lust was gone,
And yet too tired to wish for Death at all.

THE POET TO HIS POEMS.

Poets starve so near the stars
Because they like to think of bars
Of pure bright gold near them in heaven . . .
And things we hardly understand,
Like mystic numbers three and seven—
And all the things we know are dead
In a dead land.
"They talk of brains from which 'thought bled'"—
"Poor stricken brains"—What could they mean?
We're very happy here, we've been
Through love and life and such like things,
And have not burst our hearts—
If our loves leave us, what of that?
There's no wound smarts
Forever. . . . If our life's flat
It's only that we cannot spend
All that we would.
Now should this poet lend
Us something . . . if he could . . .
We'd show him life more splendid far
Than all his dreams or poems are.

SLEEP-SICK.

Joy has gone out from me—and warmth—
And whether she sleep or no
It matters not. . . .
Or whether the sleep be long
I will not heed . . .
For my lids grow heavy as night is
Without stars.

Have I not offered up my hours before her pain
Till all my days went thin as her own pain?
And now my lids grow heavy as night is
Without stars. . . .
And she sleeps.

Whether she sleep or no
I must not heed
Lest I wake.

Whether she sleep or no
I will not heed . . .
Or whether the sleep be long
I care not now.

UNDER THE TREES.

It is so desolate:
This blown leaf falling,
Without sound and helpless.
Each little wind thrills it.
Still without sound.
Not a bird sings . . .
Not a leaf stirs.
Suddenly the tawny brothers whisper
And are silent,
A long thin silence . . .
The twilight grows,
And now and then the little brothers whisper,
And stir softly,
And lie still. . . .
"Come little sister,
You will sleep in a bed all agolden."
One little star hides in a tree top
From its pale mother,
The far moon,
Who washes the spangles
From her caught children . . .
Poor little stars . . .

O sing in my hair,
Little sad wind.

THE MUSIC HALL.

The group soul anguished drives up to the vane,
Shivers over the strident band.
And trembling sinks into its padded seat . . .
With such a pleasant shiver of the bowels
The first faint peristalt . . .
And a thin hunger somewhere.
Beauty or woman, something not over-rare
That will absorb the thrill, the gushing energic thrill . . .
We watch and smoke . . . our trembling hands
That flutter for a space an arc of light
With acrid trailing fume . . .
But oh . . . the hunger . . .

. . . for the soul is as a little bird mounting to Heaven
Rejoicing, when the bars of thought, which are its cage,
Lie broken about it. . . .

There is a little room inside my mind
With mirrors lined . . .
It must be like the eye of some huge fly

Whoever enters there swoons deep and deep! . . .
So deep, the scared soul quite forgets to weep . . .
And wonders at itself. . . . Bye and bye

Breasting the night. . . . It will forget
How distant thrust the light . . . how wet
And comforting it drenched him; who might not descry

Nor place nor footing in that blackness . . . ah so frail
Where scaur and precipice were mirrored pale
Drifting in icy darkness pitifully.

And marvel at the horror of the sight
He barely may recall. . . . One light
Bursting upon one mirror

Then mirror unto mirror . . . till he saw
That swart and anguished wriggling thing;
His soul . . . take wing . . .

And ever mounting; higher and more high
Warble a song of joy . . . so glad
That being found it too might fructify.

The Causes and Remedy of the Poverty of China.

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

I.—RADICAL METHODS.

OUR country possesses both geographical and climatic advantages, as it is situated in the temperate zone, and its earth yields richest produce. But the cause of its poverty is very plain. There are more consumers than producers of wealth. Among the four hundred million inhabitants not two or three tenths are among the latter class, and it is therefore no wonder that the livelihood of the rest can scarcely be found. We have observed men who are well off in the city and town, but we can readily conclude that these are either farmer, trader or mechanic class. On the other hand, when we meet in the city or town men who are miserable and unable to maintain their existence, we immediately know that they do not belong to any of the above classes. Han Yu said that when there is one family who works in the field against six families who are to be fed from the produce, when there is one family who do the industrial work against six families who consume the same, etc., it is but natural that the people would become impoverished and become robbers. However in the present time we have one farmer providing food for one hundred and one mechanic providing articles for one hundred. It would therefore be certain that poverty and ruin would be the inevitable consequence. To apply the proper remedy we should like to suggest that the land should be fully developed and the energy of the people should be fully employed. The following are few of our suggestions necessary for the present:

1. Attention should be paid to industrial education. There has been no other branch of education, such as agricultural, etc., in our country save that of the literary course, the object of which has been to obtain official positions. Although such a system of education which has existed for thousands of years has been modified, the useful industrial education has not yet been brought into prominence. There are many agricultural, industrial, commercial and other technical schools started but none of them has met with similar success as the schools of law. But in other country both primary and high schools the industrial education has always been more popular than anything else. It has been said that general education is but a means to lead to the free choice of some technical calling. Apart from industrial education there is no other means to remove the present poverty of the country.

