MODERN POETRY AND THE IMAGISTS.

By Richard Aldington.

Looking at the title I have written at the top of this page it seems to me that the readers of this paper, even though they are supposed to take more interest in the arts than the readers of the "Daily Mail," will probably turn the page and find something which interests them more keenly—Mr. Joyce’s novel, or correspondence about sexual pleasures, or something like that. And this reflection is somewhat humiliating to me, not because I object to people not reading my articles—they have every excuse for that—but because when you give all your thought and time and energy to some occupation and nobody seems to take the slightest interest in it, you get discouraged and take small pleasure in feeling intellectually isolated. We hear quite a lot every now and again about the revival of interest in poetry, and yet that comparative increase is very small when one thinks of the amazing number of perfectly futile novels which are widely read.

Why don’t people read poetry? Why is it that practically any stuff written in prose will get a certain amount of attention, while hardly anybody cares for poetry until the author of it has starved to death, fine practical? and after about fifteen years the publisher nearly sells out the first edition...? Because (can’t you hear the young poet?) "because people are unmentionable fools, and don’t know what’s good, and live like pigs and hate good literature on principle, etcetera."

There is certain amount of truth in that, but it doesn’t quite satisfy me, and yet I can find no other explanation, for when a poem does get immediately down to the people—"The Everlasting Mercy," for example, or "Poems of Passion"—it is usually doggerel or worse. Shall we prefer doggerel to the wind among the Reeds?"

Is Homer dull? Damme, are the poets all wrong? Do people get emotion out of "The Making of an Englishman" and "The Woman thou gavest me" and not out of poetry?

Do you, most honourable reader, who are fed upon the works of Mr. Wells, and Mr. Henry James, and Mr. Bennett and Miss Sinclair and Mr. Curnan and Mrs. Barclay and Mrs. Humphry Ward and Mr. Max Pemberton and so on, do you take no interest in the works of Mr. Yeats, Mr. Sturge Moore, Mr. Bridges, Mr. James Stevens, Mr. Brooke, Mr. Flint, Mrs. Meynell and Mr. Pound?

And the poetry of Mr. Hueffer, who has written the best poem of any of them?

I ask these questions despairingly, irritatedly. I leave them unanswered and proceed to the three books of poetry which I have before me.

One of the books is an anthology with poems by me in it, so strictly speaking I ought not to review it; and another is by a symbolist, and that won’t take; and the third is tagged "Post-Impressionist," which is a good idea but the poems aren’t much good.

Mr. Holley’s poems* are mostly cosmic and they are all written in vers libre. His rhythms are curiously derivative, reminding one again and again of Whitman. His language is sometimes as pompous and Mr. Abercrombie’s. For example:—

"Mute as a foeless, mateless sea-deep monster Heaving through livid, phosphorescent caves Its bulk of terrible hunger seeking prey."

Now I firmly believe that this sort of writing accounts for the terrible indifference of many educated people towards poetry. It is unnatural, because no one would dream of speaking in such fierce adjectives—there are seven adjectives and two participles in the there are seven adjectives and two participles in the and it is uninteresting because the thought is obscured. That is not to say that Mr. Holley is a fool; by no means; he has thought and felt and observed. He could turn himself into quite a successful novelist, if he had style. Ah, that is the point, for if style is a large factor in all interesting

― "Creation," Post-Impressionist Poems. 1/- By Horace Holly. (A. C. Fifield.)
prose, it is a much larger factor in poetry. It is really essential; poetry with style may, in rare cases, be unreadable, but poetry without style is always, inevitably and deservedly, unread and bad.

I do not wish to slate Mr. Holley more than he deserves, especially as I am using his poems to point an aesthetic moral, and I ought perhaps to have quoted more of the context of the poem above. Instead of reproducing the first three lines of the poem "A Gauguin" on page 16, which would prove my statement about his rhythms coming from Whitman, I will quote another poem by Mr. Holley which I think very beautiful.

"HERTHA."

"Exquisite to her slow silk's rustle
Nay its echo
Who save one hate-tortured might say how perfect
This woman's silken and perfumed exquisite
Feminine beauty?"

M. Remy de Gourmont* has reprinted in one volume all his poems except the marvellous and inimitable litanies. He has given his book the very modest title of "Divertissements." They are something more than that. The litanistic poem "Les Saintes du Paradis" is extremely beautiful, and quite in the author's best "Latin Mystique" manner.

"Simone" is also admirable, as witness this stanza from "Le Jardin":—

"Simone, le jardin du mois d'août
Est parfumé, riche et doux:
Il a des radis et des raves,
Des aubergines et des betteraves,
Et parmi les pâtes salades,
Des bouchers et des maladies;
Plus loin, c'est le peuple des choux,
Notre jardin est riche et doux. . . ."

And now we come to the book* which I oughtn't to review because there are some of my own poems in it. I think it very odd that no other competent person can be found to do it, but as the only decent critic in England has already published two long articles on the book, it remains for me to praise my friends maliciously and to try and explain the aims and common sympathies and theories which have bound us together between two violent green covers.

Why do we call ourselves "Imagists"? Well, why not? People say, "Oh, because it looks silly, and everyone is some sort of an 'ist,' and why give yourselves a tag, and what on earth does it mean, and it's dam' cheek any way." Well, I think it a very good and descriptive title, and it serves to enumerate some of the principles we most firmly believe in. It cuts us away from the "cosmic" crowd and it annoys quite a lot of fools. So there you are.

And I have not that august journal—at least not that number—by me now, so let me say from memory what I, as an Imagist, consider the fundamental doctrines of the group. You will see that they are all practically stylistic.

1. Direct treatment of the subject. This I consider very important. We convey an emotion by presenting the object and circumstance of that emotion without comment. For example, we do not say "O how I admire that exquisite, that beautiful, that—25 more adjectives—woman!" or "O exquisite, O beautiful, O 25 more adjectives woman, you are cosmic, let us spoon for ever," but we present that woman, we make an "Image" of her, we make the scene convey the emotion. Thus, Mr. Pound does not say "His Muse was wanton, though his life was chaste," but perhaps he says that and his songs went out into the 4 a.m. of the world composing albas.

2. As few adjectives as possible. Example, this translation from Moschus, where the effect of the Greek is singularly rich:—"And as Orpheus went down into Tartarus, and Odysseus and Heracles, so I, if I might, would go down to the dwelling of Pluto and see thee. And since Orpheus said so that he was heard, I too will sing. He played the Sicilian song and sang the shepherds' music to Koré; and she also was of Sikilia and was gay in the valleys of Aetna, and knew the Doric singing." Only two adjectives in one of the most beautiful passages of Greek poetry!

3. A hardness, as of cut stone. No slop, no sentimentality. When people say that Imagist poems are "too hard," "like a white marble monument," we chuckle; we know that we have done something good.

4. Individuality of rhythm. We make new fashions instead of cutting our clothes on the old models. Mr. Hueffer says that the unit of our rhythms is the unit of conversation. I daresay he is right.

5. A whole lot of don'ts, which are mostly technical, which are boresome to anyone except those writing poetry, and which have been already published in Poetry.

6. The exact word. We make quite a heavy stress on that. It is most important. All great poetry is exact. All the dreariness of nineteenth century poetry comes from their not quite knowing what they wanted to say and filling up the gaps with portentous adjectives and idiotic similes. Have you seen those unfinished poems of Shelley, which go something like this:—

"O Mary dear, that you were here,
With your tumtytum and clear,
And your tumtytum bosom
Like a tumty ivy-blossom," &c.?

7. I know there are a lot more but I can't remember them now.

There are poems by five authors in this anthology, which I do not consider to be Imagiste. They are those by Mr. Cournos, Mr. Upward, Mr. Hueffer, Mr. Joyce and Mr. Cannell. I do not say that I don't think those poems beautiful; on the contrary I admire them immensely, especially Mr. Hueffer's and Mr. Upward's. But strictly speaking they are not Imagiste poems.

Of those remaining the best are undoubtedly H. D.'s. They are like nicely-carved marble. This for instance:—

"The hard sand breaks,
And the grains of it
Are clear as wine.

Far off over the leagues of it
The wind,
Playing on the wide shore,
Piles little ridges,
And the great waves break over it.

But more than the many-foamed waves
Of the sea
I know him
Of the triple path-ways,
Hermes,
Who awaiteth."
sonal rhythm, few and expressive adjectives, no inversions, and a keen emotion presented objectively. I don’t think you come to like that kind of poetry until you have reached a good deal of other poetry first, but when you do come to like it there is a greater emotional pleasure than in any other sort of writing.

Here is one of Mr. Pound’s contributions.

"Lu: Cu:u.

"The rustling of the silk is discontinued,
Dust drifts over the courtyard,
There is no sound of footfall, and the leaves
Scurry into heaps and lie still,
And she the rejoicer of the heart is beneath them:

A wet leaf that clings to the threshold."

I think those who know Mr. Pound only in his strictly Provençal or damn-your-eyes moods will be very agreeably surprised by the beauty of that poem. It does not rely on its pseudo-Oriental title for its charm. There you have it, in its way perfection. It is to me the justification of my years-long plain-tive defence of poetry—that there was more in six lines of real poetry than in 350 pages of fiction. Frankly, I would rather take the poems like that in a week, carry them about with me, read them to my friends, in Kensington Gardens, in restaurants, and so on, than read any three novels you care to mention. And I swear it is greater art. Far better be Rutilus with his six lines about Rhodokleia than Trollope with his fast-being-forgotten novels.

With a sort of amorous care I pick up this little volume, and then put it down again. No, I simply cannot make space to quote Miss Lowell’s “In a Garden” and Mr. William Carlos Williams’ perfectly marvellously Postlude.1 I must come at once to Mr. F. S. Flint.

Some people seem to prefer his poems to any in the book. I have stated my own preference, which

is purely a matter of my own feelings, and it is not my business to award palms of superiority to anyone whose poems are printed in a book along with my own.

