VIII.—FREDERICK DELIUS AND THE RETENTION OF INTUITEIVE SENSIBILITY.

If a composer be judged chronologically, that is, as a contemporary of the generation in which he made his first appearance—then Frederick Delius (born at Bradford, 1863) cannot be justly numbered among the advance guard of contemporary music. But by reason of the highly evolved qualities of thought and expression evinced in his work, he must be accounted as among the pioneers of liberated musical creation, his conceptions being fully abreast of the most expressive spirit of the present, while diametrically opposed to the sentimentality, artificiality and vulgar realism produced by Romanticism and Wagnerian conceptions which were prevalent at the time of his advent.

Proceeding from a nature extremely sensitive and responsive to the most subtle influences and suggestions, there is in his music no submersion of individuality. Throughout his writings, from the earliest works onward, is discernable a superabundance of strong personal feeling on even the most powerful extraneous impressions which grows more pronounced with every new work in proportion to the wider range of forces with which his ever-expanding consciousness is brought into contact. From this concentration springs naturally a deliberate strain of reflective thought, which, entering into and permeating his art, entirely excludes the type of unintelligent sensuality which generally prevails in emotional music. Nor is this mental element marred by any esoteric affectation or abstract tendency. Emanciating directly from an acute realisation of emotional forces, combined with a swift and penetrative perception of their action and interaction on his mental personality, the thought of the composer is expressed with an intimacy of musical utterance which, while emphasising its individual nature, gives to it a broad, human appeal. This delicate balance between emotion and intellect is an unfailling characteristic of Delius, being maintained consistently throughout his work. Feeling and thought are seemingly inseparable to him, forming the essential and equal halves of artistic creation. Nor is it possible in his compositions to define exactly the limits of each, both mental and sensatory elements being fused into an indivisible whole. In contradistinction to many modern composers who interpret their sensations by a discernable process of psychological analysis, Delius, apparently apprehends the significance of emotions intuitively, experiencing moods and sensations and translating them instantaneously and simultaneously into a subtle musical phraseology which completely reveals and illuminates their intellectual force. But while produced from such highly sensitive sources, his music is never sensational, being endowed with a natural lyricism of expression which is purely spiritual in effect though essentially human in conception. A direct connection with reality is always maintained, though realism is consistently repudiated together with everything approaching prolix detail. With instinctive comprehension Delius penetrates beneath psychological complexities to their fundamental causes and presents them reduced to their bare essentials. Above all, he is never imitative or reconstructive. His mental vision is entirely untrammelled by conventional or sentimental associations, while, at the same time, he possesses an inherent capacity for discerning subtle analogies and correspondences between seemingly unrelated elements and factors. Hence emotions and sensations come to him with untainted freshness, and are rendered again with a frank naiveté of thought which transcends ordinary musical comment, and which, by its originality of interpretation, presents them under such absolutely novel aspects that they are in a sense recreated. It is this virginity of expression which above all else distinguishes the music of Delius. By him, perhaps, more than any other composer, may be claimed the realisation of Guyan’s artistic ideal: truly “Il s’agit de retrouver, par la force de la pensée réfléchie, l’inconscient naïveté de l’enfant.”

It naturally follows that the possession of such an extraordinary temperament is productive of an unusual selection of themes. But while unconventional his choice is never eccentric, nor is his technique at all marked by conscious mannerisms. Independent in form and absolutely free from affectation, exaggeration or rhetoric, his music is expressed in concise imagery and with a directness of utterance which renders each work an epitome of force and clarity.

His first catalogued work is a Legend for violin, with orchestral accompaniment, composed 1892, and first produced at a concert in London, 1899. The score still exists in manuscript, but is unpublished.

His second listed composition, composed 1883, a Fantasy Overture for grand orchestra entitled “Over the Hills and Far Away,” though ostensibly the impression of his native Wolds, is curiously significant when...
considered in connection with his characteristic mental tendencies. In this work is evoked an image of the restlessness which the monotony of conventional thought provokes in the individual consciousness. "Once upon a time," of the fairy tales, "Long ago in Greece," of the legends, "Over the Hills and Far Away"—these are but terms with a common significance indicating, not a determinate place or period, but the visionary conception created by a desire for adventure, by a spirit of rebellion against the commonplace. "Over the Hills and Far Away" is the country of spiritual possibilities, the presence of which we discern over all uncrossed ridges, beyond all horizons, round all unturned corners, and in the scent which drifts over untraveled plains and meadows. Delius in his Fantasy Overture interprets this elusive theme with the utmost intimacy, enhancing it with the memory of early associations and the glamour of first sensations, but by an absorption in subjective moods. In this instinctive trend, and sincere attempts at modulating them, Delius makes no attempt to express these forces in their dynamic aspects, while avoiding equally the accumulation of tedious emotional data which encumbers the average psychological work and obscures its direct appeal. No exploitation of analytical dexterity, no working up of the overtone effects can be discerned. Unobscured by rhetoric or vague symbolism the music concentrated in the clear human types of the dramatic text, reveals its underlying impulses by a series of intuitive flashes and interprets their significance with an unshrinking intimacy of thought. In this instinctive trend, and sincere attempts at modulating them, impressions Delius surpasses all the dramatic composers preceding him. He can make a single phrase more eloquent and lucid than a whole act of Wagnerian opera.

The Concerto for Pianoforte in C minor, with orchestral accompaniment, written 1895, differs in many ways from Grieg's Piano Concerto of Tritten's work. Produced, presumably, by the mental experiences of the intervening years, it is less subjective than the work which precedes it, the purely personal idiom of the composer being modified by the somewhat obtrusive presence of foreign influences. But though the idiom is somewhat new, in certain passages it evinces considerable originality when viewed in comparison with other works of the same period, and may be defined as an extension of the thoughtful trend exhibited in certain works by Grieg, to which in conception and treatment it approximates. Though more formal and objective than the majority of Delius' compositions, the mental and emotional elements underlying the music are obscured by technical artifice or sensational effect. The part for the solo instrument, which in works of this type is generally the most treated, is treated with great reserve, and is not permitted to disturb the balance of the general scheme.

The Norwegian Suite for grand orchestra, composed 1897, is remarkable in that it reveals a humorous vein of thought unexpected in a temperament so subjective as that of Delius, but perfectly consistent with the strong human sympathies evident in all his work. A concert arrangement of the incidental music written by Delius for Heiberg's satirical drama "Folkeraadet," its thematic material is modelled on Norwegian national idioms (including a caricature of the Norwegian National Anthems), which, treated with exaggerated bombast and sentimental fervour, are made the medium for a delicate sarcasm which is in no way cynical, being merely directed against the thoughtless mass emotion which generally underlies patriotic expression. The first performance of this music in Christiania aroused a storm of violent protest. Stung to exasperation by the combined irony of play and music an angry member of the audience discharged a revolver at the composer, but fortunately missed his object.

The Piano Concerto No. 2, written 1896-7, is founded on a theme taken from the life of the mid-American negroes, and is remarkable for its atmospheric painting.

The Dance of Life, a tone poem, written 1898, is the initial expression of the composer's rhythmic consciousness, new in the technical sense, but in its relationship to the dynamic movements of life. Both these works are unpublished. The latter is, however, very significant when taken in relation to the spirit of the composition which immediately succeeds it.

Paris: the Song of a Great City, a nocturne for grand orchestra, composed 1898-9, is the prelude to the evolution of Delius' musical thought. His earlier writings are obsessed by a mental trend which is almost entirely insular, being produced, not by comprehensive feeling, but by an absorption in subjective moods. In this work Delius attains a broader sensibility and a wider intellectual consciousness. Intersected by passionate currents of emotion and vibrating with concentrated vitality, the music is imbued with an intensely human sympathy. But the kaleidoscopic effects of light, colour and movement with which the work abounds are treated subtly and evocatively as intellectual mediums, not in a realistic fashion. Thus there is no confusion of images, no flinching, no irrelevant details whose forces of life are expressed in their broad analogies as discerned from a comprehensive and individual standpoint. While the feeling expressed emanates, quite evidently, from the realisation of general forces awakened by the multiple, pulsing life of a modern city, the personal thought of the composer remains distinct, undominated by the group sensations which it interprets.

In the music drama, A Village Romeo and Juliet, after the novel "Romeo und Julie auf dem Dorf," by Gottfried Keller, composed 1900-2, Delius' interpretative quality of thought is markedly apparent. Taking for his text a work which is full of intense and fundamental emotions, Delius makes no attempt to express these forces in their dynamic aspects, while avoiding equally the accumulation of tedious emotional data which encumbers the average psychological work and obscures its direct appeal. No exploitation of analytical dexterity, no working up of the overtone effects can be discerned. Unobscured by rhetoric or vague symbolism the music concentrated in the clear human types of the dramatic text, reveals its underlying impulses by a series of intuitive flashes and interprets their significance with an unshrinking intimacy of thought. In this instinctive trend, and sincere attempts at modulating them, impressions Delius surpasses all the dramatic composers preceding him. He can make a single phrase more eloquent and lucid than a whole act of Wagnerian opera.

Sea Drift, a symphonic poem for baritone solo, chorus, and orchestra, composed 1904, proceeds from possibly more elemental sources. Dominated by an urgency of emotions in the cumulative effects of modern life, here we once more come into touch with the forces of a great city. But whereas "Paris" deals with the mass emotions of primitive life, "Sea Drift" deals with the emotions of a developed type of modern life, where one obtains them in their concentrated aspects.

Appalachia—Variations on an Old Slave Song, for grand orchestra and final chorus, composed 1903—though nominally based on a negro-song of the southern states, is more truly the record of a realisation of mental and spiritual sensibilities which became active during the early years spent by the composer as an orange planter in Florida. Here, as explained by the composer in a forenote, one has a mental subtilisation of the primitive energy underlying the negro songs and dances. Though written at a deliberate distance in character, the original impressions from which the music springs, being reviewed from a subsequent meditative standpoint, the dominant quality of thought in no way mitigates the freshness of the impressions presented. But as in all its unashamedly there is nothing strange of Delius prevents him from drifting into abstractions. The concentrated moods underlying the music are in direct association with life, being produced by the emotional forces of luxuriant vegetation, colour, fragrance, and theatricality of tropical environment combined with the crude forces of the instinctive primitive type.

In Margot la Rouge: a Night in Paris, a music tragedy in one act, composed 1902, Delius directs his intuitive sensibilities into more complex channels. The text by Rosenval deals with the lower Bohemian life of Paris. Here we once more come into touch with the forces of a great city. But whereas "Paris" deals with the mass emotions of primitive life, "Sea Drift" deals with the emotions of a developed type of modern life. Here we come into communion with the forces of a great capital, the personal thought of the composer remaining absolutely unshrinking intimacy of thought.
evident. "Once Pawmanok, when the lilac was in bloom"—suddenly one feels that strange throat-gripping sensation which comes even before the budding of leaves with the smell of damp spring mould after the early showers. And Fifth Month grass was growing—a common upward to the music, and the moment has become definite, directly associated with material presences inexplicably green and fresh. The whole influence is that of correspondences, the evocative effect of environment. From this point onward to the contracted emotion of the final solo utterance "We two together now, and the song we sang "Night" of the concluding chorus, the music deepens in spirit, growing continually more concentrated. The divisions between feeling and expression, emotion and thought, become indiscernible. In this thrilling music, at times so intimate and elemental as to be scarcely articulate, one recognises a new form of a dramatic art, an unprecedented use of musical speech.

In the tone poem A Mass of Life, for soli, chorus, and orchestra (text from "Thence Spake Zarathustra," by Friedrich Nietzsche), composed 1905, the spiritual impressions assimilated in the earlier rhythmic works receive an even more pronounced personal impetus. In this work the homocentric image is insistently dominant. Sensatory influences are viewed, not in the light of their immediate appeal, but in their wider aspects, as indications of general forces concentrating on the human intellect; elements which it is necessary to assimilate in order to interpret the individual impulse. Here, again, the composer's intuitive perception obtains. Analogies and correspondences are not investigated laboriously, but are deduced by a kind of spiritual telepathy. The musical treatment is extremely characteristic, full of broadly defined contrasts, rhythmic and chromatic; all minor details are negatived, the dramatic result being obtained by cumulative effect. Yet there is nothing sensational in the music. The broad impressions presented are entirely intellectual in conception and their appeal is essentially intellectual in its influence.

