SOME RECENT FRENCH POEMS.

By Richard Aldington.

THE French continue to write poetry, to criticise it, and what is almost more astonishing, to read it, in spite of the apathy of the British public. I do not wish to be unjust to any unknown persons, but I believe I am right in saying that practically the only men in England who have sufficiently omnivorous habits to read all the modern French poetry published are Mr. F. S. Flint and Mr. John Gould Fletcher. Whenever I meet Mr. Flint I say to him, "Well, I've read the latest thing from Paris you told me about the other day," and he says, "My dear child, did I tell you to read that old-fashioned book? However, I'm afraid I can't stop now, because I have six new Fantaisiste authors, two volumes of Apollinaire and thirty-two other books by representatives of sixteen different schools to review by Saturday."

You see, there is a great deal of poetry written in Paris nowadays. I am afraid I haven't Mr. Flint's amazing energy, so that the knowledge I have of these new poets is somewhat scrappy and is practically all derived from the reviews they are kind enough to send me. I wish they would send me more (French poets, please notice). It is thus impossible for me to pretend to write critically on the subject; the best I can do is to reproduce certain of the poems printed this year which have interested me.

At the head I set this extremely fine poem by M. Luc Durtain.

Tonneins.

Arc-boutant pouce et index aux tempes,
Une énorme proxi'mité de main :
La paume, pareille à une voûte
Semble molle comme un nuage,
 Avec creux, pentes, reflets bleus et rouges.
— Au-dessus, trou : le ciel.
— Au-dessous, l'herbe.
— Et tout cela porte
Par mon pilou avant-bras, colonne
Qui plonge dans la terre universelle.

J'écarte un peu la main : comme elle change!
Un digital fantôme s'étire
Quintuple hors de cinq autres et même doigts
Qui eux offrent
Ceci de sur : qu'ils sont opaques.

Je l'écarte encore, et la pose dans l'herbe
Ma puissance de droite, très concrète,
Complète, simple,
Au-dessus, entre les épis,
D'une demi-lieue de toits la ville domine la Garonne.
Plus haut, l'abîme
Informé d'une grande profondeur.

Je me regarde des pieds au sternum et me vois
Demesuré, car je forme
Tout l'horizon antérieur du monde:
Rien que mon pantalon rayé de noir
Boit le fleuve entier.

Vais-je, debout,
La ville m'atteignant au flanc,
Marcher géant . . . puis me sentir soudain (c'est justice)
Diminué au premier regard d'homme?

Ou bien,
Ici, tel le nouveau-né vénérable,
Resterai-je noué par l'ombilic à un dieu?

Luc Durtain.

(From "Les Bandeaux d'Or," Jan., 1914.)

I had an argument about this poem with a sculptor whose work might be called Post-Impressionist and is always called Cubist and is really neither. Really I have no idea what M. Durtain labels himself, or if he labels himself at all. He is certainly "modern"—like my sculptor—but none of the usual words seem to fit. But at any rate he has made an original poem out of a commonplace incident of real life. M. Durtain's book "Kong Harald" was reviewed last December in the "Mercure de France." Beyond that I know nothing whatever about him.
M. Guy-Charles Cros is a Fantaisiste—I think I am right in saying that, though I don't remember where I read it. He published some poems in the February number of the "Mercure de France."

**UNE TRISTESSE DE CANAPÉ.**

Une tristesse de canapé embrume élégamment mon âme.
— Je reprendrai un peu de thé à la prière de la dame.

Mais, Dieu, pourquoi ces creux propos, pourquoi ces caquetages rares?
On serait si bien au repos parmi ces bleus coussins épars.

Et que veut-elle absolument que je lui mente avec tendresse?
— Nous serons, tout à l'heure, amants si le désir trop fort t'oppresse. . . .

**SUR LES QUAIS.**

Grise la rue et les maisons;
La Seine roule un flot de boue.
Que fais-je ici?
Pourquoi, d'ailleurs, vouloir changer?
Ah, je serais plus mal ailleurs.
Mieux vaut rentrer.
Les gens qui passent sont-ils plus gras?
Il n'ont pas l'air de s'amuser.
— Dis donc, et toi?

**GUY-CHARLES CROS.**

(From "Mercure de France," Feb., 1914.)

There is indeed a pleasant "fantasy" in his poems. M. Cros has admirably filled the gap left in French literature by the retirement of M. Laurent Tailhard. M. Cros is the poet of irony. He is slightly the poet of ennui. He is probably a great man.

From "Fantasy" to "Paroxysm"—truly a large bound—from gaiety and ironic carelessness to serious Whitmanisms on the subject of locomotion, labour and the new century. M. Beauduin is not without power, and in France he has succeeded in attracting a great deal of attention. Personally I dislike the length of his poems. I hate reading more than sixty lines of poetry on one theme. That is why I relish M. Cros' little pieces.

**LIGURIE.**

Bleu de Prusse,
Avec des moutons,
La mer fuit devant le vent
Sous les nimbus qui galopent.

Dans le clos, sous les orangets,
Les poules, en troupe, picorent;
Le chat joue dans les artichauts.
Le barbet entre, gentil, gentil.
Le chat se rase, les poules fuient;
La fillette pose sa pioche,
Jette des pierres, tape dans les mains,
Et galope derrière le chien
Qui derrière les poules galope.

**PROVENCE.**

Le chant du coq,
La grande respiration de la mer
Et le ciel plein d'étoiles.
Eh bien ! chante, poète !
Tu pries, j'admire !
Toi aussi !
Et qui donc?
Quel dieu, parmi les dieux?
Mais non, tu ne pries pas.
Tu pries !
(From the "Effort Libre," May, 1914.)

I have looked unavailingly for a poem to represent M. Georges Duhamel, M. Charles Vildrac and M. Romains. There seems to be none—at least in the reviews I have—which are not either too long or not quite worthy of their authors. One of M. Romains' novels has just been translated into English; M. Duhamel and M. Vildrac are becoming slightly known in England. They will readily forgive my not quoting them, I am sure, so that I can give space to other lesser known poets.

M. P.-J. Jouve has a very interesting personality. He renders a mood exactly and effectively, as witness this quotation from

**PAIX DE VIVRE.**

Des chaleurs gonflent. Paix.
Rien ne démentira la clarté d'être.
Rien ne fuira. Tout est donné
Et contenu dans la limpidité humaine.
Que trille un oiseau précis !
Qu'il soit midi !
Qu'un enfant courant
Me fasse trembler d'air !
Que les confins du ciel
Eclatent douloureux !
Il n'est plus d'anxieuse joie
Qui soit perdue dans le vent.
Il n'est plus de jeunes yeux
Qui soient dénudés d'amour.
Dans les glissements de la rue,
Dans les repos vieux des toits,
Dans la croissance de l'arbre,
Et jusqu'en ces visages perdus,
Se révèle en même temps
Une grâce sans paroles,
Premier message de Dieu
Qui ne voudra plus mourir !

**NICHOLAS BEAUDUIN.**

(From "Les Bandeaux d’Or," June, 1913.)

M. Beauduin has succeeded in rendering something of his age—but has he done it in terms of the age?

I have had some little difficulty in selecting from poems to represent M. André Spire, whose works are the adornment of the "Effort Libre." M. Spire is one of the most invigorating of the writers of young France. Here are two admirable little impressionist pieces by him.

**L’AME DU SIÈCLE NEUF.**

Tout le siècle immense se dresse
Rouge de travail et d’ivresse.
C’est l’aube d’une ère de feu
Où tout l’humain s’érige et pressent Dieu.

Lutte, lutte sans trêve.
Le rêve fou s’ajoute au rêve,
L’espoir naît des autres espoirs,
Et le monde qui veut monter et non déchoir,
Hors du chaos et du difforme,
Violemment déjà dresse sa face énorme.

Quelque chose gronde et flamboie ;
Et tes murs, O Paris, s’ouvrent pour le passage
Des siècles de science et des siècles de joie
Hors du chaos et du difforme,
Violemment déjà dresse sa face énorme.

**ANDRE SPIRE.**

(From the "Effort Libre," May, 1914.)

(From "La Vie des Lettres," April, 1914.)
It is a matter of regret to me that I have no copies of "Les Soirées de Paris" by me at the present moment. From what I can hear this review, edited by M. Guillaume Apollinaire, is one of the most up-to-date and interesting of the French journals. Happily one or two of the other revues quote from "Les Soirées de Paris." I take this poem from the notes in the March number of "Le Gay Scavoir."

La Tombe d'Henri Rousseau.

Gentil Rousseau tu nous entendons
Nous te saluons
Delaunay sa femme Monsieur Queval et moi
Laisse passer nos bagages en franchise à la porte du ciel
Nous t'apporterons des pinceaux, des couleurs, des toiles
Afin que tes loisirs sacrés dans la lumière réelle
Tu les consacrés à peindre comme tu tiras mon portrait
En face des étoiles

Guillaume Apollinaire.

(From "Les Soirées de Paris".)

It will be observed that M. Apollinaire has decided to dispense with punctuation, except in certain places. The result is rather pleasing, as witness this poem quoted by the "Mercure de France.

Rotsoge.

