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## WHY WE ARE MORAL.

By DORA MARSDEN.

ALTHOUGH—and as we have many times explained—morals are modes of conduct which have become customary, and the intent of the passionate rage in support of the moral is to shield these customs from anything which may cause them to vary, this exposition does not explain why these modes, primarily special and particular, adapted to serve the interests not of All but of a Few should have become customary for All: so much so in fact that the guardianship of morals is in the safest hands when it is left to the fierce partisan feelings of the "Crowd." Before going into the psychology which explains this problem, so perplexing on the surface, it is advisable to indicate a nice distinction which has come to exist between kinds of conduct to which, in popular usage, is given the term "Custom," and conduct equally customary but to which the term morals ordinarily is given.

Custom is habitual conduct, but to the observance of which public opinion attaches small weight either by way of approval or disapproval. The emotion which failure to observe it calls up is, in the main, surprise, not the blind, passionate rage which the bulk of people show at the infringement of morals. Its observance or otherwise is left to individual whim; judgment as to its benefits or disadvantages is left to the caprice of private opinion. It is a habit which lies open and unprotected from vulgar inquiry and personal individual tests of its value. Its valuation is not fixed though its observance be wide-spread and general. What separates Morals from Custom (popular version) is the value which Authority (which commands public opinion) sets upon the habit's significance. If the reference is to customary conduct of which the continuance is necessary for the maintenance of the power which keeps the articulate class in authority, such conduct is carefully extracted from its association with mere customs and elevated by Authority to the plane of the Sacred by the laying of the Taboo on all discussions as to its

origin and the fundamental nature of its motives, so that in time it comes to be regarded as the Mysterious, the Occult, the Supernatural, the Divine. Whereas customs are exposed and open to valuation, their ancestry apparent and their future the possible victim of whim and caprice, morals are kept unsullied from the common and mundane touch and their origin and valuation one may question only under pain of becoming impious and a blasphemer. Naturally many customs are on the fringe between the status of Customs and that of Morals, a fact to which elegant if delicate young intellectuals owe many hours of exciting and dangerous sport. The debating clubs of the Literary and Philosophic Societies and of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society, of the Y.W.C.A.'s, not to mention the Smart Set and the Cranks: what violent intellectual striving has given these birth if not the desire to settle points of such cosmic significance as the Right and the Wrong of church-going, theatre-going, gambling, racing; of those crimes or larks for women: smokes, bicycles and bloomers, dyed hair and paint? To decide whether these things belonged to the go-as-you-please realm of Custom or to that realm which supports the Cosmos high above Chaos—Morals, has provided occasion for the exercise of the strong and daring young wits of the last half-century.

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This popular distinction between Morals and Custom throws into relief the question which still awaits an answer as regards the genesis of morals.

If men *have* held to custom, common sense is ready to suggest that this is not due to accident, and if customs have been fostered it has been because—sheer ease apart—the results which come from doing so are such as seem to serve their interests best. Did they not, the custom would surely if not speedily have been abandoned. And if not from a prescience of this willingness of men to abandon a custom pro-

ductive of disappointing results, what other motive would the authorities have had for taking measures to ensure such customs as they consider significant from the possibility of such a fate, by protecting them with that "Mystery" which results in their conversion into Morals. Customs are habits which *may* be kept up. Morals are customs which Authority insists *must* be kept up, good results or no. What, then, is the instinct, primary and fundamental as it must be to have held good for so long, which makes the great mass of people, the governed classes, not merely faithful to morals in face of their ill-effects, but faithful in an ardent and passionate spirit which does not seek to spare either themselves or those near and dear to them? The character and working of the inducements which are responsible for this seeming miracle, reveal how unerring is the instinct which leads men steadily to track down their major satisfactions through a whole complex tangle of conflicting considerations.

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The basis of any scheme of morals is altruism. The moral claim that its observance, against or in conformity to inclination is for "Good," obviously is prepared to demand the over-riding of the private "good" of him whose inclination is against it in favour of the "good" of those "others" who constitute the All: in which remote good the thwarted one is vaguely enjoined to believe that he will once again refind his own.

An element of strong, if vague, distrust of the belief that one finds one's interest served best in the good of All, does not encourage a close observer to seek for the clue of unswerving moral action in the influence of this generalisation: the Unity of Humanity. One is tempted rather to look about for definite egoistic rewards in altruism itself than to believe there exists so much solid weight in flighty conceptual stretches for the popular intelligence. What, then, does Altruism offer to these egoists of not-too-intelligent an order? On its face value the theory of Altruism appears to be a tactful statement of the case for peaceful submission among the Dominated, and is made current by the powerful egoists who are the backbone of the dominant class what time it suits the latter's interests to remain at peace: that is, while refraining from those more violent forms of competition called war. It is the inculcation of the principle that it is wise to make peaceful terms with, and good friends of, those who have established a dominance by respecting their status, their interests and their wishes. That it is the *dominated* class which practises altruism whereas the dominant practise it only in so far as their necessities, *i.e.*, their interests, permit them, in no way detracts from the weight of evidence which goes to prove its origin among the dominant: it merely supplies additional testimony as to the fine quality of the tact employed in its inculcation. Thus morality, *i.e.*, the habitual practice of altruism made compulsory by Authority and Public Opinion, is part of the great game of egoistic war—the interplay of interests—which ebbs and flows ceaselessly wherever life is. In that warfare, however, morality represents such a distinction as to method that it is convenient to label it separately and allocate it to a niche of its own. Morality is the mode of warfare made use of during the "civil" periods, its rôle corresponding to the physical slaughter which is the mode when the warfare of civilisation gives place to a special kind of warfare ordinarily called war. The difference consists in the substitution of weapons—of Words in place of Armaments. The nature of moral warfare necessitates a sort of seige-action in place of the aggressive physical assaults of armed warfare. The moral concepts fence round the authoritarian class as effectually as, if not more than, concrete fortifications do a city; the action of these Sacred Words being not so much to withstand the savagery of an onslaught as to paralyse the forces of the enemy before he can lift up an arm against them.

Their effect, handled as Authority tactfully handles them, amounts to that of hypnotism: results not however due to a brilliantly conceived, conscious artifice or planned contrivance of means to purposed ends on the part of the dominant: but of a semi-conscious exploiting on their part of an elementary human instinct too

obviously in existence for its possibilities to be ignored. On the other hand the practice of altruism as opposed to its theoretical exhortation, subserves urgent egoistic needs on the part of the second-rate egoistic powers. If its observance by the dominated serves the egoism of the dominant inasmuch as it spares their energies from the necessity of constant reassertion of superiority, it spares at the same time the vanity of the dominated. The "status quo" which at first blush was accepted through necessity and fear by the class which that "state" leaves subjected, is, thanks to morality, afterwards accepted in happy submission by dint of the tactful assaults which the moral concepts make on their vanity. Owing to the comforting hypnotism of "morality" and its "altruism" the submissively dominated are able to flatter themselves with the thought that the "Great" most scrupulously desire and strive after the formers' own special and particular "good": that these actually make themselves anxious on account of the state of their souls in addition to care for their temporal good; and, later, in return for the adoption of the course of action enjoined by the conceptual scheme—action which always turns to the Good of the established, by the way—they are rendered happier still by the sound of the inflating "well done" of their betters. It all works extremely well. Man is the vainest of the animals, and individual men are vain in inverse ratio to the stoutness of their spiritual stamina. The "Crowd" the Non-distinctive, the Majority being the vainest, the appeal of Morality realises its own special hunting-ground in their midst. The "Crowd" provide the country's moral backbone. They even make a boast of it. And sensibly enough since such Conduct as we arrange to live by, we arrange also to praise if we value our own comfort. And the adoption of Morality is as much a piece of distinctive human ingenuity—a display of intelligence—as is the adoption of Arms. That it is more definitely connected with the swagger of the dominated, whereas prowess in Arms is the swagger of the Dominant, need not necessarily induce the former to misprise the solaces of their class.

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Tennyson somewhere sings, not without a gasp of surprise indeed at his unexpected discovery, of the speech which half reveals and half conceals the thought within. As far as the speech, which moral concepts are wrapped in is concerned, the poet has gone wrong in his proportions. Their *whole* intent is to conceal: and the motive is as purposive with those who practice them as with those who teach. That both sides are inarticulate and only semi-conscious does not detract from the superlative skill with which the set purpose is achieved. It enhances it rather. Moral principles resting on altruism, by a skilful sleight of hand conceal the fact that altruism is an illusion created to subserve motives wholly egotistic; that the interchange can be effected without raising a breath of suspicion, is due to the suffusing influence of one of the most fundamental elements affecting human emotion: to the action of vanity.

Vanity skilfully played upon goes a long way towards confounding even the soundest human judgment. As palpably as heat expands a gas, flattery expands the human spirit beyond the normal. It is this sense of expansion which causes men to feel pleasure; it is the sensation of conscious life in actual being: it is in fact the sense we call power. A flouting of vanity depresses spirit and creates dependency. Both actions—inflation and depression—tend to take place the more readily the flimsier the vital force on which repute acts, but it is probable that on no single intelligent human being can they fail to make some little variation. It is true that those who are concerned with their own self-initiated interests and with whom the powers which have play over their spirits are more self-centred and self-impelled, are less responsive to outside treatment. It happens however, that with the vast majority of men, obedience and imitation are the strongest springs of action. To be capable of acting from a self-interested motive is extremely rare. Hence it turns out that the balance of pleasure for most men must be come at by way of honour conferred by stronger and more definitely conscious

egoistic powers. The balance of satisfaction when all has been counted in fear of failure, fear of envy, of punishment, hostility, fear of loneliness, and a deadening sense of uncertainty—for the vast majority of men falls on the side of honour rather than on the other. Accordingly men's actions inevitably set towards Honour and the earning of Applause. Whereupon propitiation rather than aggression becomes their natural rôle. It becomes their virtue and all forces—men and things—which make little of propitiation—which is peace, love—are their natural enemies. All things propitiatory become thereupon "good": propitiatory proposals, offers of peace, civility, mildness of temper, and all species of intra-mediation are "good": and those who make them are "good": and it is "good" to fall in with them. "Good," that is, for those who love Honour, for Morality, for the reputation of Altruism. Hence the moral demands find in these second-rate egoists a mind and temper ready prepared for them: those who desire to be persuaded are already waiting for those who will persuade them: the two come together by an inevitable attraction: the outcome of a natural desire to make use of each other. United, they make a compound hard and resistant enough to baffle all attempts to break in upon it: a nugget to break one's teeth against rather than to crack. Between the ardour of each for the other there is nothing to choose.

