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 of war, the death wish with it 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 vivid 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, ali are alike: the secret sin against the spirit of peace is revealed; and, lo and behold, all are liable to the shyer 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 it 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.

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 k-n-d of conduct which Christian
propaganda seeks to make customary never becomes customary: never becomes any deeper. Constantly its advances and recedes 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.

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 master the strength of his competitors, 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 practice scales and exercises interminably, without the hope of one day putting their powers of strength to receive the verdict of the world because they are mere Vanilla, 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 obtuse to the reverse of a coin. It is in this perspective that the kind of test which 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—necessity though it is: which explains why such men will fight for sides while they refuse to fight for themselves. It is our powers for imperial warfare flourishes while the industrial war faints.

The steady pressure which latterly has been put upon the industrial war faints.

When a force is in a poor condition it is shy of fights: moreover he constructed by making good the deficiencies of each by the packed 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 officer still in reserve develops the individual and 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.

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 the detailed features of any order equate exactly into the purpose which asheurs 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 'lucky'; 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 on itself by the will is the only true 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 they are the more pre-eminently productive. 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 the servile. The feeling that it is better to be a doorkeeper in the house than the guests is 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. It is our powers for imperial warfare flourishes while the industrial war faints.

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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 take their joys at second-hand. The steady pressure which latterly has been put upon the young (the old matter less) to substitute without questioning the esprit de corps for the egoistic spirit is, as a precaution, curiously redundant. The tendency to do with the world in a way which education can be achieved only on an acceptation of the status of servant: terms, however, to accept which there is a willingness which is world-wide. To hobnob with one's better 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 individuals 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." Napoleon, 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 primary and secondary characters of the Sword and of the Promise are evidently, are vividly inferred, from 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 exploiting of the assumption of polite Society which creates a sphere for the "borders," among whom, for instance, one would place the panic-mongers and price-inflaters of this our own patriotic population.

**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 "Sacrilegious," 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" being held together by the 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 "Bounder," as characterised by the assumptions 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 are right; the weights of the Promises made by them. If, therefore, one comes to define the meaning 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 are evidently, are vividly inferred, from 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 exploiting of the assumption of polite Society which creates a sphere for the "borders," among whom, for instance, one would place the panic-mongers and price-inflaters of this our own patriotic population.

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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 crumpled up at the touch of a really formidable defeat. It has disappeared as clean as a whistle—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 weak. They consequently, so far as the long-continued time-flicking 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 diaphoretic 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 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 lighting-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.

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 its vigour, and with reason. They are the same men who have been alarmed by the unprecedented speed with which the Government have been passed almost without a murmur. The Government has been marvellously 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 modification. The communistic, collectivist tendency of thought 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."

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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 feared that the quacks mean to insinuate that the remedy is socialism. One can feel safe in surmising that the pink mists of goodwill will soon fade; for last week's enthusiasm for the prosecution of an already successful "Order" just now is a moiety of change at all it is all in favour of their socialism. That is why they have the hearty support of the wealthy humanitarians, pacifist liberal. One can feel safe in surmising that the pink mists of goodwill will soon fade; for last week's enthusiasm for the prosecution of an already successful "Order" just now is a moiety of change at all it is all in favour of their socialism."

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It is an exceedingly happy accident for the elucidation of socialist 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, 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 it is in love. Power folding itself up tighter 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 it is in love. Power folding itself up tighter 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 it is in love. Power folding itself up tighter 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 it is in love. Power folding itself up tighter 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 it is in love. Power folding itself up tighter 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 it is in love. Power folding itself up tighter 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 it is in love. Power folding itself up tighter 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 it is in love. Power folding itself up tighter 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 it is in love. Power folding itself up tighter 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 it is in love. Power folding itself up tighter 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 it is in love. Power folding itself up tighter 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 it is in love. Power folding itself up tighter and as creators of all social woes is suddenly thrust on them; and the social complaint is unaffected.
their own individual business again. The dream that each is for all and all are for each who will have passed, and each will be, for as much as he can be, for himself. Later, when the vauuting ambitions of the most powerful individual “orders” have, with the passing of time, again turned to Sight, the war, again the warm goodwill of the order, a multitude, the spectacle of brotherly-love, socialism and, then back once more on the inevitable individual swing.

* * *

Accordingly, in this matter of socialism it is being revealed that a capitalist state can easily out-Cesar Caesar. The powers ought to have been expected to capitalize on the command, 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 imagine the State as a species of lucky-bag whereas, after all, it is nothing but an official recognition of the existence of existing forces; aud since socialism 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 who have been regarded as sufficing if occasionally they feel it.