Pour M. Ch.
Ton visage écarlate ton biplan transformable en hydroplane
Ta maison ronde où il nage un hareng saur
Il me faut la clef des paupières
Hereusement que nous avons vu M. Panodo

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

LONG years ago—five perhaps—there existed in Manchester a colony of suffragettes, real ones, faithful of the faithful, who sped to do Mrs. Pankhurst's will before she had well breathed it forth. And at the very kernel of the community was a tiny group which in its intimate moments and as an unholy joke called itself the S.O.S. They were Sick of Suffrage, and meant nothing more than a scarce-whispered weariness at the interminable reiteration of threadbare arguments and probably a definite weariness of the unending donkey-work of the gutter and pavement. As a joke it was considered quite enormous: but the element which gave it all the humour it possessed was that it was true, and by as much as it was true of the "true soldiers in the cause" in that springtime of the "movement" it can be safely gauged how much it was and has been true of those suffragists who reluctantly made themselves suffragists afresh because of all that "these brave women are suffering for the Cause." If ever a generation were fed on seeming good fight which justifies any cause"—unfortunately did not dawn upon her or them. The "suffragists on principle" whose interests in their principles was quickened with life only by Mrs. Pankhurst's "good fight," the "constitutionals," were left with the shell from which Mrs. Pankhurst's host had withdrawn the nut. These last were wisely "rejoicing by the way," leaving to the suffragists of principle the straining towards "an end" to be enjoyed by the "S.O.S."

That Mrs. Pankhurst had struck her rich vein by accident and was only vaguely aware of what constituted her good fortune is of course amply shown by almost everything she has said, and likewise by most of what she has done in her personal relations with her own devoted host. She was as much deceived by her rallying-cry of Suffrage as any constitutionalist who hastened reluctantly to the "Cause" to claim her vested interest in it and challenge Mrs. Pankhurst's large utterances in speaking in its name. Moreover it was the "vote" she wanted—not the "good fight." The vote was necessary to her if she was to make herself count among the crowd of Labour-politicians, all scrabbling to make themselves a position of importance out of the rich mud of politics. Her lack of a vote placed such a handicap on her that she was unable to make distances with men who were hopelessly her inferiors as politicians. Mrs. Pankhurst was and is a politician. All her interests are political as are Miss Pankhurst's. But alongside only very ordinary intelligence she possesses a biting, enduring aggressive temper—a rare feature among public women. Miss Christabel Pankhurst's dramatic first arrest and subsequent stupid imprisonment (Miss Pankhurst is an enigma: no one knows what she is: she has lived in the public eye for eight years, she is setting well towards forty and has been known to express only two candid opinions: one on Mr.
Asquith and one on the White Slave Traffic. One watches with interest for the third, to whom credit was given that they were not too little politicians to be a match for the Pankhurts. They combined like natural affinities. All women who thought at all considered their proposals seriously: the majority were prepared to give them support. Thereupon, the Pankhurts selected from the best available, what was necessary and then proceeded to be exclusive, since in the last resort, Pankhurst had her political axe to grind. She required at the outset, for the sake of backing, women with money and with some capacity: when she had obtained these she drew to them women who had their own weakness, but when she had women with accepted followings and too much ability: thus they combined like natural affinities. When she had obtained these women with money and with some capacity: when she had obtained these they were tractable enough to allow their talents to be exploited. Thus all was grist to the mill and the "great cause" went marching on.

As one learns from that mournful and monotonous movement there existed one before which fortunately fizzled out, and it is mainly those associated with the "White Slave" business who remain the non-Pankhurst suffragists. Their holding aloof is due partly to the fact that their waste-land of dead suffrage propaganda that their waste-land of dead suffrage propaganda has been sufficient signs of restiveness to make it wiser to clear them off, they were tractable enough to allow their talents to be exploited. Thus all was grist to the mill and the "great cause" went marching on.

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of feeling with which we should hear that the measure was to be put through next week. That as regards the "principle.

The genesis and development of the \textit{Woman-Egoist}: the 'Freewoman' marked the term of an emotion: the militant suffrage enthusiasm. It was a seeking for the seat of the illusion which is all-powerful while heat is in it: but which becomes quite ludicrously patent with a lowering of temperature. The authority of the word in a mind for it explains something, but not, one felt, everything. There must be something besides the joy of a good fight to explain why men and women set out hot-headed after first one hunt and then another: the long list of good "Causes." The first clue led to the habit of the words saturated with the associations of the zeal of centuries for other—causes: Morality, Freedom, Right, Justice. The source of illusion lay perhaps in a misinterpretation of these: therefore re-interpretation and illusion will vanish in True Reality. So!

However, the closer scrutiny which re-interpretation of these words demanded promptly revealed that it was not re-interpretation they required: they had received interpretations enough and to spare: what was required was a comprehension of their nature and function: the confusion was due to what they had used. The exposition of "The New Morality" turned into a study of the words Morality and Moral; the New Freedom, into an inquiry as to what one meant by being "Free." Far from being erratic the development of the \textit{Woman-Egoist} has been in one line of inquiry: a line of inquiry which has gnawed its way straight through difficulties where the "faithful," the "loyal" would have broken down or turned back. It is not a "new" morality which is required, but an understanding of the "moral" in order to put it in its proper place. (The following are from the \textit{Woman-Egoist} of the period in which was gibbeting existent "morals" and proposing a new set, it was called "immoral"—and was dearly beloved of the suffragists. When it limited itself to explaining what everyone means by "moral," and left the word to stand for what it has and shall be for the women are paid to do their jobs. Nor is much provision given them on considerations quite other. And as to give an air of sincerity to all they say and do: in this they are so deeply sincere that they are able to give an air of sincerity to all they say and do: and it gives the explanation why strictly they cannot be accounted charlatans, although in the name of one thing they acquire and use up support which was given them on considerations quite other. And as it is hopeless to appeal to the Pankhursts it is hopeless to appeal to any of their followers while the glamour of following is on them: it has to be realised that the real facts of the case do not demand for sensational appeals upon minds confused by swollen rhetoric the suffragettes are enjoying themselves tremendously, and this in spite of the physical strain and horror and weariness. Militancy has, in fact, in the emotional life of those upon whom it takes firm hold an answer to the hounds of woman which is all the more insistent because it is but rarely put into words. Unless exceptional ability has opened up abnormal avenues of interest, or unless they chance to be under the influence of some other satisfying emotion, women are haunted with the true realisation that they do not count much otherwise than passively: they feel non-responsible and unnecessary save as accessories. Moreover, usually they are burdened with more undirected emotion than they can well carry—vague emotion continuously suppressed until it acquires the energy of a tightly-wound spring and there is no prospect of securing its release save upon the initiative of some hypothetical person whose appearance even in imagination is still to make. To young women, educated perhaps not much, but still more than the scope of their activities seems to have any call for, to young women of this sort, and there are thousands, pleasant, emotional, untrained and untried, the Pankhursts call coming, having in it almost the sound of the inevitable "Thou art the young woman." Here is a sphere where she can count: action as simple as a child's with the ready flattery of the great leaders to put her easily among the line of woman which is
she feels she has become a person among those who count: name in papers, a celebrity: government solemnly discussing how by stretching its powers to the utmost it can deal with her: a problem. Secrecy, glamorous, action, a cause, big phrases, leaders, she has cut out a niche for herself in the scheme of things. And no more suppressed emotion. Emotion stretches itself out to the utmost: there is the abandonment: the breaking of conventions: the stretching out to one's full height: the touch of the "O Altitude." A very jolly time surely. Far from being paid to live it, it is worth being paid for. The physical distress is an undercurrent: not wholly felt. It will be felt later, when the emotion has died down, but neither the determination nor the endurance will be as long as the emotion lasts. It is plain, therefore, that the suffragettes cannot, neither leaders and followers, be appealed to. We can take it for granted they are going to continue to the bitter end. As an object of appeal there remains the government. It is true that as far as the general public is concerned the pressure upward from the governed has never been so weak. The government's stubbornness in this matter in former times has often seemed inexplicable: it is for the present, at least, quite explicable. The women it felt have tried bounce unsuccessfully, and it is a human commonplace that the bounce mind is always stubborn and unyielding. Still, the government has to keep in view the fact that the public temper is very fickle. That it is favourable to them to-day is no guarantee that it will be so to-morrow even should they follow the very course for which to-day it clamours. And it is not easy for the government suddenly to become harsh when it has from its own point of view shown itself hitherto very sensitive. It should have remained inflexible from the beginning if the cry "the law must be maintained" was to have any force. The present Home Secretary inherits the results of Mr. Herbert Gladstone's "flexible" policy in 1909. Otherwise it would have been easy considering the present state of public opinion to take the "heroic" course advised, i.e. to let the sentences run their usual course: throwing the responsibility for what may happen on those who cause it to happen. Moreover, in clamouring for a change of treatment of suffragists the public makes the mistake of imagining that there is only one question under consideration, whereas there are two: first, whether the law and the government as a deterrent and second there is the question as to what course can be expected to minimise the probability of further damage. Now as a means of inflicting hardship the "Cat-and-Mouse" Act is certainly far better than the ordinary action of the law: for as men, but how can it treat women as men when they are women? Men would, in fact, never put themselves in a like position unless they knew that they are women? Men would, in fact, never put themselves in a like position unless they knew that the emotion has died down, but neither the deter­mination nor the endurance will fail, as long as the government rests upon an assumption that it can never rely upon a kindly regard for their beautiful eyes to save them from the legal consequences of their acts. Sir Edward Carson does not rely upon being soulful and tender for the suffragettes to disag­ree with the government. But the women do. It is, shall we say, humorous, that the crucial point about which the women have made their defiance of man-made laws turn should be just this ancient womanly one. The struggle is a gamble—heavy stakes laid on the end that the government may decide to kick the women out of the way. The suffragettes have realised so much of the emotion has died down, but neither the deter­mination nor the endurance will fail, as long as the government rests upon an assumption that it can never rely upon a kindly regard for their beautiful eyes to save them from the legal consequences of their acts. Sir Edward Carson does not rely upon being soulful and tender for the suffragettes to disag­ree with the government. But the women do. It is, shall we say, humorous, that the crucial point about which the women have made their defiance of man-made laws turn should be just this ancient womanly one. The struggle is a gamble—heavy stakes laid on the end that the government may decide to kick the women out of the way. The suffragettes have realised so much of
Old Art and New Laughter.