Still, I think many people prefer Mr. Flint because he is an Impressionist. I don’t say that he isn’t an Imagist. He is, and the whole theory and practice of Imagism owe a great deal to him. But “The Swan” for example, is practically pure Impressionism. "Hallucination" is a fine poem.

"Hallucination.

I know this room,
and there are corridors:
the pictures, I have seen before;
the statues and the glass gems in cases
I have wandered by before—
stood there silent and lonely
in a dream of years ago.

I know the dark of night is all around me;
my eyes are closed and I am half asleep.
My wife breathes gently at my side.

But once again this old dream is within me,
and I am on the threshold waiting,
walks up to the door,
I shall reach her.
There is no direction
I shall walk on."

**VIEWS AND COMMENTS.**

NEXT saviour, Mr. H. G. Wells. We by no means exhausted the topic of salvation in our last comments. The “salvation of the world” is not a theme to be regarded as a swan-song poured forth alone by spinster and eunuchs in straits, its roots, its actual and fitting setting is oratorio with star-turns, minor lights, orchestra and chorus all complete. The salvationist company includes all those who now-orate—all except ourselves. We are, in fact, their only audience. The only reason therefore, let it be said, that Mr. Wells is chosen in preference to other “god-gifted, organ-voiced salvationists” such as Mr. Shaw, Mr. Chesterton, Mrs. Besant, or Mrs. Pethick Lawrence is that we have just now read his newest book: the latest of his songs of salvage—

"god-gifted, organ-voiced Salvationists" such as Mr. Shaw, Mr. Chesterton, Mrs. Besant, or Mrs. Pethick Lawrence is that we have just now read his newest book: the latest of his songs of salvage—

*The World Set Free.* By H. G. Wells. (Macmillan. 6/-)

is removed?" Without pause sufficient even to take breath he has his answer ready: there is in "overMind," a "purpose," a "life-force" (minus lives of course), a "race-consciousness" (minus the stuff of the roots), an "impersonal body of knowledge."+$

This initial precaution to state in precise terms that "the world" is more than a happy accident on the part of Mr. Wells. Most of the savagery of the "race-consciousness" is removed. It is a factor vague and irritating as invisible cobwebs tickling one’s face: defeating attack by its own sheer lack of specification. When practically all Mr. Wells’ later works have been forgotten it will, we hope, be held as a memorial of him that he never lost sight of the axiom that a conflict demands the postulating of at least two sides. It is this characteristic which along with vivacious and generous enthusiasms constitute what he has of genius. It gives his work its bite. It is his genuine apprehension of the spirit of combat which has enabled him, not indeed to withstand the invertebrate theorisings of his contemporaries, but to supply, in succumbing to them, out of his own genius the second party of the combat. Hence it is that every catch-penny theory finds a holding ground in his work. He is an Impressionist. I don’t say that he isn’t an Imagist. He is, and the whole theory and practice of Imagism owe a great deal to him. But "The Swan," for example, is practically pure Impressionism. "Hallucination" is a fine poem.

But once again this old dream is within me,
and I am on the threshold waiting,
where do those doors lead,
what rooms lie beyond them?
I venture. . . .

But my baby moves and tosses
from side to side,
and her need calls me to her.

Now I stand awake, unseeing,
in the dark,
and I move towards her cot.
I shall not reach her. . . .
There is no direction.
I shall walk on. . . ."
tacit assumptions. He makes "IT" explicit: "IT" out into the open, regardless of the fact that the open and a Salvationist's IT cannot prosper together. He is the indiscreet politician. Whence it is that once Mr. Wells has blessed any particular brand of salvation it is safe to calculate it to be as good as dead. His ingenuous wide-eyed support proves more deadly for it than the combined hostile attacks of the profoundest thinkers. He is the Salvationists' enfant terrible.

Wherefore, all you salvationists, all socialists, humanitarians, platonists, life-force-ites, theosophists, christians and all who inhabit high planes, gather round and listen while Mr. Wells explains how the salvation mechanism works. We have already had a bout with "saviours" but Mr. Wells' specialism is his talc one must grant he ought to know. At any rate, he decides that men are so incorrigibly selfish that nothing short of the demonstrable power to blow them to smithereens is sufficient to reduce them to a condition in which they will even verbally concede that that did not affect the question. These unreasonable beings no doubt felt that it did for them. In fact Mr. Wells realises that men are so incorrigibly selfish that no small amount of values strikes them. Fortunately, however, there are still men existing in sufficient numbers from whom to gather evidence on how the importance of MAN appeals to them.

The posing of opposites between men and a hazy unknown opponent submission to whom is "victue" and opposition, even when successful opposition, is "sin," is of course a very ancient catch. The history of "salvation" indeed.

It starts off from a new axiom: the part is greater than the whole, and proceeds to the conclusion that the knower is less than his knowledge, living men less than a "Life-Principle," a "Life-Force." That is the theory. The method of application is for some "bead-doubling" to be salvation. But Mr. Wells' specialism is not exactly what he pleased and then persuade those for what he wants is the "salvation of the world" and that what they want is nothing much any way: to tread in his path is a far, far better thing.

Mr. Wells is working a very well-worn theme when he sings: "I saw how little and feeble is the life of man (small initial), a thing of dust or less, but the mental excrement remains. The something is Mr. Wells's speciality. He knows it so well that he can recognise it under a hundred different aspects. Ordinarily he calls it "humanity" or "man" with an initial capital: not men of course; men are the enemy: the capital: not men of course; men are the enemy: the capital: not men of course; men are the enemy: the capital: not men of course; men are the enemy: the cap..."
and non-resistance. None of its constructive schemes could be "set on wheels" were it not granted that men could be treated as mummies. When Mr. Wells says that "collectivism has been plastered into our brains" he is a little mixed as to order of procedure: he means that first the brains were stunned (by his Carolinum) and that in order that nothing might injure plastered over them. A government finds it difficult to destroy the "concept of individual "purposes," so while the individuals are stunned it sets up a "collective" one. This simplifies matters enormously, and explains why simplification becomes such an important aspect of the collective psyche. Very much more strong on it. That hero—he has many heroes—who gathers together a motley crew of kings and politicians on Mont Blanc or thereabouts—proclaims himself a "devotee of simplicity" and accordingly "a noble simplicity" hung about that lofty assembly: even about its decisions. "The world must be a Republic," "The people must hand over to us all the Carolinum": war must end: separation means the threat of war: therefore there must be no separation: "there must be no mine and thine but ours": there must be "one government for mankind".

Accordingly the abdicated President of the United States draws through a megaphone to North, South, East and West all the world round: "All you persons, just deliver up all that there carolinum right here and before luncheon." Of course they all did, which shows the advantage of simplicity, or who is plainly the collective purpose. No wonder that Mr. Wells becomes a little thick in his speech in his intoxication with the subject. For instance this: "The new civilization came as a simplification of ancient complexity. All that is left fit with it, if no light. No wonder that Mr. Wells, whose indosyncrasy runs to a desire to "incorporate and comprehend his fellow-men into a community of purpose," believes that "the ultimate aim of art, religion, science and philosophy is to simplify," and fervently hopes he will "escape from individuality in Science and Service." 

After reading more like the above there is nothing surprising in the fact that the leading spirit at the Abdication of Kings should be a person whom Mr. Wells calls King Egbert, "the young king of the most venerated kingdom in Europe" but who is plainly the well-known idiotic Rattle whose haunts are the Fabian, Theosophical and Suffrage societies and the vegetarian restaurants: the male person who does not consume fish and so unfortunately cannot swallow a beefsteak. Mr. Karenin, who is the real hero of the story, says "You might go to a laboratory on the top of Mont Blanc, there would be "only a surgical operation and the operation necessitates his removal to a laboratory on the top of the Himalayas, and the Himalayas, which have snow and sun on them, form just the suitable background of Mr. Karenin's little word. It is the day
before the operation which Mr. Wells by tricks of his craft has indicated is going to prove fatal. Mr. KARININ has struck the requisite note of AWE by talking of Man of himself in the third person and all is ready for Mr. Wells to strike up the few bars of slow music. "The cloudbursts of India lay under a quivering haze, and the blaze of the sun fell full upon the eastward precipices. Ever and again as they talked some vast splinter of rock would crack and come away from these, or a wild rush of ice and stone, pour down in thunder, hang like a wet thread into the gulfs below, and cease."
Memoirs of a Charming Person.

V.

WHEN my visitor had left, the Count came back into the room.

"What was I talking about?" he asked.

"Oh, I remember. I was suggesting you should put yourself in the shoes of one of your learned doctors, and suppose the blessed Danhuberus came to you with similar complaints. 'I have been living,' he says, 'on terms of intimacy with the lovely Queen of the Nymphs, who tried, not unsuccessfully, to gain my affections. She was supported by all the Sages, who now look on me as their Prince. I am giving her a soul, and we have had several beautiful children; but now and again I have scruples, when I think that Holy Church would condemn what I am doing. So I have come to ask you, of what nature are these children, these Sages, and what is my Nymph herself? Further, enlighten me as to the state of my conscience.""

The Count replied that I was as deluded as all the doctors of the Church, who held that a poor Nymph could not appear without being taken for an impure phantom; or a Salamander without being taken for a devil, and the pure element of which he is made, for hell-fire. They make the Sign of the Cross, and pray in vain; for they are always supposed to be enemies of the God whom they really adore. I demurred to the latter statement, but he assured me the Elementals are exceedingly devout, Porphyry having recorded a Salamander's prayer to the Deity, which he repeated to me. I then remarked that a great reformer had paraphrased it, saying it was a proof that the Devil, amongst his other vices, practised that of hypocrisy.

