"TRUTH AND REALITY"

By Dora Marsden

I

HALF the fun in the world would be lost did not men possess an instinct for regarding conventions. All the rules of all games and sports are based on the assurance that the players will take cognizance of the rules and will play within them. If players could "go as they pleased" in football and chess it would be the end of football and chess. Unsupported by conventions, no organized games would be possible: even an individualistic game like "Patience" is based upon a convention made with oneself, and the enjoyment of a good joke demands congenial company: congenial company being such as will appreciate the grounds upon which a man's "good joke" becomes a joke at all.

Now language used as an instrument of exposition—language in the philosophic sphere that is—is just as much based on a convention as a game of football is. Did it not implicate two sides—if only those of the two points of view which any and every man comprises within himself—exposition would have no meaning. And for two parties to work or play profitably with each other they must adopt a common procedure of which the rules are accepted by both: such acceptance representing the specific convention. Language as a means of communication of meaning one to another is out and away the most important human sport—the most lasting and certain form of human enjoyment. It is a game based on signs: which signs indicate images: all mental impressions passive or active. Its great convention is that each sign shall have attached to it a precise and definite meaning—one and no more; and while men may—and do—exploit this convention for purposes of deception in spheres other than that of philosophy by employing linguistic signs ambiguously, to do so within the game of philosophy is to rule oneself outside any reputable participation in it. Just as men who would not hesitate to use "sharp practice" in business would regard cheating at cards as unpardonable, so "good" philosophers would regard slipshodness and ambiguity of speech in philosophy as unpardonable, although in ordinary conversation and speech they, like the rest of us, might be quite recognizedly slipshod and ambiguous. It is more than ironical therefore that it is just in philosophy that the worst offences of ambiguity and confusion are to be found: so much so that the "plain" business men—who see to it that they are precise and specific enough where their interests require they should be—look upon philosophy as a gentle buffooning in words which has to be judged leniently because philosophers have come to be regarded as dreamers: of much culture, no doubt, but of small sense; while to make show of ways of unprecision has become part of the leisurely cultural philosophic tradition. Philosophy up to date is not philosophy but a travesty of it. Whether it has been regarded as a game or as a vocation no credit has been achieved for it: it has been and is merely a verbal chaos. The cause of its failure has been the lack of "good players": such as knew the rules of the game. Hence the advent of sound philosophers—those who know how to keep within the convention—has come to be the first essential of the establishment of philosophy with any body to it.

Philosophers—of different degrees of offending—down to the present time have toiled to their own bewild-erment in two main ways. Either they have given a definite term to a definite image and thereafter irresponsibly used the term to represent other images, or they have coined a term for which they had no definite image, but having coined it have left it to be assumed that they had. Whereupon they have engaged in laborious searches after the meaning which assumedly existed prior to the coining of the term. An illustration of the first "Method towards Confusion" is offered by the description of such a philosophy as that of Berkeley to the effect that all images are born of the mind which perceives them, by a label such as the doctrine of the "Immaterialism of Matter." The "Immaterialism of Matter" is on its very surface an unblushing contradiction, as childishly absurd in itself as the "unbutterness
of butter." For obviously if men agree to call certain sense-impressions "butter," and matter "respectively, it is clear that the convention may be termed such as long as they continue to present the recognizable appearances in virtue of which they are so named. Who makes the butter or creates Matter, or whether they are created in heaven or earth or in and out of the power of the ego which perceives them, is utterly irrelevant to their correct labelling as butter or creates matter.

The moment set on sufficiently firm ground, given these definitions about the qualities of the "real" and "true," the examination of the attributes which furnish the supposed "qualities" is incumbent before the inquiry can go forward. And with the problems of "reality" and "truth," shrunk to the dimensions of the import of the "real" and "true," their problematic character has almost vanished.

Before describing what characteristics "real" and "true" are employed with such serviceable results to indicate, we shall forestall a possible future confusion if we define the sense in which we use the term "appearance." Appearance is a term "abstract" in form, but the sense in which we employ it is a concrete one. It implies, that which appears to the senses. Its questions are "that which is," "that which is felt," "that which is sensed," "that which exists," "the imaginary," "image," "thing," "sense-impression," "perception," Obviously therefore we use it in the sense in which the critics of Protagoras, thinking they had scored a point over him, converted "qualities" into "beings." As we use it, Appearance = Being. For the identification of this equation (Appearance = Being) the reader is referred to the article under the heading "I am," which appeared in the January issue of The Egoist. The making clear of this identity is a concern of the first importance.

In fixing the meaning of "real," it is important to begin in mind that "real" is an attribute superimposed upon things after their appearance. It is not an integral part of the image which appears in the perceiving mind at the initial moment of perception: it is a label applied to images only after suffecting them to the process of a test. Things are quite independently of the attaching of this particular label to them. "Real" can be affirmed of phenomena only in relation to an interpretation which the perceiving mind places upon them, bearing upon the manner in which they may be treated and what one may do with them. Thus an image "appears"—it is primarily neither "real" nor "unreal." "Real" comes into requisition only after an inference has been made in regard to it and to some other image with which it has been associated. As an attribute it is attached to appearances as the outcome of a judgment derived from the complex process involved in the comparing of perceptions: which process we call thinking. Thinking involves the partial perception in question; a store of previous perceptions; comparison of these two; and the emerging of a decision: a judgment about the probable behaviour of the one in question in relation to one at least of the earlier revived ones. It is in connection with this complex process that the use of the "real" is in place. In fact, "real," as a term hung up by itself as an unattached label, is obviously quite pointless. It is accurate to say—not that a thing is "real," but that it is a "real one" where the "one" is a demonstrative pointing to the class of things with which the new appearance is being identified. An image having appeared, with almost unimaginable swiftness, the perceiving mind puts it into relationship with the images it has perceived before and which are suggested and called up from the store of memory by the new one. On this suggested basis of comparison, and by a translation of experience, the perceiving mind assumes that it can effect in relation to what it knows can exist in relation to the pre-existent and used-tired ones with which it is being classified. All interpretations of images are entered upon with a view to a possible use of them. The interpreting as to "real ones" and "not real ones" subserves the possibility of their exploitation by the feeling unit which perceives them. The term has no relevance to appearances apart from the effects they
It should not now be difficult to understand the nature of "opinion." Its power to baffle the understanding springs from the regarding of an opinion as a single statement, while the images of the real and distinct parts are held in mind, it is meaningless. These two parts are: An assertion as to the real character of an image (i.e., as to its identity with a certain class). This assertion is anticipatory, prophetic, and made prior to proof and knowledge. It is made in faith, which is a risky proceeding. It is to cover the risk in which these purely faith-inspired assertions, once that they are prefaced with a full acknowledgment of doubt regarding the asserted identity. This first part which takes the form of "I think" (i.e., "I opine"), gives the phenomenon of opinion its character and its function. An opinion presents an assertion which is in doubt of when it makes it. Every person who formulates an opinion is in a state of doubt. "I think" is an inverted way of saying "I do not know," with an accompanying indication that the speaker for reasons sufficient to satisfy himself is biased in a certain direction to such an extent that he is prepared to assume the risky role of prophet and to prejudice the case. To entertain a prejudice is to be in the same mental condition of unknowingness, yet bias, which a person holding an opinion is, but not so willing to cover the prophet's risk by a full acknowledgment of doubt.

As to the distribution of labels: opinions regarded as wholes can only be designated after the event—after proof that is. Prior to proof "likely" or "unlikely" is as far as one can go in describing them. After proof opinions belong to the past tense only, and are termed "accurate" or "inaccurate," according to the verdict provided by proof. Every opinion except for insane persons dissolves under the test of proof. The partnership of "I opine" and "acclaim" or "denounce" is dissolved. "I think" melts into the limbo of things dissolved. "I think" is as far as one can go in describing them. After proof opinions belong to the past tense only, and are termed "accurate" or "inaccurate," according to the verdict provided by proof. Every opinion except

Thus all real things must necessarily be appearances, but not all appearances are "real." Only such are related with the "real" as, having been interpreted as being classifiable in a certain manner, reveal by their subsequent behaviour that the classification was justified.