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There are unobserving persons who imagine that human beings desire a commodity which they call Truth. Now truth is a much-used word which may mean anything or nothing according as one is pleased to employ it: but allowing for the moment that it means what such persons imagine it to mean, *i.e.*, a faithful description of passions and motives and of the relative powers among the individuals of a community, it is the crassest stupidity to think that people desire truth or anything approaching it. You, dear reader, don't want such truth about yourself. I, dear reader, won't have it about myself. The maximum quantity of this species of truth which you and I can stand is just as much as we are compelled to swallow from our own disillusioning experiences; and even this amount we prefer not to discuss with any, particularly not with familiars—families and friends. But many of us are not averse from airing this truth as it relates to others: our rivals and acquaintances, though even here we must be content with a reasonable amount: penetration must not penetrate too far because instinctively we are aware that some short distance beneath its surface-layer the fabric of truth is in one piece: lower than a certain depth the same fabric covers us all; penetrate inwards too deeply and we all stand with our motives naked and exposed. And our motives are far more elegant clothed, as clothed they are. Men have clothed them partly, perhaps, on account of use and comfort, and partly because they have conceived a shame for them: a shame which is the reverse side of the cult of Honour in fact. Only the external motive—the altruistic motive—is kept in evidence: the motive which was the motive of the show of altruism is concealed: instinctively men know that it is of the egoistic and dishonourable kind, and a poor specimen at that. Men would never indeed have fallen into the attitude which makes them ashamed of it had they not been aware that it was poor. Altruism is egoism at the second and tenth rate, adopted because of one's inability to make headway in the best. If men do not feel themselves possessed of the power to make themselves respected on account of their skill in getting what they want they compound in a purely egoistic bargain and become Moral. And serviceably and comprehensibly enough. The pleasure they will get from applause is likely to exceed any satisfaction they expect to get from enterprises initiated by themselves: and on show of the balance their egoism makes choice—for a cloak of altruism. (The disadvantages they meet will form another story.) But because they are not proud of the necessity which forces them they conceive a quite sound detestation for the "Searchers for Truth": alongside their approval of the preachers of the Moral Ideal. They are suspicious of the

evidences of "Truth": they are not suspicious of the Moralists' praise: they have no need to be, because praise to them is an end in itself: it is what they want: the bona-fide exchange for the services they have rendered.

The Trojans were advised to be on their guard against the Greeks when they came offering gifts; and sensibly, because such gifts to the Trojans were of small concern: had these gifts been more to them than Troy itself what would there have been to fear in receiving them? So with the Moral and the Dominated's reception of the praise of the Moralists. Their praise is Honour and Honour they have made into the crown of life: how should they then allow the prying chatter of so-called "Searchers for Truth" to endanger that which can confer on them their most desired boon: allow the spoil-sports and kill-joys a free hand amongst their own selected "good." And a moral community is not going to welcome with a shout of glad surprise a too closely probing inquiry into the reasons of morals! They consider it is enough that they are moral because it suits them, *all things considered*. And they are not prepared to regard it as good manners to inquire beyond a point what those things are. Their elaborate altruistic make-believe: their artificial moralist construction is built round about what for them constitutes the charm of life: subtly flattering vanity. The fact that it is all on an "artificial" basis: a verbal basis does not affect them: indeed the fact is lost sight of until civilisation gives place to war: when this base proves to have been not only artificial but a trifle flimsy.

Men find morality none the worse, *i.e.*, it gives no less satisfaction because it is artificial than a picture or a novel does because it is artificial; the subtlest situations in life gather round just those things which are most frail at their foundations, assumptions which, by a tacit understanding are allowed for, but which are too perishable to be battered about in discussion. The artificialities of civilisations are not despicable because a sword may one day shatter all their delicate and subtle tracery; they are to be despised only when they fail in that which they set out to accomplish, *i.e.*, to provide satisfactions equal to or greater than those which they might have attained by a more natural, *i.e.*, a more frankly egoistic application of ability would have furnished. One would be for instance an ingrate, not to say a fool, to cavil at those aids to beauty which an ill-favoured human adopts to avert at least the repulsion of his fellows, just because they were artificial: if they serve their purpose. Very amusing, charming, important, and impressive are the things which are "artificial." Even a Krupp gun is artificial. In fact it is not artificiality which affects the question: it is utility. The measure of the value of artificialities like the measure of the value of everything else is gauged by the purpose to which they are set, and their efficacy in achieving that purpose. And purposes depend on the men who propose them: their spiritual size among other things. He is a sad and sorry man who seeks to frame a purpose bigger than he has the capacity to enjoy the achieving of. So a man with a passion for big schemes but without the capacity to effect them draws greater satisfaction from being a door-keeper in the houses of the great than he could eating out his heart toiling at his own bench, the independence of which his taste cannot relish: it is, in fact, too independent for him. What he would gain in satisfaction, of course by so doing, he sacrifices in status: but then all satisfactions demand their price. When these are greater than our natural competence provides for we perforce let ourselves out into bondage if bent on securing them. Our too great wants and our too small abilities are the exploiter's opportunity.

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One begins to understand why cranks and their works come to so little. They have the misfortune to witness an indiscretion: one little brick in the wall of pretence has fallen away and one thin shaft of light has revealed egoism and duplicity at some point in the scheme of things. And for the rest of their lives they live in wonder and uneasiness at their own discovery. They

devote their energies to the blocking-out of that one gleam. They inaugurate a "propaganda." That it is but one thin pencil streak of an ever-shining sun-like orb does not occur to them. The world, to be sure, is heedless of their "discovery," and is in no way "upset" to meet their "exposure." Nor is it alarmed by those who cry out against "Cant." Though men do not clearly *know*, they instinctively *feel* that one who makes a fuss about "cant" does not understand cant. They feel it is not cant that is objectionable but poor cant: cant that is so badly sung that it fails in its purpose, *i.e.*, the complete deception of those whom it is intended to impress. The way to deal with him who objects to cant is to ignore him or soothe him as the case may demand, but never to follow up his argument. The Church of Rome has the prescient understanding which knows this: it does not make the mistake of thinking that doubts can be laid to rest piecemeal. It knows its business and promptly anathematizes doubt. It knows that the correct answer to all the arguments of the Devil is to kill the Devil. Nor is the World greatly put about by those who make light of its morals on the big scale: it forgives its Napoleons as soon as their immediate disagreeableness is forgotten and withdrawn: while as for the immoral on a small scale, men content themselves with administering the usual and necessary severe rebuke and punishment. It is a different person for whom they reserve their full implacable rancour. Napoleon at the close of a single century after his death is already held in honour more or less: but four centuries have passed since Macchiavelli wrote the "Prince," and he still remains "Old Nick." In fact, the Devil is a symbolic generalisation of all the injuries done to the Altruistic Interpretation by those who dare to crumble the moral concepts, and lay bare their egoistic foundations: so robbing them of their popular title to Honour. The Devil is the common spirit of all Blasphemers everywhere: Blasphemers being those who speak injuriously against the Sacred Words. The Blasphemers are the figures drawn up in antithesis to those of the Heroes. A Hero is one who represents the sublimation-point of adhesion to the Divine; his distin-

guishing attribute is his close kinship with the Gods to whose greater glory his bold deeds minister: that is, he is one whose deeds establish the Word-System, the Moral-Scheme, the Altruistic-Good, by providing them with a supremely hypnotising Crown of Honour.

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Of course the Moral or Altruistic Scheme holds good only within the limits of the particular community which has conceived its own sum-total of the "All" as the single Organic Unit. Morality can only find a place in a community in which the various factions have tried their strength, and have more or less contentedly accepted the verdict and settled down in their suitable classes as Servers and Served, Dominant and Dominated. When two such moral communities are at logger-heads and proceed to violent war, moral blandishments are at a discount. As it is not the common people—the practisers of the altruistic and the moral—who make international wars, but rather the dominant and more strongly egoistic classes, the warring parties do not attempt to address each other in terms of morals save in so far as it is necessary to spare the moral susceptibilities of their own respective following—their respective crowds. Otherwise, in war, it is bluntly a struggle of Might against Might: and all the weapons of Might are pressed into service precisely in so far as they give promise of success, *i.e.*, of crushing the opponent. But articulate spokesman of neither side could say as much openly because of the attentive ears of their followers as was said above: They know that sooner or later this specific kind of warfare, fierce as for the moment it is, will cease for a period and no matter which side wins or loses each will have to settle down in their own communities and make good once more the Altruistic Tale among their fellows. A wise economy, therefore, teaches them that though war compels them to stand face to face with all verbal veils withdrawn before the eyes of an acknowledged enemy, it is not necessary to destroy these veils. If they have no place in war they have a place of extreme importance among subjected peoples as long as ever the Dominant seek to perpetuate submission by dint of the artifices of peace: by Words in preference to the Sword.

## VIEWS AND COMMENTS.

PEOPLE who are not interested in editorial personality may find no interest in the news that it is Mr. Bernard Shaw who is the animating spirit of that inanimate journal "The New Statesman." We were, however, and Mr. Shaw's avowal of identity was read with quite pricked-up ears. One had been told by those who it is supposed know everything that Mr. Shaw loathed the sheet, and that its commonplace pages caused him to writhe once per week in most agonising boredom, and now he calmly confesses that the spirit of this dull commonness is his own. Not that he puts it in so many words, of course, but he permits his recent pamphlet on the war to leave no possible shadow of doubt that he and it are one. The Webbs apparently have been unduly reviled: people accused them of a dullness so dull that it could extinguish the brilliance of even the "brilliant" Mr. Shaw. And all the time what was mistaken for a Webbian extinguisher was the real G.B.S.

The Shavian critics need to take themselves in hand and moderate their violence: for though a mistake has been made, the mistake is theirs. They have been raging against Shaw because he did not exchange at the value of a good sovereign, when all the time he was a perfectly sound sixpence. They mistook him for a thinker when he was actually a very keen and virile debater. He is representative of the Y.M.C.A. and the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society at a pitch of excellency which is sublime. When he tries, not when he is writing unsigned articles in a dull journal, he is the perfect embellishment of the commonplace, unsurpassed adornment of the humdrum, bright and particular star among Fabians, in short.

When one says that Mr. Shaw never thinks but always debates one merely indicates the attitude in which he approaches all debatable affairs. When a question is considered open to debate it is implied that minds of fairly equal powers of penetration differ as to its import: a fact which to a thinker implies an ambiguity in the subject-matter as presented in the shaping of the question itself. Now a debater attacks such a question by insisting that the import is such and such as against other debaters who champion the differing interpretation, and a debate—a mental tug-of-war—is set going in which each party endeavours to score points for its side over the other party. It thus causes rivalry, which explains why a debater can appeal to the sporting instinct: the instinct which is the animating element of every propaganda, *i.e.*, the debating spirit in campaign making a bid for proselytes for its side. A thinker, on the other hand, refuses to be entangled in the debate, and heads direct for the ambiguity involved in the question. He thus destroys the grounds of debate, and is accordingly regarded as a spoil-sport which he is: for when a person is punctilious to state a question clearly, he has ensured the unmistakable character of the answer. Thus a debater is popular while a thinker cannot be. How one scores one's points is an affair for individual preference: there are scores of ways. Mr. Shaw is simple enough. Apparently he possesses a kind, gentle, timid, non-penetrative temper, comparable more to that of Mr. George Lansbury than any other public man of whom one can think. He is of the kingdom of love, and as a personal preference considers it desirable that all arms shall be intertwined and all hands clasped in love, exactly like Mr. Lansbury.

