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QUID PRO QUO.

TO such as are fascinated by the inter-play of motives in human action, the unravelling of the strands which combined to give the thrill of pleasure the adventure into war was welcomed with, is as attractive as the war-lure itself. The feeling of the people while waiting for England to throw herself wholeheartedly into war, was not that of mere approval or disapproval; rather it was a sense of pleasure and veiled enjoyment in the prospect of war itself. This was as much the case with those who realise definitely that its prosecution will mean inevitable material loss, as with those who are vaguely aware that war is high-priced, and that we shall all be implicated in the paying of it. Each man has been in fact something of a revelation to his neighbour. The silent hope which each was fostering that the issue would be war, they would have been afraid of acknowledging even to themselves; and certainly too afraid of owning to its existence to a neighbour. Then a sudden shock: an unpremeditated expression of opinion, and each betrays himself to the rest: and, lo and behold, all are alike: the secret sin against the spirit of peace is universal, and can be proclaimed from the housetops.

The protests that were thereafter made were more in the spirit of pious concessions to former utterances than spontaneous expressions of existing feelings, and they evaporated almost before they were well uttered. Old phrases moved *en bloc* on to the scene, disinterred from speeches made when war was sour because hung too high for reach for the moment, did appear wearing the look of ancient survivals. An orator might say that the only gain accruing from this war would be the profits of the armament-makers, and writers might enlarge on the "working-classes," "the inevitable victims," "the poor souls for whom this hungry war opens its vast jaws," and press into details of the "gouged-out eyes, and disembowelled entrails of the soldier," but the fact remains that the poor are at least as interested in the venture, and as enthusiastic for it as the rich, while entrails notwithstanding, none is keener than the soldier: and the thought that war can be materially profitable to anyone—armament-mongers or others—is something after the manner of a mild solace to startled consciences: a comforting thought that the war is not so ill a wind, materially speaking, that it blows no one any good; they know well that even should it prove so, for the spiritual satisfaction which it gives, they would still wage it. In short none of the objections made against war in times of peace have the force it was calculated they would have in keeping the desires of the people weaned from

war when an opportunity presents itself to wage a good one. The error which gave birth to objections which proved themselves no objections arose from a failure to realise the existence of imperative human instincts which only war can fully satisfy, and which have as much force with a pacifist as with any jingo.

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The delicate tact of Mr. Asquith indeed in working a few "blessed words" into the drab fustian of Sir Edward Grey's statement of the case for war is more to his credit from a human point of view than any of his earlier strong-man shows. To be so exquisitely sensitive to the shy because deeper human emotions, as to realise that the Sunday Congregations and Peace Societies must shout joyfully for the war or burst, makes a man genuinely attractive, and the Prime Minister knew well that while to shout for war would strain the pacifist's creeds, to shout against infamy would fit in easily; thoughtfully therefore he works it in; the Kaiser's proposals are "infamous."

That is enough for the promoters of the gospel of peace: they are not the friends of war but the enemies of infamy: the same thing with a delicate allowance made for a verbalist difference.

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It becomes easily possible to understand the lure of a good war when the advocates of the two generalisations about war are viewed together. When the purplish flush of the jingo is set off against the white-drained countenance of the pacifist it becomes clear what has happened. Two abstractions have been torn piecemeal out of their genuine existence in *fact*, the nature of which is distorted until they are joined again, when two fads will dissolve in robust common sense. When a generalisation, *i.e.*, a false abstraction, is made out of sound instincts, it creates the fad, and out of the remnants left by the incomplete generalisation is created another; a fad has always a twin. So to a gospel of Peace there must be a gospel of War. Whenever a sudden lull in the Structure of Words allows instinct to speak, it becomes clear that the purpose of Peace is War, and that when War is tired it seeks Peace; or rather, putting the generalisation of Peace and War aside, instinct reveals that we utilise the opportunity of the times when we are not fighting to make us ready for the test of a fight. The results of the test declared, we set towards peace to prepare for the test again: which explains why the kind of conduct which Christian

propaganda seeks to make customary never becomes customary: never becomes any deeper. Constantly it advances and recedes—pendulum-like. In the shape of reaction from strife it gets a hearing now and again: to allow of recuperation for further strife: not for its own sake. When the recuperative work is established: when men have got over their sick turn it is thrown aside as healed limbs throw off their bandages. The gist of the gospel of Peace is not so much the inculcation of a "slave morality" as it is the custom, *i.e.*, the morals, of the sick, the wounded, the uncertain of powers, of all those who are in the *process* of making good. When the period of peace is wearing to a close, always it becomes wistful with the longing for other things. The wistfulness of peace is the pause of the pendulum as it turns on the return swing towards war.

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A fight is merely putting to the test activities of any kind. Like a test in any other sphere it is of the nature of an examination, and its object is to ascertain status, by trial of strength. It is the pivot upon which turns the balance of what is elementarily just and exact. In peace we muster the strength which in war we put to the best show possible. To remain too long at peace is dulling and disappointing for ability as it would be for a young singer or violinist to practise scales and exercises interminably, without the hope of one day putting their powers of strength to receive the verdict of the world. It is for instance because of the increase in strength which the Kaiser believes his country has made in the years of peace that he forces the putting of it to the test. Test and preparation, war and peace go together: they are two stages of one process, each as necessary to the other as is the obverse to the reverse of a coin. Wisdom lies in choosing the kind of test which one may calculate one's preparations and increase of strength has fitted one, for it is the probabilities of success which make the joys or woes of the contest.

This is why people who are not filled with the belief that their forces have a chance of being successful refrain from fighting, much as they would love the exhilaration of it. The exhilaration of fighting which is an elemental need thus recedes from many men's grasp—necessary though it is: which explains why such men will fight for sides while they refuse to fight for themselves: why for instance imperial warfare flourishes while the industrial war faints.

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When a force is in a poor condition it is shy of fights: it seeks safety: let it improve or increase and fighting comes within measurable distance; fighting is in fact nothing other than the violation of boundaries which heavier forces have laid upon the less weighty on the calculation that the force is such and such.

The depressing yet indicative feature of modern "life" is that it has so little to say for individual fighting: that it deprecates it in fact. Verbal education has fitted itself to social customs which already place safety foremost, and back up a state of affairs which in themselves are sufficiently emphatic. The small boy with washed face and a volume on the "Worthy Citizen" under his arm, bent on doing good to his neighbour, not merely replaces but does so with official applause, the unsavoury ragamuffin who would invite the fellow of the biggest size which will allow of an outside chance of a win, to come and have a scrap round the corner. It is small wonder that in this anæmic atmosphere we fall back perforce on the second best: on fighting for a side: on praise of *esprit de corps*: on composite games of all sorts of which the biggest is a big war.

The steady pressure which latterly has been put upon the young (the old matter less) to substitute without questioning *l'esprit de corps* for the egoistic spirit is, as a precaution, curiously redundant. The tendency to do so is working strongly enough before education takes a hand in it. Timidity suggests it, and its advantages from the safety point of view are obvious; pleasurable too. It gives scope to one's constructive tendency to an extent beyond anything to which the abilities of the mediocre person could run. One can admire vicariously

in the members of a side all those qualities which one lacks oneself. A side, a corps, a composite unity can moreover be constructed: built up by making good the deficiencies of each by the picked qualities of all. Then with this superlatively excellent thing one identifies oneself. The slenderest connection will furnish the *point d'appui*—the mark of identification: a common name school, county and nationality, and things far far less. And having assisted at the composition of the side, or oftener still having selected a ready-made one, one backs its fortunes and becomes identified with its interests. The "side" is the makeshift of the instinct to reach out into dominance, even if only at second-hand—or thousandth hand. It keeps alive a fainting self-respect, and lends the stimulus of the fight without its responsibility for risks and initiative.

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This constructive sense which the cult of *esprit de corps* utilises with such wide-spreading effects is worth dwelling on since it is this which provides the underlying design of "Order," of which laws, regulations, the entire maintenance of the status quo, are but the subsequent steps taken to keep such orders permanent.

As has been pointed out in these pages many times, the establishment of any order is nothing more or less than the progressive development of a purpose. The detailed features of any order equate exactly into the purpose which ushers them into co-existence. All that is apart from, or unseen in, the planning of the proposed development is "chance." If such chance "chances" to accentuate the original purpose—if it can be utilised to further the purpose it is "luck"; if the opposite, it is "accident"; if it is thrown across the line of development of purpose by another willed purpose it is "opposition." Every living being represents purpose to the exact extent that it is alive. The husbanding of living strength effects itself by hanging on to its own purpose for what it is worth, for where the individual permits his power—(or purpose: they equate into the same thing)—to become scattered or unequally developed, a certain procedure works itself out. The individual failing to mind his own business becomes engrossed in others, because the spectacle of the others' more advanced development attracts him. Thus we find that those who can least afford to spare attention from their own development are the very ones who are devoting the bulk of their energy to the purposes of others, for the simple reason that they are more attractive. After a while, relying on a little trick of words, they will even claim the alien order as their own. It is their own, of course, for just so much as it is—that is a sense of being in touch, however remotely, with the dominant: a sense of which the reverse side is not a call to dominate but to serve. The humblest soldier in the Kaiser's service is allied with the Kaiser's highest purposes: the humblest little urchin in a London slum, brandishing his wooden sword bravely despite his hungry stomach, is sharing in the glory of every British hero throughout British history. That the servers "serve" is their misfortune: the price they pay for receiving their joys at second-hand.

* * *

It is a mistake to imagine that the joys are any one whit less real than the yoke of service, and it is a fact open to even cursory observation that the way to make oneself thoroughly miserable is for such as are not competent to aspire to shine in a large and ambitious circle. Personal comfort, as well as success, requires a very nice and just estimate of one's powers and limitations; otherwise one is in danger of imagining that in accepting bestowed pleasures one will be requested to accept status to match the pleasures rather than the implications of bestowal: a very jarring mistake. Entry into ranks above one's capacity can be achieved only on an acceptance of the status of servant: terms, however, to accept which there is a willingness which is world-wide. To hobnob with one's betters on menial terms is the foible of the incompetent. The feeling that it is better to be a doorkeeper in the

houses of one's betters than to reign monarch in the modest hut to which one's own individual powers run is nowadays almost universal. Is there not the common glory of the House, the State, the Empire: the common *esprit de corps*? To be the farthing dip in someone else's illumination-scheme is the "unity" ideal. The glory of Nelson, Drake, Raleigh, of Clive and the rest, of all the Empire builders, falls, as a mantle, on the shoulders of some underpaid seaman; in return he "serves" in the ranks. Napoleon quite accurately put it when he pointed out to his men that he lent them his glory: in return for which they—"served." Napo-

leon, of course, bathed in an effulgence of glory, and yet he did not serve: but that is the difference between being a Kaiser and being a unit in the iron battalions. Everything considered, it works out all square. The masses work to develop a Kaiser's personal scheme of order: he gives in return what glory an intimate acceptance of the *esprit de corps* reflects on them: he enables them, if they are not too wide-eyed, to flatter their self-respect, and enables them, of a certainty, to satisfy a starved desire for combat on terms which they can afford to pay. It is good enough for people who can do no better.

VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

IT would probably be paying English intelligence too great a compliment to characterise the outcry which has been made about the German Emperor's easy way with treaties, as Cant. The outcry much likelier represents a genuine failure to understand the function of treaties, compacts, or "Promises" in the structure of human society.

* * *

To say that a Promise is not a sacred thing is not to deny its importance as the cement of all society living on a basis of non-violence. On such a basis the compact is the substitute for the sword. It has the same compulsory force, the same power of driving society's units into coherence; and a challenge of its authority is visited with as prompt a retort as a challenge of the authority of the sword would be were the basis war. Whence it follows that just as it is merely the hocus-pocus of the ignorant to regard promises as "Sacred," it is not otherwise when their violation is regarded as heinous and sacrilegious. Compact-breaking is not sacrilegious but onerous: that is, if one breaks a compact one must be prepared for serious consequences, whether social, legal, or diplomatic. It is perhaps just because its consequences are the least onerous in the field where a careless observer might even believe them missing, *i.e.*, in the Social, that society defends itself here by an appeal to supernatural disapproval, such as is cloaked under the designation of sacrilegious.

* * *

The promise-breaker in the Social sphere is the "bounder." Polite society being held together by an assumption that promises will be kept, the bounder can exploit it by utilising the assumption while failing to accord it respect. A society calls itself polite when violence is not included in its methods of reproof, and the bounder can therefore go far without hurting his skin. Upon such a one, polite society passes verdict to the extent of its powers by voting him unfit for society, and promptly shuts him out; he is ostracised. To characterise him as sacrilegious is a preliminary process of ostracism. The deficiency represented by the difference between this weight of punishment and the weight of disapproval is made good by invoking the force in the invisible wrath of God. Between the two the bounder has no easy time.

* * *

It is, however, what happens to promise-breakers outside the radius of polite society which really makes evident the function of the "Promise." Upon a scene where the sword has decided the issue—delineated the features of what is "just"—the fabric of Promises can be woven. Promises are the holders-in-fief for conclusions arrived at by the test of the sword.

* * *

The might of the sword evaluates the forces, the weights of which will condition the Promises made by them. If, therefore, one comes to define the keeping of the terms of the promises as "Right," one can say that "Might" conditions "Right." Their variations are in direct ratio, but "Might" is primary. Challenge "Right" and the appeal is to "Might": as can be illustrated afresh by a return of attention to the violation of compacts. If compacts whose sphere is

outside the mere polite one of Social convention, and of which the violation comes within the legal sphere, are broken, Might is invoked to vindicate its offspring. Veiled though it is, the nature of the instruments which the penal code utilises are of the Sword: of Might: manacles, the bludgeon, the lash, the gallows. The primary and secondary characters of the Sword and of the Promise respectively, are made evident by the fact that the challenged Promise seeks its vindication in the Sword; but when the Sword is challenged, Promises are futile: they flee to the refuge of the future, and the Sword ultimately is absolute: it is blade against blade. Which brings us face to face with the spirit in which an emperor may tear up a treaty. Treaties are made on the computed strength of forces existent at the time of their making: which forces, with time, vary: some increase in strength, others diminish, and that party to the treaty which has augmented its strength cannot feel itself bound by the old terms. Gently and tactfully they will be departed from, but if the augmented power is hindered from so doing, the Sword springs out of its sheath. Appeal has been made to it: a reputable, if often cocksure and foolhardy action, wholly straightforward and in no wise to be held akin to the underhand exploitings of the assumptions of polite Society which create a sphere for the "bounders," among whom, for instance, one would place the panic-mongers and price-inflaters of this our own patriotic population.

