NOT justice and morality be it noted: since these last can be left as dead; monuments of the effete—bearing testimony to the long success of a trick of language at last found out and discredited. But justice and morality abandoned, there still remain the words descriptive of human conduct which furnished the grounds off which the trick was worked to such advantage—"just and moral." We have before now said our say on both these, but only in respect of such meaning as they have when they are used carefully and delicately: used as one would use them who valued words as fine instruments to be blunted only under peril of confounding the purpose for which all words are born—the intercommunication of human feeling and understanding. We dealt with them precisely, as a good writer with an audience of good writers might, but as good writers are few and far between it is impossible to muster them in numbers, and it becomes advisable—if the audience is to be at all extended—to treat of them in those loose, rough-and-ready meanings which are attached to them variously by the curates and other orators, by the journalists and writers of philosophic treatises who bring the froth to the surface of their rhetoric by a skilfully confused use of them. So, therefore, to the popular connotation: "Just" first. The meaning of the word "just" according to the rhetoricians—and it is their meaning which decides the popular one—is "generous," a connotation odd enough as they have when they are used carefully and delicately: used as one would use them who valued words as fine instruments to be blunted only under peril of confounding the purpose for which all words are born—the intercommunication of human feeling and understanding. We dealt with them precisely, as a good writer with an audience of good writers might, but as good writers are few and far between it is impossible to muster them in numbers, and it becomes advisable—if the audience is to be at all extended—to treat of them in those loose, rough-and-ready meanings which are attached to them variously by the curates and other orators, by the journalists and writers of philosophic treatises who bring the froth to the surface of their rhetoric by a skilfully confused use of them. So, therefore, to the popular connotation: "Just" first. The meaning of the word "just" according to the rhetoricians—and it is their meaning which decides the popular one—is "generous," a connotation odd enough as they have when they are used carefully and delicately: used as one would use them who valued words as fine instruments to be blunted only under peril of confounding the purpose for which all words are born—the intercommunication of human feeling and understanding.
It is worth while lingering over this tendency of the "down" to ask for the "generous" when they are offered the "just," since from such an attitude follow many implications: which is the reason why persons with spirit care little for the ousting of the "just" by the "generous." For one thing, the action of the latter inues it has to disable, a something that all, expected to cut both ways. He who has been generously treated, must, in his turn, act generously or be considered—something which he does not care to be—mean. They would prefer to be "just" because it is expedient—and to be "generous" by whim—only when they please. Plans of their own, by being generous, might be interfered with: moreover, they care little for the feeling of having been generously dealt with: they feel it to be either an investment or thinly veiled patronage, and would prefer to carve a career irrespective of it. To accept favours with indeterminate obligations attached is an irksome proceeding for able men. Only favours which are done out of one's own heart which can be considered as given, can be accepted. In short—to be "generous" is purely an affair of individual taste, while to be "just"—in this secondary sense of fulfilling fairly whatever one undertakes—is the basis of tolerable social existence.

Assessment of one's worth precedes all one's bargaining: what is a "just" bargain for one is absurd to another. It is worth while lingering over this tendency of the "down" to ask for the "generous" when they are offered the "just," since from such an attitude follow many implications: which is the reason why persons with spirit care little for the ousting of the "just" by the "generous." For one thing, the action of the latter inues it has to disable, a something that all, expected to cut both ways. He who has been generously treated, must, in his turn, act generously or be considered—something which he does not care to be—mean. They would prefer to be "just" because it is expedient—and to be "generous" by whim—only when they please. Plans of their own, by being generous, might be interfered with: moreover, they care little for the feeling of having been generously dealt with: they feel it to be either an investment or thinly veiled patronage, and would prefer to carve a career irrespective of it. To accept favours with indeterminate obligations attached is an irksome proceeding for able men. Only favours which are done out of one's own heart which can be considered as given, can be accepted. In short—to be "generous" is purely an affair of individual taste, while to be "just"—in this secondary sense of fulfilling fairly whatever one undertakes—is the basis of tolerable social existence.

There is, however, a sense in which "to be just" cuts deeper than it has been seen to refer in relation to bargains: it touches individual quality so closely that it becomes a question of linguistic suitability as to whether the word "just" should be used in respect of it, especially in connection with the human character which is called—quite erroneously—"moral." The decisive powers which give configuration to the grades of a community, and which fix its members' status, are not fundamentally based on bargains; the spirit which alone can make morality or give it a secondary sense is indicated, as in a scale, by the outcome of a struggle which is always after the nature of a fight. The struggles are waged almost to exhaustion before such a scale is arrived at, and it is roughly on calculations based on their outcome, that the spirit in which subsequent bargains are struck takes its tone and temper. Before one arrives at the point where one can be "just" in the secondary sense there has been this preliminary assessment inexact, not-nicely balanced on the precise worth of the parties with intent to confuse others as to whether one's just dues. Now one's just due is what one can obtain if one chooses to put the particular issue to a test of trial by strength. It is a corollary following from one's competence.

Now it is one of the most obvious facts of life that the "competence" of individuals varies: varies to an enormous extent: and it follows, therefore, that what each individual can, in subsequent bargains, "justly" demand of another, with due regard to the individual's worth, which is at once his due if he chooses to demand it, varies equally. That is why the equality argument never cuts any deeper than sound. That men are "equal" is the cover instinctively sought by precisely those sentimentalis who "claim" the generous because they dislike the "just." For just as it is an obvious fact that individual competence varies enormously it is a fact equally obvious that nothing hurts the humanitarian (i.e., the rhetorical salvationist, equality-cum-rights) temperament more than an open recognition of it. The patent fact that men are not all alike, in their powers, is that fact which, i.e., in power of life, is the humanitarian's skeleton in the cupboard. It is the universal secret known everywhere, mentioned nowhere.

We can perhaps make this primary aspect of what is "good" mean clear by turning to a consideration of the "moral" for a while, and returning to show the connection between the rhetorical meanings of the two. Accurately "the moral," as we have pointed out before, is the "traditional" "the customary." The fact that it belongs to the crowd, and describes the way of many, is a moral property of it. What it is good with-them: it explains why it is the ready catch of all those who seek to win the favour of the crowd. To advocate a thing because it is moral is obvious flattery: it means "your"—therefore "good." Quite possibly it is "good" since it appears as such to them; and since the moralists, however, are not content with this account of the amount of merit in their appeal to the populace for favour under theegis of the moral. They endeavour rather to imply that the "moral" is one and the same with that force of spirit which is second nature to them. It is the force of spirit of which the moralists themselves are conscious: the philosophers are conscious of it in their appeal to the populace for favour under the segis of the moral. They endeavour rather to imply that the "moral" is one and the same with that force of spirit which is second nature to them. It is the force of spirit of which they are conscious: the philosophers are conscious of it: and since there is a popular word which is used in almost the exact connotation, this should not be difficult. The word 'character' (which only a touch of which has been erroneously identified with "moral") is synonymous with stodge) the word "character" will serve. Character is the living energy varying in strength and differing in quality which, strong, weak or indifferent, is the ultimate individual competent, which must be the true because it can be directed towards any activity whatsoever.

Moral often than not strong character turns to new kinds of activity, leaving the moral, and courage being justified of her children, manages to inaugurate a new practice: which weaker characters later will doubtless ascribe to the new "habit" and copy. That is why the equality argument never cuts any deeper than sound. That men are "equal" is the cover instinctively sought by precisely those sentimentalis who "claim" the generous because they dislike the "just." For just as it is an obvious fact that individual competence varies enormously it is a fact equally obvious that nothing hurts the humanitarian (i.e., the rhetorical salvationist, equality-cum-rights) temperament more than an open recognition of it. The patent fact that men are not all alike, in their powers, is that fact which, i.e., in power of life, is the humanitarian's skeleton in the cupboard. It is the universal secret known everywhere, mentioned nowhere.

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In order more strongly to assert that "men are equal," weak but kindly persons choose to slur lightly over this question of individual force: they are afraid to seek out the one reason why some men are cuffed while others do not. Well then: whatever the receiving man may not be—his wages are waged almost to exhaustion before such a scale is arrived at, and it is roughly on calculations based on their outcome, that the spirit in which subsequent bargains are struck takes its tone and temper. Before one arrives at the point where one can be "just" in the secondary sense there has been this preliminary assessment inexact, not-nicely balanced on the precise worth of the parties with intent to confuse others as to whether one's just dues. Now one's just due is what one can obtain if one chooses to put the particular issue to a test of trial by strength. It is a corollary following from one's competence.

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it certainly is the custom: it is habitual: Moral. More than any other feature common to mankind throughout the ages the custom of being paid for labour done in terms of wages—kind or coin—is the most unmistakable. Working for wages is certainly moral—so exceedingly so in terms of wages—kind or coin—is the most unmistakable. Doubtless what such writers mean when they say it is immoral is that wage earning is not compatible with the temper of persons of strong and original character. Which seems fairly true, since wage earning for the masses has involved the labouring on other men's schemes in which the labourers have little or no personal or original influence. They are obedient, submissive, and they themselves are open to suffer insult and contumely.