Only he possesses an energy combined with a much colder temperature of love, and accordingly the "hand of love" which he extends never has that squirm-inspiring warm but clammy touch which makes even the obtusest recoil for love's other propagandists. The sameness and the distinction are both made clear in his literary style. A perfectly commonplace sentence, the usual banal expression of the high-minded sentimental word-ridden Englishman is about to trail to its sloppy culmination when Mr. Shaw's energy suddenly out-distances it and blocks its current so that it bubbles up in violent energy in its last phrase which usually takes the form of a double-barrelled piece of invective. Whence the two good effects, negative and positive: avoidance of slop and an introduction of the element of surprise. Its very defect enhances the force of its appeal. Had not the sentence begun sentimentally one would not have noticed its absence at the culmination. Mr. Shaw keeps fully in with the humdrum in the entire substance of his matter, but saves his skin from the vengeance of the less humdrum by this especially welcome because un hoped for *frisson* of unexpectedness in its last note. Take his pamphlet, "Common Sense on the War," and see to what extent it supports the diagnosis of Mr. Shaw's "brilliance." The pamphlet is a quite commonplace belated string of debating-points and assumptions, the very acceptance of which at their face-value takes away any claim to penetration on the writer's part, yet it manages to keep the reader's attention secure by a constant succession of verbal pistol-shots.

Here are a few specimens of explosive effects used to round-up otherwise undistinguished narrative:—"Godforsaken folly," "Silly gambling debts and foolish duels," "Psychopathic symptoms of overfeeding," "Inculcated insolence and sham virility," "Aimiable nincompoop," "Unscrupulous super-prig and fool," "Corrupted and half-atrophied consciences," "Pots-damnation," "Flagrant pharasaism," "Blasphemous farce," "Incorrigible hypocrisy," "Insensate methods," "Sheer lunacy," "Ethnological map-makers," "Militarist madmen," "Panslavist megalomaniacs," and there are hundreds more.

If to these sledge-hammer strokes are added little odd tricks like the transposing and inverting of well-known proverbs and tags, and an extremely skilful use of the concrete instance, particularly if this bears a good-sounding proper name, we are in possession of the glitter by which Mr. Shaw causes his flannelly arguments to sparkle. And no one will deny that such star-dust provides a very good journalism which is surer of its audience than the unadorned reasoning of the most penetrating mind in the world.

It is interesting to note what this habit of invective reveals in relation to the mental force which is reduced to it. It is the mid-way halt between a self-comprehending and an unconscious emotion: the first stage towards articulateness: the sign of the person who is set in a certain direction but who himself is not quite certain which. That is why there is always a sense of ineffectualness about the person who indulges in it. Instinctively it is felt that if a man knows his case well enough to state it, he would not content himself merely with "calling names."

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As for Mr. Shaw's reasons for issuing the pamphlet one gathers it is in the main due to the fact that the war would not be complete and fully authenticated did he not do so. This apart, the chief concern of his brochure is to "make our moral position clear": which means, dear reader, that he labours to find out whether we have a right to the good opinion of onlookers: also what would give us that right, what prevents us from having it, and so on. Which appears somewhat a work of super-erogation, considering that we have already got this good opinion: and it would now be late in the day to be worrying about it even if we hadn't. Mr. Shaw, to be sure, is ready for this cry of belatedness and owns that he is liable to be accused of useless recrimination, but

retorts that "history consists mainly of recrimination, and I am writing history because an accurate knowledge of what has occurred is not only indispensable, etc."

By "history" one supposes Mr. Shaw means a statement of fact, and it must be confessed he is not the first journalist or debater to be deluded into thinking that "historical" facts are definite fixed quantities rather than a carefully chosen arbitrary selection of facts so culled as to support one's own pet interpretation of them. Had Mr. Shaw possessed the faculty of the thinker it would before now have struck him that even a single human fact is a doubtful quantity. Take the published correspondence of the negotiations immediately preceding the war, over his own interpretation of which Mr. Shaw grows quite excited. He here overlooks the fact, which elsewhere he finds it convenient to emphasise, that our diplomacy is secret and that this correspondence was intended for display purposes in the moment it was written. Mr. Shaw avows—but grows no wiser from his avowal—that diplomacy is secret to a degree which blue-book publications are powerless to affect. "I well know that diplomacy is carried on at present not only by official correspondence meant for possible publication, . . . but by private letters which the King himself has no right to read." Even should these more secret documents become open knowledge, what is to guarantee even that they present a faithful account of all the rock-bottom understanding and connivances which constituted the real interplay? Even in conversations clandestinely overheard one thing may be uttered and quite another looked, so that this elaborate assessing of the word "values" of Foreign Office documents presented for publication seems an exercise most fitted for the ingenuity of school-boys.

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Mr. Shaw seems quite worried because of our hypocrisy, which is odd since his entire pother is as to whether we are *moral* enough! As though Morality were not the elaboration of hypocrisy: the assertion of one thing in order to conceal another. He calls out against cant in a pamphlet which is all cant: the usual dilemma of an inefficient cantatist to be sure! He is so deeply concerned to make stupid Englishmen aware of the ignorance they display by confiding in trusting the broken Belgium Treaty case to realise that his own case could equally be smothered in sceptical derision. For he seriously sets out to tell us that England has gone to war for the sake of "Liberty," for "Human Solidarity," for "that Holy Cause," and to make "War on War," and then can be anxious about our hypocrisy! The sole unvarnished statement of what Englishmen did and of what they felt upon the declaration of War, could only be first, that they of course never went to war at all, but that their participation in it was made for them; but second, they promptly expressed themselves wholly satisfied with this vicarious move, and showed themselves anxious that matters should go on.

They fully believed that Germany meant to force a contest of powers with them at one time or other, and that being so no time seemed to offer more favourable circumstances than the present. Doubtless they realised, and still realise, that Sir Edward Grey could have postponed the issue by declaring that England would join France if the latter were attacked, but had he done so the supremely favourable opportunity might have slipped: and opportunities so golden seldom return. Hence popular opinion is to the effect that whatever the actual steps were which led up to the declaration, judged by the only standard by which issues leading to war can be judged, they were exceedingly successful. Therefore, any arguments they choose are good enough to justify the Foreign Office policy: that policy in itself they consider good enough to justify all "justifications" however feeble. Popular ignorance of the actual diplomacy employed is of no importance as long as the populace are not ignorant of what they really want: the only fatal kind of ignorance is to be in doubt about that.

## A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN.

By JAMES JOYCE.

### CHAPTER IV.

SUNDAY was dedicated to the mystery of the Holy Trinity, Monday to the Holy Ghost, Tuesday to the Guardian Angels, Wednesday to Saint Joseph, Thursday to the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, Friday to the Suffering Jesus, Saturday to the Blessed Virgin Mary.

Every morning he hallowed himself anew in the presence of some holy image or mystery. His day began with an heroic offering of its every moment of thought or action for the intentions of the sovereign pontiff and with an early Mass. The raw morning air whetted his resolute piety; and often as he knelt among the few worshippers at the side-altar, following with his interleaved prayer book the murmurs of the priest, he glanced up for an instant towards the vested figure standing in the gloom between the two candles, which were the Old and the New Testaments, and imagined that he was kneeling at Mass in the catacombs.

His daily life was laid out in devotional areas. By means of ejaculations and prayers he stored up ungrudgingly for the souls in purgatory centuries of days and quarantines and years; yet the spiritual triumph which he felt in achieving with ease so many fabulous ages of canonical penances did not wholly reward his zeal of prayer since he could never know how much temporal punishment he had remitted by way of suffrage for the agonising souls: and, fearful lest in the midst of the purgatorial fire, which differed from the infernal only in that it was not everlasting, his penance might avail no more than a drop of moisture he drove his soul daily through an increasing circle of works of supererogation.

Every part of his day, divided by what he regarded now as the duties of his station in life, circled about its own centre of spiritual energy. His life seemed to have drawn near to eternity; every thought, word and deed, every instant of consciousness could be made to revibrate radiantly in heaven: and at times his sense of such immediate repercussion was so lively that he seemed to feel his soul in devotion pressing like fingers the keyboard of a great cash register, and to see the amount of his purchase start forth immediately in heaven, not as a number, but as a frail column of incense or as a slender flower.

The rosaries, too, which he said constantly—for he carried his beads loose in his trousers' pockets that he might tell them as he walked the streets—transformed themselves into coronals of flowers of such vague unearthly texture that they seemed to him as hueless and odourless as they were nameless. He offered up each of his three daily chaplets that his soul might grow strong in each of the three theological virtues, in faith in the Father Who had created him, to the Son Who had redeemed him, and to the Holy Ghost Who had sanctified him; and this thrice triple prayer he offered to the Three Persons through Mary in the name of her joyful and sorrowful and glorious mysteries.

On each of the seven days of the week he further prayed that one of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost might descend upon his soul and drive out of it day by day the seven deadly sins which had defiled it in the past; and he prayed for each gift on its appointed day, confident that it would descend upon him, though it seemed strange to him at times that wisdom and understanding and knowledge were so distinct in their nature that each should be prayed for apart from the others. Yet he believed that at some future stage of his spiritual progress this difficulty would be removed when his sinful soul had been raised up from its weakness and enlightened by the Third Person of the Most Blessed Trinity. He believed this all the more, and with trepidation, because of the divine gloom and silence wherein dwelt the unseen Paraclete, Whose symbols were a dove and a mighty wind, to sin against Whom was a sin

beyond forgiveness, the eternal, mysterious secret Being to Whom, as God, the priest offered up Mass once a year, robed in the scarlet of the tongues of fire.

The imagery through which the nature and kinship of the Three Persons of the Trinity were darkly shadowed forth in the books of devotion which he read—the Father contemplating from all eternity as in a mirror His Divine Perfections and thereby begetting eternally the Eternal Son, and the Holy Spirit proceeding out of Father and Son from all eternity—were easier of acceptance by his mind by reason of their august incomprehensibility than was the simple fact that God had loved his soul from all eternity, for ages before he had been born into the world, for ages before the world itself had existed.

He had heard the names of the passions of love and hate pronounced solemnly on the stage and in the pulpit, had found them set forth solemnly in books, and had wondered why his soul was unable to harbour them for any time or to force his lips to utter their names with conviction. A brief anger had often invested him, but he had never been able to make it an abiding passion and had always felt himself passing out of it as if his very body were being divested with ease of some outer skin or peel. He had felt a subtle, dark and murmurous presence penetrate his being and fire him with a brief iniquitous lust: it, too, had slipped beyond his grasp leaving his mind lucid and indifferent. This, it seemed, was the only love and that the only hate his soul would harbour.

But he could no longer disbelieve in the reality of love since God himself had loved his individual soul with divine love from all eternity. Gradually, as his soul was enriched with spiritual knowledge, he saw the whole world forming one vast symmetrical expression of God's power and love. Life became a divine gift for every moment and sensation of which, were it even the sight of a single leaf hanging on the twig of a tree, his soul should praise and thank the giver. The world for all its solid substance and complexity no longer existed for his soul save as a theorem of divine power and love and universality. So entire and unquestionable was this sense of the divine meaning in all nature granted to his soul that he could scarcely understand why it was in any way necessary that he should continue to live. Yet that was part of the divine purpose and he dared not question its use, he above all others who had sinned so deeply and so foully against the divine purpose. Meek and abased by this consciousness of the one eternal omnipresent perfect reality his soul took up again her burden of pieties, masses and prayers and sacraments and mortifications, and only then for the first time since he had brooded on the great mystery of love did he feel within him a warm movement like that of some newly born life or virtue of the soul itself. The attitude of rapture in sacred art, the raised and parted hands, the parted lip and eyes as of one about to swoon, became for him an image of the soul in prayer, humiliated and faint before her Creator.