* * *

Under the heading of "War and Class War" the "Times" of Monday last had a column of observations upon the startling manner in which socialist propaganda has crumbled up at the touch of a really formidable contest. It has disappeared as clean as a whistle—or smoke—without leaving a wrack behind. The phenomenon will, one hopes, be something for enthusiasts to remember and to give them pause when they are invited to swell the ranks of socialists in the future. For note what socialists—the individuals themselves—want: genuinely they desire that those who are poor and weak shall become somewhat richer and somewhat stronger; yet socialism: a manner of conduct which these individuals advocate, demands just the sort of temper which encourages the poor and weak to remain so relatively, permanently, at the same time filching from the unhappy situation just that "kick" which ordinarily it possesses within itself for its own recovery; the drive which makes poverty and weakness undesirable, *i.e.*, discomfort.

Perhaps the one answer which might be made to the "Times'" query as to why socialist propaganda has fizzled out almost in a night is that it has issued in success so complete that naturally a term has come to it. By placing side by side with the "Times'" utterance such an unintentionally expressed socialist defence as is contained, for instance, in a leading article in the "Daily News" of the same date (which paper has, by the way, latterly been pathetically extending its columns to Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Webb and to Mr. Bernard Shaw for dialectic assistance) on the "New Socialism," it is clear that there might be one reason at least to explain why socialists have left the field at this juncture without striking almost a single blow. It says, "On

Saturday the Government passed through all its stages in the House of Commons a Bill authorising the Board of Trade to requisition foodstuffs in the same way as military and naval authorities. They also introduced a Bill authorising the immediate expenditure of £4,000,000 in promoting housing schemes throughout the country so as to mitigate unemployment. Both measures were received with acclamation by the Opposition, Mr. Chamberlain, Lord Robert Cecil and Mr. Bonar Law joining in the chorus of praise. They were scarcely discussed at all. Yet they mark two further important advances in the process of revolutionary change which has been going on with lightning-like rapidity before our eyes in the last week. The powers of the Government in the conditions in which we now are have been shown to be practically unlimited. The old social fabric has crashed down and a quite new and totally different structure has arisen as if by magic. A week ago cash payments were suspended for certain bills by proclamation. Last Tuesday the Government announced its intention of taking over the insurance of war risks at sea. On Wednesday the moratorium was made general for all debts but rent, wages, rates and taxes. On Thursday the Chancellor announced his intention of issuing new currency notes on a basis totally unknown in this country hitherto. Railway nationalisation has been effected at a single stroke without a word from Parliament. An aliens law of undreamt-of severity has been passed almost without a murmur. The Government have simply taken over the question of food supply and of unemployment, and no one doubts or grudges for a moment the vigour with which they will be handled. Society as we have known it has simply dissolved; and a new social organisation been set up in its place amid general acclamation.

"No one dreams of blaming the Government for the steps it has taken; on the contrary, even its most bitter enemies applaud their vigour, and with reason. They are the sole alternative to anarchy now, and everybody knows it. They have been marvellously successful simply because they have the hearty support of the entire country. . . . The new changes . . . are revolutionary, and they cannot be wholly temporary. The system which they superseded can never return in its entirety after the war, partly because the conditions in which that system was set will have vanished, partly because men's minds will have been so profoundly affected by the new experiment that they will not consent to return to the old conditions without modifications. The appeal from the Society of Friends which was published on Saturday called upon men of good will to prepare already for the great task of reconstructing society which will be imposed upon them after the war. There will not be wanting very new and very startling data on which to work for this end."

* * *

The above, if socialists care to make a show of victory in words, will answer the "Times" fairly enough. "Why shout for a thing which willy-nilly is being thrust upon us?" they might ask. Yet they won't. It is to be borne in mind that it is not a socialist journal which pens the lines, but the mouthpiece of the socialist's arch-enemy of barely a month ago, of the wealthy humanitarian, pacifist liberal. One can feel safe in surmising that as soon as socialists can get their wind after this knock-out blow of having their utopias neatly parcelled up and presented to them out of hand, they will repudiate the above as spurious socialism, though to do so will leave the gibes of the Tories without retort. In the meantime, however, while socialists are dumbstruck by the present farcical situation, it may be possible to make a word penetrate through the hypnotising chant of words and shibboleths by which ordinarily they hold themselves separated from the onslaughts of common sense.

* * *

The socialists know vaguely that they desire, and are willing to struggle for, a change in position of certain portions of the community. They are like people who sick of a disease which they cannot specify are persuaded by the glib assertions of quacks that the

disease is so-and-so, and that the remedy must be their own special nostrum. The state of illness is in fact labelled to conform with the remedy. Because the quacks mean to insist that the remedy is socialism their pains are spent in persuading patients that they are socialists. That is why when the fortunes of quite other views of "social order" are for the moment fortuitously assisted by a spell of socialism, the wind is taken from the sails of the socialist "movement." The panacea for the withholding of which socialists have cursed their opponents as enemies of God and man, earth and sky, and as creators of all social woes is suddenly thrust on them; and the social complaint is unaffected. If there is a moiety of change at all it is all in favour of their powerful opponents. To those who already had much, more has been given as far as power goes. Far from power widening down from individual to individual as the hawkers predicted, power has folded itself up tighter into the central knot of the governing clique. Freedom of action, the means of life, individual lives themselves—are all at the disposal of the central group; under socialism.

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It is an exceedingly happy accident for the elucidation of socialistic theory that the exigencies of the governing classes should have made it necessary to give a demonstration of socialism in practice just now. Upon the intelligence of people inoculated with shibboleths, argument is pointless. Hence an object lesson putting theory into practice is invaluable. On the face of it the experiment shows how little hostility there is between socialism and governments. The former is not merely innocuous as far as the latter is concerned; it is an enormous support to it; a very present help in time of danger. The reason the Government has thought it necessary to augment its ordinary great powers by the infinitely greater powers which accrue to it under socialism is for its own sake and not for the sake of those who will momentarily benefit by its action. Food for the people is as necessary for the successful prosecution of the war as rifles are for the Army. A starving discontented populace at home would be as disastrous to the Government's ambitions abroad as if one of the Allies went over to the side of the enemy. So out of the gush of warm feeling which the war has raised in all of us, the Government adds enormously to its powers and cuts down the individuals' proportionately; to the momentary accompaniment of the tune of the individuals' own satisfaction. For in a popular war it is as easy to disarm suspicion in regard to extraordinary measures as it is in love. Powers will even be given up voluntarily for the time being. A warm pink glow of sentiment veils everything.

Goodwill is at its height, so much so that the lie of the ground is hidden. As the "Times" heartily says, classes are forgotten. In the enthusiasm for the prosecution of an already successful "Order" just now presenting its Gala-show—it has brought out all its gew-gaws, its banners and its colour and music to allure us—it is really forgotten whose "Order" it is. For the moment, if we choose to call it so, it is ours, and we may as well accept this compensation considering that the pink mists of goodwill will soon fade; for last they won't and can't; even if they could we wouldn't have them; like sweet perfume half their charm lies in transitoriness. Then we should be able once more to reckon up how much of the great Empire belongs to us.

* * *

The communistic, collectivist tendency of thought upon which the socialist error is founded, is given rise to by the making of a permanent generalisation upon the basis of this transient, charming impulse. What merely serves its moment the socialists would make the basis of each day's humdrum living. Hence the usefulness of the Government's object lesson. The present socialistic conditions will last as long as the Government needs them. Should the politicians under popular pressure seek to perpetuate them beyond that period they will be faced by the opposition of the only persons who really count; those of initiative who, released from, or tired of the sport of the war, will be setting about

their own individual business again. The dream that each is for all and all are for each will have passed, and each will be, for as much as he can be, for himself. Later, when the vaulting ambitions of the most powerful individual "orders" have, with the passing of time, again risen to their height, there will again be war, again the warm goodwill of the ordinary multitude, the spectacle of brotherly-love, socialism and . . . then back once more on the inevitable individual swing.

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Accordingly, in this matter of socialism it is being revealed that a capitalist state can easily out-Cæsar Cæsar: as might have been expected, since capitalism commands, not only the means, but the capable men; as likewise, too, socialism does not seek to abrogate the powers of the State, but to augment them. Socialism is so pleased to image the State as a species of lucky-bag whereas, after all, it is nothing but an official recognition of the *state* of existent forces; and since socialism seeks to make the State all-powerful and the seat of all authority, the best and likeliest persons to carry out the job are, obviously, those who own the existent forces; certainly not those who are gaping powerlessly at their interplay from the outer fringe of their interaction: the socialists. It is really an interesting fact that the powerful ones have withheld their hand so long from this job of apotheosising the State, and have waited until it was genuinely necessary to them. Doubtless, had they not been too busy enjoying themselves, to fall under the influence of the "word-cult" they would have put it through long ago.

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One is, of course, quite aware that the socialist would protest there exists all the difference in the world between an all-powerful Socialist State and an all-powerful Capitalist one: they would make the protest for a reason we have referred to above—that they never take the trouble to think what they are saying when they say "State." A State is the equilibrium of the orders which make up a community. The powerful orders are the interests and established purposes of the powerful people; and they inevitably, like oil in water, rise to the top. They will be there under socialism; perhaps, indeed, a little unpleasant because of the lip-service they will be expected to pay to an over-ripe goodwill, by that time doubtless become a fine stench. The "workers" will be at the bottom, looking for their bit of excitement in a "call to serve" and "sacrifice" themselves for the State; for the whims of the people on the top. They will enjoy themselves very well for the moment, and, satisfied, they will sink back again—to their State.

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It is plain why the egoist motive animating "tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief" is so carefully veiled. An egoistic explanation will always be confined to the very limited few who find their major interest in observing their fellows; and this for quite valid egoistic reasons. All the rest have interest to gain by flouting the notion with fine scorn.

The aristocrat, the oligarchs who maintain their status by diligently prosecuting their notion of good order, *i.e.*, the continued establishment of their own paramount one on unblushing egoistic lines, are prevented from acknowledging that they do so by the restraining thought that should they, others might be encouraged (so excellently does their condition commend their creed's efficacy) to mark and learn of them, and follow suit. Which would spoil matters entirely. For their projects and purpose to mature to their full flower it is absolutely essential that there should be a crowd of persons with nothing better to do than to serve them. The number of persons with initiative and willingness to accept individual responsibility must be small if those spacious schemes which give such light-headed enjoyment to the servers are to maintain their momentum. As Mr. W. S. Gilbert puts it: "When everyone is somebody then no one's anybody." Whence, therefore, the Somebody must maintain that egoism is good for the classes but bad for the masses: carry the situation off blatantly and remember his place—on the

top: as he did in the times when it was an achievement to curse like a lord—times when a lord was well loved by the people. When Somebodies take to dust-throwing as they do more and more nowadays, they appear less pleasant. They should regard high sentiments on brotherly love as the perquisite of the masses. For Somebodies it should be regarded as sufficing if occasionally they feel it.

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And if the oligachic view of ruling "Orders" can only accommodate a few the anarchistic will tolerate none: except of course its own fad that there should be none. The anarchist looking round the affairs of the world sees that men are unequal in power: a condition the effects of which are that the less powerful fall into servitude to the great; he promptly leaps to the theory that the development of more powerful orders should be frustrated by a voluntary inhibition of will and initiative on the part of the greater ones. "Because all cannot equally establish such a 'Rule of Order' as each might desire, none therefore should attempt to establish any 'Rule of Order' at all," is the spirit beneath the doctrine of non-violation of individual liberty—the creed of the doctrinaire anarchist. It means in practice the non-utilisation of the limited character of the power of others. Naturally, such a doctrine of voluntarily applied embargoes has point only inasmuch as it is addressed to the powerful, and as it turns out the latter's ears in this regard are very deaf: the first instinct of power is for room to grow, and whenever such growth requires it, the power creates its own opportunities to exploit whatever helps it on its path. All this explains why we find the genuine anarchist so utterly the reverse of what popular imagination paints him. Gentle, if ineffectual, he would put himself to unlimited pains in order to make world-room for a weed or a fly.

* * *

A syndicalist is an anarchist crossed with a mild egoist strain. He represents a first faint inarticulate prescience of the working-classes that if oligarchy suits them but little, anarchism suits them nothing at all. In "sabotage," or in the conception of the general strike, there is a faint realisation that to win large shares in the world's spoils working men must be ready to string their hearts and consciences up to the pitch of being despoilers. To hold one's own purposes so much in esteem as to be prepared to push others to the rear in their interest is a first sign of power. Other signs must be forthcoming in addition, but without this—nothing. It is because syndicalism has raised its lip, and revealed this sharp gleaming egoist tooth, that it has earned such hearty execration as offending both God and Man.

The measure of hatred which this very mild syndicalism has aroused, and the spectacle of the strength of a challenge armed force is sufficient to prove to the "workers" the kind of foe they can expect to rouse should they bring the "capitalist state" to the test of force. The answer to the query why the brave protestations of the industrial warriors upon the approach of an Imperial conflict have fallen so flat as to justify the phrase of the "Times" concerning "artificial conflicts" which are "dispersed at the touch of a real one" is that relatively speaking the characterisation is true. The workers do not care about their interests as imperialists care about theirs—though in peace times they may use terms as big. It is to this extent that their conflict is artificial. "Workers" are not *seriously* concerned about their balance of power. They do not really understand what the possession of power means or entails, nor do they desire to, very ardently. Had they desired it they would not have been misled as they have been by socialism for half a century. The track to anything we definitely want, we *scent*: and though we might not be able to advance rapidly along it, we should not be misled very far in a contrary direction.

In the case of socialism, misdirection had the advantage, it is true, of leading away from the genuine struggle which pursuing the path to real power would

have entailed, and will entail, but for which the "workers" are neither fitted nor prepared. If they want to be prepared and fit, the present situation, in addition to providing the sport of a good fight, can otherwise effectively subserve their purpose. In the first place it can make plain that force is a primary fact, not to be blown away with windy words on paper. It can further make them familiar with arms and their uses: with the hardening of fibre which will stiffen for attack: it can settle for all time that we may not expect miracles of a sort: men who have been obedient for generations do not select the hour of war to make a first experiment in disobedience. On the contrary, they are likelier to achieve a new respect for obedience. And in secondary ways we shall very willingly—some of us, that is—learn that we have fallen into a habit of expecting, accepting, and making necessary to ourselves, things which we could well forego if requiring them lessens our ability to garner our power. As we are all in a chastened and teachable mood, perhaps we as "workers" shall emerge at the far side of this crisis capable of waging a conflict to which the term "artificial" can be less justifiably applied.

