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AUTHORITY: CONSCIENCE AND THE OFFENCES.

BY DORA MARSDEN.

I DO not remember which of Matthew Arnold's commentators it was—though all my readers doubtless will—who made the observation that the poet in the lyric lines "Meeting," addressed "To Marguerite," is unconsciously confused by a mistake as to identity among his *dramatis personæ*. Says Arnold:

"I spring to make my choice,
Again in tones of ire
I hear a God's tremendous voice:
'Be counsell'd and retire.'"

Of course, says the critic, Arnold had confused God with Mrs. Grundy. The remark shows how completely an earnest critic may gaze with blind eye upon the most pronounced characteristics of his subject. The critic has failed to see that there is in those four lines the unmistakable cachet of the epicure in blended emotions. Perhaps it is in part due to the unseeing visions of such commentaries that Arnold is not much read now, which is a pity, because he is the cultured choice flower of that superabundant species which at present threatens to cover the earth, but which is found only in its meaner varieties.

With Arnold, the knowledge how to treat the thin and febrile among emotions was a consummated instinct. Just where the strength of emotions ended, he made actual his opportunity as confectioner and played the artist with them as a good cook will with an insipid vegetable, the insipidity of which occasions the opportunity to work in the foreign flavours.

Where the strength of emotion equates into the fear of discomfort and the clacking tongues of—

"All the rest,
Eight parents and the children, seven aunts,
And sixteen uncles and a grandmother . . .
besides a few real friends,
And the decencies of life,"

which (in Mr. Aldington's opinion) worked up such "extraordinary emotional intensity" in Mr. Hueffer's new poem "On Heaven" for instance: just here, right in the nick of time, he works his God into the scheme.

The raucous squealing of the parlour cockatoos first melts then swells into the organ tones of a "God's tremendous voice": the angry screams of the horde waiting to pick the flesh off your bones merges into the voice of the Almighty Lord stooping to counsel you in gentleness and give you a tip for your own good. Call these compelling tones the voice of Mrs. Grundy, Mr. Critic, and you reassemble the entire harping brood: the act of an unseeing crude man unversed in the game of life! A child might do it, as it might break a watch to look at its insides, but not an arch-priest of Culture. Not Mr. Arnold at anyrate, nor millions of others less finished in sleight of hand, but with an equally sure instinct for the value of White Magic.

* * *

We are told that some of the sweetest scents are distilled from origins of very evil odour: but this whether or no, certain it is that all the powers of the gods and smaller authorities are distilled from the lack of power in their creators. Men begin to "acquire merit" at the point where they are unable to exercise strength: the verbal virtue begins where the living strength ends. Authorities conveniently "forbid" where "I can't" or "I daren't." And it is reasonable enough. Gods and other authorities are soft cushions of words placed near the vague rim where power fringes off into limitation. They are creations designed to protect us from a too particular view of our own limitations. They cover our fears and save our vanity. The recognition of their limitations is the vision which men can least tolerably bear: that is why whenever it becomes necessary to reveal them in actual fact, men are most particular in words to make them the basis of edification: a proceeding very explicable, though in its effects in no small degree, misleading.

* * *

The *bouleversement* of values thus brought about has however, managed to turn the chagrin of ineffectualness into a possibility of deep-seated delight. Under the shelter of its expressed form in human speech (of which

it is the masterpiece); it has provided men with a second nature, which almost invariably they keep in more constant practice than the original. So does the human become the coy one amongst the animals; most coquettish and playful; serious only when bent on make-believe; and very adorable indeed when he mimes well—like Arnold. To make necessity's compulsions wear the graceful air of a conceded virtue is really exceedingly clever: too clever indeed to be conscious; as is proved by the fact that it is seen to perfection only among the coxcombs. Conscious intelligence acts on it like a sharp frost; conscious humour eats it up like an acid. To be able to say of one's ineffectual love affairs,

"A God, a God, their severance ruled,
And bade betwixt their shores to be
The unplumb'd salt estranging sea,"

requires a triple-plated vanity as well as a trusting, playful nature.

* * *

It is because the vanity of this is so unconsciously complete that it is so extremely engaging. And certainly it is very comprehensible. The desire to feel oneself so important that the gods are called upon to interfere in our affairs, even if only to boggle them: to feel that one is cutting the deuce of a fine figure in the eyes of the cosmos distils a subtler delight for the epicure in slender emotions than the satisfaction of any one thin and timorous desire. Yet it only becomes really essential to feel something encouraging of this sort when one is obviously playing a losing game. Only when we have conducted our mundane affairs with such a degree of ineffectualness that our original way of assessing values would lead us almost to apologise for our existence, does it become comforting to feel that our modest matters are so important as to draw gods to earth to interfere. Let our affairs make it clear to us that we are feeble, impotent, ignorant, timid, fearful, and let us be vain: above all things, vain—and we must either conceive and bring forth the omnipotent omniscient admiring god or prepare for a bad quarter of an hour with ourselves. It is the feeling that one is small that makes us look round for stilts, as it is our meagreness which provokes us to swell out into that exiguous extensiveness which we call vanity.

It is because Mr. Arnold would have found it an indignity as well as a misfortune to appear to be afraid of his aunts that he works gods—the external authority—into his canvasses. That is why it is likely we shall always have authorities with us. What one has not the desire strong enough to obtain, but would like to appear as strongly desiring; what one's verbal education tells us we should admire desiring, but deprecates the venturesomeness necessary to obtain it, becomes artistically the "forbidden of the authority." Which explains why authorities are so secure: impotence and fear compounded with vanity make so exceedingly strong an amalgam; and also why against them none need to fight or cry. One has effected the uttermost against an authority when one has understood it. Whether thereafter it can be overcome depends upon other and more absolute factors, but the cement which holds it together can be dissolved by understanding merely.

* * *

Authority is like opportunity; not something given and fixed, but adjusting itself from moment to moment. All seeming to the contrary notwithstanding, the seats of authority can never be occupied by a usurper. None can sit there without first being duly installed. The first essential for the creation of sitters-in-authority is the existence of such as are desirous that authority should be exercised over them. Authority takes shape and form on a principle like to that on which the solids and liquids and gases take on the characteristic which make them such: upon lines carved out by the limitations of those to whom they seem what they seem. A solid is that which we cannot easily penetrate; they are the points at which we feel resisted to such an extent that our power falls short. If our power were more the

resistance would be less, and by as much as our power is more that characteristic which makes the impression of a solid would be less. Or our powers might be different; then the resistance would appear different. To a fish, doubtless, the atmosphere will have all the appearance of a solid. To men the essential difference between a granite wall and a block of glass is that our power as departmentalised in sight penetrates easily the second and with almost insuperable difficulty the first. To the being whose eyes had some of the qualities of the röntgen rays the difference must be considerable. So the appearance of solids and other substances are the reverse side of the impress, beaten into form by the dead pressure of our impotence. So, too, are the authorities over us. And just as a craftsman creates his wares by niggling at the resistance, forcing it by this and that increase of his own power to give way in some degree after the manner of his desire, we, by the exercise and constant increase of our power, penetrate authority, of which the changes which subsequently appear as the reverse side have first been operated on the hither side. So those in authority represent not those who know and are powerful, but those who as we loosely argue "must" know and "must" be powerful because we don't and aren't. They symbolise our negative qualities. It is not the positive qualities of the great which ensure their instalment in office, but the negative quality of those who permit them there. The stretch of authority in any sphere expands or shrinks automatically with the impotence or power of those who recognise it. The spheres in which we recognise no one's authority are those of which we know ourselves what there is in them to be known. But where we are timid and lack knowledge, where we desire to save ourselves the risk of experimentation as well as a realisation of the limitedness of our knowledge: we set up an authority. One may be ignorant and yet have a desire to know and have courage enough to be ready to pay the price for coming by knowledge. Such a one is not a creator nor a respecter of authorities. The fruitful creators of authorities are those who, being without knowledge, elect to remain without, and in lieu of it espouse—Belief.

* * *

Belief is thereafter accepted as knowledge, whereas belief is essentially one with doubt. Belief and doubt are two names for a particular process in a particular condition, *i.e.*, of thinking as an unfinished product; of thinking, not carried to the issue where the process of thought (which necessarily retains uncertainty as its moving factor until it is finished) finishes; where thought being dissolved knowledge is born in its place. Whether this state of ignorance as to the facts involved in the issue one has in mind shall be called by the name of doubt or its other name, belief, depends upon several things, but in the main upon a difference of tension in the mind. If the mind is tight-braced, strung up and alert, it is likely to recognise its condition for what it is; of being only partially aware. It bluntly says "As to this issue I do not know; my thinking has proceeded thus and thus far, I have a vague feeling that the next stage of thinking will reveal so and so, but actually of the ultimate issue I am still in doubt." But let it be a slacker mind which speaks, one less braced for effort, and such a mind will shrink from the realisation of uncertainty which the word doubt expresses and which is in itself a challenge to think to a finish. Such a mind will say: "I think I know" (a colloquial contradiction in terms) or "I believe"; the latter would serve well enough were what the words say accepted at their nominal value; but belief, owing to the false associations which authorities have cunningly caused it to have with knowledge, has lost its exact connotation, *i.e.*, that of decision left open. The derivation of belief is from *lyfan*, to leave, which serves to throw a bright gleam of light on the bemused psychology of believers. To believe a thing is not only to be in doubt about it; it is a resolve of the mind to leave it so, and to this extent is unlike doubt, which implies that the debate proceeds and the enquiry is going on. It also makes clear why it is the mind which

doubts rather than that which believes which leads in the way towards knowledge. Why, too, the voices of authority echo one to another all the world round with the cry of "Believe, believe." They mean, "Leave decision, leave it, leave it to us," in effect asserting that knowledge is a spurious form, a degraded type of the ideal which is lack-of-knowledge. The excessive unction with which authorities invest the word "sacred" reveals its purpose, *i.e.*, the guaranteeing that vexed questions shall be left untouched; left whole and unquestioned. The sacred is indeed the first weapon of defence against the prying questions of intelligence. Raise any issue which touches upon the fundamentals of the word-games, as distinguished from moves made within them, and the authorities encompass themselves about with the label "sacred," as promptly as a threatened city would hasten to ensure the integrity of its walls. Very naturally, therefore, all that one believes is by the acquiescence of belief made sacred. "My beliefs are sacred"; they would be no doubt, were the decision left with the believers, but the believer, as the history of belief shows, is encompassed about with enemies: both from within and without, he is hard pressed. Not only do those who know and those who doubt alike beset him; every spark which flashes from every gleam of his own stirring intelligence are as so many maggots gnawing into the fabrics of his beliefs. Spontaneously bursts from him the cry: "I believe, help thou my unbelief. I have abandoned the quest: do thou (namely, sluggishness, comfort, whatnot) smother this itch I have to return to pry and poke."

* * *

Of course, the seats of the authorities have been occupied too long for the sitters therein not to have realised the necessity of guarding against a potential danger that even the stupidest may develop towards intelligence; so in the game full provision of language to carry off the overflow is always made. Thus men will justify every step towards enlightenment with the remark, "I must follow my Conscience," and will permit themselves to be persuaded—*i.e.*, they will believe that Conscience upon occasion boldly bears the torch of defiant power through the darkness, in opposition to Authority. It is one of the neatest manœuvres, considering that the realms of Conscience and Authority are one. The pride which one occasionally appears to have in "following one's Conscience" is a subconscious pride not in Conscience, but in the intelligence which has been able to make Conscience fall back a degree and make Authority write down Duty less. We can only track the pride in the assertion "I must follow my Conscience" to its source when we invert it to read, "My Conscience must follow me," and always this path along which Conscience is compelled to follow "me"—*i.e.*, the ego—is that leading from less to greater intelligence and knowledge. Where the ego becomes more powerful and more aware, the Conscience shrinks by just so much as is this increase: just as, when the sun comes out, the mist retreats as far as the sunlight penetrates. If the sun, in glowing admiration of the bright sunshine, were to say, "I must follow the mist" instead of "To the limits where I have power to act I drive out the mists," it would provide an exact analogy to the person who says "I must follow my Conscience." Like the positive power of the sun, the "I" as far as it shines out consumes the Conscience, and where courage and knowledge are at the greatest the area governed by Conscience is at the least. And *vice versa*.

* * *

Just as the stretch of Authority, whether of knowledge or of action, in any sphere, expands or shrinks with the impotence or power respectively of those over whom it is exercised, so does the dominion of Conscience: which is Authority's ambassador. We have pointed out how men, since they learnt how to forge magic armour out of generalised speech, and so become endowed with the power to invert all values and meanings, have ceased to be serious save in the make-believe of the great word-games. Initiate the game, erect the word-pieces, and solemnity is invoked and at hand.

Accordingly, in treating of these generalised words, God, Authority, Conscience, Duty, Sin, Immorality, Crime, Belief, Doubt, we have recognised the conventions—*i.e.*, the piece names of the game. Aces, Jacks, and Kings, Pawns, Knights, and Castles, to each we have allowed its game value. To have done otherwise in this, their most solemnest sport, would have been to rouse more rage than is conducive to understanding; as if a visitant from Mars quite new to the game, say of chess, should interfere with the pieces, to criticise their labels during the progress of the play for the world's championship. It would not save him from the wrath of the players if he were to plead that the Kings and Castles did not greatly resemble kings and castles. To the players they do: they are them, in fact. They have become so accepted in the game that if we would describe it we ourselves must for the moment accept its word conventions as well as its rules. Moreover, most of them are hearthstone generalities, unlike some others, Justice or Freedom, throned triumphantly because remotely eternal in the heavens. They hover about our dwellings: nearer than breathing, closer than hands and feet, some of them.