But he had been forewarned of the dangers of spiritual exaltation and did not allow himself to desist from even the least or lowliest devotion, striving also by constant mortification to undo the sinful past rather than to achieve a saintliness fraught with peril. Each of his senses was brought under a rigorous discipline. In order to mortify the sense of sight he made it his rule to walk in the street with downcast eyes, glancing neither to right nor left and never behind him. His eyes shunned every encounter with the eyes of women. From time to time also he balked them by a sudden effort of the will, as by lifting them suddenly in the middle of an unfinished sentence and closing the book. To mortify his hearing he exerted no control over his voice which was then breaking, neither sang nor whistled and made no attempt to flee from noise which caused him painful nervous irritation such as the sharpening of knives on the knifeboard, the gathering of cinders on the fire-shovel and the twiggling of the carpet. To mortify his smell was more difficult as he found in himself no instinctive repugnance to bad odours, whether they were the odours of the outdoor world such

as those of dung or tar or the odours of his own person among which he had made many curious comparisons and experiments. He found that in the end that the only odour against which his sense of smell revolted was a certain stale fishy stink like that of long-standing urine: and whenever it was possible he subjected himself to this unpleasant odour. To mortify the taste he practised strict habits at table, observed to the letter all the fasts of the Church and sought by distraction to divert his mind from the savours of different foods. But it was to the mortification of touch that he brought the most assiduous ingenuity of inventiveness. He never consciously changed his position in bed, sat in the most uncomfortable positions, suffered patiently every itch and pain, kept away from the fire, remained on his knees all through the Mass except at the gospels, left parts of his neck and face undried so that air might sting them, and, whenever he was not saying his beads, carried his arms stiffly at his sides like a runner and never in his pockets or clasped behind him.

He had no temptations to sin mortally. It surprised him, however, to find that at the end of his course of intricate piety and self-restraint he was so easily at the mercy of childish and unworthy imperfections. His prayers and fasts availed him little for the suppression of anger at hearing his mother sneeze, or at being disturbed in his devotions. It needed an immense effort of his will to master the impulse which urged him to give outlet to such irritation. Images of the outbursts of trivial anger which he had often noted among his masters, their twitching mouths, close-shut lips and flushed cheeks, recurred to his memory, discouraging him, for all his practice of humility, by the comparison. To merge his life in the common tide of other lives was harder for him than any fasting or prayer, and it was his constant failure to do this to his own satisfaction which caused in his soul at last a sensation of spiritual dryness together with a growth of doubts and scruples. His soul traversed a period of desolation in which the sacraments themselves seemed to have turned into dried up sources. His confession became a channel for the escape of scrupulous and unrepented imperfections. His actual reception of the eucharist did not bring him the same dissolving moments of virginal self-surrender as did those spiritual communions made by him sometimes at the close of some visit to the Blessed Sacrament. The book which he used for these visits was an old neglected book written by Saint Alphonsus Liguori, with fading characters and sere fox-papered leaves. A faded world of fervent love and virginal responses seemed to be evoked for his soul by the reading of its pages in which the imagery of the canticles was interwoven with the communicant's prayers. An inaudible voice seemed to caress the soul, telling her names and glories, bidding her arise as for espousal and come away, bidding her look forth, a spouse, from Amana and from the mountains of the leopards; and the soul seemed to answer with the same inaudible voice, surrendering herself: *Inter ubera mea commorabitur.*

This idea of surrender had a perilous attraction for his mind now that he felt his soul beset once again by the insistent voices of the flesh, which began to murmur to him again during his prayers and meditations. It gave him an intense sense of power to know that he could by a single act of consent, in a moment of thought, undo all that he had done. He seemed to feel a flood slowly advancing towards his naked feet and to be waiting for the first faint timid noiseless wavelet to touch his fevered skin. Then, almost at the instant of that touch, almost at the verge of sinful consent, he found himself standing far away from the flood upon a dry shore, saved by a sudden act of the will or a sudden ejaculation: and, seeing the silver line of the flood far away and beginning again its slow advance towards his feet, a new thrill of power and satisfaction shook his soul to know that he had not yielded nor undone all.

When he had eluded the flood of temptation many times in this way he grew troubled and wondered whether the grace which he had refused to lose was not being filched from him little by little. The clear certitude of

his own immunity grew dim and to it succeeded a vague fear that his soul had really fallen unawares. It was with difficulty that he won back his old consciousness of his state of grace by telling himself that he had prayed to God at every temptation and that the grace which he had prayed for must have been given to him inasmuch as God was obliged to give it. The very frequency and violence of temptations showed him at last the truth of what he had heard about the trials of the saints. Frequent and violent temptations were a proof that the citadel of the soul had not fallen and that the devil raged to make it fall.

Often when he had confessed his doubts and scruples, some momentary inattention at prayer, a movement of trivial anger in his soul or a subtle wilfulness in speech or act, he was bidden by his confessor to name some sin of his past life before absolution was given him. He named it with humility and shame and repented of it once more. It humiliated and shamed him to think that he would never be freed from it wholly, however holily he might live or whatever virtues or perfections he might attain. A restless feeling of guilt would always be present with him: he would confess and repent and be absolved, confess and repent again and be absolved again, fruitlessly. Perhaps that first hasty confession wrung from him by the fear of hell had not been good? Perhaps, concerned only for his imminent doom, he had not had sincere sorrow for his sin? But the surest sign that his confession had been good and that he had had sincere sorrow for his sin was, he knew, the amendment of his life.

—I have amended my life, have I not? he asked himself.—

(To be continued.)

[Note.—By means of the kind help of an intermediary in Switzerland we have succeeded in getting Mr. Joyce's MS. through from Austria. The story will, therefore, now be continued without interruption.—ED.]

## CHINESE EGOISM.

### I. YANG-CHU'S RELATION TO TAOISM.

SINGULARLY, Chinese history gives us no glimpse of a barbarous or savage age; the remotest traditions picture rather an age of simplicity and order. Nevertheless, following the analogy of other great races, we must assume a time when the Mongoloid tribes, who formed the basis of the Chinese nation, had reached but the minimum of social and ethical organisation. At this point, according to normal human psychology, personal egoism would be at its height.

The earliest records, preserved in the *Shu-king*, represent a patriarchal system of government under the beneficent rule of Shun, Yao, Yü, and their successors. In the sixth century B.C., Lao-tse and Kung-fu-tse (Confucius) are found expounding divergent ethical disciplines. The system of the older age may be aptly called, "Chinese Vedanta." Since everything is One, there is no specific distinction between good and evil. This "identity of opposites," taught in the *Tao-teh-king* was later carried to extreme degrees. Hence the Taoist fathers did not teach to do good and avoid evil, for they recognised neither good nor evil. In their eyes man has but one great duty, that is, to unite himself to Tao, the Principle, of which he is the temporary end; to desire what the Tao desires, to do what the Tao does. (Egoism is thus conceptually impossible to him.) Since the Tao determines the course of all beings, it is man's duty not to interfere with anything, to let the universe go on its way. For him nothing can happen wrongly, so that it be the work of Tao. It is otherwise with the ethic of Kung-fu-tse, which is essentially an interference. He invites men to fellow *teh*, volitional morality; he codifies it by thousands of rules and regulations, which are practically so many inroads upon free action, or what is the same thing, upon Tao. True, he strives to maintain an equilibrium betwixt egoism and altruism by his "Doctrine of the Mean"; but as contrasted with Taoism, his teaching is practical common sense un-

trammelled by metaphysics. Yang-chu, of whom I have now to speak, is undoubtedly connected with Lao-tse by the "Back-to-Nature" thought, but he simply drops the Tao out of his system, and all his metaphysics are compressed into a sentence. He deftly substitutes "Man's impulses," for the Tao—and who can deny him the right to do so, on the Taoist hypothesis?—and erects a thoroughgoing system of egoism upon that basis. One of the proofs that his system is linked to Taoism, is the fact, that the fragments of his discourses are preserved as if they were the sayings of a Taoist sage, in the collected writings of Lieh-tse, and they close with a dictum of Lao-tse himself, as a benediction.

The sources for my exposition of Yang-chu are: (1) the above named work of Lieh-tse; (2) the criticisms of Meng-tse, the Confucian; (3) the criticisms of Chwang-tse, the Taoist.\* But before referring to them it will be well to take account of that extreme form of altruistic philosophy, against which Yang-chu seems to have protested; he mentions it by name. The relation, both in time and character, of the rival teachers of China may be formally presented by the following table:—

PERIOD.	EXTREME ALTRUISM.	RATIONALISTIC DUALISM.	MYSTICAL MONISM.	EXTREME EGOISM.
B.C. 530	...	...	Lao-tse	
500	...	Kung-fu-tse		
400	Mo-tse	...	Lieh-tse	
350	...	...	...	Yang-chu
325	...	Meng-tse		
300	...	...	Chwang-tse	
265	...	Seun-K'ing		

I incline to regard Mo-tse's as more properly an offshoot from Confucian philosophy in spite of the fact that the Taoists, out of respect for him, called him an "imperfect Taoist." Yang-chu may, as already explained, be regarded as an offshoot from Taoism and a critical revulsion from Mo-tse, whose famous dictum is a summary of his ethics: "The principle of making distinction between man and man is wrong; the principle of universal love is right." Yang appears implicitly to say the reverse: "The principle of universal love is wrong, that of self-love is right, because men are by nature different." I turn to the exposition of his philosophy.

## II. METAPHYSICS AND ETHICS.

Yang's metaphysical principle is briefly stated, and to it is conjoined, as it should be, his leading ethical principle:—

The people of antiquity knew both the shortness of life and how suddenly and completely it might be closed by death, and therefore they obeyed the movements of their hearts, refusing not what it was natural for them to like, nor seeking to avoid any pleasure that occurred to them . . . they enjoyed themselves according to nature; they did not resist the common tendency of all things to self-enjoyment. (Chapter III.)

Being once born take your life as it comes, and endure it, and seeking to enjoy yourself as you desire, so await the approach of death. When you are about to die, treat the thing with indifference and endure it; and seeking to accomplish your departure so abandon yourself to annihilation. Both death and life should be treated with indifference; they should both be endured—why trouble oneself about earliness or lateness in connection with them? (XI.)

Life, however, is to be cherished—it suffices to give it its free course, neither checking nor obstructing it. The eye, the ear, the nose, the mouth, the body, the mind are to be allowed to have "what they like," without obstruction or morbid vexation. Thus life is to be cherished on beauty, music, perfumes, fine food, bodily comfort and mental peace—and after death, no matter! Yang-chu is very careful to deduce his ethic from the

nature of man; he is not satisfied with his own or other sages' authoritative dicta, and his estimate of the function of intelligence is singularly Bergsonian!