In which case the opinion wherein the assertion as to classification was promulgated was "accurate" and the assertion itself is "true." Where the prophesied identity is not forthcoming we say that the appearance was a "not real" one: it was illusory (illusory is the opposite of "real"). Our interpretation was a mistake: our measurement was false: our statement is "false" (erroneous), and a likeness has misled us into making a prophecy as to our power to produce effect from it, which the trial showed we were unable to make good. (It would not tend to clearness to introduce the term "error" it is, since they are identical with the piece of verbalism, and has as long a career of meaninglessness as "truth" and "reality." It could add nothing to the inquiry at this point, and its origin and character will be made as clear by a definition of "erroneous" as those of "truth" and "reality" are by the definition of "true" and "real.".) Proof in no way alters the primary aspect of images themselves: it merely attests that the more extended degree of similarity between two images than the one already existing which we anticipated would be forthcoming is or is not apparent upon subjecting the new appearance to closer examination. This anticipatory judgment—this prophecy—is proved or disproved by developing the image further, which is done by concentrating attention upon it, thereby obtaining a fuller view of its features and more of them. Heaping more of its history upon an image, and bringing it within that closer range where perspective power is the strongest is the method of developing the features of an image. More intimate attention given to an image whose appearance has misled us may be expected to remove our bias in favour of a particular classification, by revealing the actual appearance was dissimilar—"true" and "real"—to the one to which we had erroneously, because more superficially, likened it.
(e) Of appearances whose classifications are in question we can assert that they are “real” or “illusory” after the application of tests which furnish additional evidence of the disputed appearance’s character. Therefore had the Protagorean proposition stood “Every opinion or appearance IS,” there would have been nothing in it against which one could cavil: the statement obviously being true. It is merely the re-statement that the Intellectualist or the Empiricist was probably what the Protagorean philosophy was seeking to imply. It is on account of the habit of regarding Reality and Truth as “universals” that men have been led erroneously to suppose that to say that a thing IS tantamount to saying that it “IS Real” or “IS True,” which are of course very different propositions.

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We shall have omitted the most interesting aspect of “opinion” if we neglect to speak of beliefs. As we have said when the asserted half of an opinion is found to be “true” or “untrue,” the opinion’s career is at an end. The “I opine” is swallowed up in the “I know.” That is why most opinions are short-lived. They are transitory by nature, asking for dissolution as they come to birth. The interrogation-marks with which they are prayerful, are designedly left behind, and in mundane matters the exigencies of daily life are such as to ensure their being granted. With this transitoriness of mundane opinion, however, there is to be contrasted the relative permanence of “beliefs.” Beliefs are preserved opinions; protected against the solvent action of experiment and proof by various devices, chief among which is the one of holding them sacred, i.e. above inquiry. The day of proof in the case of “beliefs” is deliberately deferred. As their name implies, they are to be “left over” with a view to the continuance of their term of life, which subsists only in a state of doubt. The intention in making “beliefs” “sacred” is to keep these favoured opinions in a guaranteed state of preservation by preventing them from coming into contact with proving agencies which would dissolve and resolve their hitherto untested assertions into “true” ones or otherwise.

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That men constantly stipulate for certain opinions to be “left over” from proof in this way is the outcome of an instinctive knowledge that, in spite of an accepted verbal assumption wholly to the contrary, “That which IS NOT is to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.” That which IS “not to be confounded with “That which IS” or “That which is.” The strain of effort involved in the proving “real.”
the other. The act of proving an image real necessitates the proving of it into something else: enjoyment of the appearance of images requires that they should remain stationary. To let “Fancy” reign is for a certain kind of temperament the chief enjoyment of human life. To revel in the contemplation of images which do not need to be put to the test of identification is one of the commonest and one of the most effective means of enjoying the satisfaction of the images—more or less faint and tenuous: of images which in full they are powerless to create or control. And as with more personal imagining so with “Beliefs.” If men derive pleasure from the contemplation of images which any particular “Belief” offers, say, for instance, those which the literal Creed of the Christian Church fosters, it is scarcely to be expected that they will relinquish or allow their destruction by the introduction of a process of identification which really has nothing whatever to do with the joy-giving capacities of the image. To “Believe” is therefore to cease from being, as the Pragmatist holds, an instrument for the creation of “Truth,” is the determination to teach “true-finding” activities their serviceable and limited place, the “Will to Believe” is not the “Will towards Truth”: it is the “Will to Enjoy.” It is the emphasis of enjoyment that the Imaginary power has a place among the things which men most urgently need equally with the “real” and the “true”: all of them being required to satisfy the varying wants of men. The haggling as to their “rank” and order of preference is extraneous out of place, this being a matter which a man must decide according to his temperament and the varying strength of his interests. The verbal reinstatement of the Imaginary however, as prior to the “real” and the “true” and as retaining its place as a satisfaction of men’s needs equally with the “real” and “true,” will lift some of the mist which lies about the mal-reason of existent Philosophy.

In the light afforded by this reinstatement of the Imaginary we begin to understand the pseudo-philosophers more. They have merely mistaken the label which the Pseudo-Philosopher puts on himself. If a man has the knack of successfully deceiving his fellows they are concerned, we tolerantly call it a Sham. If purposely devised and to our detriment we call it a Fraud. In each of these cases the illusory effect would be put to the account of the strong similarity in the appearances rather than to any defect above the normal in our powers of judgment: should mal-identification be maintained however in face of an average proof that identity does not exist, we view the misapprehension in another light and call it not Illusion but Delusion. We even make the constructing of Illusions one of our purposes in order to get this shock of surprise which under these specially devised conditions is pleasurable, as it is artificially protected from the consequences which ordinarily we have to fear as the outcome of Illusion. If the similarity has been devised purposely to deceive us for other than pleasurable ends, but is nevertheless innocuous in consequence as far as we are concerned, we tolerate it as a Fraud. If purposely devised and to our detriment we call it a Fraud. In each of these cases the illusory effect would be put to the account of the strong similarity in the appearances rather than to any defect above the normal in our powers of judgment: should mal-identification be maintained however in face of an average proof that identity does not exist, we view the misapprehension in another light and call it not Illusion but Delusion. While the person who is a subject to Delusions we call Insane. Whence there arises the possibility of making a ludicrous mistake: the identifying of the Genius and the Lunatic, i.e., regarding the Genius as really a mild Lunatic, and the Lunatic as a bad case of Genius. The explanation of how this legend of the “Insanity of Genius” has arisen is very simple. People differ considerably as to the exact point at which they regard proof as indisputable and the accuracy of classification confirmed beyond the need for any further essaying. Persons of mediocre power ordinarily are ready to accept their delusions with utter unconcern and obvious proofs, while the Insane person is blind to proof. The Genius—a person for whom appearances are intense, fuller, and more vivid, possessing more varied and more vivid views than the normal of commonly accepted images—has more features of resemblance than the ordinary man to work upon, and must accordingly wait until his experiments afford proofs and disproofs which satisfy him. In the preliminary stages of experiment therefore he appears as blind to what is commonly held to be proof or disproof as the Lunatic and the two become coupled together.

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So, too, with “Illusions”: of which the appearances exist as much as those which are “Real.” Although the “Illusory” is the opposite of “real” the term “illusion” is generally synonymous with similarities due to similarities so remarkable that the presumption in favour of misclassification appears almost inevitable. The superficial likeness of one thing to another which is different is so strong that the measure of our instinctive certainty that it belongs to class so-and-so is only labelled by our surprise when it does not. We even make the constructing of Illusions one of our pleasures in order to get this shock of surprise which under these specially devised conditions is pleasurable, as it is artificially protected from the consequences which ordinarily we have to fear as the outcome of Illusion. If the similarity has been devised purposely to deceive us for other than pleasurable ends, but is nevertheless innocuous in consequence as far as we are concerned, we tolerate it as a Sham. If purposely devised and to our detriment we call it a Fraud. In each of these cases the illusory effect would be put to the account of the strong similarity in the appearances rather than to any defect above the normal in our powers of judgment: should mal-identification be maintained however in face of an average proof that identity does not exist, we view the misapprehension in another light and call it not Illusion but Delusion. While the person who is a subject to Delusions we call Insane. Whence there arises the possibility of making a ludicrous mistake: the identifying of the Genius and the Lunatic, i.e., regarding the Genius as really a mild Lunatic, and the Lunatic as a bad case of Genius. The explanation of how this legend of the “Insanity of Genius” has arisen is very simple. People differ considerably as to the exact point at which they regard proof as indisputable and the accuracy of classification confirmed beyond the need for any further essaying. Persons of mediocre power ordinarily are ready to accept their delusions with utter unconcern and obvious proofs, while the Insane person is blind to proof. The Genius—a person for whom appearances are intense, fuller, and more vivid, possessing more varied and more vivid views than the normal of commonly accepted images—has more features of resemblance than the ordinary man to work upon, and must accordingly wait until his experiments afford proofs and disproofs which satisfy him. In the preliminary stages of experiment therefore he appears as blind to what is commonly held to be proof or disproof as the Lunatic and the two become coupled together.
NAPOLEON ON WAR AND WARFARE; ON SOLDIERS AND SOLDIERLY VIRTUE

UNAVOIDABLE wars are always just.