Then why do they persist in it? One tells them that it is hurtful; but they should know best. As to whether the shoe pinches it is the wearer who is the best judge. All that an onlooker can say is this: "shoe" wage is of such a shape as would make the wearing of it torture to feet of certain mould. But the wages-shoe seems to suit wage-earners very well: they require a very great deal of personal capacity 'to perform,' and that they are the ones who are against it, and even then the words which would seem to subdue its strictures look always to its continued wear. Names matter little: they take it off as "shoe" and promptly put it on again freshly labelled "slipper." The fact is, it appears to be made to measure: it adjusts itself to the total of their actual presence. Certainly masters and men are not bargaining in the dark: from time to time they have tried their strength, and their present relations are the adjustments which have followed as the outcome of these trials. The commerce of wage earners is conducted at a high figure when one bears in mind that they have barely arrived at the point where bargaining is at all possible. They come to the masters as beggars: begging to be allowed to accomplish their purposes for them, and at their own request their energies are bought up for that purpose. On the strength of their own powers they are not in a position to make an advantageous bargain. Nor do they. When by combination with others as incompetent, i.e., powerless, as themselves are able with some show of success to ask that rates be be at least that which the wages of the demand at the standard, then it is more convenient not to haggle: or because he can afford it: or because it pleases him to be generous and he pities the poor men's plight.

That the trade unions by a device called the monopoly of character, with characteristic powers, and in certain unble, but is in a position to make advantageous union wage-earners sort of heighten its status, which is likely to prove highly misleading: they are likely to confuse a reluctance to incur inconvenience into a recognition of existing competence which belongs only to positive exercise of power, which they have not and never have; and even then, even when it is more convenient not to haggle: or because he can afford it: or because it pleases him to be generous and he pities the poor men's plight.

First, as to the sorts and sizes of wages. No honest-minded man can contend in the main that these are unjust: that they offend as violating the terms of a bargain. On the contrary, wage-earners are seldom in a position to refuse to employ the one who offers to work and receive—work with wages attached. They do not have it a revolution—to assess anew the advantages they have enjoyed. During such a struggle there exists a state of war in which scuffles respecting the terms of contracts, the usages common to times of peace, the respect of property, and the like, will be abrogated: while the combatants will press into the waging of their contentions their entire strength, compound of armed force, intrigue, cunning, present possessions, friends, past obligations, charm and grace, which may serve them to win allies or break the fierceness of attack. When the campaign has been fought out to exhaustion, in the lull which follows there will emerge the new estimate which each must take of other's competence: an estimate which will vary from man to man. To the less competent, the harsher terms of which is primarily "just" having been for another space decided, the period will arrive when that which is "just" in the secondary degree, and which applies to terms fixed by contract, can be re-established. The war—open war—is not in its nature opposed to peace: it is a necessary preliminary of peace. 

The years of peace are based on conclusions of relative strength which can only be arrived at in war: conclu-
visions which assert what is basically "just" whether in relation to international or intranational powers. A class or a nation will from time to time precipitate a struggle on primary terms, and for the time will regard opponents as torn up. After the issue, what was before reckoned "primarily just" will be re-adjusted. That is precisely what the term "to re-adjust" means, viz. to make a hitherto accepted assessment fit more exactly to the powers that are. So we can state the conclusion: In times of peace if we make bargains it is expedient to be content to satisfy and be satisfied with their simple reckoning was the sudden announcement of her accession to the throne, whereupon she ejaculated, "I will be good," "I will be good." Who is there who has not felt such a spasm, and luckily bitten his tongue just as he was on the point of giving expression to it? Luckily—because people do so seem to expect one to live up to a code of conduct after them. If only some discerning person had been on the spot to explain the correct theory of spasms to the new Queen, how might she not have suppressed, instead of encouraging, all those dreadful bores of her era, who emulated her in the role of being good! Because, be it noted, she did not say she was good, which would have been at least impudent, if not exciting: she said she would be, obviously with her mind's eye on a manner of conduct not altogether native to herself. So was she—good and dull—and when ultimately she died, she unfortunately omitted to take her spiritual progeny with her. We have them yet, and they multiply and prosper, expecting us all to step out to the rhythm of "we will be good"—"we will be good.

Of course, one bears the endorsing cnorub—And a very good thing too,”—rising from the hosts of salvation. And we understand why. "Being good," in addition to being very plaguary for oneself, and being (could we say?) most interestingly—noisy in relation to others, involves the part of a select few with a decided taste, into human consciousness to be wholly without effect. To "turn the other cheek" and receive a second smack from an offending individual instead of administering a smart one in return—is ideally "good" conduct of the modern version. It is, in fact, to be "generous" rather than "just"; which makes it clearer from whence their task of attaching wheels to an eagle. The new species of revolters have inbibed their peculiar offence. Its efforts to disport itself in such an inquiry as that presented by the subtle complex woven by the interplay of human motives have effects as disastrous as those which ensue were a racing-car to try to show its powers in narrow streets and crowded thoroughforges. A racing-car requires a fairly clear track, and so does journalæse; the words over which it makes such speed must be straightforward; stripped of all doubtful meaning. With such words as those whose vague and ambiguous connotations are the root-cause of philosophic controversies it can or should not be written down. When, for instance, in addition a good journalist, who can write good journalæse, will slip and write bad journalæse, a quite definite word like "crime" in a sentence like this: "To reduce the untiring efforts of mankind to the level of cotton and coal is a sin against the Holy Ghost," one can imagine how he will use such words as democracy, morals, ethics, justice, sin, and "surplus value." As the writers of "National Guilds" have had the misfortune to attempt to provide a basis founded on a valuation of human motive for their system, and as they have not attempted to look at the springs of human motives any deeper than at lip-shod acceptance of the popular use of such words as above mentioned, it follows, that they do not offer the preliminary part of their exposition to serious readers. In putting the salubræ evaluations of human motives aside it makes hard reading to see a word like democracy advanced as though there existed a common understanding as to what democracy implies or as though in this country its implication were understood sufficiently to allow of its merits being seriously canvassed. Accordingly, the suggestion is an easy appeal built up on that makes it impossible to accord the preliminary part of this exposition anything beyond the recognition of ready speciousness which one allows to the usual stump orator. It must be dismissed as not having taken the first step towards serious inquiry; it has not started with an examination of the terms about whose meaning there lies the doubt. The writers have been content to profit by ambiguity speciously to

A collection of essays intended to propound, in a reversion to guilds, a new version of salvation. The essays are, we gather, reprints of articles which have already appeared in "The New Age," and are accordingly written in good journalæse": good, that is, none of the writers' sentences are left wanting in any of their parts. Now good journalæse is a very telling form of prose-writing: excellent within its own limits, but vital for the interaction with the gratuity of the moment in doubt, but will be made clear by the lie of the abode in of the fortunates at the close of the campaign. A revolting class, which has not an instinctive feel that this is the gist of the situation is so little advanced on the path of revolt as scarcely to be entitled to bear that description. And nothing good—for them or others—will come of hurrying them. One rises—when one is able. D.M.

**VIEWS AND COMMENTS.**

It was the late lamented Queen Victoria who immortalised in a phrase a little gust of emotion which is familiar to us all, but to which most of us are too shy, or too cautious to give utterance. The incident which was able to knock this august maiden off her perch, and betray her into a very human indiscretion was the sudden announcement of her accession to the throne, whereupon she ejaculated, "I will be good," "I will be good." Who is there who has not felt such a spasm, and luckily bitten his tongue just as he was on the point of giving expression to it? Luckily—because people do so seem to expect one to live up to a code of conduct after them. If only some discerning person had been on the spot to explain the correct theory of spasms to the new Queen, how might she not have suppressed, instead of encouraging, all those dreadful bores of her era, who emulated her in the role of being good! Because, be it noted, she did not say she was good, which would have been at least impudent, if not exciting: she said she would be, obviously with her mind's eye on a manner of conduct not altogether native to herself. So was she—good and dull—and when ultimately she died, she unfortunately omitted to take her spiritual progeny with her. We have them yet, and they multiply and prosper, expecting us all to step out to the rhythm of "we will be good"—"we will be good."

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"tell a tale": just where exposition is most needed they fix their base and take the position for granted. The result is propaganda: that usual misleading thing called a "constructive social proposal."

Apart from the introduction of unfortunate and ill-conceived terms, perhaps directed into the argument for elegance' sake and a sort of curate's impressiveness, the book bases its case upon two assumptions, both, we think, quite untenable. The assumptions are: (1) That the present state of affairs is intolerable, and (2) That it is leading to a condition of even greater haphazardness, which is described as the "Servile State." Now, when one endeavours to be honest about facts, one has to confess that the present state of affairs is not at all intolerable: we all seem to be bearing up very well, especially the wage-earners, who are supposed to be resenting it with a special intensity: it is indeed those who are not wage-earners who appear to be conscious of a certain inadequacy. Of the horrors of the "Servile State" itself we can fairly judge, for this is it. To think that it is necessary to place the "Servile State" in the future is to fail to understand what is being said. It is doubly so when we observe that, on the average, at anything more "servile," even in degree, than we are at present. Certainly not in kind. Most of us serve, and appear to find it not only tolerably comfortable, but to glory in it. Indeed, "I serve" looks very well even in the tongue as a sort of amiable and obvious persons, the politicians, who are made out to play so sinister a part in the threatened conspiracy, they are not making us "servile"—they couldn't—our own private efforts in that line are not to be attributed to a desire to be simply hiding up the mess a little, presumably to make them feel happier in accepting the money they get for their jobs.

