GOODWILL TOWARDS MEN.

By Dora Marsden.

It seems almost heartless to make Christmas the excuse for a dissection of the nature of Goodwill. All of us, in the main, will be satisfied to allow that Christmas goodwill is comprehensively covered by tips to the dust-man and the butcher’s boy, the giving of small oddments to all those from whom one is in danger of receiving such, or as acknowledgment of unrequited favours previously shown. However time is too far spent to allow compunction to have effect, or to allow the editor to interfere. So let goodwill again go under the microscope: the “good” section first.

There is really nothing very baffling in the significance of the “good” in spite of the fact that the nature of Goodness has become wrapped round in mystery, and has been the subject of seemingly endless disputes. It is odd therefore that Nietzsche, a psychologist by genius but philologist by profession, should have been at pains to apply his philology only in relation to the word “good” while failing to apply it in the score and one cases where philological enquiry would have saved his philosophy from a quagmire of confusion and contradiction. For the word “good” and its equivalents belong to what may usefully be called a primary ejaculatory class of words as distinguished from a secondary class, which would come under the heading of inferential. The characteristic of the primary class, and that which makes it the simplest to designate, and which makes philological enquiry in regard to their genesis unnecessary, though interesting, is that the frame of mind of which they are the spontaneous expression, is always in close temporal connection with the words which express it. They carry their origins with them: the water can be drawn at the spring. It is quite otherwise with the inferential class of words which represent a species of verdict passed as the deferred results of a long claim of inferences and judgments. Compare, for instance, the two types as exemplified in “good” and “moral” respectively.

The ejaculation “good” as an involuntary comment on a labour or an event, offers a concrete tally, for the observant eye, in the state of feeling which has given rise to it and accompanies it. There is no need to seek the nature of the thing in the derivation of the word, because the thing itself is there to be examined and weighed up. Thus the actual form of the expression loses, under such circumstances, much of its importance. A slap on the leg or a triumphant whistle would express the thing—the condition of mind—just as well as, if more vulgarly than, the term “good” itself. All three, however, are at one in expressing the thing: they all mean “satisfactory,” which is the meaning of “good” and its equivalents in their primary sense, for all times and for all peoples. It means “This thing has gone well: gone as I wished it: it is satisfactory: satisfactory to me: satisfactory from my point of view,” a meaning which adapts itself to such universal uses as completely to set aside Nietzsche’s plea that “good” originated as a descriptive label of the “noble.” “Good” originated in the condition of the mind of any individual of any rank, when that individual was pleased with a result—no matter how momentarily—or a turn of affairs—his or others—which suited his own personal desires.

It is quite a different affair with the word “moral,” which is inferential and anything but ejaculatory. No truthful observer could conceive himself spontaneously ejaculating the comment “Moral.”
something... which is called "the Good"—a something pre- eminent among all other "goods," and whose satisfaction is claimed to take precedence before all others in the eyes of these other's detriment. The origin of the "Supreme Good" must be regarded as a quest for the trial of strength of individual powers to obtain individual satisfactions.

It was the genesis of this "Supreme Good" which Nietzsche confused with the mere "good" and for which he sought the clue in phallography. Actually this clue must be looked for in a perversion of the "Supreme Good." As the "Supreme Good" comes simply to be called, means in a sentient world only one thing (and in a non-sentient world there can be no good at all, since there being no needs to satisfy, satisfaction of them is impossible, i.e., "good" is meaningless): that one sentient unit comes to assume the acceptance of "the Good": the "Supreme Good" simply means the possession of a Supreme Power: power being that which can effect the ends desired. The Most-Powerful having come to be recognised as "The Good," becomes naturally the "Authority": that highest spiritual and physical power by which any one sentient unit comes to be power to do as he pleases. Thus it is not so much that God is Good as that "The Good" is God: the essential character common in both being—Great Power.

It is the trick of conceptual speech which enables the "Good" to be depersonalised: that is, makes it appear to be detached from the individual on account of whose power it originally took its name. When it is personified again it appears as the "God," under which form its original character, i.e., the satisfaction of the strongest, is preserved. If we are not good for me becomes a "God" for me: how by calling a great alien "good" the "Supreme Good," hocus-pocus succeeds in hoodwinking those whose "good" is ignored or over-ridden by this Supreme One, is interesting matter for psychology. The element which goes farthest to explain it is un- doubtedly the impressiveness of the workings of a great power itself.

Evidence of the possession of great power calls forth the involuntary admiration of those who possess it from those who do not. As witnesses there is born a recognition of their own inferiority at sight of it. Even if the spectacle of great power itself does not make this inferiority obvious, its natural effects in the normal course of things which to a duty: the experience is easy to make the feeble believe that the more powerful have not merely the power to rule them, but have something which they conceive to be very different—a right to. Accordingly, from being well able to satisfy themselves, the "Great" are enabled to persuade others that it is their "good" to be well satisfied: to concede that they not merely have to serve them, but that they ought to: that they should submit to a Duty as distinguished from and on-and-above Necessity. As far as the less powerful are concerned the recognising of this Duty lends a satisfaction of "good conduct" of the primary sort by a species of "good conduct" of a secondary type: conduct which is assessed according as it satisfies not so much the actor as the adviser and admonisher: the Authority. Authority, that is the Power- ful in their relation to the feebler, has now obtained an additional support of their original claim to command authoritatively—by weight of the Arm of Compulsion. Much no longer render its account to Honour which otherwise would have had to square itself with the "malled fist." Public Opinion—the instrument of Honour—is thus brought into the service of the "God"; the assumption that interests exist which it is more imperative should be served than one's own.

It is scarcely possible to dwell too long on this vastly successful trick worked by according to "The Good" an absolute significance. The acceptance of the latter leaves the simple completely at the mercy of Authority and still as well as if it fails to be recognised that the "good" is an ellipsis of which it is the most pertinent feature which is left unspoken, so long will Reason be able to argue the "rightful" sub- version of lesser men's "goods" to the requirements of the more powerful. Reason is merely a calculation: the "good" is a mere delusion, a mere pretence, a content of the assumptions it is permitted to take as granted. As far as the case of "The Good" is concerned, the assumption is that the satisfaction of the powerful is a more important concern for the less powerful than their own. Let it be reiterated what the "Good" once achieved was given the "mighty" powerful. Naturally the more absolute becomes the power the more absolutely it becomes the "Good," resulting in fact directly in the "God." The arrogation of Godship by the great emperors of antiquity is quite in keeping with the logic of the situation: in spite of its strong effect on their personal satisfaction, the "good" in them and the "Good" are discreet variants of the one thing: power recognised as Authority, whose satisfactions it is "The People's" Duty to subserv. The Gods under the pseudonym of the Authorities forcibly compel the feeble whose imaginations have been stirred by the auditory sense of the almost unfathomable deeps of Opinion's waters, under their other pseudonym of the "Good" they seduce the hearts of these "subjected" and take the heart out of rebellion. The age-long seduction of The People is Honour.

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Honour—Repute is the first defence of Rulers. It would be a pity to let a mistaken estimate of snobbery interfere with the accurate assessment of the weight of Society's opinion (Society with a capital S that is). Great Power is undoubtedly the impressiveness of the workings of a great power itself. It is the trick of conceptual speech which enables the "Good" to be depersonalised: that is, makes it appear to be detached from the individual on account of whose power it originally took its name. When it is personified again it appears as the "God," under which form its original character, i.e., the satisfaction of the strongest, is preserved. If we are not good for me becomes a "God" for me: how by calling a great alien "good" the "Supreme Good," hocus-pocus succeeds in hoodwinking those whose "good" is ignored or over-ridden by this Supreme One, is interesting matter for psychology. The element which goes farthest to explain it is undoubtedly the impressiveness of the workings of a great power itself.

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Honour and Dishonour are alike the instruments of Public Opinion, with its “well done” and its “ill-done,” guards both: and the Ruling Classes are the founts of all these forms of opinion: honour, dishonour, and all the shades which fall between.

Such conduct as The Order and the Maintenance of Power they label as “good”: such being “good” for them. For the subjected, the word-added, it is “good” for “The Good”: a Duty therefore. The Persuasive-Arm has done its work: with superlative skill, craft and guile the professional classes have done the business and sunk the well of Opinion very deep: so deep that they have deluded “The People,” not excluding themselves, by excluding themselves, as to its sources and resources.