War is natural.

In war everything is moral. [Somewhat modified in another maxim; see below.]

The genius of war is thought materialized. When conception is no longer viewed in the light of a servitude but as a point of honour it is each one's ambition to realize, then only is a nation great, glorious, strong, then only may it face misfortune, invasions, time.

Whoever cannot consider a battlefield dry-eyed, sacrifices many lives needlessly.

A soldier's leading quality is endurance; valour is but second to it.

The best soldier is not so much the one who fights as the one who marches.

Privation and suffering are the soldier's best teachers.

Bravery is an innate quality; it cannot be cultivated for it proceeds from the blood. Courage emanates from the mind, while bravery is often but a craving after danger.

Courage cannot be assumed, for it is a virtue escaping hypocrisy.

To avoid surprise at victory defeat alone should be borne in mind.

Fumbling, mezzo termine lose everything in war.

In war a great defeat implies a great culprit.

Wisdom and morality both agree in disapproval of pillage.

A brave man considers his rifle as but the handle to his bayonet.

It is my custom to sleep on the battlefield.

Of all manner of men soldiers are the most sensible to kindness.

Mercy is to the honour of the victor but dishonours the vanquished, who should keep apart and aloof and owe nothing to pity.

There is but one good reason for being made a prisoner of war: when taken in units, defence being impossible, an individual might escape with his bayonet.

We celebrate victories but we mourn the victims, and even those belonging to the ranks of the enemy.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER
By HAROLD MONRO

A LITTLE group of literary undertaker's men usually gathers round the tomb of a young poet, earnestly mournful, respectful, prudent and red-nosed, each most careful to have his presence noticed by the literary Almighty. From the tomb they hasten to their desks to write down their impressions of the dead man and his attainments, and each the exact record of his first discovery of this poet, with due reference to its early date, and modest allusions to his own smartness in recognizing genius. It is a fine journalistic achievement to have discovered a poet, perhaps even, as editor, to have printed some of his work; but these gentlemen detract from the glory of the deed by their manner of recording it.

Often enough they make mistakes. There was the recent boom of Middleton for instance, and the assertion of one of its promoters that the "Forty-Two Poems," was among the finest poems in English, palpably because he had first printed it himself; whereas Middleton is really worse than a second-rate Dowson.

One should be careful, I suppose, in one's judgments of the work of young poets who have died at the moment of their promise: one is naturally inclined to attend to any expression of enthusiasm, if alone out of some sense of honour for the dead. If I should give way to impulse I might praise the poems of Flecker unduly; but because I happen to feel much personal enthusiasm for them I don't want to mislead other people: so my general estimate is that they will be of interest to any one who cares for reading poetry, and to a proportion, at any rate, of these they will give delight.

James Elroy Flecker died of consumption in Switzerland on January 3, aged thirty. He had published three books of poems: "The Bridge of Fire" (Mathews, 1907); "Forty-Two Poems" (Dent, 1911); "The Golden Journey to Samarkand" (Goschen, 1913).

I do not mention in the foregoing list, "Thirty-Six Poems" (Adelphi Press), now out of print, since it may be one of a red first edition of the "Forty-Two Poems." I ought not perhaps to mention "The Bridge of Fire," because more than half of it was reprinted in his second volume; nevertheless some of the verses which were not reprinted are of interest. The three volumes together apparently contain ninety-nine poems; after the deduction however of reprints this number becomes seventy-seven.

I am careful to mention these figures because they are typical of the man and his method of work. He has been called in a recent article "The last of the Parnassians." He was a slow and careful writer, and corrected his verses to the utmost detail; and his ideal was to make every poem a finished work of art.

He had best be allowed to explain himself in his own words by quotation from the Preface to the "Golden Journey to Samarkand."

Good poetry has obviously been written on other theories than the Parnassian. It has been written with no theory at all. It has been written with very strange theories. Good poetry may be Catholic like Crashaw's and Protestant like Milton's and mystic like Blake's and atheistic like the "De Rerum Natura." Good poetry has been full of high moral sentiments, like Wordsworth's, of highly immoral sentiments, like Byron's, or quite amoral sentiments like Herrick's. Good poetry has been written in boorish speech, like that of Barnes, or in elegant diction, like that of Pope.

No worthless writer will be redeemed by the excellence of the poetic theory he may chance to hold.

But that a sound theory can produce sound practice, and exercise a beneficent effect on writers of genius, has been repeatedly proved in the short but glorious history of the "Parnassians."

To be didactic, like Wordsworth, to write dull poems of unwieldy length, to bury like Tennyson or Browning poetry of exquisite beauty in monstrous realms of vulgar, feebble, or obscure verbiage, to overlay fine work with gross and irrelevant egoism, like Herrick or Pope

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To be didactic, like Wordsworth, to write dull poems of unwieldy length, to bury like Tennyson or Browning poetry of exquisite beauty in monstrous realms of vulgar, feeble, or obscure verbiage, to overlay fine work with gross and irrelevant egoism, like Victor Hugo would be abhorrent and rightly so to members of this school. The enemies of the Parnassians have accused them of cultivating unemotional frigidity and upholding an austere view of perfection. The unanswerable answers to all criticism are the works...
of Hérédia, Leconte de Lisle, Samain, Henri de Régnier, and Jean Moréas.

... However few great poets have written with a clear theory of art for art's sake, it is by that theory alone that their work has been, or can be, judged;—and rightly so if we remember that art embraces all life and all humanity. ... 

This volume, written with the single intention of creating beauty, now the Modern East, now Greece and her islands has furnished a setting. Those who are for ever seeking for what they call profundity of inspiration are welcome to burrow in my verse and extract something, if they will, as barren as the few cheap copy-book headings to which they once reduced the genius of Browning; in the attitude to life expressed in these pages, in the Poet's appreciation of this transient world, the flowers and men and mountains that decorate it so superbly, they will probably find but little edification. (Beyrouth, April, 1913.)

These remarks are studiously true to his theory. His last volume is by far his best, and it was obvious that he was, rather slowly, gaining a command of technique which might (if there are might-have-beens) have brought him to the achievement of a kind of poetry unusual in English, and equal perhaps to the best of his French models.

At least a dozen of the poems in his last volume are certainly up to the best records of English poetry. I will try to show this by quotation.

YASMIN

A GHAZEL

How splendid in the morning grows the lily : with what grace he throws
His supplication to the rose : do roses nod the head, Yasmin ?

But when the elver dove descends I find the little flower of friends Whose very name that sweetly ends I say when I have said, Yasmin.

The morning light is clear and cold: I dare not in that light behold A whiter light, a deeper gold, a glory too far shed, Yasmin.

But when the deep red eye of day is level with the lone highway, And some to Meccah turn to pray, and I toward thy bed, Yasmin ;

Or when the wind beneath the moon is drifting like a soul aswoon, And harping planets talk love's tune with milky wings outspread, Yasmin.

Shower down thy love, 0 burning bright ! For one night or the other night
Will come the Gardener in white, and gathered flowers are dead, Yasmin.

IN HOSPITAL

Would I might live this, without the pain, For seven years—as one with snowy hair, Who in the high tower dreams his dying reign—

Lie here and watch the walls—how grey and bare, The metal bed-post, the uncoloured screen, The mat, the jug, the cupboard, and the chair ;

And, served by an old woman, calm and clean, Her misted face familiar, yet unknown, Who comes in silence, and departs unseen,

And with no other visit, lie alone. Nor stir, except I had my food to find In that dull bowl Diogenes might own.

And down my window I would draw the blind, And never look without, but, waiting, hear A noise of rain, a whistling of the wind.

And only know that flame-foot Spring is near By trilling birds, or by the patch of sun Crouching behind my curtain. So, in fear, Noon-dreams should enter, softly, one by one, And through about the floor, and float and play And flicker on the screen, while minutes run—

The last majestic minutes of the day— And with the mystic shadows, Shadow grows. Then the grey square of wall should fade away, And glow again, and open, and disclose The shimmering lake in which the planets swim, And all thatlake a dewdrop on a rose.

"The Golden Journey to Samarkand," the poem itself, is too long to quote. All his Eastern poems read like fact. He lived for a long time in the East and I new it; he transcribed what he had seen. He was too much a scholar and precisionist to let anything slipshod be printed.

