By REMY DE GOURMONT.

"Bouvard penchait vers le neptunisme; Pécuchet, au contraire, était plutonien."—Flaubert.

WE must not boast too much of tradition. It is no great merit to place our feet exactly in the tracks which indicate the road; it is a natural tendency. Though it is not very wrong to give way to this tendency, it is better to attempt a new path. Necessarily, it becomes confounded here and there with the old. We must resign ourselves, but without arrogance. The deed is less meritorious than unavoidable.

Tradition is a great power opposing the originality of writers. That is why the present so strangely resembles the immediate past, which again resembles the preceding past. This subjection, which is always very oppressive, even in epochs of apparent literary innovation, tends to become a real yoke when the fashion is obedience to tradition. Hence the literary eighteenth century, hence the literature of the First Empire.

There is the continuous tradition and there is the renewed tradition. They must not be confounded. The seventeenth century believed that it was renewing the bond with antiquity. The Romanticists believed that they had rediscovered the Middle Ages. These discontinued traditions are more fertile when the period which is renewed is distant and unknown.

It seems then that to-day would be a propitious moment for renewing the seventeenth century. It is an illusion. The seventeenth century, with its appearance of distance, is infinitely near us. It has served as a part of our education. It is known even to those who have not frequented it. We still breathe its atmosphere. Everything derived from it would savour of imitation.

Tradition—I find it everywhere. All the past can be a part of tradition. Why this and not that? Why the laborious mysticism of Bossuet and not the spontaneous irony of Voltaire?

Tradition is sometimes nothing more than a bibliography, sometimes a library. Brunetiére was a bibliography; Saint-Beuve a library.

"The best French writer of the seventeenth century is Hélisenne de Crenne," I was informed by a woman who possessed a somewhat feminist erudition, and who, beside that, was a bibliophile.
People who say to me, "You are in the tradition of Montaigne," amuse me, for I am no great reader of the "Essais"—a fact of which I am almost ashamed. The greater part of the discoveries of professors on the formation of minds is of this sort. The traditional man cannot see analogous tendencies in two minds without thinking the later comer is an imitator of the earlier. School habits.

My tradition is not very French; it is European. I cannot deny Shakespeare, Dante, and Byron, who taught me what poetry is; nor Goethe, who enchanted my reason; nor Schopenhauer, who began my philosophical education: I cannot deny Nietzsche, who gave a principle for my repugnance to spiritualist morality; I cannot deny Swift and Cervantes. And yet the two first books which opened the world to my soul were Stendhal's "Amour" and Flaubert's "Madame Bovary," found in a cupboard of the house!

A curate who taught me Latin during the war, when the schools were shut, revealed Molière to me. I have always been grateful to curates on that account. The remainder of the classics was matter for lessons and impositions. I read them much later in life. Such is my tradition.

What most strikes me in the young men of to-day is their docility. They learn what is taught them. In my time a professor had no authority. We recognised in him a mission for preparing us for a degree.

In the second class I took my rhetoric (old style); in rhetoric, my philosophy; in philosophy, verses. I was a boarder.

My knowledge of French literature came slowly. I preferred foreigners at first. When I was thirty I still knew nothing of the seventeenth century, whose pulpit-smell pursued me down to the day when I handled the old editions.

This kink in my mind, this scorn of anything taught, has caused me to be behindhand in certain things, in advance in others.

I have often fought against my natural tendencies, often praised a state which was quite inaccessible to me; and several of my books are merely protests against myself.

For a long time I have had no aggressive opinions on anything, but, with the debris of my old convictions, interior principles have been formed in me with which I judge even those matters on which I am silent.

They are neo-classic; that is to say that they wish to be classic immediately, without passing through a flatening mill! Ronsard has been three hundred and fifty years becoming a classic and the Chanson de Roland eight hundred years.

We are always tempted to imitate what we love, when we do not love enough. Push love as far as admiration; admiration discourages.

The true "classics" of the seventeenth century, the models for all men of taste, are to-day forgotten. They were Patru, Balzac, d'Abancourt. Boileau in his day was a breaker of dishes.

The punishment of the tribe of professors is that it is eternally destined to despise La Fontaine alive and to venerate him dead. The great classic poet was first of all a kind of Foschon, who entered life with his hat over one ear and with a girl on each arm. He has the reputation of a Théophile, but la Bruyère, at that time, still hesitated between Théophile and Malherbe.

The true tradition of the French mind is the liberty of the mind. To discuss all questions anew, to admit none save those which can be resolved a priori, only to admit the best reasons and to consider as the best those which contain a principle of independence. To remember that no tradition is worth the tradition of liberty. To be oneself, to disregard those who speak to one in the name of a dogma, but not to be one's own dupe, and not to wish to impose on others that liberty of which the constitution of their brains renders them incapable.

Preferences! A good word to use in a matter of literary taste or even philosophical. It contains no negation, no dogmatism.

Yet some negations are necessary; there must also be a little dogmatism. Deny bravely what your taste does not relish. Affirm valiantly what you like. You are, then you are also a tradition.

And you are more complex than you imagine. However religious you are, be certain you are also slightly Voltairian. However positive you think yourself, you contain in yourself so much mysticism that you would be terrified if you could see everything clearly. Your admiration is for the great classics, but if you were quite sincere you would admit that nothing has so taken you as the beautiful works of romanticism.

At bottom everything in literature is useless except literary pleasure, but literary pleasure depends upon the quality of sensibility. All discussions die against the wall of personal sensibility, which is flesh on the inside and on the outside is a wall of stone. There is a way to turn it about, but this you do not know.

We have put art above everything and it must remain there in spite of those who wish to replace it by opinions. I put Candide and René into my sack. Take away your Voltairian blague and Chateaubriand faith; they have nothing to do with me.

The French tradition is so vast, so contradictory, that it lends itself to all tastes. A famous poet once told me that his master was Dorat. Why not? I might have liked Dorat myself if I had known him.

How heavy is the burden of this literary tradition, which goes (let us not pass the fourteenth century) from Emile Deschamps to Verlaine, across Villon, Rabelais, Ronsard, Montaigne, Malherbe, Corneille, Bossuet, Voltaire, Rousseau, Chateaubriand, Hugo, Saint-Beuve, Flaubert, and so many others.

It is chaos, a bog in the forest. We can no longer see the sky. Cut them! Cut them!

They have taken beforehand all my words, all my phrases, all my ideas. Oh, these obligatory ancestors! They bind me. They suffocate me. Far from drawing a way to turn it about, but this you do not know. The true tradition of the French mind is the liberty of the mind. To discuss all questions anew, to admit none save those which can be resolved a priori, only to admit the best reasons and to consider as the best those which contain a principle of independence. To remember that no tradition is worth the tradition of liberty. To be oneself, to disregard those who speak to one in the name of a dogma, but not to be one's own dupe, and not to wish to impose on others that liberty of which the constitution of their brains renders them incapable.

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The notion which enables the Saviours of Society to develop their steamiest heads is that of "equality," and to take this notion to pieces is a process after the nature of a cold douche which should do much to reduce the humanitarian temperature to the level of common sense.

On the face of it the task is difficult because of the elusive element in the enthusiasts' advocacy, for the first comment which they will make after affirming that all men are equal is that they are quite ready to grant you that they are not. But one must have patience with a humanitarian: being a verbalist he must be given ground-room to set up his catch-words, and labels: else what is he? And if with patience you let him run on with his discourse, somewhere approaching the finish he will begin to show what he means as opposed to what he originally has said. Out of the twisted phrases one gathers what the egalitarians mean is not that "all men are equal," but that they are "equal in the eyes of God," or that they are "equal before the law," or that they ought (blessed word!) to have "equal opportunities," or that they have "a right to equal treatment"; Mr. Bernard Shaw would say that they ought to have equal incomes. There are other earnings of the phrases, "levellings up" and "levellings down," but these already cited will serve.

Between them there is little in common to serve as a connecting link. Each requires to be taken singly on its individual merit. The most illuminating, if the most vulnerable, is the one that men are "equal before God": and we need not worry to ascertain the meaning of God before seeking to learn why it is enough to know where we may find him. It is commonly agreed that whatever God's nature, his abode is in the human heart, and that whatever response comes from that intimate quarter will be inflected with the voice of God. Now it is the heart which is the most emphatic in its denial that men are equal: the tricks of verbalism may go as far as they can but when feeling is more than skin-deep it remains unaffected by mere expression of opinion. Individual feeling is not merely aware that one is not the differ from all the others: it acquiesces with a sense of satisfaction which is the secret of the hold which every form of genuine sport has upon the best elements of human nature. A desire to test and call into full evidence the amount of disparity another is the motive behind every competition. To maintain a fair field and no favour in order to clinch the matter: to be satisfied to let the best man win in ungrudging recognition of "inequality": these are the best traditions of virile spirit, and furnish the evidence that worth is shown not merely in the possession in a high degree of power, but also in intelligence which is capable of recognising it even at its own expense. If the "eyes of God" have looked with favour on anything it has been upon the sporting instinct of good losers as well as good winners, and these same eyes have been always ready to frown on those who claimed to be equal with all men.