* * *

So at their game-value let us spread the pieces out—Conscience, Duty, Obedience, Immorality, Crime, Sin. Conscience, the Ambassador of all Authorities, Voice of God, Authority at its height, begets Duty—Poetic Duty. Not, of course, the simple and vulgarly limited form of duty which is recognised as debt, the wiping out of which is merely just in that secondary sense which we recently have defined as the keeping of a promise: Duty as debt which we disburse from motives like those which induce us to pay our gas bills because the owners otherwise would cut off the supply. This sort of duty is of too low an order to be admitted into the great poetic scheme built up on Authority and Conscience and Duty about which the parsons preach and poets sing. The poetic duty recognised by the make-believers—the believers, as they henceforward shall be called—is based on Belief in Authority. The Authorities we believe in, Conscience tells us we must obey. Such action is our Duty. What form the Duty will take the Authority decides. It is the Authority's business to make out the due-bill, as it is Conscience's to see that it is paid: that duty is done. Let Conscience be what you elect to term it—the "Voice" of Authority, its Ambassador, its Bailiff, Procurer, Pimp, Master of Ceremonies. Duty shall be what Wordsworth called her "Stern daughter of the Voice of"—the Authorities. Like its parent and grandparents, it comes of the stock of the impotent, feeble, timid, fearful, ignorant. It, as they, takes birth where living virtue ends, and, as into theirs, an incursion is made into its territory with every degree of increase in power.

* * *

Just as Conscience has never been divorced from Authority it is never divorced from Obedience and Duty. Always it prompts obedience to whatever authority can impose itself. It is equally obliging to all authorities, no matter what their sphere. As the Master of Ceremonies in the Festival of the Impotent it calls the Conscience-dances. They vary in character and measure. Some are stately and solemn and others are the reverse; but they all have one characteristic in common: they are all movements to rhythm, and the rhythm is Obedience. If it is the legal authority Conscience calls the measure "Obedience to the law: which same dance is your Duty." Disobey or trip, and Conscience and the offended Authority in chorus pronounce your tripping: Crime. Or it is the Social Authority, and the dance Conscience call is "Obedience to the common custom," Trip here and it is: Immorality. Or perhaps it is a dance in obedience to a lesser Authority, so minor in the popular estimation that its ordinances dwindle down to mere rules: a schoolmaster's, or a railway company's by-laws. The dance Conscience in such case will announce will be a two-step: a polka: in which tripping is mere naughtiness, though there are schools, for instance, in which a rule by sedulous exaltation is raised

to the awed height of a religious observance. And this brings us to the stateliest measure: the very minuet of the Conscience-dances. It is the religious Authority itself, the one built out of the vast blank stretch of the unknown from which all those fears that are the more fearsome because they are nameless, spring. The Authority which is the Holy Ghost is the shadowiest dweller in the unlit mists, and is built round with the Holy of Holies—a wall between men's souls and the vision of that which they fear most. And Conscience calls, "Obedience to God, to His Ministers and to His Church, to all its ordinances, and to the Holy Spirit." This is the dance in which you foot it with the solemnity of a Rite. Trip and fall short here, and: You Sin. The heavens themselves, the sun, moon and stars frown and scowl blackly upon you. Conscience, the Voice of God, the Ambassador of the offended Lord, then takes up his seat in your very heart, nestling snugly in your deepest fears; and to him you tender your heartstrings as faggots with which he may pile up and keep ever burning the consuming Wrath of God. Conscience convicting a man

of sin is Conscience in Excelsis. It then fully lets itself go, becomes orgiastic, and reveals that Feast of Conscience which, viewed from the human side, men have called Hell.

* * *

And thus the play goes on. The gentle buffoon still clutches his magic mantle: his rôle is the tragic and comic both at once. They are matters of light and shade, and he is playing the one or the other according to the angle from which the observer views him. His life has its full compensations. His pleasures are real if his pains are formidable. And he has all the thrills of the gamble. Though to-day he writhes in Hell, tomorrow he may become reconciled and, like Browning's believer, full-fed, beatified, he may find himself smiling on the breast of God. A good game and a spirited competition, anyway.

* * *

There are some interesting fictions called duties to ourselves. They do not, however, share in the High Game, and would best be deferred to a sequel.

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

THE development of the Ulster Rebellion provides THE EGOIST with the sort of satisfaction which Newton must have had when he found the actual figuring finally justifying his hypothesis regarding the movements of the planets. As we prophesied, even so it is. Of the "most sober-minded of my people" we must be ranked the first. No prophet who is made for the rôle, however, could be so ill-advised as to appear among the people unsupported by his prophetic robes. That we are not prophets born, but have had the rôle thrust upon us we prove by revealing the naked principle on which we work the oracle. The trick is worked after a device familiar to all sportsmen—*i.e.*, that in play you forget all the instructions and keep your eye on the ball. Adapted to political philosophy: you forget the constitution and keep your eye on the men. The "oughts" and "shoulds" are decoys: leave them to the Manual, and weigh out the character of the men engaged: because action will be according to the kind of men, and not according to the rules. That Sir Edward Carson becomes a rebel-leader and the Labour-leaders become rebel-dampers is not because they have different opinions about rebellion. The explanation is that the former is the sort of person who rebels, and rebels successfully, when his mind turns to it, while the latter are not. They would be afraid of the responsibility, afraid of failing, afraid of succeeding, afraid of other people's skins and afraid of their own. That is why they make such a mistake when they imagine that they rebelling would be all of one pattern with Carson rebelling; whereas the situation would represent a totally different proposition. And again, when in a surprised sort of way the Labour-men ask, "If we were to arm should we be recognised and asked to Buckingham Palace?" the answer would not cover any subtle point, and could easily be made plain to them. They mistakenly imagine that their recognition is postponed until the advent of an hypothetical rebellion. They do not see that they are fully recognised at present for what they are—*i.e.*, for people who would not, nay, could not, rebel by appeal to force—as accurately, indeed, as they are recognised as exactly the people to be invited to the King's garden-parties. Handling tea-cups they are recognised to be in their own rôle, but in handling guns they are clean out of it. They are not even to be invited to confer on a situation which involves those who do. How is a party which is constantly pointing out the horrific repugnance it has of appealing to force to be called in to confer on a situation which turns on an appeal to force?

* * *

The answer to the question of recognition makes clear the significance of the recent Conference in relation to the "House of Commons" and the implication as to

what needs to be done which the House of Commons cannot do. The House of Commons is a place for talk and debate, and as it considers there could be no question of public policy where its own verdict should not be decisive, it is hypnotised by its own make-believe into the end of believing that there can be no matters upon which its debates are frivolous and an irritant. The action of the King is tantamount to giving public utterance to an open secret: that the constitutional restraints are for just those who elect to be held in leash by them. A very honest admission, and very unusual—because a very honest one.

* * *

The fact that in a highly critical moment he musters—not "the people," but the telling personalities, shows that either the King has insight or is surrounded by those who have. (The act, indeed, should not be without significance for such as fondly imagine that "the people as a whole" are of very great moment in important decisions: the few decide: the entire body minus a few units is excluded; the decision made, the "body" falls into line in due course. The bigger the corporate body the greater the number left excluded: the more momentous the decision the more certain that "one or two" will decide it.) It shows pretty exactly how much in the opinion of its Head there is in the boasted Constitution.

* * *

The cry that the Constitution is in danger sounds as though it ought to be impressive, but now, as ever, it isn't, for the simple reason that there is no Constitution. It is a mistaken notion that there exists a growing body of "guaranteed permissions," automatically increasing, lumped together and called "freedom," which "constitute the Constitution." It is this feeling of doubt as to the *bonâ fide* existence of the Constitution which is half-expressed in the phrase, "The price of freedom is eternal watchfulness." But even watchfulness does not equate into "freedom"—*i.e.*, the "effects of power"! To get these effects we must furnish the power. It is not to guard the Constitution—the mythical "body" of rights—which will perpetuate them. No amount of watchfulness will avail to make secure the exercise of privileges the continuance of which those who enjoy them have not the power to enforce. The only negotiable "price" for the enjoyment of power is to continue to produce the powerful stock. So the "price" of "freedom" is to produce the individuals with the power to risk and fight, to assert and reassert: which is not a price at all, but a simple sequence of cause and effect. "Rights" and "privileges" are never permanently won: that we slowly add strength of precedent to strength of precedent is a

delusion. Not merely is there no written Constitution, but the nature of that body of precedents to which is given grandiloquently the name of "Unwritten Constitution" is such as to make a steady accretion of powers unrealisable, precedents being what they are—the acts and words of certain personalities noted because caught in the limelight—and because noted—precedents! There could be no emptier opposition to any actions than the cry "There is no precedent." It is the cry of the deluded. If there is no precedent for the doing of something a person of ability—a statesman or other—wants to do: he does it, and then there is. And that is all there is to precedents. What distinguishes men from muffs is the inevitable addition which they make to this elastic body. To this extent the King in calling a conference of an unprecedented nature is proving himself something of a character. He will find, of course, that he would have had far fewer enemies had he elected to continue to appear as a muff and played for safety, for not even Kings can have things both ways. All initiatory action belongs essentially to the spirit of fight, and is full of risks because it rouses antagonisms: a fact which the humanitarian, egalitarian, peace-loving fraternal spirit of democracy plays upon when in its systematised attempt to eliminate exceptional power in the spirit of fight it tries to put force into the moral cry, "There is no precedent."

* * *

The belief in the ultimate success of the entire democratic schemata is based on the assumption that men prefer the safe and placid joys of peace to the spirited risks of war: an assumption which is refuted hourly, in spite of the fact that all the accredited mouthpieces dub the one the "lofty" and the other the "degrading." The people continue to enjoy disporting themselves on this lower plane, if only by proxy. The continued popularity of boxing in spite of the preachers and teachers is an instance. It is the dumb but direct repudiation of the doctrine which would hold the human person "sacred," which would regard personal violence as a desecration of "divine humanity." This fear of personal violence which we all have, and which is in no need of augmentation, has been sedulously worked upon in the interests of humanitarian democracy. Yet it is clear that all power in the long run is tested by its possessor's willingness and ability to risk encountering personal violence, and the horse-sense of the crowd which backs the boxing-ring and neglects Mr. F. B. Meyer, if it fails in daring in this particular respect, itself proves that at least it admires those who do not so fail. Even women you begin to find repudiating the humanitarian softness: as indeed they must when men preach to men the adoption of women's feebleness as a proposed improvement of men's virtue. They must in self-defence. Women can only afford to be weak and finicking when they belong to men who are not: a fact which women have formerly understood. It is merely this modern inverting of values—the outcome of humanitarian democracy, with its attempted substitution of words for action and strength, which has sent the more wordy and feeble-minded out in search of a verbal utopia.

* * *

And democracy, which is the idealisation of the spirit of stick-in-the-mud, will find it will never fail to be repudiated, even if in faint, ineffectual fashion, by those who are in the mud. The jingoes, the crowds of spectators at football-matches, boxing contests, bull-fights, cock-pits, are saying in the feeble way of proxy that they know where honour is due: that pity is like the arsenic in the medicine: it must exist only in very small doses if it is to be reckoned to have virtue: that if only they dared they would like always to treat it as insult.

* * *

We note that a correspondent, "R. R. W.," writing in this issue on the status of wage-earners, says that it is an insult to these latter to imply that they are passive citizens whereas employers are active; he asserts

that employers work for a wage: that it is all a matter of supply and demand: that there is a complete difference of working for wages and being a slave, and so on.

* * *

We are more than willing to agree that overmuch has been made of the mere term "wages." My wage is simply my reward, the income corresponding to my output. We all make our rewards what we can, and as near the kind we prefer as lies in our power. It is not the receiving of wages which constitutes the crux of the industrial situation and places the wage-earner (in the accepted meaning of the word that of "working man") inevitably in a lower status. It is the absence of the initiatory element from his work. It is this lack which inevitably makes him the "serving-man," a "secondary at control," one of the classes of the lower-powered. The phrase about supply and demand will illustrate. Employed persons, otherwise wage-earners, leave their rewards dependent upon the chance that others will permit them to serve them. The workers are never demanders, they are always suppliers, servers. Why are they not in a position to make a demand for their superiors' services? Why do they never call the tune, but are always ready to dance submissively to a rhythm which others call? It is because they are of the "safe" variety (very unsafe in the long run, as events prove). They prefer to leave risks, responsibilities, and beginnings, to others. It is because they lack the initiatory, that is, the fighting spirit: a deficiency which drops them to their class: of servants.

* * *

It is another of the feeble word-tricks of the democratic movement that an effort is made to slide over class-distinctions. Democrats may of course keep silent about these: they may even deny them; but what they cannot do is to efface them. There will always be classes, and the power of initiation which a man has will always be the index to the class to which he belongs. As for the workers in the mass, they possess relatively and in relation to the work by which they subsist none whatever. They have not even the amount of initiative which is implied in the assertion commonly made: that they "sell their labour as a commodity." For they do not so much "sell" as the employers "buy." The transaction only takes place when the employer has a job on. The trade union movement is indeed a movement set in the direction of showing initiation thus far: to appear as a seller; but even as an appearance it is only in the mass: it represents the initiative of the few who keep the organisation alive: the majority of the workers are induced to join their respective unions only with the greatest difficulty. On the other hand, such a movement as that known by the name the "Right to Work," far from being one towards responsibility and working-class enterprise, is indeed a desperate throwing-up of the sponge. It is an attempt of the "servers" to free themselves altogether from the responsibility for initiative by endeavouring to induce the State to become Initiators-in-Chief for the passive ones.

* * *

As for the difference between slave and wage-earner: it is simply one of degree—in amount of initiative. The emancipation movement was an attempt to prove that by kicking-out of the nest those that could not fly out, "reformers" could force high-fliers. The present industrial situation is an answer to that: some have flown high, most have remained in secret communication with the nest, while the rest, the down-and-outs, are rapidly being reabsorbed into the nest of irresponsibility by a steady multiplication of statutes in the direction of making them the "wards," otherwise the "properties," of the State. The proposed scientific treatment of vagrants, of feeble-minded, of the poor and destitute, are the measures of Governments which propose to reassume that responsibility for subsistence which formerly was borne by the slave-owner.

* * *

It takes many phases to make a world, and it is not necessary to become inarticulate with indignation in

describing any of them. Enough has been done when the phases have been made sufficiently clear to remove the danger of giving the palm to the devitalising instead of to the vitalising tendency: to that which accepts instead of that which originates: to fear and the playing for safety instead of to the hazard and the new precedents: to the democratic and peaceful rather than the autocratic and belligerent.

D. M.

GOD IN LONDON.

A.D. 1914.