Let us brace up our nerves and look squarely at this word "servile." There is no obscure connotation attached to it. A person who has not the wherewithal to be independent of his own master, must needs be as "servile" as anyone need be under any conceivable circumstances whatsoever; and it makes very little difference who the master is, or whether there is one, or two, or a multitude. Now, the very fact that it is possible for the theoretical "organizers" to be established at this time of day, and with some show of enthusiasm, offers the best proof of how well the "servile condition" suits us all: for guilds present just another variation of the attempt to dodge the first condition of independence. To seek to establish independent efforts is not only to work oneself free from a master, but to secure an additional and more powerful master. It is not an effort towards the acquisition of property, i.e., possessions of one's own, which is the entrenchment behind which one can rule one's life after the manner of one's personal inclination: it is an unblushing announcement of a willingness to stand and deliver the little bit one has—one's energy—to the custodianship of a police possessed of far greater powers of preventing resumption of property than any individual or corporate body known to history. The very thin plea that each little thing of its own that a guild should supply, even after the practical experience of a century of representative government, deceive an infant. It is, indeed, very odd that anyone, after being witness to, and acknowledging the disappointing failure of the representative system in politics, should have started out, bald-headed to apply the self-same system to industry. Matters of politics do not concern us more than a trifle headed to apply the self-same system to industry. "Tell a tale": just where exposition is most needed they fix their base and take the position for granted. The result is propaganda: that usual misleading thing called a "constructive social proposal."

Reformers" have tried to get a comprehensive view of the "world's work"—which does not exist save in their own imagination—and they have come to neglect and hold in contempt that work viewed from its only real aspect, the personal satisfying of needs as they arise up spontaneously from each varying individual: and from thence there has sprung an erroneous notion of "economy," itself in turn closely tracked by an erroneous notion of "waste." All this amalgamation of industries this "elimination of waste" by joining up big businesses is a wild attempt to catch up with the initial error of imagining that "all" are responsible for each, which is a corollary following from that blatantly grotesque parody of a generalisation known pseudo-scientifically as "Society an Organism," of which "Members of one Body" is the geographical variety.

Perhaps never since the days of the Chartists have the activities of those belonging to the lower-paid classes of workers been in the popular estimation regarded as possessing forces so vital and fatal as the forces known as syndicalist are to-day: and while they are not put to it to give an account of the arresting quality, and more especially of the accounts in proportion to the degree in which they are fantastic, they nevertheless feel the potentiality lying in it. Now the genius of syndicalism amounts to this: it gives expression in concrete shape to a revolt against the "Society an Organism" acceptation of social life. It expresses a revolt of those who, following the lines of this theory, must presumably be against filling the rôle of the trimmings of the beard or the partings of nargels—which parts of the organism which are sacrificed in order to enhance the beauty of the whole; it voices the objections of those who are reckoned as nail-parings and clippings where others presumably are head, heart and eyes, or other indispensable, honoured and well-cared-for features. Holding up the coal-supply or the means of transit or committing any of the sundry acts of offence and destruction comprised under the label "sabotage" is the protest of the less honourable members of the body against the direction of the higher powers—the brain-what-not of the body as a whole. It is as though the rebellious hair should swiftly convert itself into whip-cord or lightning to smite the barber or his client: or as if the sacrificial finger nail from which its owner seeks to sever himself should turn into a sword with will and intention in it, and smite the hand which manipulates the scissors. The directing power of such "organism" would be such a monstrous affair as to make one doubt: so much so as to question the advisability of separating from such "members." The same notion is behind the principle "Call no man master" as against the democratic principle: "Ye are all members one of another." That this revolting spirit now keenly alive in a limited number of wage-earners should have used trade unions rather than political means as an instrument to do an "organism" defence affects the nature of its motive no more than the choice of a chopper rather than a garden-hoe would affect our motive if one were suddenly approached by a mad dog: one would have chosen which ever was handiest for the occasion.

The fact, however, that they have used the trade unions as a means has been productive of certain very interesting but very erroneous conceptions. Of the misconceptions thus created, perhaps those indicated by the writings of the authors of "National Guilds" are amongst the most noteworthy. The advocates of the guilds have endeavoured to be in the swirl of two fashions at one and the same time. Besides syndi-
calism, which is a practice rather than a theory, the most notable tendency of the last few years has been the swing from collectivism towards egoism. It is true that the crowd is just now surging in full tide towards collective labour. But even as religious and philosophic affairs: that makes no more thing to strongest forces are set against it: and the popular collectivist triumph is already tawdry and of the vulgar. Now, "National Guilds" is the effort of certain collectivists—honest enough—to cover the badges of their collectivism rapidly, as well as religious and philosophic, by saying that what it means to say, and what it will say when it is more accustomed to itself is that the workers' great quarrel with employers has been a vast irrelevance: that the workers themselves are responsible each for himself and that if they are "down" it is their business to find the ways and means of getting up: that their task is a much nearer, simpler, yet more difficult one than that of "undertaking the world's work." It is attending to their own business—not a master's nor any other—themselves finding out the means how, and applying them. When they do that on an extended scale the spectre of the "servile state" not merely in its dressed out boyer-form of state or guild socialism, but in the existence of an actually "serving" population such as at present exists in this nation will have vanished. With the renewed realisation that "each is responsible for himself and his" but not for all, the questions of the "decline of crafts," the economy of production and distribution; and "the elimination of waste" will be found to have eliminated themselves.

D. M.

**NOTICE TO READERS.**

Owing to delay in connection with the securing of the American copyright the series of articles by Miss Marsden, announced in the last issue, on the "Philosophic Basis of Egoism," is being held over. [Ed. Egoist.]

**EDITORIAL.**

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

**PUBLICATION.**

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REVIEWS.

HOWEVER often gentlemen from Highgate and the adjacent suburbs may write and protest it is never­theless true that the majority of the poetry of the last century had nothing to do with life and very little to do with poetry. There was a plague of prettiness and a plague of pomposity and several other minor diseases—such as over-much maxity, the cult of decorated adjectives, and except for Browning and a little of Swinburne there was no energy which was not bombast, no rendering of life without an Anglican moral, no aesthetic without aesthetic cant.

All that is quite a commonplace, of course, but it cannot be too strongly insisted on. As long as the writers in this country go on in a blind and almost exclusive worship of the "great figures" of the Elizabethan and of the Victorian ages, poetry will get weaker and more tedious, more feebly echoing what has been echoed ad nauseam. But there are some writers—a very few—who have more or less turned their backs on all the old stuff (not that they don't know it and haven't appreciated it and probably imitated it in their time) and are trying to put new force into the tired old English language. It is with these writers that Tan Eoos is mostly concerned.

We, the poets of to-day, are obviously concerned with to-day. Futurism—an excellent generic term—is the most powerful artistic force. And Futurism when it is properly understood is not merely a cult of the motorbus and the amusement park, but a period which is excellently made by Wyndham Lewis in his last week's "New Weekly." Futurism, as I see it, is a state of mind. It implies that one lives naturally in the great centre of Anglo-Saxon civilisation, and that one acts and thinks and writes accordingly. There is in Futurism no cult of the "simple life" in any of its many forms, no affected archaism—or affected modernity, for that matter—no sort of monkeying with life. The art of to-day—which is what is meant by Futurism, I take it—does not imply a severance with the past. It would be rather idiotic for a historian to try and chronicle the year 1914, unless he knew something of what had gone before. And it is equally idiotic for the poet to try and record the emotions of the time unless he has studied the history of his art. The danger which Futurism warns him off is the danger of becoming obsessed with the past, over-borne by old masters, to the utter exclusion of present life and the death of individuality. There can be no life or interest or beauty in an art which is produced in accordance with the canons of twenty or fifty or even a thousand years ago. They simply don't fit. That is why it is ridiculous and insane to have instead Heine or Tennyson or Congreve. And our two voices noiseless through the dark.

I have several books and magazines of poetry beside me waiting for review; a small proportion illustrates the somewhat blustering remarks I have just made and the rest is the sort of feeble imitative stuff we all complain of but haven't the courage to kill by derision.

The June number of "Poetry" will be for ever memorable on account of its publication of Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's most beautiful poem "On Heaven." I have been greatly interested in the poet's work and I am certain that one must be used here; Mr. Hueffer's poem is the greatest poem written in this century—at least in English. I hesitate to say how many other centuries I have a great dislike for superlatives but it is certain that one must be used here; Mr. Hueffer's poem is the greatest poem written in this century—at least in English.

As a rule Mr. Hueffer's poetry does not bear conveying an impression of extraordinary emotional intensity. On the contrary, it is a rule Mr. Hueffer's poetry does not bear conveying an impression of extraordinary emotional intensity. He seems to give you an impression, and he does it—in a whole poem or a whole novel. "On Heaven" is written in very much the same way, but it contains one or two passages which stand by themselves and which illustrate extremely well the great emotional quality of the poem:

"... Well, you see, in England She had a husband. And four families— His, hers, the mine, and another. Too Would have gone crazy. And, with all the rest, Eight parents, and the children, seven aunts And sixteen uncles and a grandmother. There were, besides, our names, a few real friends, And the theory of life of a monstrous heap. They made a monstrous heap. I've lain awake Whole aching nights to toil the figures up! Heap after heaps, of complications, griefs, Worries, tongue-clackings, nonsenses and shame For not making good. You see the coil there was! And the poor strained fibres of our tortured brains, And the voice that called from depth in her to depth In me . . . my God, in the dreadful nights, Through the roar of the great black winds, through the sound of the sea!

