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 commentators that Arnold is not much read now, which is a pity, because he is the cultured choice flower of our dramatic literature. The remark shows how completely 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.'"

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 as confectioner and played the 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 rancous 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 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.

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* * *
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 coy, tish 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 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 that of the contrary method. To have 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 seeing his own face in a mirror. 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 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 the omnipotent omniscient admiring god or prepare for a bad quarter of an hour with ourselves.
doubts rather than that which believes 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. Long is always the way towards knowledge. Why, too, the voices of the 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 who doubt alike beset him; every spark which flashes from him, every streak of the 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 and intelligence is made. It will always be so. 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 defiance through the darkness, in opposition to Authority. It is one of the nearest manoeuvres, 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 made the believer. Every advancement in the degree and make Authority write down Duty less. We 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 new world, "I must follow you," the ego, 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 ever penetrates 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 invent 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 pieces of name 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 solemn sport, would have been to impose mere naughtiness, though there are schools, for instance, in which a rule by sedulous exaltation is raised 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 spring. The Authority which is the Holy Ghost is the shadowiest vision of that which they fear most. And Conscience dweller in the unlit mists, and is built round with the 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 writes 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 provides the Founding Faculty: the final justifying of 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, would be disposed 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 would be made plain the ball. 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 into action 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 so it is considered for people who would not, nay, 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 into action on a situation which turns on an appeal to force?

The cry that the Constitution is in danger sounds 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 bona 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 them. They do not, however, share in the High Game, and would best be deferred to a sequel.

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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 Con-

stitution" is such as to make a steady accretion of

powers unrealisable, precedents being what they are—

the facts and the judgments of certain personalities noted

because caught in the limelight—and because noted—

the 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 states-

man—wants to do: he does it, and then there is

And that is all there is to precedents. What dis-

tigui shes 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

to the spirit of fight, and is full of risks because it rouses antagonisms: a fact which the humani-

tarian, egalitarian, peace-loving fraternal spirit of
democracy plays upon when in an systematic 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 demo-

cratic schema 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 "de-
signated." The public continue to enjoy disjointing

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 desacralisation, a "criminalisation" only in this guise 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 possessors' willingness and ability to risk encounter-

ing 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 humani-

tarian democracy, with its attempted substitution of

the accepted meaning of the word that of "work-

class-distinctions. Democrats may of course keep silent

about these: they may even deny them; but what they

cannot do is to efface the conviction that they are,

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 demo-

cratic 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 the conviction that they are,

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.  

As for the difference between slave and wage-earner:

it is simply one 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 foresake their downfall.

As 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 "collective bargaining" for "the general welfare of indus-
tries," 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

reassure that responsibility for subsistence which form-

erly was borne by the slave-owner.

It takes many phases to make a world, and it is not

necessary to become martirculate with indignation in

...
GOVERNMENT OF LONDON.
A.D. 1914.

SOME views without comments: special ones of 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.**

"God of our Help."—"R. S. M."

"Lead, Kindly Light."—Mr. H. O. Huskisson and Mr. R. W. Rothnie.

"God will 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. Snellon.

"Hither 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 will and Truth," or "Truth and our Word."

—Mr. Edward Belshaw.

"Labour and Wait."—Mr. F. M. P. Higgings.

"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. H. Hardwicke.

"Onward and upward."—Mrs. W. Hardwicke.

"Faith, Fellowship, and Fortitude."—Rev. J. Phillips­Dickson.

"Charity never faileth."—Mr. G. P. Ridley.

"Me, too."—Owen John.

"London for Ever."—Lieutenant-General A. F. Gatlift.

"God give us ayde" or "God giveth the increase."—Mrs. T. W. Morrison.

"How London doth pour out her citizens" (Shakes­peare).—Mr. John Booth.

"August."—Mr. C. McNaught.

"Now more august" (Dryden, "An. Mir.").—Mrs. A. W. Verral.

"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. F. Morris.

"London great and noble."—Mr. John Lloyd.


"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. Gatlift.

"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 Parish­ons.

"Counsel in Counsel."—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 perilsous 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 theory as they did formerly in religious ceremonies, 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. What is 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 one of their tenets, and is tempted by the ‘not decaf’ because, though he may agree with them in some things, he yet has the horrible suspicion of defection 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, and he is really cast out with his 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 overload 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 braves 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. One 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 caught the "mot juste"—and if he sometimes is too decorative, 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 as 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 sarcastic 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 cumbermass 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 not catalogue the houses 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 Rimbaud, for example, were truly "enfants" of their "siécle" without constantly babbling of battleships.