THIS is a gay world, which does not mean to go to the dogs so long as it can go to art exhibitions.

Do not jump to any conclusion, Reader of "The Times," if this happens to strike your eye, for I do not mean what you mean. On the contrary.

I know that you had decided to spend your shilling yesterday—it seems like yesterday, though it is actually a year ago—at the Post-Impressionist exhibition at the Grafton Gallery, instead of spending it—as was your original intention—to see a farce at the music hall. I know you split your sides—we should have been glad if it had been your head before the works of Matisse, Picasso, Derain and Herbin, but you did not know that you had laughed at the joke before you had come to the point.

For the point of the joke was to be seen the other day at a private view of an exhibition of academic masterpieces in the same gallery—the gallery which should be called "The Laughing" instead of "The Grafton." It was the opening of the twenty-fourth annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. And the incredible thing was the number of laughing parties who had come to enjoy the show. Yes, people had come to laugh at the Royal Society of P.P.s. The solemnity which covered the walls was fit rather for tears than laughter. But there it was: people did come to laugh and with them came the man who went to deride the earlier show—and this time he laughed louder than ever.

And all about the place one could hear criticism and semi-critical remarks, rather like these. "That young man with American shoulders joined a girl standing before a portrait catalogued, "The Late Duke of Argyll, K.G., K.T., G.C.M.G., G.C.V.O." "It's a good one-man show," said the young man, apparently returning from a ramble through the galleries.

"Do you mean one man painted all these things?"

"Well, I don't say one man mightn't have painted 'em—there isn't much difference between 'em—but the man I mean has only one picture here an' it makes 'em all look like plugged dimes beside a twenty-dollar gold piece." I followed the American to a little dark room—the darkest and smallest and least conspicuous in the place—where almost by itself hung a picture by Alfred A. Woolmark. The picture is hung in the dark because it is called "In the Sun." How did it get inside the R.S. of P.P.s.?

In another part of the gallery a group stood in front of a superb example of "pastist" portraiture—John Collier's picture of three dogs, to say nothing of the man. A dispute arose as to whether Collier could possibly have painted such a masterpiece entirely by himself and entirely by himself. One of the party suggested that the painter only painted the dogs' legs and hired someone else—any likely party suggested that the painter only painted the dogs' legs and hired someone else—any likely person—to do the rest. "No," was the weary reply of the wearied critic, "no, Collier doesn't need to do that—he can paint as badly as anybody himself."

And then I left.

JOHN COURNOS.

Allied Artists' Association Ltd.

Holland Park Hall.

By Henri Gaudier-Brzeska.

I AM in a perilous position. I am on the year's staff of the association, an exhibitor and the personal friend of many artists who show their works. In some quarters I am supposed to write an official whitewashing account; many readers will accuse me of self-adulation and praising of a sect—for all these people I have the greatest contempt.

SCULPTURE.

I specially begin with this virile art. The criticism as a whole ignore it—place it always last—excusing themselves by the kind sentence: "It is not lack of good-will but lack of space which prevents me from," etc. etc. They also prate endlessly about sculpture being separated from her mother art: Architecture—poor child! If they had not lost their manhood they would find a balance between sculpture and painting, and the same art. On many occasions sculptors have erected buildings to place their statues. On many occasions artists like Epstein, Brancusi and myself would easily build palaces in harmony with their statuary. The architecture that would result would be a new, original, and professional critic's mind cannot see beyond vile revivals of Greco-Roman and Gothic styles. A professional critic when organising a provincial exhibition catalogues the "group in red alabaster" of one man as the "group in white marble" of another—it proves their omniscience.

The sculpture I admire is the work of master craftsmen. Every inch of the surface is won at the point of the chisel—every stroke of the hammer is a physical and a mental effort. No more arbitrary translations of a design in any material. They are fully aware of the different qualities and possibilities of woods, stones, and metals. Epstein, whom I consider the foremost in the small number of good sculptors in Europe, lays particular stress on this. Brancusi's greatest pride is his consciousness of being an accomplished workman. Unfortunately, Epstein, who has been a constant exhibitor at the A.A.A. is absent this year. A work in marble by Brancusi is catalogued, but up to the present it has not arrived. It is a great pity, for I intended to dwell at length on the merits of this statue. The number of people who are at all furthering their sculptural expression is thus reduced to Zadkin and myself.

ZADKIN

is contributing two works in wood—another in stone. I prefer the wooden head. We have here a composition of masses moving in three concentric directions. To be especially admired is the contrast of the deeply undercut hair mass to the undulated surface of the shoulders. This head would be a masterpiece were it not a little spoilt by a very sweet expression. The technique is beautiful—a quality of surface which is seldom seen in wood. The other head again—in two instances but in very low relief—half the group is thus tinged with insipidity. A corner of it is well cut and very serene. On the whole Zadkin is pulled between a very flowing, individual conception of form—which some artists call "lack of form"—and which has the power of emanating great life—and a very strong liking for pretty melancholy—which bores me.

GAUDIER-BRZESKA.

I have on show a "boy with a coney" which has been referred to in these columns as an echo of the bronze animals of the Chow dynasty. It is better than they. They had, it is true, a maturity brought by centuries of rotundity, but Zadkin's statue has more monumental concentration—a result of the use of flat and round surfaces. To be appreciated is the relation between the mass of the rabbit and the right arm with that of the rest. The next is a bird. Unfortunately I now see that had the planes of the wings been convex and the forepart thicker the design would have gained in grandeur and impressiveness. The design in alabaster creates an emotion of distinguished melancholy. The design in green marble one of intense reptile life. The doorknocker is an instance of an abstract design serving to amplify the value of an object as such. No more
cupids riding mermaids, garlands, curtains—stuck anywhere! The technique is unusual; the object is not cast but carved direct out of solid brass. The forms gain in sharpness and rigidity.

The rest of the sculpture is an agglomeration of Rodin-Mailol mixture and valueless academism—with here and there someone trying to be naughty: curled nubilities and discreet slits.

PAINnig.

Lewis's most important work had not arrived when I wrote this. I propose to write another article dealing with it and Brancusi's statue if it comes. Wyndham Lewis has made enormous progress in his paintings. The well small abstractions "Night Attack" and "Signalling" are such very complete individual expressions that no praise is sufficient to adequately point out their qualities. These are designs of wilful, limited shapes contained in a whole in motion—and this acquired with the simplest means—ochres and blacks. Lewis's abstractions are of a decided type and their composition is so successful that I feel right in seeing in them the start of a new evolution in painting.

WADSWORTH

is well represented by a "short flight": a composition of cool tones marvellously embodied in revolving surfaces and masses. His bigger picture, No. 113, gives more pleasure on account of the warmer pigments used and the construction: growing in a corner and balanced at the other by a short mass.

PHILEAN GIBB

is hung next to Wadsworth, which makes its poor amorphism and lack of design appear the more.

A really poor kind of abstraction half-way between Kandinsky and Picasso of the early stages.

KANDINSKY

presents an "improvisation," a "picture with yellow colouring," and a third, No. 1559. I have been told that he is a very great painter, that his lack of construction is a magnificent quality, that he has hit something very new. Alas, I also know all his twaddle of the spiritual in art. I agree that these colours—set free, so to speak—have an effect of mirth. This is a very slight emotion nevertheless. My temperament does not allow of formless, vague assertions, "all is not like me is evil"; so is Kandinsky.

A. DE SOUZA CARDOSO

comes nearer to my feelings. He has as much colour as Kandinsky and of a richer kind in his "musicien de nuit." Whereas Kandinsky always uses the same palette—at least in his works here—Cardoso tones it down to a perfection in his "jardinière," a jewel of warm blues agitated in a fresh motion.

KARL HAGEDORN

owes the worst instance of feelingless abstraction—no emotions; no art.

NEVINSON,

a futurist painter. It is impressionism using false weapons. The emotions are of a superficial character, merging on the vulgar in the "syncopation"—union jacks, lace stockings and other tomy rot. The coloured relief is at least free from this banality—yet there are ciphers and letters—and though the whole is in good movement I do not appreciate it. People like Miss Dismorr, Miss Saunders and Miss Joth are well worth admiring in the other portrait—where carefully chosen blacks and violets create a very distinguished effect. I see from the qualities of the "women composition" that the affinities of this artist are coming nearer to a preference for abstract design.

MISS HAMMETT

cares much about representation. It is very interesting to see a portrait of Zadkin, the wood-carver. In this work there are great technical qualities of paste and drawing—more amplified in the other portrait—where carefully chosen blacks and violets create a very distinguished effect. I see from the qualities of the "women composition" that the affinities of this artist are coming nearer to a preference for abstract design.

MME. R. FINCH

has a good portrait. The greens and reds are finely tempered by the qualities of the face. I recognise here a greater talent than I have ever met in a woman artist. The "Reginald" unhappily does not rank so high as this masterly little head.

Then come the artists more or less closely bound with the Camden Town Group.

MME. KARLOWSKA

has a good picture—a happy composition of figures in a half-circle—figures of secondary importance to the composition—and a great relief with it, the absence of pink atmosphere.

BEVAN

has "horses"—also an original composition—crossing the surface of the picture at an angle with two contrary movements balanced by a globular crowd. I believe greater enjoyment would be derived
from its colours and arrangement had Bevan done away with the notion that he saw horses and men. GILMAN
works very solidly. His "Norwegian Scene" has a fine construction. The colours are fresh, the effect very natural and spontaneous, the technique accomplished.

GINNER possesses very much the same qualities in his works—his manner of working is not so loose—he loses by it in spontaneity; he gains in completeness.

I am very sorry to say that I don't agree with these two painters' ideas of realism—and grieved to see no hope for them.

Passing Paris.