SOME views without comments: special ones of the state of intelligence in Britain in the year 1914: absent-mindedly snapshotted by "The Times" of this year's date. We put them on record for the diversion of the slightly increased host of intelligent who will be found offering fancy prices for early copies of THE EGOIST two hundred years or so hence. The occasion is the framing of a new motto for the London County Council upon their inclusion of additional areas into Larger London. The appended suggestions for mottoes have been offered in response to an invitation issued by "The Times," from whose pages we extract them. They provide their own commentary.

* * *

First "The Times":—"The selection of a motto for London is no easy task, but if it is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. What principles should guide our choice? Should the words, which must be few, state a fact or express an aspiration? The sentence founded on Tacitus, 'The sweetness of the place holds us,' made a statement at once simple and interesting, and one which was in many ways in accordance both with the feelings of Londoners and with the spirit of a tolerant and rather easy-going age, in that it spoke of the pleasure of living in London rather than of the greatness of the city or the responsibilities of the citizens. It would have been a natural, if not a wholly creditable, product of our time. . . . *But . . . in its moral tone it is far inferior to the motto of the City, Domine dirige nos . . .* But among the poets the *locus classicus* on London is in Spenser. From him we might borrow the petition—'Sweet Thames run softly.' Thousands must know these words, even if they know nothing else of Spenser's. The Thames has made London; its waters will glide past the County Council's new senate-house; is it not worthy to be held in remembrance? We throw this out merely as a suggestion, and we invite our readers to come forward with others." And they come forward.

* * *

"God encompass us."—G. Binney Dibblee.
 "A goodly heritage."—Henry Lygon.
 "God guide us."—"R. L. A."
 "God our help."—Rev. A. W. Lawson.
 "The Majesty of London is our Care."—Everard Green.
 "With God's help faithful and free."—Geoffrey Drage.
 "God of Mercy Guard us, Guard us"; "Guide our Counsels O Lord."—E. A. Harthill.
 "He shall stand at the right hand of the poor";
 "O prosper Thou our handywork."—George Berwood.
 "Lord direct us."—Norton.
 "Lord Guide us."—William Thompson.
 "Onwards London."—Robert Gladstone.
 "Freely ye received, Freely give."—G. H. Weeks.
 "God with us."—Lord Mexborough.
 "Dwell together in Unity"; "Order is heaven's first law."—Dean of St. Pauls.
 "Let not your own interests move you but rather the wishes of the public."—Arthur G. M. Hasilrige.
 "God encompass all."—Rev. E. D. Stone.
 "God encompasseth us."—"R. C. S."
 "God encompass her."—Mr. C. V. Bagot.
 "God encompass."—Mr. J. F. Nicholson.
 "Beautiful for situation, the joy of the whole earth" (Ps. xlviii, 2).—Rev. A. S. W. Young.
 "For God and the common weal."—Rev. W. J. Batchelor.

"God our Help."—"R. S. M."
 "Lead, Kindly Light."—Mr. H. O. Huskisson and "R. W. R."
 "Lord keep our city"; or "God, encompass our city."
 "Long Years in London."
 "In the peace thereof shall ye have peace" (Jer. xxix.).—Rev. S. Levy.
 "God's Providence is mine inheritance"; or "God guard us."—Mr. A. E. Snelson.
 "Hitherto the Lord hath helped us."—Miss Emily Davies.
 "Fight the good fight" (1 Tim. vi, 12).—M. Grove.
 "God guard the axle."—The Rev. Lionel S. Lewis.
 "Peace be within thy walls."—Mr. J. Wodehouse.
 "God's grace our guide."—Sir Henry Samuelson.
 "God fend and further us."—Mr. A. G. Watson.
 "God guard the Nation's heart."—Mr. Henry Sharman.
 "Excel in all things but in goodness most."—E. A. Woodley.
 "Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself."—Mr. J. H. Hodge.
 "Not by might nor by power."—Mr. W. Marshall.
 "The Lord is our strength."—Mr. H. Montefiore Schloss.
 "Broad is our heritage, may our aims be high."—Canon Parkinson.
 "Surrounded with God's Protection" (Milton).—"D." "London."—Mr. J. Draper Bishop.
 "My word is my bond."—Mr. W. Robinson.
 "For the King and the Nation."—Mrs. Stavrinides.
 "London, the heart of the British Empire."—Mr. F. W. D. Mitchell.
 "There is no wealth but life."—Mr. E. K. Allen.
 "Queen of Commerce."—Mr. W. A. Maggs.
 "Our word and Truth," or "Truth and our Word."—Mr. Edward Belshaw.
 "Labour and Wait."—Mr. F. M. P. Higgins.
 "I stand for freedom."—"W. P. E."
 "She sits serene" (Smollett).—"Falmouth."
 "Live and let live."—Mr. W. Nicholls.
 "Be first in endeavour."—Mr. Emile Bucher.
 "God's Free Men."—"X. Δ"
 "Move On."—Mr. Robert A. Johnson.
 "London, the heart of the World."—"E. V."
 "Let us be an example."—"H. R. K."
 "Be just and fear not."—Miss Evelyn Clarke.
 "Principles, not men."—Dr. W. W. Hardwicke.
 "Onward and upward."—Mrs. T. W. Morrison.
 "How London doth pour out her citizens" (Shakespeare).—Mr. John Booth.
 "Augusta."—Mr. C. McNaught.
 "Now more august" (Dryden, "An. Mir.," 295).—Mrs. A. W. Verrall.
 "Great England's glory and the World's wide wonder" (Spenser).—Mr. R. Cromwell Edwards.
 "Great is London."—Mr. J. Stephens.
 "Flow Thames, flourish London."—Mr. T. E. Morris.
 "London great and noble."—Mr. John Lloyd.
 "London's thrift, God's gift."—Rev. W. H. Langhorne.
 "Faith, Fellowship, and Fortitude."—Rev. J. Phillips-Dickson.
 "Charity never faileth."—Mr. G. P. Ridley.
 "Me, too."—Owen John.
 "London for Ever."—Lieutenant-General A. F. Gatliff.
 "God give us ayde" or "God giveth the increase."—"G. K. B."
 "Faith then greatness."—Mr. A. J. Keen.
 "Lord, may London ne'er be undone."—Mr. J. W. Oddie.
 "Here's to London Town."—Mr. John Denham Parsons.
 "Counsel in Council."—Mr. G. Smith.
 "Strong with a Spirit Free" (M. Arnold).—Mr. G. Rothnie.
 "Advance."—Mr. J. Lomasney.
 "Home."—Mr. E. B. de Colepepper.
 "London, the glory of the Western side, throughout the World is lovely London famed" (G. Peele).—Mr. A. W. Lockhart.

IN THE ARENA.

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON.

"There the gladiator, pale, for thy pleasure
Drew bitter and perilous breath."

THE artists of to-day are its true religious. There is more acrimonious feeling between two artists of opposing theories than there is between a Catholic Nationalist and a Protestant Orangeman. If the bourgeois could be persuaded to take as great an interest in the arts as they did formerly in religions we should soon have before our eyes pleasing spectacles of rapine and murder, wars fiercer than those of the Ligue or of Gustavus Adolphus and an Inquisition of artistic taste more rigorous than that of the Spanish Indies.

As it is, the unfortunate critic lives in hourly dread. Woe to the tolerant, woe to him who sees the two sides to every question, woe to him whose intellectual curiosity leads him to investigate all schools but to belong to none. He is looked at askance by all his fellow-artists. Among the school of the A's he is distrusted because he will not go to the stake for every least one of their tenets, and to the B's he is ungrateful because, though he may agree with them in some things, he yet has the horrible suspicion of defilement with the heresy of the A's cast upon him by the immaculate B's. He is not permitted to receive a new idea, he is not permitted to cast off an old one; still less may he dally with both ideas, if they are contradictory, or apparently so. He must not be lightly Catholic in his appreciations, but rigidly, fiercely sectarian. He must choose an overlord and swear fealty to him and serve him night and day on pain of instant dismemberment. If he is an A he must not go to the parties of B, and when C gives a lecture he must write and say he doesn't agree with him.

I begin to understand James the First. . . . I think I will pad my waistcoat and wear chain mail next my skin. At least I will hire a score of bravos to stave off assassination and surprise. . . . One never knows. . . . These fierce fellows, you know, they may carry arms. And one has only one life. I call upon the twenty most stalwart readers of this paper to form my bodyguard.

Thus equipped I dare to continue my course, to be the defender of all men's causes and the impassioned advocate of none—to say, in a word, what I damn well please about anyone.

I refuse to be bullied out of liking the works of Mr. Conrad by one party, and I refuse to be bullied into hailing him as the all-powerful Buddha of letters by another. There are some of Mr. Conrad's stories and novels which I have read with great pleasure; others which bore me and which I shall never open again—I refer to "Lord Jim" and "Under Western Eyes." But nothing will persuade me to say that I don't like "Heart of Darkness" and "Falk" and "Typhoon." Of course, I admit that Mr. Conrad is occasionally sentimental in his descriptions, absurdly overloaded in diction, and sensational, like a school-boy's author. On the other hand he is one of the very, very few artists in England who have sought the "mot juste"—and if he sometimes is tempted by the "mot decoratif," it can be forgiven him—he is one of the few who have erected a canon of style and stuck to it, who have written without care for money or notoriety, and who have derived their art from life itself. All these things Mr. Conrad has to his credit; it is therefore an unwarrantable impertinence to affect to despise him.

As to Mr. Curle's book* on Mr. Conrad, which is the ostensible subject of this review, I think we may say truthfully that he has "chosen an admirable subject and treated it with great spirit." I don't think the book will cause those who have formed opinions on Mr. Conrad to modify them, and, on the other hand, I don't think it will greatly influence those who haven't read him. Mr. Curle knows his subject au fond; he has treated it so exhaustively that there remains very little else that is obvious to say. Mr. Curle presents us with a number of discourses—written in an excellent conversational

manner—on Conrad's atmosphere, his men, his women, his irony, his prose, his sardonic humour, and so on. The result is a little disappointing. It was a very good chance for a great essay in constructive criticism, and somehow—in trying to be plain to everyone—Mr. Curle has fallen between two stools—between writing a book which would have interested men who love literature and a book which would be a text-book to the mob.

Mr. Conrad is fortunate in having for the biographer of his work a man who is also a creative artist, and who therefore may be supposed to understand and sympathise with his aims more than any amateur could possibly do. Mr. Curle's "Life is a Dream"* contains several excellent stories, some of which I have read with great pleasure. At the present moment those which chiefly stay in my mind are "Old Hoskyns," "The Emerald Seeker," and "The Remittance Man." I think I prefer Mr. Curle as story writer to Mr. Curle as a critic. In short-story writing he seems to me to come nearer to Mr. Conrad than any other English author I have read for some time.

* * *

I have just come across Mr. Joseph Campbell's "Irishry,"* and though it is rather late in the day I would like to speak of it. Most of us are pretty sick of the Celtic bard with his cumbersome mythology no one has ever heard of, his somewhat affected simplicity and his moaning over "romantic Oirland." But Mr. Campbell has enough interest in the people—mostly the country people—of his land to make his poetry intelligible and interesting to a foreigner. Mind, I don't say that a poet should necessarily catalogue the types of his suburb or town or village, that he should praise nothing but factories and chimney pots—but I do say that the poetry of a man who is not primarily interested in his own time is apt to wear a little thin. A man may be absolutely modern and never mention a machine, a city or a street. Verlaine and Samain, for example, were truly "enfants" of their "siècle" without constantly babbling of battle-ships.

Mr. Campbell has style; he likes the mot juste; he is not over-descriptive. He can make "images," too, as witness this from "The Cobbler":—

"Thro' half a yard of furry pane
And horn-rimmed moons of flinty glass,
Lifting his white and grimy cheek,
He sees the coloured seasons pass."

In poems like "The Bone-Setter" and "The Newspaper Seller," Mr. Campbell is more specifically modern, but he has the sovereign virtue of not being hide-bound by his theories. He has, of course, principles of verse and very admirable ones, but he has the courage—more or less—always to write what he wants to write. He likes Thoreau and Borrow—well, why the devil shouldn't he say so? Because men have discovered cities are we never to be allowed to stay in the country again? Because fools rant over nature mayn't we ever have an afternoon's fishing again? So I feel very much with Mr. Campbell when he writes:—

"The foxglove's purple tongue,
The stony pool
That doubles earth and sky
Can never die."

"The Blind Man at the Fair" has some beautiful lines in it, particularly in the last stanza:—

"White roads I walk with vacant mind,
White cloud-shapes round me drifting slow,
White lilies waving in the wind—
And darkness everywhere I go."

* * *

A young French poet, M. Georges Turpin, has sent me a book of his poems, called "La Chanson de la Vie."*

* "Life is a Dream," by Richard Curle. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd. 6s.

* "Irishry," by Joseph Campbell. Mannsel & Co.

* "La Chanson de la Vie." Par Georges Turpin. Figuière, 3 f. 50 c.

* "Joseph Conrad," by Richard Curle. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner & Co., Ltd. 7s. 6d.

M. Turpin seems to have evolved from the state of an impressionist to that of a paroxyste. Now, I don't in the least agree with the paroxyste poets. Their choice of Verhaeren and Whitman as masters seems to me unfortunate in the extreme. Why Whitman of all people? Had he written in French these clever young men would undoubtedly have called him what he was—a casseur d'assiettes. Why the French don't take up with Browning—our one fine original contribution to poetry since Shakespeare—I can't make out. Granted that he was very often a passéist he yet managed to get more human life into his poetry than any of his contemporaries.

Still, THE EGOIST is the battle-ground for les jeunes, and so it happens that I am at the present time translating a long essay on poetry by M. Nicholas Beauduin, the arch-Paroxyste, so as to put his case fairly before the readers of this paper. As to M. Turpin—he has the paroxyste manner excellently well:—

“ Le feu qui dévore sa proie,
le feu qui lèche, le feu qui tord,
le feu qui rit, le feu qui chante, le feu qui mord:
le feu dans l'usine est le Roi!”

The truth of it is that the paroxystes are trying to do the right thing in the wrong way, and as most other people are doing the wrong thing in the wrong way, we have a certain sympathy with the paroxystes.