Influences are strong in his early work. "Rioupéroix" is imitated directly from Yeats; his ballads show that he had read Davidson too, carefully: nevertheless there is nothing slavish in these resemblances, and in his last volume he has apparently attained confident command of his own technique, and no English influences are traceable. The fact to be recorded is that he leaves us from twenty to thirty poems worthy of the attention of any reader, however fastidious.

I am not concerned with his prose, but "The Grecians" may be mentioned, a dialogue on education, and "The King of Alsander," a novel. There is also "The Scholar's Italian Book." "Hassan," a play, is, I learn, to be produced after the war. There are posthumous essays and sketches, and a few poems (among them "The Old Ships," perhaps the best he wrote), shortly to be published.

Flecker is among the "tragic" figures of literature—the poet who has died young. Therefore there is little to be written about him at present, and what can be written must be chiefly of the descriptive kind. There is no doubt that everyone who reads modern poetry should read him. Few writers have devoted such careful study to their art, and few modern poets realized so truly the necessity for devotion to the art of poetry.

FROM THE "MILLE NUITS ET UNE NUIT"

SHE :

Under my Koufa veil I bring thee flowers, And fruits still powdered with the sun's gold showers.

HE :

All the gold of Soudan is on thy skin, O Well-Beloved ! ... The sunbeams gaily spin Thy hair; and no Damascus loom could weave A velvet like thine eyes.

SHE :

Behold ! At eve, When the warm hour of dusk propitiously Opens his silky arms, I come to thee ! ... The light air dances in the limpid night ; And leaves and waters murmur our delight !

HE :

O my Gazelle of Night ! O my Surprise! Darkness is dazzled wholly with thine eyes. Ah ! Let me plunge into them and emerge Drunk as the bird that revels in the surge.

SHE :

Come nearer ! Take their roses from my lips. Then, when my body from its chalice slips Slowly, I shall, from head to heel, at last Be naked but for thee ...

HE :

O Unsurpassed ! ...

SHE :

O my Beloved ! Behold ! The secret fruit Of my moon-flesh, thou knowest, has the form Of the ripe date. Come ! ... Thou wilt hear the fruit Of seas where birds are drunken in the storm !

F. S. FLINT.

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POEMS OF FRANCE *

By Paul Fort

A FRANCIS JAMMES

SUR LA MORT D'OLIVIER HOURCADE

(Tué à l'ennemi devant Soissons)

DIEU nous l'a pris qui l'aimait tant. Plus que nous qui l'aimions pourtant, et non par feinte ou fantaisie, hélàs ! avec tout notre cœur—de nous n'a-t-il pas dit aussi : Seigneur, aimez qu'en poésie tous deux ils soient mes deux seigneurs ?—bien qu'il ait dit cela, hélàs ! prouvé toujours, chanté cela, plus que nous Dieu l'aimait déjà : trop ! non ! non ! c'était son enfant. Dieu nous l'a pris qui l'aimait tant.

Jésus et l'Art, ô viatiques de cette jeune âme en voyage, toute ferveur, tout héroïque, née pour de surhumains courages, pensive gaïment, sans critiques, et se donnant en vous donnant, libres vertus en républicque, apaisées de rêve tremblant : spontanéité, charme, élan ! et l'Art et Dieu pour viatiques ! Dieu l'a " saisi " qui l'aimait tant...

Il a bien fait. C'était "le sien." Dieu terrible a repris son bien, aux signes d'un ange gardien ouvrant deux ailes tout hercusees et divinement lumineuses sur l'enfant mort de son haut fait. Il a repris le bel enfant à son moment le plus parfait, devant son ange triomphant, lorsque deux fois héros, Hourcade, par double amour et non bravade—ayant conquis la mission digne de son ambition—aux appels de l'Agnus Dei voulût mourir pour son pays !

Toi, mon Jammes du Paradis, continue de tresser pour lui : c'est à moi seul que Dieu l'a pris. Las ! éternellement perdu, je ne verrai plus mon ami ! Tu sais, Jammes, où il ira. Et c'est plus tard, où tu seras. Tu sais, Jammes, où il s'en va dans ses vols s'anges éperdus. A toi de tresser sa couronne... Mais tu souviens, Dieu-t-il pardonne ? C'est de lui qu'il a repris son bien, aux signes d'un ange gardien ouvrant deux ailes tout hercusees et divinement lumineuses sur l'enfant mort de son haut fait. Il a repris le bel enfant à son moment le plus parfait, devant son ange triomphant, lorsque deux fois héros, Hourcade, par double amour et non bravade—ayant conquis la mission digne de son ambition—aux appels de l'Agnus Dei voulût mourir pour son pays !

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Hélàs ! puisqu'il en est ainsi, que je dois seul être puni—car ses père et mère seront, menant le cœur de ses amis, de ceux-là qui le reverront—lorsqu'au ciel tu le reverras, cet Olivier de notre cœur, sais-tu qu'il ne te demandera, disant : "Je t'en prie, ne lui fais de peine. Et lorsque tu lui répondras, ne lui dis pas que mes blasphèmes des paradis m'ont écarté. N'afmirre rien, hors que je l'aime, Trouve-lui les mots fraternels ne chargeant point trop son âme. Ne charge point le condamné. Dis-lui que loin de l'Etain, en mission vers les Damnés, pour toujours loin de son doux ciel, absent je l'aime bien quand même... et pleurez l'ami regretté.

Dieu me l'a pris, l'Ami que j'aime,—me l'a pris pour l'éternité !

Le 29 Septembre 1914

LA MANIERE

On meurt : L'Anglais s'élançe et le Français le suit. Il bondit, le Français ! L'Anglais court après lui... L'Anglais vif le rattrape. Oui, c'est même vaillance. Il me revient un mot, la fleur des mots guerriers. L'Anglais stoppe, et avec une grâce de France : "Messieurs de France, à vous de tirer les premiers."

BEREUSE

pour endormir la folie du dernier Empereur d'Allemagne

A Léo Sachs

Le rossignol chante ce soir l'oubli au fond des bois noirs.

Que d'espérances envolées, pour une qui t'est fidèle !

Pour une clarté dans le ciel, quel orage amoncelé !

Pour une maison qui t'appelle, que de maisons écrasées,

Que d'espérances envolées, pour une qui t'est fidèle !

Le rossignol chante ce soir l'oubli au fond des bois noirs.

1914

LE CHANT DES ANGLAIS

It's a long way to Tipperary

Feu ! Tommy... Le cœur gigue aix chocs de nos canons. Du calme, bon garçon. Ah ! c'est rudement long, rudement long pour aller à Tipperary. Depuis la soif d'ici apaisée sans whisky, je canonne, on canonne. Ah !... c'est rudement bon.

Qui m'a jeté sa gourde ? Eh ! vieux Bob, tu es mort ! Du calme, cher garçon. A bientôt Leicester. Square... All right ! il est mort pour sa belle Anglettere. La gourde est vide : feu ! Tommy, canonne encore ! Nous nous battons si bien, all right ! les morts ont tort.

Du calme fier garçon. Ah ! c'est rudement long, rudement long pour aller à Tipperary, là-bas, près de la jolie fille que je connais. Elle me disait oui quand je lui disais non. Feu ! Tommy. Le cœur gigue aux chocs de nos canons.

Tommy, sache, Tommy, que l'amour a du bon. Oui, c'est une lointaine et fine demoiselle, que l'on n'atteint jamais qu'en rêve. O large bec ! Tu rêves et tout vient, l'âme et le corps avec. Ici rien que la mort, elle est fiche donezelle.

La mort ! ah ! si j'avais tourné les yeux vers elle, la teutonne m'eût pris le cou de son bras sec et fait goûter sa bouche endentée de shrapnells, en m'étouffant le sein jusqu'à l'extrême angoisse. Juste Seigneur ! l'amour n'a rien de plus cruel !

Mais la mort, on n'y pense pas, elle est en face. Du calme, heureux garçon. La mort, la verrais-tu ? Flottant sur la bataille ainsi qu'un étandard, c'est un grand vieux squelette usé de toute part : elle flotte à présent sur les casques pointus.

Feu ! Tommy... Quoi ! tu meurs aussi, garçon fidèle ? Te volla dans les bras de la fiche donezelle ? Relève-toi, garçon ! Ah ! c'est rudement long, rude-ment long pour aller à Tipperary. Adieu, Leicester Square, adieu, Piccadilly !

Nous étions quinze, hurrah ! nous sommes trois qui bougent. O canon, tes boulets sont teints de notre sang, notre sang qui refait notre uniforme rouge : devant nos cœurs se trouvent bien, pourvu que sur la terre elle vive à jamais notre valeure Anglettere !