The enormously wide growth of modern democracy is, in fact, the most flattering testimony which could unconsciously be paid to the egoistic ability of these professional classes. It exhibits such an unambiguous earnestness on the part of the deluded. They even relish and hint that the way to trusting too much to the high polish induced upon Society’s boss-words. They would prefer to remove every trace which could suggest aught other than such were brought down by an Archangel on a flaming plate from Heaven!

The imagination which the big spectacle exercises over us all to the point that we acquiesce in calling the very great power of someone else the “highest good” of ourselves has proved a fatal seduction for philosophers themselves. Even those philosophers who have insisted upon the useful have been content to ignore the obvious ellipsis: the fact that the useful is equally with the “good” meaningless until it is attached, particularised, and so limited. Good for what? Useful for what? In order to be able to fill in the blank the satisfaction of their taste for the “big,” they have handed the “useful” itself over to the region of the Absolute, there to keep company with the similarly earth-banished “good.” The “good” becomes the “useful” to the end that it furnishes “the greatest happiness of the greatest number,” and these utilitarians are forthwith driven to create a new big God to square the big new scheme, and conduct becomes “good,” which serves this new “Big God” which they now call Humanity. Conduct is “good” which is “good” for Humanity. Thus derailed do the psychological labours of the utilitarians go, which, had they been spared from this devastating fancy of “bigness,” might have penetrated far, and the “good” which by definition as the “useful” was well in the way of being brought from Heaven back to Earth, escapes again into the thin air of the mere verbal: the conceptual.

The despising of the limited and the particularised, the fatuous worship of “unlimited bigness” which, being translated, is the Absolute, is the passion amongst the philosophers: few ever pass beyond it. However, since an unparticularised “good” is inconceivable and boggles the imagination, the mind inevitably snatches at the likeliest prop which presents itself. The “good” must be “good” for something, and this something, being unnamed, the gap is filled in to suit a childish imagination the “Good” and the “God” which rest comfortably with its riddle solved. Conduct must be “good” for the greatest: thus do the greatest and the good become inextricably intertwined. As conversely with the meanest, are intertwined “the bad,” the “ill” and the “evil.” These terms, used in an accurate, particularised relation not only the genuine useful meaning of “satisfactory,” but also the faked conceptual “Absolute” of “The Good”: the two functions have been more or less differentiated as “bad,” meaning “unsatisfactory”; and “Evil,” conceived as an Absolute with meaning expressing the antithesis to “The Good.” Even so the terms “bad,” “ill” and “evil” interchange with each other and overlap: they have no fundamental differences.

It is strange that out of the long succession of Words-lovers—Philosophers that is—practically all of them have loved words for their powers as instruments of pretension. For the Persuasive-Arm the ideal of Philosophy to wield the big-sounding phrase and play the “magician before the populace. Philosophers have sought to be “constructive”: unconsciously to be contrivers of snares for the simple. And still they came, these Word-lovers—whose love is one half reserve: Transvaluers of the Values who contrive to “Egoist” the obvious import of “values” as they already exist. It is nothing so highfalutin as the Transvaluation of Values of which philosophy stands in need, but such an apprehension of the character of motives as would lead to assessment of specific and existing values. Every additional high-sounding phrase is a thicker screen between men and men’s knowledge of men. As long as the half-hypnotism of words holds dominion, Instinct—the feel towards increased life—must go covered, shamefaced, confused and tongue-tied; in comparison to Reason—dumb; Reason a mere calculation which, having been granted in “The Good” an insupportable assumption, has galloped off in easy triumph with all the well-sounding words. The deliverance of instincts from shame must wait for a race (a handful will serve) of philosophers who can love words all in all—love them well enough to be able to bear up against and revel in the complete revelation of their whole nature.

When men understand the overwhelming significance of the fact that “In the beginning—of civilisation—was The Word,” and that the Good introduces itself as the figure of “The Great,” and the God is nothing so highfalutin as the Transvaluation of Values of which philosophy stands in need, but such an apprehension of the character of motives as would lead to assessment of specific and existing values, they have handed the “useful” itself over to the region of the Absolute, there to keep company with the similarly earth-banished “good.” The “good” becomes the “useful” to the end that it furnishes “the greatest happiness of the greatest number,” and these utilitarians are forthwith driven to create a new big God to square the big new scheme, and conduct becomes “good,” which serves this new “Big God” which they now call Humanity. Conduct is “good” which is “good” for Humanity. Thus derailed do the psychological labours of the utilitarians go, which, had they been spared from this devastating fancy of “bigness,” might have penetrated far, and the “good” which by definition as the “useful” was well in the way of being brought from Heaven back to Earth, escapes again into the thin air of the mere verbal: the conceptual.

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anticipate the fleecing process involved in loving men more than themselves.

It is curious, however, how reluctant men have been to give whole-hearted praise to that order of well-doer, in spite of the obvious advantages in the existence of a species of being who is prepared to regard other’s needs as his very own. The explanation probably is that which men most desire cannot be satisfied at second-hand. Love, power, friends, can be satisfyingly won only by the efforts of the desirers themselves. The activity of well-doers is thus limited to a bestowing of tenth-rate satisfactions: obligations in respect of “goods” which are too trifling in value to be worth it. One must be beneath a certain status in order to know oneself the object of “goodwill” without taking offence thereat. One feels its proper sphere is on the “poor.” Moreover, common sense is alive to the fact that one who finds his highest vocation in “doing good” cannot have any very strong interests of his own; the interests of others have become his makeshift. The slumbering fraternity is made up of those who have more time than interests: nothing in the “useful” works that he performs. The inevitable sequel. And this truth holds good: love and “doing good” cannot have any very strong interests in the fact that one who finds his highest vocation in those who have more time than interests: nothing in the “useful” works that he performs. The inevitable sequel. And this truth holds good: love and “doing good” cannot have any very strong interests in the fact that it is a transitory exception. And this truth holds good: love and “doing good” cannot have any very strong interests in the fact that it is a transitory exception.

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his own bent, is the person who commands respect and even affection rather than the one who “gives his life for others.”

Hence, Christmas goodwill which, being left to a voluntary and individual interpretation is inspired by a common-basis out of which, in the main comes down to a tipping of the tradesmen. Perhaps a little effort to oblitera some of such misery as lies too near us and is too obvious for our own comfort, and perhaps if one is rich and is inclined that way, an indulging in spectacular “good works,” which may promise in their maturity a yield of something infinite: a title, whatnot. Men, that is, do to others as seems best to themselves: after a manner calculated to produce results most to their own satisfaction. Being in a holiday mood they please themselves. “Peace on earth, Goodwill towards men,” at Christmas, means a momentary truce—an off-day in the incessant fight for the securing of the upper hand. To desire to prolong a holiday mood perpetually is like desiring to perpetuate a moratorium: a lasting desistance from pressing advantages and claims. A holiday spirit like the moratorium takes on an intelligible meaning only from the fact that it is a transitory exception. The merit of Christmas tipping, of Christmas “peace and goodwill,” is that these make a momentary change from the usual procedure. Their welcome has nothing to do with their particular character: it is accorded them in virtue of their being a change: a break which will result in the normal procedure being resumed with an additional zest.