* * *

There is left on my table a job lot of rotten poetry which would make excellent material for an essay on the various fallacies which seduce the unwary amateur. There is the rhodomontade fallacy and the pseudo-philosophic fallacy, and the facetious fallacy, and the imitative fallacy. As there seem to be no good books about just now, I suppose I must presently grin through a horse-collar and mock the misbegotten ditch-delivered brats of the prostituted muse!

POEMS.

By AMY LOWELL.

MISCAST.

I.

I have whetted my brain until it is like a Damascus blade,
So keen that it nicks off the floating fringes of passers-by,
So sharp that the air would turn its edge
Were it to be twisted in flight.
Licking passions have bitten their arabesques into it,
And the mark of them lies, in and out,
Worm-like,
With the beauty of corroded copper patterning white steel.
My brain is curved like a scimitar,
And sighs at its cutting
Like a sickle mowing grass.

But of what use is all this to me!
I, who am set to crack stones
In a country lane!

MISCAST.

II.

My heart is like a cleft pomegranate
Bleeding crimson seeds
And dripping them on the ground.
My heart gapes because it is ripe and over-full,
And its seeds are bursting from it.

But how is this other than a torment to me!
I, who am shut up, with broken crockery,
In a dark closet!

VINTAGE.

I will mix me a drink of stars,—
Large stars with polychrome needles,
Small stars jetting maroon and crimson,
Cool, quiet, green stars.
I will tear them out of the sky,
And squeeze them over an old silver cup,
And I will pour the cold scorn of my Beloved into it,
So that my drink shall be bubbled with ice.

It will lap and scratch
As I swallow it down;
And I shall feel it as a serpent of fire,
Coiling and twisting in my belly.
His snortings will rise to my head,
And I shall be hot, and laugh,
Forgetting that I have ever known a woman.

THE TAXI.

When I go away from you
The world beats dead
Like a slackened drum.
I call out for you against the juttied stars.
And shout into the ridges of the wind.
Streets coming fast,
One after the other,
Wedge you away from me,
And the lamps of the city prick my eyes
So that I can no longer see your face.
Why should I leave you,
To wound myself upon the sharp edges of the night?

EPITAPH OF A YOUNG POET WHO DIED BEFORE HAVING ACHIEVED SUCCESS.

Beneath this sod lie the remains
Of one who died of growing pains.

THE TREE OF SCARLET BERRIES.

The rain gullies the garden paths
And tinkles on the broad sides of grass blades.
A tree, at the end of my arm, is hazy with mist.
Even so, I can see that it has red berries,
A scarlet fruit,
Filmed over with moisture.
It seems as though the rain,
Dripping from it,
Should be tinged with colour.
I desire the berries,
But, in the mist, I only scratch my hand on the
thorns.
Probably, too, they are bitter.

OBLIGATION.

Hold your apron wide
That I may pour my gifts into it,
So that scarcely shall your two arms hinder them
From falling to the ground.

I would pour them upon you
And cover you,
For greatly do I feel this need
Of giving you something,
Even these poor things.

Dearest of my Heart!

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN.

By JAMES JOYCE.

CHAPTER III.

THE swift December dusk had come tumbling clownishly after its dull day, and as he stared through the dull square of the window of the schoolroom he felt his belly crave for its food. He hoped there would be stew for dinner, turnips and carrots and bruised potatoes and fat mutton pieces to be ladled out in thick peppered flour-fattened sauce. Stuff it into you, his belly counselled him.

The equation on the page of his scribbler began to spread out a widening tail, eyed and starred like a peacock's; and, when the eyes and stars of its indices had been eliminated, began slowly to fold itself together again. The indices appearing and disappearing were eyes opening and closing; the eyes opening and closing were stars being born and being quenched. The vast cycle of starry life bore his weary mind outward to its verge and inward to its centre, a distant music accompanying him outward and inward. What music? The music came nearer and he recalled the words, the words of Shelley's fragment upon the moon wandering companionless, pale for weariness. The stars began to crumble and a cloud of fine star-dust fell through space.

The dull light fell more faintly upon the page whereon another equation began to unfold itself slowly and to spread abroad its widening tail. It was his own soul going forth to experience, unfolding itself sin by sin, spreading abroad the balefire of its burning stars, and folding back upon itself, fading slowly, quenching its own lights and fires. They were quenched: and the cold darkness filled chaos.

A cold lucid indifference reigned in his soul. At his first violent sin he had felt a wave of vitality pass out of him and had feared to find his body or his soul maimed by the excess. Instead the vital wave had carried him on its bosom out of himself and back again when it receded: and no part of body or soul had been maimed, but a dark peace had been established between them. The chaos in which his ardour extinguished itself was a cold indifferent knowledge of himself. He had sinned mortally not once but many times, and he knew that, while he stood in danger of eternal damnation for the first sin alone, by every succeeding sin he multiplied his guilt and his punishment. His days and works and thoughts could make no atonement for him, the fountains of sanctifying grace having ceased to refresh his soul. At most, by an alms given to a beggar whose blessing he fled from, he might hope wearily to win for himself some measure of actual grace. Devotion had gone by the board. What did it avail to pray when he knew that his soul lusted after its own destruction? A certain pride, a certain awe, withheld him from offering to God even one prayer at night though he knew it was in God's power to take away his life while he slept and hurl his soul hellward ere he could beg for mercy. His pride in his own sin, his loveless awe of God, told him that his offence was too grievous to be atoned for in whole or in part by a false homage to the Allseeing and Allknowing.

— Well now, Ennis, I declare you have a head and so has my stick! Do you mean to say that you are not able to tell me what a surd is?

The blundering answer stirred the embers of his contempt of his fellows. Towards others he felt neither shame nor fear. On Sunday mornings as he passed the church door he glanced coldly at the worshippers who stood bareheaded, four deep, outside the church, morally present at the mass which they could neither see nor hear. The dull piety and the sickly smell of the cheap hair oil with which they had anointed their heads repelled him from the altar they prayed at. He stooped to the evil of hypocrisy with others, sceptical of their innocence which he could cajole so easily.

On the wall of his bedroom hung an illuminated scroll, the certificate of his prefecture in the college of the

sodality of the Blessed Virgin Mary. On Saturday mornings when the sodality met in the chapel to recite the little office his place was a cushioned kneeling-desk at the right of the altar from which he led his wing of boys through the responses. The falsehood of his position did not pain him. If at moments he felt an impulse to rise from his post of honour and, confessing before them all his unworthiness, to leave the chapel, a glance at their faces restrained him. The imagery of the psalms of prophecy soothed his barren pride. The glories of Mary held his soul captive: spikenard and myrrh and frankincense, symbolising her royal lineage, her emblems, the late-flowering plant and late-blossoming tree, symbolising the age-long gradual growth of her cultus among men. When it fell to him to read the lesson towards the close of the office he read it in a veiled voice, lulling his conscience to its music.

Quasi cedrus exaltata sum in Libanon et quasi cupressus in monte Sion. Quasi palma exaltata sum in Gades et quasi plantatio rosae in Jericho. Quasi uliva speciosa in campis et quasi platanus exaltata sum juxta aquam in plateis. Sicut cinnamomum et balsamum aromatitans odorem dedi et quasi myrrha electa dedi suavitatem odoris.

His sin, which had covered him from the sight of God, had led him nearer to the refuge of sinners. Her eyes seemed to regard him with mild pity; her holiness, a strange light glowing faintly upon her frail flesh, did not humiliate the sinner who approached her. If ever he was impelled to cast sin from him and to repent, the impulse that moved him was the wish to be her knight. If ever his soul, re-entering her dwelling shyly after the frenzy of his body's lust had spent itself, was turned towards her whose emblem is the morning star, "bright and musical, telling of heaven and infusing peace," it was when her names were murmured softly by lips whereon there still lingered foul and shameful words, the savour itself of a lewd kiss.

That was strange. He tried to think how it could be but the dusk, deepening in the schoolroom, covered over his thoughts. The bell rang. The master marked the sums and cuts to be done for the next lesson and went out. Heron, beside Stephen, began to hum tunelessly.

My excellent friend Pompados.

Ennis, who had gone to the yard, came back, saying:

— The boy from the house is coming up for the rector:

A tall boy behind Stephen rubbed his hands and said:

— That's game ball. We can scut the whole hour.

He won't be in till after half two. Then you can ask him questions on the catechism, Dedalus.

Stephen, leaning back and drawing idly on his scribbler, listened to the talk about him which Heron checked from time to time by saying:

— Shut up, will you. Don't make such a bally racket!

It was strange too that he found an arid pleasure in following up to the end the rigid lines of the doctrines of the church and penetrating into obscure silences only to hear and feel the more deeply his own condemnation. The sentence of Saint James which says that he who offends against one commandment becomes guilty of all had seemed to him first a swollen phrase until he had begun to grope in the darkness of his own state. From the evil seed of lust all other deadly sins had sprung forth: pride in himself and contempt of others, covetousness in using money for the purchase of unlawful pleasure, envy of those whose vices he could not reach to and calumnious murmuring against the pious, gluttonous enjoyment of food, the dull glowering anger amid which he brooded upon his longing, the swamp of spiritual and bodily sloth in which his whole being had sunk.

As he sat in his bench gazing calmly at the rector's shrewd harsh face his mind wound itself in and out of the curious questions proposed to it. If a man had stolen a pound in his youth and had used that pound to amass a huge fortune how much was he obliged to give back, the pound he had stolen only or the pound together with the compound interest accruing upon it or all his

huge fortune? If a layman in giving baptism pour the water before saying the words: is the child baptised? Is baptism with a mineral water valid? How comes it that while the first beatitude promises the kingdom of heaven to the poor of heart, the second beatitude promises also to the meek that they shall possess the land? Why was the sacrament of the eucharist instituted under the two species of bread and wine if Jesus Christ be present body and blood, soul and divinity, in the bread alone and in the wine alone? Does a tiny particle of the consecrated bread contain all the body and blood of Jesus Christ or a part only of the body and blood? If the wine change into vinegar and the host crumble into corruption after they have been consecrated, is Jesus Christ still present under their species as God and as man?

— Here he is! Here he is!

A boy from his post at the window had seen the rector come from the house. All the catechisms were opened and all heads bent upon them silently. The rector entered and took his seat on the dais. A gentle kick from the tall boy in the bench behind urged Stephen to ask a difficult question.

The rector did not ask for a catechism to hear the lesson from. He clasped his hands on the desks and said:

— The retreat will begin on Wednesday afternoon in honour of Saint Francis Xavier whose feast day is Saturday. The retreat will go on from Wednesday to Friday. On Friday confession will be heard all the afternoon after beads. If any boys have special confessors perhaps it will be better for them not to change. Mass will be on Saturday morning at nine o'clock and general communion for the whole college. Saturday will be a free day. But Saturday and Sunday being free days some boys might be inclined to think that Monday is a free day also. Beware of making that mistake. I think you, Lawless, are likely to make that mistake.

— I, sir? Why, sir?

A little wave of quiet mirth broke forth over the class of boys from the rector's grim smile. Stephen's heart began slowly to fold and fade with fear like a withering flower.

The rector went on gravely:

— You are all familiar with the story of the life of Saint Francis Xavier, I suppose, the patron of your college. He came of an old and illustrious Spanish family and you remember that he was one of the first followers of Saint Ignatius. They met in Paris where Francis Xavier was professor of philosophy at the university. This young and brilliant nobleman and man of letters entered heart and soul into the ideas of our glorious founder, and you know that he, at his own desire, was sent by Saint Ignatius to preach to the Indians. He is called, as you know, the apostle of the Indies. He went from country to country in the east, from Africa to India, from India to Japan, baptising the people. He is said to have baptised as many as ten thousand idolators in one month. It is said that his right arm had grown powerless from having been raised so often over the heads of those whom he baptised. He wished then to go to China to win still more souls for God, but he died of fever on the island of Sancian. A great Saint, Saint Francis Xavier! A great soldier of God!

The rector paused and then, shaking his clasped hands before him, went on:

— He had the faith in him that moves mountains. Ten thousand souls won for God in a single month! That is a true conqueror, true to the motto of our order: *ad majorem Dei gloriam!* A saint who has great power in heaven, remember: power to intercede for us in our grief, power to obtain whatever we pray for if it be for the good of our souls, power above all to obtain for us the grace to repent if we be in sin. A great saint, Saint Francis Xavier! A great fisher of souls!

He ceased to shake his clasped hands, and, resting them against his forehead, looked right and left of them keenly at his listeners out of his dark stern eyes.

In the silence their dark fire kindled the dusk into a tawny glow. Stephen's heart had withered up like a

flower of the desert that feels the simoom coming from afar.

* * *

— Remember only thy last things and thou shalt not sin for ever—words taken, my dear little brothers in Christ, from the book of Ecclesiastes, seventh chapter, fortieth verse. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen. Stephen sat in the front bench of the chapel. Father Arnall sat at a table to the left of the altar. He wore about his shoulders a heavy cloak; his pale face was drawn and his voice broken with rheum. The figure of his old master, so strangely re-arrisen, brought back to Stephen's mind his life at Clongowes: the wide playgrounds, swarming with boys, the square ditch, the little cemetery off the main avenue of limes where he had dreamed of being buried, the firelight on the wall of the infirmary where he lay sick, the sorrowful face of Brother Michael. His soul, as these memories came back to him, became again a child's soul.

— We are assembled here to-day, my dear little brothers in Christ, for one brief moment far away from the busy bustle of the outer world to celebrate and to honour one of the greatest of saints, the apostle of the Indies, the patron saint also of your college, Saint Francis Xavier. Year after year for much longer than any of you, my dear little boys, can remember, or than I can remember, the boys of this college have met in this very chapel to make their annual retreat before the feast day of their patron saint. Time has gone on and brought with it its changes. Even in the last few years what changes can most of you not remember? Many of the boys who sat in those front benches a few years ago are perhaps now in distant lands, in the burning tropics, or immersed in professional duties, or in seminaries, or voyaging over the vast expanse of the deep, or, it may be, already called by the great God to another life and to the rendering up of their stewardship. And still as the years roll by, bringing with them changes for good and bad, the memory of the great saint is honoured by the boys of his college, who make every year their annual retreat on the days preceding the feast day set apart by our Holy Mother the Church to transmit to all the ages the name and fame of one of the greatest sons of Catholic Spain.