2. Industrial institutions for the poor should be extended. In our country there are many "tufeis" in the places where they can evade justice, and there are many unemployed persons in the city and town. These constitute a bad element in the society, and they are bound either to violate the individual rights of others or raise disturbances in various places, hence they are a danger to the state and a scourge to the people. Although armed force may be employed to suppress them when their offences become known, it is not a good remedy. Why not educate them in some trade, teaching them how to become independent and to support themselves? In other countries there are poor houses, and asylums for various invalids, and should any beggar be discovered begging in the street he will at once be brought to the poorhouse by the policemen; thus the general public would never be molested by the violent. Recently there have been good results from industrial institutions in large cities of China, but they are far from being sufficient, therefore it is urgently needed that they should be extended.

3. Cattle raising and the cultivation of the waste lands in the frontier should be started. There are thousands of miles of fertile ground in Manchuria, Mongolia, Chinghai and Tibet, awaiting for tillage, as there are very few inhabitants to do the work. As we have abandoned all these profits, our powerful neighbours have been fixing their eyes there as greedy tigers seeking to devour, so that they may find new pieces of land for colonisation. We think very little of the advantages of these valuable grounds, regarding them as buffers between us and the foreigners, who regard them as the outlet of their over-populated people. Hence we notice the Japanese activity in Manchuria, Russian at Mongolia and British in Tibet. Indeed no thief will be scrupulous enough not to steal when there is no person to look after the property. It is well known that this is an agricultural country, and for thousands of years the national life depends solely on agriculture. But in the interior where the lands have been densely populated there is nothing to be developed, and this the cause of poverty of the people who have multiplied so much. If the immigration to people the frontier be started not only the livelihood of the people of this country will be greatly facilitated, but the frontier defence of the country will be much strengthened. To the immigrants there will be no loss as in the case of other enterprises. They may choose well watered places for their tillage and pastures for the cattles, and they will easily get 50 or 100 fold return.

4. Steamer lines for foreign countries should be encouraged. The augmentation of the influence of a nation depends considerably on the foreign trade. Great Britain and other Powers have become great by foreign trade, and to carry on this trade merchant steamers are ceaselessly crossing the Pacific, Atlantic and other Oceans. Wherever the steamers have reached they have made their influence felt. Our merchants and traders have spread themselves in various continents, but on account of the lack of our own steamer lines, we have to rely on the foreign steamers, causing great inconvenience in transportation etc. Much advantage has thus been lost and we are not in a position to cope with foreigners in the commercial struggle. Moreover in our waters, even in the interior rivers, there are foreign steamers carrying business there, and not only have we sustained financial losses but we have lost much of our prestige. Therefore besides encouraging the steamer lines to the foreign countries we must promote navigation in the interior waters. Thus the foundation will be laid for wealth of the people.

II.—CONSERVATIVE METHODS.

There are two ways for fixing the finances of the country. (1) To fix receipts according to the estimated expenditure, i.e., first find out the total of the expenditure of various Government organs, and then try to raise enough funds to meet it. (2) To fix the expenditure according to the estimated receipts, i.e., to find out the total receipts of the country and then regulate the expenditure accordingly. The former way has always been employed by wealthier countries, while the latter is more convenient for the poorer ones. Since the late revolution the financial situation of China has become very hard, and there has been an empty exchequer to meet various expenses of both civil and military administrations. To save the country from bankruptcy it is necessary that both of

the ways above referred to should be carefully considered, and a middle course should be adopted, i.e., on the one hand an estimate should be made on the total receipts of the country in order to decide for the various expenses, and on the other hand an estimate should be made on those indispensable annual expenses with the object to cut them down to as low figures as possible. Sixty or 70 per cent. of the poverty of the Government has been due to the meagreness of receipts of the revenue of the country and 20 or 30 per cent. of it has been due to the extravagance in expenditure. If the system of expenditure be not reformed it would be of no use should the revenue be increased, as the expenditure will also increase proportionately, or more. Thus no relief to the financial stress will be introduced. Hitherto in our country the accounts of the state expenditure have been so complicated that there has been no way of checking them. The provinces cannot submit real statements of expenditure and the Central Government has no real authority to check them. The expenditure has not been regulated beforehand, and there are no vouchers to support the expenses. Thus the enormous annual expenditure of the state has not a proper budget or estimate beforehand and a statement of accounts afterwards, and who can tell that most part of the state revenues have gone into the pocket of some corrupt officials, causing poverty to both the state and the people. In addition to the above difficulties, the finance of the country has been controlled by foreigners, and the payment of both the interest and principal of foreign loans contracted from time to time amounting to tens of millions. It is therefore a wonder that bankruptcy has not yet happened. Consequently immediate remedy must be sought for. It is absolutely important that the resources of the country should at once be developed, but it is no less important that the superfluous expenses should be cut down.