D. M.

EDWARD WADSWORTH, VORTICIST.

An authorised appreciation by EZRA POUND.

"IT is no more ridiculous that one should receive or convey an emotion by an arrangement of planes, or by an arrangement of lines and colours than that one should convey or receive such an emotion by an arrangement of musical notes."

That proposition is self-evident to all save the more retarded types of mentality.

Programme music is, for the most part, inferior music. Painting that relies on mimicry rather than on "arrangement" is for the most part inferior painting.

Innocuous people come to me and tell me that all vorticist painters are alike, or that they are like modern painters of other schools, etc. They say with fluttering voices, "I don't see where this new art is *going*," etc.

The new art in so far as it is the art of Mr. Lewis, Mr. Etchells and Mr. Wadsworth is. If you want art that is "going," go to the Royal Portrait Painters' show, that art is *going*, passing, marasmic. The futurists had a good painter named Severini, they still have a good painter, an expressionist named Balla. The vorticists have at least three good painters and more coming on.

These painters are not all alike, they are none of them like Balla. One of them agrees with what Kandinsky has written, but his work is not in the least like Kandinsky's. The new painters are no more "all alike" than Chinamen are "all alike." To the unobserving or untrained mind all Chinamen may look alike. A good vorticist painting is more likely to be mistaken for a good expressionist painting than for the work of Mr. Collier. I trust no one would mistake the work of even a vorticist student for the work of any R.A. or A.R.A. or R.P.P. or anything of that sort.

A Zulu might be unable to tell the difference between a Lavery, a John and a Sargent. They are "all alike," yet even George Moore could tell the difference between them. These men all work "on more or less the same principle." You would explain their differences partly in terms of technical efficiency, partly in terms of taste and personality. A good John is something different from a good or a bad Sargent. Even a good Lavery is something different from a mediocre Sargent.

These statements are absurdly simple, but they are no more simply absurd than the general talk one hears about the new art, and the general tone of the press thereanent.

II.

The vorticist movement is a movement of individuals, for individuals, for the protection of individuality. If there is such a process as evolution it is closely asso-

ciated with the differentiation of species. Humanity has been interesting, more interesting than the rest of the animal kingdom because the individual has been more easily discernible from the herd. The idiosyncrasy is more salient.

The vorticist movement is not less unanimous because its two best known painters, Mr. Lewis and Mr. Wadsworth, are quite different, both in their works and in their *modus vivendi*.

Mr. Lewis is a restless, turbulent intelligence bound to make himself felt. If he had not been a vorticist painter he would have been a vorticist something else. He is a man full of sudden, illuminating antipathies. I remember a remarkable study by him in the "English Review" (before it fell into its present condition), I remember his comments, years ago, of some French story or other, a mind always full of thought, subtle, swift-moving.

A man with his kind of intelligence is bound to be always crashing and opposing and breaking. You can not be as intelligent, in that sort of way, without being prey to the furies.

If, on the other hand, Mr. Wadsworth had not been a vorticist painter he would have been some other kind of painter. Being a good painter, born in England in such and such a year of our era, the time, the forces of nature, etc., have made him a vorticist. It is as hard to conceive Mr. Wadsworth expressing himself in any other medium save paint as it is to conceive Mr. Lewis remaining unexpressed.

This almost too obvious difference in temperament has, naturally, a resulting difference in the work of these two men. One's differentiation of the two groups of pictures arranges itself almost as a series of antitheses. Turbulent energy: repose. Anger: placidity, and so on.

It is natural that Mr. Lewis should give us pictures of intelligence gnashing teeth with stupidity, that he should choose "Timon" for a subject, and that he should stop design and burst into scathing criticism, as in his drawing of centaurs and sacred virgins.

It is equally natural that Mr. Wadsworth should take his delight in ports and harbours and in the vernal processes of nature; and that even his machinery should tend toward an oriental angular grace.

I can not recall any painting of Mr. Wadsworth's where he seems to be angry. There is a delight in mechanical beauty, a delight in the beauty of ships, or of crocuses, or a delight in pure form. He liked this, that, or the other, and so he sat down to paint it.

I trust the gentle reader is accustomed to take pleasure in "Whistler and the Japanese." Otherwise he had better stop reading my article until he has treated himself to some further draughts of education.

From Whistler and the Japanese, or Chinese, the "world," that is to say, the fragment of the English-speaking world that spreads itself into print, learned to enjoy "arrangements" of colours and masses.

(A word here about representative art: At the vorticist dinner, a large gentleman inclining to futurism said that some tell you they "represent" and some that they "don't represent," etc. The vorticist can represent or not as he likes. He *depends*—depends for his artistic effect—upon the arrangement of spaces and line, on the primary media of his art. A resemblance to natural forms is of no consequence one way or the other.)

I have hanging before me one of Mr. Wadsworth's arrangements in pure form, called (simply because it is necessary to call pictures something or other for ease of reference in conversation) "Khaki." It happens to have a khaki-ish sort of colour for ground and is therefore easy to remember as "Khaki."

This picture does not "look like" anything, save perhaps a Chinese or Japanese painting with the representative patches removed. The feeling I get from this picture is very much the feeling I get from certain eastern paintings, and I think the feeling that went into it is probably very much the same as that which moved certain Chinese painters. It is a feeling that moves men to paint in periods before their form or "school" of art has decayed and become sentimental.

I have at my right an amazingly fine line block of "Vlissingen." The "motif" is ships in a harbour. It

is a very fine organisation of forms. That is to say, there are a whole lot of forms, all in keeping, and all contributing to the effect. There is no use saying that the masts and sails are like the lances in a Paolo Ucello. They are not. Yet one might say that the organisation of forms was good in Wadsworth's drawing and in the well-known Ucello for somewhat similar or even for the *very same* reason. This is a bad way to criticise. One only refers to some old picture for the sake of getting the reader or the spectator who is hostile to, or unfamiliar with, the new painting to consider it from an impartial position.

There is a definite, one might say a musical or a music-like pleasure for the eye in noting the arrangement of the very acute triangles combined like "notes in a fugue" in this drawing of Mr. Wadsworth's. One is much more at ease in comparing this new work to music.

I recall a black and white of Mr. Wadsworth's, a thing like a signal arm or some other graceful unexplained bit of machinery, reaching out, and alone, across the picture, like a Mozart theme skipping an octave, or leaving the base for the treble.

It is possibly wrong to try to find names for one's pleasures. The pleasures of any one art are best rendered in the terms of that art, yet one may perhaps "talk around them"—one cannot help it, in fact. It is impossible to hear a fine musician without saying later that one has heard him, and without making comments, ending, of course, with "but what is the use in talking." One doesn't talk while the music is going on. One doesn't pretend that one's comments have the value of painting. When one sees some form of beauty attacked, some beautiful form uncomprehended, one takes up its defence, automatically almost. It is natural to praise and defend those who have given us pleasure.

INVOCATIONS.

By WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS.

1.

AT DAWN.

The war of your great beauty is in all the skies,
Yet these receive no hurt! I see your name
Written upon their faces,
Yet the bowls of the stars will be refilled—and lit again,
And their peace will live continuous!

O marvellous! what new configuration will come next?
I am bewildered with multiplicity.

2.

RENDEZVOUS.

My song! It is time!
Wider! Bolder! Spread the arms!
Have done with finger pointing.
Open windows even for the cold
To come whistling in, blowing the curtains:
We have looked out through glass
Long enough, my song.

Now, knowing the wind's knack,
We can make little of daring:
Has not laughter in the house corners
Spoken of it—the blind horse:
Has not every chink whispered
How she rides biting its ears,
How she drives it in secret?

Therefore my song—bolder!
Let in the wind! Open the windows!
Embrace the companion
That is whistling, waiting
Impatiently to receive us!

3.

My townspeople, beyond in the great world,
Are many with whom it were far more
Profitable for me to live than here with you.
These whirr about me calling, calling!
And for my own part I answer them, loud as I can,
But they being free, pass!
I remain! Therefore, listen!
For you will not soon have another singer.

First I say this: you have seen
The strange birds, have you not, that sometimes
Rest upon our river in winter?
Let them cause you to think well then of the storms
That drive many to shelter. These things
Do not happen without reason.

And the next thing I say is this:
I saw an eagle once circling against the clouds
Over one of our principal churches.
It was Easter—a beautiful day!
Three gulls came from above the river
And crossed slowly seaward.

Oh, I know you have your own hymns, I have heard
them—
And because I knew they invoked some great protector
I could not be angry with you, no matter
How much they outraged true music—

You see, it is not necessary for us to leap at each other:
And as I told you, in the end
The gulls moved seaward very quietly.

4.

TO THE OUTER WORLD.

At peace here—I feel you about me.
Do not think that I disdain your fine clothing,
The distinction of your robes clinging about the
shoulders,

The magnificence of your ruddy hair, the grace of your
distinguished bearing
As you move athwart me—here keeping
Pace to your splendours with my heart beats!

Surely the air were bare indeed
Were I not reaching up into it continually
To feel you passing.

But mighty and many as you are
There is one I have never seen among you,
Some small passer it may be: it is she keeps me waiting.

When she comes—if she come—in the end,
I shall spring up beside her well at ease
And we will join you all wherever you may be circling.

LA FLOR.

I had been reading what you have written of your idleness,
When I came upon certain worthier selections
From the month's work of our industrious versifiers—
Those who bring their ingenious tapestries to such soft
perfection,
Borrowing majesty from a true likeness to natural
splendour:
Tracery of branches etched upon a cold sky, a leaf, a
flower.

"But what," I then said to myself, "of him who goes,
"Himself surpassing flowers, a flower in that peculiar
way which the choice follows?"
For certainly they take their daring in words carrying
splendour,

And certainly his verse is crimson when they speak of
the rose.
So I come deliberately to the most exquisite praise
I have imagined of any living thing—which is now
manifest.

OFFERING.

As the hedges, clipt and even,
That parallel the common way—
And upon one side the hedges
And upon one side bare trees—
As these hedges bear the dried leaves
That have fallen from spent branches,—
Having caught them in mid air—
And hold them yet awhile
That they may not be so soon
Jostled about and tramped on—

The red, the yellow, the purple—blues—
So do my words catch and bear
Both leaves and flowers that are fallen—
In all places before the feet
Of the passing many—to bear them
Yet awhile before they are trodden.

A LA LUNE.

Slowly rising, slowly strengthening moon,
Pardon us our fear in pride:
Pardon us our troubled quietnesses!

Aye, pardon us, O moon,
Round, bright upon the darkening!
Pardon us our little journeys endlessly repeated!

All halting tendernesses pardon us,
O high moon!
For you, nooning by night,
You having crept to the full,
You, O moon, must have understanding of these things.

IN HARBOUR.

Surely there, among the great docks, is peace, my mind:
There with the ships moored in the river.
Go out, timid child,
And snuggle in among the great ships talking so quietly.
Maybe you will even fall asleep near them and be
Raised into one of their laps, and in the morning—

There is always the morning in which to remember it all!
Of what are they gossiping? God knows.
And God knows it matters little—for we cannot under-
stand them.
Yet it is certainly of the sea, of that there can be no
question.

It is a quiet sound—
Rest! That's all I care for now.
The smell of them will put us presently to sleep.
Smell them! It is the sea water mingling here into the
river—
Perhaps it is something else—but what matter?

The sea water! It is smooth and quiet here!
And they move slowly, little by little trying
The hawsers that drip and groan with their agony.
And it is certainly of the high seas that they are talking.

THE REVELATION.

I awoke happy, the house
Was strange, voices
Were across a gap
Through which a girl
Came and paused,
Reaching out to me
With never a word.

Then I remembered
What I had dreamed:
A beautiful girl
Whom I know well
Leaned on the door of my car
And stroked my hand
While her soul
Streamed up to me
From her quiet eyes.

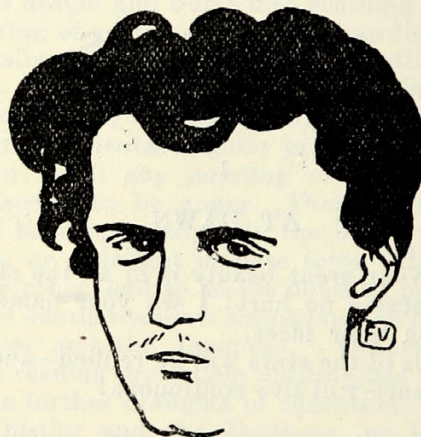
I shall pass her on the street,
We will say trivial things
To each other,
But I shall never cease
To search her eyes
For that quiet look
Henceforth.

LAUTRÉAMONT.

By REMY DE GOURMONT.

HE was a young man of furious and unexpected originality, a diseased genius, and, frankly, a mad genius. Stupid people go mad, and there remains in their madness a stagnant or agitated stupidity; but in the madness of a man of genius there is often genius: the form of the intelligence has been altered, not its quality; the fruit has been crushed in falling, but it has kept all its perfume, all the taste of its hardly over-ripe pulp.

Such was the adventure of the prodigious, unknown Isidore Ducasse, decorated by himself with the romantic



pseudonym of "Comte de Lautréamont." He was born at Montevideo in April, 1846, and died at the age of twenty-eight, having published the "Chants de Maldoror" and "Poésies," a collection of thoughts and critical notes, somewhat less exasperated, and here and there somewhat too wise. Nothing of his short life is known; he seems to have had no literary relationships, and the names of the numerous friends apostrophised in his dedications have remained occult.

The "Chants de Maldoror" are a long poem in prose, of which only the first six cantos were written. It is probable that even if Lautréamont had lived he would not have continued the poem. As you read the book you feel his consciousness going and going—and when it returns to him, a few months before death, he writes the "Poésies," where, among very curious passages, is revealed the state of mind of a dying man, repeating—while disfiguring them with fever—his earliest memories, which for this young man were the teachings of his professors!

That is another reason for the surprise of the "Chants." It was a magnificent stroke of genius, almost inexplicable. The book is unique and will remain so, and from now onwards it will always be found in the list of those works, which, to the exclusion of all classicism, form the small library and sole literature admissible to those whose badly-constructed minds

refuse the more obvious joys of the commonplace and of the conventionally moral.

