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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
"TRUTH AND REALITY," II. By Dora Marsden	49	THE CURVE OF INDIVIDUALISM. By Huntly Carter	59
SERIAL STORY.—A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN. By James Joyce	54	THE LONDON GROUP. By Frank Denver	60
DECADENCE AND DYNAMISM. By Richard Aldington	56	POEMS. By Richard Butler Glaenzer and Marianne Moore	61
JOACHIM'S LETTERS. By M. Montagu-Nathan	58	FIGHTING PARIS. By Madame Ciolkowska	62

"TRUTH AND REALITY"

By DORA MARSDEN

II

HAVING defined "Real" it remains to unravel "Reality." Definition of the term is not possible: what is possible is to explain it. The fact that "Reality" is not susceptible to definition excludes it from the category of philosophic terms. Philosophy being the application of scientific method to linguistic signs, its entire business is with definition. Its function is to "realize" signs by attaching to each an exact meaning, and "Reality" being intractable to such definition its use is not in place, in the strenuous atmosphere which is that of philosophy proper but only in the pleasure-giving one of the Imaginary, unhampered by the necessity of "realization" and definition. That "reality" and "truth" have hitherto occupied the prominent places in philosophy has been due to the fact that the latter has been conceived and served in the spirit of voluptuousness rather than in the strenuous "realizing" spirit of a science which it purports to be. "Reality" and "Truth" have a place in genuine philosophy similar to that which "Centaurs" would occupy in the science of biology.

But however little these terms are amenable to definition they admit readily of explanation, and it is explanation of "Reality's" origins and its accretions of associated meaning with which we are here concerned.

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We have already laid stress on the observation that because the Apparent includes forms of Being which are not "real" (*i.e.* not classified and so not conveniently available for practical use), its character has been belittled by those utilitarian standards of value which the sterner necessities of life have made paramount. To the applicant for utility the Apparent World appears dangerous—as a room full of unlabelled chemicals would appear to a novice in chemistry; whereas the "realized" section of the Apparent presents only such appearances as are duly labelled and which bear patent indication of such appearance's behaviour in use. Between these two sections—Realized and

Non-realized—lies the fringe of hasty, untested, imperfect classifications in which the Doubtful and Illusory are harboured: appearances in which superficial likenesses have led to classifications as to use which, in the event, have been proved unjustifiable. The *animus* thus engendered from the ill-effects of the Illusory has come both popularly and philosophically to be directed against the common parent—the Apparent: this latter quite absurdly coming to be regarded as limited to shams, to the illusory and mal-identifications in general, although it includes the rightly classified (*i.e.* the "real") equally with the mal-classified and the non-classified. Thus in the long run the genus and parent-stock is held accountable for all those features of appearance which prove hurtful in practical conduct, and so is held in antithetical relationship to the species which favours practical action—the "real."

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It is not however wholly on account of the ante-realized and therefore non-utilitarian character of certain appearances that Appearance in general is depreciated, but rather on account of certain characteristics which are common to all experience, "Real" and "Imaginary" alike. To such an extent has this depreciation gone that the Apparent has become synonymous with the Unworthy and life itself is depreciated in favour of a "something" which is not life but death and which is euphemistically called the "after-life." A vague "Reality" is accordingly conceived which is accounted the antithesis of the unworthiness which is attached to the content of the sensual life and its panorama of Appearances (*i.e.* the External World). The term is considered to be an anticipatory one for a state of Being which is supposedly more fundamental than the Apparent: actually the Non-existent, which afterwards, on account of its non-entity, is extolled to the rank of the supra-sensible and of a form of Being which is free from the limited and decried characteristics of the Sensual and Apparent.

Reality therefore being nominally the covering term for the non-existent it is very far from having any such close relation to the "real" as its formal definition as the "quality" of the "real" would imply. The two terms "real" and "Reality" are very near to being the expression of opposites: real—the sign attached to a thing whose potentialities have been proved to be like to another's, and Reality—the name of a nominal "something" which has never yet existed and which, should "it" ever achieve existence, would become degraded into Appearance and thereby cease to be part of Reality.

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Although—apart from its verbal and literary forms—Reality possesses no definite meaning, it nevertheless possesses a vast associated one, and the tracking down of these associations furnishes the explanation as to origin which has to take the place of definition.

"Reality" now comprises all the vague vast hopes which by force of contrast spring from the disappointing aspects of Appearance (*i.e.* of life) and this associated meaning is vast in proportion as it is vague: as is the case with all hopes. A verbal image will expand readily towards the infinite so long as it remains vague and indeterminate: in fact the behaviour of verbal equivalents is comparable in this respect to that of gases: they expand in an inverse ratio to the degree of pressure to which they are subjected: pressure in this case being Precision of Meaning.

* * * *

How strongly convinced the human intelligence has been that there exist aspects of appearances for the explanation of which one must "go behind" Appearance is made evident by the fact that there is no positive philosophy save egoism which does not advance the postulate that there exists a Non-Sensible and therefore Non-existent Reality. This postulation of a patently absurd contradiction is considered to be the only conception capable of accounting for the characteristics affirmed of Appearance but which nevertheless are not of it. It claims to be a necessity of the "rational" mind, which requires it as a containing vessel for those Progressive, Permanent, Homogeneous, Coherent, Law-imbued features of Appearance which philosophy has failed to explain and has been unable to square with its version of Appearance. Accordingly each separate philosophy posits in one form or another the following factors as necessary to any explanation of the panorama of existence:

Firstly: Percipient Minds representing the living spectators capable of apprehending the "Show of Things" and further capable of exploiting their nature but powerless to alter or deflect it.

Secondly: Appearance, *i.e.* Things Perceived, which include all forms apparent to the Senses whether Imaginary, Illusory, or "Real."

Thirdly: Reality—the unknown composite factor "X" which Percipient "rational" Minds conceive as underlying all sense appearance and which comprises Things-in-Themselves and is the "very" nature of things themselves. It is the Law-imbued, Coherent, Homogeneous, Orderly, Progressively-revealed World-in-Itself which is *behind* Sense-Appearance, but is at no time sensibly evident. It is like an Atlas whose shoulders support the World but who is not of it.

And fourthly: There is the Law-imbuing Principle. This Principle underlies the underlying Reality itself and imbues it with its nature of Progressive Revelation, Permanence, Coherence, Homogeneity, Law, Order, and the rest. This underlying principle is known variously as the Spirit of Reason, the Supreme Being, the Divine Spirit, the Eternal Verity, but more picturesquely and personally and more appealingly as God.