If in claiming to be equal in the eyes of God, inferiors have presumed on their merits overmuch, in maintaining that we are all "equal before the law," the superiors have presumed overmuch upon our lack of understanding, for it is a catch which could deceive only the excessively stupid. Before the law was, we were—unequal: that is why the law was necessary to perpetuate the inequalities of power and possessions. Consider, for instance, the law prohibiting theft, which is made to prevent those who have little or nothing from attacking those who have much. The poor man has scarcely anything that the rich man would care to own. He has the energy of his limbs, and the law is so framed that even this comes easily within the rich man's reach. The law is irrelevant as regards the rich who could have no sane motive in coming by possessions in the prohibited ways. Should they indulge in them it is, as a matter of fact, regarded as insanity, and "kleptomania" is a recognised feature of "pathological crime." That there are no laws against rent, interest, and profits, or against speculating for profit proves that by instinct the law has kept clear of any attempt to put a term to the obtaining of the lavish rewards which is a natural and proper feature of "inequality." There is to be no counting of heads and sharing up if the trend of the law is to count for anything. It assumes that initiative is, and is likely to remain, at a premium.

When the equality argument shifts to claims of "rights to equal opportunity," "rights to receive equal treatment," "equal income," it becomes obvious that the assertion about all men being "equal" has in reality been abandoned, and the theory of what we should call the "Other Persons" has been resumed. It is the shadow of the "Other Persons" which hangs over all these rights to deserts which one's own powers fall short of obtaining. It has its roots in the dependence on the feeding-bottle and apron-strings; it is the refusal of responsibility which seeks for the protection of the fostering parent in the outer world at the age when the fostering of the parent would naturally come to an end. It looks to the world to press opportunity upon it as it aforetime found the parent pressing the bottle. It is a misapprehension due to a false analogy. Opportunity is not like cake which exists apart from one's ability to eat it. An opportunity only becomes one when it is seized. It is the power which can use it which strikes the hour for the advent of opportunity. Opportunity is the form in which power asserts itself. It is there or not according as power is there. To ask for equal opportunity is to ask to be endowed with the powers of someone else. What can be another's opportunity might not be ours. What shape our opportunity will take depends upon what kind of power we have. Whether we have any opportunities or not depends upon whether we have any power or not. If one has power in one's self everything will turn to opportunity; if one has not, the most obviously open avenues will appear blocked as with impassable walls. Power exploits everything which is amenable to it; lack of it means just inability to exploit anything. To have an opportunity means to be able to exploit; i.e., to use what is at hand. To ask to have opportunities provided is to show inability to use an opportunity, as a fretting infant turning from one nourishing food to another will be unable to get benefit from any. A parent may care to protect and arduously keep alight the unhealthy flicker of life, but it is a mistake to imagine that others will do this without demanding a price. What the price is reveals itself in the sequel.

As for equal treatment. "Treatment" is the retort according to kind. Gunpowder is treated as becomes gunpowder, gossamer as becomes gossamer. People are treated according as they are, i.e., for what they respond to. The egalitarian would have men treated as they imagine some ideal person called "Man," whom they have in mind, should be treated; but as men are unlike this "Man" as cheese is unlike chalk, the treatment is not forthcoming. A person who is a shuffling hanger-on will not be treated as though he were a strong independent self-reliant individual. He will be treated, i.e., used; i.e., exploited for what he is, just as the strong man will be exploited for what he is. He will get as his total income what he appears to be worth to anyone to whom he cares to put the delicate question: to his
To be “free” in its meaning of “unrestricted” implies dependence upon the exercise of an embargo put upon the forces of the “Other Persons” in the interests of those persons who are to be kept “free.” It sets itself to the removal of obstacles by others to make clear the free and equal status accorded to the down-and-outs by others of a different order is called “being free.” This freedom extends exactly the length of the chain of permission. They become “Freed men”: a permitted status very redolent of associations with another. And the higher order is very paternal, very protective, very anxious for the good of its protégés as long as this does not interfere too much with its own. Let there be no misunderstanding about the paternal spirit, the sand upon which the edifice of democracy is built. To recognise it for what it is is not to under-value it. Most of us are very good-natured and fraternal when it comes to the pinch, and when we are in the mood for it can be protective and what not. Only, people cannot have their cake and eat it. They cannot press for the granting of bogus courtesy “rights” and then complain that the respect which goes with genuine ones is not accorded them. They cannot cry out for the protective offices of a state and then cry out that the Government of a community made up of free and equal Americans could be introduced holus bolus into ancient civilisations of which the foundations were fixed on a basis of slavery, mitigated here and there by local differences; a truly fantastic misconception. From a highly particularised situation they risked an impossible generalisation; from the mists of picked Americans they generalised upon the Rights of Man. How this generalisation has broken down is now open for all to see—notwithstanding the fact that the “liberty” and “equality” elements of the American experiment have been so exceedingly well lubricated with the “fraternity” element, a foreign element which, at the outset, it became clear would be necessary to make the scheme work at all in the slave states of Europe. The European theorists, however, who were fired with this spectacle of American “free and equal” institutions, failed to grasp the fact that those social arrangements were secondary: wholly relative to the particular conditions in which they took rise. They deluded themselves into imagining that the conditions of free and equal Americans could be introduced holus bolus into ancient civilisations of which the foundations were fixed on a basis of slavery, mitigated here and there by local differences; a truly fantastic misconception. From a highly particularised situation they risked an impossible generalisation; from the mists of picked Americans they generalised upon the Rights of Man. How this generalisation has broken down is now open for all to see—notwithstanding the fact that the “liberty” and “equality” elements of the American experiment have been so exceedingly well lubricated with the “fraternity” element, a foreign element which, at the outset, it became clear would be necessary to make the scheme work at all in the slave states of Europe.

There is something pathetic—as well as ludicrous—in this wordy attempt of modern democracy, boldly to assert “rights” which they are bankrupt of power to validate, i.e., to justify, i.e., to make good in power as well as in words. Its century and a half of a hearing is a standing monument of the extraordinary hypnotism which words wholly divorced from sense can exercise. Perhaps the delusion owes part of its success to the fact that the soil in which it settled was so well prepared. The religious notion that there existed an external authority from which all bounties flowed had much to do with the ready belief that rights and powers could be conferred. The not unreasonable expectation to have any force with his fellows. For him it has force as a whim, and that—his own: just as arctic exploration has had force with certain explorers. Or rather it would be possible to argue that it had such force with him, did he make a real but idle attempt to practise it; which unfortunately for the strengthening of one’s belief in his genuine convictions regarding this matter, but unfortunately as regards one’s belief in his common sense he shows no sign of doing. And was it not the implied in his low feat we feel justified in leaving “equality of incomes.”

However difficult it may be to coax from the egalitarians a coherent statement as to their main position, it is not at all difficult to track the notion of equality in its modern preposterous democratic sense back to its source. The grotesque misconceptions on which modern democratic theory is based are the outcome of a misunderstanding in the force behind the idea of an independence which sheer accident concentrated the attention of the civilised world. The nature of American political institutions following upon the successful issue of the War of Independence was not fixed under the influence of an underlying intellectual theory. It was the natural adjustment to the fact that the American rebels were what they were—capable farmers—owning and working their own land, bearing and knowing the effective use of arms. There was no large servile element amongst them. They were of a picked stock; self-assertive and powerful; too powerful to brook control—as the history of the early American settlements offers sufficient evidence. If they were not the equals one of another, at least there were none so inferior in native power amongst them as to encourage interference with impunity. It was because they were just what they were that the American constitution fitted their needs. The constitution was an adjustment fitted to free men, i.e., powerful men. The rights which it guaranteed them represented the terms of a bargain which each one could justly contract for. Their rigidity was a consequence of their individual might.

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what is necessary on account of their incompetence in order to flatter a stronger person with a view to getting more out of him. It is a sort of commerce in lowering of status in order to be accorded a measure of charity, over and above the terms of a bargain. In this connotation there is a strong current of servility in the superior one's heart, when seeing the crawling object he can exclaim "Thank God I am not as this one." That servility of this sort is despised is just a matter of taste, for it usually turns in the long run to an increase in the servile one's competence. Though he fails, yet he has the necessary audacity of certain that his plunge will enable him to climb a little higher: that is, if he does not mistake his man and actually receive a sound kicking from the superior one's boot in a burst of repulsion against the figure he cuts. Nine out of ten even of the poorest prefer as a matter of taste not to descend in this particular kind of way, or to take such offensive risks.