### Views and Comments

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e these notes are not going to be about Mr. Bernard Shaw: in spite of the fact that the notes of last week on that gentleman were very considerably docketed because, be it confessed, he was later in arrival, even than usual, they had to adapt themselves to what space was left for them. Mr. Shaw’s name is merely a peg whereon to hang a brief homily. Mr. Shaw has been writing to a Northern daily paper, the “Manchester Dispatch,” to protest against being called a pro-German, and he offers his critics these considerations to leave him alone. He is, or is not, a writer of importance, and thus fails to define itself as notorious, makes no difference: the man is popular at once. That is notorious is but a particular case of the popular. Nietzsche is now popular; Bernhardi is exceedingly popular; and so is the Kaiser, too, so is Mr. Shaw. The latter’s gift for epigram, invective, and inversion, his famous status: it is the dire need of being provided with topics of conversation. Mr. Shaw thinks that his “utterances” are noted throughout the Press, because he is, or is not, a writer of importance, and thus fails to appreciate the particular satisfaction which this nation finds in him: something easy to talk about: the selfsame satisfaction as are provided by the humbler and more threadbare topic—the weather. It is not the quality which is of main account but the theme: it is sure. One may feel assured that the person with whom one exchange comment on the weather is scarcely likely to respond with a vacant look and ask, “Who is Mr. Shaw?” It is not his “importance as a writer” but his “popularity”: the fact that his name is familiar with the crowd which explains why his “Bloody” epithet will be given a whole newspaper edition to itself, or why if he speaks laboriously on the rights and wrongs of the modern combattant, we hear him as “Mr. Shaw!”

he himself has become a “topic”: popular, a common-ground in conversation. Hence he is the salvation of all the journalists gravelled for matter. As someone said the other day in connection with these Notes, “Write something easy; write on Mr. Shaw.”

The safe-pull of the “known name,” is a subtle little puzzle: quite worth a little attention, indeed. Really to understand it, is to understand what to the “popular” appeal as the vagaries of popularity. Popularity is misunderstood; it is taken as mere liking, affection, whereas what it really means is that the populace has chanced to become familiar with one’s name and one’s particularising characteristic. Nietzsche, for instance, has just become popularised, not indeed because the people have read him, but because, it is now a time when a great war breaks out, and all our prophets and scribes are enlarging upon the wickedness of such as will dare to make war against us, someone happens to say that the enemy possesses a great philosopher, who maintains that on occasion war is a good and necessary thing. That is enough for popularity: the man is popular at once. That his popularity should carry a disparaging note in it and define itself as notorious, makes no difference: the notorious is but a particular case of the popular. Nietzsche is not notorious; Bernhardi is exceedingly popular; and so is the Kaiser, too, so is Mr. Shaw. The latter’s gift for epigram, invective, and inversion, his familiar ease with strong-words, together with his general Mephistophelian air has made him into a popular English institution not incomparable with “Punch.” He has found his way to the lips of the populace, and being there, the people pass verdict on him after their kind, and also according to their variable moods. One day they will offer him fame, because of a forcible variation of sanguinary, and a few weeks later they will give him the “bird,” because he puts forward a few stale, if notable judgments on the causes of the war, but in his own bright and shocking way. As he was not greatly sensible judgments on the causes of the war, but in his own bright and shocking way. As he was not greatly sensible judgments on the causes of the war, but in his own bright and shocking way. As he was not greatly sensible judgments on the causes of the war, but in his own bright and shocking way. As he was not greatly sensible judgments on the causes of the war, but in his own bright and shocking way. As he was not greatly sensible judgments on the causes of the war, but in his own bright and shocking way.
confined to popular playwrights none could be much the worse: it is because of the fact that popularity governs the Press that we find ourselves brought face to face with an unescapable monotony. One may take up any journal whatsoever, daily, weekly, monthly, and in all the "leading topics"—the popular subjects—are identical, and all are "treated in the popular spirit": all written down that is, to the prejudices of the crowd: a state of affairs obviously the sequel to the introduction of "big business" into the Press-world. Journals which are founded expressly to cater for the crowd cannot pretend to occupy themselves with anything which the broad intelligence of the crowd cannot appreciate; so the scope of intelligence common to the crowd dictates the confines of discussion and intercourse. A wearing down of instinct and taste to the popular level inevitably follows. To appeal to the crowd one must speak of the things with which one has the certainty the populace is familiar: and the appeal must be after the pattern of the own manner. To be "in" with everybody one must attempt the very least possible divergence into the fresh and original. The Common Measure of all-inclusive numbers shrinks to unity and the analogy in literature to this arithmetical one is the degradation of letters. There is, to be sure, little meaning in "Exclusiveness" in general: everything depends upon what one excludes; but it is certain that what headway is to be made in matters of intelligence must be made through the agency and interaction of more or less equal abilities of a higher order. Only after a stringent process of exclusion can the stronger intelligences work together and be free from the drag, the heavy handicap of the less intelligent. Exclusiveness for specific purposes, that is, a division into classes for specific purposes becomes therefore imperative. Small reviews for the interchange of observations, of which the very nature, the concentration and acuteness must make them closed subjects of opinion for the populace, become the most highly significant feature of a nation's life. It is an ominous sign, in respect of a nation's intelligence, when there exist no unpopular journals of which it is convenient and advisable the "masses" should be unaware. The "masses" can always be relegated to the sequel of events; they will always continue to be found pouring forth inoculated opinion after the event with profound satisfaction and unction. And mostly every one term peramently belongs to the masses now: all are inoculated with populism. A Prime Minister will deliver himself to the effect that the importance of a journal is indicated by its circulation and its advertisement figures and yet, within the sanctum of office, to converse with those of his followers who maintain that the Press-man of the non-weighty species: a writer who could boast of having an audience of two before he laid down his pen, is he whose doctrines have precipitated a war. It is the one recognisable stamp of the popularised mind: to respect writings only after the event. To apply the illustration more closely, and to the affairs of this journal, The Egoist, and in respect of those subscribers who have hastened to withdraw their subscriptions because "Nothing matters now, save fighting-material and unthinking, something which puts it. They are precisely the cast of mind which, a day before the outbreak of the war, would have said that war was a myth and war-provenders the heinous solicitors of crime! Before now, we have protested against the stupid description of war-material as "senseless armaments" and "blind force" and pointed out that the essential characteristics which converted unadapted material into armaments were precisely Will and Sensibility: that armaments were just the potent embodiments of the spirit of intelligence. It now remains for us to state the argument conversely. Not only is there intelligence in fighting-material, but fighting-material, in its purest and most unadulterated form, is intelligence. The fountain-head of fighting-material is intelligence, and such as now endeavour to compound for former blank incomprehension of the nature of fighting-material, by denying the concomitant needs and claims of intelligence, do but make the incomprehension more conspicuous.

D. M.

CHILDHOOD.

I.
The bitterness, the misery, the wretchedness of childhood Put me out of love with God, I can't believe in God's goodness; I can believe In many avenging gods. Most of all I believe In gods of bitter dullness, Cruel local gods Who seared my childhood.

II.
I've seen people put A chrysalis in a match-box, "To see," they told me, "What sort of moth would come." But when it broke its shell It slipped and stumbled and fell about its prison And tried to climb to the light For space to dry its wings.

That's how I was, Somebody found my chrysalis And shut it in a match-box. My shrivelled wings were beaten, Shed their colours in dusty scales Before the box was opened For the moth to fly.

And then it was too late. Because the beauty a child has, And the beautiful things it learns before its birth, Were shed, like moth-scales, from me.

III.
I hate that town; I hate the town I lived in when I was little; I hate to think of it.
There were always clouds, smoke, rain In that dingy little valley. It rained; it always rained. I think I never saw the sun until I was nine— And then it was too late; Everything's too late after the first seven years.

That long street we lived in Was duller than a drain And nearly as dingy.
There were the big College And the pseudo-Gothic town-hall. There were the sordid provincial shops— The grocer's, and the shops for women, The shop where I bought transfers, And the piano and gramophone shop Where I used to stand Staring at the huge shiny pianos and at the pictures Of a white dog looking into a gramophone.

How dull and greasy and grey and sordid it was! On wet days—it was always wet— I used to kneel on a chair And look at it from the window. . .

The dirty yellow trams Dragged noisily along With a clatter of wheels and bells And a humming of wires overhead. They threw up the filthy rain-water from the hollow lines And then the water ran back Full of brownish foam bubbles.

There was nothing else to see— It was all so dull— Except a few grey legs under shiny black umbrellas Running along the grey shiny pavements; Sometimes there was a wagggon Whose horses made a strange loud hollow sound With their hoofs Through the silent rain.
And there was a grey museum
Full of dead birds and dead insects and dead animals
And a few relics of the Romans—dead also.
There was the sea-front,
A long asphalt walk with a bleak road beside it,
Three piers, a row of houses,
And a salt dirty smell from the little harbour.
There was the sea-front,
A long asphalt walk with a bleak road beside it,
Three piers, a row of houses.
I was like a moth—
And that damned little town was my match-box,
Against whose sides I beat and beat
As that damned little town.
At school it was just as dull as that dull High Street.
For the moth to spoil and crush its bright colours,
Alone, away from the rain, the dingyness, the dullness,
I wanted to be alone, although I was so little,
Beating its wings against the dingy prison-wall.
Never shut up a chrysalis in a match-box
That's why I'll never have a child,
But who avenge us.