This outline which is common to all the pseudo-philosophic "Schemes of Things" is the confused effect resulting from the non-apprehension of the fact that Being and Appearance are one and the same. The inference involved in it to the effect that of the four factors furnished, the last two do not belong to the Apparent World, is the direct outcome of the failure to recognize the Imaginary as much an integral

part of the Apparent World as the "Real" and the Illusory. Obviously, God and Reality are both Appearances—both Sense-phenomena, but they belong—their verbal and literary forms apart—to the Imaginary section of Appearances, just as the notion that they belong to a supra-sensible world belongs to the Illusory. The section of the Apparent in which they have no part is the "Real." It is as impossible at the present time to furnish them with a "tally" (*i.e.* to realize them) as it would be to realize for instance "a living Centaur." This is by no means tantamount to saying a Centaur, a God, or "Reality" can never be realized: they will be realized when the egoistic powers which desire them grow equal to the task: a quite possible evolution if once these shadowy occupants of the Imagination can be limited to "forms," and made sufficiently definite as to excite a purposive desire for their realization. These instances in fact afford a fair illustration of how the "Imaginary" World grows and becomes the "Realized." The first step towards the realization of the Imaginary is the limitation of its content and a definition of its form from that which has been vaguely desired to that which can be desired definitely, and towards which the purposive effort of realization can be definitely set. A "Centaur" is an imaginary image which has achieved such definite form and, given the desire which begets the purpose, the actual realization of a "Centaur" does not seem a wholly inconceivable project should some experimenting biologist be moved to undertake it. A God—a modern sort of God that is—is not limited and definite in form like the "Centaur"; rather it is adorned with the badge of the Infinite and Limitless as the very essence of its nature. This notwithstanding, the advance from "Reality" to a "Personalized God" is a step forward in the realizing process. To a vague "Reality" one gives neither line nor feature: it is what the philosophers pride themselves on conceiving it to be—Non-sensible: it lies beyond the bounds of sense; whereas in the conception of "God-as-a-person" the senses have called at least a form, and it is observable that the efforts of great religious artists are all concerned with giving features to that form. Faster than the philosophers can erase them the artists limn them in. Two artists differing as much, for instance, as do the authors of the "Book of Revelation" and "Thus spake Zarathustra" are both engaged on the same enterprise: relieving the Godhead of its infinite and featureless character in exchange for a limited form. Both are bent on "realizing" it. Great artists are, in fact, the creators of every great "New" "realizing" process. Their function is to fix limits upon the vague and undefined forms of the Imaginary. It is only under the intenser degrees of vision that new visions are furnished with "lines" and body, and the "fixing" of the New "original" Appearance necessarily waits until the intense living power which can give it "line" arrives. "Realizing" scientists wait for the visionary artist to give them the lead in "New" things: in established things they can go their way adequately equipped with mere scrutinizing energy only.

But for the supplying of that knowledge of Gods and Supermen which would so powerfully affect his interpretation of biology the biologist, for instance, must wait for the artist and the poet. A great poet is, in fact, a great limiting agency who is able to develop the Finite out of the Infinite, and it is as such that popular respect goes out to him. Even the most ordinary of men will be sufficiently interested in "The New Thing" as to be prepared to tolerate a thousand quacks among reputed visionaries, in order that he may be in no danger of overlooking the genuine one when he arrives. It is because he may perchance be the "Man with the New Thing" that the Rhymer, the Mosaic-maker, and the many semi-lunatics who engage the popular attention are given a respectful and patient hearing. Let therefore the genius arrive who can give limits and features to the Godhead, and it becomes a question of time before the God is duly "realized." It was *because* a certain race could foretell their Messiah

with so much definiteness that in course of time he duly appeared.

The abstraction "Reality" however—the "quality" abstracted from all form—being the least developed and finite, belongs to the most inchaotic section of Imaginary appearance. It has practically no sensible limitations, it is the furthest removed from the possibility of definition and realization. As "real" is the term applied to images which possess the maximum of meaning, "reality" is the kind of term applied to those which possess the least.

* * * *

Reality, along with other "Absolute" master-words, has been popularly and quite penetratingly recognized as belonging to the realm of the "Sublime." The ascription is really very apt, and indicates the feature which is common to them all—that the nature of the Sense-appearances by association with which they have come into Being still lies "beneath the threshold" of the understanding. What they definitely mean is still hidden in confusion. These Sense-appearances which are neither completely unknown nor yet known fail to suggest the world which would express their actual nature. At their most developed end they are just emerging into the real, the definite and known, and at the other they are receding into the vast nebulous form which is common to Sense-appearance in its embryonic stage. It is this vast-seeming nebulous condition which is aptly labelled the "Sublime." The featureless, formless, infinite "Absolute" something, still hovers on the brink of the understanding, only one degree removed from nothingness. Inasmuch as it is unknown (*i.e.* partially known), it produces the thick impenetrable effect like that produced by a cold in the head: a sensation of being blockaded; of powerlessness; and inasmuch as it is known this thick black nucleus of the unknown is lit up by radiating streaks cast by associated identities, the gloom of confusion throwing these brief flashes of apprehension into greater relief. Because it is unknown it creates the awe and fear which is attached to the unfamiliar and because it is in part known (*i.e.* sensed) it inspires the hope of being known in full, *i.e.* realized and defined. It is in relation to this confused area of the apparent world that the conception of Reality and its kind are provided with a function. Throughout philosophic history such terms have served as stockpots for the reception of all those errors and riddles which have sprung from failure to apprehend appearances and from the resulting inadequate terminology. The puzzling aspects of appearance which philosophers have not been able to unravel into knowledge have been used to fill up the content of "Reality" and the rest. In which process they have suffered a metamorphosis: flung in as the involved problems of the Apparent, they have emerged as dogmatic assumptions about the super-apparent.

* * * *

That most satisfying method of finding out what "Reality" purports to mean is to observe it here, at its point of inception among the aspects of appearances which produce dissatisfaction without furnishing a ready explanation as to why they dissatisfy. The Apparent has been popularly (*i.e.* philosophically) accepted as signifying Things of the Moment, the Transient, Disparate, the Incoherent divorced from all order and law; and to Reality is assigned the function of embodying the opposites—the Progressive, the Permanent and the rest—of these dissatisfying attributes. Let us examine them. A very little attention will serve to lift them out of the "Sublime" region of Appearance (*i.e.* the semi-conscious) into the plainly apparent (*i.e.* the real and the known). The dissatisfaction with Things of the Moment and regard for Progressive Revelation are easily explainable without having recourse to contradictions and absurdities. It is the simplest and most obvious characteristic observable in life that "to be alive" is to possess the possibility of growth, and "growing" is only another, a different verbal form indicating the fact that the content of our world of Appearance develops and changes. The more

instinct with life a living unit, the more it is empowered to change its present World into a fuller and more definite world.