Now what is the meaning of this word *retreat*, and why is it allowed on all hands to be a most salutary practice for all who desire to lead before God and in the eyes of men a truly Christian life? A retreat, my dear boys, signifies a withdrawal for a while from the cares of our life, the cares of this workaday world, in order to examine the state of our conscience, to reflect on the mysteries of holy religion and to understand better why we are here in this world. During these few days I intend to put before you some thoughts concerning the four last things. They are, as you know from your catechism, death, judgment, hell and heaven. We shall try to understand them fully during these few days, so that we may derive from the understanding of them a lasting benefit to our souls. And remember, my dear boys, that we have been sent into this world for one thing and for one thing alone: to do God's holy will and to save our immortal souls. All else is worthless. One thing alone is needful, the salvation of one's soul. What doth it profit a man to gain the whole world if he suffer the loss of his immortal soul? Ah, my dear boys, believe me there is nothing in this wretched world that can make up for such a loss.

I will ask you therefore, my dear boys, to put away from your minds during these few days all worldly thoughts, whether of study or pleasure or ambition, and to give all your attention to the state of your souls. I need hardly remind you that during the days of the retreat all boys are expected to preserve a quiet and pious demeanour and to shun all loud unseemly pleasure. The elder boys, of course, will see that this custom is not infringed, and I look especially to the prefects and officers of the sodality of Our Blessed Lady and of the sodality of the Holy Angels to set a good example to their fellow-students.

Let us try, therefore, to make this retreat in honour of St. Francis with our whole heart and our whole mind. God's blessing will then be upon all your year's studies. But, above and beyond all, let this retreat be one to which you can look back in after years, when, may be, you are far from this college and among very different surroundings, to which you can look back with joy and thankfulness and give thanks to God for having granted you this occasion of laying the first foundation of a pious, honourable, zealous Christian life. And if, as may so happen, there be at this moment in these benches any poor soul who has had the unutterable misfortune to lose God's holy grace and to fall into grievous sin, I fervently trust and pray that this retreat may be the turning-point in the life of that soul. I pray to God through the merits of His zealous servant Francis Xavier that such a soul may be led to sincere repentance, and that the holy communion on St. Francis' day of this year may be a lasting covenant between God and that soul. For just and unjust, for saint and sinner alike, may this retreat be a memorable one.

Help me, my dear little brothers in Christ. Help me by your pious attention, by your own devotion, by your outward demeanour. Banish from your minds all worldly thoughts, and think only of the last things, death, judgment, hell, and heaven. He who remembers these things, says Ecclesiastes, shall not sin for ever. He who remembers the last things will act and think with them always before his eyes. He will live a good life and die a good death, believing and knowing that, if he has sacrificed much in this earthly life, it will be given to him a hundredfold and a thousandfold more in the life to come, in the kingdom without end—a blessing, my dear boys, which I wish you from my heart, one and all, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen!

As he walked home with silent companions a thick fog seemed to compass his mind. He waited in stupor of mind till it should lift and reveal what it had hidden. He ate his dinner with surly appetite, and when the meal was over and the grease-strewn plates lay abandoned on the table, he rose and went to the window, clearing the thick scum from his mouth with his tongue and licking it from his lips. So he had sunk to the state of a beast that licks his chaps after meat. This was the end; and a faint glimmer of fear began to pierce the fog of his mind. He pressed his face against the pane of the window and gazed out into the darkening street. Forms passed this way and that through the dull light. And that was life. The letters of the name of Dublin lay heavily upon his mind, pushing one another surily hither and thither with slow, boorish insistence. His soul was fattening and congealing into a gross grease, plunging ever deeper in its dull fear into a sombre, threatening dusk, while the body that was his stood, listless and dishonoured, gazing out of darkened eyes, helpless, perturbed, and human for a bovine god to stare upon.

(To be continued.)

THE END.

And when the Unknown my soul reclaims,
And Earth its irksome chain unbinds,
Consign my body to the flames
And throw the ashes to the winds.

For I would think: when I am free
From this companion Nature gave,
Who long has crossed and worked for me—
A stubborn foe, but willing slave—

That he will to her breast return
A speedy and a glorious way,
On wings of fire upborn, and spurn
Her foul and tedious drudge, decay.

R. R. W.

LIBERATIONS:

STUDIES OF INDIVIDUALITY IN CONTEMPORARY MUSIC.

VII.—SIGNIFICANCE OF MODERN SPANISH MUSIC: THE WORKS OF ENRIQUE GRANADOS, MANUEL DE FALLA, AND JOAQUIN TURINA.

THE new spirit of activity which is influencing contemporary Spanish music is of extreme interest when viewed in its relationship to contemporary art development. Truly representative of contemporary evolution, the works of Enrique Granados, Manuel de Falla, and Joaquin Turina are the results of penetrative and thoughtful investigation of moods and emotions, and present a definite intellectuality which has a direct relationship with the energetic spirit governing modern thought. The subtle combination of emotional and intellectual forces from which their highly sensitive medium of expression is evolved being the direct outcome of characteristics peculiar to the Spanish race, has brought that nation into touch with the modern world, and introduced a new element into musical creation, which by its remarkable vitality and mental consciousness demands close attention and investigation.

The history of Spain, particularly in relation to art, is the record of a persistent undercurrent of individualistic activity in continual opposition to an intense mass lethargy; an acute mentality perpetually at war with conservatism, sentimentalism, and brutal superstition. The works of writers such as Luis de Góngora and Lope de Vega, together with the later period of the *Libros de Caballerias* or romances of Chivalry, indicate the depths of absurd sentimentalism and extravagant bombast to which the Spanish mind can sink; while the *Eglogas* of Garcilaso de la Vega, the *Don Quixote* of Cervantes, and the works of Espronceda, Pascual de Gayangos, Fernan Caballero, Juan Valera, José-Maria de Hérédia and Fariña Nuñez, reveal the intellectual strength and subtlety which it can produce when moved by individualistic impulses. In painting and music the same differences can be discerned on examination of the works of Velasquez, Goya, Ingres, Degas, Gonzales and Picasso, and the compositions of Cabezon, Santa-Maria, Perez, Vittora, Movales, Quencro, Pedrell, Olmeda, Mellet, Movera, Albeniz, and the subjects of this study.

The cause of these widely-contrasted peculiarities is not difficult to discern, and is to be sought in the fundamental tendencies of the racial blends which constitute the Spanish nation, and which are the sources of its conflicting psychological characteristics. The Arabian influence consequent on the Moorish conquest has had a permanent effect on the development of Spanish thought, and from this cause may be traced and explained many of the seemingly contradictory tendencies of the Spanish character.

The dominant features of the Arab temperament as evinced in Arabian history and literature are a fierce love of freedom, independence, and strife, coupled with an intense preoccupation with philosophical thought, and a sensitive feeling for decorative imagery and symbolic significance. The elements, seeming incompatible, become capable of reconciliation on considering the close relationship between the vivid and stressful incidents of Arab history and the daring nature of all mental speculation, and were the sources of further peculiarities. Thus the naturally independent spirit of the Arabs, while productive of a distinct racial individuality, was also the source of a conservative tendency which at periods seriously limited the scope of their intellectual activity. Thus much of their literature, owing to a determination to preserve its intrinsic racial qualities, is marred by a sterile formalism which renders it monotonous. But monotony invariably results in decay or revolt, and the Arabs were of too passionately virile and independent a nature to permit of their vital mental expression being repressed or annihilated by any imposition of immutable theories. Their metrical laws,

though fixedly established, each of the seventeen metres being adapted to a definite emotion or sentiment, did not suffice to prevent innumerable and highly successful experiments in rhythmical prose and impromptu verse, while the spirit of the most racial poetic forms such as the ghazel and the cassida, being based on a sensitive delicacy of feeling and admitting, even as Moorish architecture, of highly refined fantasy in treatment, through its transition and development by Vidal and the Provençal and kindred poets down to Mistral, exercised an influence which is still evident to-day in works by Gustav Falke, Ford Madox Hueffer, and certain of the French Fantasists. Moreover, the writings of Hammod, Omayya, Abu Halil el Asheri, Radhi and Abu l'Ala display continual signs of intellectual revolt which expresses itself generally in satirical verse; while a further indication of the fundamentally unsentimental spirit underlying Arab poetry is found in the fact that their verse originated in the rhymed prose of the hegas, or mocking songs.

Emerating from a rational intellectualism, even the most exotic Arab productions are marked by an internal thoughtfulness and symbolic imagery which transcend the limits of ordinary emotionalism in their broad significance. It naturally follows that for such a people the doctrine of Islam, while providing a means of satisfying the egotistical and warlike qualities inherent in their nature, was incapable of comprehending their intellectual and emotional qualities in its austere and pietistic phases. The wide scope of Arabian conquest and incorporation which followed on the advent of Mahomet resulted in an infusion of foreign thought which made mass-dogmatism impossible. Greek culture transmitted through the Syrian School of Edessa, found a ready welcome, which is not surprising, considering that Meleager, the last of the great Greek poets, was by birth a Syrian; while Zeno, the originator of Stoicism, much of which was incorporated into Neo-Platonism, was of Asiatic blood, and by race half Phœnician. Persian mysticism and philosophy, together with Indian ethics, were also factors in opening out new possibilities for mental individuality. Mahometanism became divided by innumerable sects, whose contentions and proportions made religious repression impossible. Under such circumstances the Moorish occupation of Spain was naturally characterised by remarkable mental activity. Throughout the period of intellectual stagnation which commenced when Justinian closed the Byzantine Schools of Athens down to the awakening of mediæval Europe, the Arabs were the protectors of learning. The Moorish schools of Cordova, Granada, Seville, and Toledo were amazingly numerous, and it is remarkable that while in Christian Europe only a portion of the ecclesiastics possessed any claim to being literary, the Arabs of these cities were generally proficient in reading and writing.

Nor were the Moors confined to educational work. Determined that their conquest should be spiritual as well as territorial, they eagerly applied themselves to the assimilation, analysis, and development of all branches of thought. Music particularly was greatly cultivated, many theoretical works being written under Abd-er-Rahman. Ziryab, a Persian singer, founded a technical school, and introduced many innovations in rhythm and ornamentation, and the mathematical and philosophical musical systems of the Greeks and Persians were investigated and developed, together with significant movement from which have sprung most of the existing Spanish dance forms.

Bigotry and mass-conceptions were powerless against the spirit of independent intellectualism. Everywhere a sane sense of proportion ruled. Love was regarded neither as a religion nor a sin, and the exotic verse of the period is distinguished by a sanely human and reflective quality. Women, being regarded neither as slaves nor saints, were admitted to terms of equal mentality, and many—such as the Princess Welladet, daughter of Mahomet III., and Hafsa-er-Rekunijet, two famous poetesses—openly cast off the restraint of the harem.

But the Moors, with all their intellectual concentra-

tion, were not exempt from civil strife. The growth of a mass-feud between Abbasides and Omniades served to weaken their power, and with the rise of independent racial feeling among the Spaniards began a series of great reverses, commencing with the defeat of Almanzor at Catalanozon (1002) and ending with the surrender of Granada (1491). Moorish culture, adopted by Alphonso the Wise and transmitted through the college founded by Bishop Raymond at Toledo, served to raise the standard of Spanish civilisation, and, combined with the indomitable individualism of rulers such as Isabella and Ferdinand, and Charles I., placed Spain at the head of Europe. But the position as Champion of Christianity which Spain had won in her campaign against Islam resulted in the growth of Roman Catholic mass-doctrine, and consequent intellectual suppression, which, reacting on and weakening the nation, culminated in disastrous reverses under Philip II. Dejected and drained of her power and wealth, the national spirit sank into intellectual lethargy which, aided by disastrous wars and religious persecution, was broken only by periods such as the reigns of the artistic but weak Philip IV., Ferdinand IV., and Charles III., until the War of Independence. Then at last the national spirit awoke, and, expressing itself at first by deeds, has slowly but surely been shaking itself free from degrading influences and moving towards intellectual utterance.

The romantic verse of Espronceda Zorilla, Nuñez de Arce, and Campoamor, though the first coherent expression, failed by reason of its unreal romanticism. The musical work of Pedrell (born 1841) partakes of the same characteristics, being, as evinced in his operatic trilogy, *Patria, Amor Fideo*, an incongruous confusion of Spanish folk-song, church polyphony, and German romanticism, and affords a proof of the futility of assimilation by those who lack the individualism to interpret outer influences.

The folk feeling which characterises the writings of Fernan Caballero and the compositions of Frederico Olmeda, though more human and real in feeling, demonstrates by its repetitional trend the impossibility of mass-tradition as a vehicle of thought. As Remy de Gourmont has said (I quote from the translation by Richard Aldington), "Tradition is sometimes nothing more than a bibliography, sometimes a library." Because Caballero, Olmeda, and their respective schools are capable only of reiteration and not of personal interpretation, their work has failed to achieve anything in the direction of intellectual development.

With the poems of José-Maria de Hérédia, Spanish poetry took on a new subtlety and came into direct line with the development of other countries. Full of a delicately intellectual colour sense and a rich symbolic imagery, they have their musical counterpart in the later compositions of Isaac Albeniz (1861-1909). Commencing to write with a kind of unconscious facility, his work is marked by an ever-growing intellectual perception.

The Serenade Espagnole, Zambra Granadina, Zorte Zico, and kindred works of his early period, while displaying a tentative feeling for development, are scarcely more than thoughtless experiments in obvious sensations. The pianoforte pieces *Asturia Orientale* and *Cordova*, and the *España Suite* have a greater emotional depth, and display an introspective trend which reaches its first definite expression with the *Alhambra Suite*. The lyric drama *Pepita Jimenez* (adapted from the novel by Jaun Valera) shows a certain power of psychological analysis, but it is in the *Iberia Suite* that Albeniz achieved his highest intellectual expression. Consisting of twelve numbers (*Evocation, El Puerto, Fête Dieu à Seville, Rendena, Almeria, Triana, El Albaisin, El Poio, Labapies, Malaga, Jerez, Evitana*), it presents a number of brilliant and highly wrought images combined in a refined symbolism, the full effect of which is mitigated only by an occasional lack of emotional restraint. This exuberance of sensuous emotion is the one flaw in the later work of Albeniz, and marks the one point in which his racial tendencies were not subordinate to his mental individuality. In all other respects he stands as the pioneer of a new epoch in Spanish music which finds

its full expression in the works of Enrique Granados, Manuel de Falla, and Joaquin Turina.