Oh agony! Oh agony! From out my breast It called whilst the dark house slept, the stairheads creaked;

From within my breast it screamed and made no sound;

And waited . . . And made no sound.

And howled like the damned. . . No sound! No sound!

Only the roar of the wind, the sound of the sea,

The tick of the clock . . .

And our two voices noiseless through the dark.

O God! O God!"

If I were doing this appreciation properly I should go on and point out how admirable that passage is because of the gradual working up of the emotion from the conversational "Well, you see," to the sudden agonised cry "O God! O God!" I should point out the art of the thing, how the mind of the artist was absolutely calm, so that these almost frenzied emotions came through quite clear and unconfused. But I am a rotten critic; there's do doubt about it. And it's better not to mess around with a very beautiful thing. And there is quite a good appreciation of Mr. Hueffer in the prose section of the number; I have no time to quote. All I can say is that when I first heard "On Heaven," I had first of all a sensation of a great tenderness and then mixed up with it a feeling that love was an extraordinary and wonderful and beautiful thing, that perhaps, after all, "God is a good man, God is a friend man," that if I'd had people talk like that about Heaven when I was sixteen I should now be a Roman Catholic as well as a sentimentalist . . . For the primary appeal of this poem is to one's sentiment—and that doesn't make it a bit the less fine and dynamic and all the rest of it. Only it gives one the perhaps too-comfortable feeling that it was written by a kindly human being instead of by a young man of immense arrogance and considerable talent and much impatience. That, after all, seems to me the difference between Mr. Hueffer and the young men he praised the other day. And it is right you for youth to be arrogant, and we hope that when les jeunes arrive at Mr. Hueffer's
time of life they will have as much kindliness and toleration and real genius as he has.

It is somewhat curious that either it is just as it should be, that Mr. Hueffer's poem should be printed in an American periodical and Mr. Frost's book of poems should be printed by an English publisher. Mr. Frost is an American and his book is American. We in England are rather apt to be scornful of American poetry—and rightly so, for there is nothing so appallingly boring as the average American cosmic poem. It is the ultimate Thule of tedium. When one realises this it doesn't take long to find out why Mr. Frost preferred an English publisher; he is not cosmic and he is not sentimental and not patriotic and—great virtue—not imitative. That is perhaps beginning at the wrong end; one should say first what he is.

I think that with our ingrained prejudice against American poetry it would be very difficult to over-praise Mr. Frost's book. He is one of the extremely few American poets who have had sufficient individuality to be American. Mr. Frost is a better poet than Whittier. He is not more interested all the time, until at the end of the book you realise that in a simple unaffected sort of way he has given you the whole life of the people "North of Boston."

The initial plunge into Mr. Frost's book is a little difficult. Quite frankly, it seems dull, devilish dull. And yet it isn't. I quite thought it was dull. I was certainly of it. And yet I have gone on reading a poem here and a poem there during the last fortnight until I am positively fascinated with the book. I think the reason for this apparent dullness is due to the monotonous cadence of the verse. Line follows line with monotonous cadence and it is only when one comes to the poem called "After Apple-Picking" that one realises how very monotonous the verse of the other poems is. I understand that Mr. Frost tries to use in his poetry the speech of every-day life. That is an excellent thing; but there is surely more variation of rhythm in our ordinary talk. It may not be so in New England; and, of course, I may be mistaken; I put it up to Mr. Frost to enlighten us on this point. Simplicity of speech, directness of treatment, episodes of life not too obviously treated—are qualities of Mr. Frost's poetry, and very excellent ones too. Occasionally the characterisation is a little vague—in "The Generations of Men," for example—but in "A Hundred Collars" it is extraordinarily good. The latter piece is very Canadian, in a rather stumpy sort of way. Mr. Frost has a very good notion of starting a poem, of "getting it in," so to speak. Thus, from "The Black Cottage":—

"We chanced in passing by that afternoon To catch it in a sort of special picture Among tar-banded ancient cherry trees, Set well back from the road in rank lodged grass, The little cottage we were speaking of A front with just a door between two windows, Fresh painted by the shower a-velvet black."

That is a very good bit of presentation; it would be almost perfect if the rhythm were shaken up a bit. That is why the poem, called "After Apple-Picking," comes with such peculiar pleasure. It has all Mr. Frost's directness and simplicity without the monotonous cadence:—

"My long two-pointed ladder's sticking through a tree Toward Heaven still, And there's a barrel that I didn't fill Beside it, and there may be two or three Apples I didn't pick upon some bough. But I am done with apple-picking now, Essence of winter sleep is on the night, The scent of apples: I am drowsing off." Etc.

I recognise in Mr. Frost a poet who has done for his part of America in his own way what we want done for London in ours. He has avoided most of the faults of contemporary poetry—and yet he has plenty of his own. That question of rhythm bothers me immensely; and yet it shouldn't. Mr. Frost is obviously a poet; one has no right, I suppose, to try and fit him to the measure of one's own poetic foot-rule.

I have to leave two or three books, including Mr. Richard Curle's study of Conrad and some reviews—Poetry and Drama and Les Soirées de Paris—until the next number.

** **

BLAST.

At the moment of going to press I have received a copy of "Blast"—at last actually out. It is a huge pink periodical of 160 pages. The title "Blast" is printed diagonally across both covers. There is no time for detailed criticism, but from a hasty glance through the manifestos and some of the contributions I can declare that this is the most amazing, energised, stimulating production I have ever seen. Death to the "English Review!" Death to the "Times!" Death to the cowardly, tedious amorphous hang-overs-on from past eras! (I have caught the manner!)

Fuller criticism in next number.

The magazine contents are as follows: Manifestos—Poems by Ezra Pound—Enemy of the Stars, by Wyndham Lewis—The Saddest Story, by Ford Madox Hueffer—Indissoluble Matrimony, by Rebecca West—Imer Fuller criticism in next number.

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A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN.

By James Joyce.

STEPHEN was once again seated beside his father in the corner of a railway carriage at Kingsbridge. He was travelling with his father by the night mail to Cork. As the train steamed out of the station he recalled his childish wonder of years before and every event of his first day at Clongowes. But he felt no wonder now. He saw the darkening lands slipping away past him, the silent telegraph-poles passing his window swiftly every four seconds, the little ginning stations, manned by a few silent sentries, flung by the mail behind her and twinkling for a moment in the darkness like fiery grains flung backwards by a runner.

He listened without sympathy to his father's evocation of Cork and of scenes of his youth—a tale broken by sighs or draughts from his pocket-flask whenever the

* North of Boston. By Robert Frost. David Nutt, 3s. 6d. net.
Along the Mardyke the trees were in bloom. They entered the grounds of the college, and were led by the garrulous porter across the quadrangle. But their progress across the gravel was brought to a halt after every dozen or so paces by some reply of the porter’s—

“Ah, do you tell me so? And is poor Pottlebody dead!”

Yes, sir. Dead, sir.”

During these halts Stephen stood awkwardly behind the two men, aware of the subject and waiting restlessly for the slow march to begin again. By the time they had crossed the quadrangle his restlessness had risen to fever. He wondered how his father, whom he knew for a shrewd, suspicious man, could be duped by the servile manners of the porter; and the lively southern speech which had entertained him all the morning now irritated his ears.

They passed into the anatomy theatre where Mr. Dedalus, the porter aiding him, searched the desks for his initials. Stephen remained in the background, depressed more than ever by the darkness and silence of the theatre, and by the air it wore of jaded and formal study. On the desk he read the word Fœtus cut several times in the dark stained wood. The sudden legend startled his blood: he seemed to feel the absent students of the college about him, and to shrink from their company. A vision of their life, which his father’s words had power to evoke, loomed across him out of the word cut in the desk. A broad-shouldered student with a moustache was cutting in the letters with a jack-knife, seriously. Other students stood or sat near him laughing at his handiwork. One jogged his elbow. The big student turned on him, frowning. He was dressed in loose grey clothes and had tan boots.

Stephen’s name was called. He hurried down the steps of the theatre so as to be as far away from the vision as he could be, and, peering closely at his father’s initials, hid his flushed face.

But the word and the vision capered before his eyes as he walked back across the quadrangle and towards the college gate. It shocked him to find in the outer world a trace of what he had deemed till then a brutish and individual malady of his own mind. His monstrous reveries came throbbing into his memory. They too had sprung up before him, suddenly and furiously out of mere words. He had soon given in to them, and allowed them to sweep across and abase his intellect, wondering always where they came from, from what den of monstrous images, and always weak and humble towards others, driven on at his father’s insistence, and sickened of himself when they had swept over him.

“Ah, bedad! And there’s the Groceries sure enough!” cried Mr. Dedalus. “You often heard me speak of the Groceries, didn’t you, Stephen. Many’s the time we went down there when our names had been called, a crowd of us, Harry Peard and little Jack Mountain, and Bob Dyas and Maurice Moriarty, the Frenchman, and Tom O’Grady and Mick Lacey that I told you of this morning, and Joey Corbet and poor little good-hearted Johnny Keever of the Tantiles.”