The value of the "Chants de Maldoror" is not the result of the exercise of pure imagination. Ferocious, demoniacal, disordered or exasperated with pride in mad visions, it terrifies rather than seduces. Even in the unconscious there are influences possible to determine: "O Night-Thoughts of Young," exclaims the author in his "Poésies," "how much sleep you have cost me!" Here and there he is influenced by certain English novelists still read in his day—Anne Radcliffe and Maturin (whom Balzac admired), Byron, and also the medical reports on cases of eroticism and the Bible. He had certainly read widely, and the one author he never mentions—Flaubert—must always have been close to his hand.

This value which I want to qualify is, I think, produced by the novelty and originality of the images and metaphors, by their abundance, their sequence logically arranged in a poem, such as in the magnificent description of a shipwreck. Here all the strophes (though no typographical arrangement shows it) finish thus: "The distressed ship fires warning cannon-shots; but it founders slowly . . . majestically." In a similar way the litanies of the Ancient Sea: "Ancient Sea, your waters are bitter . . . I salute you, Ancient Sea.—Ancient Sea, O great celibate, when you pace the solemn solitudes of your cold kingdoms . . . I salute you, Ancient Sea." Here are some more images: "Like an invisible angle of chilly cranes, deeply meditating, which, in the winter, flies powerfully across the silence." "Polype with the silken gaze." To qualify men he has expressions which suggest Homer: "Thin-shouldered men—ugly-headed men—a lousy-haired man—a jasper-eyed man—red-wanded men." There are others: "He sinks down again in his fierce attitude and continues to watch, with a nervous trembling, the hunting of the man, and the great lips of the shadow, from which flow ceaselessly, like a stream, immense dark figures, which swarm in the dismal ether, hiding with the vast amplitude of their bats' wings all nature and the solitary legions of polypes, gloomy at the aspect of these deaf, inexpressible fulgurations." (1868. Let no one imagine that these phrases were devised for one of Odilon Redon's prints.) But what a story, what a theme for a master of retrograde forms, of fear, of the amorphous rumblings of beings almost come to birth—and what a book it would be!

Here is a passage characteristic of Lautréamont's talent and of his diseased mentality:

"The bloodsucker's brother (Maldoror) walked slowly in the forest. . . . At last he cried: 'Man, when you meet a dead dog turned up against a lock-gate which prevents the stream carrying it away, do not, like others, pick up the worms from its swollen belly and consider them with amazement, do not bring out your knife to cut them up, and say to yourself that you also will be no more than that dog. What mystery are you seeking? Neither I nor the four swimming paws of the sea-bear of the Boreal Ocean have been able to solve the problem of life. . . . What is that on the horizon and who dares to approach me so fearlessly with oblique tortured leaps? His gaze, though gentle, is profound. His enormous eyelids play in the wind and seem alive. He is unknown to me. As I watch his monstrous eyes my body trembles. . . . There is an aureole of blinding light about him. . . . How beautiful he is. . . . You must be strong, for you have a more than human face, sad as the universe, beautiful as self-slaughter. . . . What! . . . It is you, toad! . . . fat toad! . . . unhappy toad! . . . Pardon me! . . . Why have you come to this world of the accursed? What have you done with your fetid viscous spots that you seem so sweet? I saw you when you came down from above! Poor toad! I was thinking then of infinity and of my own weakness. . . . Since you appeared to me monarch of the lakes and swamps, covered with a glory which belongs only to God, you have partly consoled me, but my staggering reason is engulfed by such grandeur. . . . Fold your white wings and cease to look up with those

disquieting eyelids. . . .!'" The toad sits down on his hind legs (which resemble those of a man), and the slugs, the wood-lice, and the snails flee away at the sight of their mortal enemy; he takes up the parable in these terms: "Maldoror, listen to me. Notice well my face, calm as a mirror. . . . I am only a simple dweller in the reeds, it is true, but, thanks to your contact, only taking what is good in you, my reason has grown and I can speak to you. . . . I should prefer to have fixed eyelids, my body lacking arms and legs, to have murdered a man who was not you! . . . Because I hate you. . . . Farewell! Do not hope ever to see the toad again in your wanderings. You have been the cause of my death. I depart for eternity to beg for your pardon."

The physicians of the mad, if they had studied this book, would have placed the author among the persecuted ambitious: he sees in the world only himself and God—and God distresses him. But at the same time it might be asked whether Lautréamont were not a superior kind of ironist,* a man engaged by a preconceived scorn for mankind to feign a madness whose incoherence is wiser and more beautiful than reason. How many honest, pondered pages of good clean literature I would give for this one, for these shovelfuls of words and phrases beneath which he seems to have wanted to bury reason itself. They are taken from the "Poésies":

"Perturbations, anxieties, depravities, death, exceptions to moral or physical order, the spirit of negation, brutishness, hallucinations served by the will, torments, destruction, defeats, tears, insatiabilities, servitudes, hollow imaginations, novels, that which is unexpected, that which should not be done, the chimerical singularities of the mysterious vulture which watches the corpse of some dead illusion, the shelly obscurities of the bug, the terrible monomania of pride, the inoculation of profound stupor, funeral prayers, envies, treasons, tyrannies, impieties, irritations, acrimonies, aggressive petulant insults, insanity, spleen, reasoned terrors, strange inquietudes—which the reader would prefer not to undergo—grimaces, narrowness, the bleeding ropes with which we bring logic to bay, exaggerations, absence of sincerity, saws, platitudes, the sombre, the lugubrious, child-births worse than murder, passions, the clan of novelists of the court of assises, tragedies, odes, melodramas, extremes presented in perpetuity, reason hissed with impunity, the smell of damp chickens, longings, frogs, polypes, sea-fish, the desert simoon, all that is sonambulous, squint-eyed, nocturnal, sleep-bringing, noctambulous, viscous, seal-speaking, equivocating, consumptive, spasmodic, aphrodisiac, anæmic, one-eyed, hermaphrodite, bastard, albino, pailerast, aquarium phenomenon and bearded woman, hours glutted with taciturn discouragement, demoralising syllogisms, filth, that which does not reflect like a child, desolation—that intellectual manchineel-tree—perfumed boils, the thighs of camelias, the culpability of a writer who rolls on the edge of nothingness and despises himself with gleeful cries, remorse, hypocrisies, vague perspectives which grind you in their imperceptible machinery, serious spitting on sacred axioms, vermin and their insinuating ticklings, prefaces mad as those of "Cromwell," of "Mademoiselle de Maupin," and of Dumas *filis*, senilities, impotences, blasphemies, asphyxiations, suffocations, rages—before these foul charnel-houses, which I blush to name, it is time to react against that which sovereignly shocks and bends us."

Maldoror (or Lautréamont) seems to have judged himself by making the enigmatic toad apostrophise him thus: "Your mind is so diseased that you do not realise it, and you believe that you are quite sane every time your mouth utters words which are senseless though full of an infernal grandeur."—*Authorised translation by Richard Aldington.*

* Here is an obvious example of irony: "You, young man, must not despair, for you have a friend in the vampire, in spite of your contrary opinion. If you count the parasite which causes the itch you will have two friends."

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN.

By JAMES JOYCE.

CHAPTER III.—*continued.*

THE next day brought death and judgment, stirring his soul slowly from its listless despair. The faint glimmer of fear became a terror of spirit as the hoarse voice of the preacher blew death into his soul. He suffered its agony. He felt the death-chill touch the extremities and creep onward towards the heart, the film of death veiling the eyes, the bright centres of the brain extinguished one by one like lamps, the last sweat oozing upon the skin, the powerlessness of the dying limbs, the speech thickening and wandering and failing, the heart throbbing faintly and more faintly, all but vanquished, the breath, the poor breath, the poor helpless human spirit, sobbing and sighing, gurgling and rattling in the throat. No help! No help! He—he himself—his body to which he had yielded was dying. Into the grave with it. Nail it down into a wooden box, the corpse. Carry it out of the house on the shoulders of hirelings. Thrust it out of men's sight into a long hole in the ground, into the grave, to rot, to feed the mass of its creeping worms and to be devoured by scuttling, plump-bellied rats.

And while the friends were still standing in tears by the bedside the soul of the sinner was judged. At the last moment of consciousness the whole earthly life passed before the vision of the soul, and, ere it had time to reflect, the body had died and the soul stood terrified before the judgment-seat. God, who had long been merciful, would then be just. He had long been patient, pleading with the sinful soul, giving it time to repent, sparing it yet awhile. But that time had gone. Time was to sin and to enjoy, time was to scoff at God and at the warnings of His holy church, time was to defy His majesty, to disobey His commands, to hoodwink one's fellow men, to commit sin after sin and to hide one's corruption from the sight of men. But that time was over. Now it was God's turn: and He was not to be hoodwinked or deceived. Every sin would then come forth from its lurking-place, the most rebellious against the divine will and the most degrading to our poor corrupt nature, the tiniest imperfection and the most heinous atrocity. What did it avail then to have been a great emperor, a great general, a marvellous inventor, the most learned of the learned? All were as one before the judgment-seat of God. He would reward the good and punish the wicked. One single instant was enough for the trial of a man's soul. One single instant after the body's death, the soul had been weighed in the balance. The particular judgment was over and the soul had passed to the abode of bliss or to the prison of purgatory, or had been hurled howling into hell.

Nor was that all. God's justice had still to be vindicated before men: after the particular there still remained the general judgment. The last day had come. The doomsday was at hand. The stars of heaven were falling upon the earth like the figs cast by the figtree which the wind has shaken. The sun, the great luminary of the universe, had become as sackcloth of hair. The moon was blood red. The firmament was as a scroll rolled away. The archangel Michael, the prince of the heavenly host, appeared glorious and terrible against the sky. With one foot on the sea and one foot on the land he blew from the archangelical trumpet the brazen death of time. The three blasts of the angel filled all the universe. Time is, time was, but time shall be no more. At the last blast the souls of universal humanity throng towards the valley of Jehosaphat, rich and poor, gentle and simple, wise and foolish, good and wicked. The soul of every human being that has ever existed, the souls of all those who shall yet be born, all the sons and daughters of Adam, all are assembled on that supreme day. And lo, the supreme judge is coming! No longer the lowly Lamb of God, no longer the meek Jesus of Nazareth, no longer the Man of Sorrows, no longer

the Good Shepherd, He is seen now coming upon the clouds, in great power and majesty, attended by nine choirs of angels, angels and archangels, principalities powers and virtues, thrones and dominations, cherubim and seraphim, God Omnipotent, God everlasting. He speaks: and his voice is heard even at the furthest limits of space, even in the bottomless abyss. Supreme Judge, from His sentence there will be and can be no appeal. He calls the just to His side, bidding them enter into the Kingdom, the eternity of bliss, prepared for them. The unjust he casts from Him, crying in His offended majesty: *Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels.* O, what agony then for the miserable sinners! Friend is torn apart from friend, children are torn from their parents, husbands from their wives. The poor sinner holds out his arms to those who were dear to him in this earthly world, to those whose simple piety perhaps he made a mock of, to those who counselled him and tried to lead him on the right path, to a kind brother, to a loving sister, to the mother and father who loved him so dearly. But it is too late: the just turn away from the wretched damned souls which now appear before the eyes of all in their hideous and evil character. O you hypocrites, O you whited sepulchres, O you who present a smooth smiling face to the world while your soul within is a foul swamp of sin, how will it fare with you in that terrible day?

And this day will come, shall come, must come; the day of death and the day of judgment. It is appointed unto man to die, and after death the judgment. Death is certain. The time and manner are uncertain whether from long disease or from some unexpected accident the Son of God cometh at an hour when you little expect Him. Be therefore ready every moment, seeing that you may die at any moment. Death is the end of us all. Death and judgment, brought into the world by the sin of our first parents, are the dark portals that close our earthly existence, the portals that open into the unknown and the unseen, portals through which every soul must pass, alone, unaided save by its good works, without friend or brother or parent or master to help it, alone and trembling. Let that thought be ever before our minds and then we cannot sin. Death, a cause of terror to the sinner, is a blessed moment for him who has walked in the right path, fulfilling the duties of his station in life, attending to his morning and evening prayers, approaching the holy sacrament frequently and performing good and merciful works. For the pious and believing Catholic, for the just man, death is no cause of terror. Was it not Addison, the great English writer, who, when on his deathbed, sent for the wicked young Earl of Warwick to let him see how a Christian can meet his end. He it is and he alone, the pious and believing Christian, who can say in his heart:

O grave, where is thy victory?

O Death, where is thy sting?

Every word of it was for him. Against his sin, foul and secret, the whole wrath of God was aimed. The preacher's knife had probed deeply into his disclosed conscience, and he felt now that his soul was festering in sin. Yes, the preacher was right. God's turn had come. Like a beast in its lair his soul had lain down in its own filth, but the blasts of the angel's trumpet had driven him forth from the darkness of sin into the light. The words of doom cried by the angel shattered in an instant his presumptuous peace. The wind of the last day blew through his mind; his sins, the jewel-eyed harlots of his imagination, fled before the hurricane, squeaking like mice in their terror, and huddled under a mane of hair.

As he crossed the square, walking homeward, the light laughter of a girl reached his burning ear. The frail, gay sound smote his heart more strongly than a trumpet-blast, and, not daring to lift his eyes, he turned aside and gazed, as he walked, into the shadow of the tangled shrubs. Shame rose from his smitten heart and flooded his whole being. The image of Emma appeared before him, and under her eyes the flood of shame rushed forth anew from his heart. If she knew to what his mind

had subjected her, or how his brute-like lust had torn and trampled upon her innocence! Was that boyish love? Was that chivalry? Was that poetry? The sordid details of his orgies stank under his very nostrils. The soot-coated packet of pictures which he had hidden in the flue of the fireplace, and in the presence of whose shameless or bashful wantonness he lay for hours sinning in thought and deed; his monstrous dreams, peopled by ape-like creatures and by harlots with gleaming jewel eyes; the foul long letters he had written in the joy of guilty confession, and carried secretly for days and days only to throw them under cover of night among the grass in the corner of a field or beneath some hingeless door or in some niche in the hedges where a girl might come upon them as she walked by and read them secretly. Mad! Mad! Was it possible he had done these things? A cold sweat broke out upon his forehead as the foul memories condensed within his brain.

When the agony of shame had passed from him he tried to raise his soul from its abject powerlessness. God and the Blessed Virgin were too far from him: God was too great and stern and the Blessed Virgin too pure and holy. But he imagined that he stood near Emma in a wide land and, humbly and in tears, bent and kissed the elbow of her sleeve.