"Poor Elementals!" exclaimed the Count. "They are not given a chance, even when they say wonderful things about God, the Son, and the Holy Ghost; they are just denominating them, as the Prophet had denounced, by some of his oracles, and the reputation is so bad that good men will have nothing to do with them."

I asked what had become of all these creatures, since respectable people ignored them.

"The arm of God is not shortened," he replied solemnly. "He allows them to use all sorts of artifices, so that they may achieve relations with human beings without the latter knowing anything about it. Can a woman have children by a dog, an ape, or a bear?"

"That is impossible, and against nature," I retorted.

"Very well," said the Count, "but the King of the Goths was born from the union of a bear and a Swedish princess; a Portuguese woman, exposed on a desert island, had children by a great ape, and the Peguans and Syomais of India were the offspring of a dog and a woman. What do you say to all this?"

"Our theologians would answer that the Devil can take all these forms," I replied.

"The Devil! Now understand, once and for all, that the Elementals appear in these shapes, so as to overcome the strange aversion women have to them. Many a man is the son of a Sylph who thinks himself the son of a man; many another thinks he is living with his wife, when he is really immor­ talising a Nymph. With the help of the Sages, these lords of the Elementals defeat the Devil. We Sages teach them the magical name of Nehmahmiah, which combined with Eliael, rots the powers of darkness, and the Sylph lives happily with his beloved."

Thus a Sylph once gained his immortality by impersonating the lover of a young lady of Seville. She was beautiful and cruel, and would not listen to the Castilian gentleman's pleadings; so he went away for two years, during which time the Sylph gained her affections, and when he returned in his knight's form, became her lover. She had a child by him, unknown to her parents, and was expecting another, when the Castilian returned, cured of his infatuation. He went to her and told her she need no longer fear his importunities. You can imagine the misunderstanding that followed! She vowed he had been her lover for two years, and confessed to the birth of the child. Her parents made enquiries, and found the Castilian gentleman had, as a matter of fact, been absent for two years."

I remarked that the Sylph had not done well to abandon her at such a crisis. "He had a very good reason," the Count explained. "She was not devout enough. These gentlemen set about the salvation of their souls very seriously, and like the mortal with whom they are living to lead a saintly life. I can tell you of another case in which my young wife was, but once again consolled by a Sylph in the form of his wife. He was given to swearing and bad language, and in spite of her warnings, he would not mend his ways; so one day she disappeared, leaving him nothing but her skins."

"I don't believe," said I, "that the Devil is such a mortal enemy of these beings."

"He is indeed, especially of Nymphs, Sylphs, and Salamanders. He is on better terms with the Gnomes, because, as I have already told you, they have little wish to become immortal, for they bear the shrinks of the damned in the bowels of the earth, and fear a like fate. They go further, and persuade mortals that it is far better to lose their chances of immortality; so these pacts, commonly supposed to be with the Devil, whereby a man gives up his soul, are really with Gnomes, who are inspired by the Evil One to suggest that their souls should die with their bodies."

"And do their souls really die, and are they not damned?" I enquired.

"Certainly," replied he.

"Then they get off very lightly," said I.

"Do you call it a light punishment to fall into the Abysses of Nothingness! It is far worse than hell, because God has always some mercy in His dealings with sinners. That is what we preach to the Gnomes; and as they are much more doleful and intelligent than men, we make a good many converts."

"I should like to see a Cabalist preaching to them!" cried I.

"If you wish, I will call them together and preach to them at midnight," said he.

"A witches' Sabbath!" I retorted.

"Another superstitious error; we assemble the Gnomes to teach them, and when one is converted we marry him to a mortal, celebrating the ceremony with dancing, and cries of joy. Orpheus was the first to call up these inhabitants of the lower world, and at his first assembly the oldest of the Gnomes, Sabatus, was made immortal; hence the word Sabbath."

"I never imagined the witches' Sabbath was a devotional meeting!" I exclaimed.

"Popular superstition always gains the day," said he. "The wise can do nothing against it. In the reign of Pepin, the famous Cabalist, Zedechias took upon himself to convert the world, and called on all the Gnomes to show themselves, in the air and in the water. They were taken for sorcerers, come to cast evil spells on the harvests, and to invoke storms; and a great many were taken and killed by fire or water. Shortly after, four ambassadors were seen descending from heaven, who declared that they had been taken to a marvellous
country by miraculous men, shown all sorts of wonders, which they were asked to tell on their return; they were about to be put to death, when a monk called Agobard, bishop of Lyon, hurried to the place and announced that they could not have come down from the skies, therefore could not by any possibility have seen what they reported. So they were given their liberty, and their witness was, for the moment, in vain. However, as they had escaped death, they were free to tell all they had seen, and in consequence some of the Sylphs were encouraged to form connections with mortals, and during the reign of Charlemagne many heroes were born. All the delightful fairy tales in the Légendes Amoureuses du Siècle de Charlemagne were founded on the lives led by the Elemental peoples, and you can judge by them how excellent a world could be made on such models if only the advice of the Sages were followed. The least of our children would be wise as Zoroaster, had not sinned with her."

"But I thought you said," I interrupted, "that Adam and Eve were forbidden any intercourse."

"True," said the Count, "they were forbidden to have children by the ordinary method."

"Then is there some other?" I inquired.

He answered me there was, but refused to give me any further information on the subject, adding that he would have me to consider again which among the Elements I would choose to immortalise. He others with him, and would give their substance were not being misunderstood on this point, I would go on amusing myself with the Count, and would soon give another volume to the world.

M. De V.-M.

Passing Paris.

"L'ENTRAVE" (Librarie des Lettres), the last of Mme. Colette Willy's round dozen of books bearing her name, or one of her various names, has reached its twenty-ninth edition. Of modern French prose-writers Mme. Colette, as she now rather lamely calls herself in literature, is, in the most appreciated with both the élite and the general public. Her books are printed and re-printed in every form and not a word of unfavourable criticism has ever accrued to them. A singular career has been hers. Years ago—perhaps fifteen, perhaps twenty—as a very young girl from a distant province she came to Paris and married M. Gauthier-Villars, musical critic under that name, and under the pseudonym of Willy, known—too well known—as a humorist, novelist journalist. After her separation from him and subsequent divorce it transpired that Mme. Colette had collaborated in a number of books published under the signature of "Willy," books which had obtained an enormous sale for their somewhat unusual contents but whose perfection of style exempted them from criticism. Then is the amazing literature of the monographic order. A marvellous little performance entitled "Les Sept Dialogues de Bêtes," published before the separation from M. Gauthier Villars and signed "Colette Willy," had informed the public as to her exceptional gifts and given an opportunity for certain conclusions regarding the part taken by her in the "Claudine" series.

At the period of her separation Mme. Colette went on the stage. After a few very daring appearances, some of which were received with hostility, she became quite famous as a dancer and mimic.

Meanwhile she continued to write her books ("Les Villettes de la Vigne," "La Vagabonde," "La Retraite Sentimentale"), a play ("En Camarades") in which she acted herself, and short stories for "Le Matin" and overcame by the sheer force of her talent whatever disapproval she may—or may not—have earned previously, taking, by general consent, a front place among the very first writers of the day. And when, during a recent vacancy at the Académie, the question was raised in the press and drawing-rooms as to which of our numerous authors was best entitled to fill it, given the hypothesis that women were eligible, Mme. Colette Willy headed the polls by a large majority, to the amazement of the judges.

And when, during a recent vacancy at the Académie, the question was raised in the press and drawing-rooms as to which of our numerous authors was best entitled to fill it, given the hypothesis that women were eligible, Mme. Colette Willy headed the polls by a large majority, to the amazement of the judges.

Mme. Henri de Régivier ("Gerard d'Houville") who is a poet, besides a charming writer in prose, while Mme. Colette has made no poetic attempts up till now, at least so far as the public knows.

Mme. Colette is now re-married, has left the stage, and is for the first time a mother. Such are, broadly sketched, the various steps in this woman's singular and generally speaking, scandalous career. Colette Willy does not need to express herself herself plus a few characters and incidents coming in direct contact with herself. They analyse sensations, formulated in the most coloured and fluent language. Such is the beginning and the end of them. A fault of style, a negligence, that of the first series, Language, in her grip, is as soft and supple as wax. Take this:

"S'il me reste, de mon enfance, un rare empire sur mes pleurs, j'ai gardé aussi le don de m'emouvoir, avec une intensité que le temps diminue à peine, à certaines heures, et non pas seulement celles qui rasssemblent, en bouquet irresistible, le son d'un orchestre parfait, un clair de lune qui se mire aux buis et aux lauriers luisants, et les odeurs d'une terre où couvent l'été et l'orage. Il y a des instants de faiblesse découverte, où de briefs souvenirs optiques, très anciens, des contrasts de lumière et d'ombre suffisent à évoquer, à l'éveil d'un cœur qui se tâche d'amour. Ainsi, la clarté rose et chaude d'une fenêtre illuminée au flanc d'une maison obscure, cette oblongue clarté prolongé au dehors sur une allée de sable, ou filtrée par des feuillages noirs, signifie particulièrement, pour moi, amour, amour abrité, foyer, isolement précieux et permis."

Nothing precious, no affectation, just a simple, smooth flow of language, language which makes one love her. And so throughout every page and every book.

The first chapters of "L'Entraive" are slow and encumbered with too many fussy and insignificant details. Mme. Colette fumbles about in them some-what like a swimmer failing to find his depth. Her elements are animals, nature, love—the love of male and female, not the sentimental effusions of English or, in fact, most novels, to describe which she uses a simple outspokenness absolutely forbidding criticism. Perhaps the French language facilitates this frankness, but chiefly, I think, it is her own natural, sincere and elegant eloquence. What English writer could dare this, for instance?