But this meaning of servile is not the actual meaning as used in the phrase Servile State, though it is upon association with it that those who use it rely to make the notion odious. With utter futility, nevertheless, since the Servile State as intended by the alarmists who use it, is merely the description of any community where the great disparity between the productive skill makes the initiative of certain of its members and those of others is so great as to deter the latter from the exercise of initiative. Wherever this disparity exists there must exist as the outcome of it two classes: one class which feels that it dare take certain risks; break away from the herd and strike out on its own; and another that dare not and therefore cannot. The latter will divide themselves up on terms of wages to serve on the former's schemes. So there obtains on the one hand, initiative, imagination, knowledge of human conditions and wants, and readiness for responsibility; on the other hand, toil, more or less heavy with skill more or less elementary; the two classes being joined together by the bond of wages for services rendered. One requires nothing more than this to postulate of necessity a Servile State, which lessibbonantly labelled would be a Servant-State, since services are paid for in wages; just as when services are paid for in kind it was a Slave-state. For the wage-system is not a cause, it is an effect; indeed, it is misleading to talk of wages: for wages exist not in the system as a whole: it is a design planned beforehand and laid on a situation, as an irrigation system, or a canal system, or a railroad system is a design laid upon the natural lie of the land or flow of the water. Working for wages is natural in the sense that the rivers and primitive country are natural, or as the circulatory system of the body. It is bound up with the heights and depths of human ability; the natural differences in endowment of power back to which all changes (i.e., all systems by which it is overlaid), must revert in the long run. It is not to be seen in "construction" or, in its destruction is possible, likely or desirable,—it is only to describe it—to say that the present wage-system is merely an adjustment of the old slave-system, where, on the one hand, the granting of a certain amount of initiative, places the order, dictates the prices (good ones because it amuses her) she is willing and able to pay and the "workers" as usual work on the scheme of someone else. Not only are they working on the lines of other people's purposefulness and initiative, but they are backward in the organiser of sentimental goodwill alive in this sentimental age. One hopes they like it; and like raising their caps and giving My Lady Beneficent three cheers when she graciously goes down to the works to say good-bye to the "dear poor grand old men" before her departure to India. It would perhaps be too much to hope that they proceeded to add a pious if silent prayer that she would go to blazes, and felt a rebelling itch against this all too, too gentle touch: perhaps the democratic, paternal influence has gone too far to expect anything other than crosses between lap-dogs and draught-horses in their relationships with employers.

The experiment itself might very well be compared in one aspect at least with the system of "pay" in the Army. The very good-natured but excessively unobservant work on the wage-system to which we referred at length in our last issue has this remark: "Do officers ever dream of wages? Do they say they are going on half-salary? No. They go on half-pay... If it is obvious, it is not, that the verbal distinctions disclose substantial material differences.

Now Mrs. Besant's protégés might very well consider that they were receiving not wages but pay, as they do in the Army. For the difference between the two appears to be that wages are wages when the person who pays them—the initiator from the workman's point of view—in doing so is comparing them with a total computation which he has in his mind which he calls natural in the sense that the rivers and primitive country are natural, or as the circulatory system of the body. It is bound up with the heights and depths of human ability; the natural differences in endowment of power back to which all changes (i.e., all systems by which it is overlaid), must revert in the long run. It is not to be seen in "construction" or, in its destruction is possible, likely or desirable,—it is only to describe it—to say that the present wage-system is merely an adjustment of the old slave-system, where, on the one hand, the granting of a certain amount of initiative, places the order, dictates the prices (good ones because it amuses her) she is willing and able to pay and the "workers" as usual work on the scheme of someone else. Not only are they working on the lines of other people's purposefulness and initiative, but they are backward in the organiser of sentimental goodwill alive in this sentimental age. One hopes they like it; and like raising their caps and giving My Lady Beneficent three cheers when she graciously goes down to the works to say good-bye to the "dear poor grand old men" before her departure to India. It would perhaps be too much to hope that they proceeded to add a pious if silent prayer that she would go to blazes, and felt a rebelling itch against this all too, too gentle touch: perhaps the democratic, paternal influence has gone too far to expect anything other than crosses between lap-dogs and draught-horses in their relationships with employers.

But consider the experiment of the letting direct to the workmen the contract for the new Theosophical Building. What does it prove? That the men can do the work off their own bat, and assert their power to absorb profits? Not at all. It merely proves that if a wealthy woman has a fad that can be run by money she will be able to give it a run, with exactly the same incentive which moves Sir Thomas Lipton, for instance, to keep on building new yachts. As long as the money holds out one can do as one pleases: pay as good prices as there are in the market, and so on. I do not see how such a scheme can be a failure. There is everything which ordinarily goes to make a job a success. Mrs. Besant supplies the initiative, places the order, dictates the prices (good ones because it amuses her) she is willing and able to pay and the "workers" as usual work on the scheme of someone else. Not only are they working on the lines of other people's purposefulness and initiative, but they are backward in the organiser of sentimental goodwill alive in this sentimental age. One hopes they like it; and like raising their caps and giving My Lady Beneficent three cheers when she graciously goes down to the works to say good-bye to the "dear poor grand old men" before her departure to India. It would perhaps be too much to hope that they proceeded to add a pious if silent prayer that she would go to blazes, and felt a rebelling itch against this all too, too gentle touch: perhaps the democratic, paternal influence has gone too far to expect anything other than crosses between lap-dogs and draught-horses in their relationships with employers.
understood the arbitrary character of good-will they would save themselves from calculations which can only lead them in pursuit of social mirage. It is the failure to apprehend its spasmodic nature, and the fleeting and accidental conditions upon which it is based that keeps so many of us spending the best energies of our youth planning mistaken good things for a mythical class called the poor. And making part and parcel with all this miscomprehended goodwill is a sinister meaning which has come to be attached to the term "to exploit," which after all means nothing more diabolical than "to use or to "bring out possible developments." It is not for those who know how to exploit anything whatsoever to attend to their ways: it is for those who hitherto have known but meagrely how to turn anything to use, to augment their power. It is their move: their turn to exploit. Attempted embezzlement of other’s exploitations will always fail in the long run: for those who know how to exploit know that there are many more ways than one to a desired end. Embargs are negative, empty of positive power. The positive power shows itself in use: in creative activity. To set about exploitation off one’s own bat is, that initiative and enterprise on their own that the "workers" need. It is the lack of it which keeps them still in the serving class. It is its possession which makes masters.

* * *

We might here perhaps revert to the question of "moral wrappings" concerning which Mr. Stafford Hatfield raised some interesting considerations in our last issue. Before doing so let us give a report of the progress egoist doctrine is making in the direction of the multitude. If any reader of The Egoist by chance saw a copy of the "New Statesman" Literary Supplement of June 27th, he must have been led to wonder how long Mr. Bernard Shaw had been a silent convert before breaking silence thus:

"The highest forms (i.e., of art), like the lowest, are necessarily immoral because the morals of the community are simply its habits, good and bad; and the highest habits, like the lowest, are not attained to by enough people to make them general and therefore moral. Morality, in fact, is only popularity; and popular notions of virtuous conduct will always fail in a nation in the front rank of humanity than popular notions of science and art will keep it in the front rank of culture. Ragtimes are more moral than Beethoven's Symphonies."

What next? We are in danger of becoming popular! It is true that the "New Age" put the last sentence in a column which it calls "current events," but then is it not in the "New Age" where one may read of the "changeless laws of morality"? However, to Mr. Hatfield, Mr. Hatfield's query in substance is: "What compensating values does the egoist offer to the moralist in exchange for the depreciated values of social authority?" We offer nothing and suggest no such exchange.

* * *

Let us be clear. We do not conceive ourselves as offering egoist-vests in exchange for popular moralists-overcoats. We would not willingly make a convert of one who found comfort in moral wrappings, which wrappings we conceive to be of the nature of skins rather than garments: the outer layers of which drop off only when the new skin is ready grown underneath. Whenever an amoralist argument is addressed to the moralist, he is purely self-defence: its intent is to splinter the fangs of their watch-dogs on the hard bone of deduction where they expected to bury them deep into flesh: quite different from its intent when addressed to friends where it is merely for amusement and the pleasure of common understanding. That it is necessary to be able to state one's creed upon occasion to the herd: to be able to oppose a single lightning stroke as a fit reply to innumerable pin-pricks and wasp-bites, the fate of the author of "Dorian Gray" makes clear. For a dazzling intelligence to suffer itself to be shamed to death by the rabble is a shocking and offensive thing. Yet a brilliantly audacious and adventurous life, only half-self-conscious, and consequently only half-expressed, must of its very nature invite it, and—almost as hard a thing—allow of one's friends perpetuating the unintelligent ground attack even after the event. (Here anent a recent trial in the courts bearing somewhat on this issue we might point out that Oscar Wilde spoke with the inaccuracy of impatience when he said that books were neither moral nor immoral. As a matter of fact they tend either one way or the other: one would be sorry to be accused of writing a book with a moral tendency. And by a friend, too!) However, again coming back to the subject, apart from the putting of oneself in such a position that, should the herd presume to issue a challenge, the cost shall be theirs, the amoralist has no message for the moralist. In any case, such a message would not arrive, and for the only valid egoistic reason: that if "true," it would not serve his purpose. It is therefore, for him, not true: the skin is still alive and sticks. And for the rest, what does it matter? The situation is met when the amoralist has succeeded in making the moralist realise that it will be well with him only if he minds his manners.

* * *

Conscience and Mr. Harpur (see correspondence in last issue) must be deferred to a later.

D. M.

ARCHITECTURE.