In the wide land under a tender, lucid evening sky, a cloud drifting westward amid a pale green sea of heaven, they stood together, children that had erred. Their error had offended deeply God's majesty, though it was the error of two children; but it had not offended her whose beauty "is not like earthly beauty, dangerous to look upon, but like the morning star which is its emblem, bright and musical." The eyes were not offended which she turned upon him, nor reproachful. She placed their hands together, hand in hand, and said, speaking to their hearts.

— Take hands, Stephen and Emma. It is a beautiful evening now in heaven. You have erred, but you are always my children. It is one heart that loves another heart. Take hands together, my dear children, and you will be happy together and your hearts will love each other.

The chapel was flooded by the dull scarlet light that filtered through the lowered blinds; and through the fissure between the last blind and the sash a shaft of wan light entered like a spear and touched the embossed brasses of the candlesticks upon the altar that gleamed like the battle-worn mail armour of angels.

Rain was falling on the chapel, on the garden, on the college. It would rain for ever, noiselessly. The water would rise inch by inch, covering the grass and shrubs, covering the trees and houses, covering the monuments and the mountain-tops. All life would be choked off, noiselessly: birds, men, elephants, pigs, children: noiselessly floating corpses amid the litter of the wreckage of the world. Forty days and forty nights the rain would fall till the waters covered the face of the earth.

It might be. Why not?

—*Hell has enlarged its soul and opened its mouth without any limits*—words taken, my dear little brothers in Christ Jesus, from the book of Isaias, fifth chapter, fourteenth verse. In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

The preacher took a chainless watch from a pocket within his soutane, and, having considered its dial for a moment in silence, placed it silently before him on the table.

He began to speak in a quiet tone.

—Adam and Eve, my dear boys, were, as you know, our first parents, and you will remember that they were created by God in order that the seats in heaven left vacant by the fall of Lucifer, and his rebellious angels might be filled again. Lucifer, we are told, was a son of the morning, a radiant and mighty angel; yet he fell: he fell and there fell with him a third part of the host of heaven: he fell and was hurled with his rebellious angels into hell. What his sin was we cannot say. Theologians consider that it was the sin of pride, the

sinful thought conceived in an instant: *non serviam: I will not serve*. That instant was his ruin. He offended the majesty of God by the sinful thought of one instant and God cast him out of heaven into hell for ever.

Adam and Eve were then created by God and placed in Eden, in the plain of Damascus, that lovely garden resplendent with sunlight and colour, teeming with luxuriant vegetation. The fruitful earth gave them her bounty: beasts and birds were their willing servants: they knew not the ills our flesh is heir to, disease and poverty and death: all that a great and generous God could do for them was done. But there was one condition imposed on them by God: obedience to His word. They were not to eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree.

Alas, my dear little boys, they too fell. The devil, once a shining angel, a son of the morning, now a foul fiend came in the shape of a serpent, the subtlest of all the beasts of the field. He envied them. He, the fallen great one, could not bear to think that man, a being of clay, should possess the inheritance which he by his sin had forfeited for ever. He came to the woman, the weaker vessel, and poured the poison of his eloquence into her ear, promising her—O, the blasphemy of that promise!—that if she and Adam ate of the forbidden fruit they would become as gods, nay as God Himself. Eve yielded to the wiles of the arch tempter. She ate the apple and gave it also to Adam, who had not the moral courage to resist her. The poison-tongue of Satan had done its work. They fell.

And then the voice of God was heard in that garden, calling His creature man to account: and Michael, prince of the heavenly host, with a sword of flame in his hand, appeared before the guilty pair and drove them forth from Eden into the world, the world of sickness and striving, of cruelty and disappointment, of labour and hardship, to earn their bread in the sweat of their brow. But even then how merciful was God! He took pity on our poor degraded parents and promised that in the fulness of time He would send down from heaven One who would redeem them, make them once more children of God and heirs to the Kingdom of heaven: and that One, that Redeemer of fallen man, was to be God's only-begotten Son, the Second Person of the Most Blessed Trinity, the Eternal Word.

He came. He was born of a virgin pure, Mary the virgin-mother. He was born in a poor cowhouse in Judea and lived as a humble carpenter for thirty years until the hour of his mission had come. And then, filled with love for men, He went forth and called to men to hear the new gospel.

Did they listen? Yes, they listened but would not hear. He was seized and bound like a common criminal, mocked at as a fool, set aside to give place to a public robber, scourged with five thousand lashes, crowned with a crown of thorns, hustled through the streets by the Jewish rabble and the Roman soldiery, stripped of his garments and hanged upon a gibbet and His side was pierced with a lance, and from the wounded body of our Lord water and blood issued continually.

Yet even then, in that hour of supreme agony, Our Merciful Redeemer had pity for mankind. Yet even there, on the hill of Calvary, He founded the Holy Catholic Church against which, it is promised, the gates of hell shall not prevail. He founded it upon the rock of ages and endowed it with His grace, with sacraments and sacrifice, and promised that if men would obey the word of His Church they would still enter into eternal life, but if, after all that had been done for them, they still persisted in their wickedness there remained for them, an eternity of torment: hell.

The preacher's voice sank. He paused, joined his palms for an instant, parted them. Then he resumed:

—Now let us try for a moment to realise, as far as we can, the nature of that abode of the damned which the justice of an offended God has called into existence for the eternal punishment of sinners. Hell is strait and dark and foul-smelling prison, an abode of demons and lost souls, filled with fire and smoke. The straitness of this prison-house is expressly designed by God to punish those who refused to be bound by His laws. In earthly prisons the poor captive has at least some liberty of

movement, were it only within the four walls of his cell or in the gloomy yard of his prison. Not so in hell. There by reason of the great number of the damned, the prisoners are heaped together in their awful prison, the walls of which are said to be four thousand miles thick: and the damned are so utterly bound and helpless that, as a blessed saint, Saint Anselm, writes in his book on *Similitudes*, they are not even able to remove from the eye a worm that gnaws it.

They lie in exterior darkness. For remember, the fire of hell gives forth no light. As, at the command of God, the fire of the Babylonian furnace lost its heat but not its light, so at the command of God, the fire of hell, while retaining the intensity of its heat, burns eternally in darkness. It is a never-ending storm of darkness, dark flames and dark smoke of burning brimstone, amid which the bodies are heaped one upon another without even a glimpse of air. Of all the plagues with which the land of the Pharaohs was smitten, one plague alone, that of darkness, was called horrible. What name, then, shall we give to the darkness of hell which is to last not for three days alone but for all eternity?

The horror of this strait and dark prison is increased by its awful stench. All the filth of the world, all the offal and scum of the world, we are told, shall run there as to a vast reeking sewer when the terrible conflagration of the last day has purged the world. The brimstone, too, which burns there in such prodigious quantity fills all hell with its intolerable stench; and the bodies of the damned themselves exhale such a pestilential odour that as Saint Bonaventure says, one of them alone would suffice to infect the whole world. The very air of this world, that pure element, becomes foul and unbreathable when it has been long enclosed. Consider then what must be the foulness of the air of hell. Imagine some foul and putrid corpse that has lain rotting and decomposing in the grave, a jelly-like mass of liquid corruption. Imagine such a corpse a prey to flames, devoured by the fire of burning brimstone and giving off dense choking fumes of nauseous loathsome decomposition. And then imagine this sickening stench, multiplied a millionfold and a millionfold again from the millions upon millions of fetid carcasses massed together in the reeking darkness, a huge and rotting human fungus. Imagine all this and you will have some idea of the horror of the stench of hell.

But this stench is not, horrible though it is, the greatest physical torment to which the damned are subjected. The torment of fire is the greatest torment to which the tyrant has ever subjected his fellow-creatures. Place your finger for a moment in the flame of a candle and you will feel the pain of fire. But our earthly fire was created by God for the benefit of man, to maintain in him the spark of life and to help him in the useful arts, whereas the fire of hell is of another quality and was created by God to torture and punish the unrepentant sinner. Our earthly fire also consumes more or less rapidly according as the object which it attacks is more or less combustible so that human ingenuity has even succeeded in inventing chemical preparations to check or frustrate its action. But the sulphurous brimstone which burns in hell is a substance which is specially designed to burn for ever and for ever with unspeakable fury. Moreover our earthly fire destroys at the same time as it burns so that the more intense it is the shorter is its duration: but the fire of hell has this property that it preserves that which it burns and though it rages with incredible intensity it rages for ever.

Our earthly fire again, no matter how fierce or widespread it may be, is always of a limited extent: but the lake of fire in hell is boundless, shoreless and bottomless. It is on record that the devil himself, when asked the question by a certain soldier, was obliged to confess that if a whole mountain were thrown into the burning ocean of hell it would be burned up in an instant like a piece of wax. And this terrible fire will not afflict the bodies of the damned only from without, but each lost soul will be a hell unto itself, the boundless fire raging in its very vitals. O, how terrible is the lot of those wretched beings! The blood seethes and boils in the veins, the brains are boiling in the skull, the heart in the breast

glowing and bursting, the bowels a red-hot mass of burning pulp, the tender eyes flaming like molten balls.

And yet what I have said as to the strength and quality and boundlessness of this fire is as nothing when compared to its intensity, an intensity which it has as being the instrument chosen by divine design for the punishment of soul and body alike. It is a fire which proceeds directly from the ire of God, working not of its own activity but as an instrument of divine vengeance. As the waters of baptism cleanse the soul with the body so do the fires of punishment torture the spirit with the flesh. Every sense of the flesh is tortured and every faculty of the soul therewith: the eyes with impenetrable utter darkness, the nose with noisome odours, the ears with yells and howls and execrations, the taste with foul matter, leprous corruption, nameless suffocating filth, the touch with red-hot goads and spikes, with cruel tongues of flame. And through the several torments of the senses the immortal soul is tortured eternally in its very essence amid the leagues upon leagues of glowing fires kindled in the abyss by the offended majesty of the Omnipotent God and fanned into everlasting and ever increasing fury by the breath of the anger of the God-head.

Consider finally that the torment of this infernal prison is increased by the company of the damned themselves. Evil company on earth is so noxious that the plants, as if by instinct, withdraw from the company of whatsoever is deadly or hurtful to them. In hell all laws are overturned—there is no thought of family or country, of ties of relationship. The damned howl and scream at one another, their torture and rage intensified by the presence of beings tortured and raging like themselves. All sense of humanity is forgotten. The yells of the suffering sinners fill the remotest corners of the vast abyss. The mouths of the damned are full of blasphemies against God and of hatred for their fellow-sufferers and of curses against those souls which were their accomplices in sin. In olden times it was the custom to punish the parricide, the man who had raised his murderous hand against his father, by casting him into the depths of the sea in a sack in which were placed a cock, a monkey, and a serpent. The intention of those law-givers who framed such a law, which seems cruel in our times, was to punish the criminal by the company of hurtful and hateful beasts. But what is the fury of those dumb beasts compared with the fury of execration which bursts from the parched lips and aching throats of the damned in hell when they behold in their companions in misery those who aided and abetted them in sin, those whose words sowed the first seeds of evil thinking and evil living in their minds, those whose immodest suggestions led them on to sin, those whose eyes tempted and allured them from the path of virtue. They turn upon those accomplices and upbraid them and curse them. But they are helpless and hopeless: it is too late now for repentance.

Last of all consider the frightful torment to those damned souls, tempters and tempted alike, of the company of the devils. These devils will afflict the damned in two ways, by their presence and by their reproaches. We can have no idea of how horrible these devils are. Saint Catherine of Siena once saw a devil, and she has written that, rather than look again for one single instant on such a frightful monster, she would prefer to walk until the end of her life along a track of red coals. These devils, who were once beautiful angels, have become as hideous and ugly as they once were beautiful. They mock and jeer at the lost souls whom they dragged down to ruin. It is they, the foul demons, who are made in hell the voices of conscience. Why did you sin? Why did you lend an ear to the temptings of friends? Why did you turn aside from your pious practices and good works? Why did you not shun the occasions of sin? Why did you not leave that evil companion? Why did you not give up that lewd habit, that impure habit? Why did you not listen to the counsels of your confessor? Why did you not, even after you had fallen the first or the second or the third or the fourth or the hundredth time, repent of your evil ways and turn to God who only waited for your repentance to absolve you of your sins? Now the time for repentance

has gone by. Time is, time was, but time shall be no more! Time was to sin in secrecy, to indulge in that sloth and pride, to covet the unlawful, to yield to the promptings of your lower nature, to live like the beasts of the field, nay worse than the beasts of the field for they, at least, are but brutes and have not reason to guide them: time was, but time shall be no more. God spoke to you by so many voices, but you would not hear. You would not crush out that pride and anger in your heart, you would not restore those ill-gotten goods, you would not obey the precepts of your holy church nor attend to your religious duties, you would not abandon those wicked companions, you would not avoid those dangerous temptations. Such is the language of those fiendish tormentors, words of taunting and of reproach, of hatred and of disgust. Of disgust, Yes! For even they, the very devils, when they sinned, sinned by such a sin as alone was compatible with such angelical natures, a rebellion of the intellect: and they, even they, the foul devils must turn away, revolted and disgusted, from the contemplation of those unspeakable sins by which degraded man outrages and defiles the temple of the Holy Ghost, defiles and pollutes himself.

O, my dear little brothers in Christ, may it never be our lot to hear that language! May it never be our lot, I say! In the last day of terrible reckoning I pray fervently to God that not a single soul of those who are in this chapel to-day may be found among those miserable beings whom the Great Judge shall command to depart for ever from His sight, that not one of us may ever hear ringing in his ears the awful sentence of rejection: *Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire which was prepared for the devil and his angels!*—

He came down the aisle of the chapel, his legs shaking and the scalp of his head trembling as though it had been touched by ghostly fingers. He passed up the staircase and into the corridor along the walls of which the overcoats and waterproofs hung like gibbeted malefactors, headless and dripping and shapeless. And at every step he feared that he had already died, that his soul had been wrenched forth of the sheath of his body, that he was plunging headlong through space.

He could not grip the floor with his feet, and sat heavily at his desk, opening one of his books at random and pouring over it. Every word for him! It was true. God was almighty. God could call him now, call him as he sat at his desk, before he had time to be conscious of the summons. God had called him. Yes? What? Yes? His flesh shrank together as it felt the approach of the ravenous tongues of flames dried up as it felt about it the swirl of stifling air. He had died. Yes. He was judged. A wave of fire swept through his body: the first. Again a wave. His brain began to glow. Another. His brain was simmering and bubbling within the cracking tenement of the skull. Flames burst forth from his skull like a corolla, shrieking like voices:

—Hell! Hell! Hell! Hell! Hell!—

Voices spoke near him:

—On hell.—

—I suppose he rubbed it into you well.—

—You bet he did. He put us all into a blue funk.—

—That's what you fellows want: and plenty of it to make you work.—

He leaned back weakly in his desk. He had not died. God had spared him still. He was still in the familiar world of the school. Mr. Tate and Vincent Heron stood at the window, talking, jesting, gazing out at the bleak rain, moving their heads.