The leaves of the trees along the Mardyke were astir and whispering in the sunlight. A team of cricketers, walking on at his father’s side, listening to stories he had heard before, hearing again the names of the scattered and dead revellers who had been the companions of his father’s youth. And a faint sickness sighed in his heart. He recalled his own equivocal position in Belvedere, a free boy, a leader afraid of his own authority, proud and sensitive and suspicious, battling against the squalor of his life and against the
riot of his mind. The letters cut in the stained wood made him loathe
faint sickness climbed to his brain, so that for a moment he could not
do, to mix with gentlemen. When I was a young fellow, I didn't believe a
fellows. Everyone of us could do something. One was a good oarsman or a
dorias of his mind. The letters cut in the stained wood
funeral, would make him remember his father's drinking-
be buried then in the little graveyard of the community
ness and futile enthusiasms, and making him loathe himself for his own mad and filthy orgies. The spittle in his throat grew hotter and foul to swallow, and the faint sickness climbed to his brain, so that for a moment he could not
deading. He could still hear his father's voice—...
more than eighteen myself. There's that son of mine there not half my age, and I'm a better man than he is, I'm sure.

"Draw it mild now, Dedalus. I think it's time for you to take a back seat," said the gentleman who had spoken before.

"No, by God!" asserted Mr. Dedalus. "I'll sing a tenor song against him, or I'll vault a five-barred gate against him, or I'll run with him after the hounds across the country as I did thirty years ago along with the Kerry Boy and the best man for it."

"But he'll beat you here," said the little old man, tapping his forehead and raising his glass to drain it.

"Well; I hope he'll be as good a man as his father, that's all I can say," said Mr. Dedalus.

"If he is, he'll do," said the little old man.

"And thanks be to God, Johnny," said Mr. Dedalus, "that we lived so long and did so little harm."

"But did so much good, Simon," said the little old man gravelly. "Thanks be to God we lived so long and did so much good."

Stephen watched the three glasses being raised from the counter as his father and his two cronies drank to the memory of their past. An abyss of fortune or of temperament sundered him from them. His mind seemed older than theirs: it shone coldly on their strifes and happiness and regrets like a moon upon a younger earth. There was no youth or spirit stirred in him as it had stirred in them. He had known neither the pleasure of companionship with others nor the vigour of rude male health nor filial piety. Nothing stirred within his soul but a cold and cruel and loveless lust. His childhood dead was lost, and with it his soul capable of simple joys, and he was drifting amid life like the barren shell in one sweep, be it a foreshortened horse at full gallop (a circus-scene is the masterpiece of the exhibition) or a cold and cruel and loveless lust. His mind seemed older than theirs: it shone coldly on their strifes and happiness and regrets like a moon upon a younger earth. There was no youth or spirit stirred in him as it had stirred in them. He had known neither the pleasure of companionship with others nor the vigour of rude male health nor filial piety. Nothing stirred within his soul but a cold and cruel and loveless lust.

It was quick-witted of Mr. Philip Carr, founder of "Le Petit Théâtre Anglais" in Paris, and "The Little French Theatre" in London, to produce "Twelfth Night" in the original just after Paris had been charmed with the exquisite performance, at the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier, of an admirable translation by M. Théodore Lascaris, the best written so far, as I learn on good authority. Mr. Carr's imported company could face comparison with M. Copeau's, and if Mr. Carr keeps his performances up to the mark attained in "Twelfth Night," the experiment of M. Copeau in some spirited acting in England too, he is to be congratulated on his plucky venture. It will prove a pleasure to English and Americans living in Paris and of advantage to French students of the English language.

The resemblance with Beardsley makes itself particularly felt through two common features—a sense of caricature and the grotesque, as also of the arabesque often presented by natural line: caricature sometimes beginning where arabesque ends, or vice-versa. Lautrec emphasised the arabesque in a profile or in the chance arrangement of an interior, or a landscape. But the difference between Beardsley and Lautrec—contemporary artists both typical of their age—lies just here: Beardsley was a realist at the extremity where it touches realism, Lautrec a realist at the extremity where it touches idealism.

Baudelaire's criticism of Goya: "The habitual angle of his vision is more particularly fantastic or, rather, his view of things naturally transcribes them. His imagination, always more equal to that modern master, from whom most contemporary art that is good for anything directly derives, Henri de Toulouse-Lautrec, a complete collection of whose works will be exhibited at the Galerie Manzi until the 11th of this month."

The analogy between Beardsley and Lautrec, so strangely manifest, is suggested by Mr. Arthur Symons in his "Death of Peter Waydelin," this imaginary "Peter Waydelin" being a composite of the two in their personalities as in their theories. But, whereas Beardsley is the frail and shy, Lautrec, going so far as to plunder—and this is not a reproach for there are no monopolies, the test is not in the deed but in the use that is made of it—Toulouse-Lautrec evolved from a basis entirely and exclusively his own. He never borrowed. And he very soon lost the slight trace of originality with the impressionists, notably Berthe Morisot, shown in some of his earlier works (for instance, the ballet-girl against the green ground on a long panel-shaped canvas). His personality, new in all its elements, as was revealed to the full in his maturity, had indeed already made itself distinctly felt in the school-tasks of his Beauvais arts at the age of twenty. There can be no question about it: Lautrec is the greatest force in painting of the latter part of the 19th century, and however much we look about us we cannot find his equivalent in genius in contemporary art. While breaking away from them with an independence not surpassed by any artist in any time, he has all the ability of the most prestigious of the masters.

His art is both constructive and revolutionary. Lautrec brought new expression, new colours, new interpretation, new draughtsmanship. He could draw anything, and of that when breaking art's barriers of daring has always been their leading characteristic—he is the most daring, he shows the most assurance—the assurance of the exceptionally gifted. "He rips off his drawing," says a friend of mine, who calls him Chinese, alluding to something demoniacal in his work, "to the artifices of his composition, to the ingenuity of his composition, the amazing dexterity and oddness of his grimacing line. He drew in one sweep, be it a foreshortened horse at full gallop (a circus-scene is the masterpiece of the exhibition) or a human head, as though the hand had not been taken off the paper. The pencil cuts like a knife and a sketch of Lautrec's is complete at the outset, proving that there is nothing "unfinished" from a genius."

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The last issue of les Cahiers d'Aujourd'hui contains a reproduction after a drawing—a landscape—by Van Gogh; some naive prose, by Verhaeren; a short story, which is not one, by Marguerite Audoux; a piece of sordid realism by Octave Mirbeau, which is so clever that it convinces one of the expediency for the suppression of talent such as his; and some sensible remarks on that element of dull solemnity which has wormed its way into modern French literature (and art, too). The gift for boring the public has become a commodity, a means to success—it supplants pornography, erotic badinage, religion, the defence of bourgeois virtues, etc. Many authors would be totally unknown were they not so dull. Mr. Carr's imported company could face comparison with M. Copeau's, and if Mr. Carr keeps his performances up to the mark attained in "Twelfth Night," the experiment of M. Copeau in some spirited acting in England too, he is to be congratulated on his plucky venture. It will prove a pleasure to English and Americans living in Paris and of advantage to French students of the English language.

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It was quick-witted of Mr. Philip Carr, founder of "Le Petit Théâtre Anglais" in Paris, and "The Little French Theatre" in London, to produce "Twelfth Night" in the original just after Paris had been charmed with the exquisite performance, at the Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier, of an admirable translation by M. Théodore Lascaris, the best written so far, as I learn on good authority. Mr. Carr's imported company could face comparison with M. Copeau's, and if Mr. Carr keeps his performances up to the mark attained in "Twelfth Night," the experiment of M. Copeau in some spirited acting in England too, he is to be congratulated on his plucky venture. It will prove a pleasure to English and Americans living in Paris and of advantage to French students of the English language.
fully tend nature and then pass it off for spontaneity is, precisely, not honest. This cultivated dullness is, precisely, not honest. This cultivated dullness is infinitely duller than cubism (literary or graphic) however deliberately systematic. For the system of no system is the most deceptive and objectionable of all systems. It is the pharisaism of the poor; the pride of humility; theviduality, and individual thought is necessarily the resource of the limited; democracy in art, in a word—a "Christian" form of art, as a rule practised and defended by Jews and atheists.

Professor Bergson: "I am, being a philosopher, particularly happy at my admission to the Académie. I have been obliged to resort to art to express or, rather, to suggest, certain shades of inner life; and art is the Académie's special sphere. It is a capital fault of nations, and the stage is the tribune of the heart." On that point I am quite at one with M. Ghéon. But I am convinced that the abuse of alcohol gives rise to deplorable results in art. On plays with vers libres (singular alliance!) by Henri Ghéon, and recently produced at the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier: "After hearing M. Ghéon's play one is convinced that the abuse of alcohol gives rise to deplorable consequences. We had always thought so. But, supposing M. Ghéon has many drunkards who were either jolly or gifted with genius, and such as we have all met, we would have had a play where the effects of inebriety would have appeared under a pleasant angle. That is why I believe nothing can be as eloquent, when the horrors of alcoholic excess are to be revealed, as good statistics drawn up by doctors with good catalogues of precise observation."

M. Henri Ghéon, on the art of the drama: "I believe in a lyrical, general, and human expression tramscending little psychological cases, sexual conflicts or conflicts in upper-class society and such as are constantly presented to us." M. Le Cardonnel's reply: "This conviction has no doubt induced M. Ghéon to write, 'L'Eau de Vie.' Alcoholic excess can never be too violently combated. On that point I am quite at one with M. Ghéon. But I am sure the campaign against drunkenness has nothing to do with literature and, if I am not sure whether there are many better subjects than 'little psychological cases' or 'conflicts in upper-class society,' I am sure these could be more eloquently dealt with by most of our dramatic authors if they were to investigate them in a more profoundly human spirit."