And if the oligarchic 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 need in power a condition the effects of which are that the less powerful fall into subjection 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 effect the non-utilisation of the limited character of the power of others. Really, a doctrine of voluntarily applied embargoes has point only inasmuch as it is addressed to the powerful, and as it turns out the latters 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, they would be better than the uninitiated pains in order to make world-room for a weed or a fly.

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A syndicalist is an anarchist crossed with a mild egoist strain. He represents a first fault 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 sins must be committed in order to make 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 such. 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 to, they would 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 with pursuing the path to real power;
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 spot of a good fight, can otherwise effectively serve their purpose. In the first place it can make plain that a fact 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 flattering 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, or by an arrangement of lines and colours than that one should convey or receive such an emotion by an arrangement of musical notes."

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

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

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 be 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 clashing 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 unexpressive.

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 else. He is a vorticist expresser. He chose "Timon" for a subject, and that he should select for design and burst into scathing criticism, as in his drawing of centaurs and sacred virgins, is equally natural that Mr. Wadsworth should take his delight in parts 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 any article till 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 about a 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 on his artistic effect—upon the arrangement of arrangements, 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 "Vlissingen." The "motif" is ships in a harbour.
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 un­

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.

INVCATIONS.

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 knock,
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?

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.

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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:
As I told you, in the end
The gulls moved seaward very quietly.
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, cipt 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 trampled 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
Risen 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 understand 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 Rémy de Gourmont.

H e 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 "Poesies," 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 "Poesies," 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 recovered moral.

The value of the "notes de Maldoror" is not the result of the exercise of pure imagination. Ferocious, demoniacal, disorders or exasperated with pride in mad visions, it terrified rather than seduces. Even in the unconscious there are influences possible to determine: "O Night-Thoughts of Young," exclains the author in his "Posies," how much sleep you have cost. How, since it is there he is influenced by certain English novelists still read in his day—Anne Radcliffe and Maturin (whom Balzac admired), Byron, and also belongs only to God, you have partly consoled me, but 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 screwed screws warn and caution shots; but it founders slowly . . . majestically." In a similar way the litanies of the Ancient Sea: "Ancient Sea, your laments of the sea-bear of the Boreal Ocean have been able to solve no enigmas: the mother of 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. You 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 live for your death." 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 perceived need for a Kingdom of darkness 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 added to every reason itself. They are taken from the "Posies":

"Perturbations, anxieties, deprivations, death, exceptions to moral or physical order, the spirit of negation, brutishness, hallucinations served by the will, torments, destruction, defects, tears, insatiables, servitudes, how ingenious, how amusing and provocative, novels, theatrical productions, 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 innoculation of profound stupor, funeral prayers, envies, treasuries, tyranies, impieties, irritations, ceremonies, 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-like, worse than murder, passions, the clan of novelsists of the court of assisses, 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-like, described, given up, the laments 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 Monitor (or Lautréamont) 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 eyes in the woods? Your attitude is profound. Your colossal lids play in the wind and seem alive. He is unknown to me. As I watch his monstrous eyes heaned in some infernal way, let me speak to you. . . . I am the vampire, in your mouth utters words which are senseless though your contrary opinion. If you count the parasite which causes the itch you will have two friends.'

* Here is an obvious example of irony: "You, young man, not to despair, for you have a front which does not reflect like a child, desolation—that intellectual manchinel-tree—perfumed boils, the thighs of camellias, the culpability of a writer who rolls on the edge of nothingness and despises himself with gleeful cries, remorse, hypocries, vague perspectives which grind you in your incoherent century—; money, money, money! . . . Sins, anxions, vermin and their insinuating ticklings, prefaxes mad as those of "Cromwell," of "Mademoiselle de Maupin," and of Dumas fils, senilities, impotencies, blasphemies, asphyxiations, suffocations, rages—before these foul charnel-houses, which I blush to name, it is time to react against that which so sovereignly shocks and hurts 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.
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 heart throbbing faintly and more faintly, all but brain extinguished one by one like lamps, the last sweat less human spirit, sobbing and sighing, gargling 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 scavenging, bull-headed 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 repent, sparing it yet awhile. But that time had gone. At the particular there still existed, the souls of all those who shall yet be born, all 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 of purgatory, or had been hurled howling into hell. For the just man, death is no cause of terror. Was it not Addison, the great English writer, who, on his deathbed, said that he was a believer Catholic, for the just man, death is no cause of terror, it 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 there is no longer the fear of death, no more the triumph of sin. Yes, the preacher was right. God's turn had come, he had 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.