THe subject being frequently prominent in these columns I may perhaps be allowed to somewhat overstep the boundaries of my province by quoting that short-worded and model historian Montesquieu—model because he criticised, besides recording—on favouritism and the distribution of wealth in states. The point of the story is that Montesquieu is of the dead past and the people who are frightened to look back for fear of being turned into pillars of salt if they do so may resent his authority in questions of moment—though to meet with a modernist's approval it is only necessary to go back far enough. But those who think that what was wisdom yesterday is so also to-day—that which may appear wisdom to-day may prove to be folly to-morrow—those who do not believe in time, change, progress except in quite a relative and limited sense, may consider the following passage as pertinent in 1914 as they were when written in 1734:

"The tyranny of a prince no more exposes a state to ruin than a republic's indifference to the general welfare. The advantage of a free state is that its revenues are better administered, but when they are not the advantage of a free state is that there is no favouritism: but when such is not the case and that, instead of the friends and relatives of the prince, the fortunes have to be assured of the friends and relatives of all who have credit in the government, everything is lost; here laws will be eluded with more danger than they are violated by a prince, who, being the state's first citizen, has most interest in its preservation... In the state governed by a prince, divisions are easily overcome, because he holds a coercive power over the two parties; but they are more lasting in a republic, because the evil usually affects the very power which might cure it.''

"What is called unity in a political body is a very equivocal thing; the right one would be an harmonious unity through which all parts, however opposed to each other they might appear, contribute to the general good—as dissonances in music contribute to general harmony. There may be unity in a state where there seems to be only disorder; that is to say a harmony resulting in happiness, which is the chief good. It should be as with the different parts of the world, eternally bound to each other by the action of these and the reaction of those.''

"When the form of a government has been long established and that things have assumed a certain character, it is nearly always the truest advice to leave them as they are, because the often complex and unknown reasons to which the state owes its perpetuation hitherto will ensure its further maintenance: but if the entire system is changed it is only possible to remedy in theory the disadvantages presented while others are left which alone practise can ascertain.''

No one more swiftly than Montesquieu discerned the moral to be learnt from a lesson or expressed it in more striking and laconic terms. Thus this passage epitomising the cause of the Romans' victory over the Carthaginians:

"In Rome, which was governed by laws, the people left the direction of the affairs of state to the senate. But in Carthage, which was governed with riches, the people wanted to do all itself. Carthage, which fought with its riches against Roman poverty, was, for this very reason, at a disadvantage: to gold and silver there is an end, but virtue, tenacity, strength and poverty are inexhaustible.''

In an article in the "Journal"—whose faits divers must be a terrible incitement to crime—M. Urbain Gohier, one of the most useful journalists in France to-day, deplores the ever-increasing cost of criminal legislature and the wilful apathy of the government with regard to the spread of alcoholism—the main cause of degeneration in France and its colonies. Certain it is that twenty years ago the working-classes of France were a sober people. To-day most distinctly they are not. This the most superficial observer can see for himself without reference to the appalling statistics.

Last month Mlle. Léontine Zanta was the first woman in France to take her degree as doctor in philosophy, while just before her, Mlle. Duportat was the first to be named doctresse ès lettres. Mlle. Zanta graduated with a remarkable study on the Renascence of Stoicism in the 16th century and commentaries on the French translation of Epictetus published in 1597 by André de Rivaudeau, while Mlle. Duportat was successful with a thesis on the history of art.

In "Le Temps Présent" M. Georges Le Cardonnel has the courage to assign his proper rank to M. Paul Claudel, one of those unfortunate martyrs we were speaking about the other day who are killed by admiration before their death—the earliest period at which admiration ought to be distributed without reserve. For everyone bows down in worship before the author of "L'Echange," recently produced at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier, and other estimable works. He has become the emblem of literary respectability—a banner round which rally people with the common wish to be distributed with reserve. For everyone bow s down in worship before him because, no doubt, he does not compete with their particular line of trade, thus they appear to march with the times and genuine literature. Then there who sing the cunning who sing in all choirs and howl with all wolves; again, politics and religion, each and together, contribute to the favour enjoyed by M. Claudel. There are those, also, who see to be mystically affected and fall into a kind of ecstatic trance as soon as his name is pronounced. Others, instanced by M. Le Cardonnel, try to justify, in Claudel's works, their own errors and abortions, their own incomprehension of French genius—all such who think that genius commences with the horror of symmetry and reserve, and are enthusiasts not of the qualities presented by this writer but of the features which are obnoxious to the public. "A great French work," writes M. Le Cardonnel, "appeals, perhaps, to all the ancestors we have in us and who also claim satisfaction; it is only when they are that we shall be satisfied. The French of 1914 are not the fruit of spontaneous generation." A play like "L'Echange" appeals, perhaps, to the intelligence, demanding, as it does, an effort to discover the symbol hidden under the verbal flow— but not for a single moment does it arouse disinterested pleasure or give aesthetic gratification."
For a reason difficult to discern—though a guess may be ventured—the French reviews generally allow more space to criticism of the drama than to that of the other arts. It is a problem because the stage seems to any intelligent and practical mind an almost obsolete art. To this, however, few people will agree though all admit that it is in as bad a way commercially as it is artistically. Never has the theatre been more neglected; never has such a pother been made round it. New playhouses are opened daily, whole newspapers and magazines are devoted to theatrical enterprise and altogether a kind of wild and entirely vain activity surges about its atmosphere. The stage provides the best career for women and others, and all admit that it is in as bad a scope of its possibilities or purpose. Nothing can drag people to the theatre any longer except a free ticket. Writing about M. Antoine's departure from the bankrupt Odéon, M. Le Cardonnel says—in "Le Temps Présent"—the Paris public takes no interest in any efforts whatever, made to edify or entertain it, save those of boxers. His comparison between the failures in the theatrical world and those in the publishing trade may interest readers for it think everything is always more satisfactory abroad than at home. The causes are the same, but the consequences differ in this sense that the failure to revive the dramatic art does not prevent playwrights from making fortunes at the cost of managers and shareholders. In the publishing world the slump affects alone authors—publishers thrive. M. Le Cardonnel attributes the dramatic inertia to misleading because interested press criticism and the absence of an élite. The plain fact that there are more literary productions of any value than at the best, contains mistakes and (intentional) foreshortenings of synthetical, typical character. This answers a puzzling question, namely the object of the theatre after the invention of the printing-machine and spread of democratized education, while it defines the limitations of dramatic art confirming the theory that demands are made on it beyond the scope of its possibilities or purpose.

While the drama is, it appears, at its lowest ebb, not for years has there been such a drought in literary productions of any value. Mr. Baptiste von Helmoltz, in his despair with English writers, would fall back upon French books, meanwhile the best French books can do, monetarily, it moves me to reprints of classics and translations after English authors. One of the finest in the former class is Rousseau's "Confessions" (to which have been added the "Rêveries d'un Promeneur Solitaire"), after the autograph MS. at Geneva accompanied by the variations shown by the MS. preserved in the library of the Paris Chamber of Deputies, edited with notes by Ad. van Bever (Georges Crès et Cie., publishers; 10fr. 50). This, as the preface informs us, is the very first edition in absolute conformity with the original language by the firm of Calmann-Lévy. It is a work of reference.

And a number of humorous or sensitive touches like these: "Je veux, criait-il, que Dieu me la rende. Ne blasphème pas, Panchito bien-aimé; ne blasphème pas; incline toi devant les volontés du Christ. Mais il a la Sainte Vierge," balbutiait l'enfant... La terre rafraîchie est jeune comme aux premiers jours du monde, et la nature heureuse entre dans l'allégresse, dans la lumière et dans un océan d'odeurs...
apportât confin son aumône et mit, dans cette petite main, ouverte, la consolation et l'apaisement, à défaut du bonheur unique qu'elle lui avait repris si tôt et si avarement."

On the whole, nothing to compromise a good literary reputation and little that will add to it.

**SAINT FIACRE.**

### A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man.

**By James Joyce.**

It was towards the close of his first term in the college when he was in number six. His sensitive nature was still smarting under the lashes of an undivined and squalid way of life. His soul was still disquieted and cast down by the dull phenomenon of Dublin. He had emerged from a two years' spell of reverie to find himself in the midst of a new scene, every event of which affected him intimately, disheartened him or allured and whether alluring or disheartening filled him always with unrest and bitter thoughts. All the leisure which his school life left him was passed in the company of subversive writers, whose gibes and violence of speech set up a ferment in his brain before they passed out of it into his crude writings.

The essay was for him the chief labour of his week and every Tuesday, as he marched from home to the school, he read his fate in the incidents of the way, pitting himself against some figure ahead of him and turning his pace and wagging his great red head. As soon as the boys had turned into Clonliffe Road together they began to speak about books and writers, saying what books they were reading and how many books there were in their fathers' book-cases at home. Stephen listened to them in some wonderment for Boland was the dunce and Nash the idler of the class. In fact after some talk about their favourite writers Nash declared for Captain Marryat who, he said, was the greatest writer.

— Fudge! said Heron. Ask Dedalus. Who is the greatest writer, Dedalus?

Stephen noted the mockery in the question and said:

— Of prose do you mean?


— Is it Cardinal Newman? asked Boland.

— Yes, answered Stephen.

The grin broadened on Nash's freckled face as he turned to Stephen and said:

— And do you like Cardinal Newman, Dedalus?

— O many say that Newman has the best prose style, Heron said to the other two in explanation; of course he's not a poet.

— And who is the best poet, Heron? asked Boland.

— Lord Tennyson, of course, answered Heron.

— O, yes, Lord Tennyson, said Nash. We have all his poetry at home in a book.

At this Stephen forgot the silent vows he had been making and burst out:

— Tennyson a poet? Why, he's only a rhymster!