Of all creatures man is the most skilful. His nails and teeth do not suffice to procure his maintenance and shelter. His skin and sinews do not defend him; by running he cannot escape from harm, and he has neither hair nor feathers to protect him from cold and heat. He is thus compelled to use things to nourish his nature, to rely on his intelligence and not to put confidence in brute force. Therefore intelligence is appreciated because it preserves us, and brute force is despised because it encroaches on things. (XVI.)

The final sentence seems to place Yang-chu in close harmony with the Taoists, who decried the use of force in accordance with their doctrine of *wu wei*, or non-striving. It strikes one as rather strange on the lips of an egoist; but his kind of egoism does not permit the invasion of others, so it would seem.

## III. LIFE ACCORDING TO IMPULSE.

So far the metaphysical and ethical principles of our philosopher have led to nothing startling, but we are not to be left in doubt as to their possible developments in the family, society and politics. Yang-chu's method of enforcing his views is biographical; he gives short accounts of certain Chinese worthies so far as they illustrate the way in which their lives have been lived "according to Nature," or otherwise. The moral in each case is obvious in the examples I shall now quote.

A famous minister of Cheng (about 550 B.C.) had an elder and a younger brother who were addicted respectively to feasting and gallantry. The one was always so under the influence of wine that he neglected all the traditional duties and equally suffered no remorse or fear of any kind. The other surrounded himself with a harem filled with damsels of exquisite beauty. He likewise neglected all friends and family duties. The minister sought advice as to how he should deal with his brothers and was told: "Administer exhortations based on the importance of Life and Nature or admonitions regarding the sublimity of Righteousness and Propriety." He did so by saying to them: "That in which man is superior to beasts and birds are his mental faculties. Through them he gets righteousness and propriety and so glory and rank fall to his share. You are only moved by what excites your sense, and indulge only in licentious desires endangering your lives and natures."\* His brothers Chow and Mu replied: "Long ago we knew it and made our choice, nor had we to wait for your instruction to enlighten us. You value proper conduct and righteousness in order to excel before others and you do violence to your feelings and nature in striving for glory. Our only fear is lest wishing to gaze our fill at all the beauties of this one life we should be unable to drink what our palate delights in or to revel with pretty women. . . . Your system of regulation by external things will do temporarily for a single kingdom, but it is not in harmony with the human heart, while our system of regulating by internal things can be extended to the whole universe, and there would be no more princes and ministers. We always desired to propagate this doctrine of ours, and now you would teach us yours." The minister went back to the person who had advised him and reported the interview, and this was their conclusion: "We are living together with real men without knowing it. Who calls us wise?"

No one can deny that Chow and Mu, the happy voluptuaries, were following the ethic of nature as elucidated by Yang-chu. Tuan-mu-shu, of Wei, carries the matter a stage further in extravagance, but it is hard to detect the inconsistency once granting the principle.

He had a patrimony of ten thousand gold pieces. Indifferent to the chances of life he followed his inclinations. What the heart delights in he would do and delight in: with his halls and pavilions,

\* See (1) *Yang-chu's Garden of Pleasure* (Wisdom of the East Series), (2) Dr. Legge's Chinese Classics, and (3) S. B. E. vols. 39 and 40.

\* This address represents generally the Confucian ethic.



verandahs, gardens, parks, ponds, wine and food, carriages, dresses, women, and attendants. . . . Whenever his heart desired something, or his ear wished to hear something, his eye to see, or his mouth to taste, he would procure it at all costs. . . . When Tuan reached the age of sixty his mind and body began to decay, he gave up all his household and treasures. Within a year he had disposed of his fortune . . . and when he died there was not even money to pay for his funeral. (X.)

Here again, the conclusion is a bold one. The Mohist disciple declares: "Tuan was a fool, who brought disgrace on his ancestors," but Yang's decision is: "Tuan was a wise man; his virtue was much superior to that of his ancestors. The common sense people were shocked at his conduct, but it was in accord with the right doctrine. They surely had not a heart like his!"

#### IV. ALTRUISM CONTRARY TO NATURE.

It is now possible to see the direction in which the quietest doctrine of the Taoists is being taken by Yang-chu; but he goes still farther, to the absolute denial of the altruistic motive. He will have none of it at any cost:—

Po-cheng would not part with a hair of his body for the benefit of others. . . .

If the ancients could have rendered service to the world by injuring a single hair, they would not have done it. As nobody would damage even a hair, and nobody would do a favour to the world, the world was in a perfect state. (XII.)

Yang seems to be anxious to nip altruism in the bud. He sees, that if he gives the altruist an inch, he will take an ell. So he explains:—

A hair may be multiplied till it becomes as important as a limb. A single hair is one of the ten thousand portions of the body—why should you make light of it?

Chin-tse replied:—

I cannot answer you. If I could refer your words to Lao-tse or Kwan-Yin, they would say that *you* were right; but if I were to refer my words to the Great Emperor Yü, or to Mo-tse, they would say that *I* was right. (XII.)

We are told that the sage on that famous occasion escaped the dilemma by turning round and entering into conversation upon another subject.\*

#### V. REALITY *versus* REPUTATION.

In passing to the next topic I would recall a phrase already quoted, that is invested with deep significance. The happy voluptuaries are called "real men." The well-known Chinese ideal, so emphasised by Kung-fu-tse, of remembering, revering and worshipping the ancestors both for their own sake and for that of the worshipper, was totally rejected by Yang-chu. Having affirmed annihilation he was bound to make a clean sweep of Heaven and all its myriads of spiritual inhabitants. The words, "fame," "glory," and "reputation," represent to the Confucian all that wealth of good that comes to the departed ancestor at the hands of his descendants. To Yang-chu it is all illusion, worse than nothing. Its true antithesis is "reality," the "one life" now, in all its fulness of sensuous pleasure. Reality *versus* Reputation is therefore a constant and quite intelligible theme with our philosopher. He says:—

The ignorant, while seeking to maintain *fame*, sacrifice *reality*; they will have to learn that nothing

can rescue them from danger and death, and know the difference between ease and comfort and sorrow and grief. (I.)

Anyone acquainted with Chinese history knows that the names of Shun, Yü, Chow-Kung, and Kung-fu-tse stand for men universally respected and revered. The first three are noted for their wise and energetic administration in patriarchal days, while the fourth is that of China's outstanding sage. Hear now what Yang-chu thinks of these great heroes:—

The world agrees in considering Shun, Yü, Chow-kung, and Kung-fu-tse to have been the most admirable of men and in considering Ch'ieh and Chow to have been the most wicked.

Then follows a detailed account of the excessive labours, privations, and sacrifices which these great men undertook for the sake of their countrymen. If they had been Hebrew kings, their historian would have told us, that "they did that which was good in the sight of the Lord." Yang measures them by quite another criterion.

Of Shun: Of all mortals, never was one whose life was so worn out and empoisoned as his. Sorrowfully he came to his death.

Of Yü: Sorrowfully he came to his death. Of all mortals never was one whose life was so saddened and embittered as his.

Of Chow-Kung: Sorrowfully he came to his death. Of all mortals never was one whose life was so full of hazards and terrors as his.

Of Kung-fu-tse: Sorrowfully he came to his death. Of all mortals never was one whose life was so agitated and hurried as his.

Those four sages, during their life, had not a single day's joy. Since their death they have had a reputation that will last through myriads of ages. But that reputation is what no one who cares for what is *real* would choose. Celebrate them—they do not know it, Reward them—they do not know it. (Abridged from XIII.)

The reader will be prepared to hear that the *real* is what the two villains, Ch'ieh and Chow, enjoyed.

Ch'ieh came into the accumulated wealth of many generations; to him belonged the honour of the imperial seat; his wisdom was enough to enable him to set at defiance all below; his power was enough to shake the empire. He indulged the pleasures to which his eyes and ears prompted him; he carried out whatever it came into his thoughts to do. He was gay and merry till death. Of all mortals never was one whose life was so luxurious and dissipated as his. It was the same with Chow; his will was everywhere obeyed; he indulged his feelings in all his palaces; he never made himself bitter by the thought of propriety and righteousness. Brightly he came to his destruction.

These two villains, during their life, had the joy of gratifying their desires. Since their death, they have had the evil reputation of folly and tyranny. Yet the *reality* of enjoyment is what no infamy can take away from them. Reproach them—they do not know it!

To the four sages all admiration is given; yet were their lives bitter to the end, and their common lot was death. To the two villains all condemnation was given; yet their lives were pleasant to the last, and their common lot was likewise death.

(XII.)

If anybody cares for one hour's blame or praise, so much that by torturing his spirit and body he struggles for a name lasting some hundred years after his death, can the halo of glory revive his dried bones, or give him back the joy of living?

(XV.)

\* If those scholars are right who trace Chinese Taoism to an Indian Vedantic source, *i.e.*, to the Upanishads, then the ethic of non-interference with Nature in the hands of the Taoists, as exemplified in this story, corresponds to *ahimsa*, "non-injury" of the Indian ascetics. The philosophical basis appears to be the same; namely, the work of Tao or of Brahmâ must not be interfered with. It is strange to find that with the later Jains and Buddhists *ahimsa* rests upon compassion, but with Yang-chu upon self-interested egoism.

## VI. YANG'S PSYCHOLOGY.

Thus does Yang-chu give the death blow to "reputation" and all that it involves. He appears, too, to refute the Confucian doctrine that all men are "naturally good" and the Mohist belief that "the principle of making distinctions between man and man is wrong." Yang's psychology is based on the fact that men are by nature different and cannot be made alike. He says:—

Wherein people differ is the matter of life; wherein they agree is death. While they are alive, we have the distinctions of intelligence and stupidity, honourableness and meanness; . . . yet intelligence and meanness, stupidity and honourableness are not in one's power; neither is that condition of putridity, decay and utter disappearance—death. A man's life is not in his own hands; nor is his death; his intelligence is not his own, nor his stupidity—all are born to die . . . the virtuous and the sage dies; the ruffian and the fool also die. Alive they were Yao and Shun, Ch'ieh and Chow, dead they were so much rotten bone. While alive therefore let us hasten to make the best of life; what leisure have we to be thinking of anything after death? (IV.)

Yang's system of psychology notes not only the differences inherent in man, regarding them as real, but admits of changes in individual men. "One cannot always be satisfied with these pleasures," he says; "one cannot always be toying with beauty and listening to music" (III.). Quite so; the distractions and business of life, besides one's varying moods, will constantly invade the territory of pleasure and reduce, as Yang estimates it, a life of a hundred years' duration down to no more than ten years of pure pleasure—"but I reckon that not even in them will be found an hour of smiling self-abandonment, without the shadow of solicitude." This dictum seems to take the edge off the rollicking life of the Happy Voluptuaries, Tuan the Joyous, and the two villains, Ch'ieh and Chow. Surely they got more than an hour's smiling self-abandonment!

The relativity of pleasure, a Taoist tenet, is accepted by Yang, and makes possible a life in which some men are enjoying themselves in the manner of Tuan, and others in quite a simple way. By a fortunate provision of Nature there could not be a world full of Chows and Ch'ieh's!