The soul aflutter for loveliness shall look
On symmetries in stone;—pure spires and towers
Are eloquent to it as flowing curves of flowers,
Of the large gladness that God meant
That we should sleep and wrestle in—the plan
From which on the first morning He made man
And drew the perfect paths where planets went.
That soul leaves work one day and high and low
Seeks through the cumbered town, until somewhere
It finds a piece of building gravely fair;
It stands at rest, as if it looked on snow
And hears the melody to which we grow.

TO ONE DEAD.

So you have died—you are not with us here;
You have taken the last soft step,
From the deep dissolution, out from the fear;
You have passed out there, humble, supreme;
We had guessed at the mystery you had long known,
You have wept, till you turned, sighed, and made it
Your body lies clear in surrender,
And hears the melody to which we grow.

We wince not, we kneel and think long, long of you.
We had guessed at—and now in your face
Some imminent encounter has been passed,
Of ineffable experience as, at last,
The passing was veiled in a splendour
We but guess at—and now in your face
We had wept, till you turned, sighed, and made it
Your body lies clear in surrender,
Resting and ready it gave up its charge,
The passing was veiled in a splendour
We but guess at—and now in your face
We had wept, till you turned, sighed, and made it
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Your body lies clear in surrender,
“DUBLINERS” AND MR. JAMES JOYCE.

FREEDOM from sloppiness is so rare in contemporary English prose that one might well say simply, “Mr. Joyce’s book of short stories is prose free from sloppiness,” and leave the intelligent reader ready to run from his study immediately to spend three and sixpence on the volume.

Unfortunately one’s credit as a critic is insufficient to produce this result.

The readers of Tatler, having had Mr. Joyce under their eyes for some months, will scarcely need to have his qualities pointed out to them. Both they and the paper have been very fortunate in his collaboration.

Mr. Joyce writes a clear hard prose. He deals with subjective things, but he presents them with such clarity of outline that he might be dealing with locomotives or with builders’ specifications. For that reason one can read Mr. Joyce without feeling that one is conferring a favour. I must put this thing my own way. I know about 165 authors. About once a year I read something contemporary without feeling that I am softening the path for poor Jones or poor Pulante do Tul. I can say every good piece of French writing and pick up a piece of writing by Mr. Joyce without feeling as if my head were being stuffed through a cushion. There are still impressionists about and I dare say they claim Mr. Joyce. I admire impressionist writers. English prose writers who haven’t got as far as impressionism (that is to say, 95 per cent. of English writers of prose and verse) are a bore.

Impressionism has, however, two meanings, or perhaps I had better say, the word “impressionism” gives two different “impressions.”

There is a school of prose writers, and of verse writers for that matter, whose forerunner was Stendhal and whose founder was Flaubert. The followers of Flaubert deal in exact presentation. They are often so intent on exact presentation that they neglect intensity, selection, and concentration. They are perhaps the most clarifying and they have been perhaps the most beneficial force in modern writing.

There is another set, mostly of verse writers, who found themselves not upon anybody’s writing but upon the pictures of Monet. Every movement in painting picks up a few writers who try to imitate in words what someone has done in paint. Thus one writer saw a picture by Monet and talked of “pink pigs blossoming on a bed” and another writer talked of “slate-blue” hair and “raspberry-coloured flanks.”

These “impressionists” who write an imitation of Monet’s softness instead of writing in imitation of Flaubert’s definiteness, are a bore, a grimy, or perhaps I should say, a rosy, floribund bore.

The spirit of a decade strikes properly upon all of the arts. There are “parallel movements.” Their causes and their effects may not seem, superficially, similar.

This mimicking of painting ten or twenty years late, is not in the least the same as the “literary movement” parallel to the painting movement imitated.

The force that leads a poet to leave out a moral reflection may lead a painter to leave out representation. The resultant poem may not suggest the resultant picture at all. A committee room, Little Chandler, a nonentity, a boarding house full of clerks—these are his subjects and he treats them all in such a manner that they are worthy subjects of art.

Francis Jammes, Charles Vildrac and D. H. Lawrence have written short narratives in verse, trying, it would seem, to present situations as clearly as prose writers have done, or more briefly, Mr. Joyce is engaged in a similar condensation. He has kept to prose not needing the privilege supposedly accorded to verse to justify his method.

I think that he excels most of the impressionist writers because of his more rigorous selection, because of his exclusion of all unnecessary detail.

There is a very clear demarcation between unnecessary detail and irrelevant detail. An impressionist friend of mine talks to me a good deal about “preparing effects,” and on that score he justifies much unnecessary detail, which is not “irrelevant,” but which ends by being wearisome and by putting one out of conceit with his narrative.

Mr. Joyce’s more rigorous selection of the presented detail marks him, I think, as belonging to my own generation, that is, to the “nineteen-tens,” not to the decade between “the nineties” and to-day.

At any rate these stories and the novel now appearing in serial form are such as to win for Mr. Joyce a very definite place among English contemporaries. Mr. Joyce does not merely a place in the “Novels of the Week” column, and our writers of good clear prose are so few that we cannot afford to confuse or to overlook them.

EZRA POUND.

“DUBLINERS,” by James Joyce. Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.
PASSING PARIS

To escape realism and attain art it is necessary to have steeped in reality (I believe it is given to few). The finite opens out the infinite, truth is fond of hiding under word-play. Poetry that does not bear the stamp of experienced emotion may still be poetry—instance that of Edgar Allan Poe. Though not born of emotion it may impel it. There are emotions and emotions: the cheap and the rare. While rejecting the former we ignore the latter, for without them where would be the world? As I am not intending to enumerate negations I will only say that much so-called poetry which is not linear, subjectively or objectively emotive, or musical, can, at best, only be an inventory of observations, a glossary of metaphor, or a mere technical feat. But everyone knows this.

He who transcends reality is he who has the keenest perception of it. The more intimate our contact with life the more distant our flights beyond may be. One of the most imaginative artists in the world to-day, of Celtic birth, would, as a child, lie on the ground with her ears and eyes as near the earth, as near the blade of grass, the creeping insect, as she could, questioning there what others seek in the skies. We obtain views as vast by looking inwards as by looking outwards. It is not the object seen which reveals, but the eye which sees.

There are expressions which, owing to a rupture of balance between the physical and the spiritual, the concrete and the abstract, are as valueless through their lack of form as, at the opposite pole, are realism and materialism. They are aimless, diffused, obscure, distressing and often reiterating like feverish dreams. If examples are wanted I will mention, at haphazard, many of the drawings and some of the writings of Blake, Rimbaud's poetry, the illustrations of Odilon Redon, some of Gustave Moreau's paintings. These expressions are from minds which have, as the French say, lost their foothold. They are, according to the popular term, but not in the popular sense, unbalanced. And art is balance: harmonious, and, if possible, exact, between perception and reason, abstract spirituality and concrete reality. In a word—consciousness. Art and poetry which are not conscious do not answer their purpose, and have as little effect or consequence as the hallucinations alluded to. They bring no new light. They are mere accumulations of uneloquent, sterile, mental chaos, as useless—since they are without key—as Robinson Crusoe's store of money was to him on his island.

This balance, failing which a work of art is without stamina and condemned in advance, whatever its other attractions may be, we find in the poems of Guy-Charles Cros, recently quoted here by Mr. Aldington, and classed by him as "fantaisistes." If this term implies that Mr. Cros is a poet among poets then it may be granted him, but if it catalogues him in some particular faction, sect, or schism, then it must be corrected, for Mr. Cros is affiliated to none such, and would resent being thus herded. He follows his own independent direction, and if, as he has said,

Nous voulons la beauté nouvelle, nous qui dansons sur les tombeaux !

Gardes Mozart et Raphael,
Beethoven, Shakespeare, Marc-Aurele ;
moi, j'ai choisi d'être indéfini,
je ne salue pas vos drapeaux,†

he wishes "the world's beauty to rise afresh in him each morning," and partnership means stagnation. His independence permits him to vary his metre, to
cadencés fortement ou de façon insensible,
Que mes poèmes soient rimés ou non,
cadençés fortement ou de façon insensible,
je sais que j'écris des vers qui resteront,
et je me ris des théories et des doctrines.

He has, doubtless, written many poems—and perhaps the above may be of these—which are "fantaisistes" and whimsical in the sense that are Verlaine's, but one of his latest, published in Le Double Bouquet for June, can hardly be so qualified:

Tôt nous avions quitté la petite maison
dont le bas mur ventra aux houles des moissons
oppose un mur infranchissable,
et nous avions gagné l'abri de la forêt
vers où, tous ses buissons perleux encore, grimpait
un paressieux chemin de sable.

La carrière s'ouvrait, blanche, au soleil nouveau ;
larabesque rapide et nue d'un chant d'oiseau s'inscrivait sur le bleu silence.
Nous montions lentement, et le peuple des feuilles,
plus dense à chaque pas, nous saluait au seuil
enchanté de ses nefs immenses.