(1) The administrative expenditure should be mercilessly cut down. At the end of the Manchu Reign the youngsters of the nobility held the helm of the realm, and many sinecures were created to suit the convenience of these incapable officials. The consequence was that the Dynasty was visited by the wrath of Heaven, and was no more. However, after the inauguration of the Chinese Republic such ill practice has not yet been abolished. Many offices and bureaux have been established not because of necessity but because they are created in order to give appointments to those who have been seeking for them. And in many cases when an appointment could not be found to place any protege, he was either appointed adviser or investigator, and such posts are no more than a sinecure, as the appointees could find nothing to do in them. The Government exercises all sorts of compromise and tolerance, and those who are seeking for posts care not a pin about the responsibility of the posts. To extract money out of the empty exchequer to pay these parasites against the interest of the nation is really outrageous. It is therefore expected that the Government should discharge properly its duty by dispensing with most of the superfluous bureaux and offices and the services of those good-for-nothing officials. Thus the desire to depend on the Government for livelihood and the misunderstanding that as soon as one becomes official he is omnipotent, will be removed.

(2) Heavy taxes should be levied upon the articles of luxury. In foreign countries with the object of guarding against the deterioration of society heavy taxes have been imposed upon articles of luxury, hence taxes on carriages, the employment of servants, rifles for shooting game, and such like. Luxury affects the general welfare of the country, and by devising means to check the luxury of the people it has a similar effect to education. After the revolution not only is there no improvement for the people with regard to the checking of luxurious practices, but a change for the worse has been made. Therefore adequate taxes should be fixed for luxurious articles, embodying moral teaching in the taxation. Such taxes will inpose no fresh burden on the people, but at the same time a large revenue will be received by the Government. They are altogether different from consumption taxes, which if increased will mean additional burden to the common people. But if taxes be levied on articles of luxury it will sateguard the riches of the wealthy from becoming impoverished. These taxes exactly suit our country, which has been so impoverished.

(3) The prohibition of opium should be strictly enforced. On account of our country being deeply poisoned by opium and the inability to exert our energy to become a strong nation, the International Peace Conference at the Hague classified China as a third-class power. After the revolution our country has been extremely weakened, but the evil of opium has not yet been done away with. The stipulated period of suppression of 10 years may be shortened, but it depends solely upon our efforts.

(4) A gold exchange standard should be fixed. Unless the standard be a gold one it will not do for a nation of the present day. It has been well said that in the days gone by the standard of currency of a nation can be made to suit her own people, but for the present day by fixing a standard other nations must be taken into consideration. In the former case the question of currency had only to do with one's own country, but in the latter case provisions must be made for the exchange in international transactions. Should we alone use silver standard while all our neighbours use that of gold, not only is much loss incurred in commercial transactions, but tremendous amount would be lost in the receipts and payments of loans. It is true that we have not gold bullion enough to coin the money, but we can at least fix a ratio between the silver and gold after establishing a fictitious gold standard for the purposes of exchange. Having the exchange fixed great benefit will be derived.

(5) Customs tariff must be revised. Because the *likin* and other taxes of a similar nature have not yet been abolished the customs tariffs cannot be revised. A similar duty of 5% has been levied on both the import and export goods, and consequently no encouragement can be given to the export goods and no restriction can be placed upon the import goods. According to Treaty we can double the duty if all other *likin*, etc., are abolished. Thus the state will lose nothing but will receive more revenue by the change. Moreover the *likin* and other petty taxes are an inconvenience for the people, while in reality most of the proceeds go into the hands of squeezers and very small portion of it goes into the treasury of the Government. But on the other hand the revenue from the import duty comes from foreigners, and should the duty on foreign goods be high they will not have such a preference over the home produce. Therefore by the revision of customs tariffs (1) more revenue will be obtained by the Government, (2) restriction will be put upon foreign goods and (3) there will be a better demand for home produce.

In conclusion we should like to emphasize that the first method we suggest is intended to apply the remedy in accordance to the root of the poverty, and that the second method is to cut down all superfluous expenses etc. Thus both the source and the flow are made clean, and it will soon be expected that the impoverished condition of the people and the financial situation of the country will be improved. Although lately the Large Loan has been concluded to the relief of the time being, it must be remembered that the Government has incurred a new debt and the people a new burden, not speaking of the privileges lost and the interference of foreigners in our politics. Furthermore it is expected that the proceeds of the loan will soon be expended, what shall then be done? Therefore we are confident that for the permanent interests of the country and the livelihood of the people the Government will be bound to consider our suggestions.

F. T. S.

Towards a Human Æsthetic.