Décembre 1914
TURNING over old numbers of the *Mercure de France* one experiences a little shock of pleased surprise at finding among the young writers who in the early “nineties” of the last century brought some touch of interest, some savour of individuality into the dreary procession of English commercialized literary productions. The contributors to the Book of the Rhymers’ Club and to the *Savoy* could not well rival those who were received with indifference by their French confrères. It is pleasing to read, for example, M. Reny de Gournout’s little notices on Mr. Arthur Symonds—models of criticism—or to find some other French writer exposing the real beauties of Mr. Yeats’ earlier poetry. I have in my possession a bound copy of the *Mercure de France* for June 1896, with a book-plate bearing the name of Pearl Marie-Theresa Craige; and I wonder sometimes whether this care for the *Mercure de France* (it is admirably bound) were not in part due to the fact that preceding numbers contained very pleasant notices on the work of one O. Hobbes! Yes, in those days there was a reciprocal influence, an exchange of ideas between the young men of intellect in England and France, and I cannot help thinking that the abortive “revolt” against “French influence” over here has done harm to the intellectual work of both countries, but more to that of England than that of France. The English were white, the French in grey, English and Grey French, literature, which is always odd yet cropping up, is due primarily to ignorance, though partly to a bourgeois type of mind, of which Max Nordau is the greatest and the most ridiculous example.

So far as poetry and literature generally are not merely the relaxation of the over-fed, but matters to which a man may seriously give all his attention without loss of consideration. Well, to know adequately the French poetry of the last thirty years requires first of all a real enthusiasm, then a real knowledge of French and then at least a couple of fairly close studies. When you find a man wholeheartedly condemning generally one from Verlaine to Guy-Charles Cros you can bet your life that that man is an ignoramus who is concealing his ignorance under the cheapest of all poses—moral indignation.

Fortunately there have been sufficient people not wholly consumed with Teutomania to keep up some sort of touch between the two countries (not that one objects to the study of German literature, for modern Germany has produced some remarkably good poets, who are a far cry from the desolate, desperate, and much people may argue about the respective merits of French and English poetry there can be no doubt that in criticism the French beat us to nothing. The best contemporary criticism of the Rhymers and their “group” appeared in a foreign journal. In those back numbers of the *Mercure* there are quite eloquent little essays on Lionel Johnson and Ernest Dowson; we hear of a young man called H. C. (sic) Wells, who has written a “conte fantastiste” and of whom the *Mercure* expects the world will hear a great deal. And it gave me personal pleasure to find citations of the prose of “O. Shakespeare,” and a notice of the “dessins de W. T. Horton” (I wonder how many of our anti-Gallic friends know Mr. Horton’s extraordinarily fine fantastic drawings or could appreciate them?). Since those days, it is true, the criticism of English letters in the *Mercure de France* has become very lax, in fact thoroughly rotten. There are as many bad writers in France as there are good ones. And in those earlier days when the *Mercure* criticism was written by men of talent and education you needed to be a fairly brilliant sort of chap before they noticed you.

Those days are long departed, killed and buried under two wars. Mr. Plarr is right in saying that they have become almost mythic, but even he does not quite realize how immensely distant they seem to the youngsters who never saw Dowson and Johnson, and to whom he himself seems a pleasant and slightly elderly relic. It was for me an amazing, a bizarre spectacle to see Mr. Plarr and Mr. Sturge Moore gravely sit down to dinner with Signor Marinetti and the late member of the Rhymers’ Club honouring the arch-Futurist and would-be destroyer of libraries, traditions, cathedrals and syntax—quel soin jaloux, l’exquise étude!

So far, so incredibly distant from us seems this frail and delicate young man who extracted (as we are told) from the soil of the abortive “revolution” and banal Horace a delicacy of expression and a fragility of feeling that the notorious Roman never dreamed of!

I myself cannot see that Dowson was so excessively indebted to Horace, in spite of his fondness for quoting from that author. A modern French critic (Mlle. Henriette Charasson) claims that Dowson was most influenced by Verlaine. That seems to me eminently reasonable. Among English authors Swinburne was his master, but a Swinburne singularly purged of rhetoric. If he had any affinity with the Roman poets of the Augustan age—and I suppose it cannot be denied that he did—it was obviously with Catullus, the Augustan age, melancholy and sentimental moments. Dowson was an example of the sensitive, almost over-sensitive type of artist, of whose histories the nineteenth century is only too tragically full. Such a man is doomed to disappointments, to hardships, to mental sufferings which, of all men, is least capable of enduring phlegmatically. Given Dowson’s character and the conditions of his life, and given the civilization into which he was born, it was obvious, or it should have been, what would be the end.

The growth of commercial democracy—that gigantic conspiracy for supplying manufacturers with slave labour under another name—has made the position of artists more hazardous and more difficult than ever. The “socializing” of life leaves less room than ever for these ideal homes of society. A poet is no longer a commercial concern: neither is he an individual from whose efforts any material profit may be secured. And since the “spirit of the age” is entirely absorbed in the accumulation of profit and fiercely against any “unpractical” way of living, the age contemptuously turns its back upon the poet and his work. “Sacrifice of a middle-aged artist,” such men are called these days. Given this gentle system, but there are moments when these proceedings seem almost pleasant when compared with the alternative offered by the “rulers” of the twentieth century: neglect or vulgarization. And after all is the crowd so very wrong—from its standpoint? Genius is undoubtedly an anti-social virtue; every moderate talent totally unfitts a man to earn his own living; and then it is so disagreeable—especially disagreeable for the mob—to have to admit the supremacy of an individual; and also geniuses are such nasty people.

The great democratic movements of the nineteenth century have not in the least alleviated the artist’s lot in life. (Indeed Huysmans, who was one of the most marvellous critics who ever lived, was positively driven mad and was positively to a monastery by democracy.) “The artist,” as that word is understood—at least in reference to people like Dowson—is a person who in any capacity minister to the aesthetic pleasure of certain rather rare intelligences (any fool can read Shakespeare, but it needs considerable intelligence to appreciate him correctly)—of old, mostly, almost exclusively, to be found in the aristocracy. Side by side with this aristocratic art was a popular art, crude, often trivial, ill-paid, soon forgotten (like a novel by a popular author to-day). The relics of this popular art, which was not

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* Since this article was written the *Mercure de France*, the publication of which was suspended after the war broke out, has appeared again.
without a charm of its own, are now the delight of the possession of the middle classes it is hopeless. The people, as it was the art of the but now that it has become the crowd, while the successors to the old aristocratic artists sink more and more into oblivion and silence, wealth and notoriety to himself from the patronage of the remnants of the "aristocracy" (they are mostly no man of a determined or of a distinguished mind can possibly adopt them. "What the public wants" are the stale ideas of twenty, of fifty, of seventy years ago, ideas which any man of talent rejects at once as banal. It is only the cliché, only the flat and the profitable in art which finds ready acceptance and eager purchasers; while the exploiters at third hand of original ideas are the only innovators to secure applause. The suicide of Middleton and Léon Deubel, the growing and (to me) painful bitterness observable in the writings of certain letters (O Rimbaud!), notably "v," show this fight with the mob to be able to spare either attention or money for so useless an affair as the arts. The primary requisites of poetry, then Dowson was a very fine, if not a great, poet. His expressed fondness for the altar, in bearing tidings secretly, in waiting upon worldlings, in striking swiftly when bidden—and yet his very soul had waxed old in that ageing body, spare and sinewy, greyed with a silver-tinted and twisted papers. Stephen watched him in silence. Of his soutane and placed them deftly among the coals Kneeling thus on the flagstone to kindle the fire and busied with the disposition of his wisps of paper and candle-butts he seemed more than ever a humble server making ready the place of sacrifice in an empty temple, a levite of the Lord. Like a levite's robe of plain linen spreading abroad a sweet odour of her sanctity—a used to be inclined to consider the beautiful as an evil. Nay, his very soul had waxed old in that service without growing towards light and beauty or spreading abroad a sweet odour of her sanctity—a mortified will no more responsive to the thrill of its obedience than was to the thrill of love or combat his ageing body, spare and sinewy, greyed with a silver-pointed down.

The dean rested back on his hunkers and watched the sticks catch. Stephen, to fill the silence, said: "I am sure I could not light a fire."

—You are an artist, are you not, Mr. Dedalus?—said the dean, glancing up and blinking his pale eyes.—The object of the artist is the creation of the beautiful. What the beautiful is is another question.—He rubbed his hands slowly and drily over the difficulty.