The works of Enrique Granados are definitely dramatic and objective, and are allied to the synthetic poems of the French poets Appolinaire, Bosschère, Barzun, Jaudon, and Merceau. Strongly rhythmical, they emphasise and interpret, through the medium of intensely personal concentration, the universal consciousness of the conflicting forces present in contemporary life. Choosing generally to express himself in the characteristic dance forms of Spain, mainly introduced by the Moors, he analyses their original intention and develops them significantly. His *Danzas Españolas*, in four volumes, while adhering to the wide outline of the national dances, comprehend in spirit elements infinitely more subtle than any mere formal elaboration. Transcending emotional evocation, they are forcefully interpretive, revealing by means of vividly contrasted sensations the psychological sources from which the dances themselves emanate.

The *Jacara* for pianoforte, which is particularly characteristic of his style, affords an excellent example of this combination of elements, while the fiercely sensual *Oriental* goes beyond any lascivious appeal, and synthesises the complex forces beneath exotic emotion.

The *Rapsodia Aragonesa* is an even more intimate work, and comprises a wider range of objective moods. Animated with vigorous and spontaneous energy, it embodies instantaneously and simultaneously the individual realisation of contemporary consciousness and its translation into subtle though absolutely concrete musical imagery.

The *Goyescas* for pianoforte, both by their masterly command of musical language and their mental quality, mark the highest point of intellectual achievement to which Granados has yet attained. Though based upon impressions received from paintings by Goya, they are considerably more than tonal annotations. Filled with vibrant animation and penetrative thought, they are not so much musical reconstructions as spiritual analogies. The first number, *Requiebos*, is marked by a powerfully synthetic treatment, while the second, *Coloquid en la reja*, combines in a remarkably complete manner the refinement of taste and sensitive perception developed in the composer's other works. The third number, *El Fandango de Candil*, is the perfect development of the interpretive rhythmic quality which distinguishes Granados. Lyrical in the most profound sense, it reveals in a combination of vibrant and dynamic musical contrasts the forces underlying the mental exaltation of dance movement. The fourth number, *Quejas ó la maja y el Ruiseñon*, has much in common with the second number, and is governed by a consummate sense of harmonious significance.

The *Tonadillas*, for voice and pianoforte, are marked by a sympathetic humanity and intimacy in feeling and utterance which gives to them a unique quality.

The works of Manuel de Falla are in strongly defined contrast to those of Granados. Impressionistic in treatment, they have yet a purely fantastic quality all their own. Extremely intimate, they are more truly intuitive than consciously analytical or synthetic in expression. Reflective to a marked degree, they present the record of personal psychological experience in a broad outline from which is eliminated all details. Among his most characteristic works are the *Pièces Espagnoles* for pianoforte, which provide an excellent demonstration of his style as compared with that of his modern compatriots. The first and third numbers, *Aragonesa* and *Montañesa*, are marked by a delicate virility which is purely spiritual, while the fourth number, *Andaluza*, though more objective, is permeated with introspective thought. The second number, *Cubana*, is a curious blend of naïve and unrestrained sensuousness mixed with and enhanced by intellectual consciousness.

The *Trois Mélodies pour voix et pianoforte* (*Les Colombes*, *Chinoiserie*, and *Séguidille*), to poems by Théophile Gautier, are full of a delicate fantasy, the second number being distinguished by a delightful whimsicality.

In *La Vita Breve*, lyric drama in four tableaux, after

M. C. Fernandez, de Falla has concentrated all his characteristic qualities. This work is remarkable for its combination of spiritual and voluptuous feeling. Answering not at all to the ordinary conceptions of artistic reserve, it reveals frankly and openly the composer's sensitive personality, yet preserves a delicate virginity of atmosphere which emanates directly from its candid intimacy.

The works of Joaquin Turina are analytical and subjective, lyrical realisations of acute mental and emotional sensations. Taken as a whole, they render the action and inter-action of universal influences on personal psychology. Added to the universal application of external forces which characterises them generally is an acute emotional sensibility which renders them profoundly penetrative. Remy de Gourmont's comment on Paul Fort applies with equal force to Turina. He is truly the possessor of "*Une sensibilité toujours en éveil*" (a sensitiveness always on the alert).

The *Sonata Romantique sur un thème espagnol*, notwithstanding its name, goes greatly beyond the limits of romanticism as generally understood. Containing neither rhetoric nor tautology, it analyses and interprets the psychology of the composer in relation to his race with a luminous harmonic treatment and rhythmic vigour which transcends the limitations of its theme.

The *Spring Quartette* in D minor being a direct personal emanation without the super-imposition of external ideas, presents fuller and more definite individuality of expression and is more concise in musical treatment.

The *Trois Danses Andalouses* for pianoforte display a subtle perception of rhythmic values and are closely allied in spirit to the poems of Fariña Nuñez. The first number, *Pétenera*, is characterised by a broadly comprehensive mobility which is reflective not only of the composer's racial elements, but of contemporary activity; the second number, *Tango*, is permeated with a dramatic intensity which overcomes the bounds of its rhythmic convention; while the third number, *Zapateado*, contains a brilliant and vigorous exposition of personal thought through the medium of vividly coloured and sensitive contrasts.

The *Scène Andalouse* for violin, pianoforte and string quartette is more subjective and penetrative. Beyond the significance contained in its title and treatment there is in this work a distinct presence of conscious individuality which indicates that the composer is not merely transmitting the national elements, but is interpreting them in their wider aspect through the medium of his personal experience.

In the *Quintette* for pianoforte and strings this tendency is developed without the preponderance of external imagery.

But it is in his pianoforte suites that Turina reaches the height of his lyrical expression.

Sévilla, suite pittoresque pour piano, though labelled with significant titles, is characterised by remarkable intellectual subtlety. Vividly depictive in musical colouring the three numbers which it comprises are unmarred by any trace of realism. Purely impressionistic in treatment, they consist of broadly personal statements from which all trace of the chronicler is carefully eliminated. The first number, *Sous les Orangers*, while evoking the images of cool shadows against throbbing sunlight is a purely mental translation of acute sensations, while the second and third numbers, *La Jendi-Saint à Minuit* and *La Feria*, though definite impressions from actual life are studies of reflective psychology and highly individualistic interpretations of general emotions.

Conins de Sévilla, suite pour piano, is a work emanating from similar influences, of which it treats even more subtly. The first number, *Soir d'été sur la terrasse*, while having much in common with the first number of its fellow suite, is even more personal and subjective and concentrated in colouring. The second number, *Rondes des enfants*, through subtle introspection treats of the primitive impulses and emotions of child life. The third number, *danses de "Seises" dans la Cathédrale*, contains a particular significance among Turina's works. Purely interpretive, the ritual movements of the "*Seises*" dances of Seville originated in a commemoration of the celebrations of Israel before the ark and

contain decided evidence of the philosophic musical conceptions of the Moors, and are the one Spanish dance form which has not suffered from the degradation of gross sensuality. As treated by Turina all sentimental elements are carefully avoided. Outlined in vivid colours it is never definitely pictorial, the composer's whole attention being centred on an investigation of the sources and significances of symbolic movement. The final number, *A los Toros*, is a study in the personal mental exhilaration inspired by general vitality and an analysis of the complex elements underlying popular excitement.

Viewed as a whole the works of these composers, being governed by intellectual perceptions and emanating from a nation possessing an inherently acute response to the sensitive appeal of colour and movement, provide a further manifestation of the vitality which has arisen from the mental realisation of the new forces with which contemporary civilisation has come into contact.

LEIGH HENRY.

THE GLAMOUR OF G. S. STREET.

THERE is in the work of Mr. G. S. Street a simple and naive constation. "It is with pleasure." . . . Yes it is with very great pleasure that I pause amid my furies to state this. The generation of men who have preceded me is in the main so loathsome. The very mention of their names fills me with such a nausea, that I am glad of a change. It is a demand of the system not a mere craving for the bizarre that leads me thus to risk the scorn of my contemporaries and speak well of a book written in the "'nineties" or even in 1900. "The older men are such lice."

Thus from a friendly bookcase I take out works that are quite unknown to me and my "clique"—yes, people who do not know how my friends detest each other, ignorant old novelists and such like, are said to call it a *clique*. I take down, I say, books that are quite new to me and read with pleasure. Mr. Street unfolds his panorama so deftly . . . like the descent of disease in "Candide," he unfolds the life of the richly uncultured. Let us refer to his "Bantocks," they might have been the proprietors of powerful "organs," alas it was only a bank. The vision of rigging finance through the Press had not descended upon them.

We, the young men of my decade, with our coarser touch are too prone to abridgment, we do not make ourselves so amusing. Mr. Street is never in haste, his style is, I think, as near perfect, at least it is as near the most fitting as mortal stylist may attain. His sentence is brief and revealing. He raises no moral issue. He moves with gracious precision. He solves such multitudinous doubts. We have always wondered, for instance, who buys Mr. Collier's pictures; who lives in such and such houses; how . . . in God's name how the consummate idiocy of a country can put up with "The Times" and Lord . . . and Lord . . . and all the other institutions; and why Mr. . . . isn't hanged.

All these and a world of minor matters are explained to us. I feel we should revive Mr. Street. I feel that we of this generation should turn toward him, that our souls should imitate the commendable sunflower and learn at . . . should receive his beneficent rays. He brings such calm to the mind. He melts away one's resentment. He spreads before us such a world. A world that is drifting "out of our ken." One supposes it drifts on to somewhere. Somewhere in the backwaters of Mayfair, somewhere in the sinks of Belgravia or the stews of Bayswater such people exist.

But literature and the excitable world are losing touch with them. Suburbia is invading the novel. The short story is a prey to the Strindbergian backwash. But no one does "this sort of people." For instance, there was a loathsome woman in court the other day who said "was absinthe a drink, she didn't know about such things?" You didn't wonder her daughter had gone to the bad. You were mildly surprised that the coroner had attributed her fall to suffragette dictines,

but you didn't know *how* the mother thought, you didn't know the state of mind that had produced that coroner.

Now all these people belong to Mr. Street's England. And the censor of plays has just taken the bann off Ibsen's "Ghosts," and this is an up-to-date country.

I suppose Mr. Street has, or had, or however one is to put it, a better prose style than anyone who wrote here in the "'nineties." This is a very rash statement, for I do not spend the greater part of my time reading "the 'nineties," but it is so refreshing to come, in English, modern, prose, upon a sophisticated mind that one is a little off guard. Mr. Street has no pose. When I look over the list of dull duffers who compose the "Academic Committee of the Royal Society of Literature," I find no trace of his name.

I can only recall again the grave warnings that have been wasted upon me. I can only remember again that I have been cautioned against the use of irony, that I have been told what "*can not be done*." For instance, "you mustn't *dénigrer* A. Mary F. Robinson." "No paper will stand it."

How well I remember that lesson! I had been given certain books to review, by the uprightest of critics on the most impartial of dailies. One book was silly, and in the innocence of my heart I said so. I had no more books to review. And I sorely needed that money.

Now, Mr. Street's books explain such matters. After reading them one understands "the finer feelings" which keep this great city together.

And then Mr. Street is such an example. An example, I mean, about using irony and about beautiful writing. Sister Myrtle isn't quoted about enjoying his ninetieth thousand. The grateful millions do not hang in suspense at his name. He does not own a motor or even a private yacht, though I once saw him crossing the Channel.

I do not hear his name spoken with awe in the literary gatherings of my contemporaries, or even by such elder literati as my liability to sudden and unspeakable boredom still permits me to frequent.

Neither has Mr. Street sought to assuage me in private. He has regarded me with a frank and genial aversion, such as one would show to a dangerous bit of flotsam which might contain explosives or at least stinging fish. His newly-found books delight me on their own, and unaided, account. One envies Mr. Street his great patience. One feels that his decade may have something said in its favour. Or perhaps not his decade.

One feels rather that he may have something which we sorely lack in our own decade. We are perhaps too prone to name the detestable, to BLAST it outrightly. To say we wish so-and-so were dead and such things abolished. But Mr. Street's writing is like some subtle fluid which both annihilates and preserves. (I believe arsenic has some such action.) The dead form of his era are, so to speak, clearly discernible in his bottle of alcohol. And we lack his touch. We are no longer able to say: Lord Northcliffe was such and such, and such and such. We have never set eyes on Northcliffe. We don't even know that he reads his own paper, and we say out and out, "Damn Lord Northcliffe!" holding him responsible for "The Times," which doesn't so much *really matter*.

How different is Mr. Street's sweetness! How gently and how simply he lays bare the quiet life of "The Bantocks." With what infinite patience must he have sat at So-and-so's dinners. With what fortitude must he have gone daily abroad. With what consummate patience must he have laboured at his writing till every phrase tells. Surely no word is wasted. It gently ripples along.

The late 'nineties seem to have hovered between Gomorrah and Hampstead. That is to say, I don't know. I wasn't here, but as nearly as I can compute the time, it must have been so. By "Hampstead" I mean the undertow. The pre-Raphaelite doctrine of love on a full stomach giving way to vegetarianism; Morrisism declining into the Fabians, etc. Amid all this rummage our author treads with delicate feet. As

much of his personality as gleams through his writings would lead us to picture him as one with a distinguished love of ease . . . for which we feel the most profound sympathy.

His own sympathy with more spacious days imparts a certain spaciousness to his style, a certain breadth of vision.

EZRA POUND.

PASSING PARIS.

The grievously premature death of a young poet who was as exceptionally endowed with beauty as with talent is recalled by the publication (at Fasquelle's) of the complete works of Henri Bouvelet. The two poems herewith will say more in his favour than will criticism:

THEORIES.

Si nous goûtons le jour c'est en raison du soir ;
Le lendemain est clair car la veille fût sombre ;
Or, s'il faut qu'un matin s'affirme par de l'ombre,
Sans doute que chaque heure éclot d'un repoussoir.