"Et il y a derrière nos visages à tous deux la même volonté bien arrêtée; il faut que cette journée interminable, harassante pour moi, gâte de rêve­rences, de lieux communs, vide, humiliante, car j'y tiens le rôle de celle qui est venue, qui s'est déplacée pour rencontrer un homme;—il faut que cette journée prenne fin sur un mot, sur un geste qui la signent—ou la biffent. Je me paierais de peu de chose, au point où j'en suis. Une fausse confidence me suffirait, un de ces récits où l'anecdote se fait petite

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pour cédé la place à des ‘je ne sais pas si vous pensez comme moi . . . ‘ ou ‘j’ai toujours été ainsi’ des ‘je n’ai pas besoin de vous regarder longtemps pour savoir que.’ . . . De ses deux mains libres, Jean m’a saisie solidement par les cœurs, mais quand j’ai compris, de suite ce qu’on voulait et se ploie en avant—mouvement pour fuir, si l’on veut, mais bien com­mode pour découvrir la place du baiser. . . . Un bon baiser chaud, pas trop mordant, long, tranquille, qui prend le temps de se rassaisir et qui dispense, après le premier frisson jusqu’aux reins, un content­ment un peu échangique. . . . Un bon baiser immobile, bien donné, bien reçu, sans que chavirent nos corps équilibrés, l’un contre l’autre et que je subis les yeux fermés, la bouche close, avec un silence soupir de détente: ‘Ah! que je suis bien. . . .’

‘Un baiser, tout devient simple, savoureux, superficiel, et d’une candeur un peu grossière. Un baiser—et l’esprit qui s’envolait, s’abat, comme la nuée des moucherons d’été sous les premieres gouttes lourdes d’un orage. C’est qu’aussi il n’y est rien de plus explicite que ce baiser muet. Pas un mot amoureux, pas un murmure de prière, pas même mon nom, rien que le baiser, donné traîtreusement par derrière, et reçu avec une bête mauvaise foi . . .

‘Puis je me tais brusquement, et je garde mes forces pour me débattre, car il a commencé de m’envalir, de grimmer autour de moi en paraly­sant mes deux bras. Il se fait lourd exprès, il se fait collant comme une mauvaise plante tenace. Je n’ai pu me lever, ni même décorner mes jambes, je lutte en contre-manne, je suis retenue, appuyée sur un bras. . . . Puis il se penche et m’embrasse, sur la bouche, délicatement. Cela est si doux, après ces deux minutes de lutte, que je m’accorde comme un repos, et je laisse aller ma tête sur le tapis. Que c’est doux, cette bouche nue, ces lèvres pleines qui sont dessous—à mon souffle, délicatement. Cela est si doux, après ces deux minutes de lutte, que je m’accorde comme un repos, et je laisse aller ma tête sur le tapis. Que c’est doux, cette bouche nue, ces lèvres pleines qui sont dessous—à mon souffle, délicatement. Cela est si doux, après ces deux minutes de lutte, que je m’accorde comme un repos, et je laisse aller ma tête sur le tapis. Que c’est doux, cette bouche nue, ces lèvres pleines qui sont dessous—à mon souffle, délicatement. Cela est si doux, après ces deux minutes de lutte, que je m’accorde comme un repos, et je laisse aller ma tête sur le tapis. Que c’est doux, cette bouche nue, ces lèvres pleines qui sont dessous—à mon souffle, délicatement. Cela est si doux, après ces deux minutes de lutte, que je m’accorde comme un repos, et je laisse aller ma tête sur le tapis. Que c’est doux, cette bouche nue, ces lèvres pleines qui sont dessous—à mon souffle, délicatement. Cela est si doux, après ces deux minutes de lutte, que je m’accorde comme un repos, et je laisse aller ma tête sur le tapis. Que c’est doux, cette bouche nue, ces lèvres pleines qui sont dessous—à mon souffle, délicatement. Cela est si doux, après ces deux minutes de lutte, que je m’accorde comme un repos, et je laisse aller ma tête sur le tapis. Que c’est doux, cette bouche nue, ces lèvres pleines qui sont dessous—à mon souffle, délicatement. Cela est si doux, après ces deux minutes de lutte, que je m’accorde comme un repos, et je laisse aller ma tête sur le tapis. Que c’est doux, cette bouche nue, ces lèvres pleines qui sont dessous—à mon souffle, délicatement. Cela est si doux, après ces deux minutes de lutte, que je m’accorde comme un repos, et je laisse aller ma tête sur le tapis. Que c’est doux, cette bouche nue, ces lèvres pleines qui sont dessous—à mon souffle, délicatement. Cela est si doux, après ces deux minutes de lutte, que je m’accorde comme un repos, et je laisse aller ma tête sur le tapis. Que c’est doux, cette bouche nue, ces lèvres pleines qui sont dessous—à mon souffle, délicately.

Rien qu’aux chevres des genoux nus, rien qu’au neud des bras attentifs à se bien lier, j’ai senti comme un repos, et je laisse aller ma tête sur le tapis. Que c’est doux, cette bouche nue, ces lèvres pleines qui sont dessous—à mon souffle, délicately.

Il y a un but, qui est là, devant moi: c’est cet homme qui ne me désire pas, et que j’aime. L’attente, trembler qu’il ne m’échappe, le voir s’échapper, et aventurement l’approcher de nouveau pour le repêcher, voilà désormais mon métier,—ma mission. Tout ce que j’aimais avant lui me sera alors rendu,—la lumière, la musique, le murmure des arbres, le timide et fervent appel des bêtes familières, le silence fêr des hommes qui souffrent,—toute cela me sera rendu, mais à travers lui, et pourvu que je le possède."

But these quotations must, unfortunately, suffice, and they will, to show that he who burrows far enough into his own self, who does not spare himself, is bound to create art. And it will be the greater in proportion to the intensity of emotion experienced and the capacity to perceive and to convey it. But experience with life—with pain and pleasure, that is—suffices. It will probably alone unravel the latent confusion of language—and, even if it does not to such perfection as in Mme. Colette, it will be a hundred times nearer art, and consequently life—the soul—the very life of life—then technical facility where the emotion, as distinct from simple observation, is lacking. It comes to this that the finest art has been lived—if only at the moment of its production. It must be stained with a trace of tears or blood to prove its authenticity.

"SAINT FIACRE."

Plaisirs.

With Apologies to a Poet.

May we not be spared—
I beseech you—
This insistent propaganda?
May we not concede
The laws of morality and propriety
To whom they are addressed?
I grant you that arms and lips
Are sweet, and that women
Belong to who love them,
Conventions absurd and sins an invention.
But should we not keep in secret and silence
These discoveries,
And ourselves be happy
With our own particular
Unbourgeois-like divertissements?

C. M.
A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.

By James Joyce.

THE night of the Whitsuntide play had come and Stephen from the window of the dressing-room looked out on the small grassplot across which lines of Chinese lanterns were stretched. He watched the visitors come down the steps from the house and pass into the theatre. Stewards in evening dress, old Belvedereans, loitered in groups about the entrance to the theatre and ushered in the visitors with ceremony. Under the sudden glow of a lantern he could recognise the smiling face of a priest.

The Blessed Sacrament had been removed from the tabernacle and the first benches had been driven back so as to leave the dais of the altar and the space before it free. Against the walls stood companies of barbells and Indian clubs; the dumb-bells were piled in one corner: and in the midst of countless hillocks of gymnasium shoes and sweaters and singlets in untidy brown parcels there stood the stout, leather-jacketed, vaulting horse waiting its turn to be carried up on the stage and set in the middle of the winning team at the end of the gymnastic display.

Stephen, though in deference to his reputation for essay-writing he had been elected secretary to the gymnasium, had had no part in the first section of the programme, but in the play which formed the second section he had the chief part, that of a farcical pedant, called Pater Dorgan. He had been cast for it on account of his stature and grave manners for he was now at the end of his second year at Belvedere and in number two.

A score of the younger boys in white knickers and singlets came pattering down from the stage, through the vestry and into the chapel. The vestry and chapel were peopled with eager masters and boys. The plump bared sergeant-major was testing his foot the springboard of the vaulting horse. The lean young man in a long overcoat, who was to give a special display of intricate club swinging, stood near waiting with interest, his silver-cored clubs peeping out of his deep side-pockets. The hollow rattle of the wooden dumb-bells was heard as another team made ready to go up on the stage: and in another moment the excited prefect was hustling the boys through the vestry like a flock of geese, flapping the wings of his soutane nervously and crying to the laggards to make haste. A little team of Neapolitan peasants were practising their steps at the end of the chapel, some circling their arms above their heads, some swaying their baskets of sugar violets and currying. In a dark corner of the chapel at the Gospel side of the altar a stout old lady knelt amid her copious black skirts. When she stood up a pink dressed figure, wearing a curly golden wig and an old-fashioned straw sunbonnet, with black pencilled eyebrows and cheeks delicately rouged and powdered, was discovered. A low murmur of curiosity ran round the chapel at the discovery with black pencilled eyebrows and cheeks delicately rouged and powdered, was discovered. A low murmur of curiosity ran round the chapel at the discovery.

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had been during the year the virtual heads of the
school. It was they who went up to the rector
together to ask for a free day or to get a fellow off.

--O by the way, said Heron suddenly, I saw your
governor going in.

The smile waned on Stephen's face. Any allusion
made to his father by a fellow or by a master put
his calm to rout in a moment. He waited in timorous
silence to hear what Heron might say next. Heron,
however, nudged him expressively with his elbow
and said:

--You're a sly dog.

--Why so? said Stephen.

--You'd think butter wouldn't melt in your
mouth, said Heron. But I'm afraid you're a sly dog.

-- Might I ask you what you are talking about?
said Stephen urbannly.

Indeed you might, answered Heron. We saw
her, Wallis, didn't we? And deucedly pretty she is
too. And inquisitive! And what part does Stephen
take, Mr. Dedalus? And will Stephen not sing, Mr.
Dedalus? Your governor was staring at her through
that eyeglass of his for all he was worth so that I
think the old man has found you out too. I wouldn't
care a bit, by Jove. She's ripping, isn't she, Wallis?