Lamartine: "The drama reflects the popular history of nations, and the stage is the tribune of the heart." M. Maeterlinck, on hearing that his works had been put on the Vatican's Index (and as reported by L'Humanité): "Publisher will be delighted... other, wise only a prehistoric phenomenon of no importance."

The painter Delacroix on the painter Ingres: "The pre-eminent vice, absence of heart, soul, reason, in fact of everything that moves matutinae, is a capital fault which only satisfies vain curiosity, producing Chinese motives. It is apparent in all branches of contemporary art, irrespective of race or locality. The painter Delacroix to a priest, after seeing certain paintings by Delacroix at the Church of Saint Sulpice: "I hope Hell exists. It does—not! You are sure it does! Scream it does!" Meanwhile shaking him violently by the collar in his anger with his brother of the brush.

The function of art is to express and not to negate the vital impulses of actual life, because all truly distinctive art creation is the outcome of individuality, and individual thought is necessarily the record of personal experience, and the emanation of the intellectual conceptions which have evolved therefrom. It is in fact this supreme consciousness of vitality, of life expressed in one's desires, which identifies the individualist and fundamentally separates him from the mass, which is invariably phlegmatic and conscious only of the purely mechanical functions of existence. Hence it naturally follows that the individualist in art, through whom alone it is possible for art to develop, necessarily comes according to the standards by which the mass seeks to protect and justify its inherent lethargy. Conventions, morals and creeds are the barriers erected by mediocrity to shut out the recognition of developments which it lacks the individual initiative to cope with, and which are therefore disconcerting to the artificial paradise, without which the certitude and contentment, that are at once its stigmas and necessities, would be impossible. To preserve successfully its hallucinations it has been necessary to erect arbitrary standards of values, which totally negate the possibilities of evolution and therefore in the course of time cease to have any basis in fact and are completely dependent upon sentiment. The standards of one epoch, at best, have continually less application to those which follow in consequence of the course of evolution. Insistence on their perpetuation therefore amounts to a negation of the vital force of living development and is the pronouncing that art, essentially the intellectual expression of vitality, has become divorced from its true ends by the reverence which in the past has been paid to tradition.

Form, originally the medium for ideas, has, through the dominance of sentiment, become regarded as an end in itself, a thing to be cultivated at the expense of the spirit from which it originated. In short, art has become subject to a technical and spiritual moral-code. From being human, positive and virile, it has become idealistic, negative and consequently weak. Weakness is the first step towards disease, and the stage is the tribune of the heart." The painter Delacroix to a priest, after seeing certain paintings by Delacroix at the Church of Saint Sulpice: "I hope Hell exists. It does—not! You are sure it does! Scream it does!" Meanwhile shaking him violently by the collar in his anger with his brother of the brush.

Saint-Fiacre.

LIBERATIONS.

STUDIES OF INDIVIDUALITY IN CONTEMPORARY MUSIC.

V.—ERIK SATIE AND THE IRONIC SPIRIT.

The Egoist. July 1, 1914.
Schnuim, in works like the “Davidbandler,” “Kreisreislariana,” and certain numbers of the “Carnival,” treated jestingly of the personal eccentricities of his friends and of the exaggerations and stupidities of certain musical factions; Wagner in the “Meister­singers” pilloried his personal and political enemies; Elgar in the “Enigma Variations” for orchestra has jestingly, in his own words, “sketched the idiosyn­
crasyes of fourteen of his friends”; while Charles Martin Loeffler, in works like “The Devil’s Villanelle,” a fantasy for orchestra, has rendered the polished cruelty and sarcastic wit of his own personality against the un­
bearable platitude and sentimentality of the accepted unimag­
itive music in which is mentally identical with the poems of Baudelaire, Rollinat, and Iwak Giklin.

Then also we have occasional moments of satire such as the treatment of the quadrat—

“Why all the saints and sages who discussed
Of the two worlds so learnedly, are thrust
Like foolish prophets forth, their words to scorn
Are scattered, and their mouths are filled with dust,”
in Granville Bantock’s “Omar Khayyam,” which is set to a polyphonic accompaniment deliberately borrowed from Bach.

But it will be apparent that most of these examples have a bias which mitigates their general application and in many cases are isolated expressions of revolt; while the more pure and more consistent satire is to be found in the works of Erik Satie.

Certain songs and piano­forte pieces by Moussorgsky, such as “The Seminarist,” “The Classicist,” “The Swaggerer,” and “The Peepshow,” and the sardonic jesting which underlies works such as “The Night­March” and the symphonic­phantastical tone­picture “The Conqueror” by Emil Reznicek, afford better material for comparison. The realism which dominated Moussorgsky and which is strongly apparent in the later work of Reznicek does not exercise so powerful an influence in the compositions of Erik Satie. The whole of his satire seems to be directed against intellectual weakness and the mental postures of formalism. Nothing escapes his penetration. Passatist classicism and romanticism, religious affection and hypo­erisy, bourgeois snobbery and complacent l-heargy, pedantry, sentimentality and superficiality of all kinds, are the subjects of his pitiless examination and mockery. Yet, withal, there is not trace of the dissecting knife in his work. So delicately and gracefully does he handle his subjects that were they material beings instead of minds, they would be described by the en­

“pieces froides” ([1] Pour un Chien), “Chapitres tournés dansent.”

The “Trois Morceau en Forme de Poire, avec une manière de commencement, une prolongation du même et un en plus, suivi d’un redite” ([1) Pastorale, (2) Choral, (3) Fugue]) are ironic quips at the mean­
ingless formalism of classical music, and the two Fugues “En Habit de Cheval!” ([1] Choral Fugue Litanique, (2) Autre Choral Fugue de Papier) partake of the same characteristics, the first being a jape at the affected humility of Christian ritual, while the second is a satire on the meaningless­ness of variation in the compositions of certain polyphonie com­posers.

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directly to a strongly marked cadence which is emphasised by the pause which immediately succeeds it. Then with a kind of blind insistence two passages from the earlier part of the work are reiterated, augmented by pompous chords in the bass. To these immediately succeeds a peculiarly inconclusive unison passage, with which the work ends. The atmospheric treatment of harmonic material produces a series of cadences. As a result of this the expressive effect by their faithful reflection of the incongruous blend of austerity and sensuous luxury which is apparent in most religious rituals, and also in the works of the "idealistic" writers. The whole spirit of this composition reminds one forcibly of certain ironic passages in French literature.

In the cycle "Chapitres tournés en tous sens" the musical structure is based on the slightest possible material, thus reducing the medium of expression to its bare essentials. By this method the logical conclusion of Moussorgsky's music-dramas Boris Godunov and "Khovanchina" and the absence of musical tautology which characterises the "Five Characteristic Pieces for Orchestra," Op. 16, and the "Six Little Piano Pieces," Op. 19, by Arnold Schönberg, Erik Satie repudiates the musical ostentation of the past and at the same time attains a caustic brevity which gives an added point to the works. The first number, "Le Ruiné," ridicules the superficality of empty femininity and the mean-mindedness which delights in a wearisome elaboration of meaningless and obvious superficialities—in short, the spirit of gossip. Its text may be briefly summarised as follows:—A vapid female chats to her husband. Her conversation is indicated by a ludicrously garrulous theme strongly reminiscent of certain classical compositions, above which a reiterated figure marks the impotence of the unfortunate husband. Regardless of this the wife demands his attentions. "Événement !" and then proceeds to detail current gossip and express her annoyance. "J'ai envie d'un chapeau en acajou massif." "Madame Chose a un paraplui en os."—Mademoiselle machin épouse un homme qui est sec comme un coucou."

The discomfit of the husband expresses itself in an exasperatingly luxurious theme, to which the wife responds by a further demand for attention, "Ecoute-moi donc!" and continues her chatter, "La concierge dort dans son tout petit lit. Son très vieux grand-père lui parle trop." "C'est une pierre ponce," and is a satire on the superficial affectations and brings them into direct touch with health and sanity.

The second piece, "Le porteur de grosses pierres," has the following note attached to the title, "Il les porte sur le dos son air est narquois et rempli de certitude. Sa force étonne les petits enfants. Nous le voyons alors le vieil homme doué de superbe bonté et de santé de plomb. En somme, il est comme un dieu, en outre, un petit dieu, un héros, un déesse, un dieu."

The third piece is a satire of unhealthy seclusion and the dense lethargy of the middle class. The three numbers of the "Véritables Préludes Piano Pieces," Op. 19, which are studies of dog-life are treated symbolically after the manner employed by Elstermincke in "The Blue Bird," but with keener satirical insight.

The "Vieux Séquins et vieilles Cuirasses" are satires on the prevalent sentimentalities towards the past. The first number, "Danse Cuirassée" (période Grecque), is a jest at the expense of the stereotyped formalism into which Greek plastic art degenerated, and is made additionally absurd by being based on a very bald bugle call. It concludes with bass octaves as "the dancers each receive a stroke of a sable which splits their heads."