Ceci n'est pas l'theorical remark about the poems of Guy-Charles Cros—poems quivering with subdued excitement, burning with aspiration, or whipping forth irony, impertinent with devil-may-careness, often distinctly sensual, but the sensuality is a means, not an end:

L'amour, non, ce n'est pas ces femmes possédées
jusqu'au soubresaut, jusqu'à la plainte ;
ce n'est pas ces cris, ce n'est pas ces étreintes,
i ces ardeurs si vite exténuées.
Ce n'est pas ces mains qu'on baise, ni ces corps qu'on
dévoue
avec une triste hâte déjà déguée,
ni ces pauvres joies dont on se souvient plus
sîtôt que quelques jours ont passés, lents, sur elles. Non.—C'est un battement d'ailes, un essor du corps et de l'âme vers plus haut, vers un nouveaux quartiers de l'âme, vers le divin, le fraternel, d'absurde abstait et de follemence charnel. vers quelque sommet blanc plus vierge que les mots! C'est la chanson de l'arbre en juillet, sous l'averse; c'est un éclair intermittent qui nous traverse, et à qui rien ne correspond hors de nous-mêmes, sinon que le soleil, plus vivant, nous transperce, et que la nuit est plus étoilée, quand on aime.

(love, he writes, "is a flutter of wings")—poems—sttingly sad, always in exquisite taste, since the emotions they reflect are never strained and the theme is never unduly diluted—but it is more than can be said of much poetry, however otherwise distinguished it may be; they are interesting, for a breath of life always animates, without disturbing, the art of their fine, easy, polished form; and not one of them but is nourished with savorous substance.

But how inadequate, how unfair is quotation, how utterly unsatisfactory is criticism, unless borne out by the complete work. How can one extract the juice and flavour from fruit which is all juice and flavour?

*M * *

Monsieur Guy-Charles Cros belongs to an exceptional family, the most exceptional member of which was his father, Charles Cros, a semi-Hindoo, an extraordinary man both of science and of letters. "His personality should be as familiar as that of the greatest celebrities," wrote a chronicler of his life (M. de Bersaucourt) recently. As a child of eleven he studied Eastern languages from books he found on the quays and at the public courses at the Sorbonne. At sixteen he taught Hebrew and Sanskrit. Later he became teacher of chemistry to a class of deaf and dumb pupils, then studied medicine and practised without taking his degree, which he always declined to be troubled with. This modern Paracelsus made a number of discoveries for mental power and perception. Humanity, evolving as in the force of the intellectual conception which it expresses. The whole trend of evolution evinces with persistently increasing emphasis the growing necessity for mental power and perception. Humanity, evolving as compared with the work preceding it, and it is there necessary in dealing with artistic innovations to arrive at a just estimate of their values and proportions. The true criticism of an art-work is not regulated by its conformity with preconceived conceptions or standards, but by the force and originality of its internal quality and the adequacy with which it conveys the individuality of personal thought resultant from their personal application and concentration.

SAINT FIACRE.
Commencing to write under the immediate influence of an intimate acquaintance with the works of Chopin, his earlier compositions are but little more than refections of the mannerisms of that master; they display a tendency towards a more advanced technical structure, and are often more direct in expression. Written almost without exception in the form of the sonata (Walz, Op. 1; Etudes, Op. 2, and E. M. I., Op. 3; Sonata No. 1, Op. 4; Preludes and Nocturnes, Op. 8, 9, 11, 13, 15, 16, 17, and 22; Impromptus, Op. 7, 10, 12, and 14; Allegro de Concert, Op. 18; and Polonaise, Op. 21), they are seldom more than delicate but somewhat superficial realisations of the emotional and technical brilliancy, the productions of a conscious possession of executive facility and the artificial associations of the salon.

The Sonatas Nos. 1 and 3, Opp. 6 and 25, Sonata Fantasia No. 2, Op. 19, and the Concerto in F sharp for pianoforte and orchestra Opus 30, while displaying deeper emotion and stronger technical texture than the works of the composer upon which they are in general modelled, give no indication of the intellectual consciousness which is so apparent in Scriabine's later work, although the third Sonata evinces a marked development in the composer's perception of harmonic significance.

Following on this initial phase, Scriabine came under the influence of his earlier affected style, though it must be admitted that it does not descend to the bathos of the Liebestraum and kindred works. The Fantasia, Op. 28, and the Preludes, Op. 27, 31 and 33, are little more than exploitations of the pianoforte as a medium for executive skill, though decidedly on a higher level than the Rhapsodies Honroises and the sensational Concert Studies of the earlier composer. The Sonata No. 4, Op. 39, although containing more thoughtful material than in most of Scriabine's preceding works, is marred by its evident melodramatic straining after effect; but the Two Poems, Op. 32, and the Tragic Poem, Op. 34, contain much which worthily reflects the sincerity evinced in Liszt's Petrachas Sonnet and the Symphonic Poems, while the Satanic Poem approaches in spirit, but with more moderate dramatic power, that of the same composer's Nocturne and Mephisto Waltz from the Two Episodes from "Faust" after Nicolaus Lenau.

But in all these works the full expression of Scriabine is obviously limited by the bias of the executive pianist; the symphonic works for orchestra, being unaffected by this obstacle, are more truly indicative of his mental development.

The Symphony in F major No. 1, Op. 38, may be traced directly to the intellectual influence exercised by an increased acquaintance with the symphonic compositions of Liszt, and immediately precedes the symphonic work of Liszt's later period. It is the first work by Scriabine which definitely presents an intellectual programme and is the logical outcome of the type of composition represented by the Hungarian composer's Symphonic Poem No. 12 (The Ideal). While harking but little in common with the intricate and subtle quality of Scriabine's later work it is of extreme interest in that it denotes a definite realisation of the intellectual elements of music and a wider dramatic significance which surrounded the truly individual art-works. Scored for full orchestra and chorus the complex mental elements which combine in artistic creations are suggested in the texture and combinations of the instrumental writings, above which the chorus enunciates a thoughtful exposition of the composer's intellectual motives culminating in an apotheosis of the interpretative function of art at the words "Glory be to Art for Ever and Ever."

The Second Symphony in C major, Op. 29, is scored for orchestra alone, occasioned by a much greater concentration of thought and a more comprehensive expression. Scriabine presents the combined introspective and spiritual influences which are the sources of mental personality, and in a subtle undercurrent of that ultimacy and dedication of their wider dramatic import. Technically the music is considerably in advance of the symphony preceding it and evinces in the tentative experimental trend of its harmonic material and the freedom of its instrumental treatment a manifestation of the composer's realisation of the progressive force of conscious individuality.

The signs of intellectual consciousness first evident in these works grow persistently stronger in those following. The Preludes, Op. 37 and 39, and the Poem, Op. 41, for pianoforte are marked by a concentrated attention to and search for tonal significance and a continual striving towards the elimination of all artificiality which might obscure the mental conception animating the form. There is also evident an intensified perception of the dramatic significance of musical colour which is shown in the vivid and often violent contrast of harmonic material, while occasionally abortive owing to crude manipulation, is of extreme interest when regarded as an attempt to correlate and extend the interpretative quality of the earlier expression, and as a truly comprehensive exposition of creative impulse, which are further denoted by the rhythmic quality of the Eight Studies, Op. 42, attain their first perfectly coherent realisation in the Third Symphony in C major, Op. 43 (The Divine Poem). The achievement of the composer is the realisation of the complex motives which make up the broad dramaticism of creative activity and marks the true appearance of Scriabine as a liberated and individual thinker in music. Presenting a number of mental motifs through complex associations of them in thematic expression, it enables us to realise the dramatic outline by which such incidents are embraced, and thus contains the first definite postulation of the sublime creative style which gives to the later work of Scriabine a distinct and significant character. The qualities first evident in this work are developed with increasing surety in the Fantasic Poem, Op. 45, the Four Pieces (Fragility, Prelude, Winged Poem, and Languid Dace), Op. 51, and the Sonata No. 5, Op. 63.

The fourth symphonic work, The Poem of Eestasy, Op. 54, which is not described as a symphony proper, presents the wider dramatic aspect of the elements resulting in estascy; the state which arises from and transcends all portentious and comprehensive conception, and which has been the subject of much work of the previous epoch, is the most complete exposition up to the present of the luminous colour-attributes of certain harmonic combinations and also contains the initial manifestation of the new six-tone chord-scale (roughly describable as the first, second, third and sixth intervals of the diatonic scale, with sharp fourth and flat seventh, the fifth being omitted) which Scriabine has constructed from the fundamental harmonic dualities. The inspiration and quality so evident in the older mystical writings and the later work of Friedrich Nietzsche. It is peculiarly interesting in that it first displays Scriabine's discovery of the cosmic relationship of the organisation of the structure of the universe, the "autonomous" six-tone chord-scale (Fire, is the most complete exposition up to the present of the "savage and bellekese"). Op. 56.

The fifth symphonic work, Prometheus: The Poem of Fire, is the most complete exposition up to the present of both Scriabine's philosophic conceptions and technical methods. For those of us who are not theosophists the programme, which is the very antithesis of the "savage and bellekese", is a thoughtful exposition of the intellectual motives culminating in an apotheosis of the interpretative function of art at the words "Glory be to Art for Ever and Ever."
of fire, the sacred spark which ignites human intelligence and self-conciousness, and its full significance can best be appreciated by a brief outline of its general scheme.