--Not half bad, answered Wallis quietly as he
placed his holder once more in a corner of his mouth.

A shaft of momentary anger flew through Stephen's
mind at these indecent allusions in the hearing of a
stranger. For him there was nothing amusing in a
girl's interest and regard. All day he had thought
of nothing but their leavetaking on the steps of the
tram at Harold's Cross, the stream of moody
emotions it had made to course through him and the
poem he had written about it. All day he had
imaged a new meeting with her for he knew that
she was to come to the play. The old restless moodi-
ness had again filled his breast as it had done on
the night of the party but had not found an outlet in
verse. The growth and knowledge of two years of
boyhood stood between then and now, forbidding
such an outlet; and all day the stream of gloomy
tenderness within him had started forth and returned
upon itself in dark courses and eddies, wearying him
in the end until the pleasantry of the prefect and the
painted little boy had drawn from him a movement of
impatience.

--So you may as well admit, Heron went on,
that we've fairly found you out this time. You can't
play the saint on me any more, that's one sure five.

A soft peal of mirthless laughter escaped from his
lips and, bending down as before, he struck Stephen
lightly across the calf of the leg with his cane, as if
in jesting reproach.

Stephen's movement of anger had already passed.
He was neither flattered nor confused but simply
wished the banter to end. He scarcely resented what
had seemed to him a silly indelicateness for he knew
that the adventure in his mind stood in no danger
from these words: and his face mirrored his rival's
false smile.

--Admit! repeated Heron, striking him again
with his cane across the calf of the leg.

The stroke was playful but not so lightly given as
the first one had been. Stephen felt the skin tingle
and glow slightly and almost painlessly; and bowing
submissively, as if to meet his companion's jesting
mood, began to recite the
Confiteor.

The episode ended well for both Heron and Wallis laughed
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had seemed to him a silly indelicateness for he knew
that the adventure in his mind stood in no danger
from these words: and his face mirrored his rival's
false smile.

--Admit! repeated Heron, striking him again
with his cane across the calf of the leg.

The stroke was playful but not so lightly given as
the first one had been. Stephen felt the skin tingle
and glow slightly and almost painlessly; and bowing
submissively, as if to meet his companion's jesting
mood, began to recite the
Confiteor.

The episode ended well for both Heron and Wallis laughed
indulgently at the irreverence.

The confession came only from Stephen's lips and,
while they spoke the words, a sudden memory had
 carried him to another scene called up, as if by magic,
at the moment when he had noted the faint cruel
dimples at the corners of Heron's smiling lips and
had felt the familiar stroke of the cane against his
calf and had heard the familiar word of admonition:

--Admit.

(To be continued.)
I shall dance:
I shall exist in motion,
A wind-shaken flower spilling my drops in the sunlight.
I feel my muscles bending, relaxing beneath me;
I direct the rippling sweep of the lines of my body;
I batter with my matter against the walls of the atmosphere:
I dance.
Around me whirrs
The sombre hall, the gaudy stage, the harsh glare of the footlights:
And in the brains of thousands watching
Little flames are leaping to the music of my effort.
I have danced:
I have expressed my soul
In unbroken rhythm,
Sorrow, and flame:
I am tired: I would be extinguished beneath your beating hands.

VI.

VII.
Torridly the moon rolls upward
Against the smooth immensity of midsummer sky,
Changeless, inexhaustible:
The city beneath is still.
Heaven and earth are clasped together,
Momently life grows as careless
As the life of the intense stars.
Out of the houses climbing
Fuming from windows, flickering up every roof-top,
Rigid on sonorous pinnacles,
There swirl up silently,
Love's infinite flamelets.

VIII.
Like catacarts that crash from a crumbing crag
Into the dull blue smouldering gulf of a lake below
Lamb戏曲 the mountains, so my soul
Was a gorgie that was filled with the warring echoes of song.
Of old, they wore
Shining armour and banners of broad gold they bore:
Now they drift, like a wild bird's cry,
Downwards from chill summits of the sky,
Fountains of flashing joy were their source afar;
Now they lie still, to mirror every star.
In circles of opal, ruby-blue, out-thrown,
They drift down to a dull, dark monotone.
Touch the loose strings, poet,
Thrum the strings:
For the wind brings distant drowsy bells of song.
Loose the plucked strings, singer,
Spurn the strings:
For the echoes of memory float through the gulf for long.
My songs seem now one humming note afar:
Like as other, quivering 't went star and star,
But yet, so still
I know not whence they come, if mine they are.
Yet that low note
Increases in force as if it said, "I will":
Kindled by God's fierce breath, it would the whole
Realism, mimery and sensual appeal; these are the boundaries within which the sterile worship of outward form has confined and debilitated art. This subjugation has resulted in a gross emotionalism, the exploitation of form for its own sensuous appeal, the perversion of dramatic significance by mimery and sentimentalism, and theatricalism. In short, art has become the servant of the unintellectual mob, the minister to its sensual and emotional appetites. Hence it follows naturally that a low standard of taste has resulted—a standard totally lacking in intellectual discrimination, and creative of incapacity for appreciating any save the most obvious and unimportant features of artistic achievement.

This is particularly evident in the attitude evinced by the general public towards the compositions of Igor Stravinsky and also towards the art of the dance with which so much of his work has been connected.

Modern music, as all vital modern art, is at once the analysis and synthesis of its epoch. It has forsaken the study of ancient and remote conceptions which no longer apply to the changed order of things resultant on the new elements which have entered into human existence. By so doing it has come for the first time in its history into full touch with the vital forces and subtle influences of life. This is evident in the works of Granville Bantock, Béla Bartók, Eric Satie, Florent Schmitt, Arnold Schönberg, Alexander Scriabin and Bailla Pratella. It is equally evident in the particularly human and vital art of Igor Stravinsky.

Confinement of creeds, religions or aesthetics, creates certain inactivities, and from inactivity springs incapacity, resulting in disease. Hence it is continually necessary to stir the world and awaken a thirst for movement and strenuous exercise, physical and mental, to avoid decrepitude. It was the realisation of this which gave birth to the Greek allegory of...
This synthetic design has been conceived with a view of expressing the generative movements of Metachorically and Synthetic Chorography. It is an attempt to express, not so much the external aspects of the dancers, as the expressive force underlying the movements of the dances themselves.

Apollo and Dionysos from whence Nietzsche later evolved his conception of the vital beings whom he believed would precede the super-man.

Stravinsky, being essentially a Dionysian in spirit, has realised the necessity for enlarging the scope of significant expression in art, so that by its means it will be possible to present adequately and synthetically the ideas from which it emanates. Hence it follows that his work is essentially intellectual. Stravinsky himself is an avowed apostle of the new empirical movement in France, the principles of which announced by Ricciotto Canudo in the “Manifesto de l’Art Cérébriste” [January, 1914] embrace among other things the following ideal—“Contre tout sentimentalisme dans l’art et dans la vie, nous voulons un art plus noble et plus pur, qui ne touche pas le cœur, mais qui remue le cerveau, qui ne charme pas, mais qui fait penser.” [Against all sentimentalism in art and life, we propose a nobler and purer art, which does not touch the heart but which stirs the intellect, which does not charm but which creates thought].

Supplementary to this declaration Stravinsky has personally outlined his creative attitude in a literary article, “Ce que j’ai voulu exprimer dans le Sacre du Printemps,” published 1913, which explains admirably his artistic aims. Notwithstanding this there has been continual evidence of a persistent determination on the part of the public to avoid recognition of those principles in his work. Thus his orchestral fantasia “Fireworks” [first performed in England at Queen’s Hall, February, 1914] was greeted as “a brilliant trifle” or “a musical joke.” Yet in this work we have a perfect manifestation of the true Dionysian spirit, the essence of dramatic mirth and vitality in its widest application. Colour, movement and light of the image; the sense of liberation conjured up by the emotions associated with festivals, together with the potential expression of form and movement evident in the brilliancy of the pyrotechnic design, are here combined in a musical symbol of that spirit of synthetic creation which has found so perfect an interpretation in the metaphoric theories of Madame Valentine de Saint-Point, which has created a new art for to-day and for the future.

It requires little thought to indicate the cause of this uncomprehending reception. All art, and especially music, to the general public, is something in the nature of a respectable indulgence swathed in a pleasant veil of ready-made sentimentalism which at once implicates and avoids thought.

So it comes about that we have this same public waxing equally ecstatic concerning things totally dissimilar and often opposed to one another. Wagner’s “Parsifal,” a work with its musical force permeated and weakened by a sentimental negative and absolutely obsolete philosophy; the dances of Anna Pavlova and Adelina Genée, which are nothing but the perpetuation, albeit on a higher plane, of the Italian ballerina traditions; the conceptions of Waslow Nijinsky, superstructures of dance-forms upon subservient music, which tend to institute a further type of sentimental artificiality; the absurd Neo-Grecque travesties of Isadora Duncan, aiming attempts to revive Greek plasticism by uniting its traditional attitudes to music by classical and romantic composers such as Bach and Chopin; all these things it accepts without differentiation, without realisation of their incongruity, because they conform to the sensuous sentimentality and sentimentalism upon which it is accustomed to rely. Naturally unwilling to think, it is scarcely surprising that it is almost antipathetic to the later development of Stravinsky as evinced in “The Consecration of Spring.”

Yet it is in this work that we obtain the first balanced conception of chorography as a generative art form, a conception which, owing to intellectual development in art and the subtlety which the evolution of ideas has brought about, is something almost totally opposed to all that has hitherto been understood by the term dance.

The dance as a medium of intellectual and individual expression, and as a separate and equal art, had no existence until to-day. The sacred dance, movements formed in accordance with the ritual of a religion and performed to fixed musical accompaniments; the scenic dance, operatic or pantomimic, copies and exaggerations in stereotyped attitudes of the movements of ordinary life, realistic mimicry and sentimentalism upon which it is accustomed to rely; naturally unwilling to think, it is scarcely surprising that it is almost antipathetic to the later development of Stravinsky as evinced in “The Consecration of Spring.”