Now 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 ashes. 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 of purgatory, or had been hurled howling into hell. 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. He 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, ports through which we 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 there is no longer the fear of death, no more the triumph of sin. Yes, the preacher was right. God's turn had come. 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 repent, sparing it yet awhile. But that time had gone. At the particular there still existed, the souls of all those who shall yet be born, all 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 of purgatory, or had been hurled howling into hell. For the just man, death is no cause of terror. Was it not Addison, the great English writer, who, on his deathbed, said that he was a believer Catholic, for the just man, death is no cause of terror, it 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 there is no longer the fear of death, no more the triumph of sin. Yes, the preacher was right. God's turn had come, he had 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.

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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 soot-coated packet of pictures which he had hidden 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 useless 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 his forehead as the foul memories condensed within his brain. His forehead as the foul memories condensed within his soutane, and, having considered its dial for a moment in silence, placed it silently before him on the table. The eyes were not emblem, bright and musical.” The eyes were not emissaries of 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 for hands to touch. For let him be ensnared who on such an easy bauble betakes himself.” She turned her back on 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 you: 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 words on the tablet. “They did eat.” The eyes were not seen of any person. “To eat” they were not heard. The water would rise inch by inch, covering the grass and shrubs, covering the trees and houses, covering the monastery 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 Isaiah, 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. You will remember that they were created by God in order that the seats on which heaven is 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 buried 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 growth and fragrant perfume. The 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 common sin upon them by God’s Good-pleasure to His Word. They were not to eat of the fruit of the forbidden tree. Alias, 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 subtletest 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—she shall be as God. And Adam and Eve, the 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 the fall of Adam and Eve is symbolised 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 suffering, 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 free. 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 stable 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 mock. Christ died as a sacrifice and was raised again with glory and power to sit upon the right hand of His Father. He was born in a poor cowhouse in Bethléem: He would die on a cross. He was pierced with a lance, and from the wounded body of Him whom they crucified there streamed a flood of blood, a font of mercy. He was buried, and the earth was opened without any limits and the earth was opened and his mouth was filled with fire and smoke. The straitness of hell shall not prevail. He founded it upon the rock of ages and endowed it with His grace, with sacraments and worship, and promised that if men would obey the word of His Church they would still enter into eternal life, but there was reserved to the fallen angels, and Satan and his host, the eternal punishment of sinners. Hell is strait and deep and foul-smelling prison, an abode of demons and lost souls, filled with fire and smoke. The strictness 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: as blessed saint, Saint Anselm, writes in his book on Similitudes, they are not even able to remove from the body 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, with which the body is filled, now darkens the face of God, borne 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 foul and scum of the world, we are told, shall run there and become food for that immense demoniacal earth which 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 unbearable 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 for a year without being turned—there is no thought of family or country, of ties of relationship. The dampened bowl 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 execrations against those souls which were their accomplices in sin. In olden times it was the custom to punish the paricide, 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 laws was to compel such a law, which seems cruel in our times, was to punish the criminal by the company of hellish and hateful beasts. But what is the fury of those dumb beasts compared with the fury of execution which bursts from the parched lips and aching throats of the damned in hell. The intention of those laws was to compel such a law, which seems cruel in our times, was to punish the criminal by the company of hellish and hateful beasts. But what is the fury of those dumb beasts compared with the fury of execution which bursts from the parched lips and aching throats of the damned in hell.

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 of 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 the will of God to serve man. Fire will not affright the beating heart and will not refuse 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, the intensity of its indignation increases in direct proportion to 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 wide-spreading it may be, has always 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 wood. And yet, though the lake of fire will not affright the beating heart of the damned only from without, but each lost soul will be a hell unto itself, the boundless fire raging in its very vitals. Oh, how terrible is the lot of those wretched beings! The blood seethes and boils in the veins, the brains are burning in the skull, the heart in the breast glowing and bursting, the bowels a redhot mass of burning pulp, the tender eyes flaming in the sun like a serpent. 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 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 blackness and with noisome odours, the ears with yells and howls and execrations and curses against foul matter, leprous corruption, nameless suffocating filth, the touch with redhot goads and spikes, with cruel tongues of flame. And through the several tortures of the senses the immortal soul is tortured eternally in its essence amid the leagues upon leagues of glaring 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 Godhead.