IN November last, in THE NEW FREEWOMAN, I outlined some articles designed to verify a new hypothesis. I have since found it is not possible to deal adequately with the subject in the confined space offered to me for the purpose. Cloudy speculation must, in these self-conscious days, be condensed to solid argument. But there is the danger of extreme condensation leading one to miss the mark of clearness. And there is the difficulty which always accompanies an attempt to translate the experience of the cosmic sense into the language of self-consciousness. I lack appropriate words to express my adventures in the Infinite, briefly. Perhaps some of these adventures are beyond words. Human language has not entered the Holy of Holies, as yet. Lacking appropriate words my verification is likely to drift into obscurity and to invite aimless discussion. Obviously my best course is to seek an ampler form of expression. Perhaps I shall find it in book form. But I fancy some at least of THE EGOIST readers are inquiring, "What are the streams along which you follow the currents of your experience as they flow and gather into a volume of verification?" Let me trace them in a concluding article.

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First to recapitulate. Readers of THE NEW FREEWOMAN (now THE EGOIST) will doubtless recollect that my hypothesis is this. Art and Soul are one. Art is therefore a spiritual and vital force. Man has become devitalised through being divorced from this Art-force and passing through the purgatory of materialism. He will become revitalized by being set free to the force and entering the paradise of Art-expression once more. I said this guess was capable of verification resting on personal experience. I have, in fact, experienced the three stages, subjective, objective and subjective, through which man as artist has passed and is about to pass. Thus there is the discovery of my (Art) soul, the loss of it through close contact with civilisation and its recovery under conditions approximating to those of pre-civilised times. Accordingly my articles were designed to form three chapters, as it were, of my life experience. The first chapter, describing the phenomena of the first subjective stage, partly appeared in the aforementioned articles. These articles reveal that the facts and phenomena of this subjective stage manifested themselves with sufficient clearness to be remembered in detail at this comparatively remote date. Perhaps there is a little uncertainty in my mind as to the origin of my guess. I do not see clearly whether it was due to post- or pre-natal influences. Whether it was a spiritual inheritance from my artist parents, or whether it came out of my experience formed by my being allowed to run to waste in harmonious surroundings. I am only aware that it appeared at a very early period in my history. I am, however, quite clear as to my early perceptions of the origin and nature of Spirit, Soul, Matter, Art, &c., and accordingly, I proceed to epitomise the later speculations arising out of them. What I saw principally was this. 1. Matter appearing as a temporary result of a spiritual force traversing itself and setting up physical conditions. 2. The eternally separate conscious existence of the "I." 3. An art movement beginning in the Infinite for the "I" to externalise and individualise. Thus I saw the process of my "I" going forth in differentiated consciousness from the whole, building up itself by touches with the Infinite or Art-Force, accomplishing its own specialised transmutations and thereafter returning as the self-subsisting content of a physical frame. In this outgoing and in-gathering I realised the oneness of Art and Soul. This point of spiritual expansion—the point reached in my articles—brought me up to the age of twelve, at which age I fully attained self-consciousness. I was on the threshold of Soul.

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Looking back over my past I notice it falls into definite periods. At twelve I had lost my parents and voluntarily cut myself adrift from all blood ties (in response to an overwhelming spiritual impulse which I cannot stop to explain here). I was getting along comfortably with my newly-discovered "I," fairly fascinated by its habit of projecting itself into space and allowing me to contemplate its æsthetic activities. I was in fact passing by degrees into a state of complete vitality when a new influence came to accelerate my growth. About this time I fell into the hands of a celebrated anthropologist who proposed that I should accompany him to Oceania, where aided by his patient anthropological-æsthetic investigations amongst savage tribes, I might reach his own degree of brain-stuffing. It was my first voyage and I experienced all its wonderful phases with the keen joy of a young healthy boy attuned to respond to the vital touches of the universe. Actually I was impressed by a powerful sense of motion. I saw everywhere and in everything the manifestations of unending movement, and in that movement I recognised a creative force. Besides this, I was aware that an unaccountable something was taking place within me; visions and powers were being raised by this external agency. I felt that the universe was living, beyond law, beyond death. Without knowing it I had attained Rhythmic or Cosmic Consciousness. I was aware that Soul has a real existence, that it is changeless, timeless, immortal, that its qualities and powers are so enwoven with those of Art that to regard it as separate from Art is impossible. Every noble quality which distinguishes the one distinguishes the other. In fact I felt what Soul wanted me to feel.