The plan of the third piece, "La Défaite des Cimbres," is indicated by the following note, "Un tout petit enfant dort dans son tout petit lit. Son très vieux grand-père lui fait journellement une sorte d'étrange tout petit ours d'Histoire générale, puisée dans ses vagues souvenirs. Souvent il lui parle du célèbre roi Dagobert de Monsieur le Duc de Marlborough et du grand général romain Marius. En rêve, le tout petit enfant voit ces héros combattant les Cimbres, à la journée de Mons-en-Puelle (398)." The exaggeratedly naive themes are treated with a freakish impressionism which reflects admirably the spirit of the text and which reaches a climax with the final grotesque hymnical phrase "Le Sacre de Charles X., to which is attached the ironic direction "(267 bis)"—to be repeated 267 times."

"Les Paupers Fantastique" (Fragment pour orchestre d'après le poème de Valentine de Saint Point) is a highly refined satire on the lack of individuality and ideas exhibited in the average ballet. It is especially interesting because it directly connects Satie with the Metachory or Dance of Ideas created by Valentine de Saint Point, wherein the primary importance is given, not to fixed steps and movements but to the intellectual meaning conveyed by the synthetic outline of the dance rhythms. It is also interesting as an expression of the modern struggle for mental freedom in music, and is allied in spirit to the rhythmic innovations of Balilla Pratelli, Florent Schmitt, Igor Stravinsky, and other composers of the Céребрист and Futurist groups.

It is impossible to over-estimate the influence for artistic sanity which the works of Erik Satie are bound to exercise over musical thought. The superficial standards of average criticism have caused him for a period to be regarded as a mere buffoon, but with the growth of intellectual appreciation in music, the true significance of his work has become apparent, and beyond all doubt the future will recognise in him a powerful factor in musical development, the expresor of a sense of proportion and order in life and art, and a source of mental affections and brings them into direct touch with health and sanity.

LEIGH HENRY.

SUFFRAGETTES.

HERE is perhaps nothing more enjoyable, nothing so sustaining to the inner sense of one's own nobility than to suffer martyrdom or exile for the sake of a cause or of an idea which one believes noble. Miss Christabel Pankhurst has about as much intellect as a guinea-pig but she has a sense of values, of subjective emotions which have carried her far beyond her period to be regarded as a mere buffoon, but with the growth of intellectual appreciation in music, the true significance of his work has become apparent, and beyond all doubt the future will recognise in him a powerful factor in musical development, the expresor of a sense of proportion and order in life and art, and a source of mental affections and brings them into direct touch with health and sanity.

As to "the cause," it is just—and in a sense absurd. I mean there is only one valid argument against the vote. The clique which runs this country must, oh, at all costs, must keep up the fiction that the vote is of some use.

They fear presumably that if the masses should ever find out or begin to believe in the incompetence of the vote, they would then begin to act. We suppose that they would be shot? Let us cease to talk about "ifs." It suits the convenience of our rulers that we should believe in voting, in suffrage as a universal panacea for our own stupidities. As a syndicalist, somewhat atributive, I disbelieve vigorously in any recognition of political institutions, of the Fabian Society, John Galworthy, and so on.

The duty of literate men and of all women is to keep a bit of the sense of proportion which sounds bunyan of things. And Sylvia, her sister, is also getting a lot out of life. It is glorious and stimulating to ride on a stretcher at the head of a loyal mob. I do not pity these young ladies. I regard them with envy, at least they "will have lived," they will always have that to look back upon if they survive it.

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LEIGH HENRY.
model of life to the rabble and to ages to come. It is not our duty to fuss about Sunday closing or minimum wage or any other attempt to make hell less hell-like for the lower classes.

Economics are not the muddle that they are made out to be. Were it not for the hideous immoralities preached by the established churches we should go at life as befits rational literate animals. If they have children, or if they have too many, they sink.

The rich are those who do not have too many children. The poor are those who do have too many children. It takes a generation or so to establish the classes.

A sensible man or woman attempts to earn food, and not to have more wives, husbands, and children than he or she can support.

He or she will not waste his or her energy in mucking with politics or economics but in keeping alight the flame of science and knowledge and the arts, and in setting a fine example of living.

It is only the discoveries of science and of genius that remain. You can preach till you are blue about the importance of and implacable hostility to a few war-trusts, a few factories that provide war gear and war scares. You have half a billion sterlings set up against you. Submarines, and Ulivi if he perfects his machine, do the job before or without you. The needs pass. Politics are fit for a certain type of arrested man. A medieval king was a sort of high sheriff. No one now cares a hang about medieval kings and no one wants to be chief of police.

Only a few people, and those not of the nicest, have any hankering after the job of Prime Minister. Some one likes to be employed to look after our traffic and sewage, one grants that. But a superintendence of sewage is not the sole function of man. Certain stupid and honest people should, doubtless, be delegated for the purpose. There politics ends for the enlightened man.

The enlightened man should forgother with other enlightened men and plant for the preservation of enlightenment. That is to say, he should form his syndicat. The joiners, etc., who have interests in common should form their syndicats.

These syndicats should work on things as they are, on inevitable and implacable hostilities, on various forms of sloth and avarice. One puts up with the infamy of an over-stocked government service, and a lot of lazy over-paid parsons, etc., etc., because life is too short to waste it reforming or trying to reform this inferno. As for feminine suffrage in its relations to present conditions.

We have to do with justice, not with truth—no barrister, no judge, no politician deals with, or searches for these things. We have to do with something like the laws of bridge-whist, which do not pretend to be a research after justice and the primal verities. As for feminine suffrage in its relations to present conditions.

Any minister, any man impassioned for "justice" must grant that the demand for suffrage is just. On the other hand it is foolish. It is foolish because it is a demand for a shadow, a useless thing, but it is a thing to which the women have every "right."

The suffragettes as a body are foolish, not only because they demand a shadow, but because of their tactics. They seem to have very little intellect of their campaign, and yet the proposition before them is so difficult that they have need of a very great deal of intellect if they are to win out.

I don't mean that they are all utter imbeciles. Their position is very difficult. It is quite possible that if all the "male intellect" in the country went over to their side they would not even then hold the cards for a win.

As for their actions of late: It is not to say "we deplore violence"; we all like the violence so long as they don't smash our own windows. We all like to see big headlines. We like the papers to have racy bits of news in 'em. We like to read of bombs and explosions. The undergraduate in all of us survives up to that extent—unless we have property or interests in danger.

To be logical, however, the suffragettes should destroy only national property. They are, strictly speaking, illegal. They are, however, outlaws enjoying as much protection from the state by which they are outlawed as do the active members of that state, i.e., the voters. It may not be the height of prudence to forfeit that even incomplete protection from violence and some other forms of annoyance. They are outlaws under a truce, under a truce which they have every "right" to forfeit if they choose.

Their right to attack in that case is the right to attack national property, national pictures, etc., not pictures belonging to Mr. Sargent. Their smashing of national treasures is more commendable, for instance, than would be a smashing of Mr. Asquith, who is not a national treasure, but only the treasure of a faction. So that in so far as they have refrained from assassinations, etc., they have been wise. They have been more just than their opponents.

Their attack on a hospital doctor would seem also logical. No man is by virtue of his contract as prison surgeon bound to take part in tortures worthy of a medieval dungeon. The surgeon would seem to be the natural dispenser of justice. Sufficient reason is that the ruling syndicat recognizes the outlawry and withdraws its tacit habitual protection of the outlaws, have they any chance of success sufficient to warrant their war?

I mean simply that a general who takes certain risks in war is courtmalled if he fails. Personally I want them to vote. They have played a sporting game. If men like Balfour of Burleigh have a "right" to play a certain silly form of tip-cat called voting, then women who are willing to die for an idea (however stupid) have an equal right to spend a few minutes a year in a stuffy polling booth.

"Ultimately everything that they must win." Ideas, however stupid, that people are willing to suffer for, always "win." I mean they get a run for their money, they rule, sooner or later, for an indefinite period. Those who oppose the suffrage lay up for themselves a period of future infamy. That much they can promise themselves. A certain number of people will spit upon their tombs.

I write from outside the struggle. It is all one to me whether these women want to vote about district inspection of milk-cans, or whether they want the right to walk on shepherds' stilts.
The forces against them are sufficiently discussed elsewhere. They have for them, boredom, the weariness of the 'unjust judge.' They have the mob's tacit approval of violence, of anything that causes excitement, they have their own conviction, their own love of adventure, their hatred of traditional forms of feminine ennui, they have the force of male sentimentality or chivalry working in their favour. They have the 'justice' of their cause, for whatever that bagatelle may be worth. The intellectuals' hatred of politicians and of politics is in their favour, this is only the passive favour of spectators who will do nothing for them save talk now and then.

They have the passionate fury that official caddishness or the spectacle of Sir Almroth Wright stirs up in the intelligent mind.

The Male mind does not want to be bothered with Asquith or Wright or their kind. Politics is amfit for men, it may be good enough for women, we doubt it. The male mind does not want a state run by women, or by 'old women.' Torture disgusts the male mind. The male parent disturbed by a row is apt to chastise all the disturbers quite impartially.

In the middle ages the 'affairs' were, we suppose, in the hands of Jews and lawyers. The male moulded. He fought and occasionally won castles and lost them by chicane. If the control of the state were in 'male' control, women would have the vote for the asking. . . . and it would do them no good.

Politics is unfit for a intelligent mind.

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"To him, as to all Yorkshiremen, the horse was a noble animal."

—Idem.

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—Idem.

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—Idem.

"FOOTPRINTS OF THE ANCIENT SCOTTISH CHURCHES."