To be dissatisfied with the "Thing of the Moment" is merely to be dissatisfied with the present moment in comparison with a moment in the future which is hoped for. It is the obverse side of the high regard we have for the Progressive Revelation of "Things." As a matter of fact the "Things" either of the present moment or of the hoped for one of the future are the powerless factors in the situation. The "Things" which make our Worlds are the inverted expression of each individual power of life, so that to despise the Moment and its Things is to despise our existent selves: just as to be wholly content with the Moment is to be wholly content with such powers as we already possess. In no case are the Things anything other than a reflection of ourselves and of our potentialities, as the difference between our Worlds—all contemporary with each other—shows. The appearances which "are" to the man are not those which "are" to the amoeba. The world of an infant is different from that which the world of the same ego will be when grown more powerful. The complex world of the scientist is not the same as that of the untrained mind, nor is the world of the scientist of a comparatively few years ago the same as that of the scientists of to-day. The scientific appearance, for instance, of the four "elements"—air, earth, fire, and water—of a comparatively short time ago was very different from what it is to-day, because the powers of seeing and other modes of feeling among scientists to-day have been increased by the creation of sense-assisting instruments. So, too, is the world of the man of imaginative genius different from the ordinary man's, and again from the scientist's.

And nothing can shake men's conviction that New Worlds are to be won by means of a voluntary desire set towards their creation; the modern "strenuous life" is the average man's application of this conviction to his daily affairs. Of the two main ways along which development of the New Appearance must come we can ordinarily detect the influence of only one. The "New Thing" may be arrived at by submitting the old appearances to closer and more sustained observation. The more intimate attention which the use of sense-assisting instruments makes possible, reveals "new" hitherto neglected features, and the apprehension of these new identities and new differences in old appearances makes them correspondingly more submissive in "use." This closer attention evidenced by way of existent modes of feeling: this more minute notice given to obvious "Things," is the great avenue of achievement along which modern progress—which is mainly scientific progress—advances. The incentive offered to the strenuous worker—apart from the almost incredibly fine and complex spectacle which his efforts produce—is an ever-increasing knowledge of "Things" as regards their "use." A career of most gratifying "usefulness" is thus open to men who need to possess no more specific marks of distinction than a meticulous carefulness and power of attention.

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The more elemental way of enlarging Worlds is by means of an accession of power to the egoistic unit existent behind all sense-organs. Sense-organs are merely the specialized channels along which this unit—the creator of all phenomena which the organs sense-operate. Of this way of development of External Worlds there is naturally much less evidence: since growth on such a scale would mean the development of a new sense. Such enormous egoistic growth as would lead to a flow of power to the existent senses which these could not accommodate, and which necessitate the calling into being of a new channel of sense, is the work of ages. Yet such must have been the manner of evolution of such senses as those of sight and hearing. But for justification of a faith in the evolution of a new sense there are as good grounds as there are for the expectation that the body of "Identi-

fications as to function" which we call the "Science of the Real" will grow. What this new sense may be, unless it is the so-called "psychic" one: that of sense eye, ear, and the rest—turned inward, to the end of creating the intimate awareness of living which we call self-consciousness. It is to this that the efforts of great poets, artists, dramatists, and philosophers are turned, inasmuch as they are bent on the realization of all the fleeting elusive images which make up the play of self-consciousness.

* * * *

The faith in the potentialities of the future leads to a quite comprehensible depreciation of the actual and a belittling of the present. What this faith is also at the root of—though quite absurdly—is the belittling of Sense-appearance in favour of a non-sensible Reality. For even the wonderful Worlds of the future will necessarily be of the World of Sense: since there can "be" no other Worlds. Even the present expectations of this future are already appearances even though only imaginary ones. Inasmuch as they "are" at all, they are obvious to sense. To postulate a Reality which is behind or beyond sensible apprehension is to be the victim of a verbal illusion. A supra-sensible "anything" is a contradiction. All that which "is," is sensed. There is no "Reality" outside the realm of sense, lying "there" ready-made until such time as sense-apprehension can gnaw its way towards it. There is only the actual sensing Life which throws out new appearances from itself as its powers grow, and which creates all the things which are and will create all those that ever will be in the future, no matter how great and wonderful and radiant.

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The despising of the World of Sense in favour of Reality is the despising of Being in favour of non-entity. To encourage a distaste for "this" world in favour of some "other" non-sensible world is to encourage the distaste for life itself: a phenomenon which Nietzsche has christened Nihilism; and it is perhaps partly to furnish "other worldliness" with an antidote that religionists have become the warmest advocates of a "spiritual" Reality. If some element of strenuousness is to be maintained in the conduct of "this" life, the positive character which their otherworldly creed would abstract from it must be placed somewhere: and they have no logical scruples to deter them from attaching it to Reality. Hence Reality—the poetic symbol for non-entity—by a euphemism is made the emblem of the "Spiritual," which in the religious context signifies the non-sensible. And in some degree the device counteracts the paralysing influence which inevitably flows from attempts to deprive the World of Sense—where all achievement must take place—of an accredited value.

* * * *

How entirely related to the phenomenon of expanding egoistic power is respect for "Progressive Revelation in Things" is illustrated by the readiness with which it is abandoned in favour of the Stationary and Permanent when circumstances indicate this as the more reasonably desirable. Failing the best the second best is extolled: in fact the two—Progress and Permanence—are coupled together and attributed to Reality as though no opposing signification existed between them. The Appearance of the Moment may be despised as the Limit of the Actual, when there are strong indications that change will mean augmentation of the richness of Appearance. Devotion to Progress lasts only so long as it suits the occasion: only when it means change in the augmenting direction does it win tribute. Only then is there no call for Permanence. But because living powers are as liable to decline as to increase it is to be considered a safe compromise—failing the aforesaid strong evidence indicative of Progress—if they

will but remain Stationary. The seeming stationariness of powers being the pre-condition of the Permanence of Things, there has always been a fervent devotion to the Permanent as against the Fleeting Shows of Appearance, while latterly, with the swift increase in the scientific realm of power to reduce appearance to ever more and more simplified forms, and failing any apparent and corresponding increase in power in the vital constructive sense, an almost anguished note has crept into the cry for that "Something"—that "Reality"—which as it was in the beginning shall be in the end: for the Permanent, the Abiding, and the Changeless.

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Whether powers are ever actually stationary—even for a brief space—is a matter of no moment. Our powers being what they are, they seem stationary, and accordingly for practical purposes they are. A closer attention may, of course, make it apparent that, almost imperceptible as change is whether towards decline or augmentation, it nevertheless *is*. But for the enjoyment of the advantages of the seemingly Permanent this would have no relevance.