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So Soul demonstrated itself and verification continued to spring out of the cycles of my spiritual growth. Gradually I grew to a sort of mastery of the new conditions. In moving about the Pacific Islands I began instinctively seeking to fit all things into the great rhythmic flow with the result that I found things which have a sensible origin and have retained their sensibility went into it quite easily, while others which have lost this sensibility went with difficulty or not at all. The things which did not fit were dead, and those that did, acquired extraordinary fluidity, sanctity and grace through the process as though the touch of the mystic motion had found and was illuminating its own qualities. And this I now believe accounts for the fine conduct and remarkable productions of the savages, many of whom still belonged to the order of primitive man. Strangely enough, it was the professor himself who first made me aware of the superiority of the hand and brain of these primitives. He arrived a professed disbeliever in the superiority of the savage in any respect owing to what he had seen of savages and their productions embodied in civilised forms of art. Yet it was not long before their intelligence and art productions began to affect him as they affect the more sensible man who feels and does not reason about them. One day I caught him taking his hat off, metaphorically, to their "startling intelligence," "unique power of perception," "amazing receptivity," and so on. The next he was hard at work gathering evidence of the peculiar conditions that favoured their amazing art productions. I think he found it in poverty, passionate whole-souled practice, pure surroundings, simplicity, leisure and the preservation of individuality. The sum of my own observations was that primitive man is fitted by sensibility, and otherwise in a position, to externalise what he catches of the universal art-movement. Faced with Infinity, primitive man gives birth to his soul-child unmindful of what constitutes a work of art. He produces because he must, and his productions have simplicity, vitality, intensity and rhythm. There is nothing geometric in his first impressions. Present the mark of the world of emotional reality, namely

day artists and art critics may say, if they like, that geometric forms of art are vital and all other forms debased. But what I learnt from a study of primitive specimens of art forms was this, that the vital bases and structure of life are spirally rhythmic. Everything issues from and merges in the Infinite in spirals. Nature abhors a straight line.

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I spent two years in the Pacific Islands, during which time I verified my guess that Art is a great spiritual and vitalising force ever seeking to externalise itself through man and nature; and I reached the culmination of my subjective period. I was now to pass out of the subjective state and enter definitely upon an objective one—a process of devitalisation which marks the descent of the artist from the primitive stage. Before me were two paths—those which men have trod from the earliest period in the world's history. These two paths may be divided and kept in view in this way. After a certain primitive stage of development is reached the art impulse is directed into two channels, which are to some extent inversely proportionate to each other. The rare cosmical mind of the artist lit by the eternal flame alone, increases its power of absorbing and reflecting the universal qualities; the uncosmical mind of the artist inurned in materialism, gradually loses this power altogether. Thus the perennial primitive continues an uninterrupted course on the wings of unending emotion, increasingly manifesting the facts and phenomena of vital art expression in silence, awe, aspiration, then the inner necessity for creation, and then the soaring flight; while the ephemeral civilised swarthing himself in ever-thickening layers of culture, custom, servility, sinks deeper into the pit of oblivion. The two channels, then, are fed by a single source. The first remains normal, changeless, timeless, unending; the second becomes choked and polluted with impurities, and thus loses its supply of vital energy. It admits the artist as the Red Sea admitted the Israelites, only to destroy him.

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At fourteen I drifted into the second channel and was able to trace the development of the civilised "artist" at the expense of the primitive one as art-passion was replaced by art-patronage and this by art-pay. The first step in the descent to the self-conscious plane was taken in company with an art-connoisseur, really a glorified art-dealer. For three years I was occupied running round Europe attending notable art sales, mixing with all the dealers, famous and infamous, on earth, being initiated into the mysteries of "deals," stock-jobbing in pictures, general expert work in connection with the "trade," the infamies of "rings" and "knockouts," the manufacture of "fakes" and "frauds," and the salting of private and public galleries, villas, chapels, monasteries, and other places with spurious works of art. In these queer years I was witness of two things. I saw the artist, in his work, from palæolithic days to the present, gradually descending from his high cosmical level to that of professed copyist, and producing more and more in response to the demand of a materialised and intellectualised public. And I saw a colossal fraud raising its impudent head as the work of art, shuttering out the Infinite from the eyes of man. I saw, in fact, the artist chained to slavery of pay and his work photographing the grossly corrupt things of the servile state.

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The result of this experience was to fill me with loathing of dealers, and contempt for the artist-tradesman, and with a feeling very like horror and hatred for a civilisation that had brought such creatures into being. I sought relief in travel. But the poison was working. I was now commercialised and found attraction in sheep-farming in the Falklands. I wasted some precious months over this occupation what time poetry began to flow through me as art once had done. So I discovered the divine origin and nature of poetry. Then followed a brief return to primitiveness among the Patagonian Indians. This was succeeded by wanderings through America realising how a great primitive nation was devitalising itself by overlaying its vital foundations with European culture traditions. After America came India, where I found two more points of verification of my guess, namely, first in the study of a remarkable mahatma whose manifestations of silence, awe, aspiration, ecstatic illumination of the Infinite alone, clearly demonstrated the continuity of the primitive man; secondly in the study of an immense nation corrupted and devitalised, and drained of its physical blood for the upkeep of the military forces of a vastly inferior civilised nation.