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 grumpy 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 Browning—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,
He sees the coloured seasons pass."

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.
* "La Chanson de la Vie," Par Georges Turpin. Figuere, 3 f. 50 c.
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 line 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 jutted 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!
CHAPTER III.

THE EGOIST

By James Joyce.

T HE swift December dusk had come tumbling clown­

the certificate of his prefecture in the college of the

repelled him from the altar they prayed at. He stooped

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hair oil with which they had anointed their heads

hear. The dull piety and the sickly smell of the cheap

present at the mass which they could neither see nor

shame nor fear. On Sunday mornings as he passed the

tempt of his fellows. Towards others he felt neither

he felt his belly crave for its food. He hoped there

has my stick! Do you mean to say that you are not

out in thick peppered flour-fattened sauce. Stuff it

bruised potatoes and fat mutton pieces to be ladled

would be stew for dinner, turnips and carrots and

spread out a widening tail, eyed and starred like a

that his offence was too grievous to be atoned for in

hurl his soul hellward ere he could beg for mercy. His

in God's power to take away his life while he slept and

knew that his soul lusted after its own destruction? A

panying him outward and inward. What music? The

cycle of starry life bore his weary mind outward to its

were stars being born and being quenched. The vast

to God even one prayer at night though he knew it Avas

devotion had

tains of sanctifying grace having ceased to refresh his

gone by the board. What did it avail to pray when he

thoughts could make no atonement for him, the foun­

that, while he stood in danger of eternal damnation for

When it receded: and no part of body or soul had been

crumble and a cloud of fine star-dust fell through space.

soul. At most, by an alms given to a beggar whose

his guilt and his punishment. His days and works and

the first sin alone, by every succeeding sin he multiplied

The sentence of Saint James which says that he who

following up to the end the rigid lines of the doctrines

him questions on the catechism, Dedalus.

checked from time to time by saying:

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

— That's game ball. We can't hold the whole house.

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

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, covetous­

ness in using money for the purchase of unlawful

pleasure, envy of those whose vices he could not reach to

and calamitous murmuring against the pious, gluton­

uous enjoyment of food, the dull glowing 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

shred 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

ass a huge fortune how much was he obliged to give

back, the pound he had stolen only or the pound

with the compound interest accruing upon it or all his

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 posi­

tion did not please him. If at morning mass of the

imagination of the child's exalted vision he was able to

rise from his post of honour and, confessing before him

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

stories of Mary held her soul captive: spikenard and

myrrh and frankincense, symbolising her royal lineage

her emblems, the late-flowering plant and late-blossom­

ning 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 excultata sum in Libanon et quasi cyprussus

in monte Sion. Quasi palmi excultata sum in Gedes et quasi

plantaio roae in Jericho. Quasi oliva speciosa in campis

et quasi platanus excultata sum juxta aquam in plateis.

Sicut cinnamomum et balhanum aromatanum odorei 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 follow him with the glint of that strange light

glowing faintly upon her frail flesh, did not humble the

sinner who approached her. If ever he

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 soul and shaneful words,

the savour of perfume and a lewd kiss.

That was strange. He tried to think how it could be

but the dusk, deepening in the schoolroom, covered over

his inoanous. The bell rang. The master marked the

suns and cuts to be done for the next lesson and went

out. Heron, beside Stephen, began to hum tunelessly.

My excellent friend Pompadou.

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

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

A tall boy from the house. Stephen rubbed his hands and

said:

— That's game ball. We can't hold the whole house.

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

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at the right of the altar from which he led his wing of

boys through the responses. The falsehood of his posi­

tion did not please him. If at morning mass of the
hugue 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 sacrement 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? 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 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 evening it will be all over. At 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 learning and soul inspired with the spirit of our glorious founder, and you know that he, at his own desire, was sent by Saint Ignatius to preach to the Indies. 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. The rector paused and then, shaking 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 dust into a tawny glow. Stephen's heart had withered up like a flower of the desert that feels the simoon coming from afar.