II. CHINESE CRITICISM OF YANG-CHU'S PHILOSOPHY.

(1.) By Meng-tse the Confucian.

Our knowledge of any given philosophy is often increased by the criticism to which it is subjected; and when I remark that the fragments of Yang-chu can be read through in half an hour, all possible additional information from other sources is desirable. The brevity of the discourses of Yang recorded by his disciple Meng-sun-Yang is no indication of slightness or lack of influence in the teacher himself. On the contrary, Yang seems to have raised quite a storm in philosophical circles in China during the fourth and third centuries B.C. Indeed, Meng-tse expressly declares his own mission to be to "drive away" the doctrines of Mo-tse and Yang-chu. Having been accused of a fondness for disputing, that sage recounts the gradual decline from social order to confusion. Coming to his own day, he says:

Once more sage kings do not arise and princes of the States give the reins to their lusts. The words of Yang-chu and Mo-tse fill the kingdom. If you listen to people you will find that if they are not adherents of Yang, they are those of Mo. Yang's principle is "Each one for himself," which leaves no place for duty to the ruler. Mo's principle is "to love all equally," which leaves no place for special affection due to a father. If the principles of Yang and Mo are not stopped and the principles of Kung-fu-tse are not set forth, then those perverse speakings will delude the peoples, and stop up the path of benevolence and righteousness; the beasts will be led on to devour men and men will devour one another.

I am alarmed by these things, and address myself to the defence of the principles of former sages. I oppose Yang and Mo, and drive away their licentious expressions, so that perverse speakers may not be able to show themselves.—(The Works of Meng-tse, III., II., ix. 9-10.)

These father-deniers and king-deniers would have been driven out by the duke of Chow. I also wish to rectify men's hearts, and to put an end to those perverse speakings, to oppose their one-sided actions, and banish away their licentious expressions, and carry on the work of the sages. Do I do so because I am devoid of sentiment? I am constrained to do it. Whoever can by argument oppose Yang and Mo is a disciple of the sages.—(12-14.)

It is complimentary to Yang's power that Meng-tse has thus to speak. Another passage brings us to the end of Meng-tse's specific criticisms.

Though by plucking out one hair Yang-chu might have benefited all under heaven, he would not have done it. Mo-tse loves all equally. If by rubbing bare his body from crown to heel, he could have benefited all under heaven, he would have done it. Tse-moh holds a medium between these, and he is nearer right. But without leaving room for the exigency of the circumstances it becomes like their holding to their one point. What I dislike in that holding one point is the injury it does to the way of right principle. It takes up one point and disregards a hundred others.—(VII., I., xxvi. 1-4.)

We are put into possession of the principle of Meng-tse's opposition to these extreme doctrines by a passage that elucidates the above and has an interest of its own.

K'wan said: "It is the rule that males and females shall not allow their hands to touch in giving or receiving anything. If a man's sister-in-law was drowning shall he not rescue her by the hand?" Meng said: "He who would not rescue her would be a wolf; for males and females not to allow their hands to touch is the general rule; to rescue by the
hand a drowning sister-in-law is a peculiar exigency," K'wan said: "Now, the whole kingdom is drowning and how is it that you, Master, will not rescue it?" Meng replied: "A drowning kingdom must be rescued by right principles, as a drowning sister-in-law has to be rescued by the hand. Do you, Sir, wish to rescue the kingdom with my hand!"—(IV., I., 1.3.)

From these passages we may judge that Meng's philosophy sought to establish an ethic on what he called "right principles," but that these were not, in his conception, crystalized into arbitrary rules.

(2.) BY CHWANG-TSE THE TAOIST.

By the third century B.C. the rupture between Confucian orthodoxy and Taoism had become complete, and the philosophical world was witnessing a most brilliant battle of wit. Chwang-tse defends his ancient master, Lao-tse, with extraordinary power, and rules, refutes, and converts Kung-fu-tse again and again. Inter alia, he criticizes both Mo-tse and Yang-chu. He says:—

If the mouths of Yang and Mo were gagged and benevolence and righteousness thrown aside, the virtuous of all men would begin to display its mysterious excellence.—(S.B.E. Vol. 39, p.287.)

And now Yang and Mo begin to stretch forward from their different standpoints, each thinking that he has hit on the proper course for men. What have they hit on only leads to distress—Can they have hit on the right thing? If they have, we may say that the dove in a cage has found the right thing for it!—(p. 329.)

(3.) BY SEUN K'ING.

Although Yang-chu is not mentioned by name in the writings of Seun K'ing his doctrines are. This philosopher is chiefly concerned to deny that human nature is good, as asserted by the orthodox Confucians; incidentally he sets forth what will be the consequences of a life according to impulse and the necessity of its overruling, even by the artificial control of "propriety and righteousness," But this control is not necessarily invalid on account of its being artificial. The triumph of Art over Nature is what Seun K'ing advocates.

The nature of man is evil. There belongs to it even at his birth the love of gain, and as actions are in accordance with this, contentions and robberies are in accordance with his self-will, and yielding to others are not to be found; there belongs to it envy and dislike, and as actions are in accordance with these, violence and injuries spring up, and self-devotedness and faith are not to be found; there belong to it the desires of the ears and the eyes, leading to love of sounds and beauty, and as actions are in accordance with these, lewdness and disorder spring up, and righteousness and propriety, with their various orderly displays, are not to be found. It thus appears that the following of man's nature and yielding obedience to its feelings will assuredly conduct to contentions and robberies, to the violation of the duties belonging to everyone's lot, and the confounding of all distinctions till the issue will be in a state of savagism. . . .

Now the man who is transformed by teachers and laws, gathers on himself the ornament of learning, and his nature and its feelings, indulges its resentments, and walks the contrary to propriety and righteousness is a mean man. Looking at the subject in this way we see clearly that the nature of man is evil; the good which it shows is fictitious.—(Legge, The Chinese Classics, Vol. II.)

(4.) SYNTHESIS OF CHINESE CRITICISM.

The Chinese criticism of Yang-chu does not amount to much, nor does it materially add to our knowledge of the philosophy; I will examine it however. Meng-tse complains that Yang is an egoist—"each for himself"—and a king-denier, "the state of a beast"; that his teaching is sensuous, licentious, will delude the people, destroy benevolence and righteousness; that it is hurtful to the conduct of business and to government. All this is true from Meng's point of view. Yang accepts makes obedience to elders and rulers the very essence of morality, the naive assumption being that rulers are wise, though Meng knows quite well this is not always so. As to its sensuality and opposition to "propriety and righteousness," this is admitted by Yang himself.

Nowhere in the extant fragments of Yang does he use the term "egoistic" for himself. His egoism does not seem to equate with selfishness; its chief mark is the resistance to external control, and consequently, one would assume, the denial to oneself of the right of controlling others. This, with the explicit statement that rulers are not needed where life is "regulated by internals," constitutes him a king-denier.

Meng further declares that Yang's egoism is a fixed method which denies the more fluid "right principle" which he himself proposes. If this were so I should be inclined to support him; but it must be admitted that Yang's "regulation by internals," a fixed principle, does not involve always the same kind of action, as has been seen. In practice, surely, for everyone to act as his impulses lead him, does not mean that every one will act alike; or that one person will always act in the same way, though it may lead to the most extraordinary to contentions and robberies, in spite of its being contrary. It amounts precisely to Meng's own "right principle" of acting according to the exigencies of the moment. In a word, the man who rescues his drowning sister-in-law by the principle of Meng will be doing so as he wishes to do that is, because his impulses drive him, by the principle of "regulation by internals." The difference is mostly a matter of words so far as the formulae are concerned.