Brigg Fair, an English Rhapsody for grand orchestra, composed 1907, is based musically on a Lincolnshire folk-songs (collected in 1905 by W. P. Merrick from the singing of a countryside vocalist with the aid of a phonograph), the opening verses of which are intended to describe the sensations of a rustic lover as he journeys on a summer morning.

"Er th' weather fine an' fair," to meet his mistress at a country festival. Reducing the crude sentimentality of the text to a series of clear images, Delius evokes and interprets the most elusive elements of the emotions which it endeavour to express. The simple theme becomes an epitome of spiritual awakening, universal in comprehension. To all sensitive natures there comes inevitably a period that brings with it something ecstatic; a mental and physical exaltation in living and feeling; an acute appreciation of the subtlest sensatory influences. One becomes conscious of an inexplicable novelty in the most ordinary events and objects; one feels possibly remote spiritual impetus derived from externals concentrated into the individual impulse. Here, again, the composer's intuitive perception obtains. Analogies and correspondences are not investigated laboriously, but are deduced by a kind of spiritual telepathy. The musical treatment is extremely characteristic, full of broadly defined contrasts, rhythmic and chromatic; all minor details are negatived, the dramatic result being obtained by cumulative effect. Yet there is nothing sensational in the music. The broad impressions presented are entirely intellectual in conception and their appeal is essentially intellectual in its influence.

The Two Poems for small orchestra (1. On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring; 2. Summer Night on the River) are, with the music drama Fennimore (this latter work as yet unpublished), amongst the latest works of Delius. In these two orchestral poems Delius reaches the consummation of the impulses governing his preceding works and attains the height of his lyrical expression. Subtle in mood and delicately lyrical in form these exquisite fragments are purely spiritual in expression. Here the composer extracts the essence of external impressions into a noble and purely personal work is greater spiritual calm and more tender human emotion. Here the influence of external suggestions is less impetuous; the effect of external impressions is not so forcible. A sensibility to the impulses manifest in the two tone poems Paris and A Man of Life. But here the superaction of personal impulses is less impetuous; the effect of external impressions is not so forcible. A sensibility to the presence of extraneous factors is palpable, but it is now a sensibility almost wholly intellectual. Vivid as the rhythmic and harmonic contrasts are they are no longer wrung by surrounding influences from the composer's sensatory organism, but are the outcome of his intuitive and deliberative interpretative thought. The wide range of elements entering into the general scheme are submitted to the action of a radiative mental illumination proceeding outward from the individual intellect of the composer. It is as though Delius had emerged from spiritual paralysis into the most incandescent point of vantage whence he is enabled to survey forces panoramically and compute their relative values. Thus from this individual standpoint general elements are contemplated in that dual aspect in which their fullest significance can be discerned.

The Part Songs for mixed chorus, Midsummer Song and On Craig Dhu (on poems by Arthur Symons), come within the scope of this later development. The first is a mood of serene contemplation expressed in exquisite imagery: the second is tinged with more exalted feeling.

The Wanderer's Song, for male chorus (also on a poem by Arthur Symons), is further expression of the spiritual impetus derived from externals concentrated into a lyrical mood. Its trend can best be defined by the following lines of the text:

"Give me a long white road and the grey wide path of the sea
And the winds' will, and the birds' will, and the heartache still in me."

The Dance Rhapsody (for grand orchestra, including heczellaphone, composed 1909) is a development of the impulses manifest in the two tone poems Paris and A Man of Life. But here the superaction of personal impulses is less impetuous; the effect of external impressions is not so forcible. A sensibility to the presence of extraneous factors is palpable, but it is now a sensibility almost wholly intellectual. Vivid as the rhythmic and harmonic contrasts are they are no longer wrung by surrounding influences from the composer's sensatory organism, but are the outcome of his intuitive and deliberative interpretative thought. The wide range of elements entering into the general scheme are submitted to the action of a radiative mental illumination proceeding outward from the individual intellect of the composer. It is as though Delius had emerged from spiritual paralysis into the most incandescent point of vantage whence he is enabled to survey forces panoramically and compute their relative values. Thus from this individual standpoint general elements are contemplated in that dual aspect in which their fullest significance can be discerned.

The Part Songs for mixed chorus, Midsummer Song and On Craig Dhu (on poems by Arthur Symons), are amongst the latest works of Delius. In these two orchestral poems Delius reaches the consummation of the impulses governing his preceding works and attains the height of his lyrical expression. Subtle in mood and delicately lyrical in form these exquisite fragments are purely spiritual in expression. Here the composer extracts the essence of external impressions into a noble and purely personal work is greater spiritual calm and more tender human emotion. Here the influence of external suggestions is less impetuous; the effect of external impressions is not so forcible. A sensibility to the presence of extraneous factors is palpable, but it is now a sensibility almost wholly intellectual. Vivid as the rhythmic and harmonic contrasts are they are no longer wrung by surrounding influences from the composer's sensatory organism, but are the outcome of his intuitive and deliberative interpretative thought. The wide range of elements entering into the general scheme are submitted to the action of a radiative mental illumination proceeding outward from the individual intellect of the composer. It is as though Delius had emerged from spiritual paralysis into the most incandescent point of vantage whence he is enabled to survey forces panoramically and compute their relative values. Thus from this individual standpoint general elements are contemplated in that dual aspect in which their fullest significance can be discerned.

The Dance Rhapsody (for grand orchestra, including heczellaphone, composed 1909) is a development of the impulses manifest in the two tone poems Paris and A Man of Life. But here the superaction of personal impulses is less impetuous; the effect of external impressions is not so forcible. A sensibility to the presence of extraneous factors is palpable, but it is now a sensibility almost wholly intellectual. Vivid as the rhythmic and harmonic contrasts are they are no longer wrung by surrounding influences from the composer's sensatory organism, but are the outcome of his intuitive and deliberative interpretative thought. The wide range of elements entering into the general scheme are submitted to the action of a radiative mental illumination proceeding outward from the individual intellect of the composer. It is as though Delius had emerged from spiritual paralysis into the most incandescent point of vantage whence he is enabled to survey forces panoramically and compute their relative values. Thus from this individual standpoint general elements are contemplated in that dual aspect in which their fullest significance can be discerned.

The Part Songs for mixed chorus, Midsummer Song and On Craig Dhu (on poems by Arthur Symons), come within the scope of this later development. The first is a mood of serene contemplation expressed in exquisite imagery: the second is tinged with more exalted feeling.

The Wanderer's Song, for male chorus (also on a poem by Arthur Symons), is a further expression of the spiritual impetus derived from externals concentrated into a lyrical mood. Its trend can best be defined by the following lines of the text:

"Give me a long white road and the grey wide path of the sea
And the winds' will, and the birds' will, and the heartache still in me."

The Two Poems for small orchestra (1. On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring; 2. Summer Night on the River) are, with the music drama Fennimore (this latter work as yet unpublished), amongst the latest works of Delius. In these two orchestral poems Delius reaches the consummation of the impulses governing his preceding works and attains the height of his lyrical expression. Subtle in mood and delicately lyrical in form these exquisite fragments are purely spiritual in expression. Here the composer extracts the essence of external impressions into a noble and purely personal work is greater spiritual calm and more tender human emotion. Here the influence of external suggestions is less impetuous; the effect of external impressions is not so forcible. A sensibility to the presence of extraneous factors is palpable, but it is now a sensibility almost wholly intellectual. Vivid as the rhythmic and harmonic contrasts are they are no longer wrung by surrounding influences from the composer's sensatory organism, but are the outcome of his intuitive and deliberative interpretative thought. The wide range of elements entering into the general scheme are submitted to the action of a radiative mental illumination proceeding outward from the individual intellect of the composer. It is as though Delius had emerged from spiritual paralysis into the most incandescent point of vantage whence he is enabled to survey forces panoramically and compute their relative values. Thus from this individual standpoint general elements are contemplated in that dual aspect in which their fullest significance can be discerned.
VIEWs AND COMMENTS.

**It is in virtue of the vast extensions it has made in the realms of chant that the period through which we are living is called "The Verbal Age." It has accepted the given pieces as valid material for building purposes with the unquestioning acceptance of a child.**

**It has submitted to "specialise as the "Constructive" age, and in the diverting task of manipulating its ready-made materials it has dragged its adventurous energy into a tamely pleasant submission.**

Delineation of the "ways of men," delineation without comment, an outgrowth of the "more"; the construct ideal interposes itself between observers and what they would observe. When the ways "ought" and "ought not" to be such and such it adds the mind of the observer to be confronted with what they actually are. So they start with certain ways, throw them into the "ideal"! Psychology is a farce because it must be "constructive" too: mental scheme-spinning is the limit to which psychology aspires or can hope to aspire as long as words pass non-suspect. Minds clogged up with the cheap and all too handy set-systems of words and bearing the form of speech which is achieved from the voluntary "Pop goes the weasel" taken at slow tempo. The slow and measured diction of the Impressive is not an accident: it is part of its substance.

---

The ordinary human animal, as a matter of fact, is not as obvious as at first sight he appears. He has left his soul naked neither to his enemies nor to his neighbours. The cheap and handy means of cant he has converted into the bricks, laths and plaster with which he builds himself a house of refuge. If his spiritual house is more ramshackle and jerry-built than the one in which he shelters his person, it nevertheless often serves him a very good turn as a protection: of which form of energy into a tamely pleasant submission.

**They are great guns in the kitchen, but shrink to suitable dimensions in the presence of their better.**

---

"They are great guns in the kitchen, but shrink to suitable dimensions in the presence of their better."
THE EGOIST

The Songs of Maldoror.

By The Comte de Lautreamont.

I. (continued).

I PROPOSE, without being overcome, to declaim in a loud voice the serious cold strophes you are going to hear. Pay attention to what they contain, and beware of the painful impression which they will not fail to leave, like a brand, on your troubled imaginations.

Do not suppose that I am at the point of death for I am not a skeletal man who does not cleave to my brow. Let us therefore dismiss all idea of comparison with the swan at the moment his life takes wing, and only see before you a monster whose face I am happy you cannot perceive; yet the face is less horrible than his soul. Yet I am not a criminal enough of this subject. Not indeed, in quality, for I have never tried to conceal among the innumerable species of littleness and mangled ruin, of which each one of us is capacious, the existence of my am-bition, nor have I ever coloured any of my actions with the licence of which I am possessed. But in the same manner what would otherwise appear an anomaly. Man acts in the same way without having the same excuses. If a piece of the world is occupied by thirty millions of human beings, who do not think themselves obliged to mingle with the existences of their neighbours, fixed like roots in the piece of earth immediately beneath them. Descending from great to small, each man lives like a savage in his den and rarely leaves it to visit his fellows, similarly crouched in similar dens. The great universal brotherhood mankind is a universal and most mediocre logic.

Besides, the notion of ingratitude springs from a contemplation of your fertile breasts; for at once comes the thought of those numerous parents who are sufficiently ungrateful towards their creator to abandon the fruit of their miserable union. I salute you, ancient sea!

Ancient sea, your material grandeur can only be compared to the measure one imagines of how much active power was needed to create the totality of your mass. You cannot be perceived at a single glance. To contemplate you, the sight must turn its telescope by a thousand secrets of your intimate organisation: you are the longest and heaviest sounding-lines have not courage to exercise them so hardly! I salute you, ancient sea!