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immobile art. In her own words, "Je donne toute l'importance à la ligne totale de la danse, c'est-à-dire au schème dramatique que le corps, en dansant, marque sur la scène." I give all the importance to the total line of the dance, that is to say, to the dramatic scheme which the body, in dancing, marks in the scene. (La Métachorie—Valentine de Saint-Point.)

"Her dances, based in the first instance, on her own poems, are synthetic, and conform to a geometric design. Thus, one obtains "la fusion de tous les arts; en unissant la musique, la poésie, la danse et la géométrie, car la géométrie est la synthèse de l'art architectural et de ses dérivés, la peinture et la sculpture." [Fusion of all the arts; in unison with music, poetry, the dance and geometry, for geometry is the synthesis of architectural art and its derivatives, painting and sculpture]."

It therefore follows that "La Métachorie, à cause de sa ligne, et de son style, est ainsi moins réaliste que la mimique, et plus expressive et précise, et en quelque sorte, moins extérieure que la danse, telles qu'on les comprend aujourd'hui." [Metachory, by reason of its outline, and of its form, is therefore less realisable than the dance, more expressive, less than the dance as comprehended today; and "exprime, dans une stylisation géométrique, un drama de sentiments ou une évolution d'idées, toujours pris dans leur sens général et jamais dans les détails matériels qu'elles suggéreraient à un danseur qui a une vie directement liée au mouvement et à la couleur, à un homme vitale et conquérant qui s'exprime dans un ordre moins que dans l'expression du geste."

"What is decided beforehand, in the real nightingale you never know what you will hear, but in the artificial one everything is decided beforehand. So it is and so it must remain; it can't be otherwise.""

"The setting devised by Stravinsky is in itself uncommon. The action takes place behind a screen upon which the shadows of the performers are cast, and though based on poems are never mere graphic gestures portraying incidents; as witness "Je trace, je danse uniquement dans son déroulement évolutif, l'esprit qui l'anime. Je n'en extériorise pas la lettre, mais l'esprit." [I trace, I dance solely the spirit and the life which animates them in their unfolding evolution. I do not externalise the letter but the spirit]."

What is decided beforehand, in the real nightingale you never know what you will hear, but in the artificial one everything is decided beforehand. So it is and so it must remain; it can't be otherwise."

"Take, for instance, the search for the living nightingale. "Then the frogs began to croak in the marsh. 'Beautiful,' said the Chinese chaplain, 'it is just like the tinkling of church bells.' Or again take the wonderfully satirical moment (especially for thoughtful musicians) when the two nightingales, artificial and natural, sing together. "They did not get on very well for the real nightingale sang in its own way and the artificial one could only sing waltzes. 'There is no fault in that,' said the music master, 'it is perfectly in time and correct in every way.'"

"Also the wonderful irony of the following passage— "The music master praised the bird tremendously and insisted that it was much better than the real nightingale, not only as regarded the outside with all the diamonds, but the inside too. 'Because, you see, my ladies and gentlemen, and the Emperor before all, in the real nightingale you never know what you will hear, but in the artificial one everything is decided beforehand. So it is and so it must remain; it can't be otherwise.'"

"The setting devised by Stravinsky is in itself uncommon. The action takes place behind a screen upon which the shadows of the performers are cast, and the vocalists are invisible. Thus it is impossible for any personal idiosyncrasies on the part of the singers (and these are usually many) to interrupt the exposition of the symbolic idea. Also by the absence of material presences the spectator is enabled to concentrate upon the intellectual dramatic appeal of the action. The whole work, music, setting and theme, is distinctly a verbal expression of things which is characteristic of all Stravinsky's work, and by reason of its ironic literary basis and dynamic musical force constitutes a striking demonstration of the vital and expansive spirit underlying modern art creation."

Leigh Henry.

Mr. Walter Rummel, one of the most intelligent interpreters of Debussy, will play "Trois Estampes" (1913)]: Pagodes, La soirée dans Grenade, and Jardins sous la pluie, "La Cathédrale Engloutie" (1910), "La Danse de Puck" (1910), "Bruyères" (1913) and "L'île Joyeuse" at his concert at the Αeolian Hall, on the afternoon of June third.
Reviews.


THIS forlorn hope was started in Chicago about a year and a half ago. And in the dark continental its editress raised the quaixotic standard, "We intend to print the best poetry written in English." And the odd thing is that this provincial paper should, to some extent, have done it. I don't mean constantly or consistently, but every now and again really good poems. It contains the first to the light in these small pages, and every now and again they print a presentable number. It is also safe to say that they print more important poems than all the rest of the American magazines put together.

One is not much concerned with American magazines, any more than one is concerned with the colonial press. It interests one to learn that Massfield and Filson Young have arrived in New Zealand simultaneously, and that they are simultaneously hailed as "leaders" of English something or other, and in the same way, one occasionally opens an American periodical in search of the grotesque.

So it is all the more surprising to find an American paper that seems every now and again, for the fraction of a number to be trying to introduce an international standard.

There have been numbers of "Poetry" that bored one, let us however give praise now that we have the opportunity. The May number contains a very interesting group of poems by W. B. Yeats, nine pages, in his slightly more modern manner, harder, greater. And so to his earlier work. It contains the first of the Fenollosa translations from the Japanese "Noh." It is beginning to be whispered that Ernest Fenollosa was one of the most important men of his time; that he was part, in some way, of a sort of obscure renaissance; that his work on Chinese and Japanese art was only a part of the work he accomplished as Imperial Commissioner of Arts in Japan. It is known that he left a great mass of manuscript relating to Chinese and Japanese verse. The play "Nishiki-gi" which appears in this number of Poetry is produced by Nugent Monck in England this coming September.

The May "Poetry" contains also work by Cannell and Bliss Carmen, a modernist criticism of Yeats' later work and an editorial which should enlighten the foreign reader somewhat concerning the sort of imbecility which the Editress has had to contend with in her own district. From this side of the water one can only wonder, perhaps, that such odd fish as "The Dial" persist into our era, had we not their first-novelist "vide All the daily papers and all the publishers' catalogues."

I have heard the good Hilary Bellonc, or Belloc as his ancestors would perhaps have spelled it, I have heard him complaining most eloquently that the British paper so treated its poets, namely that it caressed and flattered them for a year or two in the houses of the rich and then threw them starve, and now it goes over to prose. The first novelist is to be caught up, paid handsomely, led to think literature will support him, and then, as in most cases he won't have any gift, he will be dropped. He will be no good for anything else. "He will fill the ranks," will he? With the price of good work, he will simply have to live by his pen. "O case! That is all, merely caveat publicum, caveat scriptor.

Is there any reason why we should be flooded with incompetent work? Is there any reason why Hudson for instance shouldn't be shoved down the throat of the rabble instead of this harvest of incompetents? Heaven knows Mr. Aldington's article is all too tepid in its praise of this author.

Have we no good writers in England that we should be perpetually reminded of bad ones? Is the English prose in the hopeless condition one might be led to suppose from any of the daily or weekly publications of this realm from the dry-rotted "Spectator" and the Giddy one-a-penny "Times" to the Goss-ridden "New Weekly"? One sits wondering what to read, one takes in despair to French authors. And yet even after one has read something not written in English and thereby disqualified oneself, for ever, from making a living from the English press—I mean one has lost one's respect for Goss, Stainsbury, Quiller-Couch & Co.—even then one comes back to read English and find a few bearable and enjoyable and living authors. That is to say one finds Hudson, the author of the "Purple Land," and James, and F. M. Hueffer, and Conrad, and D. H. Lawrence and a "chap named Tomlinson" and James Joyce who is the "chap named Tomlinson" and James Joyce who is now in these columns, and Cunningham-Graham.

Let us hear no more of "first-novelists." If the publisher wants to advertise his wares let him at least pretend that they have some virtue other than that of being a first emanation. Mind you this is not an attack on new writers, a writer's newness is not a fatal obstacle to his good fortune. I don't mean that new writers should depart England designed who can stand the strain of comparison with writers abroad, nor do I believe that they are numerous, nor do I believe that they are all known to the public, but let them have honourable introduction if they are new, not this latest catch-penny trick of the shopkeeper.

Bastien von Helmholtz.

First Novels.

There is no peace between art and any normal commercial system. There is no truce with pecuniary considerations, and you do not know that there is any need to write an article on this subject but one would like to call the attention of the gentle reader to the last wheeze of "the Publisher," the general advertising of "First Novels." Is this a sincere constructive effort on the part of the publishers? Are these persevering, self-sacrificing philanthropists trying to find new talent; to fish up unrecognised genius from its obscurity? "In the days of Charlemagne Did the people get champagne? Guess again."

Non, mes enfants. Lest any great artist rise among you, lest any man should gather to himself the power resulting from superiority there is this fresh and futile assault. They want the mediocrity. They want to swell the ranks. They don't want to pay the good author his price. They have erected one barrier between literature and the public in the form of the Hall-Carrs. These are the same authors who have made him, with his excessive demands for payment. And now they are trying to unmake him. One doesn't much care. It is a battle of spiders. But one does want to keep on the alert, one wants to be quite frank in the expression of one's alertness. There will be two sets of film-flam between the serious writer and the public; between the sincere writer and the "general reader." We are to have not only the popular author but we are to have the "First-novelist" vide All the daily papers and all the publishers' catalogues.

I have heard the good Hilary Bellonc, or Belloc as his ancestors would perhaps have spelled it, I have heard him complaining most eloquently that the British paper so treated its poets, namely that it caressed and flattered them for a year or two in the houses of the rich and then threw them starve, and now it goes over to prose. The first novelist is to be caught up, paid handsomely, led to think literature will support him, and then, as in most cases he won't have any gift, he will be dropped. He will be no good for anything else. He will fill the ranks, he will? With the price of good work, he will simply have to live by his pen. O case! That is all, merely caveat publicum, caveat scriptor.