These advantages weigh considerably even when compared with the more flattering tributes to powers which the achievements of Progress offer. Failing this slowness of change in living power the intimate "becoming familiar with" the character of Things which is implied in realization would be impossible. Repetition is the sturdy basis which knowledge requires. While respect for Progress is respect for the merely faith-sustained and not yet realized future, respect for Permanence is respect for and contentment with the achieved and realized. It pays full dues to the advantages of the assured and useful, and the being able to know in advance our potentialities in relation to things. Realization is to acquire assuredness as to repetitions of behaviour under given treatment. To find such repetitions fail would come with the sensation of a most disconcerting shock: in fact happening during the normal possession of our powers it would lead one to say that "the world had gone wrong." Occurring during a period when powers are failing—as in old age or in the course of a devitalizing disease—such failures would be accurately assessed in the disappointed judgment that "We are going the wrong way:" meaning thereby that our power to see, hear, walk, talk, to feel, to sense, to live, to be, is dwindling and our universe crumbling into decay. To keep our status we must be able to do, if not a little more at least as much as we were able to do yesterday in every sphere of sense-activity. The assigning of too great a difference because of the ability to record and preserve results to such powers as walking and talking and such powers as are involved in the advancement of Science and the Arts has imputed to things a steadiness of character which actually only belongs to the ego which has achieved them.

The fact that the growth in our powers is so slow as to be almost imperceptible, offers compensation to beings who are impelled forward by a dynamic urge, in the related fact that more of oneself can be put into the enjoyment of things which are fixed and stationary. Hence the readiness to become attached to "Things" themselves: an attachment which results in an effort to retain them permanent and unchanged. Individuals in whom the voluptuous, restful and comfortable element predominates, possess the instinct for that satisfaction in things which is attained by pausing upon them: by making haste but slowly to develop one image into another. The transient and too purposeful acquaintance with achieved images which the strenuous life of "finding real" encourages, is sufficient only for the recognition of those of their features which are necessary to effect the desired identifications. It is too brief to allow of that revelling in an image whereby the creator becomes bound in an attachment to his creation. The itch for Progress and the "New Thing" induces a speeding-up of the panorama of Appearance, and

though in this there is the pleasure which comes of swift succession—a sensation which can be enjoyed in itself—and the pleasure of the New and hitherto Unrealized, it is the kind which is born of the swift alternation of effort and achievement; whereas in voluptuous enjoyment the pleasure is that of achievement unfretted by the strain of effort. The voluptuary in the popular and discredited sense is the person who lives only to enjoy such moments. He is a degenerate, not because he enjoys them but because giving to their pursuit an undue amount of energy he has little left for the strenuous activity out of which are born the very images which he desires but fails to find. Philosophy has in the main been given its decisive features by minds of the voluptuous cast: by men who were fitted for the pleasures of religion but not for the strain of Science. Hence the misfortunes of philosophy as a science. Philosophers have revelled in the sensation—steadied only by mere words—of imaginary images which they have been unable to reproduce: *i.e.* to define a philosophy which could have an appeal beyond the confines of a mere coterie would have to be subjected to as rigorous a “realizing” discipline as any other science. The Scientist on the other hand—the strenuous perceiver—is the Puritan. He limits himself to the joy of achievements without taking pause for the enjoyment—the revelling in that which he produces. The great artist would be the Mind which could achieve the synthesis of the two—imaging and realizing: such a Mind as would be able to apprehend the new vision so clearly that he could recreate and reproduce it with precision.

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The desire to find a fixed character in things is really the inverted expression of a hope that our powers will not recede. It is not Permanence and Changelessness in images that men want; the hope which expresses itself as a belief in a “Reality” in the External World which is Permanent, is the expression in an inverted form of the desire for the perpetuation of ourselves. We have no interest in the Permanence of a non-sensible “Reality” provided that we can be a little more assured as to the continuance of our own existence. Given that, however, the permanence of the World would follow as a necessary corollary. The hope of immortality is that we shall continue to “be”: that we shall continue to feel, to sense, that is. Whether we shall, is, up to the present, a mystery. On the one hand we, as spectators, have to confess that as far as the capacities of our senses give us any indication, the dead are not alive “*really*.” The only kind of sensible apprehension we can obtain of them belongs to the Imaginary World—in dreams of various sorts: in unrealized forms that is. That is one side of the question: of the other side knowledge offers a blank. Whether the ones who are “*really*” dead to us are themselves dead, *i.e.* incapable of achieving any sense-impressions for themselves: no one can say. We can acquire no sense-data on the matter. If the dead continue to “be,” their powers are not equal to the task of making themselves evident to us, or their desires are not in that direction. As for the “supra-sensible” existence of the “dead,” it is a contradiction in terms. If the “dead” “are,” if only to themselves and their kind, they are as far removed from “Absolute Reality” as the living: they live still in the world of sense: in the world of the “merely Apparent.” The words are unable to carry any other meaning.

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The further characteristics of the Apparent World which philosophy cannot square with the limitation of appearance are its Coherence and Homogeneity: its Law and Order Appearance being disparate and fragmentary, living its moment and no more, it is impossible—they hold—that it should be able to endow the world with the coherent and homogeneous character which it possesses. Doubtless it is the ghostly claims of Reality already grown to large dimensions which have inspired this least successful attempt to create

difficulties in the nature of the Apparent. A straightforward observing of what the so-called coherence and homogeneity of appearance really refer to would make it clear that they could be explained without having recourse to “Absolutes” and “Unknowables.” It is indeed difficult to know how the stream of phenomena could possibly have been regarded as disparate. Experience—which is the entire stream of appearance and which therefore includes the images of identifications as well as the images themselves—knows nothing of any leaps: gaps in it are impossible. A word may attempt to express a gap in experience, but what is effected is limited to the word only: so that this in itself becomes the link between that which the mind vaguely knows and seeks to know more of by aid of verbal expression and the main body of images which is wholly familiar. Appearance is the product of the ego to which it appears and is a growth: the ego’s efflorescence, and this single fact that the External World grows, should have been a sufficient deterrent against any assumption that appearance could be incoherent and disparate. Being a growth it could not be. Its images branch out of one another as the parts of a plant do. There can be produced no detached and unrelated feature of experience any more than the leaves of a plant can be produced in detachment. Images, like plants, sprout. The content of the External World is increased after the vital manner of accretion. A gardener has no trouble in explaining to himself why the growth which springs from a seed is homogeneous in all its parts or why the whole growth springing from the vital impulse of the seed should be coherent: all its parts consisting in one related whole: and there is as little mystery in the fact of the coherence of our worlds. Each Mind’s world is specifically its own. What is considered to be other Mind’s worlds is only a hasty misnomer. Everything we feel and know is of our own world and of none other’s: the feeling and knowing of any appearance however “new” means that *we* have evolved a new growth. Nothing can be felt or known without becoming thereby specifically and limitedly our own.