Le monde n'est-il pas un grand jeu de balances
Où rien n'est en valeur que par un chargement,
Où tout prend son relief dans un abaissement ?
Puisque jeter un cri, c'est courber du silence.

L'équilibre parfait équivaut au néant.
Le bonheur est un pic du fond de la tristesse :
Nous croyons le gravir, quand c'est elle qui baisse !
Tout serait aplani si rien n'était béant.

L'aube n'a révélé le plan des antithèses ;
J'ai trouvé dans la nuit le secret des clartés ;
Le mensonge est le puits d'où sort la vérité ;
Et je dis que nos Fois n'ont pas d'autre genèse.

Comme c'est le ravin qui prouve les sommets,
Comme le jour n'est grand qu'auprès de l'ombre vaste,
La mort hausse la vie au levier du contraste,
Et l'homme dit Toujours à cause de Jamais.

PRIERE.

Pardon de n'être pas à chaque heure dans l'ombre.
L'enfant dévotieux qui prie à tes genoux,
D'avoir laissé connaître à d'autres, que sont doux
Mes yeux de velours sombre ;

Pardon pour ce que j'ai de force qui te blesse
Dans cette volupté de t'avoir contre moi ;
Lorsque ton cœur qui doute a besoin de ma foi,
Pardon pour ma faiblesse.

Comme un passeur distrait qui néglige les rames,
Pardon d'être resté cet égoïste amant
Dont l'amour paresseux fait insuffisamment
Le trajet de nos âmes.

Dans tout ce que j'ai fait, de meilleur ou de pire,
Pardon lorsque je fus différent de tes vœux ;
Pardon d'avoir omis le parfum que tu veux
Dans l'air que tu respires.

Pardon pour les rumeurs, les sites, les figures
Qui risquent d'offusquer ton oreille ou tes yeux,
Et dont j'aurais voulu, si j'avais été Dieu,
Dépouiller la nature ;

Pour ce que le Destin dont nous sommes les hôtes
T'impose à mon insu d'amer et de brutal,
Pardon . . . Pardonne-moi tout ce qui t'a fait mal
Et qui n'est pas ma faute.

To add that this quality of form and thought is maintained throughout all the poems is to say that Henri Bouvelet has his place on the heights of poetic inspiration.

* * *

Style becoming to the subject, and gentle melancholy, are the leading features in the set of sonnets by Abel Léger: "D'Après l'Antique" (Figuiere, Editions Pan):

LA ROSE COMPATISSANTE.

(D'après Ciolkowski.)

Le dieu Terme, songeur sur sa gaine de marbre,
Scrute l'horizon bleu du jardin déserté
Et son triste regard cherche un peu de clarté
Par delà les hauts murs que dessinent les arbres.

Il rêve en écoutant le bruit qui s'éparpille
Des jets d'eau qui toujours semblent pleurer quelqu'un,
Et tout autour de lui, l'âme du parc defunt
Comme un souffle léger fait trembler les charmilles.

Immobile, il est là pour marquer la limite
D'un royaume irréel où la nature invite
L'homme à tout oublier dans le recueillement.

Mais douce, ayant pitié de ce dieu solitaire,
Une rose monta jusqu'à lui lentement
Pour offrir sa corolle à sa lèvre de pierre.

* * *

An enviable candour distinguishes Fritz R. Vanderpyl, three of whose poems appeared in a recent "Mercure":

Je sais que je mourrai enfin un jour d'hiver
vers cinq heures, au grisâtre et tôt crépuscule,
las des méchancetés de mes mornes confrères,
mais sans haine et sans peine et soumis et crédule.

Il y aura ma femme seule à mes côtés
qui me dira que ma dernière heure est lointaine
encore, et qui m'adoucira l'ultime peine,
et qui m'embrassera, ayant tout pardonné.

Je pressens tout cela: j'aurai écrit des livres
obscurs et fiers que je n'aurai jamais aimés,
et qui étaient ma seule excuse d'oser vivre,
excuse qui alors n'osera plus compter.

Lors j'aurai à peu près soixante ans. Mes amis
vivront dans l'éclat des mélancoliques gloires,
et s'inquiéteront fort peu de mon histoire.

Le lendemain une vieille apportera des lys.

That last line might have been picked out of heaven by a little child.

* * *

The same issue of the "Mercure" is, by the way, remarkable for a particularly well-informed and equitable study of the Home Rule puzzle by Jean Malye; for an article on Rimbaud, the Blake of France, who had that extraordinary revelation on the vowels:

O, suprême Clairon plein de strideurs étranges,
Silences traversés des Mondes et des Anges:
O l'Oméga, rayon violet de Ses Yeux!

and whose "Saison en Enfer" and "Illuminations" have just been re-issued in the Editions du Mercure; and for an essay by Emile Magne on Jehan Rictus, the poet of the people—the people of the city—who writes in their language, and is, consequently, difficult of approach for foreigners. His writings carry a mission:

Nous, on est les pauv's tits fan-fans,
Les p'tits flaupés, les p'tits foutus
A qui qu'on flanqu' sur le tutu;

Les ceuss' qu'on cuit, les ceuss' qu'on bat,
Les p'tits bibis, les p'tits bonshommes,
qu'a pas d' bécots ni d' suc's de pomme,
mais qu'a l' jus d' triq' pour sirop d' gomme,
et qui pass'nt de beigne à tabac.

Jehan Rictus is someone, therefore, to count with for a double reason, especially as his poems are widely diffused, and not least among the lowly, about and for whom they are particularly written.

* * *

"La Vie des Lettres" for July is a good number. Poetry is represented by Paul Fort in an idyll:

"Tenez, prononcez-le comme si vous disiez: 'J'aime' avec la langueur d'un amant plein de grâce et tout plein,

dans son cœur, des flammes déliées qu'Amour en nous recherche et dont il rit, hélas! lorsqu'il brûle sa joue en écoutant nos cœurs, dites, je vous supplie, dites bien ainsi: 'J'aime,' du même ton: 'Germaine'; vous voyez! vous voyez! dites bien ainsi: 'J'aime,' et puis dites 'Germaine.' . . . Enfin! vous comprenez de ce nom la douceur."

and Nicolas Beauvuin, who addresses his pæan to the "city modern":

Nous voulons posséder toute la vie divine,
L'existence électrique avec ses ruts de fièvre.
Nous avons senti sur nos lèvres
Le brulant charbon des usines.

Les horizons nouveaux sont enfin découverts,
Et nous planons dans le sillage des hélices,
Et palpitons avec délices
Dans la mécanique de l'univers.

The leading prose contributor is that mystic-sociologist, Paul Adam, who has submitted his candidature to the future Academic election. He anticipates on the "city future":

"Notre époque a réalisé ce que voulurent les mythes, les religions, les légendes, les poèmes des ères aïeules. Si, par millions, nos ingénieurs et nos ouvriers manient la foudre, n'est-ce point le prodige qu'espéraient, pour leur force humaine, les Grecs en supplications dans le temple de Jupiter, ou bien, attentifs aux paroles de Prométhée, transmises par les vers d'Eschyle?"

Every stage in evolution, every discovery, every invention has been foreseen and predicted. M. Paul Adam is in favour of the construction of entirely new cities on new sites, as against the patchwork principle which interferes with the satisfactory realisation of modern theories while entailing the destruction of relics we are bound to miss sooner or later.

For some reason Paul Adam is too often overlooked. His lyricism does not stir as it should; the combination he presents of the practical and the ideal is disconcerting to the average mind which insists on separating the two directions. Yet, what is a reform, what are ideas, what is the good of them unless they are ideal? Inevitably Paul Adam strikes on one side of the mark of the general comprehension. And his somewhat confused, disjointed expression excludes him from a place among the literary élite.

* * *

A reprint, with appropriate chapter-headings and tail-pieces by Bernard Naudin, of "Marthe: Histoire d'Une Fille," Huysmans' first novel, the earliest edition of which, sold out within a few days, appeared in Brussels in October, 1876, has been issued by MM. George Crès et Cie. "Marthe" preceded a similar book, Goncourt's "La Fille Elisa," by a few months, the latter appearing in Paris in March, 1877.

There is a great difference between this and Huysmans' later works such as "A Rebours," "La Cathédrale," etc. The construction is inexperienced, especially towards the end, but the narrative is briskly told in condensed language.

Like all the books emanating from the firm of Crès, it is artistically presented and well printed on good paper, though the price is the usual 3 fr. 50 asked by other publishers for "yellow backs" the typography of which is usually villainous.

* * *

La Comédie Française has revived "La Révolte," the one-act play by Villiers de Lisle-Adam, which some read as a feminist appeal and others as a symbol of the struggle between idealism and materialism. The first performance of the work took place forty-four years ago, and the same actress who assumed the leading part in a revival twenty-seven years after (since which time it has not been produced), Mme. Segond-Weber, appears again in it now. There should be, if there is not, an English version of this work, whose symbol is as eloquent as, for example, that said to be contained in

Ibsen's "Doll's House." At any rate, the artistry, whatever the key, is not inferior.

* * *

MM. Mouillot et Cie. announce the publication of a transposition of Strawinsky's "Sacre du Printemps," a "drame synodique" by Sébastien Voirol. (50 copies at 50 fr.; 480 at 10 fr.)

* * *

None of the numerous innovators in French prosody have ever had a more ingenious idea than the late Alphonse Allais, that unequalled humorist, who had imagined neo-Alexandrines where the rhyme occurred at the beginning of the line and which showed an average of twelve feet—i.e., each line could consist of as many feet as it liked provided the total amounted to that which twelve feet per line would come to in a poem of equivalent length. Few of our present rebel-poets are as funny or have as much imagination, and Allais carried out the idea.

* * *

Baudelaire on freedom and equality: "He alone is the equal of another who can prove he is. He alone deserves freedom who can conquer it."

And again Baudelaire: "Progress is the paganism of fools."

* * *

A party of French and Belgian authors, artists, and journalists, invited thereto by M. George Crès and Dr. Sarolea, have just returned from a tour in England organised by the Federation of British Health Resorts, the object of which was to further the already well-established friendship between England and France and encourage French travellers to visit the British Isles. Judging from the excellent impression they have brought back and from different articles which have already appeared in various newspapers, the idea was a thoroughly good one. There are two classes of French: those to whom England will always be a strange land (actual anglophobes are rare nowadays) and those who are anglophile by nature. The recent congress will have awakened latent enthusiasms among the latter, and perhaps converted some of the former.

SAINT FIACRE.

CONTEMPORARY CARICATURES.

No. 1.—Mr. R***** K*****.

He is an incredibly insubstantial figure
Booming military warnings and Tory dialectics—
The journalist of the Eastern World.

He has written poetry more dreadful than the worst
prose

And prose more dreadful than the worst poetry;
For exposure of his method see "Caliban in Letters."

He is the victim of suburban popularity;
The ideal laureate for an Imperial administration.

He has rendered his age in terms of the daily newspaper.

Appearance—unknown; vide press photographs.

Style—none apparent, even with a microscope.

Destiny—successor to B.P. as the head of Boy Scouts.

No. 2.—Mr. W***** B***** Y*****.

Poisoned with the miasma of the putrescent nineties—
In conduct blameless as the Pascal lamb—

He pecks among the puerilities of black-magic.

He smells the breath of hob-goblins

And narrates his adventures with apes in prose of
ridiculous preciosity.

An insipid compound of Morris and American credulity
His taste hesitates between the perverted simplicities
of Millais

And the portraits of hairy old imbeciles due to Blake.
In literature he tends to the childish and the occult.

Appearance—impressive but lacking in alertness.
(He is not recommended for the command of a battleship.)

Style—meticulous inaccuracy as a substitute for energetics.

Destiny—clearly the oblivion of all self-conscious triviality.

No. 3.—Mr. F*** M**** H*****

A ponderous egoism emerging from unhappy youthful surroundings,

He rambles disconsolately through interminable pages, Loosing himself in a multiplicity of irrelevant details.

He is redeemed from some earlier banalities
But lies forever imbedded in the yielding mud of impressionism.

With more guts he might be able to string his violin.
He is super-endowed with observation and mendacity
But lacks concentration.

He can criticise a barn-door fowl or a door-knob
Better than other people can criticise Shakespeare.

Appearance—florid and pot-bellied.

Style—good but swathed in yards of conversational towelling.

Destiny—The connecting link.

No. 4.—Mr. J***** C*****

In him we recognise the last of the Romantics—
The romantic movement of 1820
Apparently reached Poland about 1860.

He has to his credit:—

1. Twenty years work in the British Merchant Service.
2. No literary origins blackening his pedigree.
3. Undoubted originality of career.

He is the offspring of Ballantyne and Flaubert;
He has crossed the crude romance of the one
With the precise inclusive method of the other.
Writes at interminable length, wearying all except his devoted friends.

Appearance—foreign and maritime.

Style—Rococo, over-loaded, but *vériste*.

Destiny—The hero of small boys with naval ambitions.

No. 5.—Mr. E***** G*****

His works, appearance, character and style
Are completely unknown to the youngest generation.

His destiny is obvious.

No. 6.—Mr. E**** P*****

His mind is a patch-work of derivations
Agitated by the wind of Transatlantic snobbery.
At times really illuminating
He is too lost in the bog of personal vanity
To be anything more than the Roosevelt of letters.

He adds a Nonconformist conscience
To the peculiar methods of the Salvation Army—
Hence his right to be called the Master of Artistic Cant.

Self-consciousness hides his three amiable qualities from the unobservant—

Yet he dearly loves to impress strangers.

He knows a little of almost everything, but nothing well.
He has the average American's respect for the latest novelty.

Impossible to know if he ever thought of anything himself.

If he had a real conviction he might achieve.

Appearance—a whitened golliwog on a cleft carrot.

Style—Flashy, blustering and often vulgar.
Destiny—The admiration of the colonies.

No. 7.—Mr. W***** L*****

His mind is a 100 h.p. racing automobile
Which back-fires twice in every ten seconds.
Hence the chaotic state of his personality.

Perhaps the most vigorous intelligence in Bloomsbury
He is blighted by the anæmia of abstractions.