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At twenty-one the feeling that I should secure my personality, or distinctiveness for myself became so strong that I changed and chose my name. At the same time I adopted what I then considered to be the best means of securing my economic independence. I turned to the stage. I have never regretted the choice. Strange though it may sound, it gave me three distinct advantages. First, a long and unremitting study of the theatre and the drama in all their branches. A fortunate series of engagements under the most prominent actors and actresses—English, French, German, Italian and American, among them, Irving, Tree, Wyndham, Forbes-Robertson, Mansfield, Coquelin, Craig, Poel, Granville Barker, Bernhardt, Duse, Rèjane, Pat Campbell, Ellen Terry, Ada Rehan—gave me a rare insight into both old and new methods of acting and production. Then the economic necessity which forced me to fill every position both in "front" and "behind" the "house" gave me a unique familiarity with the stage and theatre such as probably no other dramatic critic possesses. The second advantage was that of travel affording me facilities for continuing my study of works of art contained in celebrated public and private collections in England and everywhere abroad. Thirdly there was the opportunity of scientific studies secured to me by touring and alternate periods of playing and "resting" in London. Throughout this long period I expended so much energy and covered so much ground that it is not easy even if it were desirable to trace my experience in detail. But what I did may be briefly summarised as follows. I watched "the artist" at work as producer, dramatist and actor and found that the drama was dramaless, and the theatre was theatreless. I lived the life of an art student at Chelsea and found that present-day painters and sculptors are not artists but part of a great commodity-producing machine, and the result of a gigantic social conspiracy to exclude Art altogether. I became absorbed in political and scientific activities and "movements." Of course by this time I had lost my soul and found a physical shell and laboured under the strange delusion that the great thing in life is to obtain a knowledge of facts concerning it. So I studied medicine, psychiatry, biology and psychology for the purpose of ascertaining the principles of health and disease proper and improper to man as a mechanical organism. Then I was actively engaged in an attempt to organise all forms of knowledge on the line of the whole man, that is, to make man a practical measure of all things. Finally I plunged into sociology and civics. It is impossible to say how much I did in this direction. I only know that from Professor Geddes I learnt many facts about this kind of fiction. Under his civic touch I saw physical man assume gigantic proportions. Indeed all I saw was a piece of material world entirely covered by city-building man. Of course, from almost all these activities I obtained no satisfactory result. It is impossible to obtain light were only darkness prevails. Perhaps I did gain a little light from Professor Geddes. He is undoubtedly the greatest living man on the self-conscious plane.

He aspires to make ours a very different world. He stands on the threshold of cosmic consciousness anointing all-comers with a little of the dervish's ointment in the Arabian Nights.

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From the study of the body as microcosm and macrocosm I passed to journalism of ideas. The developmental impulse was still downward. There was a continual development of the brain at the expense of the soul. But the experience was valuable. It helped me to secure further evidence in support of my hypothesis. A period of Art and Drama criticism revealed three things of importance to me. First it showed me the strengthening of the calamitous divorce between "the artist" and Art which had long rent asunder the one from the other. It showed the feeble attempts which are being made by certain groups of so-called primitives, to save "Art" from final degradation. Apparently their return to primitiveness is by way of the British Museum. Secondly it disclosed the conventional theatre and form of drama engaged in showmanship and tradesmanship, what time the wave of the latest period of dramatic Sturm und Drang receded leaving on our shores a Germanised form of localised and ephemeral Repertory Theatre. Thirdly it revealed to me that both Art forms and the drama are entering definitely upon an illuminative and unitive stage.

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A breakdown in health brought the objective stage to a close. I was slipping completely out of a state of vitality into a moribund condition of wont and use, the death of the spirit, when the really necessary thing happened. Now two years of utter neglect and isolation have turned my mind inward upon itself. It has brought me to a definite period of new birth. I am conscious of the inner necessity of regrowth and readjustment. Doubtless I shall expand to meet the new conditions. In any case the new light has shown me the vileness and impossibility of civilisation. It has shown me, moreover, that Art, Drama, and Religion are essentially spiritual lords of light and immortality, and as soon as they enter civilisation as auxiliaries they cease to be essential elements of the human soul. It may be that I have rediscovered my soul. At all events, the preservation and development of what I have found is all that matters to me, and my renewed activities shall prove it. Such, briefly stated, is my personal experience with which I propose to verify my hypothesis. It proves that one may be cosmical, pass to self-consciousness and become cosmical again. In face of this it is reasonable to suppose that men were once cosmical lit by the flame of Art-Soul alone, that they divided, that some took the high cosmical road, and others the low civilised one, that the latter will regain the high road once the essential cosmical conditions of existence are restored. This remedy, I shall prove, is in the hands of men themselves. Man may yet bridge the Jordan of self-consciousness.

HUNTLY CARTER.

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.

PROPERTY AND THE STATE.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

I feel certain that your "Views and Comments" in this issue of THE EGOIST will not escape attack from such wide-awake critics as Mr. Byington and Mr. Meulen, but still my intense interest in the point and my conviction that it is at the very root of all the social and political problems of the day, tempt me to chance a friendly word or two.