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Bastien von Helmholtz.
The Spider’s Web.*

M. R. KAUFFMAN, in the preface to his latest book, “The Spider’s Web,” boldly announces a truism. He states that he “did not want to produce the effect of a work of art; he wanted to produce conviction of truth.” Perhaps just because he assumed the not to be incomparable, the effect produced was the reverse of what he desired. The book reminded me of a children’s charade where every scene bears on “the word.” In the “Spider’s Web” and in it every ligure, and there are many, was in one way or another inevitably caught.

Though a tract is less unpalatable in plain form, rather than dished up round and about a hero, with the “Spider’s Web” I persevered, for the preface had stated that this “hero,” Luke Huber, “came to Dora Marsden’s conclusion” as to “the futility of state-making, law-making, moral-making, when all that is of importance is a day-by-day recognition that is the individual’s affair.” Huber sees “that only Labour creates wealth and that nothing should be robbed of a fraction of what it creates,” presumably also a conclusion of Miss Marsden’s. But has not Miss Marsden repeatedly told us that there are no “shahs” in her philosophy, but only “cannots” and “coulds”?

A long paragraph in the preface follows, setting forth Huber’s mature views, and one gets the impression that these, also, are identical with those of the editor of this journal. He soliloquises—talking of the rule of one as against the rule of many, i.e., the tyranny of one and the tyranny of many—“Both are tools in the hands of compulsion. Both try to control it. Huber is led through a sort of Dance of Capital. He fights it, bravely and alone. He is the truly tragic hero, fighting single-handed against great odds and finally falling, but through it all keeping his own spirit intact”—though he slay me, yet will I not trust him.”

The book itself is, as I said, arranged in a series of scenes illustrating the almightiness of Capital (or rather Usury); its universal grip; its power to run everybody, control those who own and who supposedly control it. Huber is led through a sort of Dance of Capital. He fights it, bravely and alone. He is the truly tragic hero, fighting single-handed against great odds and finally falling, but through it all keeping his own spirit intact.”

Luke Huber, a young lawyer of “high principles,” on the staff of the District Attorney of New York, sets before himself the idea of freeing the city from corruption, and after five years’ spade-work was nominated candidate of the Municipal Reform Party. In this election he “fights with every ounce of muscle and every particle of brain.” “For now, as in every alley and at every turning, his political progress revealed some new though ever partial phase of the power he attacked, Luke saw all that he hated centred in one figure, originated by one mind. He individualised Evil. That entire meshwork of wrong which he was trying to tear to shreds, he traced directly to the plump, pale man in russet brown “(the head of a group of men in this country controlling political, social and political America), “the malignant thing with the hairy hands and beady eyes. . . . Of all the fine and fatal threads that were not snaring alike the helpless and the strong, what threads were not spun by him?” Luke seemed to see it all now, with awful clarity. The Rollins letters, the interview in Wall Street, the action of the banks, and Osserman’s hint from the City Chamberlain, the part played by the street-girl, the raid by the police, the campaign confirmed the accumulated gossip of years, corroborated every wild story that came to him on the teeming battlefield; of bribery and thiev­ing, of perjury and murder, of all the crimes that men have known, each committed again and again—safely committed in the dark, cravenly done under the protection of bought-and-paid-for-law. . . .

The power was everywhere. It mocked religion, because it supported churches; it debauched Government, because it governed the governors; it destroyed Law, because it controlled the Law’s administrators. It was master of the means of profit having to distribution; It owned the storehouses of wealth; the clothes upon the backs of the people, the houses that they lived in; the meat on the tables of the rich, the bread in the bellies of the poor. It secured its own prices for them, and withheld them as it chose.

*“The Spider’s Web.” By Reginald Wright Kauffman.
Directly or indirectly, the whole nation took Its wages—such wages as It chose to pay.” —Luke wages—such wages as It chose to pay.

Luke, as I said, fights and falls. Let us hope that Miss Marsden’s lack of any species of conscience will preserve her from any like untimely end.

H. S. W.

Revolutionary Maxims.

"The position of Keats among our poets is no longer questioned.” —Ernest de Selincourt in the Times Literary Supplement.

"a Francis Jommes.” —Times Literary Supplement.

"Leighton, who, with all his perfection of manner and his genuine goodness of heart, was a little too Olympian, and a little too cosmopolitan, to be the head of a body of British artists.” —Times Literary Supplement.

"Claudel almost unheard of in England.”

"Is there no translator brave enough to undertake ‘L'Otage,’ the most accessible of his plays, or ‘L’Annonce Faite à Marie,’ so like the poems of our own Pre-Raphaelites?” —Times Literary Supplement.

"Whatever we think of the poet’s message and his mission, there is enough truth, life, and poetry in these dramas to make them intensely interesting. The public which enjoys Thomas Hardy’s ‘Dynasts’ or Doughty’s plays of Britain should not find them extraordinarily difficult.” —"The Thunderer.”

"The burning story of Parnell’s...” —Times Literary Supplement.

"No one who has been privileged to visit Rio de Janeiro will dispute the appropriateness of the title given to his book.” —Times Literary Supplement.

"Men have been tired of the merely intellectual pastime called thinking.” —Times Literary Supplement.

My COUNTRY!

"Muscular effort, human dignity: these are one to the English; his very morality is muscular. Gradually from her page there rises the grim and colossal figure of the Englishman whom Taine after his history."

"The open spaces of nature are the chief, but not the only, inspiration of these little pieces. Their virtue is that every one of them has in it something of original thought; the contemplative spirit which runs through them always gets from its subject something fresh and individual.” —Times Literary Supplement.

"THE ENGLISH SPRING.” —Times Literary Supplement (headline.)

"Fashions—especially literary fashions—may be trivial things in themselves; yet in the sum-total of fashion a certain not altogether superficial tendency of the mind may be discovered.” —Times Literary Supplement.

"Joshua, for example, is considered under three divisions—the Faithful Servant, the Victorious Soldier, and the Resolute Reformer. Under the first we have nearly four pages devoted to a description of the man and the book which bears his name.” —Times Literary Supplement.

"Mr. Haile’s treatment of Cardinal Allen’s life is, of necessity, greatly concerned with contemporary history.” —Times Literary Supplement.

"THE ROYAL ACADEMY.” —Times Literary Supplement, p. 231, ADVT.

"THE ACADEMY FROM WITHIN.”

THE INNER LIFE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.” —Times Literary Supplement, p. 231, ADVT.

"THE ROYAL ACADEMY.”

THE INNER LIFE OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY, with an account of its Schools etc.”

"Mr. Leslie, who is still a practising painter, is 79 years old, and as his father used to take him in to carry his brushes on varnishing days when he was a boy of nine, he has seventy years of actual Academic experience to look back upon.” —Times Literary Supplement, p. 232.

"More than once he will suggest to us a Pindar disguised in the mantle of St. Thomas Aquinas; he is often as unreal as II Greco!” —Times Literary Supplement.
From the Celtic name of London there follows a strong presumption that there was a Celtic village or town, but as it has left no mark it was probably a small place.

"The Life of Charles, Third Earl Stanhope."
—Adv., idem, p. 236.

"The Life of Charles, Third Earl Stanhope."
—Times Literary Supplement, p. 234.

"The poet, therefore, is no idle singer of an empty day; his heroes, too, are men of action."
—Times Literary Supplement.

"Too often we find ourselves saying, 'It may be so, but, on the other hand, it may not.'"—Times Literary Supplement.

Suburbia.

Glum and remote in the failing light range the villas on either side of the road: Sinister, shabby genteel, each keeps its own counsel, brooding over the past.

Something I know and more divine of the secrets concealed by their frowning fronts:
— The dull apathetic lives of middle-aged and embittered women, hoarding vain memories and elusive hopes, often frustrated, growing fainter and fainter by degrees,
— Nursing a dull rage against destiny, against false and obtuse husbands, thankless children, slatternly maids.
— Fretted by small worries, debts, illnesses, creeping sometimes to the cupboard—in search of oblivion,
— Nothing ahead but the same dreary round! Was it worth while to be born for this?
— Tradesmen, prosaic, matter-of-fact, perpetually making the best of a rather sorry business.
— Average men and women, in short, with average virtues and vices,
— Living obscure lives in their drab environment, making the best of a rather sorry business.

Whirled past in the failing light, I probe those brooding walls and unlit windows,
Then, gazing ahead, lo! where, at the end of the street,
The brief day dies in a glory of rose and saffron.

CHARLES J. WHITBY.
most of her faculties. Its annunciation invades her, therefore love assumes a significance in the life of the woman, Venus, it never can in that of the man, Mars.

Love, expressed in one way or another, is, undeniably, woman's main preoccupation. And observe that, when it is not, it precisely is, as the saying goes, conspicuous by its absence. The presence of love in woman's life, even when exceeding the bounds of conventional tolerance, will never be so much remarked upon as its abstention: the chaste spinster is more surprising and apparently unnatural than the loosest harlot.

Woman's sexual appetite may not be as keen as that of man—though more long-lived—but, sentimentally, love assumes proportions of infinitely greater magnitude in woman.

It would be easy to prove this assertion by individual examples. Consider, for instance, the detachment of men in love and the attachment of women. These have been known to fall ill and, even, die of love. A man may commit suicide in a sudden love-attack but he does not linger. This peculiarity is a decided obstacle in the way of woman's general competition with man in the responsible tasks which are now his monopoly. Imagine a love-stricken woman—and nearly every young woman is love-stricken on and off—in the position of engine-driver, lighthouse or signal-box keeper, at the head of an army, ship or in any other function demanding the undivided service of all the faculties! The slightest love-preoccupation deviates a woman's attention, taking possession of her until she may be hardly master of herself. [In love, as at all other times, men are like doctors: attentive while at the patient's side but forgetful of him the moment the door has closed behind them. And it is right they should have this gift for centering their whole mind on the object immediately in hand. It should also be remembered that, whereas physical gratification appeases the appetite of the man, the woman's ardor, while not nearly as imperious, is relentless.]