Ancient sea, men, in spite of the excellence of their methods have not yet succeeded, though aided by scientific means of investigation, in measuring the dizzy profundity of your abysses; you have some which the longest and heaviest sounding-lines have not fathomed. This is permitted to fish; not to men. I have often asked myself—which was the greater perfection, standing on a ship with my hand against my forehead, while the moon swayed irregularly between the masts, I have surprised myself putting aside everything which did not lead to this end and trying to solve this difficult problem! Yes, which is the deeper, the more impene-trable of the two: the sea or the human heart? I have known virous men. They died at sixty and not one...
failed to declare that they had done well on this earth, that is to say they had practised charity: that was all, it is not very cunning, anyone can do the same. Who will understand why two others who idolised each yesterday, will, for a word misunderstood, separate, one to the east, one to the west, stung with hate, with vengeance, with love and with remorse, and never see each other again, both remaining wrapped in solitary pride? It is a miracle which is renewed every day and which is not therefore any the less miraculous. Who will ever understand why not out of the disasters of their dearest friends, although they are at the same time deeply distressed. One incontestable example to close this series: man says hypocritically "yes" when he thinks "no." It is for this reason that the young swine of humanity have so much confidence in each other and are not egotists. Psychology has still a great deal of progress to make. I salute you, ancient sea! Ancient sea, you are so powerful that men have only learned it at their own expense. They may well employ admiration, which is the most sublime, because they are incapable of controlling you. They have found their master. I say they have found something stronger than themselves. That something has a name. That name is "The Sea"! You inspire each fear in them that they respect you. In spite of that you make their heaviest machinery move; you create, elegantly, easily, compellingly, compel them to make gymnastic leaps towards heaven and admirable plunges into the depths of your dominions: a dancer would envy them. They are happy when you do not definitively envelop them in your seething folds for the day to go and see—without a railway journey—in your aquatic entrails how the fishes are, and above all how they are themselves. Man says: "I am more intelligent than the sea." It is possible, it is even perhaps true; but the sea is more terrible to him than to the sea: it is hardly necessary to prove this. That is why the contemporary of the earliest naives of our suspended globe, smiles with pity when he watches the naval combats of nations. Here are a hundred leviathans made by the hands of humanity. The emphatic orders of superior officers, the cries of the wounded, the reports of the cannon,—they are a noise made expressly to annihilate a few seconds. It appears that the play is over and that the sea has taken everything into its belly. Its jaws are formidable. They must be huge towards the base, in the direction of the unknown things, secret, sublime; meanwhile, you see, you are in the middle of the sky some stork or other, revelling without fatigue cry without ceasing the movement of his wings: "Well, what a devil of a nuisance! There were black spots down there; I closed my eyes; they have disappeared." I salute you, ancient sea! One of the cells that pass through the solemn solitude of your phlegmatic kingdoms, you are justly proud of your native magnificence and of the real praises which I am eager to give you. Balanced voluptuously by the soft movements of your majestic décolletage, you, the grandson, great-grandson, among the attributes with which sovereign power has gratified you, you unroll in the midst of a sombre mystery, on all your sublime surface, your incomparable waves, with the calm sentiment of eternal power. They follow one another in parallel lines, separated by short intervals. Scarce has one sunk down when another, increasing in size, comes to meet it, accompanied by the melancholy sound of falling foam, to warn us that everything is but foam. (In the same way human beings, those living waves, die one after another in a monotonous manner, but without leaving a trace, like the birds of passage. But there is also with confidence and abandon himself to their proudly graceful movements, while the bones of his wings have recovered their accustomed vigour sufficiently for him to continue his aerial journey. I wish that human majesty were no more than the incarnation of the reflection of your great a great idea you this sincere wish is glorious for you. Your moral grandeur, image of the infinite, is as huge as the reflection of philosophy, as the love of woman, as the divine beauty of a bird, as the meditations of the poet. You are more beautiful than night. Answer me, sea, will you be my brother? Hurl yourself up impetuously . . . more . . . still more, if you desire that I should compare you to the ven­geance of God; spread out your livid claws tearing yourself a road on your breast . . . well done. Unroll your horrible waves, hideous sea, understood by me alone and before whom I fall, prostrate at your knees. The majesty of man is borrowed; he will not impose it on the sea. Its breast is a vast reservoir, whose high crest surrounded with your wrinkles, tortuous like a heart, magnetic, ferocious, rolling your waves over each other, with the consciousness of what you are, while you hurl from the depths of your breast—as if overwhelmed by an intense remorse I cannot under­stand—cry to the innocent, cry to the silent, cry to the cunning even when they contemplate you in safety, trembling upon the shore, then I see that the high right of calling myself your equal does not belong to me. That is why, in the presence of your superiority, I would give you all my love (and no one knows the quantity of love contained in my aspirations towards the beautiful), if you would not make me dolorously think of my fellow men, who make the most ironic contrast with you, the most foolish antithesis ever seen in creation: I cannot love you, I detest you. Why do you hurl your waves towards the thighs of your friends? Why do you hurl your waves towards your enemies, toward your friendly arms, which open to caress my burning forehead whose fever is soothed by their contact? I do not know your unrevealed destiny; but everything which concerns you interests me. Tell me—are you the dwelling of the prince of darkness? The sea (we are alone as so to satisfy those who still know nothing but illusions), and if the breath of Satan creates the tempests which throw up your bitter waters even to the clouds! You must tell me, because I should be happy to know that hell was so near mankind. This must be the last strophe of my invocation. Conse­quently, once more I salute you and make my adieu! Ancient sea of crystal waves. Your eyes are moist with abundant tears and I have not the strength to continue; for I feel the time come when I must return to brutal-looking men; but . . . courage! I will make a great effort and end, with the feeling of duty, my destiny on this earth. I salute you, ancient sea! (To be continued.)

Translator's Note.—This amazing work is, in some ways, one of the most marvellous achievements in modern literature. The author was a Frenchman from Montevideo. His name was Lieutenant Charles Péguy. He assumed the pen name of Lautréamont. The book was written when the author was seventeen years old, in 1867. Ducasse died of fever at the age of twenty. Had he lived, he might have been "one of the glories of French literature." As it is, the work remaining isextraordinary. It has been translated by R. Aldington.

Charles Péguy and his Work. By Richard Aldington.

"Lieutenant Charles Péguy was shot at the battle of the Marne." This news was first published in England by a correspondent of the "Daily Chronicle," who got it from M. Bourgeois, a friend of the writer. I wonder to how many people it meant anything. Péguy was a little unfortunate with his English readers—he was the kind of writer one always means to read and somehow always misses. I believe that F. S. Flint was the only really staunch reader he had here. I know that for a year or two after Péguy's death—when the name of Péguy was seen in his paper, the "Cahiers de la Quinzaine," until the day I heard of his death, though I knew them both perfectly well by repute. A Museum official whom I asked for

Charles Péguy and his Work. By Richard Aldington.
information about Péguy told me practically the same thing, i.e., that he knew of him quite well but had never read him. I suspect that Péguy's Socialist leanings had something to do with this; not that there is anything offensive in a man's being a Socialist, but somehow if one has three books of poetry, four books of essays and a book on social reform, one reads the book on social reform last and usually not at all. I am not quite clear as to what particular brand of Socialism Péguy fancied, but I do gather from a very hasty glance at his writings that his political ideas were very largely due to his kindness and pity for suffering. He was the sort of man who sees that a large number of his fellow citizens have barely enough to live on and that there is even a section which lives in the most appalling want and misery. That was enough for Péguy; he was poor himself, sensitive and rather impetuous; he felt it physically sufficient to suffer for the sufferings of others; therefore à bas riches, à bas everything, so that the poor get enough to eat.

I gathered in my reading that Péguy's Socialism underwent considerable changes. In the earlier numbers of "Les Cahiers" we find him publishing a huge tome by Jaurès on social reform and scrapping with the editor of "Journaux pour Tous" because the said editor was also contributing to a Catholic and military weekly. But later on I discovered that Péguy was himself a Catholic, a writer of mysteries, and a soldier! In one place he says, in his fine swashbuckling way, "nothing interests me except military matters!" He had a special sort of cult for St. Jeanne d'Arc—alleged to be his patron saint—and numerous poems and sonnets by him..."

Péguy's chief glory is neither as a poet nor prose-writer nor even as a Socialist, but as an editor. He must actually have endured something very much like the men who fought with him. The letter which he had written to the mayor, but this he is likely to lose if his politics are disagreeable to the mayor or if he happens to offend that official. It doesn't require much imagination to show that there is even a section which lives in the most appalling want and misery. That was enough for Péguy; he was the sort of man who sees that a large number of his fellow citizens have barely enough to live on and that there is even a section which lives in the most appalling want and misery. That was enough for Péguy; he was poor himself, sensitive and rather impetuous; he felt it physically sufficient to suffer for the sufferings of others; therefore à bas riches, à bas everything, so that the poor get enough to eat.

Péguy got his effects by a sort of Biblical repetition; thus, in "Eve" he repeats the first line of a quatrains in the next five or six quatrains, and so on throughout the book. He does something similar in his sonnets. I found it rather wearisome. His "Mystère"—at which I merely glanced—seemed much more interesting. There was a certain originality of diction and metaphor and a rather charming kind of catholicism. But Péguy's chief glory is neither as a poet nor prose-writer nor even as a Socialist, but as an editor. He must actually have endured something very much like the men who fought with him. The letter which he had written to the mayor, but this he is likely to lose if his politics are disagreeable to the mayor or if he happens to offend that official. It doesn't require much imagination to show that there is even a section which lives in the most appalling want and misery. That was enough for Péguy; he was the sort of man who sees that a large number of his fellow citizens have barely enough to live on and that there is even a section which lives in the most appalling want and misery. That was enough for Péguy; he was poor himself, sensitive and rather impetuous; he felt it physically sufficient to suffer for the sufferings of others; therefore à bas riches, à bas everything, so that the poor get enough to eat.

Péguy had a great admiration for the book and its author, who, I gather from some of his other works, must actually have endured something very much like the men who fought with him. The letter which he had written to the mayor, but this he is likely to lose if his politics are disagreeable to the mayor or if he happens to offend that official. It doesn't require much imagination to show that there is even a section which lives in the most appalling want and misery. That was enough for Péguy; he was the sort of man who sees that a large number of his fellow citizens have barely enough to live on and that there is even a section which lives in the most appalling want and misery. That was enough for Péguy; he was poor himself, sensitive and rather impetuous; he felt it physically sufficient to suffer for the sufferings of others; therefore à bas riches, à bas everything, so that the poor get enough to eat.

Péguy est mort pour la patrie; vive Péguy!
For a long time M. Odilon Redon was celebrated as a great artist whose works no one had ever seen, and he is still distinguished by the rarity of his productions rather than by their profusion. Now and then a delicate, exotic flower blossoms forth from his singu­larly genial and melo­dramatic work, which would seem to belong to the lower strata of the vegetable kingdom, existing between the inanimate and the animate, for the flowers M. Redon paints might as well be insects—tentacular, creeping things on the verge of metamor­phosizing themselves into butterflies, caterpillars, lizards, or birds. These weird visions of a phenomenon which is just as natural as are the flowers M. Redon paints are, like the poet Baudelaire's visions, Due to the fact M. Redon, with his fantastic ability, displays with a modest candour as though they belonged to the most normal expressions in pictorial art.

If, by chance, you have had the good fortune to meet this unique painter he will talk to you about the attractions in the quality of pigments, about the beauty of forms; yet, superficially considered, his is the least materialistic art conceivable, and you would think that the creator of it was wholly unconcerned with physical allusions. The very colours he renders, brilliant as they are, would seem to express the flames of the soul rather than those of the body, or of the invisible life­springs that make a concrete man.

But his is a sensuously spiritual art, as certain ecstaticies are spiritually sensuous. There is many a secret in matter—for instance, in paints, chalks, lead­pencils, paper, etc.—which reveals itself only to those on intimate terms with it, who love it with a lover's love—love which sets free certain more or less hidden faculties. One person becomes a visionary through the agency of music, but in other realms his clairvoyance will not make itself manifest; in a second it is exteriorised through language; in a third, like Odilon Redon, it finds its good conductor in line and colour. This faculty is cultivated through practice with the medium chosen for its expression. Thus we find it developing quite gradually in Beethoven. Hardy perceptible in his earliest compositions, it works its way through the subsequent ones till it reaches its culminating expression in, for instance, the "Appasionata" and "Heroica."

M. Redon's earliest paintings were little still-life subjects and portraits, faithful and intelligent render­ings of the concrete forms and colours. Little by little the pictures seem to lose their material cast, and to reveal a more luminous and impalpable quality, not shapeless, certainly, for the line is there and, if anything, more precise than ever, but it is an abstracted, liquid line, unencumbered by the mass.