Consider finally that the torments 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 overthrown—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 execrations against those souls which were their accomplices in sin. In olden times it was the custom to punish the paricide, 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 laws was to compel such a law, which seems cruel in our times, was to punish the criminal by the company of hellish and hateful beasts. But what is the fury of those dumb beasts compared with the fury of execution which bursts from the parched lips and aching throats of the damned in hell.

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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 wherein unlike 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 centripetal 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!—

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

"To art for art's sake, that social nonsense"—I said in the "Mercure 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 utopia, generous like all Utopias, and always is born of transcendent scorn for active and productive life, for that seems to us to be still the attitude of the esthete and of the dilettante. Thus our art for life's sake is in perfect conformity with contemporary anti-intellectual philosophy—which is the other advanced arts which by their dynamic aesthetic—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 aesthetes.

For this reason we have shrunk from the epithets of "Dynamism," 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 which separate life and art, one 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 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 live in a sort of contemporary 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 disclaiming the literatures called antique, we are not of the bourgeois discipline, but have become in our class, 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 disciples and the last of the race of a declining literature. We are alive, and we will make of 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 palpating 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 intuition 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 ravenous conquests.

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, he wants to disappear, 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, defying 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 eminent reality of movement as a factor of the creation of art.

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 occumential, 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 cooperate 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 words 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 footing upon oneself, that is all. I want to see the poet in the centre of the real world, a number for the living, a joy, to lose the sentiment of our littleness by participating in the communion 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 amanuensis, of the echo-voicer of letters, of one who charms the lips 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 the "demon" which reveals whether the work is that 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 Godhead, which 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 over the life of things.

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 teuton; not the classic beauty which is a static beauty, they do not give themselves up. They have no gift of their own. Their soul sleeps, a cold discoured husk. Under their hands the gold of life is changed into dried leaves. They delight in established classifications, traditional definitions. A plastic mythology, which disfigures the realities, the poet who deals with venomous scents, without noticing the temperature outside, without knowing whether the wind is blowing over the life of things.

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 Commenriches Vivant has been expressed by the poets of paroxysm and of modern dynamism.

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, then all the old griffins, the ancient dragons and the centaurs of the ancient poets. You pass by a hundred cubs 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 first day 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 ecumenic life, and live in the universal and the omnipresent, out towards the future in search of the cities of God! As Gaston Sauvebois recently wrote, it is a human, materialist poetry! They deny the bird of science, the flying machine, the aeroplane, the mechanism of a Creuset, etc.

This lyrism 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, aggressive, technical, which is opposed to the old theories of aesthetics 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 interwoven, one mechanism which seems to belong to the mechanic and the poet. 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 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 Commemriches Vivant has been expressed by the poets of paroxysm and of modern dynamism.

This vision of the world which I have personally exalted in La Cité des Hommes, L’Homme Cosmogonique, La Beaute Vivant has been expressed by others, by Merceurice in Les Paroles devant la Vie, by Pierre Haup in Hymnes et Psalms, 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, hurl our winged strophes in opposition to pastoral ditties, to gracious elegies and other flowers of decay.

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 Créz 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 grandeur which 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, Bart-set to work with him, will realise that he will not do him justice: that he will not convey the grievance M. Léon Bloy nourishes against the critics does not adapt itself to journalistic brevity, and the parting from the normal. Take, for instance, the one between the Northerner and the Southerner, between the idealist and the rationalist. Operatingly imaginative, the distinction having its origin in the difference of nationality. It is the difference 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 that Poe's stories are exasperatingly imaginative, the distinction having its origin in the difference of nationality. It is the difference between the Northernmer 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 encouraged himself to take after it had become sour (on Tuesday) by placing a glass of raisins on his table, which, when he had taken a mouthful, 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 filled with time and space, but they never could part. 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 dépeches m'an­nonçant leur départ imminent pour Borneo, 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 partaient jamais, parce qu'ils ne pouvaient pas, et ne devaient pas partir. Les atomes et les molécules se coassiaux 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'élancer 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 pussent pas manquer était évidemment celui où ils viendraient, belas! et leur caractère bien connu ne por­te à croire qu'ils ne s'y prépérèrent qu'en tremblant."

Or the story of the insuperable 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 ou mort le tonnerre. Mais c'était sa voix tout de même, à ce point qu'il fut tenté de sortir de nulle part, et ne l'obtenait pas réussi. Leur caractère bien connu ne por­te à croire qu'ils ne s'y prépérèrent qu'en tremblant."