— O, get out! said Heron. Everyone knows that Tennyson is the greatest poet.

— And who do you think is the greatest poet? asked Boland, nudging his neighbour.

— Byron, of course, answered Stephen.

Heron gave the lead and all three joined in a scornful laugh.

— What are you laughing at? asked Stephen.

— You, said Heron. Byron the greatest poet! He's only a poet for uneducated people. He must be a fine poet! said Boland.

— You may keep your mouth shut, said Stephen, He must be a fine poet! said Boland.

— You never read a line of anything in your life except a trans or Boland either.

— No, said Heron. Byron the greatest poet!

— You do, said Stephen.

— You never read a line of anything in your life except Heron went on, about the heresy in your essay.

— Afraid?
— Ay. Afraid of your life.
— Behave yourself! cried Heron, cutting at Stephen’s legs with his cane.

It was the signal for their onset. Nash pinioned his arms by of wallpaper, and seized a long cabbage stump which was lying in the gutter. Struggling and kicking under the cuts of the cane and the blows of the knotty stump Stephen was borne back against a barbed wire fence.

— Admit that Byron was no good.
— No.
— No admission.
— No. Admit.
— No. No.

At last after a fury of plunges he wrenches himself free. His tormentors set off towards Jones’s Road, laughing and jeering at him, while he, half blinded with tears, clenching his fists madly and sobbing.

While he was still repeating the Confessor amid the indulgent laughter of his hearers and while the scenes of that malignant episode were still passing sharply and swiftly before his mind he wondered why he bore no malice now to those who had tormented him, but still sat idly with his cowardice and cruelty but the memory of it called forth no anger from him. All the descriptions of fierce love and hatred which he had met in books had seemed to him therefore unreal. Even that night as he stumbled homewards along Jones’s Road he had felt that some power had driven him of that sudden-woven anger as easily as a fruit is divested of its soft ripe peel.

He remained standing with his two companions at the end of the shed listening idly to their talk or to the bursts of applause in the theatre. She was sitting there among the others perhaps waiting for him to appear. He tried to recall her appearance but could not, could only that she had worn a shawl about her head like a cowl and that her dark eyes had invited and unnerved him. He wondered had he been in her thoughts or she had been in his. Then in the dark and unseen by the other two, he rested the tips of the fingers of one hand upon the palm of the other hand, scarcely touching it lightly. But the pressure of her fingers had been lighter and had he been in her thoughts or she had been in his. And as he stood in the wings among the other players, he shared the common mirth amid which the drop scenes of that malignant episode were still passing leaving his will compact. Another nature seemed to have been lent him: the infection of the excitement and the air of stately: and suddenly the memory of their touch traversed his brain and body like an invisible wave.

Now that the play was over his joy was restrained, not so much by the advantage which he had acted magically deformed, the void of his part, as he foresaw a_street of lifeless things would go up. He felt no stage fright but the thought of the part he had to play humiliated him. A remembrance of some of his lines made a sudden flush rise to his painted cheeks. He saw her serious alluring eyes watching him from among the audience and their power of jarring him now, once upon a time, leaving his will compact. Another nature seemed to have been lent him: the infection of the excitement and youth about him entered into and transformed his mood mistrustfulness. For one rare moment he seemed to be clothed in the real apparel of boyhood: and, as he stood in the wings among the other players, he shared the common mirth amid which the drop scene was hauled upwards by two able-bodied priests and, as he stood in the wings among the other players, he shared the common mirth amid which the drop scene was hauled upwards by two able-bodied priests with tears, clenching his fists madly and sobbing. It was the signal for their onset. Nash pinioned his arms by of wallpaper, and seized a long cabbage stump which was lying in the gutter. Struggling and kicking under the cuts of the cane and the blows of the knotty stump Stephen was borne back against a barbed wire fence.

— Admit that Byron was no good.
— No.
— No admission.
— No. Admit.
— No. No.

As he watched this swaying form and tried to read for himself the legend of the priest’s mocking smile there came into Stephen’s memory a saying which he had heard from his father before he had been sent to Clongowes, that you could always tell a Jesuit by the style of his clothes. At the same moment he thought he saw a likeness between his father’s mind and that of this smiling well-dressed priest: and he was aware of some desecration of the priest’s office or of the vestry itself, whose silence was now routed by loud talk and joking and its air pungent with the smells of the gasjets and the grease.

While his forehead was being wrinkled and his jaws painted black and blue by the elderly man he listened distractedly to the voice of the plump young Jesuit which bade him speak up and make his points clearly. He could hear the band playing The Lily of Killarney and through the thin curtain the music would go on. He felt no stage fright but the thought of the part he had to play humiliated him. A remembrance of some of his lines made a sudden flush rise to his painted cheeks. He saw her serious alluring eyes watching him from among the audience and their power of jarring him now, once upon a time, leaving his will compact. Another nature seemed to have been lent him: the infection of the excitement and youth about him entered into and transformed his mood mistrustfulness. For one rare moment he seemed to be clothed in the real apparel of boyhood: and, as he stood in the wings among the other players, he shared the common mirth amid which the drop scene was hauled upwards by two able-bodied priests with violent jerks and all awry.

A few moments after he found himself on the stage amid the crowd of boys and acting scenes, action before the innumerable faces of the void. It surprised him to see that the play which he had known at rehearsals for a disjointed lifeless thing had suddenly assumed a life of its own. It seemed now to play itself, and his fellow actors aiding it with their parts. When the curtain was raised he heard the voice filled with applause and, through a rift in a side scene, saw the simple body before him. As he watched this swaying form and tried to read for himself the legend of the priest’s mocking smile there came into Stephen’s memory a saying which he had heard from his father before he had been sent to Clongowes, that you could always tell a Jesuit by the style of his clothes. At the same moment he thought he saw a likeness between his father’s mind and that of this smiling well-dressed priest: and he was aware of some desecration of the priest’s office or of the vestry itself, whose silence was now routed by loud talk and joking and its air pungent with the smells of the gasjets and the grease.

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theatre were all open and the audience had emptied out. On the lines which he had fancied the moorings of an ark a few lanterns swung in the night breeze, flickering cheerlessly. He mounted the steps from the garden in haste, eager that some prey should not elude him, and forced his way through the crowd in the hall and past the two Jesuits who stood watching the exodus and bowing and shaking hands with the visitors. He pushed onward nervously, feigning a still greater haste, and faintly conscious of the smiles and stares and nudges which his powdered head left in its wake.

When he came out on the steps he saw his family waiting for him at the first lamp. In a glance he noted that every figure of the group was familiar and ran down the steps angrily.

— I have to leave a message down in George's Street, he said to his father quickly. I'll be home after you.

Wyndham Lewis.

Mr. Wyndham Lewis is one of the greatest masters of design yet born in the occident. Mr. Lewis has in his "Timon" gathered together his age, or at least our age, our generation, the youth-spirit, or what you will, that moves in the men who are now between their twenty-fifth and thirty-fifth years.

It is no easy matter to express the Zeitgeist nor even immediately to comprehend it when we find it laid forth before us in word or in diagram.

The "man in the street" cannot be expected to understand the "Timon" at first sight. Damn the man in the street, once and for all, damn the man in the street who is only in the street because he hasn't intelligence enough to be let in to anywhere else, and who does not in the least respect himself for being in the street, any more than an artist would respect himself for being hung in the Royal Academy.

But the man whose profoundest needs cannot be satisfied by Collier or by Mr. Sargent's society pretties, the man who has some sort of hunger for life, some restlessness for a meaning, is willing to spend six months, any six months, in a wilderness of doubt if he may thereby come to some deeper understanding; to some emotion more intense than his own; to some handling of life more competent than his own fumbling about the surface.

So it is amply worth while taking half a year to get at the "Timon," fumbling about, looking at Matisse and Cézanne and Picasso, and Gauguin and Kandinsky, and spoiling sheet after sheet of paper in learning just how difficult it is to bring forth a new unit of design.

As there is poetry which is creation and not merely a spreading of Keatsian decoration over different but similar surfaces, so is there design which is creation and not merely applying the formula of Manet to different vistas.

So one throws these two accompanying blocks at the spectator. The flying harp and the tom-cat or whatever it is. One throws them with the same confidence and with the same indifference that Giotto sent back his circle to the pope or whoever it was who wanted a sample of workmanship. Maestria is evident in small works as in great ones. If you cannot see the control and skill and power in these two designs, God help you.

But what are they? "What is it?" etc. When Ruskin was telling Oxford and the wives of the Oxford dons about the effects that could only be got with the pallet-knife, Pater was learning "that all the arts approach the conditions of music." It is therefore to be expected that lovers of mediocrity will object to any art that attains to the conditions of music.

The rabble and the bureaucracy have built a god in their own image and that god is Mediocrity. The great mass of mankind are mediocre, that is axiomatic, it is a definition of the word mediocrity.

The race is however divided into disproportionate segments: those who worship their own belly-buttons and those who do not.

There are some of us who do not need to be told that it is a nasty thing to marry off a young girl to a diseased old gentleman whom she dislikes, and who therefore have no need, no profound spiritual need of Mr. Collier's presentation of that fact.

If a man have gathered the force of his generation or of his clan, if he has in his "Timon," expressed the sullen fury of intelligence baffled, shut in by the entrenched forces of stupidity, if he have made "Timon" a type emotion and delivered it in lines entrenched, it is proper that we should respect him in a way that we do not respect men blaring out truisms or doing an endless embroidery of sentiment.

In Mr. Lewis' work one finds not a commentator but a protagonist. He is a man at war. He has, in superlative degree, a sense of responsibility and
of certitude. He does not declare gaily that the intelligence can exist without aid of the body. He declares somberly, if you will, but indubitably that the intelligent god is incarnate in the universe, is struggling with the endless inertia.