The still-life pictures of his maturity are generally in pastel, and represent bouquets in vases radiating with a star-like effervescence. In some pictures figure and flowers intermingle, the aureoled head becoming a flower, and the flowers sharing the spiritualised life of the neighbouring human reminiscence. For the link existing between things in our national view of life is material, between intuition and reason, perception and colour. Little by little this admission he reveals the secret of that mingled medium and clairvoyants. He has dissected and explored the enigmatical aspect of that vast series of perceptions for, or inspired by, Flaubert's Tentation de Saint Antoine, Edgar Allan Poe, Baudelaire, Huysmans.

M. Redon, in his sense of haunting legends has, by imperceptible degrees succeeded in evolving an appalling form of ugliness, a cunning, insidious profile whose forehead bulges with violent protuberances and in whose dull eyes rolls the evil unconsciouess of the brutish. These extraordinary, unpleasant productions occupied a single and defined period in M. Redon's life. He has himself said he could now add nothing to this series. The phase came, went, and is for ever closed. M. Redon's early productions are "peopled with formidable phantoms, monsters, monads, composite beings made up of human perversity, bestial degradation and all the horrors of the inert and noxious. Poudrant les yeux des inconnus et des meurtriers, he has, by imperceptible degrees succeeded in evolving an appalling form of ugliness, a cunning, insidious profile whose forehead bulges with violent protuberances and in whose dull eyes rolls the evil unconsciouess of the brutish."

In M. Redon's lithographs illustrative of the extra­normal we find that same reiteration, confusion, monotonous, usually presented by the semi-conscious work of the haunted and which are flaws even in the visions of a Blake or Gustave Moreau, both psychically on a higher plane than M. Redon. Nature which would seem to be confounded with directed science, any more than ecstasy and curiosity with directed science, any more than ecstasy and curiosity with directed science, any more than ecstasy and curiosity with directed science. M. Redon has always had scientific curiosities, and has sought to define, or justify, his abnormal intuitions by studying osteology and seeking the company of biologists, botanists, etc. "A little comparison at the museum (of natural history)," he has written, "gave me an idea of the relative contexture of all beings. It soon occurred to me to create some according to my whim."

This with this admission he reveals the secret of that mingled unconsciousness and consciousness which we find also in mediums and clairvoyants. He has dissected and explored the isolated parts of the organic world, and been pre­occupied by its more elementary expressions recalling larvae, germs, monads, bacteria, to the exclusion of the perfected form, with results bringing new light neither to science nor to art, but generally expressive merely of a curious iatrosophic, perhaps pathological, case.

For visions are not interesting merely because they are visions; they must, above all, be interesting; the abnormal is not arresting simply because abnormal; both can be wonderfully dull, and the ravings of the delirious, and hallucinations in fever or nightmare must be considered with the dreams of the poet, vain curiosity with directed science, any more than ecstasy in love with sadism.

This, and that particular phase in M. Redon's career—which has unjustifiable roused ridicule from some and exaggerated enthusiasm from others—being judged with the usual modicum of prudence, not on account of it, but for many reasons, an artist with a mission. Subsequent to the period to which I have just referred, he recovered that balance between the concrete and the abstract, between the spiritual and the material, between intuition and reason, perception and sensibility which is the very basis of art. His exquisite

* Quoted from "Odilon Redon" by André Mellie, Société pour l'Étude de la Gravure française.

ODILON REDON.

October 15, 1914

THE EGOIST.
sensibility has found its happiest response through the agency of lithography—which served him for the expression of portraits besides his visionary compositions—and pastel use in a way peculiar to himself for the rendering of flowers. The originality he has brought to sensibility has found its happiest response through the first has facilitated expression of the second. Nature compressed, infused, becomes my spring, my leaven, my ferment." Intimate study of nature has perfected his craftsmanship, communion with the finite has introduced him to the infinite, while fluency attained in the past, in the present, the macrocosm in the microcosm, the world in a grain of sand, the heaven in a wild flower, "infinity may be held in the palm of the hand and eternity in an hour."

**MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA.**

---

**"ON THE IMBECILITY OF THE RICH."**

*By BARThEN von HELMHOLTZ.*

"I is curious that the rich have no sense. " It is curious," said my friend, "that out of so many millionaires there is not one, not even that old ass Carnegie, who has any intelligence, who insists on his being the rich, damn them, come in here: of the hand and eternity in an hour." says M. Redon has observed, "usually see the chimney-pot all right, but only see it. Everything so passes, so amplifying the object, and drawing the spirit up into the regions of mystery...is closed to them. All tendency to the symbolical, everything that art can bring of unexpected, undefined, enigmatical, frightens them. Parasites of the object, they have cultivated art merely from the visual aspect, and have shut it out from what might impregnate the smallest efforts, even blacks, with spiritual light. I refer to an irradiation which takes hold of the mind and escapes analysis." This marvellous colourist whose flower-pictures threw forth flames and sparks, has, better than anyone, defined the beauty of the blacks he conjures with in his lithographs and charcoal drawings: "Black is the most essential of colours. It finds its glorification, its life, shall I say, in the direct and deeper springs of the nature...Black should be respected. Nothing can prostitute it. It does not please the eye nor awaken the sensuality. It is an agent of the mind far more than the beautiful colours of the palette or prism. . . . In the Louvre the galleries devoted to drawings contain a far greater and purer sum of art than the galleries of painting. But few visitors are to be seen there, the paintings being far more popular."

His acute sense of form, expressed especially in his flowers, has been cultivated by close examination of nature in its minuter, individual and accidental aspects. "After having," he writes, "attentively coped a pebble, a blade of grass, a hand, a profile or anything else, I feel an ebulition rise up in my mind, a desire to create, to yield to the expression of imagination. Nature compressed, infused, becomes my spring, my leaven, my ferment." Intimate study of nature has perfected his craftsmanship, communion with the finite has introduced him to the infinite, while fluency attained through the first has facilitated expression of the second. For once like Rembrandt the general may be said in the particular, the macrocosm in the microcosm, the world in a grain of sand, the heaven in a wild flower, "infinity may be held in the palm of the hand and eternity in an hour."
I don't know that I want to prevent this cloisteration. I state the fact for what it is worth. The rich of our time compare unfavourably with the rich of the fifteenth century. The system which supports them is rotten. They will go down. They will have no friends to break their fall. I doubt if they will all die in time to douse the sight of their own degradation. If they do die in time they will die in the knowledge that they have left no glory behind them, that their memory is despised.

The odd thing, the only thing that puzzles one in the matter is that their misanthropy is either disguised or unconscious. They do not even get the satisfactions of hatred.

One is damn'd if one can see why they bother. They go about professing interest in this, that and the other. They seem to sniff at life from the edges. They talk ad infinitum.

They are a consummate sterility. They put their money on all things save the permanent and the constructive. They differ greatly among themselves. That may seem curious, but even lepidoptera, or whatever they are, differ.

Of the two richest men whom I know one is a pleasant ass and the other is an unpleasant ass. I have observed varieties among the rich, many varieties, but they are all alike in one thing. I have never known any really rich person to make him or herself uncomfortable for the sake of any other person or cause—not for one moment. I have seen them suffer pain, chagrin, etc. I have seen them suffer humiliations that I would not dream of being put to, but they suffer these things always from inaction, always because of some want of audacity.

I am not going to burst into any pan of praise about the poor. Poverty is indeed a cloak for every evil and for every form of niggardliness—these things are effects of a cause. The virtues, the wasteful virtues, slip in between, as if by accident, as if they were a gift from strange gods.

I am not preaching a moral.

Nothing but a love of perfection, or of "God," or of "the untractable beauty," or something of that sort, will make a human being into the sort of person one wishes to meet. And nothing but such love, plus some reasonable chance of seeking that perfection, or that "God" or that "untractable beauty," will keep said human being a bearable companion.

If "love" is to suppose, "innate," or an "accident," or a "predestination," or whatever one likes to call it; the "chance of seeking" is, I suppose, the concern of man's economic and legislative faculties. One gets bored with "economists" and all their gallery, because they keep harping on the "chance" and because they want to prescribe what one shall do with it.

* * * *

It is, indeed, more difficult for a rich man to get into good company than for a camel to get into the Bath Club. I don't mean that the rich don't meet nice people; but they never get more than the shells. The nice people meet and eat and depart without becoming acquainted.

I know, at a pinch, two dozen interesting people, all of whom have met a certain number of rich, and I do not know one in the lot who has any respect for any rich man, or who has ever given a confidence or an intimate view of life to any one of the lot. I have listened, but I have seldom heard of money and for all that I have heard, it is to "respect no taboos." This phrase has a familiar cadence. Can it be that we have seen it on the announcement of our old friend, The Egoist!

Of course the prospectors say nothing about The Egoist. They do not even invite my friend to contribute at a remunerative rate . . . . though he has done a good deal of work for The Egoist in one way or another.

They invite him to subscribe fourteen bob to "co-operate effectively" in the "establishment" of such a journal. They say that "a reasonable subscription received prior to publication will be particularly encouraging."

Of course they are particularly encouraging. It is only about three years since the Editor of the "Atlantic Monthly" wrote to one of our distinguished novelists asking her to remove the "trousers" from a bedroom scene. The trousers in question were hung over a chair-back . . . in a perfectly respectable and conjugal chamber. The male hen conducting the "Atlantic" could not face the fact; he could not permit or expect his readers to face the fact that husbands hang pants, breeches, or trousers over chair-backs when retiring for the night.

We suppose they should have been concealed in a cupboard or hidden behind the washtub.

The American magazineists are "a fair treat." No wonder this new lot are encouraging. Their idea about taboos is a good one, derivative, but good.

They compare favourably with the "Century." The "Century" has, of course, a new and up-to-date editor. It is only a few months since one of our friends—Mr. Pound, to be precise)—to tell how modern he was. E. P. was delighted. He had one of his periodical spasms of hope and belief in his country. He is nothing if not patriotic. The next morning the poor editor spoiled his good work. He inadvertently sent on some copies of his paper to prove how modern he was.

One of his editorials ran: "The Century Magazine" wants to bring its fiction "as near to truth and make it as interpretative of life as conditions allow."

Them pants again! Brecks are a circumstance. O America! E. P. said it showed, i.e., the desire to get somewhere near the truth, showed "a gleam of sense in a pusillanimous void."

However, he was not really discouraged till he came to some pious wails about the sacredness of relation between editor and contributor. "The contributors make the magazine and the magazine makes the contributors," wrote the pious Mr. Yard.

This last is so exact an analysis of the reason why America no longer produces anything worth calling art or literature that our friend has never since argued with me as to the hopelessness of anything being produced there, except magazine articles on politics . . . which are, to my mind, damned uninteresting, but no matter.

"The magazine makes the contributors," That is America of to-day. That is why all the best American artists escape, la, la. The little old ladies, male and female, in the aged editor's la. offices, dare not face the fact of individual personality; of writers who will not be made.

Indeed we should welcome a new American publica­tion, with a set of idées fixes some twenty years newer. A publication looking forward to a "new burst of democratic accomplishment."
I

SOME CHINESE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

By F. T. S.

In China we show our politeness by refusing to accept offers. After being urged several times our etiquette allows us to yield. This custom placed me in a very amusing situation shortly after I came to college at Delaware, Ohio. I was frequently invited to take dinners with my new friends, and, of course, I took my Chinese etiquette along—until I learned better. About three years ago I was invited to take my Thanksgiving dinner with a family in Delaware. This was before I learned much of American customs. My friend was also invited. We knocked at the door, and, of course, were asked to enter and be seated. One of the ladies said, "Gentlemen, I wish you to feel as if you were at home." Not knowing the language well enough to understand just what she meant, I asked my friend, Why did the lady say I wish you to stay as if you were at home?" My friend replied, "Sung, I guess she means we have come too early—that she wanted us to stay at home." We pushed our chairs away from the table preparatory to returning to our room. Our impatience had made us sick at heart. But just as we were getting up from the table, the lady brought in a new plate to you. If you remain. At length the different foods were passed. I took a small bite at a time; chew your victuals well and never let your mouth be too full.