* * *

Remember only the most things and thou shalt not sin for ever—words taken, may dear little brothers in Christ, from the book of Ephesians, to the happy memory of the day. 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 face was drawn and his voice broken with rheumatism. The figure of the saintly Jesuit, recently re-arisen, brought back to Stephen's mind his life at Clongowes: the wide playgrounds, swimming 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 with rheum. The figure of his old master, so strangely 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? I will ask you therefore, my dear boys, to put away for one thing and for one thing alone: to do God's holy 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 busy bustle of the outer world to celebrate and to commemorate one of the greatest 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 chapel to make their annual retreat before the feast day of their patron saint. The retreat has come on 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 the 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 busy bustle of the outer world to examine the state of our conscience, to reflect upon the cares of our life, the cares of this workaday world, in order to examine the state of our conscience, to reflect upon 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 find our own immortal souls. All else is worthless. One thing alone is useful, 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, for just and unjust, for saint and sinner alike, let us try, therefore, to make this retreat in honour of St. Francis, with our whole heart and our whole mind.

(The END.)

THE EGOIST

August 1, 1914

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 intellectual activity with its relationship to 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 characterized and the compositions of 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, typical of the epochal mental lethargy; an acute mentality perpetually at war with conservatism, sentimentalism, and brutal superstition. The works of writers such as Luis de Gongora and Lope de Vega, together with the later period of the Libros de Caballeria, reveal the intellectual activity. Thus much of their literature, owing to its extreme preoccupation with philosophical thought, at periods seriously limited the scope of their intellectual activity. Thus the naturally independent spirit of the Arab temperament as evidenced in Arabic 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 speculations, 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 makes 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 rhetorical prose and impromptu verse, which not only indicated the spirit still evident to-day in works by Gustav Falke, Ford Madox Hueffer, and certain of the French Fantasists. Moreover, the writings of Hammod, Omaya, 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 hexas, or mocking songs.

Emanating from a rational intellectualism, even the most exotic Arab productions are marked by an internal thought which-marked by an internal thought which transcends 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 exuberance of sensuous emotion is the one flaw in the reading and writing of brilliant and highly wrought images combined in a line with the development of other countries. Full of individuality. In all other respects he stands as the pioneer of a new epoch in Spanish music which finds its first definite expression with the Alhambra Suite. Albeniz, 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 direct line of material expression. With the poems of José-Maria de Heredia, 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 (1860-1909), who is 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 de Arce, and Campomanor, 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 Federico 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 direct line of material expression. With the poems of José-Maria de Heredia, 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 (1860-1909), who is commencing to write with a kind of unconscious facility, his work is marked by an ever-growing intellectual perception.

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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 poetical expression of the French poets, Apollinaire, Bossière, Louys, and Cocteau, in whom the poetical and the musical are closely blended. Their music is what 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 composers of his generation, and synthesized 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 and synthetic treatment, they consist of broadly personal statements from actual life are studies of reflective psychology and the height of his lyrical expression.

The Spring Quartette in D minor being a direct perception of rhythmical values and are closely allied in spirit to the poems of Farína Náñez. The first number, Fandango de Candil, is the perfect development of the personal emanation without the super-imposition of external ideas, presents fuller and more definite individuality of expression. The second number, Kolonitsa, 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 Farína Náñez. The first number, Soir d’étè sar la terrasse, 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 individual and synthetic treatment, they consist of broadly personal statements from actual life are studies of reflective psychology and the height of his lyrical expression.

The works of Manuel de Falla are in strongly defined contrast to those of Granados. Impressionistic in treatment, they have yet a purely fantasy quality all their own. Extremely intimate, they are more truly intuitive than consciously analytical or synthetic in expression. Reduced to a marked degree, they present the record of personal psychological experiences and outlooks from which is eliminated all details. Among his most characteristic works are the Pieces Espagnoles for pianoforte, which provide an excellent demonstration of his style as compared with that of his modern contemporaries. The first number, Montañesa, 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 individual and synthetic treatment, they consist of broadly personal statements from actual life are studies of reflective psychology and the height of his lyrical expression.

The Trois Mélodies pour viole 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 Viña Breva, 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 romantic and sensuous, his passion for the unworldly, his virginity of atmosphere which emanates directly from its candid intimacy.