The opening movement, Lento, commences with a harmonic combination (the chord of the ninth with an augmented fifth) directly derived from the new scale material, inaugurated by Scriabine. The nebulous atmosphere, composed of wind, above the roll of timpani, creating an effect of primeval chaos. A theme for horns, marked "calm and contemplative," emerges from this chaotic background and is succeeded by the Prometheus motive, given to trumpets and marked "imperious," which is intended to convey the spirit of creative will. The shadowy atmosphere becomes impregnated with increasing vitality, while a new theme marked "contemplative" is given out by flutes and horns and alternates with the Promethean theme which is now taken up by the pianoforte. This section, indicative of the process of mental awakening, is followed by a joyous and animated passage for pianoforte, which conveys the freshness and strength of human consciousness. This gives place to a languorous motive for wood-wind, indicating a thirst for more intense vitality, after which the pianoforte continues in a passage marked "very animated, glittering" to express material and intellectual development. Later human love and desire, with the consciousness of pain, enter, the pianoforte having a passage marked "voluptuous, almost with anguish," while a rapturous motive for solo flute and cor inglesse, above viola and harp, is frequently recurrent. To this succeeded themes of enthusiasm, fascination and defiance, each with a significant mood-section being preceded by a fresh announcement of the Promethean theme. Conflict enters and grows to a stormy climax which ends in a passage marked "piercing as a cry." Thenceforward a more purely intellectual animation, significant of man's access to a new science, and sound. Furthermore, the correlative trend to extend the scope of this combination by a fusion of the primary and secondary arts, introducing not only melodic parts, together with the harmonic development in polytonic chords postulated by M. Villermé, have their direct analogy in the free use of colour and disintegration of form and light employed by the modern Parisian group of Simultanist painters, whose theories are so admirably interpreted by their creator, Madame Sonia Delaunay, in her Premier Livre Simultané, and which have their literary counterpart in the new poetic aesthetic of Symbolism originated by H. M. Barzun. This latter conception may be summarised briefly as a rendering of the indistinct and sensations simultaneously as they actually occur, and not in the sequential manner which has been customary in the poems of the past.

Then also we have musical elision, or elimination of superfluous transitions, a method which closely approximates not only to the accessible human imagination and the condensed metaphors and words at liberty advocated by Marinetti and the Italian Futurists.

The simplification which is a feature of Post Impressionism and of modern scenic settings has an evident and close relationship to the free use of unresolved dissonances and negation of key-relationships which characterise the works of Debssey, Roland Manuel, and other French composers, while the octave leaps in Schönberg's pianoforte works have a direct analogy in the methods of the Pointillists.

In addition to these developments we have the later poems of Guillaume Apollinaire, which dispense with punctuation, and the form of which is, in spirit, closely allied to the repudiation of bar divisions and time signatures evinced in the work of Ernest Austin and Erik Satie.

Furthermore, in the polyrhythmic innovations of Pratella, Sibelius, and Strawinsky, is evinced not only the strong relationship with the liberated verse form established by Verhaeren and Gustave Kahn, but an evident musical emanation from the same forces as have given birth to the Italian Futurist conceptions of instantaneous states of animation, line-force and dynamic sensations which are rendered in their painting and sculpture.

Scriabine also, by his experiments with the intellectual colour significance and relationship of tones, shows himself to be the musical equation of the Polish painter Wassily Kandinsky, who is endeavouring to render the spiritual force of colour in musical dimensions, and of the literary conception of symbolic vowel colour expressed by Alfred Rimbaud.

It is impossible to treat exhaustively of contemporary art analogies in the space of a summary: enough has been demonstrated to show the close consistency of impulse, purpose and expression which characterises the hitherto separate branches of art to-day, and to indicate the signs which point towards their ultimate fusion.

The operas of Wagner, though courageously and intellectually conceived as a combination of the arts, do not survive the test of actual production. Their dramatic outline, by a necessity arising out of the direct attention to musical architectonics, gives a certain freedom to intellectual expression, but they are essentially of a hybrid nature with the preponderance of one dominant strain. The over-attention given by the composer to musical development and light, the portionate movement of the dramatic action and renders the stage wearisome by the consequent unnecessary and incongruous length of the scenes.
Further obstacles in the way of theatrical dramatic expression, operatic or otherwise, are the reconstructions necessitated by the employment of gesture, movement, music, musication or vocalisation, and scenic setting, which generally result in a combination which obliterates or disrupts the original conception of the dramatist.

The metachoric dance creation of Valentine de Saint Point is the most coherent attempt at art fusion up to the present; but notwithstanding its comprehensive character it fails to include or give just importance to the sensatory intellectual mediums of light and scent. These omissions are supplied in the plan of Scriabine's Mephisto. In a similar manner we rather like to think that art form it is necessary to approach these innovations with the sincere consideration merited by the fine interpretive quality, and high state of sensitive development evidenced in the existing works of one who has done so much to realise his avowed purpose, the creation in general of a "dramatic world without need of words or acts."

LEIGH HENRY.

BLAST.

By Richard Aldington.

It seems incredible but there must be in all of us something of what is known as national sentiment. We are the children of our soil and climate, and however much we may detest them, however much we may feel that we really belong to other latitudes, something in this island—its soil and climate, as I say—still compels us to prefer those who are like us to any other people. That is putting it rather strongly; it might be better to take an illustration and say that we would rather an Englishman won the Diamonds than a foreigner. In the same way we rather like to think that Shakespeare is the greatest poet in the world and Turner the greatest landscape painter.

If you feel that way it is rather a shock to go to the exhibition of pictures at the Anglo-American exhibition and see how much better the American artists are than the English—why, even Mr. Epstein is an American! It is humiliating to think that no Englishman has ever written a novel. It is terribly humiliating for me to see the kind of stuff that is called poetry over here, so that for my articles I am compelled to take German poets and French poets and American poets, but hardly ever an English poet. I almost fancy that Mr. W. S. Blunt and I are the only English poets living—but lots of people will object if I say that.

Because of all this I am extremely glad to welcome the appearance of "Blast"—a periodical which is designed to be the organ for new, vigorous art in England. It is humiliating to think that no Englishman has ever written a novel. It is not in the least surprising that such an effort on the part of English artists should arouse a dismal howl all along the line. For example, this act.

I do not like the abstract in art on principle—I am a sensualist. And Mr. Lewis' play or story or poem or novel whatever it is does not seem abstract to me. The parts I like best in it are the sudden clear images which break across it—flashes of lightning suddenly displaying forms above the dark abysmal conflict. For example, this from "The Yard":

"Across the mud in pod of the canal their shadows blasting their own trumpets before the walls of Jericho."

"The three trees, above canal, sentimental, black and conventional in number, drive leaf flocks, with jeering cry."

"Or they slightly bend their joints, impassible acrobats; step rapidly forward, faintly incline their heads."

"Across the mud in pod of the canal their shadows are gauky toy crocodiles, sawed up and down by infant giants."

This much for the energy—at present—which I think no one will deny. It seems to me that this hard, telegraphic sort of writing expresses pretty well one side of our modern life. I don't know that I shall write like that myself, because I always write grammatically constructed telegrams—but in our day when we are much too impatient to read stuff like "Sir Charles Grandison."
when we want to get the crux of the matter, the intensity of emotion, as quickly as possible, the tele-

I am told—not by a Vorticist—that religion is exactly

as to the religious part of this movement—I don't

It is not that one wants Mr. Pound to repeat his

The three figures standing at the edge of the muddy

I regret to say that this important production has

S

As to the rest of the volume it is divided between a

All that may or may not be true, and for all immediate

And it is a wearisome pose.

Mr. Gaudier Brzeska is really a wild, unkempt

God help us ! he said piously, to think of the men of

— We had better go to dinner, said Stephen. Where

A keen October wind was blowing round the bank.

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

AS A YOUNG MAN.

By JAMES JOYCE.

— Underdone's?

— Dinner? said Mr. Dedalus. Well, I suppose we had

— Some place that's not too dear, said Mrs. Dedalus.

— Well that's done, said Mr. Dedalus.

— Underdone's?

— Yes. Some quiet place.

— Come along, said Stephen quickly. It doesn't

He walked on before them with short nervous steps, smiling. They tried to keep up with him, smiling also at his eagerness.

S

Mr. Dedalus lingered in the hall gazing about him and

Stephen's mother and his brother and one of his

castle-on-Tyne'' is a fine piece of geometric abstraction.

I am not an art critic, so I suppose I have no right to

As to the rest of the volume it is divided between a

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THE EGOIST

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canvass of the sort of person who would dye his statues in the gore

Stephen's mother and his brother and one of his

and stand it. He thinks in form—abstract form—instead of

They tried to keep up with him, smiling also at his eagerness.

He walked on before them with short nervous steps, smiling. They tried to keep up with him, smiling also at his eagerness.

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S

Mr. Dedalus lingered in the hall gazing about him and

Stephen's mother and his brother and one of his
Take it easy like a good young fellow, said his father. We're not out for the half mile, are we?

