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CHINESE LANTERNS.

By Allen Upward.

THE CHESSMEN.

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.

THE CONJURER.

If that conjurer were immortal those gilt balls would be moons.

THE DISCOVERY OF RADIUM.

One of the barbarians was boasting to the philosopher Lu that his countrymen had recently discovered a hot stone. Lu replied: "In China we have the mustard seed."

THE GREEDY VICE-ROY.

A greedy viceroy of Shan-tung, when it was reported to him that the river had overspread his province and destroyed thousands of lives, only exclaimed: "Fine mushrooms!"

THE COFFIN.

A rich merchant, irritated by the poverty of the sublime Meng, taunted him with not even having a coffin. He answered: "I will be buried in the earth."
The Unfortunate Scholar.

Terrible was the fate of the foolish Wan. After he had spent ten years in counting the characters in the Confucian Books, he presumed to come before the Board of Literature and inform them of this. Refusing to hear the total they banished him into the poetry among the barbarians.

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 slushing between the “deliverers” and their 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 existence of even their least little one should be over considerably interesting. The thought that the existence of even their least little one should be over considered 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.

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 worth 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 tacking 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.

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 hang 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 handicuffs 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 affected mainly through faith alone. In the human 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 actually 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

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.
raft or a boat. In normal affairs, in short, a saviour must be competent for his job. Which shows the advantages of breaking from the,' - 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 Lady Constance Lytton's amour propre to ensure not being selected as the scapegoat when you are, the more you are drawn to the role. It is your only chance of getting into goodly company: 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 spinner, 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 who are "otherwise classed as "this leisureed class" that 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?'" 4: 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 only be eminently successful 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 are as good as gods: and know their places. No: gods must be gods: and know their places. 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 he has charted for the 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 selfish 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 idio­syncrasy 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 fidgety: fussing about making bargains, stipulating that in return for something done—or attempted—the "following" of the worshipper be guaranteed, there will be frettting 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 work has progressed so far, we are as she has made it imperative we must 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 the landscape tor 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 balls 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 they were settlement workers will remember how the "poor." To begin with these leisured ladies, i.e. do-nothings, they might remember the days when they put a firm tentacle round another.

"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 looked so important? 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 managed to set aside a shop for the following farmers, one has 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 alien species if they were there were labelless and not to be distinguished from the lady's daughters. Happily for the "movement" however prisoners are much easier quarry 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
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 as 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 savoury" for lack of more than theoretical meaning 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—she 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 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.'

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 is worth the while worth of the artist to be in a proper place: forces too feeble for knowledge. Till then we must all persevere in their treacle-ish stream of emotions too feeble to clarify themselves.

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The Prose of W. H. Hudson.

By Richard Aldington.

NE people out of ten when asked their opinion of Mr. Hudson's books will reply that they have never read them in that form 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-i880 sentiments and its damnable Sunday-school ethics were paralysing to me. In spite of a certain generosity and self-control than usual "gave him another chance."

Let me digress here to say that it must be understood that I am narrating a personal adventure amongst a—to me—unknown author's books. I stood that I am narrating a personal adventure amongst a—to me—unknown author's books. I mean by that words as delicate, imagination as unforced, a charm as great may be found throughout the tale.

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 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 become a poet by merely what he says. 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 foreground. 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 the evil times that have come to pass. Doubtless it 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 May ig-th, 1914.

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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," Mr. Hudson's plea, whether "spirit in human form" or "spirit in wild bird," 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 "vérité." It wants only to make it appear that so long a story was told at one sitting.

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. His silent watchful manner had begun to taste the joy of his loneliness. The mirth, which in the beginning had seemed to him false and trivial, was like a solemn intimation that he had said.

The old bustling woman answered cheerily from the doorway.

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

— No, Ellen, it's Stephen.

— Oh, O, good evening, Stephen.

He answered the greeting and saw a silly smile 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 saw 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.

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 saw 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.

Is that Josephine?

The old bustling woman answered cheerily from the fireplace:

— No, Ellen, it's Stephen.