The works of Joaquin Turina are analytical and subjective, lyrical realizations of acute mental and emotional sensations. Taken as a whole, they centre the action and inter-action of universal influences on personal psychology. Added to the universal application of external forces which characterizes 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, with its combination of elements, while the fiercely sensual Oriental goes beyond any lascivious appeal, and synthesises the complex forces beneath exotic emotion. Primitive impulses and emotions of child life. The third number, Danses de “Seises” dans la Cathédrale, contains a brilliant refinement of taste and sensitive perception developed in the composer’s other works. The third 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 expression of personal thought through the medium of vividly coloured and sensitive contrasts.

The Trois Danses Andalouses 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.

Sevilla, 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 sunshine, is dominated by strong moods, which he is able to express with the utmost intensity, while the second and third numbers, La Jendii-Saint à Minuit and La Feria, though definite impressions from actual life are studies of reflective psychology and highly individualistic interpretations of general emotions.

Comics de Sevilla, suite pour piano, is a work evoking from the composer’s native land the moods which haunt his memory of childhood 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 Sevilla originated in a commemoration of the celebrations of Israel before the ark and
THE GLAMOUR OF G. S. STREET.

THERE is in the work of Mr. G. S. Street a simple and naive constataion. It is true and it is a great 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 nauseas, 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." 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 "Candida," he unfolds the life of the richly uncoloured. 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 that the Times" and Lord ... and Lord ... and all the proprietors of powerful "organs," alas it was only a bank. The vision of rigging finance through the Press has not descended upon them.

Wey young there may 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 sentiments are beautiful. He is too moral an issue. He moves with gracious precision. He solves such multidinous 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 idocy of a country can put up with "The Times" and Lord ... and Lord ... and at 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 are recommenced, we may unconsciously 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 drys up somewhere. Somewhere in the back waters of Mayfair, somewhere in the sinks of Belgravia it drifts on to somewhere. Somewhere in the back waters of Mayfair, somewhere in the sinks of Belgravia, 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 flatsam which might contain explosives or at least stinging fish. His newly-found books delight me on their own, and unfaided, account. One carries 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 art has not been wasted upon me. I can only remember again 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 immortal 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 good society 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.

Ibsen's "Ghosts," and this is an up-to-date country. And the censor of plays has just taken the bann off "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 not penis, but he has taken 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."

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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.

**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 here-with will say more in his favour than with criticism:

**THEORIES.**

Si nous goûtons le jour c'est en raison du soir;

Le lendemain est clair car la veille fût sombre;

Si nous goûtons le jour c'est en raison du soir;

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?

L'équilibre parfait équivaut au néant.

Nous croyons le gravir, quand c'est elle qui baisse!

Le bonheur est un pic du fond de la tristesse:

Tout serait aplani si rien n'était béant.

L'aube n'a révélé le plan des antithèses;

L'équilibre parfait équivaut au néant.

De plus, on pourrait dire que la vie est une et que rien n'est impossible.

**PRIERE.**

Pardon de n'être pas à chaque heure dans l'ombre.

L'enfant dévotieux qui prie à tes genoux,

Dans l'air que tu respires.

L'homme dit Toujours à cause de Jamais.

D'un royaume irréel où la nature invite

Comme un souffle léger fait trembler les charmilles.

Et tout autour de lui, l'âme du parc defunt

D'une beauté qui a jamais été contenue.

Je sais que je mourrai enfin un jour d'hiver

Dans tout ce que j'ai fait, de meilleur ou de pire,

Dans l'air qui est l'âme des morts

Pardon . . . Pardonne-moi tout ce qui t'a fait mal

Dans tout ce que j'ai fait, de meilleur ou de pire,

Le lendemain une vieille apportera des lys.

**LA ROSE COMPATISSANTE.**

(D'après Ciolkowski.)

* * *
dans son cœur, des flammes déliées qu’Amour en nous recherche et dont il rit, hélas! lorsqu’il brûle sa joue, Et nous planons dans le sillage des hélices, Le brutal charbon des usines. 

Les horizons nouveaux sont enfin découverts, Et galipotions 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 modern”:

Notre époque a réalisé ce que voulaient les mythes, les religions, les légendes, les poèmes des êtres anciens. 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 innovation 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 soon.

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 towards the end, but the narrative is briskly told in condensed language.

And Nicolas Beauduin, 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 brutal charbon des usines.

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 is 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-Alexandrine 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 the forbidden land (actual anglophobes are rare nowadays) and those who are anglophil by nature. The recent congress will have awakened latent enthusiasms among the latter, and perhaps converted some of the former.