For a swift season of merrymaking the money of his previous years’ savings had turned into parcels of silver and copper coins. He bought presents for everyone, overhauled his room, wrote out resolutions, marshalled his books up and down their shelves, pored over his finances, arranged a meeting with the manager of the theatre to see if his presentation would get him a part, pressed loans on willing borrowers so that he might have the income to enjoy the season. He had trousers’ pockets bulged with his squandering of money. He, too, returned to his old life of pleasures. He, too, returned to his old habits: their tide began once more to jostle his barriers; their tide began once more to jostle his barriers; their tide began once more to jostle his barriers.

He had not been able to translate his ignorance into pleasure, to squander his money. He had not been able to translate his ignorance into pleasure, to squander his money. He had not been able to translate his ignorance into pleasure, to squander his money. He had not been able to translate his ignorance into pleasure, to squander his money. He had not been able to translate his ignorance into pleasure, to squander his money.

He had died to build a breakwater of order and elegance against the sordid tide of life without him and to dam up, by rules of conduct and action, the descent of life which he had drawn about himself into desuetude.

He was clear of his old life at school and all his novel enterprises fell to pieces. The commonwealth fell, the loan bank closed its coffers and fled. He, too, returned to his old life of pleasures. He, too, returned to his old habits: their tide began once more to jostle fiercely above the crumbled mole.

He returned to his wanderings. The veiled autumnal darkness of life without him and to dam up, by rules of conduct and active interests and new filial relations, the powerful recurrence of the tide within him. Useless. From without as from within the water had flowed over his barriers; their tide began once more to jostle fiercely above the crumbled mole.

As he had drawn about himself fell into desuetude. His household returned to its usual way of life. His mother had no further occasion to upbraid him for squandering his money. He, too, returned to his old life of pleasures. He, too, returned to his old habits: their tide began once more to jostle fiercely above the crumbled mole.

He had had a season of merrymaking. He had had a season of merrymaking. He had had a season of merrymaking. He had had a season of merrymaking. He had had a season of merrymaking.

The house was in revolt. He wandered up and down the dark slimy streets peering into the gloom of lanes and doorways, listening eagerly for any sound. He moaned to himself like some baffled prowling beast. He wanted to sin with another of his kind, to force another being to sin with him and to exult with her in sin. He felt some dark presence moving irresistibly upon him from the depths of sleep, a presence subtle and murmurous as a flood filling him wholly with itself. Its murmurs besieged his ears like the murmur of some multitude in sleep; its subtle streams penetrated his being. His hands clenched convulsively and his teeth set together as he suffered the agony of its penetration. He stretched out his arms in the street to hold fast the frail swooning form that eluded him and incited him: and the cry that he had strangled for so long in his throat issued from his lips. It broke from him like a wall of despair from a hell of sufficiency and murmurous as a flood. He had strangled for so long in his throat issued from his lips. It broke from him like a wall of despair from a hell of sufficiency and murmurous as a flood. He had strangled for so long in his throat issued from his lips. It broke from him like a wall of despair from a hell of sufficiency and murmurous as a flood. He had strangled for so long in his throat issued from his lips. It broke from him like a wall of despair from a hell of sufficiency and murmurous as a flood.
POEMS.
By John Gould Fletcher.

LONDON EXCURSION.—II.

'BUS.

Great walls of green,
City that is afar.

We gallop along
Alert and penetrating,
Roads open about us,
Housetops keep at a distance.

Soft-curving tendrils,
Swim backwards from our image:
We are a red bulk,
Projecting the angular city, in shadows, at our feet.

Black coarse-squared shapes,
Hump and growl and assemble.
It is the city that takes us to itself,
Vast thunder riding down strange skies.

An arch under which we slide
Divides our lives for us:
After we have passed it
We know we have left something behind
We shall not see again.

Passivity,
Gravity,
Are changed into hesitating, clanking pistons and wheels.
The trams come whooping up one by one,
Yellow pulse-beats spreading through darkness.

Music-hall posters squall out:
The passengers shrink together,
I enter indelicately into all their souls.

It is a glossy skating rink,
On which winged spirals clasp and bend each other:
And suddenly slide backwards towards the centre,
After a too-brief release.

A second arch is a wall
To separate our souls from rotted cables
Of stale greenness.

A shadow cutting off the country from us,
Out of it rise red walls.

Yet I revolt: I bend, I twist myself,
I curl into a million convolutions:
Pink shapes without angle,
Anything to be soft and woolly,
Anything to escape.

Sudden lurch of clamours,
Two more viaducts
Stretch out red yokes of steel,
Crushing my rebellion.

My soul
Shrieking
Is jolted forwards by a long hot bar—
Into direct distances,
It pierces the small of my back.

APPROACH.

Only this morning I sang of roses;
Now I see with a swift stare,
The city forcing up through the air
Black cubes close piled and some half-crumbling over.

My roses are battered into pulp:
And there swells up in me
Sudden desire for something changeless,
Thrasts of sunless rock
Unmelted by hissing wheels.

ARRIVAL.

Here is too swift a movement,
The rest is too still.

It is a red sea
Licking
The housefronts.

They quiver gently
From base to summit.
Ripples of impulse run through them,
Flattering resistance.

Soon they will fall;
Already smoke yearns upward.
Clouds of dust,
Crash of collapsing cubes.

I prefer deeper patience,
Monotony of stalled beasts.
O angle-builders,
Vainly have you prolonged your effort,
For I descend amid you,
Fast rungs and slopes of curving slippery steel.

WALK.

Sudden struggle for foothold on the pavement,
Familiar ascension.

I do not heed the city any more,
It has given me a duty to perform.
I pass along nonchalantly,
Insinuating myself into self-baffling movements.
Impalpable charm of back streets
In which I find myself:
Cool spaces filled with shadow.
Passers-by, white hammocks in the sunlight.

Bulging outcrush into old tumult;
Attainment, as of a narrow harbour,
Of some shop forgotten by traffic
With cool-corridored walls.

'BUS-TOP.

Black shapes bending,
Taxicabs crush in the crowd.

The tops are each a shining square
Shuttles that steadily press through woolly fabric.

Drooping blossom,
Gas-standards over
Spray out jingling tumult
Of white-hot rays.

Monotonous domes of bowler-hats
Vibrate in the heat.

Silently, easily we sway through braying traffic,
Down the crowded street.
The tumult crouches over us,
Or suddenly drifts to one side.

TRANSPOSITION.

I am blown like a leaf
Hither and thither.
The city about me
Resolves itself into sound of many voices,
Rustling and fluttering,
Leaves shaken by the breeze.

A million forces ignore me, I know not why,
I am drunken with it all.
Suddenly I feel an immense will
Stored up hitherto and unconscious till this instant,
Projecting my body
Across a street, in the face of all its traffic.

I dart and dash;
I do not know why I go.
These people watch me,
I yield them my adventure

Lazily I lounge through labyrinthine corridors,
And with eyes suddenly altered,
I peer into an office I do not know,
And wonder at a startled face that penetrates my
own.

Roses—pavement—
I will take all this city away with me—
People — uproar — the pavement jostling and
flickering—
Women with incredible eyelids :
Dandies in spats :
Hard-faced throng discussing me—I know them all.
I will take them away with me,
I insistently rob them of their essence,
I must have it all before night,
To sing amid my green.

I would glide out unobservant
In the midst of the traffic
Blown like a leaf
Hither and thither,
Till the city resolves itself into a clamour of voices,
Crying hollowly, like the wind rustling through the
forest,
Against the frozen housefronts :
Lost in the glitter of a million movements.

PERIPETEIA.

I can no longer find a place for myself:
I go.

There are too many things to detain me,
But the force behind is reckless.

Noise, uproar, movement
Slide me outwards,
Black sleet shivering
Down red walls.

In thick jungles of green, this gyration,
My centrifugal folly,
Through roaring dust and futility spattered,
Will find its own repose.
Golden lights will gleam out sullenly into silence,
Before I return.

MID-FLIGHT.

We rush, a black throng,
Straight upon darkness :
Motes scattered
By the arc's rays.

Over the bridge fluttering,
It is theatre-time,
No one heeds.

Lost amid greenness
We will sleep all night;
And in the morning
Coming forth, we will shake wet wings
Over the settled dust of to-day.

The city hurls its cobbled streets after us,
To drive us faster.

We must attain the night
Before endless processions
Of lamps
Push us back.
A clock with quivering hands
Leaps to the trajectory-angle of our departure.

We leave behind pale traces of achievement:
Fires that we kindled but were too tired to put out,
Broad gold fans brushing softly over dark walls,
Stifled uproar of night.

We are already cast forth:
The signal of our departure
Jerks down before we have learned we are to go.

STATION.

We descend
Into a wall of green
Straggling shapes :
Afterwards none are seen.

I find myself
Alone.
I look back :
The city has grown

One grey wall
Windowed, unlit.
Heavily, night
Crushes the face of it.

I go on.
My memories freeze
Like birds' cry
In hollow trees.

I go on
Up and outright
To the hostility
Of night.

LUCIE DELARUE-MARDRUS.