—I wish it would clear up. I had arranged to go for a spin on the bike with some fellows out by Malahide. But the roads must be knee-deep.—

—It might clear up, sir.—

The voices that he knew so well, the common words, the quiet of the class-room when the voices paused and the silence was filled by the sound of softly browsing cattle as the other boys munched their lunches tranquilly lulled his aching soul.

There was still time. O Mary, refuge of sinners, intercede for him! O Virgin Undeiled, save him from the gulf of death!

The English lesson began with the hearing of the history. Royal persons, favourites, intriguers, bishops, passed like mute phantoms behind their veil of names. All had died: all had been judged. What did it profit a man to gain the whole world if he lost his soul? At last he had understood: and human life lay around him, a plain of peace whereon antlike men laboured in brotherhood, their dead sleeping under quiet mounds. The elbow of his companion touched him and his heart was touched: and when he spoke to answer a question of his master he heard his own voice full of the quietude of humanity and contrition.

His soul sank back deeper into depths of contrite peace, no longer able to suffer the pain of dread, and sending forth, as she sank, a faint prayer. Ah yes, he would still be spared; he would repent in his heart and be forgiven; and then those above, those in heaven, would see what he would do to make up for the past: a whole life, every hour of life. Only wait.

—All, God! All, all!—

A messenger came to the door to say that confessions were being heard in the chapel. Four boys left the room; and he heard others passing down the corridor. A tremulous chill blew round his heart, no stronger than a little wind, and yet, listening and suffering silently, he seemed to have laid an ear against the muscle of his own heart, feeling it close and quail, listening to the flutter of its ventricles.

No escape. He had to confess, to speak out in words what he had done and thought, sin after sin. How? How?

—Father, I . . .—

The thought slid like a cold shining rapier into his tender flesh: confession. But not there in the chapel of the college. He would confess all, every sin of deed and thought, sincerely: but not there among his school companions. Far away from there in some dark place he would murmur out his own shame: and he besought God humbly not to be offended with him if he did not dare to confess in the college chapel: and in utter abjection of spirit he craved forgiveness mutely of the boyish hearts about him.

(To be continued.)

THE NEW POETRY OF FRANCE.

By NICHOLAS BEAUDUIN.

RECENT literary epochs were above all critical, destructive, insipid with dilettantism.

Up till now poets have hardly done anything except lament over ruins. They translated the anguishes and the last convulsions of a world which is now dead. To-day is the turn of enthusiasm, of tumult, of the violence of working days, of all the gladness of sonorous dockyards and of giant cities in construction—these sing and are exalted within us.

This is the hour of virile creations, of joyous audacities; this is the era of fertile affirmations. All great epochs were epochs of faith. Ours in its turn rises up towards a weighty belief in human significance. To the anarchistic destruction of all order succeeds a keen desire to reconstruct life on a new basis. Smiling or agonised doubt has nothing more to attract us. We take no pleasure in mocking dilettantism. We have made our choice, and the sceptic does not seem to us superior to the believer.

We know one thing only—life, the motion of our whole being towards life; to its appeals we respond with enthusiasm, and that is the secret of our "paroxysm," that rich state of the person, knowing that the more we mingle with life the more we shall participate in its fullness.

Human reality always attracts us, responds to our intimate sentiments, increases our interior activity.

The human! To render man more complete! That above all is the art which possesses all our sympathies. Scepticism, elegant dilettantism, detached analysis, pure reason, the superior smile, egotistic irony are deeply repugnant to us. To all these different unhuman

attitudes we prefer all which understands, which sympathises, which co-operates.

"To art for art's sake, that social nonsense"—I said in the "Mercur de France" for January 16th last—"which is born of a transcendent scorn for active and productive humanity; to art for truth's sake, which is and could only be a utopia, generous like all utopias, and always deceptive, the present lyric generation opposes art for the sake of life, and not art for the sake of the art of life, for that seems to us to be still the attitude of the æsthete and of the dilettante. Thus our art for life's sake is in perfect conformity with contemporary anti-intellectual philosophy—which is equally a return to life—and the other advanced arts which by their dynamic æsthetic—that of movement—also seek a more profound and direct reconciliation with reality.

The new poets do not separate art from life. For them life is not on one side and art on the other. The two are interpenetrated. An art which cuts itself off from the life of its time is a dead art, without ties with reality. Literature should plunge its roots into life; a literature uprooted from its epoch has no reason for existence; it is without significance, without human value. It is merely the jest of dehumanised æsthetes.

For this reason we have not shrunk from the epithets of "Paroxystes," of "Dynamistes," of "Poets of movement," first of all because people have imposed them on us, and, secondly, because these denominations are not incorrect.

And since they have thus baptised us, what would be the use of insisting on that instinctive disgust we feel for labels because they are always limiting and arbitrary, and representative of the spirit of a clique. For a clique is merely "a position, a point of view," the exploitation of a formula.

We have no formula. Against the old art-gatherings we oppose a living art which strives to be the specifically modern expression of "the frenzy, the passion, the violent contrasts of our seething abrupt epoch." It is a poetry far removed from the discursive classic and romantic, from symbolist allegory. It is a new art which, without remaining in symbolism or the servile copying of reality, enables us to express in a direct lyricism all the idealism of daily reality.

We have no theories, and we do not want them. That which binds us is a similar manner of approaching contemporary society and the art of our epoch.

We have no conformity, but a sort of vital atmosphere, a similar desire for expansion beyond the annihilating bourgeoisie; a similar need to know everything, to feel everything, to understand everything, and to love more.

Without disdaining the literatures called antique, we think that the present is of a more vital reality; the great currents which shake the modern world move us more profoundly than the study of the cataclysms of the past.

Whether our age be good or bad we wish to live in it. We do not disdain it; if it is full of sordidness it has also a fierce grandeur; its epic power is formidable.

Some people say to us: "Are you classicists?" We reply that we know nothing about it, but that we consider that up till now no classicism has been retrospective. A classicism of imitation is false classicism. As to the famous classical discipline it has become in our days, alas, merely academic. We are barbarians then? We do not think so. But we admit that we should prefer to be young men marching towards a grander to-morrow than to be the sheepish decadents and the last of the race of a declining literature. We are alive, and we will not resign ourselves to death, even when elegant and perfumed.

We desire no codification. Codification into rules, definite crystallisation, are a synonym for death. Art always grows, it is a processus, a perpetual dynamism. We do not find it only in libraries but in that which surrounds us, in palpitating multitudes, those immense reservoirs of joyous energies.

Paroxysme, dynamisme, inspiration, movement, are for us synonyms, which we claim and which we make ours. Poetry is revealed to us with the grandeur of religion, and it gives to life an absolute value. We wish

to find in it the great current of spiritual illusion so long interrupted, to steep our hopes in a sort of many-sided joy, to lose the sentiment of our littleness by participating in a higher truth, to feel our individual me become greater in collectivity, to be that collectivity itself with its appetitions and its unsuspected thirst for religious communion.

It is a fact. The "lyric revealer" wants to live not only with the intensity of individual existence, to participate in the greatest life, to rise always higher in the reality of being, but also to live with the life of universal existence. He wants to integrate the universe, not to disappear in it, to be annihilated; he wants to be incarnated in nature, to dominate it, and to be its supreme manifestation.

It is like the coming of a new God; it is man, not finding God outside himself, deifying himself.

Who does not perceive the possibilities of such a conception? Who does not perceive in it a new phase of infinite aspiration, inalienable in man, who takes it to the point of desiring to exhaust in the "paroxyst" fullness of a moment of his existence all that eternal life in which he believed formerly.

It seems useless to me to insist further on the eminently religious aspect of modern inspiration.

Rich with such a fervour and such a power of life, our poetry is freed from the circle of personal sensation in which the earlier symbolists delighted. It attains the œcumenical, intuitive, divine, continuous life. It also draws near to the living nation, no longer separating "the idea of art and the idea of a certain function and destination," and outside the labyrinths of decadent obscurantism it plunges into modern light.

Thus, if our epoch is that of intuition and of clairvoyant delirium—not that of vague dreaming and of unformulated aspiration—it is above all that of action. And the new poets had grasped this thoroughly, those who to Byzantinism, to the narrow, to the fetal have preferred lucid realisations, rich with significance and human value.

For my part, however great, however pure, however thirsting for the absolute an artist may be, when I do not find a man in him I reject him. If he does not co-operate with the life of his time I have no use for him. He does not seem a complete writer to me. He is cut off from acting humanity. He is a juggler with cold symbols instead of participating in the communion of the living.

I want the poet to have a passion for an ideal, for a living ideal. Human indifference tells me nothing of value—the sentimental folding upon oneself, that is all. I want to see the poet in the centre of the real world, a medium for the nation, a superior consciousness of the will and aspirations of his time.

To this end we encourage certain friendly critics, who believe in the all-creative and saving power of the Word, and not in filling the rôle of an amuser, of the playboy of letters, of one who charms the langour of idle hours, who juggles with rhymes for the delectation of the bourgeois, or who combines for himself and a few abstracters of quintessence harmonies, shades, a play of long and short syllables with no thought except to satisfy an intellectual egoism. This is the art of the dehumanised, of the æsthete, still professed by certain rare sophists of poetry. These are also the counsels of certain bourgeois critics who attempt to extinguish every personal song, every virile, passionate voice. They show by this the fear they have of true, individual art, whose creative violence always harasses them.

As to us, everything that does not tremble, everything which does not show flight, movement (movement which is the life and the great criterion of poetry, movement, "the demon" which reveals whether the work is that of one inspired or of a patient æsthete) is merely death, jewellery, eunuch's distraction, Brummagum goods, false art. Doubtless these stillborn poems can give an impression of ability and of knowledge in their craft, but what I do care about this conventional or falsely original artifice if it contains no human value, has no wings, does not live!

To all these painted mummies we prefer the lyric

creations of a suffering soul, which hopes and desires; we prefer even the brute's cry of love or the death-rattle of the dying beast.

Sincerity, the gift of every human being to the God he sings, such is the actual will of the poet. The sun of each day, the earth of the living, daily enthusiasm, that is what we cry to the laggards who shut themselves in a hot-house in order to cultivate artificially rare flowers with venomous scents, without noticing the temperature outside, without knowing whether the wind is blowing or if the weather is stormy.

More than ever the world is advancing. Then let the poets not be in the rear of the column but the leaders of the file, the men of good will. Even to lettered solitude let us prefer the violent tumult of battlefields, the great vibration of the awakened collective conscience; let us be deaf to the sceptics, let us overthrow the painted corpses.

Take care you don't become ridiculous, certain very clean little old men will say. They will say that to us from the threshold of their door. But let us not wait for them, they will never come with us. Their ideal is too old, and they sterilise what they touch. They do not give themselves up. They have no gift of their own. Their soul sleeps, a cold discoloured husk. Under their hands the gold of life is changed into dried leaves. They delight in established classifications, traditional definitions. A new art which declares itself, which displaces plastic mythologies, annoys them; so does the paroxyste aesthetic, the poetry of movement, modern dynamism. They do not perceive the rapid evolution of poetry, as overwhelming as material evolution. Owing to marvellous scientific discoveries in a few years, our moral and intellectual has been complete. And the revelation of a new man, the machine man, the multiplied man, the bird man, has appeared to us.

The rapidity of mechanical evolution has created in us a state of anxious frenzy, of incessant mobility, of hope ceaselessly renewed, of permanent enthusiasm which places us at the antipodes of the "place of repose," which the mechanic calls "stable equilibrium."

The rhythm of the world has been accelerated at the same time that life has become enriched with new splendours. Our mentality is transformed. And we can already salute the coming of a new conscience, that of the modern man who "lives" simultaneously and daily in himself all the multiple "facts" of the globe.

To-day humanity vibrates in each one of us. The old conceptions of the multiple, of time, and of space are modified in our minds. The field of vision and of thought has been immeasurably increased.

"To the renewal of action," writes Professor Esch, "to the exaltation of human energies, to this courageous affirmation of existence, to the glorification of all the aspects and enthusiasms of contemporary life, in a word, to the moral grandeur of our time, a new art must respond. The particular and novel physiognomy of our age, the pulsation of innumerable lives, inventions, conquests, heroisms, and above all the amazing scope of technical life, ought, little by little, to produce a new beauty; not the classic beauty which is a static beauty, that is to say, immobile and fixed in an eternal attitude, and not romantic beauty which consists in the delight of the eye and of the ear, or in the mysterious resonances in the depths of the soul, but a living, dynamic beauty, a beauty in movement.

The romantics said that industry killed poetry: "Shame on the memory of Newton," cried Keats. "Because he has destroyed the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to a prism." And Ruskin said that a "rich country is an ugly country," and that "the smoke of the factory is a leprosy which devours monuments, dishonours towns, and soils landscapes."

Therefore modern poetry will be partly a poetry resulting from effort, from the gesticulations, cries, tumults of contemporary life, beauty in action, no more contemplative; a barbarous and brutal beauty, perhaps, over which passes violent tremblings, strange vertiges, like the shivering of motors and the pantings of chimneys, and which will be animated with the exasperated rhythm of modern life.

This lyricism will be powerfully instinctive; it will have more persuasive eloquence, more movement, and as they have already said, it will bring "a new pathos."

In short it marks the coming of a new beauty, free, active, dynamic, which is opposed to the old theories of æsthetics which abhorred "movement which displaces lines." What is the new poetry as we conceive it: A movement of life in direct relation with all the other movements of universal life. The old divorce of science and art ceases; art and science are not only united but mingled; modern mechanism which seems ugly to the eyes of poets occupied with the forms of the past and femininely gracious reveries is at last magnified in odes to modern powers, to a vaster life, and to the solidarity of human efforts.

Many laggards will protest. Many will deny that the aspects of the modern world contain the elements of poetry. They deny the grandeur and the tragedy of manufacturing cities, of the conflicts between capital and labour, of economic strife, of great financial enterprises which alarm the Stock Exchange, Wall Street and the Bourse de Paris. They consider unworthy of art those formidable engines of civilisation, the super-dreadnought, the submarine, the modern express, the 100 h.p. racing automobile, the aeroplane, the mechanism of a Creusot, etc.