The activities woman has under her control could only be assumed by the Martian—and exceptional—type of woman and one in whom the wonder of love will probably abstain from working its miracles.

And the fact that the woman, Venus, is unsuited for Martian activities does not, we hope, place her on an inferior plane. In our estimation she is in a realm apart—as to which is the superior or in what way, if any, we are not entitled to decide, nor is it necessary.

M. C.

N.B.—The above remarks will, I doubt not, awaken many contradictions and among other objections I anticipate the example of the lady-novelist. To this I will at once reply that the lady-novelist occupies herself with romance, and romance does not contain all love. Another voice I hear afar off mentions Mrs. Browning, Sappho. This I will answer that Sappho and Mrs. Browning were poets, they neither described, nor discussed, nor explained love. They simply sang it.

Correspondence.

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

To the Editor The Egoist.

MADAM,

The ethical difficulties of Mr. R. R. W., of Edinburgh, are peculiarly interesting to me, because I was once an Edinburgher myself, and I understand the immense seriousness of the Edinburgh mind on ethical questions. One of my Edinburgh relatives, who now holds one of the highest financial positions in Scotland, once told me that he had just been reading the life of Henry Fawcett, and that that statesman had greatly fallen in his opinion because of his love of skating. He had once thought very highly of Fawcett, he said; but now that he knew of his love for skating he had come to the conclusion that he was merely "a man of pleasure." Another relative of mine, who lived near Edinburgh, disapproved of laughing. He said that if something very ludicrous suddenly came into the mind, one might be excused for laughing a few moments; but gravity should be restored as soon as possible. A man who thought as much as he ought to do about his eternal welfare would not be able to laugh much. Mr. R. R. W. would perhaps not go so far as those worthies, but it is manifest that he has a very ethical type of mind.

In your issue of April 15 Mr. R. R. W. says: "When human beings have for countless ages agreed to repress as far as possible such strong desires as those of sex, it is bumptious stupidity even for the Twentieth Century to throw it overboard without observing the reason which led the far-away ancients to point this uneasy road." From the above I gather that your correspondent thinks that at an early period in human history a committee of benevolent old gentlemen got together round a table and framed rules for the welfare of society. After anxious consideration they established cannibalism, slavery, chastity, the harem, the burning of witches and heretics, and all the other noble institutions which our ancestors handed down to us. The other people of that period humbly accepted these institutions, and were thankful for them.

Now, however, we live in an irreverent age which pours scorn on these institutions without even inquiring why the "for...

EDITORIAL.

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away ancient " thought fit to establish them. So superficial are we, that there is not even a good book against cannibalism; yet it has been impatiently rejected by most of the human race. As I have pointed out, the burning of witches displayed almost without argument. Slavery was more faithfully argued against, but for it was extolled by eloquent bishops in England and America; yet perhaps a conscientious mind might feel that even slavery had not been sufficiently argued against. Slavery has been almost the only relic of these hoary institutions that remains, and there is great danger that it will be abolished as irrelentlessly as cannibalism and witch burning. It is therefore pleasing to know so earnest a man as Mr. R. R. W. wants to have the matter argued out. In the interests of logic I am ready to oblige him.

"Men do not restrain themselves for nothing," says Mr. R. R. W. Very true. I would point out, however, that very few men have ever made the slightest attempt to restrain themselves in sexual matters. If your correspondent wants to know exactly how much the far-away ancients restrained themselves in such matters, I advise him to take a glance through the Old Testament. For modern times I recommend the study of the lives of eminent lawmakers like Marlborough, Walpole, Wellington, Melbourne, and Palmerston. In fact, no ordinarily constituted man ever dreams of restraining himself in such matters, unless there is strong pressure to make him do so. Nearly all men who have ever restrained themselves have done so from religious fear. Origon restrained himself by castration, for fear that he might go to hell. St. Augustine made desperate efforts to control himself, but last year he was thirty-three. Such persons, however, have always been laughed at as weaklings by ordinary men.

Men have always been ready to restrain other people sexually. Men have always been very good at that. The "far-away ancients" shut women up tight in harems, just as they shut their horses up tight on the farm. To this day there is a cunning method has now been devised. It has been discovered that a woman can be made her own policeman, and that if she fails to keep law and order, all the hares around the house will at once dislike to be there. Some causes are quite willing to discharge the necessary police duties.

You have probably heard how pigtails originated in China. Some centuries ago a Tartar conqueror compelled the Chinese to wear pigtails, much against their will. In time, however, they forgot the origin of pigtails, and it became the glory of a Chinaman to have a pigtail. A Chinaman who lost his pigtail was held to have lost his "honor." On numberless occasions the Chinese have fought their way into the rest of the world, because the men of other nations had no pigtails. In the same way women have now discovered that it is the glory of a woman to be a slave, and the prime badge of slavery which men imposed upon them, and they now boast that they are superior to men because they are chaste and men are not.

In a certain sense we may therefore say that women have restrained themselves. In that sense, however, we may equally say that all ordinary slavery proceeds from this cause. There are many countries a man who is chosen to be eaten is covered with honors for some months before, and he feels himself to be enormously superior to other men. Women who are thus wonderfully proud of their slavery. I would remind Mr. R. R. W. also of the pride that Indian women take in being burned to death along with the bodies of their husbands. Suttee has long since been abolished in theory, but is carried on as a substitute for other kinds of sacrifices. This is a source of great pride to the woman, and a source of greatest pride to the man.

I hope Mr. R. R. W. will now understand the true inwardness of chastity. I fear that it is destined to go the way of slavery and cannibalism, and that its demise will be a very speedy one.

KELWON, B.C.

A MATTER OF FACT.

To the Editor The Egoist.

If Madame Cieklowska desires to argue she must "play the game." Either she must stick to the point and not sink round it or leave arguments to her betters. A eaten and healthy individual will tell Madame Cieklowska that the point of my argument is this. In the paragraph which I quoted Madame Cieklowska represents de Segonzac as a model of conscientiousness. De Segonzac's study of a pair of bruisers proves that he is not a photographer. Therefore Madame Cieklowska has misrepresented de Segonzac as a model of conscientiousness. Madame Cieklowska writes letters in a foreign language and puts his address on top and his name at the bottom, the proof and truth are in the picture. Madame Cieklowska represents de Segonzac as a photographer and admits that de Segonzac is a photographer then she clearly is suffering from physical and mental myopia, and if de Segonzac encourages her in the belief, then he is a canting insincere.

HUNTY CARTER.

THE DANGERS OF OCCULTISM.

To the Editor The Egoist.

I trust no one will take Mr. Binns too seriously. Mr. Binns evidently believes in a general djinn like Jehovah having droits du Seigneur over all his female connections. If the gay droits du Seigneur over all his female connections. Mr. Binns objects to M. De Gabalis, permit me to object to Mr. Binns.

"DIVINE."

To the Editor The Egoist.

The artist is no more "divine" than the ameoba, nor his expression of himself than the expression of a djinn turning of itself inside-out in obedience to the suggestion of environment.

Neither everything is divine or nothing is.

The artist, as the ameoba, is simply a specially individualised form of life. It has its place in the unity of the manifestation of all life, and the one is no more "divine"—is of no more value, as to degree or quality, than the other; just as no one electron in the universe is of any more value than another; they are all equally necessary to the whole manifestation of the Divine.

ALICE GROFF.

MARRIAGE AND ITS RIVALS.

To the Editor The Egoist.

M. E. A. 's question is not very clear, but I think he wants to ask me if the dislike of pain is not one cause of the seemingly-objectless restraints put by communities on the sex-instincts of individuals. (I said distrust of pleasure was the main cause.) Yes, dislike of pain and cruelty causes the same restraints, but it is not a reason for recommending the restraint of cruelty and pain. The artist and the ameoba are no more "divine"—is of no more value, whether for the other kind of restraints, the foolish unjust forbiddings of quite voluntary private arrangements. I hope R. R. W. is not convinced of their needlessness; they would fit very badly into the Individualist state which he outlines in your issue of 15th May, and which I would very much like to see in being. I did not understand Mr. Binns' protest of pleasure as the only cause, even of the foolish restraints. Some causes are quite independent: for instance the race prejudice which forbids a pair of lovers of different colors to mate in Louisiana or Georgia; the female trade-unionism which makes a pariah of any woman who accepts anything less than lifelong maintenance; the male trade-unionism which condemns polygamy; the love of power, which claims wife, husband, or children as a form of property; and the only good one of the la) the recognition of a baby's right to know who his father was. But, though all these exist, I believe the dread of pleasure is a stronger support of the great ideal Puritanism than all the others put together.

M. E. A. says something about disease. Does he mean syphilis and its kin? If so—we, I am 48 and fairly experienced, and I say there is no more reason to meddle with sex-freedom in order to prevent syphilis, etc., than to forbid us to bathe without a certificate in order to prevent us from drowning. I cannot swim; I have bathed many times, in lake, river, sea, and am not drowned yet. But if there had been fussy authorities and a fierce Mrs. Grundy, asking at every turn, 'Are you sure you are of the right sex? Do you know the rights of a man and his children?' I would have been too busy dodging the police to be very careful in choosing safe waters.

C. HARFUR.

The Magic Carpet.

ALLEN UPWARD.

This painted poster Has snatched me from Trafalgar Square. To camels fording Asia streams, Laden with woven dreams. The soul of Persia dyes the wool: The heart of the sad old Astorner Bleeds once again beneath the maiden's foot.

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