Before the feast she had said to him privately, "Ignorance, you must not go to the feast; you haven't any table manners to speak of. You stay at home and we'll have a good time." But Ignorance was stubborn, and like most men he said, "I'm anxious to get a square meal once in ten years." When his wife tried to dissuade him, he boasted that I was told not to come, and will despise me." His wife thought that he was right. She said, "Ignorance, you get a string and let me show you a thing or two." Her husband returned in a short time with a piece of cord several yards long. "Here, my dear, is the cord." The wife replied, "When you go to the feast you must tie this cord several yards long, "Here, my dear, is the cord." The wife replied, "When you go to the feast you must tie this cord, and I'll drop the end out of the window. When you feel me pulling the cord, you may take a bite, but don't eat unless I pull it." "All right," said Ignorance, "I get your idea." Ignorance went to the feast all right. He sat down at the table. He threw the end of the cord out where his wife could get it. Soon afterwards he felt gentle tugs, and immediately he began operations with his chopsticks. It was a wonderful success, until it was disturbed by something they hadn't reckoned on. The Chinese keep ducks and chickens in the house, and it so happened that a big chicken got tangled in the string. Ignorance felt a few jerks in rapid succession. His wife seemed to be pulling very fast. He couldn't eat fast enough. Finally, with a last operation he got up, and poured the food in his pocket. All the guests were astonished, and at last burst out into laughter. Ignorance, feeling that he had done something improper, arose and dashed out of the house. He found his wife, and the two went home together in sorrow.

For a few minutes now I want to speak to you on a subject which is of interest to most people—our marriage customs. And you will think, perhaps, that they are the strangest and worst customs that could possibly be invented. Most people in this country are in love, or have been at some time. If you don't come in these two classes then you must be in that class which hopes to be. A few words about our love and marriages. I can say all there is to be said about love in one or two words; we have no love in China.

The two sexes in China are strictly kept apart. The girls do not associate with their brothers, and marry freely with their own brothers. Under these conditions a young Chinaman, growing weary of his single state, and desiring the tender touches of a woman's hand under his roof, must acquire the lady through his parents, and betrothal is conducted through a go-between. He cannot see her, the lady of his choice, nor can he write to her. A friend of mine in this country told me that he wrote six letters a week to his sweetheart, and from the letters he read to me, I guess that he was very much in love, for anybody who could receive a letter reading, "D-d-dearest, I dreamed last night that I kissed you, etc." must be involved in an awful case of love. We can never carry on this way in China. Occasionally it happens that fathers pledge their unborn children with those of their friends; but, in

never sop up the broth that is left when everyone else is done; nor testify by external signs, the pleasure you receive from any particular food or wine; neither pick your teeth, blow upon wine which is too hot, nor make a new sauce to whatever is placed before you; take small bites at a time; chew your victuals well and never let your mouth be too full."
general, marriage engagements are made at the age of
ten or later.

Frequently poor people who wish their sons to marry
well take into their families small girls not wanted by
their parents, raise them until they become of marriage­
able age, and finally bestow them in marriage upon their
sons, who make the severest criticisms. Again are we like
ances. They say all kind of evil and disagreeable things
country.

your newspapers say if such a thing happened in this
her, perhaps for the first time in his life. What would

go together into a chamber where the husband removes
their parents, raise them until they become of marriage­
well take into their families small girls not wanted by

purchase money of a wife is devoted to wedding

Let us follow a wedding. Miss Sia Geh-gan, who is
girl, and is flown by her father for three days
without eating any rice or food except a few cakes
and dry substances. During these three days her mother
is very busy preparing a big wardrobe and also a large
supply of furniture, such as big wash-tubs, wash-­pans,
beds, etc. When everything is ready the bride is
dressed and combed by her mother, while I pretend to
put on her face and red paint on her lips; her eyebrows
are made slanting. There may be beautiful girls in
America but you should see a Chinese girl when she is
dressed for her wedding.

When the lucky day for the wedding comes, Mr. Li
Hong Kiong, and the chair is placed for the bride's
This is a box-like affair, carried by coolies or labouring
men. In front walks a courier, who acts as a guide to
those carrying the chair. Also in front of the bride's
chair are large pieces of pork or a large baked hog.
You may wonder what these are for. Well, I'll tell you.
One of the coolies, however, shouts out of the
window. "Main la, Main la, Gîna un our chair," which means "Our lady, our lady, I do not wish
to marry." One of the coolies, however, shuts the door
of the chair, but she keeps on crying until the next
village is reached. Then her mother begins to pour a
pan of water on the outside and bottom of the chair.
The priest means that she loves her daughter and is
sorry to lose her. The procession is now re-arranged
with the addition of many red boxes and trays, which
contain the wardrobe and kitchen utensils.

As the procession approaches the house of the bride­
groom, the courier who proceeds it rushes forward to
announce the arrival of the bride. As we now see the
bridegroom is accompanied with choice specimens of Chinese music: gongs are
beaten; fire crackers are shot to welcome her to her
new home. This may seem to be a heathen custom to
you, but you mustn't forget the antics you indulge in
when your friends marry.

Now the bridegroom comes out of his house amid this
racket, and opening the door of the chair, leads the bride
into his house. There together they worship before
wooden images of their ancestors. Here are found two
cups of wine, which they must drink. The go-between
serves them; the husband, or bridegroom, really drinks
in people, but the bride can only make a pretence,
as a large hat completely covers her face. Then they
go together into a chamber where the husband removes
the hat and mantle from his wife, and now looks upon
her, perhaps for the first time in his life. What would
your newspapers say if such a thing happened in this
country.

After he has considered his bride for some time, the
guests enter the chamber and make all kinds of distur­
ances. They say all kind of evil and disagreeable things
and prophecy most dismal happenings. It is the women
who make the severest criticisms. Again are we like
you. Since I have been in your country I have learned
that when a man, whom a good many girls like, marries
one of them, the disappointed ones are not slow in ex­
pressing their opinions about the bride's homosexuality
and lack of womanly qualities. Well, over in China we
do it the same way.

Our bridegroom, Mr. Li Hong Kiong, now carries his
bride over to the side of the room where two lighted
lanterns are suspended from the ceiling. It is her duty
to change the places of these lanterns. This act means
that she will become the meager responsible for any
mist upon annoying this happy couple. They may take
a tank of water and put several small fish in it. If the
bridegroom cannot catch these, they punish him by
pinching him, or by removing the jewels and ornaments
from his wife. He can free himself from his tormentors
by the simple expedient of paying his bridegroom.

Americans cigars and cake are given to the members of the
horse-fiddle orchestra, who play sweet tunes before the
doors of the bride's home on the wedding night. All
this first night the Chinese wife and husband are not allowed
to rest, it being supposed that if everything becomes
right and proper on the wedding night they will enter the chamber
and kill the newly-married couple.

You can imagine how I felt when I landed at San
Francisco and met many, many men walking with women
on the street. It seemed to me to be downright
graceful and contrary to everything right or even
decent. Since the day a Chinese girl was born she
gradually become accustomed to seeing men and
women associating everywhere. I so thoroughly
approve of it now that I firmly believe when I go back to
China I will be homesick to see this old and good
custom among you. I hereby propose, therefore, that with the ladies of my nation on the street that I will
attempt to reform our present method of treating our
women. Maybe some day when you go to China you
will see a big monument erected to me and saying on it
that if I were the man, the first man to recognise my
lady friends when I met them walking through the
streets. Over there we are disgraced almost if we speak
to a woman in public. Even if we know them we are
supposed to turn our heads and ignore them completely.
You would call this "snubbing" here, but with us it is
the only correct method and polite way of treating
our ladies.

We will consider for a moment the laws and crimes
of China. In some respects you could well pattern after
us. It is commonly known in this country that the family of a Chinese criminal is held responsible for his
crime. Indeed, we even go further, by including among
those responsible the man's immediate neighbours, who
are accused of not having exerted a good moral in­
fluence over him. We hold that good neighbours will
make good neighbours, and the opposite. The ignor­
ance of the neighbours is no excuse whatever.

The average Chinese family is a huge and tangled
one. Adoptions, late, early, and repealed marriages are
responsible for a hopeless confusion of relations. But
above this complex family there is a definite head who
must answer for the behaviour of the younger ones. The
father is partially responsible for the son and the son
for the debts of his father. The elder brother exerts
an influence over his younger brother. To illustrate:
In 1873 a Chinese was convicted of having opened a
graveside of a member of a criminal, and responsible for his
crime. Indeed, we even go further, by including among
those responsible the man's immediate neighbours, who
are accused of not having exerted a good moral in­
fluence over him. We hold that good neighbours will
make good neighbours, and the opposite. The ignor­
ance of the neighbours is no excuse whatever.

The petty officials are responsible to the higher;
these, in turn, to those above them, and this responsi­
ability does not terminate even with the Emperor, who
feels answerable to heaven for the floods, famines, and
calamities which overtake his land. This system tends
rather to the shielding of the criminal than to his pro­
tection. We will consider one of the causes of this crime.

There have been buried in it. The entire family of the
criminal, consisting of eleven members, one of whom
was a baby a few months old, was put to death. The
father is partially responsible for the son and the son
for the debts of his father. The elder brother exerts
an influence over his younger brother. To illustrate:
In 1873 a Chinese was convicted of having opened a
garbage in the criminal, and responsible for his
crime. Indeed, we even go further, by including among
those responsible the man's immediate neighbours, who
are accused of not having exerted a good moral in­
fluence over him. We hold that good neighbours will
make good neighbours, and the opposite. The ignor­
ance of the neighbours is no excuse whatever.

The petty officials are responsible to the higher;
these, in turn, to those above them, and this responsi­
ability does not terminate even with the Emperor, who
feels answerable to heaven for the floods, famines, and
calamities which overtake his land. This system tends
rather to the shielding of the criminal than to his pro­
defending the crime and avoid the punishment which his report would surely
bring him. On the other hand, the fact that an open
crime will bring punishment on someone causes greater
vigilance on the part of the officers. You have a great
railroad wreck in this country, it is due to criminal care­
lessness; you try a lot of men, who shift the responsibility, and in the end no one is punished. In China it is not so.

One of the greatest evils in Chinese government is bribery, which is common everywhere. Many of the lower officials do not get pay enough to live on, and the only way to remedy this is to accept bribes. But now, since parts of China are opened to western civilisation, we hope for better things. We shall learn to model our government after yours, and then, of course, bribery will be unknown to us.

The punishment of crime is of different kinds, but usually there is more or less torture. Beating is very common. Sometimes the cheeks are beaten, and if the crime is greater, punishment is administered analogous to that which the school teacher in this country lavishes on the small boy. The fingers and ankles are often squeezed. This compression has a loosening effect upon the tongue of the victim, compelling him to confess his crime or anything which the accuser desires. Beheading is the usual method of capital punishment. The execution may be done with one blow of the sword, or may end a mutilating process in which the unfortunate victim is delicately and artistically sliced into small pieces. Strangulation is the least disgraceful of capital punishments, because the body is left un mutilated. For the minor crimes punishment is sometimes inflicted.

One of the crimes which is most exasperating to the Chinese is theft. In the crowded population stealing is considered as a menace to society. When a thief becomes a chronic nuisance he disappears in much the same fashion as those undesirable characters were lost sight of in your early western days. Sometimes the victim is stabbed, but more frequently he is buried alive. One young man, who was insane, developed a mania for stealing. The members of his own family held a consultation, and he was dropped into a hole made in the ice of a neighbouring river. Without doubt the remedy cured his stealing habits. In some of the country districts those who are caught stealing corn or fruit in the fields are burned to death. Such a penalty may end a mutilating process in which the unfortunate victim is delicately and artistically sliced into small pieces.

The punishment of crime is of different kinds, but more frequently he is buried alive. One young man, who was insane, developed a mania for stealing. The members of his own family held a consultation, and he was dropped into a hole made in the ice of a neighbouring river. Without doubt the remedy cured his stealing habits. In some of the country districts those who are caught stealing corn or fruit in the fields are burned to death. Such a penalty may end a mutilating process in which the unfortunate victim is delicately and artistically sliced into small pieces. Strangulation is the least disgraceful of capital punishments, because the body is left un mutilated. For the minor crimes punishment is sometimes inflicted.

One of the crimes which is most exasperating to the Chinese is theft. In the crowded population stealing is considered as a menace to society. When a thief becomes a chronic nuisance he disappears in much the same fashion as those undesirable characters were lost sight of in your early western days. Sometimes the victim is stabbed, but more frequently he is buried alive. One young man, who was insane, developed a mania for stealing. The members of his own family held a consultation, and he was dropped into a hole made in the ice of a neighbouring river. Without doubt the remedy cured his stealing habits. In some of the country districts those who are caught stealing corn or fruit in the fields are burned to death. Such a penalty may end a mutilating process in which the unfortunate victim is delicately and artistically sliced into small pieces. Strangulation is the least disgraceful of capital punishments, because the body is left un mutilated. For the minor crimes punishment is sometimes inflicted.