—Can you solve that question now?—he asked.

—Aquinas—answered Stephen—says pulcra sunt quae visa placent.—

—This fire is more use—said the dean—will be pleasing to the eye. Will it therefore be beautiful?—

—In so far as it is apprehended by the sight, which I suppose means here aesthetic intellecution, it will be beautiful. But Aquinas also says Bonum est in quod tendit appetitus. In so far as it satisfies the animal craving for warmth fire is a good. In hell, however, it is an evil.—

—Quite so—said the dean—you have certainly hit the nail on the head.—

He rose nimbly and went towards the door, set it ajar and said: "A draught is said to be a help in these matters."
As he came back to the hearth, limping slightly but with a brisk step, Stephen saw the silent soul of a Jesuit look out at him from the pale loveless eyes. Like Ignatius he was lame, but in his eyes burned no spark of Ignatius' enthusiasm. Even the legendary craft of the Jesuits was a craftier and more secret than its fabled books of subtle wisdom, had not fired his soul with the energy of apostleship. It seemed as if he used the shifts and lore and cunning of the world, as bidden to do, for the greater glory of God, without joy in their handling or hatred of that in them which was evil, but turning them, with a firm gesture of obedience, back upon themselves: and for all that silent service it seemed as if he loved not at all the master and little, if at all, the ends he served. *Similiter atque sensis baculus*, he was, as the founder would have had him, like a staff in an old man's hand, to be leaned on in the road at nightfall or in stress of weather, to lie with a lady's nosegay on a garden seat, to be raised in menace.

The dean returned to the hearth and began to stroke his chin.

—When may we expect to have something from you on the aesthetic question?—he asked.

—From me!—said Stephen in astonishment.—I stumble on an idea once a fortnight if I am lucky.

—These questions are very profound, Mr. Dedalus,—said the dean.—It is like looking down from the cliffs of Moher into the depths. Many go down into the depth and never come up. Only the trained diver can go down into those depths and explore them and come to the surface again.

—If you mean speculation, sir,—said Stephen—I also am sure that there is no such thing as free thinking inanescu as all thinking must be bound by its own laws.

—Ha!—

—For my purpose I can work on at present by the light of one or two ideas of Aristotle and Aquinas.—

—I see. I quite see your point.—

—I need them only for my own use and guidance until I have done something for myself by their light. If the lamp smokes or smells I shall try to trim it. If it does not give light enough I shall sell it and buy another.—

—Epictetus also had a lamp,—said the dean—which was sold for a fancy price after his death. It was the lamp he wrote his philosophical dissertations by. You know Epictetus?—

—An old gentleman,—said Stephen coarsely—who said that the soul is very like a bucketful of water.—

—The artist strangely went on,—that he put an iron lamp before a statue of one of the gods, and that a thief stole the lamp. What did the philosopher do? He reflected that it was in the character of a thief to steal and determined to buy an earthen lamp next day instead of the iron lamp.—

A smell of molten tallow came up from the dean's candle-buttis and fused itself in Stephen's consciousness with the jingle of the words, bucket and lamp and lamp and bucket. The priest's voice, too, had a hard jingling tone. Stephen's mind halted by instinct, checked by the alluring imagery and by the priest's face which seemed like an unlit lamp or a reflector hung in a false focus. What lay behind it or within it? A dull torpor of the soul or the dulness of the thundercloud, charged with intellection and capable of the gloom of God?—

—And to distinguish between the beautiful and the sublime,—he asked,—is it not a tundish?—

—Yes, yes: I see,—said the dean quickly—I quite catch the point: *detain*.—

He thrust forward his under jaw and uttered a dry, short cough.

—To return to the lamp—he said—the feeding of it is also a nice problem. You must choose the pure oil, and you must be careful to pour it not to pour in more than the funnel can hold.—

—What funnel?—asked Stephen.

—The funnel through which you pour the oil into your lamp.—

—That!—said Stephen.—Is that called a funnel? Is it not a tundish?—

—What is a tundish?—

—That. The . . . the funnel.—

—Is that called a tundish in Ireland?—asked the dean.—I never heard the word in my life.—

—It is called a tundish in Lower Drumcondra,—said Stephen, laughing—where they speak the best English.—

—A tundish,—said the dean reflectively,—That is a most interesting word. I must look that word up. Upon my word I must—

—His courtly manner rang a little false, and Stephen looked at the English convert with the same eyes as the elder brother in the parable may have turned on the prodigal. A humble follower in the wake of clamorous conversions, a poor Englishman in Ireland, he seemed to have entered on the stage of Jesuit history when that man was grown gray. What lay behind the envy and struggle and indignity had been all but given through—a late-comer, a tardy spirit. From what had he set out? Perhaps he had been born and bred among serious dissenters, seeing salvation in Jesus only and abhorring the vain pompoms of the Establishment. Had he felt the need of an implicit faith amid the welter of sectarianism and the jargon of its turbulent schisms, Six Principal Men, Peculiar People, Seed and Snake Baptists, Supralapsarian Dogmatists? Had he found the true church all of a sudden in winding up to the end like a reel of cotton some fine-spun line of reasoning upon insufflation on the imposition of hands or the procession of the Holy Ghost? Or had Lord Christ touched him and hidden him follow, like that disciple who had sat at the receipt of custom, as he sat by the door of some zinc-roofed chapel, yawning and telling over his church pence?

The dean repeated the word yet again.

—Tundish! Well now, that is interesting!—

—The question you asked me a moment ago seems to me more interesting. What is that beauty which the language in which we are speaking is his before the voice? What is that beauty which the English convert, so familiar and so foreign, will always be for me an acquired speech. I have not made or accepted its words. My voice holds them at bay. My soul frets in the shadow of its language.—

And to distinguish between the beautiful and the sublime—the dean added—to distinguish between moral beauty and material beauty. And to inquire what kind of beauty is proper to each of the various arts. These are some interesting points we might take up. —

Stephen, disheartened suddenly by the dean's firm, dry tone, was silent: and through the silence a distant frets in the shadow of his language.—

—And to distinguish between the beautiful and the sublime—the dean added—to distinguish between moral beauty and material beauty. And to inquire what kind of beauty is proper to each of the various arts. These are some interesting points we might take up. —

—The language in which we are speaking is his before it is mine. How different are the words home, Christ, ale, master, on his lips and on mine! I cannot speak or write these words without unrest of spirit. His language, so familiar and so foreign, will always be for me an acquired speech. I have not made or accepted its words. My voice holds them at bay. My soul frets in the shadow of its language.—

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—The language in which we are speaking is his before it is mine. How different are the words home, Christ, ale, master, on his lips and on mine! I cannot speak or write these words without unrest of spirit. His language, so familiar and so foreign, will always be for me an acquired speech. I have not made or accepted its words. My voice holds them at bay. My soul frets in the shadow of its language.—
you will see your way. I mean in every sense, your way in life and in thinking. It may be uphill pedalling at first. Take Mr. Moonan. He was a long time before never can say what is in us. I most certainly should not be despondent. Per aspera ad astra.—

He left the hearth quickly and went towards the landing to oversee the arrival of the first arts' class. Leaning against the fireplace Stephen heard him greet briskly and impartially every student of the class, and could almost see the frank smiles of the coarser students. A desolating pity began to fall like dew upon his easily embittered heart for this faithful serving-man of the knightly Loyola, for this half-brother of the companions who had earned the name of worldlings at the ghostly father: and he thought how this man and his hands not of the unworldly only but of the worldly bar of God's justice for the souls of the lax and the lukewarm and the prudent.

A smile flew across Stephen's face as he thought of his friend's studies. He had heard of painless, patient consciousness through which souls would be induced in the coils. The bobbins are saturated in hot paraffin-wax.... A sharp Ulster voice said from the bench below Stephen:

—Are we likely to be asked questions on applied science?

The professor had gone to the glass cases on the side-wall, from a shelf of which he took down a set of coils, rose in his bench and, clacking noiselessly the fingers of his right hand, began to call with the voice of a slobbering urchin:—Please, teacher! Please, teacher! This boy is after saying a bad word, teacher.—

Stephen looked down coldly on the oblong skull beneath. Patience. Can you say with certitude quickly:—It came from the comic Irishman in the bench behind. Moynihan murmured from behind in his natural voice:

—Are you as bad as that?—asked Moynihan with a broad grin.

In case of necessity any layman or woman can do it.—

The formula which he wrote obediently on the sheet of scribbler was, With a twisted cue:—And elliptical billiard balls.