Our life has not the pageantry of Waterloo to give us a send-off for the beginning of a new "Chartreuse de Parme." This is no cause for complaint. From the beginning of the world the struggle of Voltaire, of Stendhal and of Flaubert, the struggle of driving the shaft of intelligence into the dull mass of mankind.

I daresay one's own art seems always the hardest. One feels that Mr. Lewis has expressed this struggle. One feels that in literature it is almost impossible to express it for our generation. One has such trivial symbols arrayed against one, there is only "The Times" and all that it implies, and the "Century Magazine" and its likes and all that they imply, and the host of other periodicals and the states of mind represented in them. It is so hard to arrange one's mass and opposition. Labour and anarchy can find their opponents in "capital" and "government." But the mind aching for something that it can honour under the name of "civilisation," the mind, seeing that state afar off but clearly, can only flap about punctually striking at the host of trivial symbols presented to it. One's very conternotions are all in the nature of hurricanes in the traditional tepatop.

The really vigorous mind might cackle "The Times," which is of no importance, into a symbol of the state of mind which "The Times" represents, which is a loathsome state of mind, a malebolge of obtuseness.

And having done so, some aesthete left over from the nineties would rebuke one for one's lack of aloofness. I have heard people accuse Mr. Lewis of lack of aloofness, yet Mr. Lewis has been for a decade one of the most silent men in London.

Whenever a man finds the accepted media of an art insufficient or unsuitable for expressing his particular content, and having found them inadequate develops new media of his own he is accused of "trying to attract attention" by strangeness. Any man who uses a means of expression which Lord Haldane cannot understand must naturally be trying to appeal to Lord Haldane's particular mentality.

I have also read in some reputable journal that one shouldn't use irony in England, because it wouldn't be understood.

Therefore I will not use irony, I will say quite squarely and openly that Mr. Lewis is a great artist. I suppose that I am writing for the few people who no longer expect one to argue about cubism and expressionism. I suppose that everyone save Sir Claude Philips has ceased to take Picasso as a joke.

I sit here at my typewriter with two little black designs on the wall before me; they give me pleasure. I have here also the design out of "Timon," marked VI. I B. and a Japanese print which is curiously cubist. Plenty of people admire the latter and I am at a loss to know why they cannot admire the former. I have also another "full-sheet" black and white design out of the "Timon," the one with the big circular arrow, and that seems to me the strongest of them all, the one that has most moved into this rhapsody.

I think if anyone asked me what I mean—not what I mean by any particular statement, but what I mean, I could point to that design and say "That is what I mean" with more satisfaction than I could point to any other expression of complex intense emotion. I mean that Mr. Lewis has got into his work something that is the voice of his own age, an age which has not come into its own, which is different from any other age which has yet expressed itself intensely. We are not les jeunes of "The thirties" nor of "the nineties" nor of any other decade save our own. We have in Mr. Lewis our most articulate voice. And we will sweep out the past century as surely as Attila swept across Europe. We can therefore be content to live in our own corner, and to await to be pleased by the deaths of survivors of an age which we detest. That is not, I suppose, a courteous remark but it is a quite true one. Whatever energy may have been in the Victorian age, as whatever energy have been the virtues of distinct individuals who reached towards ours, it is certain that the voice of Victorianism is now only the moewing of understrappers and sub-editors and survivors and that one need not profoundly mind it. It is an annoyance to see water-logged minds in administrative positions, but it is no more than an annoyance. It is a bore that the present members of the Royal Academy cannot go with their works to Buenos Aires and New Zealand, or that space and air should be occupied by the remnants of divers aesthetic movements. We who are not yet thirty or forty are ineffably bored by these anamalics. There is no reason why we should not say so, or why we should not deride young men who still prowl among the marcescent remains. All of this boredom and derision and so on, being quite distinct from the very sincere respect we feel for any man of ourselves who brings great art to the world, and very distinct also from the respect which we feel for great artists who expressed the life of their times in the past. This is not futurism. The futurists are evidently ignorant of tradition. They have learned from their grandfathers that such and such things were done in 1850 and they conclude that 1850 was all "the past." We do not desire to cut ourselves off from the past. We do not desire to cut ourselves off from great art of any period, we only demand a recognition of contemporary great art, which cannot possibly be just like the great art of any other period.

At no time in the world has great art been exactly like the great art of any other time. A belief that great art will always be like the art of 1850 is "Pastism," a belief that great art will always be like the art of 1911 is "futurism." One hopes that one is not afflicted by either of these diseases.

One hopes that one likes Confucius, and that one has faith in a sort of germinal perfect. It is one of the hardest things in the world to say anything sensible about works of art at all. Mr. Lewis has said what there was to say. He has expressed great things in the "Timon." He has presented cool beauty in his later "Portrait of a typical English Woman." There is no doubt whatsoever about his mastery over his craft.

One can only say "Try to attract attention" by expressing oneself. And the cursed thing is that one cannot make even the statement of one's belief in the form one would like to make it. One can't "get the punch" into one's article, because of "the pressure of time," from the sheer and damnable fact that if "I," in the present case, take time to go back and rewrite this article in the way, or in approximately the way, it should be written, it means a shortage in my accounts.

EZRA POUND.
"An Englishman, even if at times he can mouth the formulas of democracy, tends to accept the assurances of the highly born and still has a sneaking belief that what he reads in a newspaper must be true." —Times Literary Supplement.

"Fortunately, however, it is not necessary to decide what a lyric is or is not in order to appreciate it or to judge it; and although Mr. Lees has not, we think, led off very well, the rest of his volume contains a sound and workmanlike account of the principal German lyrical poets and of their work."
—Times Literary Supplement.

"These are only spots in the sun."
—Times Literary Supplement.

"There is one consolidation in the prospective German empire in Mesopotamia—which might have been an English one if General Francis Chesney's Euphrates scheme had been adopted eighty years ago—and that is that archaeological exploration is sure to be liberally encouraged."
—Example of fluidity from Times Literary Supplement.

"Labour should be less dangerous and more democratic than a monopoly controlled by a section of Capital."
—Times Literary Supplement.

"It has been said that doctors when they write well write very well; and Dr. Raymond Crawfurd writes very well."
(Fine opening, but why not begin with the words "Dr. Raymond," &c.?)

"Dr. Crawfurd stops at 1800."
—Excellent!

"The Prophet himself knew the allurement of the desert, the thirst for the camel's milk, and warned his followers that this 'passion for milk will lead you to abandon the centres of reunion and to return to nomad existence."
—Times Literary Supplement.

"Russian letters have regained their pristine purity."
—Times Literary Supplement.

"Besides being, as the title indicates, an attempt to prove the transcendent merits of orthodoxy, it is really a comprehensive review of all the great works on religion, a digest of all the great systems of philosophy and an exhaustive analysis of the human soul."
—Times Literary Supplement.

"For too many people the cooking of breakfast in the early morning is peevish work."
—Times Literary Supplement.

"The whole book, in truth, is like an essay on the good will of the human family, a sort of study that goes to prove how real goodness is inherent in most people, which is an agreeable theme in itself, all the more to be commended because it is carried out with a certain graceful acceptance of the Dickens tradition."
—Times Literary Supplement.

"One shudders slightly to read such phrases as 'we are no mopes, I hope,' or 'they became simply round-headed,' or to imagine a woman exclaiming 'Don't you understand that I am entirely through with you' to a man who has told her 'he no longer loves her.'"
—Times Literary Supplement.

"Lucille is a heroine worthy of love."
—Literary Criticism in The Times.

"He sees that this question of Church versus Dissent is one of the great problems of the day."
—Times Literary Supplement.

"The book is worthy of its publishers."
—Times Literary Supplement.

"THE BROAD HIGHWAY."
—Times Literary Supplement advt. (? or confession).

New Books on Art.

I

F evidence is needed to prove the seriousness of the renewed inquiry into the origin, nature and meaning of Art, it may be found in more than one book of recent publication. We know that the motive-power behind the inquiry is propelled forth from the artist himself. It lies in his unrest, his renunciation of a right to free inquiry in a world of experience created by a renewed faith. Whether this spiritual faith has been derived from the failure of science, the discovery by philosophy of the highest Reality, or is the answer to the appeal to the artist's own inner experience, does not matter here. But it is worthy of special observation that the inquiry begins of this faith is distinguished from all other inquiries, pretending to Art-inspiration, by increasing insight, and enlarging views requisite to keep alive this faith in the mind of the artist. So in belittling detail and by a series of stimulating answers to the eternal questions that ask so loud and persistently for true answers it urges home the point of the present position, that the kingdom of Art is a spiritual one. Unless we are spiritually minded we shall in no case enter therein. Accordingly to the questions, What is Art? What is the essential form that secures the continuity of Art? That implies it is: (1) Soul, which all human beings have in common after each his own individuality. (2) The result of tangible mobile intuitions of the activities of Soul. (3) Simply a self-subsisting soul providing the key to its own mysteries."

Readers who accept these answers will turn with interest to "The Art of Spiritual Harmony" (Constable) by Wassily Kandinsky, one of the leaders of a Munich group of "painters, poets, musicians, dramatists, critics, all working to the same end—the expression of the faith, and posits his "philosophy," confining his "philosophy," confining his faith, and posits himself as an arch primitive-symbolist carrying on the Byzantine-Giotto-Gauguin primitive symbolist tradition. By tradition he means something founded on emotional continuity and not a long chain of outward forms. Thus it is plain that his faith though old in its nature is new in what it implies to moderns. If it tells Kandinsky that Art is the same thing which has kept artists going throughout time, it is above good and evil, timeless, permanent and eternal, to him it also means that Art passes through the world as a flux of spirit and its essential form is that which fix the continuity of the flux. Aware of this implication, he is able to distinguish the one non-representative class of artist from the other, the Naturalists from the Symbolists, those that subsist partly on themselves and partly on Nature and seek to express an inner or spiritual harmony. And he is able to find his own place and purpose with the latter. As a spiritual harmonist he aims to keep himself pure from the material world, to illuminate only his inner feelings, to reveal to the magic music of an infinite sound in symbolical outline. He and his admirers have not space to examine his analysis of colour and its insistent attempt to form a common language of form and colour. For my present purpose it will be sufficient if I only show that Kandinsky has written a book which readers must accept as containing the most daring and revolutionary among
present-day aesthetic theories of spiritual import. Three plates show Kandinsky drawing towards a conception of painting as sound-form.