I have often wondered while admiring your masterly reduction of society into its individuals whether you were not inclined just to leave it there and insist that we must remain individuals who cannot combine into gangs, or who ought not to if we are wise. In this "Views and Comments" I see that that seems to be the case. "Moral and legal forces are part of the machinery whereby those who think property 'good' try to make us 'respect' our neighbour's property: whereas the fit and feasible thing is for each of us to respect our own." But surely, Madam, to assert that property goes to him who is strong enough to get it: that we are all a pack of asses each pulling for himself at the bundle of straw, and the rest, does not necessitate our remaining in the state of war which Hobbes so vividly and, it seems to me, justly describes: "In such a condition there is no place for industry, because the fruit thereof is uncertain, and consequently no culture of the earth, no navigation nor use of the commodities that may be imported by sea, no commodious building, no instruments of moving and removing such things as require much force, no knowledge of the face of the earth; no account of time, no arts, no letters, no society, and, which is worst of all, continual fear and danger of violent death, and the life of man solitary, poor, nasty, brutish, and short." Surely it is possible for consistent individualists to combine for mutual protection when their interests are identical? Why, even a gang of thieves maintain the rights of private property and free competition among themselves and realise (or they are soon destroyed) that each man *is* very much minding his own business and looking after his own property by guarding the rights of property in his fellows. You have pulled the clock to bits with consummate skill; but your labour will be

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more than wasted if you do not, having seen and demonstrated how it works, build it up again for us. My simile breaks down. The State can be taken to bits only in theory: in practice it remains a whole, and let us hope will continue to do so. To pull it to bits is only valuable in so far as it enables us to understand its working as a whole.

Can the State then be constructed of consistent individualists each seeking his own interests? It not only can, but it can be nothing else. Consciously selfish people with the same interest will unite to promote that interest. Hence emerges at once a definition of a State or "Community" or "The People." The "Community," the "People" consists of the strongest common interest in a country—we must add while the propertied individuals in France or Germany consider they have different interests from the propertied in England or America—the strongest common interest possible for man is the interest in preserving rights in private property. In short, the State is, essentially, a club for the protection of property: that is why burglars are tolerated in no State, and must ever be so.

The importance of this fact when all this sentimental gush about the rule of the people for the people by the people is in vogue is obvious. It is not Democracy that is wrong, but that we are trying to work it without the foggiest notion of what the Demos is. Granted that the Demos recognised itself as the owners of property, banded together to protect each other in their rights to that property, Democracy would be sane enough. It would follow that the richer the person the more say he would have in the management of the Club or State. There would be no fear of class legislation so long as the true Demos was self-conscious.

Such a State would be stable and happy: such a State could maintain an army of paid soldiers without fear of its turning its arms against itself: such a State could abolish poverty and all the attendant social evils. But in such a State we could not advise hungry strikers to take food by force: we should turn out in force rather to protect the property of others in the knowledge that that was the only way to protect our own.

Edinburgh. R. R. W.

[The article on Property to which the above letter relates will be continued in a later issue.— ED.]

THE DANGERS OF OCCULTISM.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

I hope I am not taking too seriously the Cabalistic extravaganza now appearing in your pages if I refer to the ugliness of the matter suggested. Nowadays we play with these notions of commerce with elementals while rejecting those of possession by demons or evil spirits. I submit the two should go together. As it is, we seem pushing the door wider and wider open for the admission of very undesirable visitors. Our cynicism and curiosity are willing to entertain any kind of stranger with half-hearted irresponsibility. Some of the consequences are not pleasant to contemplate. Occultism is accompanied by a danger at least as great as that besetting either Evangelical or Catholic Christianity: it seems to encourage a greater or less abandonment of personal integrity for the sake of emotional excitement or intellectual satisfaction. How to lie open to inspiration and yet escape some kind of "possession" other than divine—some kind I mean that disintegrates instead of co-ordinating—is the problem mysticism has to face and solve. (It is a very tough problem for those who eliminate the word "divine" from their vocabulary!) There is no more appalling condition than that of the "possessed" person, for he believes himself to be inspired and supposes that his personality is being enhanced when it is actually undergoing dissolution. Call his condition "epileptic" if you prefer: but do not let us confuse it with genuine inspiraton and so betray our lack of spiritual perception. Real inspiration or divine possession may be regarded as an actual entrance upon a degree of godhood, or if you will, a higher power of personality.

HENRY BRYAN BINNS.

PLASTER O' PARIS.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

"M. de Segonzac's mind is not preoccupied with insane jargon about the evocation of the *idea* of an object, or the rendering of a fourth dimension, motion etc. When he paints a jar he paints for all it is worth, and with all his might, realising, for he is honest besides intelligent, that the *idea* of a jar can only be expressed through a jar and by no stretch of the imagination through a door, for instance, or anything else! Above all, in M. de Segonzac's mind, the picture is the thing." The italics are mine. This bemused, madame, is a description of de Segonzac as photographer, as supplied by Madame Ciolkowska. If Madame Ciolkowska will turn to my "New Spirit in Drama and Art" she will find a reproduction of de Segonzac's painting "Les Boxeurs" which was exhibited at the Autumn Salon in 1911, along with the sketches reproduced in the current EGOIST. This painting demonstrates that when de Segonzac painted these two boxers, he did not paint boxers but the *idea* of the movement of boxing obliterating everything but itself. De Segonzac *is a good man* and deserves to have his ral qualities recorded.