Lich-tse, a later Taoist, reports, but does not comment upon, several anecdotes in the life of Yang; these do but confirm the impression that this philosopher was always very close to Taoism. The moral of one story is that "each man is very good"; and of the other, that from the same indisputable phenomena of life divergent philosophies may be drawn, due to the difference in personal temperament. This is a point that has already been noted and shall receive further consideration.

Chwang merely asserts that Yang's doctrines stand in the way of natural virtue, but without proving it. He has of course the Tao in mind. I see no appropriateness in his comparison of Yang to "a dove in a cage." "A parrot on the top of the cage" would better describe him!}

Seun is much more to the point. His criticism, which extends to considerable length, analyses the elements of a man's character, points to the广电 of avarice, envy, antipathy and desire. His formula is: "as actions are in accordance with these," contention, robbery, violence, injury, lewdness and disorder spring up. Can Yang deny it? Nay, his very heroes exemplify it (Tuan, Chow and Ma), though possibly he himself lived decently. Seun's next point is to prove, not that moral control is natural, but, on the contrary, unnatural and artificial, the invention of sages, out of necessity, to save man's nature which you have not noticed! If so, Man's nature is neither wholly bad as you assert, nor wholly good as Meng asserts, but is a nature capable of yielding, as it develops, either good or bad impulses, actions, and social order. Given the alternative, the sage, by an effort of the will, chooses the one and rejects the other; he then
seeks to stimulate in men the power of will to self-control, and according to his measure of success, constructs a social order appropriate to the dominant spiritual impulses he is seeking to organise. The fact that he often fails, as Yang truly said, does not vitiate the soundness of his effort. Let him try again! I hope to conclude the present study of Yang-chu by a criticism from a modern point of view. This will appear in the next number.

William Loftus Hare.

THE WORDS OF MING MAO "LEAST AMONG JOYS" OF KUNG-FU-TSE.*

Mr. Loftus Hare's article on Yang-Chu, in the last issue of The Egoist, is most interesting, but let me add here Ming-Mao's reply to Yang Chü, especially to the remarks on Confucius, as follows:

Yang-Chu says that Kung-fu-tse had never a day's joy in all his life, yet we read that the Master Kung was once rapt into three days' revery, or as the Taoists say, ecstasy by the mere sound of certain beautiful music. To say that a man so capable of aesthetic pleasure has never a day's joy, is manifest folly.

As for Yang and his relation to Egoism, it was Kung who gave true instruction, seeing that he taught that a man's joy should rest in the dignity of his own mind and not in the shilly-shally of circumstance. Thus he died serene though it were among fishermen.

As for Ch'üeh and Chow, their pleasures depended on their having been born to imperial position, their luxury was bestowed upon them, how shall hereditary emperors who are born with such opportunity for revels be set up as examples for men of common fortune, who, even if they had the capacity for debach, would, if they desired to exercise it, spend all their lives in a vain desire for the luxury of numerous women in brocade and for pavilions and caparisoned horses?

The counsels of Yang-Chu are in no sense Egoism, since they teach a man to depend on all things save himself. This dependence on self is the core of Confucian philosophy.

M. M.

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN.

By James Joyce.

CHAPTER IV. (continued.)

The director stood in the embrasure of the window, his back to the light, leaning an elbow on the brown crossblind, and as he spoke and smiled, slowly dangling and looping the cord of the other blind, Stephen stood before him, following for a moment with his eyes the waning of the long summer daylight above the roofs or the slow deft movements of the priestly fingers. The priest's face was in the total shadow, but the waning daylight from behind him touched the deeply grooved temples and the curves of the skull. Stephen followed also with his ears the accents and intervals of the priest's voice as he spoke gravely and cordially of indifferent themes, the vacation which had just ended, the colleges of the order abroad, the transference of masters. The grave and cordial voice went on easily with its tale, and in the pauses Stephen felt bound to set it on again with respectful questions. He knew that the tale was a prelude and his mind waited for the sequel. Ever since the message of summons had come for him from the director his mind had struggled to find the meaning of the message; and during the long, restless time he had sat in the college parlour waiting for the director to come in, his eyes had wandered from one sober picture to another around the walls, and his mind wandered from one guess to another until the meaning of the summons had almost become clear. Then, just as he was wishing that some unforeseen cause might prevent the director from coming, he had heard the handle of the door turning and the swish of a soutane.

The director had begun to speak of the Dominican and Franciscan orders, and of the friendship between Saint Thomas and Saint Bonaventure. The Capuchin dress, he thought, was rather too ....

I suppose they would be contented in the cloisters! said Stephen.

—O, certainly,—said the director. —For the cloister it is all right, but for the street I really think it would be better to do away with, don't you?—

—It must be troublesome, I imagine!—

—Of course it is, of course. Just imagine when I was in Belgium I used to see them out cycling in all kinds of weather with this thing up about their knees! It was really ridiculous. Les jupes, they call them in Belgium.—

The voice was so modified as to be indistinct.

—What do they call them?—

—Les jupes!—

Stephen smiled again in answer to the smile which he could not see on the priest's shadowed face, its image a spectre only passing rapidly across his mind as the waning daylight streamed in before him at the waning sky, glad of the cool of the evening and the faint yellow glow which hid the tiny flame kindling upon his cheek.

The names of articles of dress worn by women or of certain soft and delicate stuffs used in their making brought always to his mind a delicate and sinful perfume. As a boy he had imagined the reins by which horses are driven as slender silken bands, and it shocked him to feel at Stradbrooke the greasy leather of harness. It had shocked him, too, when he had felt for the first time beneath his tremulous fingers the brittle texture of a woman's stocking, for, retaining nothing of all he had seen, save that which seemed to him an echo or a prophecy of his own state, it was only amid soft-worded phrases or within rose-soft stuffs that he dared to conceive of the soul or body of a woman moving with tender life.

But the phrase on the priest's lips was disingenuous, for he knew that a priest should not speak lightly on that theme. The phrase had been spoken lightly with design, and that his face was being searched by the eyes in the shadow. Whatever he had heard or read of the craft of Jesuits he had put aside frankly as not of the craft of Jesuits he had put aside frankly as not of the craft of Jesuits he had put aside frankly as not of the craft of Jesuits he had put aside frankly as not.
when some boys had gathered round a priest under the shed near the chapel, he heard the priest say:—

—I believe that Lord Macaulay was a man who probably never committed a mortal sin in his life, that is to say, a deliberate mortal sin. —

Some of the boys had then asked the priest if Victor Hugo were not the greatest French writer. The priest had answered that Victor Hugo had never written half so well when he had turned against the Church as he wrote when he was a Catholic.

But there are many eminent French critics,—said the priest,—who consider that even Victor Hugo, great as he certainly was, had not so pure a French style as Léon Brillot.

The tiny flame which the priest's allusion had kindled upon Stephen's cheek had sunk down again and his eyes were still fixed calmly on the colourless sky. But an unresting doubt flew thither and thither before his mind. Masked memories passed quickly before him: he was conscious that he had failed to perceive some vital circumstance in them. He saw himself walking about the grounds watching the sports in Clongowes and eating chocolate out of his cricket-cap. Some Jesuits were walking round the cycle-track in the company of ladies. The echoes of certain expressions used in Clongowes sounded in remote caves of his mind.

His ears were listening to these distant echoes amid the silence of the parlour when he became aware that the priest was addressing him in a different voice.

—I have talked to you to-day, Stephen, because I wished to speak to you on a very important subject. —

Yes, sir. —

Have you ever felt that you had a vocation? —said the priest,—To receive that call, Stephen,—said the priest,—is the greatest honour that the Almighty God can bestow upon you. A strong note of pride reinforcing the gravity of the priest's voice made Stephen's heart quicken in response. —

To receive that call, Stephen,—said the priest,—is the greatest honour that the Almighty God can bestow upon you. A strong note of pride reinforcing the gravity of the priest's voice made Stephen's heart quicken in response.