Because, no doubt, she is not dull and pompous,
far-fetched, or abstract and symbolical, Mme.
Delarue-Mardrus (in her aspect as novelist, for she
is also a poet) has not the popularity, or "press," as
they say in France, she deserves. She is read by all
but she is criticised by many. Yet her last book, "Le
Cancre" (Fasquelle), might be signed by a Gorki or
an Andreief without a whit of dishonour to them.
Lucie Delarue-Mardrus is the greatest French realist
since Rousseau and Flaubert. For there is much to be
done with plain, vigorous reality, but few can do it.
Most realists have tried to render life by enumeration
of facts and details—this is life catalogued, pinned,
stuffed, and sterilised like specimens in museums. They
used the mind's eye to see life, thus reality escaped
them, for Nature is not approached with the reason,
but with the senses and intuition. Therefore, one might
suppose, did not numerous exceptions contradict the
theory, that the novel—which is another word for realism
—was particularly woman's sphere. Man would seem to
be a too intellectual animal for this form of litera-
ture, had we not Thomas Hardy, the Russians, and so
many women more gifted for the science, than the
romance, of life! Notwithstanding these reservations
the first novel was written by a woman—for Mme. de
Lafayette preceded Richardson by half a century—and so
no critic will call the last.

Given the scope of a novel, I do not see how it is
possible to show one superior to this portrait of a dulf.
It is everything a novel can be and nothing it should
not be. It has all the qualities, and none of the
faults, to be found in many a so-called masterpiece (by
Dickens, Thackeray, Balzac, Maupassant, for instance); but
the rare few who would agree to this

The "dullard" is the son of a country gentleman
who had rural tastes and "a modern soul in spite of
his name," and who, as was chronicled by an old
governor in her memoirs of the family, "died—heroic
example!—on a mowing- and binding-machine of the
latest type in the possession of his routine-crusted
tenant." An attempt to educate the boy after his
father's death, and the family's desertion of the estate,
in the customary civilised and citadine way, fails, and
the young nobleman is put as a common agricultural
hand, or, 'on the farm': which would have been his inheritance had his mother not
sold it over his head.

The account of his hard, lonely life, in a district which
is the author's dearly-loved native land, gives her oppor­
tunities for description as full of flavour as is home­
taste, had we not Thomas Hardy, the Russians, and so
cinet.
Je suis, de mes morts oubliés,
L'âme toujours en peine,
Tandis qu'ils sont, bras repliés,
Dans la terre prochaine.

Je cherche, le long des chemins,
Leur fugitive trace,
Je sens en moi hurler ma race,
Et je me tords les mains.

Je dis à tous les coins de route
De mon terroir normand:
"Ils ont passé par là, sans doute,
Dans leur âge charmant."

Je dis : "O pères de mon père,
Revivez-vous en moi?
Et toi, le dernier dans la terre,
Depuis si longtemps froid?
"Dans mon souvenir je vous porte,
Lourde paternité.
Mon âme est parfois déjà morte
De votre éternité.
Répondez lui qui hante seul
Les bois, les prés, les eaux.
Le lourd tombeau, comme une meule,
A-t-il tué vos os?
"N'est-ce que de par mes vertèbres
Que vous revivez tout,
Et suis-je, sort des plus funèbres,
Une tombe debout?"

This book is vivid because it vibrates with the personality of its author, for it is the artist’s life which lends conviction to his work far more than the conscientious fidelity employed in the rendering of the subject. The narrative is but the form without the spirit. The life-current needed to animate it, to make it viable, has its source in, flows directly from, the narrator.

MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA.

NORTHCLIFFE’S NICE PAPER
AGAIN.

"Greatness of birth and fine correctness of manners came natural to him."
—Times Literary Supplement.

"He was sensitive, fastidious, unmarried, fragile of health, and nervous over such health as he might have enjoyed; in the affairs of his spiritual life a true lover of religion, pure and undefiled; in his home life, a most perfect and delightful brother and friend."
—Times Literary Supplement continuing.

"Then, too, the spread of the English language and literature are agencies of unification never before known."
—Times Literary.

"Take the relations with the Mother Country to the Colonies; we are apt to assume, as Sir Charles Lucas points out in his chapter upon 'Administration,' that there are two parties only concerned."
—Times Literary.

"Mr. Philip has not omitted to see Dalecarlia; he has inspected one of the iron districts."
—Times Literary Supplement.

"SWEDEN IN SUMMER."
—Idem.

"Across this scene of incipient terror waltzes, as airy as a sylph, the Austrian attaché."
—The same.

"Mr. Baring writes for the average man."
—The same.

"As he confesses in a dedicatory letter to Mr. H. G. Wells, the author was piqued at discovering by accident how very greatly Russia may be misunderstood in this country."
—Times Literary Supplement.

"There is something magnificent and fascinating in the very idea of a survey of the British Empire."
—Same.

"Leads us out of the little aims and the conventional considerations to the simple duty of following the call of what we know to be the truth."
—Yet again.

"N.B.—These Novels are among the successes of the Season, and are all in 2nd Editions, except "Sunrise Valley," which has reached, etc."
—Times Literary Supplement advt.

"This book embodies the results of an inquiry suggested by the Birmingham City Council into the causes of the deterioration in character and earning capacity which has been observed to take place in a great number of the working boys of that city within two or three years from the time at which they leave the elementary school. The author obtained from the Juvenile Labour Exchange names and particulars, etc."
—Times Literary Supplement.

"This fiction ranges the world’s oceans. Its men and women are of divers races, of four continents. Even its simplest seaman is something of a rare bird."
—Times, of course.

"In spite of all this never were sheep more rigorously divided from goats than were Greeks from Turks—as perhaps may be shown by Aunt Kalliroë’s attitude."
—Times Literary Supplement.

"But comedy, flourishing in a world which gravely doubts the necessity of laughter, has too often been held in an undeserved suspicion."
—Same.

"This is not biography. Well, then, is it science? Expende Hannibalos: weigh Galton, account for him: discover in him the Promethean particulam undique decerptam: go back to all the stocks and strands and bloods and blends that you can find: are you not landed, at last, in surmises and hypotheses, in probabilities and possibilities?"
—Same.

NOTICE.

THE EGOIST is now on sale in Paris at:—
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CORRESPONDENCE.

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

THE ORIGIN OF DISTRACTION OF PLEASURE.

To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM,

First allow me to apologise to Mr. Harpur for thinking that he attempted no explanation of the strange distrust which human beings have of some pleasures (that they do not distrust all is something for Mr. Harpur to explain). But that explanation is certainly one of the queerest I ever heard offered for anything.

To assert that "Chastity, generally speaking, is immoral because it is a refusal to increase the amount of pleasure in the world," is simply to beg the whole question. If licence in sexual relations would increase happiness—if that could be proved—everyone would agree that we need not restrain ourselves. But it is just this proof that I ask for and look for in vain from my opponents. Instead of trying to give it, they busy themselves striving to hide the deficiency with all sorts of rubbish about the relative desires of men and women; about the looseness of Old Testament men, and of Walpole and Marlborough; about Oomuzi and Ahriman.

If Mr. Harpur can prove his assertions about this last extraordinary pair, especially if he can prove, that the only reason why men and women seek pleasure is because they are devilish, he will then have a better chance of convincing me. As it, however, seems that it is the terror of the unknown, which men and women are driven to, it seems to me (and the only reason why men and women seek pleasure is because they are devilish, he will then have a better chance of conv" then those of Miss Marsden.

Mr. Harpur can prove his assertions about this last extraordinary pair, especially if he can prove, that the only reason why men and women seek pleasure is because they are devilish, he will then have a better chance of convincing me. As it, however, seems that it is the terror of the unknown, which men and women are driven to, it seems to me (and that is the common precept of a stupid, cruel tyrant, whom human beings worship and obey because they worship power, and power is more easily exhibited in causing pain than happiness, then his contention may need a more detailed consideration. At present, I must say I cannot believe that Mr. Harpur is serious in his crack-and-ball yarn of the origin of the world and wickedness. When I am convinced that he is, and that he really cannot see its absurdities, I shall take the trouble point out some of them to him. R. E. W.

THE EGOIST.

To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM,

I find that a recent issue of The Egoist contains a two-column accusation of my novel, "The Spider's Web." I am indicted on the charge that my "hero" does not interpret Dora Marsden's philosophy. I want now to plead to this indictment. It is true that my "Luke Huber" was intended to agree with Miss Marsden in one—just one—phase of his final outlook upon life: that phase which is indicated in the preface by what is, I may add, a direct quotation, carefully so labelled, from an article by Miss Marsden herself in no less a paper than The Egoist. It is also true that nobody admires Miss Marsden's philosophy more than I do; that I am more nearly in accord with some of it than with some of "Huber's," and that I fancied that a novelist would not be held person ally responsible for his characters' opinions. It seems, however, that I erred. I may, therefore, make but this reply to the charge that my hero does not interpret Miss Marsden's philosophy:

(1) I was unaware that the book had a hero;

(2) I was unaware that he was trying to interpret Miss Marsden's philosophy;

(3) I was unaware that a failure to interpret Miss Marsden's philosophy constituted an offence.

Ignorance of the law is no excuse; and innocence of intention is less. I plead guilty. Pray sentence me.

Scarbrough.

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

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