If we all thought in that way poetry would have to abdicate entirely, and the only true poets of the age would be the savants and the inventors. But happily the poets of paroxysm and of modern dynamism do not hurl their anathemas at science; they know that science opens great horizons, bears us to new countries where unknown flowers grow. Science does not clip the wings of imagination, but increases, doubles its power. It is the auxiliary of poetry. The Pastists desire to enclose us in the system of Ptolemy, or to make us accept the doctrines of Epicurus. They forget that the *Odyssey* like the work of Lucretius and the *Commedia Divina* represent the sum of the knowledge of their times.

Does anyone think that these robust geniuses would have ignored the scientific discoveries and the marvellous inventions of to-day?

As to us, before the aeroplane, that dream become a reality, that miraculous flying matter which bears our hopes towards an inconceivable end, we say: "O marvellous Bird, you are more formidable and more fabulous, O son of science, than all the old griffins, pegasus and hippogriffs of the ancient poets. You pass by a hundred cubits all that the most lyrical imaginations could have dreamed. You pass before us full of strange dizziness, but you do not terrify us. We know what you are, whence you come, whither you go, O Bird, born from the daily fire of a century of miracles, to-morrow you will be out-of-date, you are only an antediluvian of the future, and as such we regard you."

This is a materialist poetry: so say the retrogrades, the lovers of emptiness, the atheists of a living world, the deniers of human intelligence.

Who does not perceive the ineptitude of such an affirmation!

Materialist poetry! Let it speed with outspread wings towards the discovery of scientific marvels! Let it set out towards the future in search of the cities of God! Let man liberate himself to attain œcumenic life, and live in the universal and the omnipresent!

Materialist poetry! Let her fly over the new world, bristling with shaking factories, and electric towns where the human races are gathered to seek a religious revelation!

As Gaston Sauvebois recently wrote, it is a human, living poetry, a lyrical revelation which must initiate us to the superior conscience of modern times. As to myself, I think it will give a rhythm to European thought, and replace France at the head of the living nations for the greater good of humanity.

This vision of the world which I have personally exalted in *La Cité des Hommes*, *L'Homme Cosmogonique*, *La Beauté Vivant* has been expressed by others, by Mercereau in *Les Paroles devant la Vie*, by Pierre Hamp in *Hymnes et Psaumes*, by Divoire,

Lebesgue, Gossez, Parmentier, Le Roux, Apollinaire, Hertz and Martinet in some of their poems.

Poets, we have wished to sing the hymn of these new times, to hurl our winged strophes in opposition to pastoral ditties, to gracious elegies and other flowers of decadence.

In doing this we have had within us the profound feeling that we are preparing the future and "contributing, according to our power, to something greater than personal glory."

Translated by RICHARD ALDINGTON.

LÉON BLOY.*

IT should, judging by examples, be possible to review a volume of short stories in a paragraph, and no doubt many such lend themselves to a certain extent to this laconic form of criticism. But there are scores of novels in three volumes I would more willingly deal with in that difficult space than I would the "Histoires Désobligeantes" by Léon Bloy (George Crès et Cie.). The dilemma in which I find myself perhaps explains the silence enveloping this writer—one of the most formidable in France. For the peculiar nature of his gifts does not adapt itself to journalistic brevity, and the grievance M. Léon Bloy nourishes against the critics rebounds on himself. They feel they cannot hold him; he escapes their grip. They are too respectful of him to label his work with a few inexplicit epithets, and it defies that pet resource of the reviewer at bay: analogy. Whoever, like myself at this instant, is rash enough to set to work with him, will realise that he will not do him justice: that he will not convey the idea he would of this writer's singular features. For you cannot easily hack chips from so hard and integral a block as M. Bloy's work represents, far less pound it into a compressed pulp. You cannot condense that which is already condensed to the extreme limit of condensation. You cannot divide the indivisible. Of such is the work of Léon Bloy; it is condensed to the point of explosion; it is reduced to the point of being indivisible. And it stuns the critics and the public to silence.

I have endeavoured to besiege this impregnable author by all manner of means and from every angle, and if space permitted I would resort to the laziest of solutions—namely, quote one of the stories bodily. Any other form of tactics would seem to be a waste of breath for me, and produce dull reading. Yet these "Histoires Désobligeantes" are the shortest ever written. There are thirty of them to the volume.

Like Huysmans, Léon Bloy is fond of recherché terminology; the luxuriance of his elements (comprising the most unexpected realism and metaphor) recalls Rabelais—a modernised Rabelais, that is, less diffuse in expression, more bitter in feeling, less joyously, in fact, morbidly, coarse and more decadently scatological. In humour and spirit Bloy is Gothic, less the mysticism.

The "Histoires Désobligeantes" are exasperatingly realistic in the same sense as Poe's stories are exasperatingly imaginative, the distinction having its origin in the difference of nationality. It is the difference between the Northerner and the Southerner, between the idealist and the rationalist.

The themes of these stories have not their parallel in any literature, and denote a strange mental departure from the normal. Take, for instance, the one

about the money-penitent, who made a soup for himself on Sundays which was to last all through the week, being his only nourishment, and which he would encourage himself to take after it had become sour (on Tuesday) by placing a glass of rum on his table, but which, after he had taken the soup, he would carefully pour back into its bottle, a trick he played upon himself successfully for thirty or forty years. Or the story of the captive couple of Longjumeau, who, for some reason or other, had never been able to leave their home from the day of their marriage, though their house was always filled with time-tables, maps, and globes. Always at the moment of their intended departure something was sure to happen to keep them at home or cause them to miss the train.

"Chose qu'on ne croira pas, leurs malles étaient toujours prêtes. Ils furent toujours sur le point de partir, d'entreprendre un interminable voyage aux pays les plus lointains, les plus dangereux, ou les plus inexplorés. J'ai bien reçu quarante dépêches m'annonçant leur départ imminent pour Bornéo, la Terre de Feu, la Nouvelle Zélande, ou le Groenland. Plusieurs fois, même, il s'en est à peine fallu d'un cheveu qu'ils ne partissent en effet. Mais enfin ils ne partaient pas, ils ne partirent jamais, parce qu'ils ne pouvaient pas et ne devaient pas partir. Les atomes et les molécules se coalisaient pour les tirer en arrière. Un jour, cependant, il y a une dizaine d'années, ils crurent décidément s'évader. Ils avaient réussi, contre toute espérance, à s'élaner dans un wagon de première classe qui devait les emporter à Versailles. Délivrance! Là, sans doute, le cercle magique serait rompu. Le train se mit en marche, mais ils ne bougèrent pas. Ils s'étaient fourrés naturellement dans une voiture désignée pour rester en gare. Tout était à recommencer. L'unique voyage [their death] qu'ils ne dussent pas manquer était évidemment celui qu'ils viennent d'entreprendre, hélas! et leur caractère bien connu ne porte à croire qu'ils ne s'y préparèrent qu'en tremblant."

Or the story of the inseparable quartet who had made a vow never to part, to go everywhere together, to dress alike, and not to have a single secret from one another, which "mediocre idea" they carried out even after one of them married; or the story of the man who met the pious sister, whom he had thought drowned years ago, on the streets one night, and has occasion to save his life from apaches:

"Oh! sans doute, c'était sa voix inexprimablement dégradée, tombée du ciel, roulée dans les sales gouffres où meurt le tonnerre. Mais c'était sa voix tout de même, à ce point qu'il fut tenté de s'enfuir en criant et en sanglotant. C'était donc vrai que les morts peuvent se glisser de la sorte parmi ceux qui vivent ou qui font semblant d'être vivants! Au moment même où la vieille prostituée lui promettait sa viande exécrationnelle, et dans quel style, justes cieus! il entendait sa sœur, mangée par les poissons depuis un quart de siècle, lui recommander l'amour de Dieu et l'amour des pauvres.

"Si tu savais comme j'ai de belles cuisses!" disait la vampire.

"Si tu savais comme Jésus est beau!" disait la Sainte.

In "Le Désespéré," one of Bloy's novels, there is an anecdote about a virtuous woman who, with the intention of discouraging an obstinate lover, has all her teeth drawn out!

Léon Bloy writes without any regard for conventional reserve or habitual prejudices of whatever kind, and the constant metaphor serves to emphasise but never to disguise. The force, not to say extravagance, of his language, and the picturesqueness of his imagery are, I think, well illustrated by the following passage:

"Némorin Thierry avait été récolté d'une basse branche de ce néflier de la Bourgeoisie dont les fruits pourrissent aussitôt qu'ils touchent le sol. Il tenait, par conséquent, de ses auteurs, un esprit béant aux idées médiocres et rétractile à toute impression d'ordre supé-

* Léon Bloy, author of: "Le Révélateur du Globe" (Préface de J. Barbey d'Aurevilly), "Propos d'un Entrepreneur de Démolitions," "Le Désespéré," "Christophe Colomb devant les Taunaux," "La Chevalière de la Mort (Marie Antoinette)," "Le Salut par les Juifs," "Suer de Sang (1870-1871)," "Léon Bloy devant les Cochons," "La Femme Pauvre," "Le Mendiant Ingrat," "Le Fils de Louis XVI," "Je m'accuse . . .," "Exégèse des lieux communs," "Les Dernières Colonnes de l'Eglise," "Quatre Ans de Captivité à Cochons-sur-Marne," "Béluaires et Porchers," "Celle qui Pleure," "La Résurrection de Villiers de l'Isle-Adam," "L'Invendable," "Le Sang du Pauvre," "Le Vieux de la Montagne," "Vie de Mélanie," "Bergore de la Salette," "L'Âme de Napoléon," "Sur la Tombe de Huysmans," etc.

rieur. Pédagogie plus que difficile, tour de force continu. Il fallait, d'une main, boucher l'entonnoir, et, de l'autre, lubrifier les petits conduits, sacler le terroir et greffer le sauvageon; écheniller et provigner tout à la fois. Il était indispensable de tirer ce pauvre être de lui-même, de le tamiser, de le filtrer, de l'inaugurer enfin, de lui conditionner, en quelque manière, un petit fantôme plus vivant qui lui soutirât peu à peu son identité. . . . Je crus, en un mot, que ce pauvre Némorin pouvait marcher seul, et l'ayant étayé vingt ans, je commis l'imprudence irréparable de le déposer sur le sol. . . . On le nommait le doux Thierry, et ce n'était pas une antiphrase. Il était doux comme les plumules des colombes, doux comme les saintes huiles, doux comme la lune. Qu'on ne me soupçonne pas ici d'exagération. Il était vraiment si doux qu'on ne pouvait imaginer un individu appartenant au sexe mâle, et, par conséquent, appelé à la reproduction de l'espèce, qui le pût être davantage. Il fondait dans la main comme du chocolat, lénifiait l'ambiance, faisait penser aux cocons des chenilles les plus soyeuses. Rien n'aurait pu le mettre en colère, exciter son indignation, et ce fut le désespoir d'un éducateur acharné à viriliser le néant, de ne jamais obtenir le pâle éclair, quelque furieusement qu'il attisât en qu'il fourgonnât cette conscience gélatineuse."

He is fond of neologisms. Since we say "adorable" he says "idolâtrable." From Adonis he makes a verb, etc.

Here is another specimen of portraiture:

"Toujours habillée de noir, jusqu'au bout des ongles, et les cheveux en nid de cigogne, les rares traches d'elle-même qu'une bienséance toute britannique lui permettait d'exhiber, étaient poisseuses d'une couche épaisse de crasse dont les premières alluvions remontaient sans doute à la Révolution de Juillet. Par le visage elle ressemblait à une pomme de terre frite roulée dans de la raclure de fromage. Ses mains donnaient à penser qu'elle avait déterré sa bisaïeule, comme dit un proverbe scandinave. Enfin toute sa personne exhalait l'odeur d'un palier d'hôtel garni de vingtième ordre, au sixième étage."

"Le personnage à qui s'adressait l'imprimeur était un homme absolument quelconque, le premier venu entre les insignifiants ou les vacants, un de ces hommes qui ont l'air d'être au *pluriel*, tant ils expriment l'ambiance, la collectivité, l'indivision. Il aurait pu dire *Nous*, comme le Pape, et ressemblait à une encyclique. Sa figure jeté à la pelle," etc.

And for an orgy of metaphor:

"Ah! le vorace et fauve baiser que c'était là! Le jeune homme avait tout prévu, excepté ce baiser fougeux, inapaisable, éternel; ce baiser odorant et capiteux où passaient les parfums féroces des Fleurs du Mal, les volatils détraquants de la Venaison, et les exécrables poivres du Désir; ce baiser qui avait des griffes comme un aigle et qui allait à la chasse comme un lion; qui entraînait en lui-même de même façon qu'une épée de feu; qui lui mettait dans les oreilles toutes les sonnailles des béliers ou des capricornes de montagnes; cet épouvantable baiser d'opium, de folie furieuse, d'abrutissement et d'extase!"

After which he gets slapped in the face, for it was not intended for him!

Every page is written in this, when not in a stronger, strain. It may be imagined that it is hard to keep up with it. No one else can remain for long in atmosphere as close as is Léon Bloy's natural element. Not a breath of air is introduced to relieve the tension. One can grow tired even of a good thing. Léon Bloy is too substantial; his writings are wanting in leaven. The public and the critics cannot be severely blamed if they creep away from under the avalanche of his eloquence; it is not their fault if they are not made to his measure, if they have not his powers of endurance.

Léon Bloy suffers from over-much cleverness, but he can no more correct himself than a mountain can help being a mountain. While impressing he oppresses. It is sometimes a misfortune to be a giant.

MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA.

THE SAYINGS OF K'UNG.

YOUR good careful people of the villages are the thieves of virtue.

To tell as we go along what we have heard on the way, is to cast away our virtue.

* * *

The Master said,—“There are those mean creatures—how impossible it is along with them to serve one's prince! While they have not got their aims, their anxiety is how to get them. When they have got them, their anxiety is how to keep them. When they are anxious lest such things should be lost, there is nothing to which they will not proceed.”

* * *

The Master said,—“Anciently men had three failings which now perhaps are not to be found. The high-mindedness of antiquity showed itself in a disregard of small things; the high-mindedness of the present day shows itself in wild licence. The stern dignity of antiquity showed itself in grave reserve; the stern dignity of the present day shows itself in quarrelsome perverseness. The stupidity of antiquity showed itself in straightforwardness; the stupidity of the present day shows itself in deceit.”