There was once an old farmer of Sung, who never wore anything else than coarse, hempen clothes; even for the winter he had no others. In spring, when cultivating the land, he warmed himself in the sunshine. He did not know there were such things as large mansions and winter apartments, brocade and silk, furs of fox and badger in the world. Turning one day to his wife, he said: "People do not know how pleasant it is to have warm sunshine on the back. I shall communicate this to our prince, and I am sure to get a rich present." (XVIII.)

## VII. REGULATIONS BY INTERNALS.

Readers of Yang-chu must take as much notice of this humble farmer and his way of getting pleasure as of the Happy Voluptuaries. They will perceive that the criterion of value is not an arbitrary one. It lies in the individual psychology. *Whatever gives pleasure*—though not the same pleasure to each person, or pleasure to the same person at all times—*is the key to life*. I believe this is the meaning of a phrase already quoted from Chapter IX. and I shall reconsider it here in company with a passage that is still more explicit. Yang-chu says, that there are four things which do not allow men to rest: long life, reputation, riches, and rank; they induce in their possessors fear of four kinds. The men of this type *regulate their lives by externals*, that is, by the exigencies of wealth, rank and fame; they live by laws

external to their own nature. They are not self-directed. On the other hand there is another kind of man:—

Of this sort of man it may be truthfully said that they live in accordance with their nature. In the whole world they have no equal. *They regulate their life by inward things.* (XVII.)

The old farmer of Sung, who discovered the pleasure of the warm sunshine on his back, and the Happy Voluptuaries, Chow and Mu, though so very different in æsthetic choice, all regulate their lives by inner and present claims, not by traditions, law, conventional morality or Government. Yang-chu calls this "wisdom" and "virtue."

## VIII. ECONOMICS AND GOVERNMENT.

Every philosophy must have some extended implications, however personal and subjective its early operations be, therefore one expects to find Yang-chu relating his doctrines to the social order and to Government. There is not much under this head, but what there is, is important. Yang himself had a garden of three acres and a house at Leang, in the State of Wei. In China everyone seems to have had a house and lands from time immemorial. It is possible, therefore, that Yang may have regarded such material conditions as part of the order of Nature and not have concerned himself with economics. But he was penetrating enough to say: "If men could do without clothes and food there would be no more kings and governments," by which we must understand that he saw the dependence of the hierarchies of civilisation on the necessities dictated by Nature. We must also admit that in the matter of property, as well as other topics, the element of Yang-chu's own personal preferences find their way into, nay, are probably the basis of his philosophy.

Poverty will not do, nor wealth either. But what will I do? I will enjoy life and take my ease, for those who know how to enjoy life are not poor, and he who lives at ease requires no riches.

(VI.)

How can a body possessing four things, a comfortable house, fine clothes, good food and pretty women still long for anything else? He who does so has an insatiable nature, and that is a worm that eats body and mind.

(XIX.)

One does not expect from such an easy-going egoist a treatise on the economic implications of his philosophy. He contends indeed that the body belongs to the universe (as the Taoists did) not to man, and there is a dictum of his which, although it is a mere glimpse, points clearly in the direction of a very loose hold on material things. (The "joyous Tuan," it will be remembered, parted with every ounce of his goods before death.) Yang says:—

He who regards as common property a body appertaining to the universe, and the things of the universe which are essential to maintaining the body, is a perfect man. That is the highest degree of perfection.

(XVI.)

On matters of Government Yang is mildly contemptuous; he expects life according to nature will sweep them away. Chow and Mu told their ministerial brother that if people would regulate their lives by internals there would be no more princes and ministers. Yang-chu said that when nobody would do the smallest injury, and nobody do the greatest good, "the world was in a perfect state." He told the King of Leang that to govern the world was as easy as to turn round the palm of the hand. His system, theoretically, seems to point to anarchism, the absence of central government altogether, and in this he is very closely allied to Lao-tse, who said: "The state should be governed as we cook a small fish."

WILLIAM LOFTUS HARE.

## PAROCHIALISM IN ART.

By RICHARD ALDINGTON.

IT is not my business to indulge in speculative generalisations on the arts, and it is most assuredly not my business to discuss the art of prose—a matter which I know nothing whatever about. In fact, when I come to consider it, I can perceive no reasonable motive for my being allowed to write articles in this paper at all, except for a strong belief in the “tradition of freedom,” in individuality, and a love of poetry and of literature not included in university curricula.

And yet perhaps I may be permitted to utter a few generalisations on a subject which must torment most of the authors of to-day—I refer, of course, to the younger men and not to the established “lights.” Here is the question: Shall we, or shall we not have “parochialism in art”—or to put it in different words: should artists confine themselves entirely to modern life and to the modern world for their detail as well as for the “spirit” of their works? And here we are up against one of the problems of modern art.

Naturally, the sane thing to say is this: that if an artist can interest us in dust-bins and in our back-yards, then his choice of detail is justified; or, if again he can interest us in the Princess Badouar or in Daphnis and Chloe, tant mieux—his method is justified.

That is common sense; but everyone must have noted that the tendency of art to-day is to become more and more exclusively interested in the dust-bin and the back-yard and to drop the Princess Badouar and Daphnis and the rest out of sight altogether. And the few attempts made towards interesting us in Daphnis are singularly dull; and this is regrettable because Daphnis is really and truly quite as interesting as Mr. Potter of Wembley Park. It is useless to argue that we cannot take an interest in someone we have never seen and who we know never existed; because it can immediately be replied that we know Mr. Potter of Wembley Park far too well and that he exists in such swarms that we never want to hear or see him again.

I am myself all against the dust-bin and the back-yard and Mr. Potter and all for Daphnis and the Princess of China and Prester John and Pico della Mirandola. But that is because I am a romantic. And as a romantic it seems to me that the realists, while they criticise us poor devils of romantics almost out of existence, do their own jobs extraordinarily badly.

A few months ago I had the honour of contributing a few poems to an anthology got up by some friends of mine. And it was very interesting to me to notice the things that were said about these poems. I don't refer to the fact that the majority of the so-called critics were so ignorant that they did not know the difference between *vers libre* and blank verse and kindred matters, but to the more interesting fact that a great number of them came to the conclusion that because these poems did not deal in dust-bins and other unpleasing details of daily life that, therefore, the poems were extremely bad. I don't say the poems were good; they probably were bad; but it was odd to find a French review absolutely condemning the whole of my works (and, incidently, nearly all the others in this volume) on the ground that they showed no sense of modern life!

I might bring up a good many arguments against this critic, but I will leave it at that. All I want to establish is the fact of the existence of this wide-spread mania for “modernity” of detail. If one does not deal in the latest type of aeroplane or in the last refinement in factories, then one is outside the pale. “It is not art.”

It is a very excellent thing to be interested in one's own time, and when anything really noteworthy happens I fancy that most of us—romantics or not—take care to be well informed of it. But my complaint is against the artist who insists on modernity of detail; first, because his detail is not interesting *per se* and becomes tedious and out-of-date in about two years; secondly, because I claim the right for every artist to use any subject he

damn well pleases so long as he uses it well; and, thirdly, because I find this kind of person a very bad artist—as a rule. To drag smells of petrol, refrigerators, ocean greyhounds, President Wilson and analine dyes into a work of art will not compensate for lack of talent and of technique.

There is a village on the south coast of England. It is situated on a point of land with the sea running round it, so that it divides itself naturally into three parts: the village proper, with its shops and post office and cinema and thatched cottages and barns and church and rectory and a few large houses grouped round the main road; a fishing village with a few small cottages and little bobbling boats, whose masts swing about into Hokusai patterns, as the boats lie at anchor; and a section of new houses and bungalows with a coastguard station. So much for the environment. Now, during the few weeks I was there I noticed an immense number of interesting details and a number of clearly defined characters. I am not going to sketch these characters, because several of them are my friends, and because I am not writing a novel. But what struck me most was the fact that here was this place with all these different people leading their different lives quietly or tragically or happily, without any particular “story” or violently sensational incident in any one of them—here was material for a work of art which none of these modern artistic gentlemen had noticed. I don't mean to say that no one in England has ever painted a village or written of a village, such as this one; but the fact remains that no one has created a really interesting work of art out of this material in modern England. Of course, in France it has been done quite well—by two Symbolists! I refer to Francis Jammes and Henri de Régnier. M. Jammes in his “Triomphe de la Vie” and M. de Régnier in his “Vacances d'un Jeune Homme sage,” have each presented the world with a work of art derived from similar material.

But neither M. Jammes nor M. de Régnier feel it necessary to describe nothing but the trees, cottages, roads, sign-posts, mairies, pig-stys and châteaux of the villages they know. M. Jammes believes in God, and when he wants to he gravely sets the most serious improbabilities down on paper.

M. de Régnier has been to Paris and has travelled widely in Europe; he has read a great many books and imagined a great many pleasing and tragic circumstances. Therefore, as well as describing what was immediately under his nose, he has set down a number of other intellectual experiences. With the result that the kind of persons I am attacking will not hear the names of these authors mentioned without bursting into indignant reproof.

It is not fair to English artists, I know, to compare their work with the far more excellent productions of our neighbours; but in the last few years France has produced as many narrow-minded artistic creeds as England. They are indeed typical of a certain spirit, which I can only call “Prussian,” against whose influence all who care for the liberty of the arts, for the free development of personality, should strenuously protest. Directly art is measured by anybody's particular little foot-rule it ceases to be of any vital importance and becomes at once “Prussianised.”

Therefore I believe it to be important that we should have a romantic or a classic or a romantic-classic movement, or all three together, in England. We are in danger of seeing art exclusively preoccupied with the dust-bin, the aeroplane and the private soldier. Therefore, *en garde!* my brothers, or we are betrayed.

## TO THE SUPREME BEING IN WAR TIME.

(Adapted from A. CHÉNIER.)

Still you don't fear lest at your feet  
Spinoza's words again may fall:  
“Between ourselves, O Lord, I fear  
You never did exist at all.”

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

## POEMS.

By WILLIAM CARLOS WILLIAMS.

## WOMAN WALKING.

An oblique cloud of purple smoke  
 Across a milky silhouette  
 Of house sides and tiny trees  
 That ends in a saw edge  
 Of mist-covered trees  
 On a sheet of grey sky.  
 To the left, a single tree;  
 To the right, jutting in,  
 A dark crimson corner of roof.  
 God knows I'm tired of it all.  
 And God knows what a blessing it is  
 To see you in the street again,  
 Powerful woman,  
 Coming with swinging haunches,  
 Breasts straight forward,  
 Supple shoulders, full arms  
 And strong, soft hands (I've felt them)  
 Carrying the heavy basket.  
 I might well see you oftener!  
 And for different reason  
 Than the fresh eggs  
 You bring us so regularly.  
 Yes, you, young as I,  
 With boney eye sockets,  
 Kind grey eyes and a kind mouth;  
 You walking out toward me  
 From that dead hillside!  
 I might well see you oftener.

## TRANSITIONAL.

First he said:  
 It is the woman in us  
 That makes us write:  
 Let us acknowledge it,  
 Men would be silent.  
 We are not men.  
 Therefore we can speak  
 And be conscious  
 (O' the two sides)  
 Unbent by the sensual,  
 As fits accuracy.

I then said:  
 Dare you make this  
 Your propaganda?