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.

He pecks among the puerilities of black-magic.

Booming military warnings and Tory dialectics—

He smells the breath of hob-goblins.

And again Baudelaire: “Progress is the paganism of fools.”

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 a Imperial administration.

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

Appearance—unknown; vide press photographs.

Style—one 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 maxima 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 precisity.

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 energetes.

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

No. 3.—Mr. F*** M*** H****.

A ponderous egoism emerging from unhappy youthful surroundings,
He rambles disconsolately through interminable pages,
Lossing 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 1320

He has to his credit:
1. Twenty years work in the British Merchant Service.
2. No literary origens blackening his pedigree.
3. Undoubted originality of career.

He is the offspring of Ballantyne and Flaubert;
In literature Blake and Milton.

His brilliance is that of prismatic petrol
Spilled on a damp asphalt road.

Hence his right to be called the Master of Artistic Cant.

Appearance—a "lapin" of antecedents disguised by a
affectedly Sphynx-like, immobile, witty.

His mind is a patch-work of derivations
His destiny is obvious.

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. F*** P****.

His mind is a patch-work of derivations
Agitated by the wind of Transatlantic smobbery.

At times really illuminating
He is too lost in the bog of personal vanity
To be anything more than the Roosevelt of leters.

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 unobservent—
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 anemia 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 externalize the drama, or intrepret 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 they did the drama. This stage of the development of the drama rose to its height in France, under the direction of Franciscus 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 conformation of the stage . . . constitute the new pedantry, against which all aesthetic criticism as well as all creative literature must wage a battle for life." Mr. Spingarn concludes, "that for aesthetic 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 the capacity for discussing technical processes. First and highest must come a spiritual consideration of Drama. Let is 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 to human beings, has 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 what ever 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 with what? Given a play which has 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 pseudo-play serves is that of illustrating the making of a molehill out of Shaw and a mountain out of Tree. Want of proportion in the theatre. The great purpose which 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.
NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—August 1, 1914

MR. CARTER ON FORCE.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MR. HUNTLY CARTER.

I am writing about Mr. Huntly Carter because I am desperately trying to understand what he was writing about in Socialism and the Socialists. I was off by Miss Marsden: I should like to criticise her admissions and assertions about wages in your last issue. It seems to me that the name and address of each correspondent should be supplied to the Editor.—Ed.

MR. CARTER ON FORCE.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MISS MARSDEN AND WAGES.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

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 lines. The question of wages in your last issue. It seems to me that the price paid for labour power considered as a commodity. Very well, let's accept that. And that means that the only reason for the worker's work, for the wage and not for the result of his work or the work of as such.

But is that a condition peculiar to the "working classes"? Does every honest man 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 talking-sticks? If it is not: He, to-day, 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 commodity employers on these lines: they all work for "wages." And if the sagacious writers of "National Guilds" say that is bad, then 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 and "professional interests." Who will do all the dirty drudgery necessary in jobs which no sane man can possibly like either for themselves or for their results—unless he is offered some reward for doing it. When, then, he receives his reward he has sold his labour as a commodity and therefore is a "wage-earner." Wages will go on for ever.

But perhaps I should 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. The Egoist.

I am writing about Mr. Huntly Carter because I am desperately trying to understand what he was writing about in Socialism and the Socialists. I was off by Miss Marsden: I should like to criticise her admissions and assertions about wages in your last issue. It seems to me that the name and address of each correspondent should be supplied to the Editor.—Ed.

MR. HUNTLY CARTER.

I gather from the letter of your correspondent, R. Dohrée, that my argument is clear. There is a difference between the eternal and the external Now, and the difference consists, essentially and self-evidently, in the latter being the formalised form of the former. But my terminology needs reconstruction to suit the bowels of common folk. And I might easily achieve this (or so I thought). But the suggested re-organisation is heard in the stodgy minds of students of that celebrated work, Harmsworth's "Popular Educator." Actually, from the Harmsworth Pop. I am asked to call a new chow, and informing definitions: Force, see Quaker Oats, a substance which can be secured in mechanical cells; Cell, see Stomach, etc. Such physical definitions are the 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 much human beings are still to this origin. HUNTLY CARTER.

MISS MARSDEN.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

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 Catholic.
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