—I mean have you ever felt within yourself, in your soul, a desire to join the order. Think.—

—in a college like this,—he said at length,—there is a boy in this college whom God designs to call to the religious life. Such a boy is marked off from his companions by his piety, by the good example he shows to others, and by the constraint which he is conscious of unalterably in the confessional under the shame of his sins. He is conscious of the caress of mild evening air. Towards December 15, a young and silent-mannered priest, entering a confessional, said to his confirmand, who considered that even Victor Hugo, great as he certainly was, had not so pure a French style as Léon Brillot:

—I have talked to you to-day, Stephen, because I wished to speak to you on a very important subject. —

—I mean have you ever felt within yourself, in your soul, a desire to join the order. Think.—

—in a college like this,—he said at length,—there is a boy in this college whom God designs to call to the religious life. Such a boy is marked off from his companions by his piety, by the good example he shows to others, and by the constraint which he is conscious of unalterably in the confessional under the shame of his sins.

The music passed in an instant, as the first bars of the brethren's response mingled into his ears in the confessional under the shame of a darkened chapel by the lips of women and of girls: but rendered immune mysteriously at his ordination by the imposition of hands his soul would pass again uncontaminated to the white peace of the altar. No touch of sin would linger upon the hands with which he would elevate and break the host; no touch of sin would linger on his lips in prayer to make him eat and drink damnation to himself not discerning the body of the Lord. He would hold his secret knowledge and secret power, being as sinless as the innocent: and he would be a priest for ever according to the order of Melchisedec. —

—I will offer up my mass to-morrow morning, said the director, that Almighty God may reveal to you His holy will. But you, Stephen, make a novena to your holy patron saint, the first martyr who is very powerful with God, that God may enlighten your mind. But you, Stephen, make a novena to your holy patron saint, the first martyr who is very powerful with God, that God may enlighten your mind.
reflecting a sunken day from the threshold of the college. The shadow, then, of the life of the college passed gradually over his consciousness. It was a grave and ordered and passionless life that awaited him, a life without material cares. He wondered how he would pass the first night in the dormitory without any disturbance. He would wake the first morning in the dormitory. The troubling odour of the long corridors of Clongowes came back to him and he heard the discreet murmur of the burning gas flames. At once from every part of his being unrest began to irradiate. A feverish quickening of his pulse, a feeling of a torrent of thoughts dashed upon his reasoned thoughts hither and thither confusedly. His lungs dilated and sank as if he were inhaling a warm moist, unsustaining air, and he smelt again the moist warm air which hung in the bath in Clongowes above the sluggish turf-coloured water.

Some instinct, waking at these memories, stronger than education or piety quickened within him at every near approach to that life, an instant subtle and hostile, and armed him against acquiescence. The chill and order of the life repelled him. He saw himself rising in the cold of the morning and filing down with the others to early breakfast. Was it a vain struggle with his prayers against the fainting sickness of his stomach. He saw himself sitting at dinner with the community of a college. What, then, had become of that deep-rooted shyness of which he had made him loth to eat or drink under a strange roof? What had come of the pride of his spirit which had always made him conceive himself as a being apart in every order?

The Reverend Stephen Dedalus, S. J.

His name in that new life leaped into characters before his eyes, and to it there followed a mental sensation of an undefined face or colour of a face. The colour faded and became strong like a changing glow of pallid brick red: Was it the raw, reddish glow he had so often seen on wintry mornings on the shaven gills of the priests? The face was eyeless and sour-favoured and devout, shot with pink tinges of suffocated anger. Was it not a mental snares of the world. He would learn the wisdom of others himself wandering among the snares of the world.

He waited for some moments, listening, before he too took up the air with them. He was listening with pain of spirit to the overtone of weariness behind their frail, fresh, innocent voices. Even before they set out on life's distant and pain. All seemed weary of life even before entering the full choir of voices was singing. They would sing so for hours, melody after melody, gleam after gleam, till the last pale light died down on the horizon, till the first dark nightclouds came forth and night fell.

He waited for some moments, listening, before he too took up the air with them. He was listening with pain of spirit to the overtone of weariness behind their frail, fresh, innocent voices. Even before they set out on life's journey they seemed weary already of the way.

He heard the choirs of voices in the kitchen echoed and multiplied through an endless reverberation of the choirs of endless generations of children; and heard in all the echoes an echo also of the recurring note of weariness and pain. All seemed weary of life even before entering upon it. And he remembered that Newman had heard this note and his, grey blue gleams of the Virgil day sung through the window and the open door, covering over and allaying quietly a sudden instinct of remorse in Stephen's heart. All that had been denied them had been freely given to him, the eldest: but the quiet glow of evening showed him in their faces no sign of rancour.

He sat near them at the table and asked where his father and mother were. One answered:

— Goneboro toboro lookboro aboro houseboro.

Still another removal! A boy named Fallon, in Belvedere, had often asked him with a silly laugh why they moved so often. A frown of scorn darkened quickly his forehead as he heard again the silly laugh of the questioner.

He asked:

— Why are we on the move again, if it's a fair question?

— Becauseboro theboro landboro lordboro willboro putboro usboro outboro.

The voice of his youngest brother from the farther side of the fireplace began to sing the air "Oft in the Silly Night." One by one the others took up the air until a full choir of voices was singing. They would sing so for hours, melody after melody, gleam after gleam, till the last pale light died down on the horizon, till the first dark nightclouds came forth and night fell.

WAR POEMS AND OTHERS.

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON.

THERE is a peculiar coincidence in the fact that the same poet brought to my notice a book of poems by Mr. Harold Monroe and a book of poems by Miss Harriet Monroe. I do not, of course, refer to the similarity of names but to the similarity of activities; for Mr. Monroe is the editor of an English review—Poetry and Drama—primarily devoted to the publication of new poetry, and Miss Monroe is the editor of an American review—Poetry—having the same objective.

Now, it is perfectly obvious that no one gives up the major part of his time, makes considerable sacrifices of money and tranquillity in order to provide a means of publicity and remuneration to ungrateful and quarrelsome poets if he does not care profoundly for the art of poetry. The years during which these two people
The wonder is, though, that they have found time to write any verses themselves. Mr. Monro's book* is a modest little brochure containing sixteen poems in all. It is most commendable to print only that amount as the result of several years hard work—it shows that the author is self-critical, a most admirable trait. In these times one naturally turns to the war poems first. From one of these we gather that Mr. Monro does not consider that either the professional or the unprofessional poets, with their "sultry palms of hair" (good phrase that!) have anything really to say on the subject. Remains Mr. —— (excision by the Censor). The other war-poems have neither the blatant idiocy of Begbie and company nor the profound tedium of Mr. Robert Bridges and Mr. William Watson. But somehow they do not interest one. How can one be interested in poems about a war when the war is going on? The proper time to write about a war is afterwards—as Whitman did. "Emotion remembered in tranquillity"—we shall get no war poem till peace is declared. It is the fashion of poets always to desire what they do not possess.

In this book I have read with real pleasure: "Great City," "London Interior" and "Heartstone." "Poetry," we are always insisting here, "depends upon clarity and precision, upon a precise use of detail." Emotional generalisations or a description of one thing in terms of another does not and never did make poetry. Thus—I quote from Miss Monroe's book:—

"Oh, the city trails gold tassels
From the skirts of her purple gown,
And lifts up her commerce castles
Like a jewel-studded crown."

That does not move one because it is profoundly untrue—rhetoric in fact.

Mr. Monro is conscientious, frugal, determined not to print anything he does not feel sure is good; Miss Monroe, on the other hand, has a far more primitive and discerning taste. She prints only that amount as she feels sure is good; she has any trace of talent, has been represented in one or both of these periodicals. No one under the degree of a prize idiot expects every number of a monthly or quarterly periodical to contain epoch-making poetry, and most of what they have printed a good deal of rubbish; these editors might have printed more; they have printed some reasonably talented stuff and they have given the youngsters a chance. It is something to be proud of.

The FIGHTING PARIS.

November 22.—Thermometer below freezing point. Each one makes comment: "Cold weather for our soldiers." Not a shop or conveyance you go into but the remark occurs and often you are asked: "And you, have you any one there?"

November 23.—The papers are crowded with remittances against official administration. Bureaucracy in France seems to be an incurable evil.

Mr. E. R. B., the Swiss composer, tells me that Richard Strauss, having refused to sign the intellectuals' manifesto, giving as excuse that politics are not his profession, is being violently attacked for his abstention by the German Press. The most difficult people to reach just now are those unfortunates who are confined in the districts still occupied by the German forces. Thus, if you require to write to some one, presumably at Lille, you must address your communication care of the Spanish Consul at The Hague, or the French Consul at Maestricht. There is no one so far away from the rest of the world as these. M. Guyl, Charles Cros, that gifted poet, has been taken prisoner while fighting in Belgium.