And he answered:  
 Am I not I—here?

## INVITATION.

We live in this flat blue basin,  
 We and the meadow things, my townspeople,  
 And there beyond where the snow lies  
 In ochred patches float the smoke-grey towers.  
 Has it never struck you as curious  
 That we do not all leave this place?  
 Surely we are blest  
 With a noteworthy wisdom, my townspeople!  
 Let us be conscious and talk of these things.

## AUX IMAGISTES.

I think I have never been so exalted  
 As I am now by you,  
 O frost bitten blossoms,  
 That are unfolding your wings  
 From out the envious black branches.

Bloom quickly and make much of the sunshine.  
 The twigs conspire against you!  
 Hear them!  
 They hold you from behind!

You shall not take wing  
 Except wing by wing, brokenly,  
 And yet—  
 Even they  
 Shall not endure for ever.

## PEACE.

I grant you: peace is desirable. War being, in a figure,  
 its antithesis is wholly detestable to the lover of peace.

But there are lovers and lovers.

It is stupid to advocate peace in order to have me work  
 in a factory or a field or a mine or a quarry or a forest  
 or on the sea or at a desk or on the ice or at the sea's  
 bottom—unless I please to do these things.

To substitute for me a lesser war for another greater  
 is the hollowest mockery—to substitute war with fire by  
 war with mud is vilest deception. Either I must have  
 war or none.

Peace is noble only when it sends me out a tramp—  
 my peace made with the world—a lily of the field if you  
 will.

But who is there that advocates peace? I have seen  
 no true apostles. I have read of few. And it is notable  
 that these do not form societies—Tolstoi to the contrary.

Peace requires genius to be preached. It is a rare  
 high thing—it is not subsidised—it also has its courage.

## REVIEWS.

A revolt against the present vile form of civilisation  
 is, no doubt, the origin of Mr. Arthur Thorn's study  
 of "Richard Jefferies and Civilisation" (Stockwell, 6d.).  
 Mr. Thorn seeks to re-estimate Jefferies' values, and  
 in doing so places the pantheist too high. Jefferies did  
 not touch Cosmic Consciousness, but is lower, as the  
 following passage from one of the many extracts from  
 his writings, which Mr. Thorn has selected with judg-  
 ment, will show:—"There lives on in me an unquench-  
 able belief, thought burning like the sun, that there is  
*yet something to be found.*" My italics. This places  
 Jefferies between objective consciousness and full  
 consciousness of the Soul-world. It shows that he had  
 not dispossessed himself of the earth, and exhibits the  
 consequent doubt and conflict of which his writings are  
 full. The book is written with enthusiasm and not by  
 the foot-rule, and is of no use to persons who dance  
 round the baser, or war, side of life. Is its mongrel-  
 yellow cover Mr. Stockwell's contribution?

\* \* \* \*

The "Sociological Review" contains two very im-  
 portant papers bearing on the present crisis. Mr. V.  
 V. Branford deals with "The Mobilisation of National  
 Credit." He uses the recent organisation of credit by  
 the Bank of England as a plea for an extension of the  
 organisation of credit to "the confines of the economic  
 circle." And he tells us that "one of the staying  
 factors of Germany is the present crisis in the organisa-  
 tion of credit for small people." I wonder whether  
 Mr. Branford is aware that some, at least, of the small  
 credit organisations tend to degenerate into commercial  
 enterprises. There is, for example, that Urban Co-  
 partnership Tenants' Society, the Hampstead Garden  
 Suburb. A second and very long chapter of "The  
 Material Culture and Social Institutions of the Simpler  
 Peoples," by Professor Hobhouse, G. C. Wheeler, and  
 M. Ginsberg, discusses the questions of Government  
 and Justice. It seems that even the most primitive  
 peoples have notions of Government and Justice. They  
 have a definite sense of right and wrong, and do not  
 live solely to slit each other's throats as civilised  
 peoples appear to do.

HUNTLY CARTER.

## FIGHTING PARIS.

NOVEMBER 6.—M. O. writes from a hospital in a provincial town where she is Red Cross nurse: "I am so taken up that in the evening I am too tired to write. Here each nurse has ten wounded to look after, which means twenty dressings a day."—How the war affects a single family of the working class: One son at the front (news scarce); the other, having been wounded, has contracted typhoid fever and pneumonia since he reached the hospital (news bad); the first son is married; the wife's brother is in the same regiment with him; his wife is about to have a baby.

NOVEMBER 8.—Charles Dumas, a poet who was awarded the Prix Sully Prudhomme has been killed in action. He published his last volume in 1906. A critic, M. Charles Perrot, has described his work as characterised by "musical tendencies and metaphysical anguish." Some poems by Charles Dumas, as well as quotations from his two books: "L'Eau Souterraine" and "L'Ombre et les Proies" were published in "Le Double Bouquet" for June.

I have long come to the conclusion that the French are the most undemocratic people in the world. Whereas the "Times" publishes complete lists of killed, wounded, missing, prisoners in all the ranks, the French papers only give the names of deceased officers and such personalities as have been more or less in the public eye. Complete and official lists are not given at all, such as are published being furnished by relatives. All individual recognition is, moreover, as far as possible discouraged, the numbers of regiments when referred to in narratives of events at the Front are left blank, and every communication steeped in a monochrome mist, which M. Maurice Barrès calls "an abuse of khaki." Not the slightest attempt is made to "humour" the people, and individual sacrifice receives the minimum of publicity. There is no country in which national service is undertaken for more disinterested and ideal motives, and the Frenchman who fights for his country does so truly for his country only.

I hear from Swiss friends that Berlin remains unaffected by the war: operas, theatres, concerts, are open, and the cafés do not close till three in the morning. This persevering attempt at frivolity is an ominous sign (and frivolity does not sit well on the Germans). On the night of Sedan there was dancing at Mabilles. They should remember this. A people like the Germans laughing when they should be weeping, gay or indifferent when they should be serious is a somewhat offensive anomaly. The people—like the persons—who do not naturally assume the attitude becoming the situation are badly armed. If this levity is, to a certain extent, the consequence of a régime of false news, there is no doubt that our's must be tolerably well seasoned with fiction. Meanwhile our gravity has no reason to relax in spite of the daily improvements in the bulletins from the Front for, as these progress, so the roll of honour lengthens. Not a day but brings its letter announcing new victims. One of our friends who had enlisted at the beginning of the war had been reported officially as missing after having taken part in the action at Charleroi and South of Reims where his regiment was almost annihilated. For 58 days his mother was without any kind of news. A few days ago a scrap of paper reached his home on which was written in pencil that he had been taken prisoner with what remained of his regiment.

NOVEMBER 9.—A post-card is sold showing the boxer, Carpentier, in soldier's uniform, accompanied by a dog he calls "Kronprinz." "But why give him this name?" asks a French paper, "it's a very nice dog." The concierge at H. S. C.'s studio was telling us to-day that she claims a round hundred relatives in the ranks, thirty of whom are blood relations.

NOVEMBER 10.—Two letters have reached us from Mr. L. near Reims. I will quote from the first, dated October 28th, as it is full of interest: "My good friends—Your letter gave us much pleasure, and is a comfort after all we have gone through, alas! How many things I

shall have to tell you when we meet again, as you will, moreover, see by my diary of the war which I keep day by day, hour by hour. Happy is he who has not passed under the invader's boot. We have suffered keenly here. The first invaders arrived 10,000 at a time in a village of 600 inhabitants, and they were a rough lot, the 12th Saxon corps, who had been in retreat since Montmirail. From forty to fifty inhabitants including ourselves had stayed, and it was well, for the empty houses were looted and sacked. We have not too much to complain of. We have been robbed without being able to say a word, otherwise they would have made it hard for us. I was like a lion in a cage running to and fro. Our health has of course suffered. C. is very much changed and I am in bed. . . . I have had to send for an army surgeon. . . . Here we are out in everything. We haven't tasted milk, eggs, or butter for over forty days. Nor have we meat. We make soup with salted water which is not strengthening. We have, fortunately, potatoes. They cost 15c. the lb. What will it be in winter? We cannot go to Reims for provisions, and are not allowed out at all after 7 p.m., while all lights must be extinguished at 8. The vandals are not as far as you imagine, for last Monday they were again sending shells into one of the suburbs of Reims. And we still hear guns, though at a long distance. We shan't be in peace till they are 30 or 35 kilometres further off. Now and again we see Prussian aeroplanes and they are fired at, but without being touched, for they fly too high. After the war I shall have a museum of tokens, though a pointed helmet is lacking in my collection. But I shall find one easily. In the neighbourhood of Reims there are villages which are entirely destroyed. At Béthény not a house and not even the church are left standing. I haven't been into Reims yet, but shall do so as here you can't even get a sheet of note-paper." A second letter posted later says: "We are beginning to have a little more comfort. Yesterday we ate some horse-meat, the best cut; and we now have some milk, but both milk and bread have gone up in price, so have potatoes, and butter costs 2fr. 50c. the lb." The last time I saw the old man it was about the twenty-fifth day of the war, and as we shook hands at the garden gate, anxious as he was to be home, after having been blocked in Paris for nearly a month—I remember the glorious summer's day it was—he said: "You think we'll have them, don't you?" and though I said, "Of course," with more or less conviction, it never occurred to me the poor old man would see his second Franco-German war at such close quarters, and that his own house would be occupied by German soldiers.

NOVEMBER 12.—A lady who has been nursing English, French, Germans, and Arabs, at a hospital where the patients are all bad cases has come to the following conclusions with regard to the power of endurance of the different nationalities: she found the Arabs, without one exception, superhumanly courageous. It is impossible to induce them to admit to pain even when it would be to their advantage to do so to facilitate diagnosis and treatment. They die heroically, in silence and alone, never asking for anyone or anything. The French are nervous, a little irritable, and always ready to turn a groan into a joke. They are brave to the point of bravado, and die, saying, as it were, "Oh! damn." The English, without one exception, shake hands with their nurse and say good-bye. The Germans are not poltroons—courage is humanity's leading quality—but they are the most easily overcome, perhaps the most attentive to their pains. The Arabs remain disconcerting in their stoicism.

NOVEMBER 13.—We learn to-day of the death, on August 22nd, on a Belgium battlefield, of Ernest Psichiari, author of "L'Appel aux Armes," and grandson of Renan. In his book "the son sides with his fathers against his father," that is to say, rejects the philosophical doctrines of his immediate predecessors to re-assume those of his more distant ancestors. Like Charles Péguy, who was his friend, Ernest Psichiari was representative of that mystical and nationalist renaissance to be observed in the greater part of the younger French generation in

opposition to the positivism and scepticism which characterised the thought of their immediate fore-runners. To their enthusiasm is due the wave of energy, patriotism and solidarity which has swept over a country rashly condemned by Renan in these words: "Young man, France is dying—do not disturb its agony." Perhaps this very death-knell has stirred them to action.

There are moments when the war appears to me like a grim buffoonery, notably that part in it taken by the Germans. Those *Taubes* which have been flying above us showering forth mild little bombs seem the exploits of clowns out for a practical joke. The failure of the German scheme recalls the fooling of circus comics always just missing their aim. And the whole upset of life at present has an aspect of absurdity as well as of grandeur and tragedy.