Mr. Clive Bell's "Art" (Chatto & Windus) also contributes materially to the inquiry. Apparently the book incarnates the big emotion of the first London Post-Impressionist exhibition whose interest is now completely overshadowed by Neo-Realism, Neo-Cubism and other recent growths. Mr. Bell felt this emotion and straightway started in quest of an experience to explain it. Thus he came to formulate two hypotheses—namely it is not Nature but his aesthetic guess is, a work of art is the result of a primitive desire to satisfy an "aesthetic emotion." An "aesthetic emotion" is produced by "significant form" (meaning Plato's essential form). Therefore a work of art is the expression of "significant form." So in turn a work of art provokes an "aesthetic emotion." These facts he proceeds to trace in works of art from the earliest period to the latest. In consequence the postulate of his whole book is that art is "significant form." It is easy to see where Mr. Bell agrees with and differs from Kandinsky. The latter is as completely the product of a double culture, a tradition of which appears to view. He divides the chain and places one part, the Symbolist, up in heaven and the other, the Naturalist, fastened between heaven and earth. Mr. Bell sees only the Naturalist claim and reveals the primitive-symbolists, the Byzantine Mosaicists and Cézanne alike laying hold on it at the highest points of its "slopes." Kandinsky considers Art as spirit. Mr. Bell, on the other hand, considers it as frame or form; unlike Kandinsky he does not try to determine what spirit is not—namely it is not Nature or he would understand that spirit is not to be confused with the representative forms of Nature. The fault of his provocative book is that it does not fully discover the eternal stream of grace nor reveal the artist with the stream in his heart invoking aesthetic experience in its profoundest forms. It represents Art as a provocative agent external to man and not as power seated in the human soul.

A difference of method is observable when Mr. Haldane Macfadyen conducts the inquiry. It is the same question which he sets out to ask but he answers it not the same. So we find a fine animation sweeping through his sumptuous and redoubtable book "The Splendid Wayfaring" (Simpkin, Marshall) and a Meridian air of gallantry; for the author is engaged in the great inquiry. There is Art to be rescued, the dragon to be slain is fettering convention. Apparently in writing his book Mr. Macfadyen has been moved by the question, What is it that blossoms into a work of Art? To him it is not form, significant or other, but something different. In his search for the first answer he follows Life and the By. "Life" means a universal force which is always seeking to translate itself into its human equivalents. In his first chapter he traces this force sweeping from stage to stage till finally it reaches its height in man. Then there is superior to all other animals. Art arises; for Art is necessary to man as a means of communicating sensation. Listen to this, "Art is our sensed means of communion with our fellows." But surely a "sensed means of communion" is not peculiar to man and therefore Art, as Mr. Macfadyen defines it, must be common to the whole animal and vegetable kingdom. However the very capital importance in Mr. Macfadyen's book is his conflict with the dragon which he pursues both in the studio and theatre. The conflict is well known for Mr. Macfadyen was one of the first of the moderns to pierce the dragon in its vulnerable part.

I have only space left to state as briefly as possible the intentions of the following publications and writers. Mr. Victor Branford's "Interpretations and Forecasts" (Duckworth) is an able exposition of a conception of human sociology by one to whose great ability the sociological movement in England owes if not its inception at least its initial organisation. Without the considerable aid of this loyal six-year-old it is safe to say that Mr. Gordon Craig and the Art of the Theatre in Europe would scarcely be attempting their new Six-Weeks. Without the Plan of the Future (French, ed.) Mr. Sydney Grundy vigorously criticises Master John Palmer's "The Theatre of the Future." It is difficult to understand why Mr. Grundy was so eager to publish his pages on a book obviously designed to present a picture of a mid-Victorian clown burying himself beneath the manure of gross ignorance. Mr. Reginald W. Kauden discusses "The Drama and Morality" in the May "Forum." He avows his belief that it is the duty of the drama to dip its silk in dirty drabs. The discussion "Do Miracles Happen" (The Christian Commonwealth Co.) which arose out of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's piece of cosmicism "Magic" (Martin Sekler) seeks to establish the distinct characters of the miracle and the miracle. And to this distinction a miracle is a person who knows what a miracle is. For this distinction both Pepys and Pagans contend—unsuccessfully.

HUNTLY CARTER.

 Correspondence.

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

THE EGOIST.

Madam,

My case bids me submit the following to your correspondent column. It should be noted that there is no record of verse libre having been applied before to the art of letter-writing. "Daily Mail" is going into the question of flies, let us here turn and consider the Mice.

The Mice.

In the world's cupboard
The scurrying little feet,
A new sound.

O busy, sharp-teethed mice
Nibbling your anxious bellies full,
O busy, sharp-teethed mice
Gnaw the fat tomes of Chinese Wisdom.

What would you do with the Lute of Jade,
O little mice?

This is indeed a dainty luncheon,
O little mice,
O magists!

Paris.

HORACE HOLLEY.

THE JURISPRUDENCE OF ESTABLISHED CUSTOMS.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

Madam,

Behold a logician hath arisen amongst us! You cannot deny me a little space to sing his praises and worship before him!

In the very first paragraph this profuse genius shows us his dazzling skill: One relative of his, living in Edinburgh, thought a politician a man of pleasure because he loved skating; another relative, also living in Edinburgh, thought it wrong to laugh. Conclusion: People in Edinburgh have "immense seriousness of mind on ethical questions."

R. R. W. apparently lives in Edinburgh.' all Edinburgh people have an ethical type of mind: quite to be expected that R. R. W. will be of an ethical type of mind.

Who knows, Mr. Kerr, but he would have taken the trouble to give us so uncalled-for a book on Edinburgh? But Mr. Kerr cannot have thought of that, now! Who but he would have taken the trouble to give us so uncalled-for an exhibition of his skill?

And it is no fluke, Madam. He can do it again:

Cannibalism is an old institution—abolished.

Burning of witches —abolished.

Fear not:

O busy, sharp-teethed mice
Nibbling your anxious bellies full,
O busy, sharp-teethed mice
Gnaw the fat tomes of Chinese Wisdom.

The Cat was belled long since
By Mr. Grundy, older generation.

Nay rather beware the tightness of your own tummies,
Little mice,
Since already you have eaten the Greek Anthology
And the Bible. And whilst whistling to all of you,
Gnaw the fat tomes of Chinese Wisdom.

What would you do with the Lute of Jade,
O little mice?
This is indeed a dainty luncheon,
O little mice,
O magists!

IMAGISTS.

HUNTLV CARTER.
Theory of the State: What was the date of the Contract? But in any case shallow reader should mistrust wit for argument, I should like to point out that Mr. Kerr cleverly shows in the "contract" to dodge Hell: there being no Hell, Theory of the Slate: What was the date of the Contract? But it has got to do with R. W. in the correspondence evidently referred to, which is concerned only with common sense as applied to moral problems. So I regard that seems to be as follows: The traditional restrictions on sexual intercourse apply, and have applied, only to women—men have had free rein. That is why chastity is not a glory but a badge of servitude; and it, like the Chinese pigtail, is doomed to speedy extinction—without necessity.

Mr. Kerr's statement about men is nothing short of astounding, even in ethical Edinburgh they are more licentious than they care to admit. Needless to say he any way to estimate even the truth of Mr. Kerr's insinuations about fanatic. The latter has, at least, usually the reason of tradition. Mr. Kerr's position with regard to witch-burning may have become so obvious as not to need pounds per cent, of our pupils are classified under ophthalmia neonatorum (which is due to gonorrhoea) in 47 cases out of 102."

Miss PANKHURST ON BLINDNESS.

The number of persons made blind by gonorrhoea is one of the great subjects of contention. It is certainly one of our trump cards against "vice." It is one of their trump cards against "vice." Let us therefore inquire what that trump card is worth.

The first important question to ask is, not how many blind people are made blind by gonorrhoea, but how many blind people are there in the world at all. I find from the United States Census of 1920 that 12723 is either totally or partially blind. (The statistics of 1910 are not yet available.)

We thus find that there is a calamity which, owing to part played by venereal diseases in causing blindness. He gave inquiry what that trump card is worth.

Miss PANKHURST says:—"Mr. F. Richardson Cross, one of the representatives of the Royal College of Surgeons, spoke of the large part played by infections and diseases caused by venereal diseases as an example an examination conducted at a school for the blind, which showed that blindness was due to ophthalmia neonatorum (infantile blindness) in 47 cases out of 102." Al that is needed is to wash the eyes of the infant with a solution of nitrate of silver on the second day.

The persons who are born blind are few in number, but about 22 per cent of our pupils are classified under ophthalmia neonatorum, or infantile blindness, which can be prevented by proper and prompt treatment. I have no time to compile more detailed figures, but the statistics of the United States Census of 1920 show that 12723 is either totally or partially blind. (The statistics of 1910 are not yet available.)

The results would not have suited him so well, however. He appears that 1 person out of 2545 is either totally or partially blind as a result of gonorrhoea. Mr. Cross, however, is manic an estimate of the number of the blind. More level-headed persons give much lower estimates. If Mr. Cross had been a wise man, he would have given the average experience of a number of schools for the blind, instead of confining his evidence to what was discovered at one school for the blind.