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 his teeth drawn out! In "Le Vieux de la Montagne," "Vie de Melanie," "Sur la Tombe des Hommes," 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 la fois. Il était indispensable de tirer ce pauvre être et greffer le sauvageon; écheniller et provigner tout de lui-même, de le tamiser, de le filtrer, de l'inaugurer, en quelque manière, un petit enfant. Il fallait de lui un mot, que ce paupère nommait, 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 plumes des colombes, doux comme les saintes huiles, doux comme le beau naissait tout neuf, sans douleur d'excitation. Il n'était pas ici d'exagération. Il était vraiment si doux qu'on ne pouvait s'imaginer un individu appartenant au sexe mâle, et, par conséquent, appelé à la reproduction de l'espèce, qui le pit être davantage. Il fondait dans la main comme du chocolat, lenifiant l'ambiance, faisait penser aux caisses de lait de chair. Il n'aurait pu le mettre en colère, exciter son indignation, et ce fut le désespoir d'un éducateur acharné à viriliser le neant, de ne jamais obtenir le pôle éclair, quelque fureurusement qu'il attisât en qu'il fourgonnât cette conscience gélatineuse.

Il est fond de néologismes. Since we say "adorable" he says "idolatrable." From Adonis he makes a verb, "Idoll." He is fond of metaphor:

"Ah! le vorace et fauve baiser que c'était là! Le personnage à qui s'adressait l'imprimeur était du monde de la nuit, lorsqu'on la sortait de sa prison, éclose de pivoine. Le soleil interdit ses sirènes, le rivage interdit ses sirènes, la mer interdit ses sirènes, la terre interdit ses sirènes. Ce baiser qui avait des griffes comme un aigle et qui allait à la chasse comme une chienne, qui lui mettait dans les oreilles toutes les sonnailles des béliers ou des capricornes de montagnes; ce baiser odorant et capiteux, inapaisable, éternel; ce baiser qui était l'odeur d'un palier d'hôtel garni de vingtième, de crasse dont les premières alluvions remontaient sans doute à la Révolution de Juillet. Par le visage il ressemblait à une pomme de terre frite rouleuse dans de la râclure de fromage. Ses mains donnaient un fait qui avait été détecté, comme un bon sauvageon, et qui avait fait un bon proverbe scandinave. Enfin toute sa personne exhalait l'odeur d'un palier d'hôtel garni de vingtaine ordre, au sixième étage."

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

And for an orgy of metaphor:

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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 thief 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 quarrasmose 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.

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 befuddled." 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 Tze-loo about K'ung, and Tze-loo did not answer him.

The Master said,—"Why did you not say to him: A good man it is not mine to see; could I see a man in the well, will in after him, I suppose?"

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The Master said,—"Why did you not say to him: 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 to be full; constancy, that would satisfy me.

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Note that in relation with his superior 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 T'sang 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 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.

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.

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

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SOME REJECTED MOTTOES.
The following appropriate mottoes for London were not published in the "Times":—

"Georgious."—The King.
"Odds on and evens,"
Cries the bell of St. Stephens."—Lloyd George.
"Shekled and Shwan."—G. B. Shaw.
"Harmsworthy."—Northcliffe.
"All my realm reels back into the beast."—Mrs. Pankhurst.
"BOOM—STIR!!!!"—Marnetti.
"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'ppyness."—"Daily Mail."
"London, the human touch that means so much."—Victor V. Branford.
"The Mitte Atom."—Marie Corelli.
"In me behold the jubamabotity New Age."—A. Ripvanwinkle Orage.
"'Appy and glorith."—Lord Chief Justice.
"I play the (party) game."—Mons. Hilaire Bellocc.
"There's no place like RHome."—Pope G. K. Chesterton.
"By my Parliament (Act) ye shall know me."—Asquith.
"Tush, Mash and Slush," or "Tosh, Bosh and Slossen."—God (new version).

CORRESPONDENCE.
Note to Correspondents.—While quite willing to publish letters under notice of plans, 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 are 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
The Rebel are concerned then, with the rhythmic presenta
of the evolutionary instinct. They have got to teach men how
to respond emotionally to these geometrical figures looming
in the mind. What appears to be merely wanton madness on the part of
some of them was uttered by a destitute old Jew, whose eyes are everlastingly in the ends of the earth. May I
not venture to repeat the blatantly obvious—only venture
to do so in such an advanced paper as yours because Mi-
ss Marsden has set the example—but the facts about the commands
of Jesus to His disciples and the legal precepts of the Phar
isees have already done violently in the Press) at being robbed
of their poverty." And there
is no doubt whether they will admit to the inevitable
blessedness of life? The "Over-man," then, is the man who
will have learned to be thrilled by the splendid pattern of its
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