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So too with the Order evident in the Perceived World: the application of Law. The soil out of which appearance springs is desire and development in the directions which desire *seems* Orderly: it is what we mean by “Order.” In the making of Worlds, there is first Desire and afterwards Creation. Accordingly, Desire first lays down the lines upon which the more finished Creation (*i.e.* achievement) will afterwards be built. And because those images which most serve the interests of the perceiver are desired most they secure precedence of attention and consequently grow most. That the Progressive Revelation of the World of Things should reveal purpose is inevitable: the purposes it shows are those with which it is invested by the Mind which perceives them. The fixed relationships which we call Universal Law are just as “fixed” and as “universal”—so much and no more—as the powers of the minds which “frame” them. These powers change slowly—imperceptibly almost—but they do change, and the fixed relationships and universal laws which are but their inverted expression change with them.

(To be continued.)

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A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN

By JAMES JOYCE

CHAPTER V (continued)

THE entrance hall was crowded and loud with talk. On a table near the door were two photographs in frames and between them a long roll of paper bearing an irregular tail of signatures. MacCann went briskly to and fro among the students, talking rapidly, answering rebuffs, and leading one after another to the table. In the inner hall the dean of studies stood talking to a young professor, stroking his chin gravely and nodding his head.

Stephen, checked by the crowd at the door, halted irresolutely. From under the wide falling leaf of a soft hat Cranly's dark eyes were watching him.

—Have you signed?—Stephen asked.

Cranly closed his long, thin-lipped mouth, communed with himself an instant, and answered:

—*Ego habeo.*—

—What is it for?—

—*Quod?*—

—What is it for?—

Cranly turned his pale face to Stephen and said blandly and bitterly:

—*Per pax universalis.*—

Stephen pointed to the Tsar's photograph and said:

—He has the face of a besotted Christ.—

The scorn and anger in his voice brought Cranly's eyes back from a calm survey of the walls of the hall.

—Are you annoyed?—he asked.

—No—answered Stephen.

—Are you in bad humour?—

—No.—

—*Credo ut vos sanguinarius mendax estis*—said Cranly—*quia facies vostra monstrat ut vos in damno malo humore estis.*—

Moynihan, on his way to the table, said in Stephen's ear:

—MacCann is in tip-top form. Ready to shed the last drop. Brand-new world. No stimulants and votes for the bitches.—

Stephen smiled at the manner of this confidence and, when Moynihan had passed, turned again to meet Cranly's eyes.

—Perhaps you can tell me—he said—why he pours his soul so freely into my ear. Can you?—

A dull scowl appeared on Cranly's forehead. He stared at the table where Moynihan had bent to write his name on the roll; and then said flatly:

—A sugar!—

—*Quis est in malo humore*—said Stephen—*ego aut vos?*—

Cranly did not take up the taunt. He brooded sourly on his judgment and repeated with the same flat force:

—A flaming bloody sugar, that's what he is!—

It was his epitaph for all dead friendships, and Stephen wondered whether it would ever be spoken in the same tone over his memory. The heavy, lumpish phrase sank slowly out of hearing like a stone through a quagmire. Stephen saw it sink as he had seen many another, feeling its heaviness depress his heart. Cranly's speech, unlike that of Davin, had neither rare phrases of Elizabethan English nor quaintly turned versions of Irish idioms. Its drawl was an echo of the quays of Dublin given back by a bleak, decaying seaport, its energy an echo of the sacred eloquence of Dublin given back flatly by a Wicklow pulpit.

The heavy scowl faded from Cranly's face as MacCann marched briskly towards them from the other side of the hall.

—Here you are!—said MacCann cheerily.

—Here I am!—said Stephen.

—Late as usual. Can you not combine the progressive tendency with a respect for punctuality?—

—That question is out of order—said Stephen.—Next business.—

His smiling eyes were fixed on a silver-wrapped tablet of milk chocolate which peeped out of the propagandist's breast-pocket. A little ring of listeners closed round to hear the war of wits. A lean student with olive skin and lank, black hair thrust his face between the two, glancing from one to the other at each phrase and seeming to try to catch each flying phrase in his open moist mouth. Cranly took a small grey hand-ball from his pocket and began to examine it closely, turning it over and over.

—Next business?—said MacCann.—Hom!—

He gave a loud cough of laughter, smiled broadly, and tugged twice at the straw-coloured goatee which hung from his blunt chin.

—The next business is to sign the testimonial.—

—Will you pay me anything if I sign?—asked Stephen.

—I thought you were an idealist—said MacCann.

The gipsy-like student looked about him and addressed the onlookers in an indistinct, bleating voice.

—By hell, that's a queer notion. I consider that notion to be a mercenary notion.—

His voice faded into silence. No heed was paid to his words. He turned his olive face, equine in expression, towards Stephen, inviting him to speak again.

MacCann began to speak with fluent energy of the Tsar's rescript, of Stead, of general disarmament, arbitration in cases of international disputes, of the signs of the times, of the new humanity and the new gospel of life which would make it the business of the community to secure as cheaply as possible the greatest possible happiness of the greatest possible number.

The gipsy student responded to the close of the period by crying:

—Three cheers for universal brotherhood!—

—Go on, Temple—said a stout, ruddy student near him.—I'll stand you a pint after.—

—I'm a believer in universal brotherhood—said Temple, glancing about him out of his dark, oval eyes.—Marx is only a bloody cod.—

Cranly gripped his arm tightly to check his tongue, smiling uneasily, and repeated:

—Easy, easy, easy!—

Temple struggled to free his arm, but continued, his mouth flecked by a thin foam:

—Socialism was founded by an Irishman, and the first man in Europe who preached the freedom of thought was Collins. Two hundred years ago. He denounced priestcraft, the philosopher of Middlesex. Three cheers for John Anthony Collins!—

A thin voice from the verge of the ring replied:

—Pip! pip!—

Moynihan murmured beside Stephen's ear:

—And what about John Anthony's poor little sister:

Lottie Collins lost her drawers,

Won't you kindly lend her yours?

Stephen laughed, and Moynihan, pleased with the result, murmured again:

—We'll have five bob each way on John Anthony Collins.—

—I am waiting for your answer—said MacCann briefly.