— O, good evening, Stephen.

He answered the greeting and saw a silly smile break over the face 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, 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 laughter with them, 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 solemn intimation that he had said.

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 in memoriam, or find that from another's point of view it is no more admirable to "babbie 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." I don't believe it was perhaps an error to make it appear that so long a story was told at one sitting.

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:

— Isn't she an exquisite creature?

But the beautiful Mabel Hunter!

...
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 up the tram, she sniffed at the scent of the flowers. Back on the deserted tram he tore his ticket into shreds and ran down the sloping curve of the path.

Now, as then, he stood listlessly in his place, seeming a tranquil watcher of the scene before him. 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 at the corner of the cover over the page. 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 time to time he broke out into a peal of laughter and had run down the sloping curve of the path.

— She too wants me to catch hold of her, he thought. But when I come back towards her I might meet her. I could easily catch hold of her when she comes up to my step: nobody is looking. I could hold her and kiss her.

One evening his father came home full of news which Stephen heard 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 Stephen had heard 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.

— 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 years to come. 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, and one word borrowed another. And, by the bye, said Mr. Dedalus at length, the 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 years to come. Those are the fellows that can get you a position.

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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 Syphs 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 Syph; 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 sooner 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."

"S. 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 Syph hadn't proposed marriage to S. Anthony, and the Count answered 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 Syphs 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 Syphs 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 Syphs, the world would never have been shamefully peopled with imperfect creatures—almost monsters, compared with the children of the Pois."

"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? The Sages have understood the mystery, and know that if Adam had had relations only with Syphs, 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," I said, "the Sages and I are not of the Sorbonne, who quoted S. Augustine, 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."

"Lactarius and S. Thomas Aquinas knew better," I retorted the Count. "Are they not 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 Salaman- der 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 the place of thrones and 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 deflection 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 fathers."

"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 in the Cabalistic ark during the Flood, 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 indiscretion 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, JABAMBA, the patriarch was restored to his former powers. The Greeks misconstrued this story, and said the eldest 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 explained 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 Devil, 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 greater occupa­
tions 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 Tevere such a bus, 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 Herca­
lus 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 knowa,
but would not reveal a Cabalist 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

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 some­
things newer, though I've heard that these Syphs and
such alike, are all dead; for you yourself own that they
were mortal, and we know nothing about them now."

"The likeness with some of these Syphs in 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 under­
stand 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 consolled her
in her solitude, and brought up their son in know­
ledge 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
such miracles are wrought 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
inverted 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 with the solutions of race, heredity, climate or
planetary ascendency 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 ancient world were ready 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 a curious immediacy 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 the vestiges of the tradition and mental habits of his day. Such a one leads 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 criticize in the small what we were unable to discern in the large. For this reason, because he seems to be composed 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 wanted, 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 all the harm is not given to 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, and bounds from the bench to know of what stuff our own mental suburbs are. Far-away bells rang, phantoms bumbled in my ears, ghosts of fictitious personages swarmed about us menacing. 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 stayed 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 Uri Lloyd, to learn that science is unable to explain why the water in the ocean does not all run out. I had escaped the menace of the madhouse.

M. Polti’s work is singular enough: "The Art of Inventing Personages. (The XII. Principal Types.—Their 36 subdivisions and 154,980 varieties still undecided.)" To this strange handle the author hitches a philosophy illuminated by a lamp of learning so conjectural that 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," you would have noticed his curious eyes, his somewhat ineffectual gestures, his hair and beard of neglected black; you would have guessed at once that his work bear the stamp of idiocrancy. 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 patient and careful reading, a more or less prolonged and 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 "dangers dyads, tetrads, etc., etc., 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 fantastic steps from day to day, week to week, 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 organized.

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 Earthly Type, the soul gives up its intimate absolute. It denies for this idol, the total it has the duty to: Saintliness, formidible 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) the philosophizing of Heredity, Heredity, 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 reason, almost to the last moment; 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 sad of all these is all too ingenuous. 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
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 becomes the man of genius. For this reason it behoves us to be conservative in our judgment of the author's achievement. This is made to feel its consistency. Attitudes may be classified and counted. 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 the basis of several relations to the others. He may be tragic, comic, serious, ridiculous, etc. But this classification is too empirical, too naive.