His brilliance is that of prismatic petrol
Spilled on a damp asphalt road.
He is sinister, prodigiously vain,
Affectedly Sphynx-like, immobile, witty.

In painting resembles Picasso and Blake;
In literature Blake and Milton.

Appearance—a "lapin" of antecedents disguised by a "manner."

Style—Incomprehensible, except in advertisements.

Destiny—Hanwell, the Order of Jesus, or Westminster Abbey.

JOHN FELTON.

THEATRALISING THE DRAMA AND "PYGMALION."

THE Age makes the problems of the theatre and the drama, not the problems the Age. Every age has had its own peculiar problems. To-day the question of the drama in its relation to the theatre takes precedence. Can a play stand alone? Or do its very origin, nature and aim presuppose certain interpretative objects and agents as the cause and condition of its existing in the theatre or even of its existing at all? Is a play complete in printed form, or does it require players, playgoers and playhouse to complete it. This obviously is a question demanding to be answered before the reconstruction of the drama and the theatre can be seriously undertaken. For the answer will decide the essential form in which plays may be truly cast and moulded. Is it to be scenario-form or closet-form?

The answer it seems is not confined to the theatre, but may be sought in literature. Here, for instance, we have Mr. T. E. Spingarn writing a telling essay, "A Note on Dramatic Criticism," to prove that literature can help to decide the question whether "the printed page may be regarded as the sole or final medium of expression for dramatic writing," or whether dramatic literature is meaningless without the theatre. Oddly enough, Mr. Spingarn is a very learned and cultured writer, who, unlike learned and cultured writers generally, maintains the sound idea that "the theatre and the drama are not two things, but only one; that the actor and the theatre do not merely externalise the drama, or intrepert it, or heighten its effect, but they are the drama." The text of his essay is, in fact, a repudiation of Aristotle's theory of closet-drama. It leads us back to Aristotle and shows us his confused handling of the theory at the very beginnings of literary dramatic criticism. We know that from a dramatic standpoint, Aristotle's Poetics affords an excellent example of the evil of too much reasoning on too little intuition, and few of us will be surprised to learn that the practical result of its fallacious differentiation between reading a play and acting it has been very far-reaching indeed. As Mr. Spingarn reveals in his historical survey, the mischief has extended to our own day, and may, one supposes, be mainly traced, not only in the present separation between the theatre and the drama, but in the threatened destruction of the drama itself.

But, it appears, that the evil achieved by Aristotle and his followers is not worse than the mischief affected and occasioned by the chief adherents of the pro-theatre idea. Castelvetro, Diderot, Schlegel, and Grillparzer misconceived this idea as being primarily and essentially

technical instead of a correlation of the spiritual and technical. The theatre, for instance, which they saw implied in the nature of Drama itself, was not the supreme realisation of the unity of one passionate impression of which Drama is the seed, but an arena for a multiplicity of conflicting ideas concerning the physical facts of acting, and how such facts are received by the spectator. There was "Diderot's central idea," for instance, that "gestures, inarticulate cries, facial expressions, movements of the body, a few monosyllables which escape from the lips at intervals, are what really move us in the theatre." In time this limited view of the theatre and a remorseless constancy towards the main object of bringing the drama into the theatre, had the effect of fettering the drama to the vilest theatricalism. Actually they devitalised the drama as much as the closet-dramatists had done. This sort of profanation of the drama rose to its height in France, under the direction of Francisque Sarcey, who "placed the idea of an audience first." The French borrowed it from Germany. The English critics took the contagion from the French, and the drama debased itself to seek admission to a library and museum of ancient physical facts on (1) Play-making, (2) Play-acting, (3) Play-going, (4) Play-housing. Among the present custodians of this amusing institution are Messrs. William Archer and A. B. Walkley, whose pre-occupation with "dramatic technique, the conditions of the theatre, the influence of the audience, the conformation of the stage . . . constitute the new pedantry, against which all æsthetic criticism as well as all creative literature must wage a battle for life." Mr. Spingarn concludes, "that for æsthetic criticism the theatre simply does not exist." And he might have added, present-day literature (including poetry) also.

What the remedy for the two evils is, it is not difficult to decide. Simply it is to let the drama create its own environment, and not to attempt to create an environment for it. And in criticism, to substitute creative imagination for a dull talent for discussing technical processes. First and highest must come a spiritual consideration of Drama. Let it be considered, for instance, that Drama is something which proceeds from the union of the soul of the author with the spirit of the universe. Then it will be seen that Drama is the great mystery of which the author alone has the key. This will be sufficient so to rid the drama (or form) of literary and other ideas as to allow Drama to flow, as it should do, uninterruptedly and emotionally from author to spectator. And this, through such appropriate channels as may be necessary till human beings have developed a dramatic expression sufficiently potent to enable them to communicate to each other the comedy and tragedy of their individual lives, directly and without the substitution of a middleman and a theatre. To me, both the middleman and his theatre are symbols of amiable degeneracy.

Let Drama create its own environment. That is, let whatever is inherent in Drama come out, consequently, in the representation and interpretation. So let the author set the current of Drama flowing and let all the elements of the theatre be so identified with the dramatic flow that the spectator is unconsciously saturated with them. Without this identity of the elements the result is what? Given a great play, it is the unity of one passionate impression destroyed by a multiplicity of distracting elements. Given a pseudo-play, it is a theatrical fraud. Take "Pygmalion," for instance. This attempt to fit a Thin discussion into a Fat theatre is describable as a theatrical fraud. We know that Mr. Bernard Shaw has a conception of the drama which fundamentally agrees both with that of Aristotle and of Mr. William Poel. It agrees with the theory of closet-drama and with the theory of the actor implicit in the play. Either the printed page, or two garrulous actors will hold the "spectator" spellbound. For Mr. Shaw the stage scene does not exist. Throughout his stage career he has demonstrated that his very active but vegetarian mind unceasingly weaves ideas into discussions, not into pictures. His "play" discussions posit a "spectator" who can listen, not see. The proper environment, therefore, for his plays is a debating hall. The material screen should be the panelled wall of this hall, and the lighting, accessories, and figures should be sufficiently characteristic to enable the spectator to efface romance and to realise the vegetative manners, tone, and proceedings of the Fabian Society. In proportion as all these elements—the material screen, lighting, accessories, and Fabian figures—fall together in one simple mass, the play-discussion

comes into being and produces for its author the conditions of full expression. The fraud perpetrated upon the unwary play-goer is that of substituting His Majesty's Theatre for the Fabian Hall, a faked "play" for a dull debate on phonetics, a producer for a propagandist, actors for debaters, and promiscuous constituents, irrelevant material, and makeshifts for the "real thing." Thus, though we are invited to attend a play, we are never aware of the existence of a play. From the outset our attention is absorbed in the watching of the growth of the pile of crude theatricalism necessary to enable the debate to function in the theatre, and the capacity, energy, and industry with which it is built up. Mrs. Pat Campbell carving *herself* out of a half-witted flower-girl, Mr. Shaw attitudinising as a circus clown disguised as a dustman with an economic obsession peculiar to the Fabian and Fleet Street mind, Sir Herbert Tree manufacturing "curtains" out of a "fiver" and a "taxi," and the melodramatic recovery of a discarded ring, and covering meagre situations with monumental slices of stale fat, and a whole third act building itself up on a Billingsgate cliché. All this brick and rubble presses upon and rewards the spectator who is foolish enough to ask for a play. Thus "Pygmalion" is a theatrical fraud. More, it is a comical phase of Mr. Shaw's want of proportion in the theatre. The great purpose which "Pygmalion" serves is that of illustrating the making of a molehill out of Shaw and a mountain out of Tree.

HUNTLY CARTER.

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

* * *

MR. CARTER ON FORCE.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

I am writing about Mr. Huntly Carter because I am desperately trying to understand what he was writing about in his article on the "Driving Force," in your issue of July 1st. What, to begin with, does he mean by "force"? From an inspection of his words it appears to be—

- (a) something you can "clog up with";
- (b) that can be secured in mechanical cells;
- (c) a word to be used synonymously with "the spirit of the Present";
- (d) a thing you can harness; and which
- (e) can shut out the universal;

all of which is more fun than the modern scientific definition of force as an "arbitrary conceptual measure of motion without perceptual equivalent," especially as that says nothing about "the primary essentials of the force," or about the secondary essentials either. Which is clearly an omission.

But perhaps I should not have said anything about science, for it appears that by a base "scientific trick," the Present, the "unending, continuous Present," has become the New Age of Electricity. Which is really too bad, particularly as it might well have been content "to defile and debilitate the pre . . . I mean Present."

Touching electricity now. It is as old as the uni . . . I mean Universe. The profundity of this remark is, of course, very staggering, but after all to the normal individual things do not exist until he is aware of them. The Womb of Things . . . but to make everyday life bearable we split up cause and effect conceptually.

But apart from this, I gather that electricity is "if not the universal soul at least something near it." This sounds dangerously like the undigested scientific jargon to be heard in drawing rooms, but of course, Mr. Carter is exempt from such suspicion because he knows what "soul" is, at least he seems to be perfectly familiar with it.

I should like to know a soul; they must be great fun to play with. I might, as the whim took me, "besot" it, or "make it into a machine." Perhaps in return it would bring me into "divine communion with the Infinite."

You see how deliciously we run off from one little thing to another simply by perusing Mr. Carter's article. From art criticism we arrive at discussing the Infinite, and his brother the "eternal," which (though without a capital E) has "way and motion," just like a steamboat. Infinite, Universal, Eternal, how the tongue rolls round them! The Trinity is dead (mercifully), long live the Trinity! The new one is just as good and maybe not so dangerous.

And then, how illuminating as a gem of style is this article on the living Force. You see, "the elimination of words . . . in order to a restoration of symbolism and mystery"—is that all clear?—"is a problem which advanced playwrights and critics find it necessary to solve." Mr. Carter at once solves the problem of the restoration of mystery without the elimination of a single word, rather the contrary, in fact.

Seriously, Madam, isn't it amazing rot for a man to write nowadays?

B. DOBRÉE.

MR. HUNTLY CARTER'S REPLY.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

I gather from the letter of your correspondent, B. Dobrée, that my argument is clear. There is a difference between the eternal and the external Now, and the difference consists, essentially and solely, in the latter being a devitalised form of the former. But my terminology needs reconstruction to suit the bowels of common folk. And I might easily achieve this (or so your correspondent suggests), by using terms familiar to the stodgy minds of students of that celebrated work, Harmsworth's "Popular Educator." Actually, from the Harmsworth Pop. I am asked to cull a few choice and informing definitions: Force, see Quaker Oats, a substance which can be secured in mechanical cells. Cell, see Stomach, etc. Such physical definitions would lend the requisite solidity and clarity to my speculations. Darwin enables us to form an idea of the material origin of man. Your correspondent's letter enables us to realise how near some human beings still are to this origin.

HUNTLY CARTER.

MISS MARSDEN AND WAGES.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

I feel inclined once more to risk getting my head knocked off by Miss Marsden: I should like to criticise her admissions and assertions about wages in your last issue. It seems to me that for once Miss Marsden has allowed herself to be enticed into the confused thinking which is the breath of life to Socialism and the Socialists.

In the first place, she admits the distinction of "National Guilds" between "active" and "passive" citizens. "The latter will divide themselves up on terms of wages to serve on the former's schemes." Now, it seems to me that this is a quite unjustifiable submission to the dogmatic writers of "National Guilds," and the implication of "wage-earners" is a wanton insult. According to those writers, "Wages is the price paid for labour power considered as a commodity." Very well, let's accept that. And that means that the only reason for selling this labour is that the labourer gets wages for it. If the wage, a sufficient wage, is not forthcoming, no more is the labour ("sufficient," of course, in the worker's estimation): the man works for the wage and not for the result of his work or the love of work as such.

But is that a condition peculiar to the "working classes"? Does every rich business man or employer of labour work either for the love of the work or for the satisfaction of being responsible for so many packets of grape-nuts or for so many walking-sticks? Surely not: He, too, like his workman, works for his "wage"—his labour also is on the market as a commodity, just as his capital may be and probably is. There is no distinction between "wage-earners" and capitalistic employers on these lines: they all work for "wages."

And if the sagacious writers of "National Guilds" say that is a bad thing, one would like to ask them what else they expect a man to work for? For the love of the thing? Then we should see the glorious spectacle of a nation trying to live on its hobbies! Who will do all the dirty drudgery necessary in life—jobs which no sane man can possibly like either for themselves or for their esults—unless he is offered some reward for doing so? Whent he takes his reward he has sold his labour as a commodity and therefore is a "wage-earner." Wages will go on for ever.

Naturally, I again find myself in collision with Miss Marsden when she agrees that "the present wage-system is merely an adjustment of the old slave-system." It is surely nothing of the sort. The slave was compelled to work for a particular master, at any job that master chose to set him at, and was fed and cared for by that master at a minimum cost for efficiency—in the master's estimation. A wage-earner can be compelled by no master to work for him at any job for any such fare. He makes a perfectly free bargain with any employer and at any job that seems best to him. He can choose his job and choose his wage, and choose his master, and refuse to work until he gets his way (or starves: yes, I know that every smart Socialist will have been trying to interrupt me with information that the only alternative to taking what's offered is starvation. That is bad luck; but it does not alter the fact that the man is free to take or leave any job that is offered).

An equally fundamental difference is this: the slave always gets just enough—calculated by his master—to keep him efficient, like a horse. His labour is not a commodity on the market—at least not one that he can sell. Whatever the market price of his labour, he is treated exactly the same (unless, indeed, he becomes absolutely valueless, when even his efficiency and life are of no concern). But a "wage-earner" is not necessarily doomed to work "as nearly as possible at a subsistence wage." His wage depends on the demand for and supply of the commodity he has to sell—his labour and skill. If it is scarce and wanted, he will get a good wage (like some wealthy business men, lawyers or actors, etc.), if not, not (and it is no one's fault).

I must say I cannot understand Miss Marsden's confusing two such totally different things as slavery and the wage-system. Perhaps I have made some blunder somewhere? In that case I shall be very glad to have it pointed out to me.

R. R. W.

[A reference to the abovel letter is made in current "Views and Comments."—ED.]

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