—The affair doesn't interest me in the least—said Stephen wearily.—You know that well. Why do you make a scene about it?—

—Good!—said MacCann, smacking his lips.—You are a reactionary, then?—

—Do you think you impress me—Stephen asked—when you flourish your wooden sword?—

—Metaphors!—said MacCann bluntly.—Come to facts.—

Stephen blushed and turned aside. MacCann stood his ground and said with hostile humour:

—Minor poets, I suppose, are above such trivial questions as the question of universal peace.—

Cranly raised his head and held the hand-ball between the two students by way of a peace-offering, saying:

—*Pax super totum sanguinarium globum.*—

Stephen, moving away the bystanders, jerked his shoulder angrily in the direction of the Tsar's image, saying :

—Keep your icon. If you must have a Jesus, let us have a legitimate Jesus.—

—By hell, that's a good one !—said the gipsy student to those about him—that's a fine expression. I like that expression immensely.—

He gulped down the spittle in his throat as if he were gulping down the phrase and, fumbling at the peak of his tweed cap, turned to Stephen, saying :

—Excuse me, sir, what do you mean by that expression you uttered just now ?—

Feeling himself jostled by the students near him, he said to them :

—I am curious to know now what he meant by that expression.—

He turned again to Stephen and said in a whisper :

—Do you believe in Jesus ? I believe in man. Of course, I don't know if you believe in man. I admire you, sir. I admire the mind of man independent of all religions. Is that your opinion about the mind of Jesus ?—

—Go on, Temple—said the stout, ruddy student, returning, as was his wont, to his first idea—that pint is waiting for you.—

—He thinks I'm an imbecile—Temple explained to Stephen—because I'm a believer in the power of mind.—

Cranly linked his arms into those of Stephen and his admirer, and said :

—*Nos ad manum ballum jocabimus.*—

Stephen, in the act of being led away, caught sight of MacCann's flushed, blunt-featured face.

—My signature is of no account—he said politely.—You are right to go your way. Leave me to go mine.—

—Dedalus—said MacCann crisply—I believe you're a good fellow, but you have yet to learn the dignity of altruism and the responsibility of the human individual.—

A voice said :

—Intellectual crankery is better out of this movement than in it.—

Stephen, recognizing the harsh tone of MacAlister's voice, did not turn in the direction of the voice. Cranly pushed solemnly through the throng of students, linking Stephen and Temple, like a celebrant attended by his ministers on his way to the altar.

Temple bent eagerly across Cranly's breast and said :

—Did you hear MacAlister what he said ? That youth is jealous of you. Did you see that ? I bet Cranly didn't see that. By hell, I saw that at once.—

As they crossed the inner hall the dean of studies was in the act of escaping from the student with whom he had been conversing. He stood at the foot of the staircase, a foot on the lowest step, his threadbare soutane gathered about him for the ascent with womanish care, nodding his head often and repeating :

—Not a doubt of it, Mr. Hackett ! Very fine ! Not a doubt of it !—

In the middle of the hall the prefect of the college sodality was speaking earnestly, in a soft, querulous voice, with a boarder. As he spoke he wrinkled a little his freckled brow, and bit, between his phrases, at a tiny bone pencil.

—I hope the matric. men will all come. The first arts men are pretty sure. Second arts, too. We must make sure of the newcomers.—

Temple bent again across Cranly, as they were passing through the doorway, and said in a swift whisper :

—Do you know that he is a married man ? He was a married man before they converted him. He has a wife and children somewhere. By hell, I think that's the queerest notion I ever heard ! Eh ?—

His whisper trailed off into sly, cackling laughter. The moment they were through the doorway Cranly seized him rudely by the neck and shook him, saying :

—You flaming, floundering fool ! I'll take my dying Bible, there isn't a bigger, bloody ape, do you know, than you in the whole flaming, bloody world !—

Temple wriggled in his grip, laughing still with sly content, while Cranly repeated flatly at every rude shake :

—A flaming, flaring, bloody idiot !—

They crossed the weedy garden together. The president, wrapped in a heavy, loose cloak, was coming towards them along one of the walks, reading his office. At the end of the walk he halted before turning and raised his eyes. The students saluted, Temple fumbling as before at the peak of his cap. They walked forward in silence. As they neared the alley Stephen could hear the thuds of the players' hands and the wet smacks of the ball and Davin's voice crying out excitedly at each stroke.

The three students halted round the box on which Davin sat to follow the game. Temple, after a few moments, sidled across to Stephen and said :

—Excuse me, I wanted to ask you do you believe that Jean Jacques Rousseau was a sincere man ?—

Stephen laughed outright. Cranly, picking up the broken stave of a cask from the grass at his feet, turned swiftly and said sternly :

—Temple, I declare to the living God if you say another word, do you know, to anybody on any subject, I'll kill you *super spottum*.—

—He was like you, I fancy—said Stephen—an emotional man.—

—Blast him, curse him !—said Cranly broadly.—Don't talk to him at all. Sure, you might as well be talking, do you know, to a flaming chamber-pot as talking to Temple. Go home, Temple. For God's sake, go home.—

—I don't care a damn about you, Cranly—answered Temple, moving out of reach of the uplifted stave and pointing at Stephen.—He's the only man I see in this institution that has an individual mind.—

—Institution ! Individual !—cried Cranly.—Go home, blast you, for you're a hopeless bloody man.—

—I'm an emotional man—said Temple.—That's quite rightly expressed. And I'm proud that I'm an emotionalist.—

He sidled out of the alley, smiling slyly. Cranly watched him with a blank, expressionless face.

—Look at him !—he said.—Did you ever see such a go-by-the-wall ?—

His phrase was greeted by a strange laugh from a student who lounged against the wall, his peaked cap down on his eyes. The laugh, pitched in a high key and coming from a so muscular frame, seemed like the whinny of an elephant. The student's trunk shook all over, and, to ease his mirth, he rubbed both his hands delightedly over his groins.

—Lynch is awake—said Cranly.

Lynch, for answer, straightened himself and thrust forward his chest.

—Lynch puts out his chest—said Stephen—as a criticism of life.—

Lynch smote himself sonorously on the chest and said :

—Who has anything to say about my girth ?—

Cranly took him at the word, and the two began to tussle. When their faces had flushed with the struggle they drew apart, panting. Stephen bent down towards Davin, who, intent on the game, had paid no heed to the talk of the others.