The blindness can be prevented in every case by medical care. In the above article Helen Keller says that the children "can be saved perhaps enough to give you an idea. There are 57 boys, of whom 15 are classified as blind from birth, but of these 15 only 5 are totally blind. I find that all doctors are agreed that ophthalmia neonatorum can easily be prevented in every case by medical care. In the above article Helen Keller says that the children "can be saved perhaps enough to give you an idea. There are 57 boys, of whom 15 are classified as blind from birth, but of these 15 only 5 are totally blind. I find that all doctors are agreed that ophthalmia neonatorum can easily be prevented in every case by medical care. In the above article Helen Keller says that the children "can be saved perhaps enough to give you an idea. There are 57 boys, of whom 15 are classified as blind from birth, but of these 15 only 5 are totally blind. I find that all doctors are agreed that ophthalmia neonatorum can easily be prevented in every case by medical care. In the above article Helen Keller says that the children "can be saved perhaps enough to give you an idea. There are 57 boys, of whom 15 are classified as blind from birth, but of these 15 only 5 are totally blind. I find that all doctors are agreed that ophthalmia neonatorum can easily be prevented in every case by medical care. In the above article Helen Keller says that the children "can be saved perhaps enough to give you an idea. There are 57 boys, of whom 15 are classified as blind from birth, but of these 15 only 5 are totally blind. I find that all doctors are agreed that ophthalmia neonatorum can easily be prevented in every case by medical care. In the above article Helen Keller says that the children "can be saved perhaps enough to give you an idea. There are 57 boys, of whom 15 are classified as blind from birth, but of these 15 only 5 are totally blind. I find that all doctors are agreed that ophthalmia neonatorum can easily be prevented in every case by medical care. In the above article Helen Keller says that the children "can be saved perhaps enough to give you an idea. There are 57 boys, of whom 15 are classified as blind from birth, but of these 15 only 5 are totally blind. I find that all doctors are agreed that ophthalmia neonatorum can easily be prevented in every case by medical care. In the above article Helen Keller says that the children "can be saved perhaps enough to give you an idea. There are 57 boys, of whom 15 are classified as blind from birth, but of these 15 only 5 are totally blind. I find that all doctors are agreed that ophthalmia neonatorum can easily be prevented in every case by medical care. In the above article Helen Keller says that the children "can be saved perhaps enough to give you an idea. There are 57 boys, of whom 15 are classified as blind from birth, but of these 15 only 5 are totally blind.
in every 3519 are either not very level-headed or are of such a nature as to suggest that this is the case, but others are merely teasing. I am satisfied with having defeated him in his own castle. Nevertheless, that he failed in the solution of this mystery is by no means a matter for wonder which he supposes, for in truth, our friend the Prefect [alias Mr. Carter] is somewhat too cunning to be profound. [The italics are mine.] In his ‘Windward Passage’ he declares that ‘the lady who writes to the Editor of “The Tribune.”’

For reasons which we need not go into here it was not advisable at that time to take the进而 in London the THE W.S.P.U. for the first time, and to the line of development which has made THE FREEWOMAN into THE EGOIST would it be most helpful to your readers and admirers this side of the Atlantic. The RADICAL VIEWS OF DORA MARSDEN HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE TRIBUNE. I know nothing personally about the leaders of the militants, but let them be straightforward enough to accept the conclusion sufficiently answered.—THE EGOIST.

June 15th, 1914.

THE TRIBUNE.

Sure,—Through the length and breadth of the country, even at the present moment in Washington, where the legislation in the different States, the anti-suffragists have brought up and made impressive use of a pamphlet known as “Bondwomen,” written by Dora Marsden, an English journal-ist, and published by the National American Woman Suffrage Association. The pamphlet has also been used in an open letter to the editor of the London Free Press, which is little more than a short article, and has been made very mixed argument with very observant anti-suffragists and very superficial ; but Newnham we think was the actual college mentioned : but Miss Ward as a speaker we were informed it was Miss Eva Ward—we assume that they must often find themselves hard pressed to maintain their case, and that naturally their first impulse will be to frighten our spiritual teachers into believing that woman suffrage is synonymous with license and immorality. If they were given them : and we may add that whatever profits it would be most helpful to your readers and admirers this side of the Atlantic. THE RADICAL VIEWS OF DORA MARSDEN HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH THE FREEWOMAN—EVA WARD.

THE W.S.P.U.

The RHETORICAL ART OF THE ANTI-SUFFRAGISTS.

THE FREEWOMAN—MURIEL CZOLKOWSKA.

THE W.S.P.U.

THE STRUGGLE FOR THE VOTE OF THE WOMAN.

THE FREEWOMAN—MURIEL CZOLKOWSKA.

THE FREEWOMAN—MURIEL CZOLKOWSKA.

THE EGOIST.

The RHETORICAL ART OF THE ANTI-SUFFRAGISTS.

THE TRIBUNE.

THE EGOIST.

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THE TRIBUNE.

THE EGOIST.

The RHETORICAL ART OF THE ANTI-SUFFRAGISTS.

THE TRIBUNE.

THE EGOIST.
It has always seemed to me a very great pity that Mrs. Desmond and others in 1907 and Mr. and Mrs. Patrick Lawrence in 1912 should have been withdrawn from the Union. At those dates, however, I was not interested in the movement, so I do not know the real reasons for these withdrawals, nor indeed could I have discovered the cause of Miss Sylvia Pankhurst's retirement from the Union early this year, since the Union she has formed does not seem to differ from the W. S. & P. U. The daily papers gave such vague and conflicting reasons for her withdrawal. I have always thought that probably with a little more tact and a more conciliatory spirit these divisions might have been avoided. Of course I am unable to judge, but I should have thought that by remaining united, more would have been gained. There are at present so many militant societies that differ from each other only in a matter of degree of militancy and not in principle. There are already three different weekly Suffrage papers which are all more or less militant, and I believe, in a short while, there will be a fourth. If all the militants united, they would only need one paper which could represent the different views of all and that paper would have far more influence than that of all those now published put together. In the same way, one big Union would be far more powerful than half a dozen smaller ones.

What is the position of the Men's Political Union to the W. S. & P. U.? At present the relations of these two Unions seem to me to be rather puzzling. Is it true that Mrs. and Miss Christabel Pankhurst are the sole leaders of the W. S. & P. U.? If so, what are the positions of Mrs. Drummond and Miss Annie Kenney as well as other prominent militants? Is militancy really guided by the leaders or does the Union depend more on its members as a whole than on a few individuals? Again, if it depends on a few leaders, do they believe in a majority of militants and a minority of non-militants, or vice versa? How can one tell? I believe that they may be very selfish and uncooperative and they must be exceedingly clever to be able to keep their Union from falling to pieces. If the Union's strength depends on the leaders who are they? Are they members of the trio you mention and do they govern the policy of the Union without consulting their members? Again, do they consult the M.P.U.? Trusting that you will be so good as to let me have a few particulars about this Union.

EDWARD WADSWORTH.

To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM. The militants have a grievance and think if they burn, mutilate, and destroy sufficient property belonging to those people who do not hold similar views, their grievance will be removed. Their opponents—and the general public—have a grievance too: they object to their possessions being willfully destroyed. If one uses warfare, one cannot complain if both sides use the same brand of ammunition. It is not reasonable to suppose the “non-militant” grievance would be removed if similar treatment were given to properties belonging to militants—and all who support militancy by money, influence or speech.

Perhaps a speedier way to test the efficacy of the question would be to apply the militants' suggestions in other spheres. Not long ago Mrs. Pankhurst solemnly informed her audience that she did not advocate “killing people” but asserted that the best way to get what is wanted is to make the powers that be uncomfortable until one's purpose is accomplished. Surely it is a poor device, and put a pinch of something in the soup or in the morning cup of coffee—not, of course, to “kill people,” but to make “the powers that be” uncomfortable. Surely it is a poor rule that won't work two ways!!

Of course these are only suggestions—given with a mind open to conviction.

London, W.

Rosa Dartie.

P.S.—Of course the “non-militant arson squad” would require special literature to leave behind so that a lenient judge could give sentence accordingly—which sentence could be evaded by the usual methods of kicking, screaming, sulking, refusing food, &c.—R. D.

FUTURISM.

To the Editor The Egoist.

MADAM. To read or hear the praises of oneself or one's friends is always pleasant. There are forms of praise, however, which are so compounded with innuendo as to be most embarrassing. One may find oneself, for instance, so praised as to make it appear that one's opinions coincide with those of the person who praises, in which case one finds oneself in the difficult position of disclaiming the laudation or of even slightly resenting it. There are certain arts in England who do not belong to the Royal Academy nor to any of the passéist groups, and who do not on that account agree with the futurism of Sig. Marinetti. An assurance of such agreement either by Sig. Marinetti or by his followers is an impertinence.

We, the undersigned, whose ideals were mentioned or implied, or who might by the opinion of others be implicated, beg to dissociate ourselves from the “futurist” manifesto which appeared in the pages of the “Observer” of Sunday, June 7.

(Signed) Richard Aldington.

David Bohrberg.

FREDERICK EYCHEN.

Edward Wadsworth.

 Ezra Pound.

Lawrence Atkinson.

Gauthier Bresans.

Cuthbert Hamilton.

W. Roberts.

Wandham Lewis.

Footnote.—The direction of the Rebel Art Centre wishes to state that the use of their address by Sig. Marinetti and Mr. Nevison was unauthorised.

Rebel Art Centre.
38, Great Ormond street, Queen’s Square, W.C.

EDITORIAL.

Letters, &c., intended for the Editor should be addressed to Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.

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