One of the crimes which is most exasperating to the Chinese is theft. In the crowded population stealing is considered as a menace to society. When a thief becomes a chronic nuisance he disappears in much the same fashion as those undesirable characters were lost sight of in your early western days. Sometimes the victim is stabbed, but more frequently he is buried alive. One young man, who was insane, developed a mania for stealing. The members of his own family held a consultation, and he was dropped into a hole made in the ice of a neighbouring river. Without doubt the remedy cured his stealing habits. In some of the country districts those who are caught stealing corn or fruit in the fields are burned to death. Such a penalty may end a mutilating process in which the unfortunate victim is delicately and artistically sliced into small pieces. Strangulation is the least disgraceful of capital punishments, because the body is left un mutilated. For the minor crimes punishment is sometimes inflicted.

One of the crimes which is most exasperating to the Chinese is theft. In the crowded population stealing is considered as a menace to society. When a thief becomes a chronic nuisance he disappears in much the same fashion as those undesirable characters were lost sight of in your early western days. Sometimes the victim is stabbed, but more frequently he is buried alive. One young man, who was insane, developed a mania for stealing. The members of his own family held a consultation, and he was dropped into a hole made in the ice of a neighbouring river. Without doubt the remedy cured his stealing habits. In some of the country districts those who are caught stealing corn or fruit in the fields are burned to death. Such a penalty may end a mutilating process in which the unfortunate victim is delicately and artistically sliced into small pieces. Strangulation is the least disgraceful of capital punishments, because the body is left un mutilated. For the minor crimes punishment is sometimes inflicted.

One of the crimes which is most exasperating to the Chinese is theft. In the crowded population stealing is considered as a menace to society. When a thief becomes a chronic nuisance he disappears in much the same fashion as those undesirable characters were lost sight of in your early western days. Sometimes the victim is stabbed, but more frequently he is buried alive. One young man, who was insane, developed a mania for stealing. The members of his own family held a consultation, and he was dropped into a hole made in the ice of a neighbouring river. Without doubt the remedy cured his stealing habits. In some of the country districts those who are caught stealing corn or fruit in the fields are burned to death. Such a penalty may end a mutilating process in which the unfortunate victim is delicately and artistically sliced into small pieces. Strangulation is the least disgraceful of capital punishments, because the body is left un mutilated. For the minor crimes punishment is sometimes inflicted.

One of the crimes which is most exasperating to the Chinese is theft. In the crowded population stealing is considered as a menace to society. When a thief becomes a chronic nuisance he disappears in much the same fashion as those undesirable characters were lost sight of in your early western days. Sometimes the victim is stabbed, but more frequently he is buried alive. One young man, who was insane, developed a mania for stealing. The members of his own family held a consultation, and he was dropped into a hole made in the ice of a neighbouring river. Without doubt the remedy cured his stealing habits. In some of the country districts those who are caught stealing corn or fruit in the fields are burned to death. Such a penalty may end a mutilating process in which the unfortunate victim is delicately and artistically sliced into small pieces. Strangulation is the least disgraceful of capital punishments, because the body is left un mutilated. For the minor crimes punishment is sometimes inflicted.
The little girl went on practising. Bertini No. 19, Bertini No. 20. Bertini No. 21, 22, 23 . . . . but the soul did not come back again.

**IN THE PUBLIC GARDEN.**

It was seven o'clock in the evening. A hot, hot evening. The nineteenth of June. In the streets there was the sleepiness and the stink of a summer in town. In the little piece of garden behind the gilded grating it was like the country. The white almond blossom, the white acacias, the yellow laburnum bushes gave out their scent. On the little round patches of grass there lay dark green garlands of shiny leaves. That was the Art of Gardening-culture.

But everywhere there were glittering yellow buttercups scattered about. That was not Art. It was Nature. They sat upon iron seats. The young woman had on a heliotrope coloured silk dress. The wide silk sleeves were trimmed with cream-coloured lace. Then came her hand, a delicate white hand. The young man on her right considered this hand to be a living work of art: it was so delicate, so white and so supple.

Each finger was like a slim ballet-dancer and the entire little work of art moved up and down from the wrist as though it were on a hinge of steel and india-rubber. The little girl had on a rose-red dress, like a shirt. She nestled close to him. Then she jumped up, said good-bye, and ran off.

"Yes, go," said the young woman in the heliotrope dress, "she will be expecting you, now . . . ." Smiling, she gave him her lovely hand. He felt the warm, soft yielding palm. When he let it go, the young woman always felt his entreaty: "Oh, let me keep it a little longer . . . . a little longer. How can it hurt you?"

"I will come with you," said the little girl, and clung on to him. Arm in arm they went through the heavy blossomscented avenues. He stopped and bowed. There sat a lady with expressive nervous features, a girl with ash-coloured fair hair and a pale distinguished face. She wore a dull brown straw hat with white chrysanthemums.

"We have been waiting an hour," said her mother, "Where have you been?"

"Miss Francie," said the young man, introducing his little friend in the rosy-red shirt. He did not say where he had been.

The child looked hard at the girl. Ah, the insight of children . . . . "I must go back to father," said she. "No, stay here," said Albert. "You even spoil children of eleven," said the mother, "I don't kiss my husband, or look tenderly at him, but I am contented, like a child at its mother's breast. It is happiness. That is not Art. It was Nature."

"Do, please go on," said Albert.

"They sat upon three iron chairs," began the young woman.

Alber: "There was a smell of almond-blossom . . . ."

Albert: "The world is rich and beautiful . . . .!"

"Good evening, Francie," said the husband, "there was a smell of the little girl's cotton frock, of dust and of india-rubber balls."

She: "Mary stared at the flag on the tower of the town hall."

"He: "Albertus stared at the flag on the tower of the town hall."

She (blushing): "You mustn't copy all I say; you must compose independently. . . ."

"He: "Upon the flag in the roof of the town hall, their names. . . ." But he thought it more simply, more touchingly—Really, she did not think it, she felt it.

The mother said: "Women from nine years old onward oughtn't to be allowed to associate with you." She meant, however, "None except two," . . . her daughter and herself.

"Why," thought he, "I know a young woman of 33; she has wonderfully beautiful white hands and our looks meet on the flat of the town-hall. . . . What have I done to her? What harm do I do her?"

The girl stared at the gravel of the Avenue. Albert said softly: 'Are you angry with me for keeping you waiting. . . .?"

She stared at the gravel of the Avenue. She thought: "Angry, angry . . . .?"

What golden times must those be when one is rich enough to dare to be angry. Queens lose their tempers so that they may enjoy the reconciliation; but beggars . . . ."

But she thought it more simply, more touchingly—Really, she did not think it, she felt it.

And she stared at the gravel of the Avenue, at the little patches of grass with the dark garlands and the light buttercups, and at the gilt spikes of the garden gate. . . .

The white almond blossom, the white acacia, the yellow laburnum bushes scented the warm heavy June air. Albert said: "The world is rich and beautiful . . . .!" But it was his "inner world." For the world around him was poor and trivial.

Then are these too our "inner world," the scented almond blossom, the white acacia? And a white hand? And the smile of a child? And the broken heart of a woman? These too! !

*THE EGOIST*  
October 16, 1914  

Translated from the German by E. H. W.  

*PETER ALTENBERG.*
FIGHTING PARIS.

SEPTEMBER 5.—News much the same as last night, with the added information that there is a spreading advance on the part of the enemy, which, having passed Reims, has reached La Ferté sous Jouarre. The weather this morning is wet and grey, for the first time for many weeks. To Paris. Called at several friends’, and found they had fled. One, however, a single woman (J. P., the sculptor), remains. The day’s gossip is to the effect that the much-broken flow of military motors having stopped simultaneously with the evacuation of the aviation camp at Chalais. This evening we strolled down to the terrace where a villa of Mme. de Pompadour once stood, and whence we could see the town-crier announcing that all firearms had to be dismissed, old clothes are worn, hospitality is reduced to the strictest minimum, everyone swears to utter impudence—no other hedges.” “Yesterday we lived in peace, we asked nothing of anybody, we had done no harm; and suddenly strange ravages without pity. “Yesterday we lived in peace, we asked nothing of anybody, we had done no harm; and suddenly strange ravages without pity.

SEPTEMBER 6.—The nightmare seems to have passed, for the Germans are leaving Paris on one side to pursue their advance south-east. Doubtless they do not feel safe until their attack is ended. All last night we had begun to feel relieved of the oppression which had been weighing upon us. Mr. S. came home after several days’ absence waiting for the Germans in town! J. P. called in the afternoon, and towards six o’clock we went with her to the station to meet a troop-train, taking with us drinks and cigarettes in view, especially of the “gentlemen in khaki.” All the residents left in B. were gathered on the platform, one carrying a little ribbon-trimmed tray with jars of cream, another with cigars, another with a hamper full of chunks of bread, some with flowers, others with fruit. But no train came! In the afternoon we heard the town-crier announcing that all firearms had to be brought to the mairie. In anticipation of possible looters people have hidden or removed their valuables, and we shall all eat off tin spoons till we are sure the flow of light were the only things stirring, and except for the lonely sentinel on the bridge we were the only people out.

SEPTEMBER 7.—There has been fighting on the outskirts of the city, to the advantage of the allied armies. Perhaps some exceptional factor—mysteriously alluded to in the reports—is responsible for this. I am told that it was successful in annihilating companies of five hundred men at a time as they emerged from Compiegne forest. Numbers of refugees from dangerous districts—in fact, the whole north-east of France—have in their rapid flight become separated from their relatives. In consequence the papers have opened special columns entitled “Réfugiés, Séparés, Disparus,” wherein advertisements of this kind appear: “M. D., who was separated during the journey.” “M. Emile M., of the factory at M., is very anxious to hear from his wife, who was evacuated from B.—Oise.” “M. Albert C., who, with his nephew, was obliged to leave B.—C (Oise) to take refuge at La Q.—(S. et O.), does not know what has become of his family, and would like to be informed.” Took a walk in the woods, the first for many weeks.

SEPTEMBER 8.—The weather is so exquisite that it induces us to be optimistic. And the news is not unfavourable, though exceedingly laconic. It is said the Germans are wanting a decisive battle, in which the two armies, the one from the north the other from the east, would join before making an attack on Paris. The train service on our most important line has almost entirely ceased. So to Paris by other means. There were very few passengers in the train, and the stops were endless. You would have thought yourself on some deserted country line. Found Mr. V. in a very bad temper at not having been accepted in the ranks, and leaving him to make his own way. Paris now looks like Paris on a Sunday, only more so. Every other shop is closed. The concierges sit sewing on their doorsteps and the children play on the pavement. A paper you always find sold out is the singularly well-informed Guerre Sociale. But had its editor not changed his internationalist policy he would most certainly have seen his organ suppressed. The gentleman who once said Joan of Arc was only a harlot, that the most suitable place for his country’s flag was the dund-hill, had, upon the declaration of war, expressed his desire to fight. Thereupon M. Poincaré sent for him and advised him to call upon his party, and by his counsel, keep it in order. This advice was, so it is said, administered like a pill—namely, in jam. In other words, it paid him to follow it. . . . we have the proof in the immense popularity of his paper, hitherto only bought by adherents to his earlier principles. He tempers the eagerness he expresses in favour of this war, and his distinctly chauvinistic detestation of the Germans, by the policy which consists in holding with the hare and running with the hounds. Thus he writes: “Courage, pions-pions of France, either the last will be the first, or for it, for it will kill Prussian militarism, the corner-stone of European militarism!” Like so many before him, M. Hervé leads by misleading. How does he know but that this war will not, on the contrary, give rise to renewed militarism—or in a change of places merely? He knows he doesn’t know anything, but the plea will tell. That is one thing he does know. One of the most brilliant ideas, either of this, our latest cabinet, or of General Gallieni himself, has been to call out next year’s—the boys of nineteen or so, who were to have commenced their service twelve months hence, and who, in case of disturbance meanwhile, might have proved a nuisance. They were out of work, and out of the ranks; a little preliminary military training will occupy them and keep them under supervision.