—And how is my little tame goose ?—he asked.—Did he sign, too ?—

Davin nodded and said :—And you, Stevie ?—

Stephen shook his head.—You're a terrible man, Stevie—said Davin, taking the short pipe from his mouth—always alone.—

—Now that you have signed the petition for universal peace—said Stephen—I suppose you will burn that little copybook I saw in your room.—

As Davin did not answer, Stephen began to quote :

—Long pace, fianna ! Right incline, fianna ! Fianna, by numbers, salute, one, two !—

—That's a different question—said Davin.—I'm an Irish nationalist, first and foremost. But that's you all out. You're a born sneerer, Stevie.—

—When you make the next rebellion with hurley-sticks—said Stephen—and want the indispensable informer, tell me. I can find you a few in this college.—

—I can't understand you—said Davin.—One time I hear you talk against English literature. Now you talk against the Irish informers. What with your name and your ideas . . . are you Irish at all?—

—Come with me now to the office of arms and I will show you the tree of my family—said Stephen.

—Then be one of us—said Davin.—Why don't you learn Irish? Why did you drop out of the league class after the first lesson?—

—You know one reason why—answered Stephen.

Davin tossed his head and laughed.

—Oh, come now—he said.—Is it on account of that certain young lady and Father Moran? But that's all in your own mind, Stevie. They were only talking and laughing.—

Stephen paused and laid a friendly hand upon Davin's shoulder.

—Do you remember—he said—when we knew each other first? The first morning we met you asked me to show you the way to the matriculation class, putting a very strong stress on the first syllable. You remember? Then you used to address the jesuits as Father, you remember? I ask myself about you: *Is he as innocent as his speech?*—

—I'm a simple person—said Davin.—You know that. When you told me that night in Harcourt Street those things about your private life, honest to God, Stevie, I was not able to eat my dinner. I was quite bad. I was awake a long time that night. Why did you tell me those things?—

—Thanks—said Stephen.—You mean I am a monster.—

—No—said Davin—but I wish you had not told me.—

A tide began to surge beneath the calm surface of Stephen's friendliness.

—This race and this country and this life produced me—he said.—I shall express myself as I am.—

—Try to be one of us—repeated Davin.—In your heart you are an Irishman, but your pride is too powerful.—

—My ancestors threw off their language and took another—Stephen said.—They allowed a handful of foreigners to subject them. Do you fancy I am going to pay in my own life and person debts they made? What for?—

—For our freedom—said Davin.

—No honourable and sincere man—said Stephen—has given up to you his life and his youth and his affections from the days of Tone to those of Parnell, but you sold him to the enemy, or failed him in need, or reviled him and left him for another. And you invite me to be one of you. I'd see you damned first.—

—They died for their ideals, Stevie—said Davin.—Our day will come yet, believe me.—

Stephen, following his own thought, was silent for an instant.

—The soul is born—he said vaguely—first in those moments I told you of. It has a slow and dark birth, more mysterious than the birth of the body. When the soul of a man is born in this country there are nets flung at it to hold it back from flight. You talk to me of nationality, language, religion. I shall try to fly by those nets.—

Davin knocked the ashes from his pipe.

—Too deep for me, Stevie—he said.—But a man's country comes first. Ireland first, Stevie. You can be a poet or mystic after.—

—Do you know what Ireland is?—asked Stephen with cold violence.—Ireland is the old sow that eats her farrow.—

Davin rose from his box and went towards the players, shaking his head sadly. But in a moment his sadness left him and he was hotly disputing with Cranly and the two players who had finished their game. A match of four was arranged, Cranly insisting, however, that his ball should be used. He let it rebound twice or thrice to his hand and struck it strongly and swiftly towards

the base of the alley, exclaiming in answer to its thud:

—Your soul!—

Stephen stood with Lynch till the score began to rise. Then he plucked him by the sleeve to come away. Lynch obeyed, saying:

—Let us eke go, as Cranly has it.—

Stephen smiled at this side-thrust.

(To be continued.)

DECADENCE AND DYNAMISM

By RICHARD ALDINGTON

IT is perhaps a little irresponsible to class the art contests and achievements of the last thirty years exclusively under the two banners of "Decadence" and "Dynamism." There were naturally notable exceptions; there are still; but it is not incorrect to assume that they represent the two important movements. The "Decadent" movement was, of course, the earlier, and so far has been by much the more fertile in producing works of talent or even of genius. It arose, as all these turbulent and fertile movements arise, among certain *fonctionnaires* and idle young men in Paris, who possessed much more literary talent than hard cash. J. K. Huysmans, a friend and contemporary of Guy de Maupassant and Paul Bourget, like them a friend and follower of Zola and Flaubert, became disgusted with Naturalism; he read the works of Edgar Allen Poe, of Baudelaire, of Gautier and Hannon, of Mallarmé and Verlaine, and a prodigious tome, or rather three tomes: "A General History of the Literature of the Middle Ages in the Occident," then recently translated from the German of Adolf Ebert. Huysmans, repairing to his government office, as he was forced to do daily, defrauded the Third Republic of time, ink, special paper and the use of a desk, and employed them in the fabrication of a novel* whose hero was the Perfect Decadent. Des Esseintes, the Decadent, disgusted with life and Naturalism, retires to a country house, furnished with rare books and draperies and ornaments of a somewhat bizarre and ridiculous kind—including a tortoise with a carapace overlaid with dull gold and precious stones. In this retreat he suffers from nervous diseases and other cerebral disturbances, and reads the Latin authors of the decadence. Chapter III of "A Rebours" is a really marvellous criticism of Latin poetry and prose, the more marvellous, perhaps, since Huysmans had never read the majority of the authors he criticized. His method was to read Ebert and then to paraphrase and condense the ponderosities of the stodgy German into terse impressions; the result is about thirty-five pages of epoch-making criticism by Huysmans, while Ebert was and remains unreadable and unread.† It is an interesting comment on French and German scholarship.

This chapter in "A Rebours" is really such a model of criticism that I had meditated translating it in full for THE EGOIST. Fortunately, I was too lazy to do so. Still, I am tempted to cite one or two passages. Huysmans is very hard on Virgil, whom he accuses of the worst kind of plagiarism (see Macrobius), and on Cicero, the "Pois Chiche"; not altogether without reason, as those who have suffered ennui in reading these two pompous authors will readily admit. He says of Cicero: ". . . The Pois Chiche's (Dried Pea's) verbose language, redundant metaphors and rhapsodical digressions held no pleasure for him (Des Esseintes); the swagger of his apostrophes, the flux of his patriotic puerilities, the emphasis of his harangues, the ponderous mass of his style, fleshy, well-fed but rolled in grease and lacking both bones and marrow, the insupportable dross of his lengthy adverbs at the beginning of a phrase, the unalterable formulæ of his adipose periods,

* "A Rebours." By Joris Karl Huysmans. Paris, Charpentier 1884.