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 uniform 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, to act; the subjectives, the active; the passives (or sensitive); 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 dictors, the twelve altars of Janus, the twelve columns of the temple of Heliospolis, the twelve palaces of the dead in the 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 the 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 . . . even in your (sexual?) spasm."

Lay aside your objections and listen to this modern Baal. He has not only taken all regions of knowledge to be his province, but has made of them his free, 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. Murders and Assassins.
2. Violent and Revolutionary.
3. Daring (as follows):
   b. Patriot heroes: Jeanne Hachette, Clélie, the Amazons of Dahomey; "Nicomedé," Gustav Conrad (Mickiewicz, "The Festival of the Dead"), and the ridiculously exaggerated Vercingetorix and Arminius.
   c. Fearless warriors: Bradamante and Marphise ("Roland furieux"), Artémise à Salamine; "Siegfried," Rhésus (Euripides; the "Iliad"), "Richard Coeur-de-Lion," Hotspur (Shakespeare, "Henry IV"), "Richard-sans-peur" of the fable, "le Cid," "Charles XII.," "Sie-jin-koué" (by the courtesans Tehang-koué-pin), "Raskasa (The Seal of," by Vica-khadeva), and all the Mars of all the cults.
5. Moral revolutionaries: the Prophets, St. John the Baptist ("the greatest of all men," said Jesus-Christ), "Hedda Gabler" (Ibsen), "l'Insociable" (Mme. Aurel), "Renée Mauperin" (Concourt), Germanie (Mirabeau, "les Affaires"); "le Jeune Goldner" (Hirschfeld), Byron.
6. Enthusiasts: Nicolas Rastov (Tolstoi, "War and Peace"), Silvère (Zola, "La Fortune des Rougon").
7. Radical Enthusiasts: Bambaev (Turgenev, "Smoke"), Smirnov (Shakhovski, "Born Again").
8. Generous and honest: Neoptolemos (Sophocles, "Philoctetes"), Nemours (C. Delavigne, "Louis XI."). "Britannicus," Séléucus (Corneille, "Rodogune"), Hémon (Sophocles, "Antigone"), Antoninus (Massinger and Dekker), "Xiphares ("Mithridates").
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 12,291 unedited types. Multiply again by twelve in accordance with a mystical mathematical, and you obtain a grand total of 154,598 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. The author admits, that of analogy, a pseudoscience. Now it is just this method of analogy that has given rise to-day to so much pseudo-science.

Psycho-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 assuming 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-scientists, 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, when they declare a man unfit to manage his property on a theory that calls Plotinus, Swedenborg, and Napoleon mad. Taine, again, was a pseudo-scientist, 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, 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.

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 sums his volume, "Excuse faults of the author.""}

EDGAR A. MOWRER.

Passing Paris.

MORE than five hundred thousand (exactely = 505,072) 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 16,114. This means that women 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 Ollen-dorff'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 mème 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 Raphaël qui allait à pied de sa belle maison près 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 I 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 Laravelles 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" by M. Weyrauch, King Joseph Conrad and M. Jacques Bardoux, 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 the ages. 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, and we have not enough of them. 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. Rokker.

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?

"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—

And 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 anguish’d 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 energetic 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 despise

Nor place nor footing in that blackness . . .

ah so frail

Where scar 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 anguish’d 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, but I have suggested 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 orientals, it is interesting to see in what way the occidental ideas are percolating into the orient. We have here the opportunity to observe how the occidental ideas are translated into the oriental ideas. 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 poverty 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 a poor family 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. Similar institutions for the poor should be extended.