November 23.—Herr Richard Strauss has fallen between two stools. The French won't believe he abstained from signing the manifesto for other than venal motives. The Intranscendent's interpretation, for instance, is that an author's copyright lasts for twenty years more after his death in France than in Germany. November 22.—G. C. O. was walked over by a crowd of soldiers. November 22.—"Courrier Théâtral: au Théâtre Music-Hall du Moulin Rouge... Tipperary Girls, clowns Dario et Cerratto...; le Théâtre Albert 1er; Théâtre Belge; Nouveau-Théâtre; Concert Mayol." This is from to-day's paper, being the first theatrical announcement after the mobilisation. So Paris is becoming herself again! The people who can't live without theatres (and those who live by them) are having their way on condition that 15 per cent. of the booking receipts be given to charitable funds.

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* * "Children of Love." By Harold Monro. The Poetry Bookshop. 6d. net.
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December 15, 1914
THE EGOIST

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bers of Germany nationality. And the _Liberte_ calls this example on the part of the savants of France—unique in the group of five societies forming the Institute—a mistake. Must all Germany and every German be held responsible for little children's mutilated hands, home- less families, orphans, widows, the destruction of Ypres, Liége, the threatened destruction of Brussels? Perhaps after all.

**November 29.—** Authors in the ranks: the _surréaliste_ poet Henri-Martin Barzun.

Several deaths on the battle-field among acquaintances.

**November 30.—** Lieutenant Hebert, of the French navy, who founded the famous athletic school at Reims, and to whom is due the popularisation of physical culture in France, a man to whom the country is as deeply indebted as to a great artist or scientist, has been seriously wounded while leading his men (_fusiliers marins_) on an attack.

Authors under the colours: Louis Thomas, editor of _Châteaubriand's_ correspondence and a compilation on Toluiyayat Reims, cloth and books, has risen to the rank of subaltern since the war. He joined as a simple volunteer, and the rapidity of his promotion denotes exceptional aptitude and valour. Another writer serving his country is Eugene Morel, dramatist and author of a curious novel entitled _"La Prisonnière."_

Ernest Parisi has left a posthumous work descriptive of his conversions, called _"Le Voyage du Centurion,"_ as I find in the _Intérinscript's interesting Boîte aux Lettres._

Things seen: a crowd gathered in the Place de l'Opéra. On investigation find the attraction is the loading and unloading of motors filled to the roof with parcels of clothing and dainties given by readers of the _Echo de Paris_ for distribution among the soldiers at the front, whose officers send for them in military or commandeered cars. One of the most attractive innovations (or renova- tions) since the war is the return of the horse-driven bus. In the form of a race-course _char-â-banc_ it plods up and down the boulevards for 2d., and takes you up and lets you down—as it announces in white chalk on a slate—where ever you choose. It is cruel to the horses, I know, but between times they take it easily—moreover they earn their bread, which everyone doesn't just now.

**December 1.—** Whether all unessential spheres of life should be subjected at the expense of much privation, or whether all the superfluities of trade and industry should be allowed to go on (at the expense of the concentra- tion of energy and earnestness directed on the war) is a dilemma suggested by the perusal of a handful of _London_ weeklies. Life in Paris has this great advantage over life in London (among others) that it spares us the illustrated weeklies and monthlies unless we absolutely hunger for them. The best French illustrated paper circulates solely among millionaires and dentists, for it costs a franc, and what ordinary Frenchman can or will afford such a sum for a mere newspaper! To one who comes suddenly upon England after long absence on the Continent, the overwhelming ubiquity of the illustrated newspaper appals and disgusts. It suggests that the world exists to be photographed, industrial, provincial and ancient neighbourhood of Saint Sulpice. Horses' hoofs clatter but seldom by on the resonant wood of the pavements, the motor's croak is not sufficiently frequent to disperse the singularly retrospective impression. An occasional whispering couple in the shadow of an 18th-century _porte-cochère_, a hooded agent, some swift cats forestalling their customary hours, a jerking _fierce_, symbol of Paris at its most nocturnal, supply the sum of animation. And the un- encumbered street permits us to step back to admire the tracing of the scaffolding supporting the power of Saint Sulpice against the green of the moonlit sky, to take in the whole of the height and every first time the exquisite curves of a pure Louis XV. balcony, to note a rare encorbellement, to laugh at a surprisingly set gable and to thank God that the urgency of other business prorogues for a little time the too imminently (always too imminently) doomed destinies of these perfections.

A curious effect of the war is the impossibility of making any kind of plans. Thus one cannot say or think: I will do such and such a thing next year. The future is an absolute blank; speculation is more than doomed destinies of these perfections.

It is wonderful how every kind of food-supply is forth- coming without any increase in the normal prices. One only has run out—three of the for the morning café au lait. As it is manufactured in the North, notably at Lille and Cambrai, not a grain is to be had in Paris.

**December 3.—** In the ranks: Francis Carco, author of _"Jésus la Caille._"

M. E. R. B. writes: _"How unjust is the accusation brought by the French Press against Richard Strauss! His works will always be performed more often in Germany than in any other country, and his copyright fees are higher in Germany, though they may be lower in England after his death. Now would even an interested man run the risk of being boycotted in his own country, which is at the same time the one bringing him the largest income, for sums due to his descendants? The greater hisupidity the less chance of his acting in this sense._"
ART AND DRAMA.

THE IMPERSONAL NOTE OF ENGLAND, RUSSIA AND JAPAN.

False value may be said to be the parent of the present-day theatrical gods. Its negation would, of course, expose the gods as myths. Perhaps false value can only be exploded by the development of our own logic. If we trace the ultimate dramatic law we shall find the basis of the whole dramatic problem, and the fundamental truth for solving it. The ultimate dramatic law may be expressed as the theory that Drama is a spiritual something which produces an effect upon something else. The something else is the spectator—that is, a large transference of his Self to some familiar object (let me call it a drawing: "David and Goliath." It represents a monstrous German howitzer (marvellously designed) from beneath which creep masses of German soldiery as the Trojans crept from out of their horse, faced by a little French 75 gun, against which rests one French soldier smoking a pipe. The letterpress directs us to be rhythms and silences. The conception has given us a clear and definite rule to tell us when a manifestation of shrapnel and may be drawn from depths where geographical distinctions of colour are effaced. Why condemn the lofty works of a nation while hoping to take its territory? Would it not be wiser to study in how far these works belong to us and escape them? The plague! Master Saint-Saëns, how you thunder! Do not let us spit on such soil. Such classics are worth having.

In his little chronicle of the literary fraternity's participation in the defence of the country, M. Fernand Divoire lets glimmer enough guileless maliciousness to be rhythms and silences. The conception has given us a clear and definite rule to tell us when a manifestation of shrapnel and may be drawn from depths where geographical distinctions of colour are effaced. Why condemn the lofty works of a nation while hoping to take its territory? Would it not be wiser to study in how far these works belong to us and escape them? The plague! Master Saint-Saëns, how you thunder! Do not let us spit on such soil. Such classics are worth having.

It appears the Münchener Nachrichten defend the bombarding of the Cathedral of Reims on the ground that in war it is impossible to save anything. It seems to be a pacific aberration. Max Harden writes in the Zukunft that Germany had desired this war. And in Kunst und Künstler a critic proposed that the Belgian museums be robbed of their treasures in the interests of the German and notably Berlin galleries.

On the other hand I have told it is not true, as the Muster affirms, that 50 French notes have been issued in Germany where gold is still forthcoming.