—He means a ball having the form of the ellipsoid of the principal axes of which I spoke a moment ago.—

Moynihan leaned down towards Stephen's ear and murmured:—What price elliptical balls! chase me, ladies, I'm in the cavalry!—

His fellow-student's rude humour ran like a gust through the cloister of Stephen's mind, shaking into gay life limp priestly vestments that hung upon the walls, setting them to sway and caper in a sabbath of misrule. The forms of the community emerged from the dust-blown vestments, the dean of studies, the portly florid bursar with his cap of grey hair, the president, the little priest with feathery hair who wrote devout verses, the squat peasant form of the professor of economics, the tall form of the young professor of mental science discussing on the landing a case of conscience with his class like a giraffe cropping high leafage among a herd of antelopes, the grave, troubled prefect of the sodality, the plump round-headed professor of Italian with his rogue's eyes. They came ambling and stumbling, tumbling and capering, kitting their gowns for leap-frog, holding one another back, shaken with deep false laughter, snacking one another behind, and laughing at the rude malice, calling to one another by familiar nicknames, protesting with sudden dignity at some rough usage, whispering two and two behind their hands.

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Stephen glanced up quickly, but Moynihan's smirch face, outlined on the grey light, was impassive. A formula was given out. Amid the rustling of the notebooks Stephen turned back again and said:

—Give me some paper for God's sake.—

—Are you as bad as that?—asked Moynihan with a broad grin.

He tore a sheet from his scribbler and passed it down, whispering:

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itself slowly round and round the coils it spoke of, doubling, trebling, quadrupling its somnolent energy as the coil multiplied its ohms of resistance. Moynihan's voice called from behind in echo to a distant bell: —Closing time, gents!—

(To be continued.)

JULY SUNDAY

(From a Back Window)

By Richard Aldington

THE sky was the colour of a field of cornflowers, Which are hidden and revealed by the wind, As it billows the corn into waves Rolling over the hill-side.

Towards evening

There came a little flicker of rain, Grey gauze, a thin web of water, Which settled like shining gossamer on the slates

And the greasy flag-stones.

And on the other side of the courtyard

In the queer darkness of the basement kitchen, With its smell of food and dishes, An old man sang to the children, Doefully, with a harsh old voice, In the twilight.

FIGHTING PARIS

January 19.—This evening it was rumoured that a Zeppelin had been signalled some distance from Paris. Certain it is that since yesterday very severe measures have been taken to suppress all superfluous illuminations, and to-night the streets were darker than ever. The shops have to extinguish their lights, put up their shutters or draw blinds; in private houses the curtains must be drawn before all lighted windows. The street lamps are reduced to the strictest minimum in agreement with safety.

January 20.—At noon we hear of the Zeppelin bombardment of Yarmouth, Hunstanton, Cromer, &c. This coincides exactly with last evening's rumour, the bombs having been thrown on the English coast at about 8.30 p.m. Nevertheless, it is now reported here that the extinction of lights last night was a general rehearsal in view of possible actual necessity.

January 22.—From L'Intransigeant: "A well-known firm of publishers informs us that it has bound itself not to publish any book on the war. We learn that other firms are following suit."

I wonder whether the German army comprises regiments of foreign volunteers as does the French, if so, how many, and what nationalities are chiefly represented? I do not suppose Germany can claim the ardour France has awakened among foreigners. Mr. V. was telling us about the first day he acted as recruiting sergeant to the twenty-second regiment in which he serves. The first applicant for enrolment was a rich Japanese gentleman, who had taken part as officer in the Russo-Japanese conflict, and who had sailed especially from New York to enlist with the French army on hearing of the war. The second recruit was a Greek financier, a married, middle-aged man with children. Mr. V.'s regiment includes several Englishmen, Americans, Spaniards, Italians, Hollanders of independent means, besides, of course, the usual enrolments for bread.

January 23.—A young poet whose rare perfection of style had already brought him into renown, Emile Despax, leaves his thirty-three years behind him on the battle-field, where he fell hit, like several of his predecessors, by a bullet in the brow. His first poems were embraced under the title Au Seuil de la Londe, where, as in most of his verses, he describes the country of his birth and choice. It was followed by La Maison des Glycines, which received an award from the Académie. A commentary of his work and some contributions from him appeared in a recently issued Double Bouquet. A few days after their appearance news of his death was published. His name is included in Poètes d'Aujourd'hui, the anthology collected by MM. Van Bever and Léautaud for the Mercure de France publications.

Another war victim whose name I must not forget to record is that of Jacques Nayral, author of L'Étrange Histoire d'Au-déjourdui, the anthology collected by MM. Van Bever and Léautaud for the Mercure de France publications.

January 24.—To-day we met Mr. D.-R., who has been serving in the Belgian ranks since the beginning of September. He has been on a week's leave here to see his wife, this being the first time for six months. We made him talk as much as soldiers who have been through the worst of this war will, for they are not, as a rule, loquacious. Up to now he had been with the field-guns, but from to-morrow he will be put in the trenches. He confirmed the reports of German breaches of war conventions, adoption of French and British uniforms, systematic and unwarranted destruction of monuments and dwellings. He has seen Germans appear on the battlefield as an entertainment carrying, apparently, swords which were in reality disguised guns; he has himself found little children's hands tucked away like souvenirs in a soldier's satchel; he has seen bodies crucified and mutilated limbs nailed on walls. I asked whether it was true the Belgian women had acted as francs-féerues. In one locality only, he said. The systematic destruction of Belgium had been ordered from the moment the army made opposition to the German invasion.

I also heard to-day that when the Germans were descending upon Paris General Gallieni took measures for the city to be blown up after the German entrance, for it seems a fact that had the investment taken place the city was doomed at the hands of the invaders. It was in anticipation of expulsion that people in the know fled in such a hurry.

It also seems a fact that three Zeppelins had been signalled on their way to Paris the night of the raid on the English coast. They reached as far as Mantes, where the French aeroplanes obliged them to turn back. The circumstance had not been mentioned in the papers to avoid panic. It is not possible to tell the French public all the truth.

January 25.—... "to have the ear of an immense indefinite public, that is, of a desert, while the chief consideration is to go to the extreme limit of one's own thoughts, to oblige oneself to define and perfect oneself even if only followed by a handful of one's peers."

Maurice Barrès in to-day's Echo de Paris.

January 26.—It is impossible to be out for five minutes now without meeting with crippled soldiers. It is proposed that civilians should greet them. One feels one owes them some kind of recognition.

Fifty years ago Eckermann and Chatrin wrote thus of the Germans: "Instead of teaching them principles of humanity, liberty and justice they have their heads crammed with ideas of revenge, rape and domination! Plain common sense ought, nevertheless, to tell this people that their manner of introducing themselves among neighbouring nations like friends, while spying on them and taking mounds of their door-locks, is shameful and dishonest, and that sooner or later Europe will hunt them down like a herd of wolves."

The war has given rise to the strangest forms of philanthropic zeal. I know a lady who has been peeling vegetables in the kitchen of a military infirmary ever since August; every one is ready to nurse, but few willing to do such work as this. Several refectories for artists and others exercising liberal professions depend for their management and attendance on purely voluntary collaboration. The waitresses and stewards at one of these, situated in the Latin quarter, are chiefly recruited from among the students of the École des Beaux Arts.

January 27.—A study of Paul Fort by James Elroy
Flecker should be read in the last Nineteenth Century and After. It is at once an admirable analysis of the poet, and a very exact diagnosis of the evolution in French psychology within recent years. Le Petit Messager des Arts et des Artistes, et des Industries d’Art does for these what Mr. Divoire’s Bulletin does for the world of letters, namely, keeps a record of the activities during, and participation in the war, of artists and writers, in the fine and applied arts. January 28.—The rain has ceased and hard frost taken its place.

February 1.—Card from a prisoner in a German camp stamped with the official more or less intelligible directions: Ecrire lisiblement. Des lettres ne doivent pas dépasser deux pages. Guerre. G. Written on December 31 it left the local post office only on January 19.

February 4.—To-day I sent a small parcel to a prisoner of war. I was one of a line of people each bringing a little bundle carefully tied in cloth or linen with the same purpose to the railway office. The carriage for these parcels is, as for letters exchanged between the two fighting countries, gratuitous, strangely enough.

February 5.—To-day we saw and handled one of those little steel arrows aviators aim at Zeppelins, and which, going to a man’s head, come out at his feet. They are about the diameter of the thinnest pencil lead. The arrow itself is only a piece, the half body is sliced into four sharp blades. This modernized adaptation of the oldest of weapons is, perhaps, the most deadly of all modern instruments of warfare. The Germans have already imitated them, and send them from their aeroplanes labelled “French invention.”