* * *

Fine words and an insinuating manner are seldom associated with true virtue.

* * *

Hold faithfulness and sincerity as first principles.

* * *

When you have faults, do not fear to abandon them.

* * *

Have no friends not equal to yourself.

* * *

To go beyond is as wrong as to fall short.

* * *

To those whose talents are above mediocrity the highest subjects may be announced. To those who are below mediocrity the highest subjects may not be announced.

* * *

Tsae Go asked, saying,—“A benevolent man, though it be told him—‘There is a man in the well,’ will go in after him, I suppose?”

K'ung said,—“Why should he do so? A superior man may be made to go to the well, but he cannot be made to go down into it. He may be imposed upon, but he cannot be befooled.”

* * *

Perfect is the virtue which is according to the CONSTANT MEAN. Rare for a long time has been its practice among the people.

* * *

Let the will be set on the path of duty.

Let every attainment in what is good be firmly grasped.

Let perfect virtue be accorded with.

Let relaxation and enjoyment be found in the polite arts.

* * *

The duke of She asked Tsze-loo about K'ung,* and Tsze-loo did not answer him.

The Master said,—“Why did you not say to him: He is simply a man who in his eager pursuit of knowledge forgets his food; who in the joy of its attainment forgets his sorrows; and who does not perceive that old age is coming on?”

* * *

A good man it is not mine to see; could I see a man possessed of constancy, that would satisfy me.

Having not, and yet affecting to have; empty, and yet affecting to be full; straitened, and yet affecting

* Note that in relation with his superiors K'ung is called by his own name. Elsewhere he is called “The Master.”

to be at ease,—it is difficult with such characteristics to have constancy.

* * *

I am fortunate! If I have any errors people are sure to know them.

* * *

Extravagance leads to insubordination, and parsimony to meanness. It is better to be mean than to be insubordinate.

* * *

The philosopher Ts'ang said,—“There are three principles of conduct which the man of high rank should consider specially important:—that in his deportment and manner he keep from violence and heedlessness; that in regulating his countenance he keep near to sincerity; and that in his words and tones he keep far from lowness and impropriety. As to such matters as attending to the sacrificial vessels, there are the proper officers for them.”

* * *

It is by the Odes that the mind is aroused.

It is by the Rules of propriety that the character is established.

It is from Music that the finish is received.

* * *

The people may be made to follow a path of action, but they may not be made to understand it.

When a country is well governed, poverty and a mean condition are things to be ashamed of. When a country is ill governed, riches and honour are things to be ashamed of.

* * *

Ardent and yet not upright, stupid and yet not attentive, simple and yet not sincere,—such persons I do not understand.

* * *

Learn as if you could not reach your object, and were always fearing lest you should lose it.

The Master was wishing to go and live among the nine wild tribes of the east. Some one said,—“They are rude. How can you do such a thing?”

The Master said,—“If a superior man dwelt among them, what rudeness would there be?”

* * *

A youth is to be regarded with respect. How do we know that his future will not be equal to our present? If he reach the age of forty or fifty, and has not made himself heard of, then indeed he will not be worth being regarded with respect.

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SOME REJECTED MOTTOES.

The following appropriate mottoes for London were not published in the “Times”:

“Geourgeois.”—The King.

“‘Odds on and evens,’

Cries the bell of St. Stephens.”—Lloyd George.

“Shekled and Shawn.”—G. B. Shaw.

“Harmsworthy.”—Northcliffe.

“All my realm reels back into the beast.”—Mrs. Pankhurst.

“BOOM—STIR!!!!”—Marinetti.

“Aphrodite Pandamos.”—Professor Geddes.

“To my heart, O Israel.”—Cecil Chesterton.

“Hell, etC., etC.”—Father Vaughan.

“The Star-spangled manner.”—Ambassador Page.

“God bless my unmitigated ha'pennyness.”—“Daily Mail.”

“London, the human touch that means so much.”—Victor V. Branford.

“The Mitey Atom.”—Marie Corelli.

“In me behold the jumpaboutity New Age.”—A. Ripvanwinkle Orage.

“‘Appy and gloriuth.”—Lord Chief Justice.

“I play the (party) game.”—Mons. Hilaire Belloc.

“There's no place like RHome.”—Pope G. K. Chesterton.

“By my Parliament (Act) ye shall know me.”—Asquith.

“Tush, Mush and Slush,” or “Tosh, Bosh and Slosh.”—God (new version).

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

* * *

HOW THE REBEL PICTURES STRIKE AN OUTSIDE SPECTATOR.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

Mr. Wyndham Lewis' pictures and those painted by the Rebel Group perplex people very much. Many appear sincerely to believe that the Group is merely pulling people's legs and that the whole thing is a youthful joke. These few notes are put down in the endeavour to dispel any such delusion.

The idea underlying this new development of Art is really quite simple and underlies all Art. It has, however, only now for the first time been quite clearly stated and acted on. There have been several reasons prompting people to paint or admire pictures, but only one of them is really important. The Rebel pictures which appear so revolutionary and strange are seen to be quite a natural growth, if once this idea is firmly grasped.

It is briefly this: that the important feature of a picture is not that it represents or reminds us of a given object, however strange this statement may sound, but that it is a group of very complicated lines and colours arranged rhythmically. A picture is first of all a pattern and not just the reproduction of a certain thing. Natural objects, landscapes and human beings give the most complicated lines, masses and colours, and that is why the artist has spent great effort in learning to paint them. Ordinary men, too, have taken pleasure in seeing these reproductions of recognisable objects, but those of them possessing artistic feeling have soon more or less forgotten the object in the contemplation of the pattern created and subtly indicated by the painter.

“To make a picture” is to make a pattern of a thing. Think of an inferior picture and a superior one and see whether this presence or absence of a pattern does not define the salient distinction between the two. Beneath the soft surface textures and the soft colours the painter has always seen the intricate

geometrical figures created by the forms, and these have been his main concern though he may have kept this fact to himself. The undulating curves of life surfaces may have been the most obvious features, but a fine artist would always keep them subordinate to the structure of the picture as a whole.

The Rebels now say, openly and avowedly, this pattern is all they are going to care about in future; that it is the essential element that has moved men; and that, as it is the artist's business to move men as much as possible, they must concentrate on this feature. Why these geometrical figures in objects should move men more than the direct sensuous effect of the objects themselves we do not know.

The other kinds of pictures have been done so supremely well that it is merely waste of time to repeat them. Every masterpiece is in a certain sense a *cul de sac*. There is no going further in that particular direction and the achievement must be put in the great racial treasure house of memory to inspire men, not to imitation (which is very poor kind of flattery), but to different attainment.

The Rebels are concerned then, with the rhythmic presentation of figures, obtained I take it in the first place from natural objects, but now divorced from them for the purpose of far subtler development.

But there is another aspect of the pictures which I think by far the most important. I have said men are strangely moved by geometrical figures disguised in the natural objects of life, but as yet they cannot stand them "neat" on any large scale, and as it happens that is just what they have got to learn to do. If the forecasts are right machinery and all that it involves is going to play a far larger part in life than heretofore. H. G. Wells has given us many pictures of future cities, but curiously enough they have always left a sense of dreariness in the reader's mind and a fearful sense of the lack of something. This lack is the absence of any real emotional response. The geometrical figures of human manufacture which we feel will be universal, awake in us no emotion. We long for the natural things that we have by centuries of art been taught to love. Is it not the painters' job now to train us in the same way to respond emotionally to the geometrical forms that are going to surround us? People say at once "Oh how sordid!" But why? You admire an apple tree, first of all for the utilitarian reason that it supplies you with apples, then for the exhilarating repose of its colours and shade—in short for its effect on your senses. Then you admire it because centuries of painters have shown you what a subtle pattern of colour and lines it makes against the sky. Well, then, think of a huge electric generating machine. First of all you admire it for its wonderful capacity to supply you with light, then for the wonderful exhilaration produced on you by the sight of its intense activity; and there the admiration of the ordinary man ends. But it has not got to end there. After a few decades (not centuries I hope) he too will have learned to be thrilled by the splendid pattern of its myriad figures.

A sensitive man is as a rule miserable in a manufacturing town with its huge works and furnaces. He has not yet learnt to respond emotionally to these geometrical figures looming against the sky, as he has learnt to respond to the intricacies of woodland scenery. Once he has learnt to do this, his life may become one joyous riot of sensation, and he once more may be as merry as the country swains were supposed to be. This does not mean that he will like slums, or dirt or stuffiness—in fact he is likely to be far more fastidious about these things, and to determine to abolish them—but he will really enjoy the sight of machinery and streets.

What appears to be merely wanton madness on the part of these new painters may therefore be an instinctive prompting of the evolutionary instinct. They have got to teach men how to respond emotionally to their new environment. Emotion we have discovered is at the very core of life, and no decent human life can dispense with it. Of course men will kick (as they have already done violently in the Press) at being robbed of the sight of the nice, dear warm things of life on canvas, but sooner or later no doubt they will submit to the inevitable. Neither need they fear to lose their love of nature just because they have acquired another love.

HONOR M. PULLEY.

ON MISS MARSDEN'S PHILOSOPHY.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

My two main objections to Miss Marsden's philosophy are—that the first half of it is not new, and the second half, not true. That Amundsen should tell us in the 20th century that he has discovered America would not be quainter than Miss Marsden's reiterating to us that men are not equal—that might be right and the devil takes the hindmost. They say that everything is in the Bible: "The rich man's wealth is his strong city; the destruction of the poor is their poverty." And there's a book called "Self-Help," and another one about an "Over-man," so that we really do know all that there is to be said about the value of being young, strong, well, and clever, and the disadvantage of being old, weak, ill, or dull.

There would obviously be no "social questions" or "moral issues" if all men, like gods, had power, sanity and vision. But, unfortunately, we have to deal with quite a different world from that—a world in which Miss Marsden's judgments and prescriptions don't in the least cover the ground. To say of the

workers—as all good Tories have said even before Miss Marsden: "It's all their own fault," and "that if they are down" (I am quoting from Miss Marsden's own text *low*), "it is their business to find the ways and means of getting up"—though that may dismiss the matter for those who are impatient of the problems of poverty and sick of social questions—does not in the least advance matters for those who are not "bearing up so well" nor finding the present state of affairs so tolerable as Miss Marsden is.

And the long article on being "just"—did it really convince anybody that it is just—*just*, in the innermost sense of the word—for a person to use special energy and ability—which is as much a gift as a good leg or a handsome face—to extract every ounce of life that he can lawfully get out of his fellow-men to forward his own ends? One might as well say that it is just for parents to exploit for their own uses any flicker of strength or life that they may find in their little children.

Further, Miss Marsden's contention that "moral" conduct only means "customary" conduct is simply not true—nor any truer because Mr. Shaw has also said it. (Miss Marsden's delight, by the way, in finding that Mr. Shaw has said something similar to her is quaint. Is there *any* heresy or paradox that Mr. Shaw has not uttered, or is not sure to utter some day, quite off his own bat?)

I apologise for repeating the blatantly obvious—only venture to do so in such an advanced paper as yours because Miss Marsden has set the example—but the facts about the commands and prohibitions that constitute our morality are not that they were invented for their own benefit by rich and powerful men, but that some of them were uttered by a destitute old Jew, travelling in a thirsty wilderness, and the rest by a despised itinerant preacher who began life as a carpenter. Whether this old morality is in all points suited to present needs is a matter for discussion, but, as it stands, it must be a serious hindrance in the path of the "over-man," and it is only by courtesy or hypocrisy that one can speak of it as "customary."

I won't add more, for I am not out to suggest short cuts to a millenium, nor to invent a new morality—only to beg Miss Marsden to use her ability for the striking and working of newer and truer veins of thought.

E. M. WATSON.

[Miss Marsden writes:—"It really is not necessary in THE EGOIST for Miss Watson to apologise for being obvious, seeing that she is *not* at all obvious, and that THE EGOIST prides itself on insisting on the recognition of the obvious to a generation whose eyes are everlastingly in the ends of the earth. May I borrow Miss Watson's own illustration to illustrate: Amundsen insisting upon the existence of America a few centuries after the exploit of Columbus to an age which persisted in declaring that it wasn't there would be as obvious and yet as much to the point as we are in insisting on certain human truths which (in common with the Bible and Mr. Smiles) we have the distinction of declaring to a world desiring to ignore them. Miss Watson's style will further illustrate. That little catch in one's throat when one says, 'Just, *just*, in the innermost sense of the word,' is just the sort of incoherent emotion which makes it impossible to see the obvious; as likewise the 'destitute old Jew travelling in a thirsty wilderness' and 'parents exploiting for their own uses any flicker of strength or life that they may find in their little children'—even the tag about 'the carpenter.'"

"We have explained what being 'just' is, whether middlemost, outermost, innermost, it is all one; we redirect Miss Watson's attention to the article she mentions: she should persevere, as it is a first-class summary. As for the 'thirsty wilderness': the dwellers therein will contract habits—different, of course—but just as certainly as dwellers in a soaking swamp, and, given time, these habits will be promoted to 'morals': and likewise with 'carpenters' as with presidents of an octopus trust. What I mean is that Miss Watson is not reasoning the point of morals being habits in any degree: she is couching an emotional appeal in as many catch phrases as she can make bear remotely on the point. Of course, parents—to the extent of their power—exploit their children for their own ends: how far they are successful in exploiting them depends on the children mainly; what the 'ends' may be depends on the parents mainly. Miss Watson implies that to acknowledge this is to believe that parents will forthwith be encouraged to stew up their children for soup. The lady's idiosyncrasy does not alter the fact that parents exploit children and children exploit parents: whether for seemly ends, from the spectator's point of view, depends on the nature of both parents and children.

"One word more, and concerning the only issue about which your correspondent's view and THE EGOIST's must inevitably clash. Miss Watson is a Saviour. Note the phrase: 'We have to deal with . . . the ramshackle world, of course. Salvation is amusing to saviours, and we would not remonstrate with them, having no desire to spoil fun: and few things provide as much sport as a good cause! We merely endeavour to give the tip to the quarry: to the people who are in danger of being saved, and it is 'DON'T! Refuse to be dealt with!' It is a matter we cannot enlarge upon here, but it is the gist of the gospel of power to those who would be free men.

"As for the 'Over-man,' does not Miss Watson know that since the advent of THE EGOIST, it is no longer in fashion among the younger generations to speak of this gentleman? To do so has been stamped with our disapproval and the practice is now confined within the limits of slang among persons over fifty."]

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