December 4.—I made a mistake the other day when I contended that all our wit had been commandeered. Some remains in the civilian ranks. The best of it appears in the first number of Le Mot, drawn and edited by Paul Iribe, who has proved for us ever since he drew M. Paul Poiret's first dresses for him and notably in his defunct weekly Le Temoin that France need not go for inspiration in decorative art. There have been three great designers in France within the last fifteen years. When I say great, I mean artists who are inventors, who introduce styles and ideas which are at the same time new and useful. The first of these who concluded the decade comprising Toulouse-Lautrec and Aubrey Beardsley was that prolific, bewitched De Feur, who remains to be discovered. He came and went like a comet, without leaving any influence, but his page will be turned back to some day. A second is M. Paul Iribe, whom everyone has applauded. His war is a rich show (let me call it a drawing: "David and Goliath." It represents a monstrous German howitzer (marvellously designed) from beneath which creep masses of German soldiery as the Trojans crept from out of their horse, faced by a little French 75 gun, against which rests one French soldier smoking a pipe. The letterpress directs us to be rhythms and silences. The conception has given us a clear and definite rule to tell us when a manifestation of shrapnel and may be drawn from depths where geographical distinctions of colour are effaced. Why condemn the lofty works of a nation while hoping to take its territory? Would it not be wiser to study in how far these works belong to us and escape them? The plague! Master Saint-Saëns, how you thunder! Do not let us spit on such soil. Such classics are worth having.

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LOVE'S EUCARIST.

As timorous boy that, at calm Easter tide
Taking his first Communion, startled, sips
The holy blood of Christ between his lips,
Fresh seeming from the newly pierced side;
And as he bows his head and, unbidden,
Takes his God's body in his teeth, so dips
My face to thine, so to my finger-tips
Thrills hope, love, reverence, softened, glorified.

This my Communion, Absolution this;
And when without the Gate of Heaven, I see
God's self, who saith, "Thou knewest me not for sin,"
This will I plead: "I knew Thee in her kiss;"
Better than Thou loved her, or I loved Thee.
Did I love her."
And God will say: "Come in."

Reginald Wright Kaufman.

CORRESPONDENCE.

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

THE INNER VOICE.

To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM,

On page 504 of The Egoist I read of the Inner Voice, "Its purpose being to restrain the Napoleons, it yet furnishes only in the non-Napoleons; a Napoleon by definition one constitutionally incapable of hearing an Inner Voice. The spell of two thousand years of Christianity... its gospel is powerful as a working principle with the powerless." By this, and the article of which it forms a part, I understand that those who hear an Inner Voice and have their actions determined by it are the powerless, and I feel that lack of efficiency and energy leaves the world to be practically controlled by the Napoleons as defined above.

Test this by historic exemplification. Oliver Cromwell is not under serious suspicion of failing to hear and obey an Inner Voice; but he did most mightily bang the Lord's enemies whenever he found occasion to do so. And Cromwell is not an isolated phenomenon. Among men who have been obedient to conscience and at the same time very hard-fisted in beating down the enemies of their causes one may name the Pharaoh Akhenaton, the Caliph Omar, Judas Maccabees, King Alfred, Isabella the Catholic, Bayard (I mean the Bayard "without fear and without reproach"), Martin Luther, Gustavus Adolphus, William the Silent, John the Conqueror's well-beloved Ziska, Abraham Lincoln and his enemy Stonewall Jackson, Simon Bolivar. There is no reason why the list should not be continued to any length you like, or of those whom I name, indeed, came to violent deaths or lived to see their causes defeated; but hardly one of them came to such an utter smash as did Napoleon. The story is cited as the standard of efficiency. The mention of Napoleon implies that ultimate defeat does not bar a man from the Valhalla of the efficient.

Steven T. Byington.

Ballard, U.S.A.

THE FEAR OF TRUTH.

To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM,

I am ignorant as to whether or not your journal is popular, but I would like to see its being held up by one who used it for a reason supplied by Miss Marsden herself in her letter in your last issue. I read: "It is the crassest stupidity to think that people desire truth, or anything approaching truth, and yet The Egoist, knowing this, sets itself to seek truth and to speak it aloud! How can such a journal ever hope to be popular?"

As for the deeply ingrained, but concealed, dislike of truth, my own theory is that most people think they want truth, but when it comes to the point are afraid to have it. I believe we are genuinely afraid of losing our illusions, so to speak—afraid to trust ourselves to themselves, to be "a law unto ourselves," afraid to go out alone in thought prepared to face resistance to all that may show itself to be true—i.e., to stand the test of trial, to be so as far as they can ascertain. They have an instinctive fear of egosim. They believe in the reign to the "natural man," and they have an uncomfortable feeling that their "natural man" would rush them into all sorts of physical excesses and social and political excesses (this is the phase they seem to hold in reality—though often unconsciously—the old ecclesiastical doctrine of original sin: "Man is by nature evil.

"The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

"There is none righteous; no, not one."

And it is not only the pious, the professional religious, who hold
these doctrines; in some form or other they are held by the whole body of the moral, the humanitarian, the "unselfish." All such persons are afraid of giving their moods or their natures the rein, afraid for themselves and also apprehensive lest their neighbours, daring the fear, should shake the foundations of established conventions and well-seasoned morality. At bottom these faint-hearts dare not meddle with the sacred (the sacred may be defined as something bigger than oneself, something unexplained and not understood, an explanation that fails to explain but must be revered) in any of its forms, and are afraid of those who would do so, hence the persecution of them.

Fear of the unknown, a craving for something to cling to, a deeply-ingrained reverence for the sacred, all this bars the ready acceptance of truth—of what is—and is the explanation of the commotion set up when any old-established "truth" is questioned.

Therefore how is it possible that a journal could be popular which possesses no reverence for anything in the world or out of it; which has no use for shut doors, safe harbours, protected causes, established institutions, or any other refuge for the timid and humble in mind?

CATHARINE WOOD.

DERIVATIONS.

To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM,

Miss Marsden says "speech is used to disguise thought." That wily little diplomat, Talleyrand, expressed the same view: "Speech was given to man by God," he was wont to say, "to hide his thoughts," but I recall the fact for the sake of giving amusing information and not as a reproach to Miss Marsden for saying what has been said before. She may reiterate greater men than Talleyrand without its reflecting on her originality. On the contrary, it ranks hers with theirs. We do not reproach the sun for rising every day. The people who are given to using analogy and pointing out similitudes belong to the flocks themselves. They see through others. Miss Marsden may see, sometimes, with others. How can she avoid it? So much for a recent correspondent who thought she had made a discovery. It will serve for others as well.

C. M.

WHY WE ARE MORAL.

To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM,

Miss Marsden says morality = egoism + humbug. I say respectability = egoism + humbug, morality = egoism + a clear head. I wish everybody to be happy in his own way (that is, I am moral); my reason for so wishing is that it will make me happy. Q.E.D. "It is the part of a Christian not to irritate wasps," says Henry's First Latin Book, and Miss Marsden analyses that Christian duty beautifully. But it is also wrong to irritate worms. Yet I am the "dominant," the worms are dominated. I do not see how my morality in this case can be derived from fear or laziness.

Caldwell Harpur.

Alston, Cumberland.

A SMALL HELPING OF TRUTH, Mr. COURNOS!

To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM,

It is no use continuing the present discussion with Mr. John Cournos. Clearly we are in different worlds. I am somewhere aloft, while he is sprawling beneath a motor-car gazing upward at the gear-box with the question, "What is it?" Moreover, Mr. Cournos' method of argument bores me. He repeats himself, distorts the truth, shuts his mind to evidence and neglects to answer my questions. Let me end the matter by showing how he closes his mind to evidence. In parading his qualifications he informs us that he is a Russian and Russian is synonymous with sympathy. I could kill the latter part of the statement by quoting overwhelming evidence of its untruthfulness; but instead I will tell Mr. Cournos where he may help himself to the necessary truth on Russia and Russian sympathy. Let him turn to The Egoist's first-born in America, "The Little Review" for October, and read "Ante-Bellum Russia" by Alexander S. Kaun. This will afford him a view of Russia as seen by a Russian. Then, if he likes, I will lend him three bulky volumes of Press cuttings of the amazing events that shook Russia to its foundations in 1906. Further, I will furnish him with a description, 50,000 words or so long, of my own thrilling adventures in Russian Poland and the Land of the Midnight Cary. If this evidence does not convince Mr. Cournos that he has been living on nursery tea all his life, I am afraid nothing will.

HENTLY CARTER.

Note. A reply to Miss Bradford's letter is held over to the next issue.—RD.

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