SEPTEMBER 9.—“Such is war, Fritz!” Look and remember! . . . Yes, such is war! It is death and destruction, and hatred, taking the place of all human feelings. When the Lord inflicts His curses upon us, when He sends us plague and famine, these, at least, are inevitable calamities decreed by His wisdom; but here, man has himself decreed this misery towards his brothers, the careless, and it is he who commits his ravages without pity.

“Yesterday we lived in peace, we asked nothing of anybody, we had done no harm; and suddenly strange men come upon us and strike, ruin, and destroy us. Ah! let them be cursed, those who in their ambition provoke these misfortunes; let them be the execration of centuries!”

“Fritz, remember; it is the most abominable thing on earth. Men who do not know each other, who have never seen each other, and who suddenly fall on and tear each other! That alone should suffice to make us believe in God, for someone is needed to punish such iniquity. Erckmann-Chatrian: Madame Thiers.

This evening the town-crier announced that all men of the reserve forces who had been sent back to their homes must present themselves at once at their dépôts. This is a measure taken to satisfy certain recriminations in the Press. The Journal des Débats, now printed on one sheet at one sou, says Lille, Amiens, Arras, and a
number of smaller towns are occupied by the Germans, who have already exacted ransoms from each.

September 10.—A card from London posted on the 7th, saying a communication of mine sent on the 31st had only just arrived. The official bulletins announce that the Germans are being gently repulsed eastwards. The fighting in the direction of the Marne is continuous, and the parts visited by Parisians for boating on Sunday are reported as simply devastated. The weather is fine, the sky grey, the swallows fly low. Rain is at hand. To market. Only a few stalls are open, but those that do are a profusion of vegetables at the lowest possible prices: spinach, three or four kinds of beans, potatoes, salads of various deep green, yellow peas, leek, cabbages, cauliflowers, three or four kinds of beans, potatoes, salads of various deep green, yellow peas, leek, cabbages, cauliflowers, potatoes, carrots, turnips, quantities of dairy produce, melons, pears, a few grapes (but these are rare), peaches. What natural wealth there is in France! The heart of winter is this locality so deserted. It is the beginning of the season, and all the houses are shut up, and there is no vehicular traffic of any kind.

September 12.—The Germans are being steadily repulsed. However, a German aeroplane flew above Versailles yesterday. It is soothing to learn that the picture gallery of the Louvre has been removed to some safer place, while the sculpture is well protected, sacks of sand blinding the windows. Letter to-night, dated 5th, from M. O., who writes from her seaside town in the north: "I think a great deal of you, and am sorry you are still at B. Since you won't come here, I beseech you to go into Paris, where you will, at any rate, be in a little more safety. . . . Here it is pitiful to see the houses are shut up, and there is no vehicular traffic of any kind.

SEPTEMBER 15.—To-day we went to the British hospital to bring some trifles for the soldiers who are in treatment there. A number of wounded had arrived in the morning; we were told. Some khaki uniforms lay empty and pitiful on a chair in the hall. The Porte Maillot, being one of the most important of Paris gateways, and the one most likely to have been used by the Germans had they attempted an entrance, has been fortified in the most complete way. At another gate, the Porte Champerret, similar precautions have been taken, but here no vehicular traffic is allowed, and a small outlet gives access to foot-passengers.

Etoile there was a procession of military waggons which, to judge from their dirt and that of the soldiers, as well as the bunches of flowers adorning them, had come from the front. The soldiers waved merrily to us. The Porte Maillot, being one of the most important of Paris gateways, and the one most likely to have been used by the Germans had they attempted an entrance, has been fortified in the most complete way. At another gate, the Porte Champerret, similar precautions have been taken, but here no vehicular traffic is allowed, and a small outlet gives access to foot-passengers.

The Germans are in complete retreat. German officers are seen. There is not a bed to be found in the whole town, and everyone does what he can to help them. The portraits on the walls will be moved to some safe place, while the sculpture is well protected, sacks of sand blinding the windows. Letter to-night, dated 5th, from M. O., who writes from her seaside town in the north: "I think a great deal of you, and am sorry you are still at B. Since you won't come here, I beseech you to go into Paris, where you will, at any rate, be in a little more safety. . . . Here it is pitiful to see the houses are shut up, and there is no vehicular traffic of any kind.

SEPTEMBER 17.—News somewhat stationary. Since the 14th a battle has been raging north of Soissons and west of Reims (which the Germans have evacuated), on heights where the enemy has taken a stand, and the only definite report is that "we" have not flinched at any point. Charles Péguy, author of Le Mystère de la Quinzaine, has met his death on the "field of honour," as they say here, struck by a bullet in the forehead. Charles Péguy was a crusader in this way, and it is sad to see the work he had begun and pursued so courageously suddenly broken off. He was one of the most typical of the French intellectuals who, in the 19th century, have led the struggle for a new society, and who, in the last war, have been the most ardent of French thought." Following the lead of the smaller Société Nationale, the Société des Artistes Français, which numerically is the most important as also the oldest of French art unions, has decided to refuse the English a discount. Consequently never has Paris been so attractive. And the pavements are not crowded, and everyone is polite to everyone, and people don't talk gossip about each other; one topic only occupying the mind of all. A war was needed to make peace.

SEPTEMBER 17.—News somewhat stationary. Since the 14th a battle has been raging north of Soissons and west of Reims (which the Germans have evacuated), on heights where the enemy has taken a stand, and the only definite report is that "we" have not flinched at any point. Charles Péguy, author of Le Mystère de la Quinzaine, has met his death on the "field of honour," as they say here, struck by a bullet in the forehead. Charles Péguy was a crusader in this way, and it is sad to see the work he had begun and pursued so courageously suddenly broken off. He was one of the most typical of the French intellectuals who, in the 19th century, have led the struggle for a new society, and who, in the last war, have been the most ardent of French thought." Following the lead of the smaller Société Nationale, the Société des Artistes Français, which numerically is the most important as also the oldest of French art unions, has decided to refuse the English a discount. Consequently never has Paris been so attractive. And the pavements are not crowded, and everyone is polite to everyone, and people don't talk gossip about each other; one topic only occupying the mind of all. A war was needed to make peace.

SEPTEMBER 17.—News somewhat stationary. Since the 14th a battle has been raging north of Soissons and west of Reims (which the Germans have evacuated), on heights where the enemy has taken a stand, and the only definite report is that "we" have not flinched at any point. Charles Péguy, author of Le Mystère de la Quinzaine, has met his death on the "field of honour," as they say here, struck by a bullet in the forehead. Charles Péguy was a crusader in this way, and it is sad to see the work he had begun and pursued so courageously suddenly broken off. He was one of the most typical of the French intellectuals who, in the 19th century, have led the struggle for a new society, and who, in the last war, have been the most ardent of French thought." Following the lead of the smaller Société Nationale, the Société des Artistes Français, which numerically is the most important as also the oldest of French art unions, has decided to refuse the English a discount. Consequently never has Paris been so attractive. And the pavements are not crowded, and everyone is polite to everyone, and people don't talk gossip about each other; one topic only occupying the mind of all. A war was needed to make peace.
admission to all exhibitors of German nationality henceforth, this measure being even more drastic than that taken by the rival society, which only intends to exclude Germans from its membership lists. The Germans— I hear and I am convinced of it—entertain far more bitter animosity towards the English than towards the French. Here, once again, they give proof of that lack of perspicacity which characterizes so many of their actions and whose lack of much of tolerance they themselves may feel for the French, this will not in the least soften the French towards them. Here, Germanophobia is atavistic, inherent. Every child has sucked in hatred for the German with his mother's milk. The lack of perspicacity which may exist on the part of the English for Frenchery now becomes apparent in the hatred of the French. Time and a genuine desire to overcome national prejudices had somewhat attenuated French resentment towards Germany of recent years, but this invasion of the patrie has aroused all the old bitterness. The French can hate as no other people can, and no attempt on the part of the Germans to push the responsibilities of the war on to England will in any way contribute towards a forgiveness on the part of the French.

SEPTEMBER 16.—Very wet, stormy, and cold weather; terrible conditions for fighting. I had occasion to talk with two soldiers in hospital to-day (troopers in a Highland regiment) who had been among the first English soldiers to arrive in France, and who had been taken ill almost at once with dysentery, but had suffered additionally from lack of sleep. More than an hour's consecutive rest they had never been able to obtain owing to the very quick movements of the German advance. In such circumstances, the men who with equipment, had the advantage over the others. On asking where they had been under fire, they answered they had taken part in the "Battle of Lagny"—as who might say, the Battle of Hastings, for we now talk about that as of this or that century of civilization. These men had intellectual, gentle faces, and one of them resembled Sir James Barrie. They were in charming quarters, and well looked after by their French nurses. Other English soldiers were in treatment in the same house—"quite a few," as they said to me, but they were to England I did not see them. We found the poet F. R. V. very much elated at having been incorporated in a regiment composed entirely of foreign volunteers, and which, after some preliminary and very hard drilling, is off shortly for rifle practice in the provinces. These men who have outside work and who have joined the ranks for a living. The regiment comprises Englishmen, Russians, Poles, Roumanians, Italians, Spaniards, Dutchmen, Jews, and the sergeants have much difficulty in pronouncing the names for the roll call, with the result that the men do not understand when their turn to answer comes. The papers continue to publish eulogies of the English troops. The unanimous opinion is," writes a contributor to the Débats, "that they are admirable under fire, and whether they are going or coming back they are disconcerting to those who see them. Their evenness, even to a fault, and their adherence to a personal code of cleanliness, and their humour, are motives for admiration. Every now and again, too, you see a motor containing an English soldier chattering merrily with his French colleagues. "Tommy," there is no doubt of it, has taken the French by surprise. Having vaguely pictured a red-faced, red-uniformed drunkard, the reality enchants them. "Tommy" (not that of a missionary, for example, but a genuine Englishman—a rustic, a sailor, a soldier) is a great comfort. To a fault, and so do not acquire knowledge. To a foreigner who has eyes and to an Englishman who has lived much abroad the sight of an honest English face (not that of a missionary, for example, but a genuine Englishman—a rustic, a sailor, a soldier) is a great comfort. In short, the English people is "touching." It is the only people—except the Russian—of which this can be said. The rest of the world is too clever, too astute. And the French have found the British "Tommy" "touching." England does not love its people, but I know foreigners who do. Yesterday I saw a man, a common man, push his way in mute emotion through the crowd on B—platform to grasp the hand of a British trooper. . . . Would I, three months ago, have thought I should live to see so extraordinary a sight in my waking hours! To-morrow we are being drilled on exactly that, and their fire, but deplore a tendency to unnecessary exposure to danger. It is thought, in competent quarters, that the officers are not sparing enough of their men, the men not sparing enough of themselves, while the latter share the Germans' lack of individual initiative. It is easy to imagine that in civil life may be hardly better than rags change their personality as soon as they join the ranks. A woman of the working class was reading a letter to me from her husband, who is being drilled in some provincial barracks before going to the front. This man in civil life is rather lazy and a complete fool. Now he is a man, with pluck and decision to spare. This evening our station looked like a bazaar, crowded as it was with ladies carrying trays, baskets, and flowers. When the train they were waiting for came in they made a rush for the two or three compartments containing soldiers (some belonging to the English regiments) and threw in the flowers and dainties, while the men were laughing as they could reach, begging especially for bouquets. The British soldiers are the great curiosity. "Voilà les Anglais!" and everyone gets on tiptoe to have a look at them. They have learnt some kind of phrase which sounds like Patagonian, and which they chaff forth everywhere. But they have thought when they found they had to fight with Highlanders in France cannot be imagined, but the humour of the situation must have escaped them.

SEPTEMBER 20.—Rain and wind daily and nightly! News is slow, and time passes drop by drop. M. Maurice Barres, who has been visiting battlefields and looking brutally as eagerly as others look. They have no prejudices with regard to "staring." They find a world of interest in a face, whereas the average Englishman will travel round the globe without having seen one, and this because he has been brought up not to stare or "make remarks." The French "stare" and "make remarks" to a fault. How they laugh! They regard a British soldier as something about as comic as a British tourist, whom the French consider the funniest specimen of humanity in the world.