Numbers of letters from soldiers at the Front were read or shown to us this afternoon. Except in the case of stretcher-bearers and surgeons this correspondence is written during the intervals of rest granted during periods spent at the trenches. One letter was written after thirty-four days and nights in a flooded trench, “which means,” wrote its author, “a foot-bath up to the knees, no warm food, no possibility of attending to personal cleanliness, no change of clothes, during that period.” Sometimes after hard frosts the men woke up with their feet buried in ice that they had to break with the butt-end of their rifles. Each one of these letters, whether from our own friends, Dr. de N., Mr. R., or A.M. the writer, or from strangers, gave expression to the same feeling of the monotonous tiring in the trenches, described in the newspapers at times of cheerfulness, excellent camaraderie, and not covering periods of more than three days at a time. As to the camaraderie the correspondents whose letters I have read, write: “Of heroism and self-sacrifice there is, of course, none, but also of the life and death of the big faults of the human character. Life here continues its normal course with the usual irritations, misunderstandings, egotisms, &c, naturally. Those in the ambulance services like Dr. de N., Mr. R. (who has been away from his home six months, but had the bad fortune of a glimpse of his wife the other day, and whose little girls I saw just after I read his letter), and A.M., refer in the most distressed terms to the loss of life, the scenes of carnage and suffering of every description which they have witnessed.”

I also saw a letter from a German poet called S., written to S. V., in which he lays all the blame of the war on the English, affirming that the Germans have only “sympathy” for France, &c, —all in the old German manner.

I come to the conclusion that it is impossible to use the same reasoning in war as in peace. For the men on the battle field, so also for us non-combatants there is but one attitude, the categorical. Impartiality is out of the question. We, whose only weapon is in our mind, must take sides like armed soldiers. Any reserve, any canvassation is suicidal. There is black and there is white, and without transition. Our opinions must be drastic like military justice, and differ from our views in peace times as a council of war differs from a lay court. Elasticity and tolerance are unfair. The judgment must be one and unbounding. To each hour its spirit. Present circumstances demands that we must look neither to right nor to left. Breath of mind would be treason (“le malheur des honnêtes gens,” said Voltaire, “c’est que ce sont des lâches”). Intellect elogs action, and every thought at present must, on the contrary, instigate and support action.

February 6.—To-day we heard some Beethoven, played here for the first time in public since the war began.

Those who have not been claimed as fighters do their share of patriotic work none the less. Thus M. André Gide, author of La Porte Etroule, Le Prométhée Mal Enchainé, &c., devotes himself to assisting refugees; M. Maurice Barrès is at the head of a private organization coming to the aid of the disabled, finding them government posts, &c.; M. Frédéric Masson helps those whom public charity is apt to overlook—resourceless women of the educated class; M. Pierre Loti provides clothing to soldiers leaving hospital whether returning to the ranks or invalidized; M. André Gourlie the use of such a term to be merely the result of verbal confusion. We do mean something precise when we speak of objective reality, though this objective reality may not amount to anything very tangible.

A thing may be said to be objectively real when it affects two or more people in the same way—or rather, it would perhaps be safer to put it this way: when not merely that it affects me in the same way we speak of the cause as an objective reality. Objective reality is said to exist, then, when two people undergo a common experience.

I see a stone, but unless some one agrees with me that he sees a stone, and I have no reason to think he is blind, I should hesitate to say, “There is a stone.” It may, of course, still be argued that the stone when seen by another is still only part of my subjective experience, because the fellow-being who says he sees a stone too is also part of my subjective experience. Should this be maintained, then objective reality may be said to exist when a thing affects my consciousness directly and at the same time indirectly through another’s consciousness—the term “objective reality” still stands for something precise.

Supposing, then, this definition of objective reality is correct, it is absurd, as Miss Marsden asserts, to assume all things exist subjectively—that is, as part of the individual I. In fact, it is not even necessary. One of the truths of psychology is, that less is as a rule more. If, for example, two individuals have identical ideas of a thing, it is not difficult to say that the idea is objective. If, on the other hand, it is not difficult to say that the idea is objective, one can say that the idea is subjective. One of the principles which Miss Marsden clings to is the necessity that we assume all things exist subjectively. Does not the Verbalism of which Miss Marsden complains arise from using words suddenly with some special meaning “objective reality”? The use of this term is, of course, a profound mistake. We mean to say that form is objective, that existence is said to exist, then, when two people undergo a common experience.

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individual or class applying these terms. An individual may
that things are only good or bad relatively to the welfare of the
evolve a philosophy of egoism. She is beginning with the " I."
Heretofore she has wasted time by dealing with the " you " or the
is not that a perfectly reasonable
correct egoistic comment.

This is a check that must constantly be
applied after they have been performed, or, better, when first con­
ceived; but we cannot be prompted to action except by an incentive
which is a prompt to impose an act for the common good. One can
the result, the polarization of life. Max Stirner pushed the emphasis so far toward the subjective—the ideal
the " I " of the universe and hence developed a philosophy of chimeras
madmen. Philadelphia, U.S.A.

THE ANARCHIST AS AN ARCHIST

MADAM,—Mr. Herman Kuehn makes no distinction between being
an anarchist in desire and purpose, and being one in outward action.
In whatever he wrote is not so much confused when he talks about good and bad. He may be quite quiescent or uncon­
scious of what is happening when an individual or class makes his good prevail as a standard of value. He may say
something of this kind: "Aggression is justifiable in the interests
of the fine Teutonic race which should dominate the world for
the benefit of mankind, etc." She would know quite well that " good "
by itself means good for many nations, and she would also know
that the human individuality is not the only " I " in the universe,
total good of Germany is beneficial for other nations; she would
therefore be at pains to assert this point emphatically.

The question for those of an egoist way of thinking is not to
confuse the use of the word good but to ask ourselves just how important the effect of our acts on others is. The purely Christian view
on this point, that those who talk about the common good are talking about
are the agents of an individual welfare in view, and the denial of
his criticism, he will find little difficulty in supplying for himself a
ment.

"they," in a word by hammering at others for beginning with the
" I."

Starti­

Miss Marsden is holding out hopes also of a possible later realiza­
tion on her part, that—verbalism aside—" matter and spirit."—
subjective and objective "—" the I and the not-I."—" the ideal
and the real. The average man is a myopic idealist; he
simply the result of shifting the psychological centre on the part
of the " I " from one pole to the other of the battery of life, and that
" verbalism " grows out of the tendency to put undue emphasis on
one pole—at the expense of the other—until finally the " I " is
thrown entirely out of the balance—the polarization of life. Max
This, in my mind, is all that his contention amounts to; seeing
the most ardent anarchist is an anarchist of the anarchists in his desire
and purpose to impose anarchism upon every one else.

The INNER VOICE
To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM,—Miss Marsden tells me that my list of men guided by
an Inner Voice contains men as different as possible in that respect.
Bayard, for instance, is the product of his wants, while in the case of
we are able to gather from this that it regards " Reality "
as a term which lies outside the bounds of accredited verbal con­
vention in that no definite, precise, and intelligible meaning is
attached to it, and that it continues in use only by virtue of a gross
licence. Accordingly it is not the kind of word which can
profitably be loaded with any kind of attribute: " Subjective and
Objective Reality " being as hopelessly lost to meaning as " Reality"
itself. The word " real " however is honestly within the convention,
and its meaning is precise enough to bring out what worth of meaning
may unhesitatingly have been associated with the meaningless
form. " Real " is the term attributed to an appearance—any, sub­
jective or objective, if such distinction of appearances may be
maintained—since there is no certain class of objective appearances
and having been subjected to certain crucial kinds of treatment, yields as a result the appearances which experience has
shown to be the property of any one group. An appearance is an identified appearance. It is the identifying process
which gives force to the attributing of " real": not the character
of each, but the actual and the objective, and that is the ontological
anthropus of " Subjective and Objective Reality " would not be ill­
placed consigned to the very necessary scrap-heap of philosophic
monsters.

The Editor.

In regard to my critic, Mr. Caldwell Harpur, who wrote in your last issue, I have no doubt that after reading his interpretation of
verbalism which have appeared in this journal since he penned
his criticism, he will find little difficulty in supplying for himself a
correct comparison, and that any such critic will be, so long as he
Southport.

MISS MARSDEN AND THE " I."

MADAM,—Miss Marsden is at last beginning at the beginning, to
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That person is the sign of the " I "—living unit (unity)—at the inner and outer organism—" affirming, the self in its own life. We
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