2. Industrial institutions for the poor should be extended. In our country there are many "tufes" 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 and states, or to be the cause of the offences of others, 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 the 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 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 there. If 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. There are also some corrections, I do not know by whom, but I leave them as they are.—Ezra Pound.]
articles, embodying moral teaching in the taxation. Such taxes will impose 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 safeguard 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 come to a solution, 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 not only enabled to suffer the competition 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 this silver standard while 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 any rate establish 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 ones. 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 incentive for the people. In fact 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 an additional burden (4). Instead of the proceeds 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 Aesthetic.

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 with the subject in the confined space offered to me for the purpose. Cloudy speculations 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 cosmic sense to 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 the point reached in my articles—brought me up to the threshold of Soul.

But I fancy some at least of The Egoist readers are inquiring, “What are the streams along which you trace them in a concluding article. Perhaps I shall find it in book form. 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 revitalised 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—throughout my life. The artist has passed and is about to pass. Thus there is the discovery of my (Art) soul, the loss of it through differentiation, and voluntarily cut myself adrift from all blood ties. 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 and retained with a certainty that 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. Strange 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 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 dreams not reason about them. 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 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, he has no preconception. He is as 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 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 aesthetic activities. The fact passing through 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-aesthetic investigations amongst savage tribes, I might find in his own degree of the brain a sufficiently illumining large porthole into the Infinite. In 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 I recognised a creative force. Besides, 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 attuned myself to the cosmic rhythm. And now 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. So Soul demonstrated itself and verification continued to spring out of the cycles of my spiritual growth. 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, whereas others which have lost this sensitiveness I recognised as drift.
day artists and art critics may say, if they like, that
geometric forms of art are vital and all other forms
were 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.

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 exter-
nalise 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 primi-
tive 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
proportional to each other. The rare cosmical mind
of the artist fit by the eternal flame alone, increases
its power of absorbing and reflecting the universal
qualities; the uncosmical mind of the artist inurned
in the descent to the self-conscious plane was
marked by a descent of the artist from the primi-
tive one as art-passion was replaced by art-
professed copyist, and producing more and more in
spurious works of art. In these queer years I
came India, where I found two more points of verifi-
cation and nature of poetry. Then followed a brief
sojourn with European culture traditions. Then
America realising how a great primitive nation was
corrupted and devitalised, and drained of its
power of absorbing and reflecting the universal
qualities; the uncosmical mind of the artist inurned
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
in private collections in England and everywhere abroad.

The result of this experience was to fill me with
respect for all forms of beauty and art, and a
passion for making man a practical measure of all things.
Civic touch I saw physical man assume gigantic pro-
portions 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 use all activities of the human
expression in silence, awe, aspiration, then the inner
afforded me facilities for continuing my study of
works of art contained in celebrated public and
private collections in England and everywhere abroad.

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 devoted and enthusiastic directors. English,
French, German, Italian and American, among
them, Irving, Tree, Wyndham, Forbes-Robertson,
Mansfield, Coquelin, Craig, Poel, Granville Barker,
Bernhardt, Duse, Réjane, 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
students 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 alto-
gether. 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 con-
cerning the working of the human mind and body and
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 use all activities of the human
expression in 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.

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.
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Mansfield, Coquelin, Craig, Poel, Granville Barker,
He aspires to make ours a very different world. He stands on the threshold of cosmic consciousness and to THE NEW OINTMENT, to anoint all-comers with a little of the dervish's macrocosm. I passed to journalism of ideas. The development of the brain at the developmental impulse was still downward. There was a continual development of the brain at the 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 theatre and form of drama engaged in showmanship and tradesmanship, what time the wave of the latest ephemeral Repertory Theatre. Thirdly it revealed to me that both Art forms and the drama are entering definitely upon an illuminative and unitive stage.

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 villain 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 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.

HUNTY CARTER.

Correspondence.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS—While quite willing to publish letters forming part of his "Views and Comments," the Editor must request the sender to limit his contributions to the space available, and in no circumstances should the writer attempt to impose upon the editor his own views. Any communication which is considered unworthy of publication will be promptly rejected.

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 widely-spread abuse 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 truly describes, 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. Hobbes (or they are soon destroyed) that each man is over 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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Letters, &c., intended for the Editor should be personally addressed: Ainsdale, England.

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GENERAL.

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