Gradually, however, though very slowly, the war is being relegated to an appropriate place and normal life will perhaps resume its former course. Reviews (of which the "Deux Mondes" was the only one whose publication had not been suspended), and magazines put out their heads one by one, and where the war has suppressed certain enterprises it has given rise to others.

NOVEMBER 14.—The "Journal," a paper we had not bought for a long time, contains a description of her experiences as Red Cross nurse in the old Norman town of Honfleur by that magnificent writer and magnificent woman, Mme. Lucie Delarue-Mardrus.

NOVEMBER 16.—Having been invited by one of those huge and dismal black-rimmed announcements, wherein the relatives of the deceased are all enumerated, customary in France, we attended our first funeral of a soldier who had died "from wounds received at the hands of the enemy."

M. Paul Bourget is giving to the "Echo de Paris" a series of articles he calls "The War's Lessons," wherein he reveals a depth of thought the novels for which he is famous fail to reflect and which would justify the special regard M. Maurice Barrès has always expressed for the author of "Le Disciple," a book whose promise was not fulfilled. An article on "Right and Might" and a portrait study of the Kaiser are written with a degree of insight, temperance of language and earnestness, which the present circumstances have entirely supplanted by partial and passionate criticism in most of his contemporaries. It is strange that of the two, Maurice Barrès, the most inaccessible of novelists, and Paul Bourget, the most accessible, Maurice Barrès, the lofty, must yield the palm to Paul Bourget, the popular, in practical judgment and psychological criticism. Without question M. Paul Bourget is better than his works. His portrait of the Kaiser—an unpretentious sincere attempt to give unity to the dispersed samples which reach us through report and the impressions gathered by his conduct hitherto—suggests the faith that may be placed in reputation. On the face of it, reputation should be miles away from the truth; it ought to give us an absolutely unfocussed and disfigured interpretation. The fact is, I believe, we approach nearer to reality through reputation than is possible at close quarters. The reputation of a man is the man synthetical. All that is dominant and essential in him filters through to us; the superfluous, unimportant residue, *i.e.*, that part of him which is accidental and temporary, remains on the way. Far from being out of perspective he is in perspective. If we see him at all we see him in his proper relation, if not to the world, to our world, which is all the world as far as we are concerned. Were we to meet the Kaiser we should, I quite imagine, be struck by the extraordinary resemblance between the reputation and the reality. It does not follow that his familiars recognise him in his reputation. But their view is, precisely, out of perspective.

Authors on the "roll of honour": Alain-Fournier, a young writer who was a contributor to "La Nouvelle Revue Française" and to "Paris Journal."

NOVEMBER 17.—M. René Barzin, of the Académie, one of whose books has been translated and published in England, describes the effects of the war on peasant life once or twice a week in the "Echo de Paris." He

told a story of a woman who worked away at her farm in the Vendée after her husband had left as though nothing had happened. One day news was brought to the village of his death. The neighbours thought it would be inconsiderate to break the news suddenly to her. How could it be done? Meanwhile they showered little benefits on her. So gradually the woman grew apprehensive, not only because there was no letter, but because the villagers were becoming too attentive: they were pressing assistance on her, they were too sympathetic. Clearly, they were placing themselves between herself and the blow. And so she learnt the news without anyone telling her. . . . They "killed her with kindness."

Authors in the ranks: Jules Romains, the *unanimiste* (not fighting).

NOVEMBER 18.—Charles Perrot, whom I quoted a few days ago on Charles Dumas, has also been killed by a bullet in the forehead received at Arras on October 23rd, when leading his men—for he was a subaltern—to an attack. He had published a volume of poems entitled "La Plainte Intérieure," which had obtained an award, and was editor of a choice little review called "Le Double Bouquet." The name of Emile Nolly must also be added to the lengthening list of writers who have been claimed by this war. Wounded in the battles of Lorraine, he died in hospital at the beginning of September. The unenrolled "auxiliaries," and the exempt are all being called out now, while those who were occupying posts outside the danger zone are being sent to the front. Even the chestnut roasters have been mobilised and their wives take their place before their little braziers at the street corners.

NOVEMBER 20.—A fighting friend (whose name is familiar to readers of THE EGOIST) writes: "Do not be anxious for me: for a normal being to be under fire is, after the first five minutes, the most natural thing in the world and not more dangerous than any other position." He also adds: "All is well here; very well ("here" means the most northern point of the battle). I am still convinced the war will be soon over."

MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA.

(To be continued.)

## SONG: IN WAR-TIME.

At the sound of the drum,  
Out of their dens they come, they come,  
The little poets we hoped were dumb,  
The little poets we thought were dead,  
The poets who certainly haven't been read  
Since Heaven knows when, they come, they come  
At the sound of the drum, of the drum, drum, drum.

At the sound of the drum,  
O Tommy, they've *all* begun to strum,  
With a horrible tumty, tumty tum;  
And it's all about you, and the songs they sing  
Are worse than the bullets' villainous "ping,"  
And they give you a pain in your tumty-tum,  
At the sound of the drum, of the drum, drum, drum.

At the sound of the drum,  
O Tommy, you know, if we haven't all come  
To stand by your side in the hideous hum,  
It isn't the horrors of war we fear,  
The horrors of war, we've got 'em here,  
When the poets come on like waves, and *come*  
At the sound of the drum, of the drum, drum, drum.

HERBERT BLENHEIM.

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## CORRESPONDENCE.

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

\* \* \*

## HONOUR AND FREEDOM.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

In the two leading articles in the issue of November 16th, Miss Marsden deals in a most interesting and instructive way with both of the abstractions, Honour and Freedom.

Possibly, however, her analysis might with advantage be pushed further back and made even more fundamental and elementary from a biological point of view.

This would in no way lessen the applicability of the discussion of these categories of conduct to the position of egoism and individualism.

Man is a very dominant animal—probably the most dominant of all.

This is very largely due to his reason, sagacity, or cunning.

His forethought, sympathy, and self-control enable him to co-operate with his fellows to great economic advantage and enormously to increase the wealth of the species by winning vast stores of valuables from the environment. He is neither omniscient nor infallible, but remains ignorant of very many useful and interesting facts, and his judgment is often suddenly at fault in interpreting the significance of what he does know.

Hence, as is proved by the contradictory positions arrived at even by the greatest minds, it must be admitted that the human mind is not at all a perfect instrument for the ascertainment of truth.

But it will probably be universally admitted by most that the growth of greater well-being of the species has from a very early stage been enormously helped by division of labour and exchange of services.

These vitally important social arrangements might conceivably depend upon one or other of two very different social functions roughly indicated by the words, generosity and commerce, or by an indefinite combination of both of these somewhat vague and illusive modes of interchange.

In the vast association of all life, vegetable and animal, it may be said there is nothing to be observed of any rights of freedom, but that fame, honour, and vanity are early noticeable.

Commerce is almost inconceivable and impossible without a more or less definite and expensive establishment of the custom of proprietorship and the elaboration of systems or habits of justice and freedom. This social freedom improves the more it is recognised that it should have no restrictions beyond a mutual recognition of a claim to toleration, and from this are elaborated (greatly through sympathy) the ideas of right and rights.

Honour and fame belong to other manifestations of sympathy. When the faculty of feeling for others which is so indispensable as a foundation for justice, is widely distributed, it functions also in other directions.

Both of these attributes are stimulated by social freedom.

Liberty is by some eminent thinkers like the late Wordsworth Donisthorpe held to be incapable of positive definition and only expressible as absence of restraint, but Miss Marsden's conception of freedom as power is after all sounder and more useful. Honour and Freedom may be said to be human inventions both of which are beneficial to the race.

Leeds.

GREEVZ FYSHER.

## ANARCHIST OR EMBARGOIST?

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

Miss Marsden is, of course, at liberty to invent terms to serve her purposes. No one disputes her the privilege of wresting established verbal symbols from their accustomed usage. Nevertheless it would be more in consonance with intelligibility if Miss Marsden were to afford us a substitute for the words she incontinently wrenches from us. We need terms to accentuate the distinction that exists between persons of two modes of thought: first, those who believe that no "enterprise of pith and moment" can be undertaken except under the stimulus of political compulsion; second, those who are convinced that free men will voluntarily associate. We may be all wrong in having assigned, for nearly a century, the term Archist to the first of these, and Anarchist to the second. Now that Miss Marsden has committed her rape upon the language we must beg of her to help us to new terms that will maintain the distinction noted.

To identify Egoist with Archist is like making "meddler" serve as an equally valid synonym; for those who have been using the tabooed terms before the Marsden interdict, "meddlesomeness" and "embargoism" are distinctively stigmata of Rulership, or Archism. Voluntarists do not meddle and do not impose embargo. They are Anarchists. Those who prescribe embargos and mandates are supporters of the theory that mankind requires the protection of Rulers—clearly Archists.

Not that terms matter, but distinctions such as the one indicated are not to be blown lightly aside.

Minneapolis, U.S.A.

HERMAN KUEHN.

[Miss Marsden writes: "Doubtless there is more to be said on the revaluation of old labels than THE EGOIST has hitherto been able to say; but all that will follow in due time. Meanwhile, I would ask your correspondent, Mr. Kuehn, what he supposes a voluntary action—of association or any other—may be, if it is not 'archistic.'"]

## A CORRECTION.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

Among the many printer's errors which spoiled the prose rhythm of my last article, there was one which so seriously altered the sense that I must ask you to print this correction. Miss Lowell's technique is "Gallic," not "Celtic." Whatever else I might have to say against Miss Lowell's poetry, I should never dream of insulting anyone who had studied poetic form by writing that her technique was "Celtic."

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

## CONCERNING ACQUIRED CHARACTERS.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

May I ask for further space in order to put a question arising out of Mr. Huntly Carter's reply to my letter. If acquired characters are not inheritable man is reduced to a potentiality. This potentiality must be as old as eternity. Does this mean that man has made no progress?

FLORENCE M. BRADFORD.

## ANOTHER RAID ON GERMAN TRADE.

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,

It happens as how a gent left two doccyments in my bus the other day, and as they sorter concern you I thort Id tell you about em. In one of em, a cattylog of picshures by Captain Craig (praps it aint the Captain), howsumever, I red that now we're making such a fuss about capshuring forun trade it might be useful to capshure a bit of our own. I thort this was alright. England for the English is my motter. But I seed later in your paper, the Eggerist, as how the gent wot wrote this (I think his name was Cornnos, and John), had signed his name to a announcement and was on the ennermy's side sotospik. The announcement was called "Preliminary Announcement of the College of Arts." Praps you saw it. I aint got no doubt but wot it was a great announcement. Only I aint bin able to find anybody wot could tell me wot it was about and as I coudent make it out myself conserkently I aint able to say if it was great or not. But I seed as how it was signed by a lot of furriners and had sumthing to do with culshure and the British Mooseum (the same where the mummies come from). So I says to myself, "Hello, its annuther little dodge to capshure German trade." I arst my driver wot he thort about it. He only said, "Blimey." Bob's a careful man. Well, dear madam, Ive got to do my larst jurney. So I must sign myself yours respectfull

ALF ARPUR.

## EDITORIAL.

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

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