The passage quoted from Maurice Barres recalls the remarks of the French writer Mr. J. Débarre, who went through the battlefields of the war. The English journalists have professed to be astonished at the recent trip across the Channel where they were visiting England for the first time: "All these people," said a young author to me, "have such 'clean' (propres, by which he meant upright, honest, reliable, unamiable) faces." The French are physiognomists. When they travel they look at humanity as eagerly as others look at stones. They are in charming quarters, and well looked after by their French nurses. Other English soldiers were in treatment in the same house—"quite a few," as they said to me, but they were to England I did not see them. We found the poet F. R. V. very much elated at having been incorporated in a regiment composed entirely of foreign volunteers, and which, after some preliminary and very hard drilling, is off shortly for rifle practice in the provinces. These men who have outside work and who have joined the ranks for a living. The regiment comprises Englishmen, Russians, Poles, Roumanians, Italians, Spaniards, Dutchmen, Jews, and the sergeants have much difficulty in pronouncing the names for the roll call, with the result that the men do not understand when their turn to answer comes. The papers continue to publish eulogies of the English troops. The unanimous opinion is," writes a contributor to the Débats, "that they are admirable under fire, and whether they are going or coming back they are disconcerting to those who see them. Their evenness, even to a fault, and their adherence to a personal code of cleanliness, and their humour, are motives for admiration. Every now and again, too, you see a motor containing an English soldier chattering merrily with his French colleagues. "Tommy," there is no doubt of it, has taken the French by surprise. Having vaguely pictured a red-faced, red-uniformed drunkard, the reality enchants them. "Tommy" (not that of a missionary, for example, but a genuine Englishman—a rustic, a sailor, a soldier) is a great comfort. In short, the English people is "touching." It is the only people—except the Russian—of which this can be said. The rest of the world is too clever, too astute. And the French have found the British "Tommy" "touching."
than to be so wholly severed from fighting friends, who in their turn seem hardly ever to receive the communications addressed to them. I know of one young friend of ours who thinks himself utterly neglected. His letters arrive, but the answers to him do not. As to the ambulance-services, the papers compare those organised in the English Army with the French, to the great disadvantage of the latter. Hints are thrown out which are anything but reassuring to anxious relatives.

September 23.—The censor’s eliminations can give very amusing results. The Guerre Sociale yesterday contained more blank columns than text, while the few sentences left here and there in the midst of absent articles swam about like the survivors of a wreck. Many of them, from being severed from their context, were absurd or senseless. In the Echo de Paris, some submitted to these operations one article begins: “M. Malvy, Minister of the Interior, is compiling documents referring to the German occupation. The idea is good! But what data has he to glean from! What robberies, murders, cowardice, infamy! The day they are made public the world will be sick. I will here supply him with a further document. Here it is” —or, rather, “here it is not,” for there follows a blank space and the signature. The platform for the train home to-day at the Gare Montparnasse was a sight—Callot and Goya brought to life! Out of ten soldiers nine were hurt. This one leaned on a stick, that one on two; a third had to be supported; another had crutches; another’s head was bandaged; yet others had bandaged hands or carried their arms in slings. All were, from head to foot, grey with dust and mud; their uniforms, ragged, colourless, always too big for them, made them look like poor, wailed and starved performers in a circus, for there was something diamasly grotesque about them in their carnivalesque remnants of costume suggestive of revellers who have been out all night. They had gone to the battle as one goes to the fair, laughing, singing, in brand-new suits; they have come back in tatters, so silent that they do not complain.

September 24.—He who has not witnessed the sights one may now see daily at this station cannot believe them from mere description. “Room for the wounded!” cry the agents deputed to keep order, and slowly and miserably there file by a procession such as we have only seen hitherto in Academic pictures, on the stage perhaps, at wax-works—men whose legs do not carry them, and who yet must drag themselves along; men wearing bespattered, faded uniforms, their faces haggard, swollen, their eyes wild, their bodies shrivelled— they make me think of the retreat over the Beresina. All the men have been healed or who have been given a rest return to headquarters by the same train, with these examples to encourage them! Their women-kind have had the unfortunate idea to accompany them to the station (they are luckily not allowed on the platforms), and the partings are pitiful. I saw one young man in soldier’s garb sob while two women who were saying good-bye to him and were visibly biting their lips to keep down the tears, repeated: “What will you, since it must be?” In England no idea can be formed of the wrench to family life this war means. And even, in far fragrant places, the trunks of trees, For writing and interwriting their names and their initials in divers colours and bold sizes, And now and then, to show their knowledge of the great reason for being. A hot, unchildlike word. —Why should we scold or laugh at them or wish their work undone, Or wince before that word, And not grant them their childhood, Their bright and brief importance in the world, Their flourish and their imitative heat! Time will consume them soon enough, Dissolve their names and ours And build new fences, pavings, houses, railway stations, For other children’s names— And wind new bark in the far fragrant places.

Witter Byner. (American rights reserved.)

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

CARTER, CRAIG, REINHARDT, WAGNER AND BLAKE.

To the Editor, The Egoist.

Madam,

In a letter printed in the July number of “The Mask,” Mr. Huntly Carter takes the trouble to apologise for his inadeguate (to put it mildly) treatment of Mr. Gordon Craig in his recent article on “The Theatre of Max Reinhardt.” To do Mr. Carter justice, he explains in this letter that the book was written two years ago, at a time when he was feeling bitter with everyone and everything;” and that owing to some difficulty with his publisher certain additional illustrations and letterpress which would have partly rectified the wrong have been wilfully left out.

Why on top of this Mr. Carter, when writing of Mr. Craig, should continue to make such careless statements as appeared in his article in The Egoist of October? It is difficult to understand. I refer particularly to the following: “... it was Germany in the person of Wagner who made the modern work undone, reason for being, initials in divers colours and bold sizes, railway stations, supplied to the Editor.—ED.

The reference to Wagner is peculiarly unfortunate. I have heard Mr. Craig say that he detested Wagner. As a matter of fact, the two are fundamentally opposed. Wagner tried to combine the arts, and produced the byphenated product known as the music-drama. But the whole burden of Mr. Craig’s task is to separate the arts, once and for all. He is sufficiently jealous of the independence of music to wish his own art the same distinguished aloofness!

Again, who has ever heard of anyone handing down mysticism? I daresay that even as a mystic, Mr. Craig would prefer to be associated with another Englishman, Blake, rather than to be completely realised as true—under these circumstances, I say, one is a little ashamed to see in some paper that England is expecting to “welcome” Mademoiselle Gaby what-is-her-name?—of the Lilies or the Delights—while religious France (and all France is religious in its way to-day) is praying on its knees to Joan of Arc.

Mieczyslaw Cholewskia.

(To be continued.)

(Continued.)

THE EGOIST.

There is a merry little group in England, And two or three of their names are beautiful or quaint, Who have inherited a custom common among children, That of finding fences and pavings and houses and railway stations And even, in far fragrant places, the trunks of trees, For writing and interwriting their names and their initials in divers colours and bold sizes, And now and then, to show their knowledge of the great reason for being. A hot, unchildlike word. —Why should we scold or laugh at them or wish their work undone, Or wince before that word, And not grant them their childhood, Their bright and brief importance in the world, Their flourish and their imitative heat! Time will consume them soon enough, Dissolve their names and ours And build new fences, pavings, houses, railway stations, For other children’s names— And wind new bark in the far fragrant places.

JOHN Cournos.
To the Editor, The Egoist.

MISS MARSDEN AND ARCHISM

Miss Marsden has hit the "bull's eye" of reason in her editorial, "The Illusion of Anarchism," on September 15, as to the relation of the human individual to other human individuals, the processes of life in the human individuality, set in authority by the privileged psyche, as an ego, established by the inevitable selfish-suggestion.

Miss Marsden has hit the "bull's eye" of reason in her editorial, "The Illusion of Anarchism," on September 15, as to the relation of the human individual to other human individuals, the processes of life in the human individuality, set in authority by the privileged psyche, as an ego, established by the inevitable selfish-suggestion.

And further, "public opinion" or rather the unity of those who hold it—is only a form of archistic social ego, which may or may be based upon or more of the universal laws of life. Hence "success," "domination," "possessing the earth," not necessarily life.

And Miss Marsden fails to reason when she speaks of anarchists, etc., as not being archistic. Any social ego is archistic in so far as it establishes its unity; and the world is the successful ego for the time being whatever it be archistic or not what.

All social egos go down in their turn, to give place to others in their turn, it is, or is to do so, upon the universal laws of life. Whether there will ever be a unity—an ego—based absolutely upon these laws, is not in question; formation of a unity of life based upon the universal law of evolution, and with these laws, being the history of evolution from the amoeba to man—from the cosmic dust to the cosmos. Thus may we be as sure, as we can ever be, that we have not made life

To the Editor, The Egoist.

MISS MARSDEN AND ARCHISM

Miss Marsden has hit the "bull's eye" of reason in her editorial, "The Illusion of Anarchism," on September 15, as to the relation of the human individual to other human individuals, the processes of life in the human individuality, set in authority by the privileged psyche, as an ego, established by the inevitable selfish-suggestion.

And further, "public opinion" or rather the unity of those who hold it—is only a form of archistic social ego, which may or may be based upon or more of the universal laws of life. Hence "success," "domination," "possessing the earth," not necessarily life.

And Miss Marsden fails to reason when she speaks of anarchists, etc., as not being archistic. Any social ego is archistic in so far as it establishes its unity; and the world is the successful ego for the time being whatever it be archistic or not what.

All social egos go down in their turn, to give place to others in their turn, it is, or is to do so, upon the universal laws of life. Whether there will ever be a unity—an ego—based absolutely upon these laws, is not in question; formation of a unity of life based upon the universal law of evolution, and with these laws, being the history of evolution from the amoeba to man—from the cosmic dust to the cosmos. Thus may we be as sure, as we can ever be, that we have not made life

The Little Review

Lowers Its Price

$1.50 a Year :: 15 Cents a Copy

THE LITTLE REVIEW

Literature Drama Music Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON

EDITOR

THE NEW MONTHLY WHICH HAS BEEN CALLED "THE MOST VITAL THING EVER STARTED IN AMERICA.

917 FINE ARTS BUILDING,

CHICAGO
READERS of THE EGOIST are asked to become SUBSCRIBERS. This is the most effectual way of helping the Paper. SUBSCRIPTIONS must be sent to The New Freewoman Ltd., Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. All Cheques, Money Orders and Postal Orders should be crossed "Parr’s Bank, Bloomsbury Branch," and made payable to The New Freewoman Ltd.

For Terms of Subscription see below.

---

### THE EGOIST Subscription Form

Please send me THE EGOIST for [ ] from [ ]

for which I enclose ____________________________

Name [ ]

Address [ ]

**TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:**

Yearly ... 13/-; U.S.A., 3 dollars 25 cents.
Six Months ... 6 6; " 1 dollar 63 "
Three Months 3 3; " ... 84 "

Orders should be sent to The New Freewoman Ltd., Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C. All Cheques, Money Orders, and Postal Orders should be crossed "Parr’s Bank, Bloomsbury Branch," and made payable to The New Freewoman Ltd.

---

### Poetry

A Magazine of Verse.

Endeavours to publish the best poems now written in English; Reviews and discusses new books and verse:

Promotes in every possible way the interests of the art.

If you believe that this art, like painting, sculpture, music, and architecture requires and deserves public recognition and support, subscribe.

**POETRY,**

543, Cass Street, Chicago, U.S.A.

Send Poetry for one year ($1.50 enclosed) beginning to [ ]

Name [ ]

Address [ ]

---

The Drama

736, MARQUETTE BUILDING, CHICAGO.

A Quarterly devoted to the Development of a Wide and Intelligent Interest in Drama.

Each issue of THE DRAMA contains a translation of a complete play.

These plays, not otherwise accessible in English, represent especially the leading dramatists of the continent.

THE DRAMA, in addition, devotes attention to modern stagecraft, new types of theater building, organisations for drama reform, "little theater" movements, and all pertinent subjects.

Significant books on dramaturgy are reviewed.

*Single copies, seventy-five cents.*

*Yearly Subscription, three dollars.*