HUNTLY CARTER.

NEW ART AND OLD HUMBUG.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

There is a bitterness in Mr. Carter's letter which would seem to imply that I have trespassed on a monopoly of his. If so he should take out a patent for it. M. de Segonzac existed before Mr. Carter described his work in the book he kindly recommends me to study (and to which I would gladly have referred my readers had I known it) and continued to do so after. So I cannot claim to have *re*-discovered him. Mr. Carter gives me too much credit. I thank him and decline. If Mr. Carter has preceded me in eulogy of M. de Segonzac's work it is a matter of congratulation for himself. For I fancy that Mr. Carter's ambition is to be first and last in everything (first as a discoverer; last in the ranks of the *dernier cri* in art). I have acquired this idea by occasional perusal of his articles and correspondence into which I have plunged, mindful, however, of their whirlpools. We happen to have met on a common ground and at once Mr. Carter aggressively draws out his sword, I mean that italicising blue pencil of his. I would gladly have wagered he would but no one would oppose me—it was a foregone conclusion and no sport.

Mr. Carter has taken my notes on M. de Segonzac so to heart that you would suppose I had directed the remarks he quotes at him. He has been very ready, if he thinks so, to put on an hypothetical cap which would fit others just as well admitting, thereby, that he also is suffering from an epidemic which has linked up here and there all over the world but which will, we fancy, be soon efficiently eradicated as others have before this. With some it takes the form of intellectual extravagance, with others it is a variety of opportunism, among a third class of patient it is a pathological disorder.

Mr. Carter thinks he has caught me tripping over the point I discussed respecting the idea of an object, a jar, for instance, which can only be rendered through a jar, and not as some modern painters claim (this is verbatim) through its *idea*. This is what I call jargon. But I do not imply that a painting or drawing (of a dancer, for instance) cannot render the *idea* of movement, which is quite another matter. On the contrary, though you cannot render movement itself in graphic or plastic art you can render its idea and often do, as M. de Segonzac has done in his dancers and boxers. As to whether he thought of rendering the idea of the movement he is good enough to answer himself and he is the best authority on the question.

While leaving it to our readers to judge who is in good faith, whose reasoning is clear—for it is easy to cover chaos under a show of order—I will take advantage of this opportunity to say that in my opinion a certain casuistic tendency in modern art criticism and theorising is as misleading and futile as in their way religious discussions were in a bygone age. When mingled with a kind of incongruous humour and a suggestion of fanaticism it seems as undesirable as it is unhelpful where art is concerned.

MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA.

LETTER FROM MME. CIOLKOWSKA TO M. DE SEGONZAC.

"Cher Monsieur,

Mon article sur votre art ayant soulevé des objections vous seriez bien aimable de me répondre officiellement à la question suivante:

"Peut-on, doit-on chercher à rendre le mouvement, ainsi que ceux-ci et ceux-là prétendent—en peinture? Est-ce que vous êtes préoccupé par l'idée du mouvement? N'est-ce-pas, dans vos boxeurs, vos danseuses, que vous cherchez à nous donner la forme du mouvement, puis que le mouvement crée des formes, (et à mon avis vous y parvenez) mais non le mouvement même puisque le mouvement ne peut se fixer?"

Voici qui paraît bien sophistique, mais nous avons affaire à des sophistes et à des gens à qui cette hantise du mouvement a fixé les idées et à tout jamais.

Croyez je vous prie à mes sentiments les meilleurs."

LETTER FROM M. DE SEGONZAC

(In answer to the above).

"Chere Madame,

Vous me demandez si l'on doit chercher à rendre le mouvement en peinture: Je crois qu'on ne peut exprimer une forme sans son mouvement ni un mouvement sans une forme. Quant à "créer le mouvement," à faire des tableaux qui "fonctionnent" par des oppositions de lignes ou de volumes, à créer un dynamisme abstrait sur une toile, je m'en préoccupe aussi peu que des "vibrations de couleurs," "couleurs en mouvement" etc. et autres recherches modernes, ennemies de la Nature et de la Vie.

Croyez, chère Madame, à ma vive et respectueuse sympathie.

A. D. DE SEGONZAC."

"MARRIAGE AND ITS RIVALS."

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

Your correspondent gives as the Reason that "Human beings" have always and everywhere forbidden or hampered "Sex pleasures."

"Because they are pleasures."

Surely there are other reasons. Distrust of pleasure may be "deep rooted in human nature," but so no less is distrust of pain, and the deadly inheritance of disease.

Could the writer explain why these arise? Does he believe in their existence?

M. E. A.

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