—Times Literary Supplement.

"JOHN LONG'S POPULAR NOVELS."

—Times Literary Supplement advt.

"In Milton epic poetry culminates and Mr. Abercrombie, who is nothing if not a Miltonian, explains why."

—Times Literary Supplement. Why?

"There are so many critics and their criticisms are so varied, and so few observers really come with open minds and observe with the strictly impersonal impartiality which should be the mark of the scientist. Some insist that our policy is overripe for dissolution, others that it is an outrage upon the sacred name of civilisation, while a third set opine that all is for the best in the best of all possible states. The Chief of Ichalkaranji
belongs rather to the third category, and in giving ample evidence of the keeness of his observations has with the perfection of politeness allowed himself to be dumb as to the shortcomings of his hosts and has permitted the hand of courtesy to turn aside the doubtless well-merited scourgé of reproof."

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"Have they?"

"He lets his aesthetic judgment choose its own sweet course, and as his standard of taste is high he wastes no time on the tribal lay or the ballad."

"It is no new thing to discover how much may be gleaned from well-harvested fields by a skilful and patient toiler."

"This method and this attitude of mind have great merits, but it must be confessed that they also have rather serious defects."

"In Tasso and Camoens the consciousness of Europe awakens."

"The general moral of the whole volume we take to be, that important as the study of war on land is to military officers and the study of war on the sea to naval officers, and difficult as the pursuit of both these studies must be, alike from the nature of the case and from the intractability and inaccessibility of much of their material, yet far more important, and certainly not less difficult, is the synthetic study of war simultaneously conducted both on land and on the sea."

"They are very human letters; and the humanity of them flashes upon us as we inquire which of the many sights he saw excited the young traveller's keenest admiration. It was not the Parthenon, or St. Sophia, or St. Peter's, or anything in any of the museums or picture galleries—it was Lady Hamilton."

"NET SALES.

(Chaste and restrained.)

"What the lyric really is, he discusses in his opening chapter, but decides, so far as we can gather, that the lyric is really indefinable—something, as Mr. E. B. Reed puts it, 'above any formula that may be devised.'"

"On Tuesday next Messrs. Macmillan will issue a volume entitled 'The Mind of the Disciples,' by the Rev. Neville S. Talbot, Fellow, Tutor, and Chaplain of Balliol College, Oxford, written for those members of the Church who, while the search for historical truth in regard to Christianity becomes more and more complex and specialised, may feel in doubt respecting what they should believe and teach."

"This study of the Egyptian Queen will command the attention due to the work of a writer who, as Inspector-General of Antiquities for the Government of Egypt, has had for many years a close association with Alexandria, Cleopatra's capital, and a daily familiarity with Greek and Egyptian antiquities; and the more so, perhaps, as far as the general public is concerned, because he has definitely avoided encumbering his pages with historical references and apparatus. His object, in estimating Cleopatra, is to realise more fully than is usually done her own point of view, her difficulties, and the moral standard of her time; and so to award her a fairer judgment."

"It is all to the good, therefore, that they should be out of the common ruck; they have a consistency of their own, and their creator must not be judged by other people's standards. That is to say, Miss Kaye-Smith has reached an enviable stage among novelists."

"Lucille is a heroine worthy of love."

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

"Virile in method, the scope of the action also is far-flung. Whether in the English scenes or amidst the arid setting of the East—whether Mars or Venus be in the ascendant—Mr. Wren makes his plagues boldy."

I T is the greatest mistake to suppose, as some writers do, that Futurists—the real Futurists—are Futurists for a lark or advertisement. There are, of course, persons who are imitation Futurists either because they are deficient in a sense of humour or because they hope to be mistaken for pioneers of intensive Futurist farming. They are simple and harmless creatures who have Futurism thrust upon them or take it as some beings take measles, because it is the fashion. But the real Futurist is not to be confused with them any more than his "Vital Anglo-Italian Art" is to be confused with Art itself. He is in fact a born Futurist. He futurises because he cannot help it, because he is made for it, because he cannot go beyond it. He is like an impure Art itself. He is in fact a born Futurist. He futurises his "Vital Anglo-Italian Art" is to be confused with Art itself. His object, and as his standard of taste is high he wastes no time on the tribal lay or the ballad."

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THE NEW DRIVING FORCE.
What perplexes even Miss Marsden, and very certainly most of your contributors, is the fact that the common man refuses to recognise his own bumbling. On the contrary, he supports generously, volubly and obviously empty-headed persons who endorse his absurdity with moral and logical arguments, written and spoken, which are the baffle of them all. We are the young age of the present. For electricity is not new. It is, in fact, as old as the universe itself and perhaps the only elemental part of that it is, if not altogether the universal soul it is something near it. It is at least the great driving force behind phenomena. Electricity is his physical and mental possession. It accounts for his energy, courage and pugnacity. We all know how pugnacious he can be. A layman approaching an ordinary average painter would cause him much trouble. Electricity has clogged up with mechanical consequences the very way through which the old driving force or spirit of the Present should pass. Science has confined and debilitated the Present.

Out of the electrified field so produced has sprung a peculiar, particular and exclusive type of electric interpreter. Electricity is his physical and mental possession. It accounts for his energy, courage and pugnacity. We all know how pugnacious he can be. A layman approaching an ordinary average painter would cause him much trouble. Electricity has clogged up with mechanical consequences the very way through which the old driving force or spirit of the Present should pass. Science has confined and debilitated the Present.

To-day is witness of this immoderate and immoral use of the Present. Nevertheless, your friends' views are, to my mind at any rate, and to say the least, defensible, whereas those of the common man are obviously absurd and self-contradictory.

THE UNCONSCIOUS SELF.

To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM.

Your paper consists in great part of views differing widely from what the common man imagines to be his views. Nevertheless, your friends' views are, to my mind at any rate, and to say the least, defensible, whereas those of the common man are obviously absurd and self-contradictory.

The way and motion of the eternal. To-day is witness of this immoderate and immoral use of the Present. With the discovery of electricity the Present has once more degenerated into the Age. By a scientific trick it has become the New Age of Electronics, whereas the New Age of the Present. For electricity is not new. It is, in fact, as old as the universe itself and perhaps the only elemental part of that it is, if not altogether the universal soul it is something near it.

The maintenance of this temperature is a process taking place in normal neuro-nervous conditions as well as in the plane of consciousness. The unconscious mind takes to memory and knowledge of certain facts tending to a plus of self-respect, and of those tending to a minus, and deals with them in a manner similar to that in which the conscious mind would deal with them, say, as observing them in another, but with much less concern for facts and events and much less respect for the conscious mind would dare to show. A man is proud of a thing in spite of himself, as the phrase goes. Detrimental facts are driven into oblivion, or twisted about, or confused with other and advantageous facts; the final result is a greater or less balance. This the unconscious mind presents to consciousness as a director who calmly communicates the result to the shareholders. If the state of affairs is dangerously near an unavoidable balance on the wrong side, a strong pressure will be exerted on the conscious mind to find the means to good the deficiency. Freud has shown how a vast amount of nervous disease results from the subconsciousness being unable to properly dispose of unpleasant and shocking factors. His researches have shown us what a disreputable, shady sort of creature the unconscious self may be and generally is. Nevertheless, it is of certain value and is determined by upon race, tradition, upbringing, public opinion, and of course, personal peculiarity.

Correspondence.

To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM.

Your paper consists in great part of views differing widely from what the common man imagines to be his views. Nevertheless, your friends' views are, to my mind at any rate, and to say the least, defensible, whereas those of the common man are obviously absurd and self-contradictory.
The patriot, poet, are food for popular journalism; and they happen often enough, since the man and his passion are often enough strangely dual. On the other hand, let the man of passion prove dangerous, and they will defend themselves like cattle against a lion. Combine fiery passion and a direct onslaught upon values, and you get crucifixion as the inevitable consequence. I come to commonplace.

The origin of distrust of pleasure. To the Editor, The Egoist.

Madam,

R. R. W. asked why most folks think most sex-pleasures wrong even when there is no cruelty in them. I answered, "because they are pleasures," and then I explained this seeming paradox at some length. R. R. W. seems to have read the first few words and not the explanation; for he asks me, "why do we distrust pleasure?" I might answer "See Egoist of May 1st," but as most folks give away, lend, mislay, or burn back numbers even of The Egoist, I suppose I had better try to explain again and in other words. And this time I will venture on the religious side of the matter, and risk ridicule. 

I will take one instance. The observation of the practices and morality of a religious sect is one of chief resources of the common man to nourish himself. Commonly, when the other chief sources, material and human possession, would be power and prosperity, increases in yield for the individual or the society to be considered and a practice to be adopted. The most cruellest of its burdens. On the other hand, you have the present age in Europe, apparently freeing itself from superstition and puritanism; some sanguine people believes an age of sane living and making the most of the beauty and joy of life is approaching. I doubt it. When the unconscious masses of men with conscious minds do not think the same thing, and their conscious minds so much farther in proportion, then—that but will be a long time.

Perhaps The Egoist will tell us how the value of egoism for the common man's balance sheet is to be raised to the point of compensating the disappearance of other items. For me, Egoism postulates a high civilization. I fear this "verbal age" needs nothing more pressingly than the verbal raps and blankets you bid it cast off. High temperature Egos are born, and not made.

H. Stafford Hatfield.

The origin of distrust of pleasure.

Caldwell Harpur.
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