† See "Promenades Littéraires," IVème série, Remy de Gourmont. Mercure de France, Paris. 1912.

feebly linked together by the thread of conjunctions, and his depressing habits of tautology did not altogether seduce Des Esseintes. . . .” He devastates the literary reputation of Cæsar, and derides his “aridité de pête sec, une stérilité de memento, une constipation incroyable et indue.” Sallust is “less colourless than the others; Titus Livius sentimental and pompous; Seneca turgid and hazy; Suetonius, lymphatic and larval; Tacitus, the most nervous in his stiffened concision, the bitterest, the best muscled of all.” Tibullus, Propertius, Quintilien, the elder and younger Pliny, Statius, Martial, Terence and Plautus he dismisses, not altogether justly, with an ironic gesture; he lingers a moment over the gorgeous scintillations of Lucan, but hurries with a vulture’s appetite to the putrifying carrion of the naturalistic but brilliant Petronius. He patronizes Aulus Gellius (a kind of Roman Ruskin); Apuleius amuses him; he pillories Minucius Felix, “the soporific, the pseudo-classic, trailing through his ‘Octavius’ the still slimy emulsions of Cicero.”

At this point we reach the results of Huysmans’ readings in Ebert. He denounces vigorously and unsparingly the early Christian writers Tertullian, Cyprian, Arnobius and Lactantius. He gives a very fair account of Commodien of Gaza, whose works may be read in Remy de Gourmont’s “Latin Mystique” and in Migne’s “Patrologia Latina.”

Names, standing for all that is unknown, fantastic, perverse, decomposed and suspect in that comparatively unstudied period between the third and eleventh centuries, now bristle in his pages—names which are the horror of the pedagogue and the cultivated person, likely to shock the polite Gibbon and the impolite Marinetti.

One passage on the irruption of the barbarians is immeasurably more picturesque and eloquent than any description in the more correct but jejune historians, Gibbon, Macaulay and Hallam. It is too long to quote in full, but here is a careless translation of the first paragraph:

“In the general dissolution, the assassinations of succeeding Cæsars, in the noise of carnage which flowed from one end of Europe to the other, a terrifying shout reverberated, stifling clamour and covering over every voice. From the banks of the Danube, thousands of men, mounted on ponies, enveloped in rat-skin garments, horrible Tartars, with enormous heads, with flat noses, with chins cleft by cicatrices and scars, with yellow hairless faces, hurled themselves forward at a gallop, enveloped the territories of the Empire in a whirlwind.”

This original and extraordinary work, created by the combined talents of a brilliant observer, a wilful but sensitive critic and a neurasthenic dyspeptic, had a strange and immediate influence on the young men of talent of the eighties. The “Poisonous, marvellous book” which Dorian Grey reads can be no other than “A Rebours” (mild as it seems to us now). Oscar Wilde, indeed, is a sugary mélange of Walter Pater, Morris, Huysmans and Whistler; he is, among other things, indebted to Albert Samain for one of his titles, “In the Garden of the Infanta,” and to Gustave Flaubert and Gustave Moreau for the idea and execution of Salome.

In Paris the young men began almost immediately to pique themselves upon their decadence; a paper, *Le Decadent*, was started by one Anatole Baju. Later on another paper, *La Decadence*, imitated from Baju’s periodical, was started. This paper I have never been able to get hold of, but *Le Decadent* I have seen, and it contains much curious work. The first series was a weekly newspaper of two sheets, about two feet square, printed on extremely bad and rather dirty paper. It was to be sold at 15 centimes and the first number is dated April 10, 1886. (“A Rebours” appeared in 1884.) After the first few numbers, coincident with the contributions of Mallarmé, the texture of the paper was improved. The second series, beginning December 1887, was as badly printed, but the size of the periodical was about four inches by five, instead of two feet square; it appeared every fortnight and was bound in

different shades of depressed yellow. It still was priced at 15 centimes.

The first number of the two-foot series began with savoury reminiscences of Huysmans:

“AUX LECTEURS !

“To dissemble the state of decadence at which we have arrived would be the height of stupidity.

“Religion, morals, justice, everything, are decadent, or rather are undergoing a fundamental transformation.

“Society is disintegrating beneath the corrosive action of a deliquescent civilization.

“Modern man is blasé.

“Refinement of appetites, of sensation, of taste, of luxury, of pleasures; nervousness, hysteria, hypnotism, morphomania, scientific charlatanism and exaggerated Schopenhauerism—these are the problems of social evolution,” &c.

These brave words were written by that brave man Anatole Baju, one, who, after founding *Le Decadent*, after combating with energy for the new school, after publishing Mallarmé, Verlaine, Albert Aurier, Rachilde, Barbey d’Aurevilly, René Ghil, Jean Lorraine, Jules Laforgue, Laurent Tailhade and many others, now famous or utterly forgotten, was finally abandoned by those he had helped to launch, had the title of his paper (which did not belong to him) stolen, and faded into oblivion. Though his ungrateful comrades naturally made no effort to perpetuate his fame, Literature will not be forgetful of it.

From this same number I quote this sonnet by an unknown poet, Pierre Varelles:

“PESSIMISME ATRE

“J’ai des désirs
Immesurables
Epouvantables
A assouvir.

“Si je pouvais
Les satisfaire
Je donnerais
Ma vie entière.

“Mais, O navrance !
Inespérance.
La loi du sort

“(Quelle débacle)
Me fait obstacle
Si j’étais mort !

“PIERRE VAREILLES.”

I reproduce it exactly. Reading it over it doesn’t seem so very different from modern poets, like, say, Max Jacob. Can it be that literature has changed less profoundly than we had thought? On the same page I find this poem in prose beginning: “After a torrescent day, languid atmosphere, dazzling with electricity. Azure sky spotted with chloride milk-stains. Stellar sideration less ardescent than usual filled with universal languorosity.” This poem is called “Moonlight.” Rechristen it “Marfurka the Futurist” or “Marinetti’s Wedding” and substitute thus: “In torrescent day, dynamic atmosphere, dazzling with electricity. Steel sky spotted with chloride milk-stains. Stellar sideration more ardescent than usual filled with universal energy.” I think most of my readers will recognize the fruity Milanese manner. Both are forms of Gongorism heavily exaggerated in one direction and applied according to a doctrinaire formula.

The formula for Decadence is languor, moonlight, dissatisfaction, inertia, ennui, Saphism and “A Rebours.”

The formula for Dynamism is energy, electrically illuminated cities, action, frenzy, “the rape of negroes,” Prussian egoism wedded to American vulgarity, Walt Whitman.

(To be continued.)

JOSEPH JOACHIM: ARTIST

By M. MONTAGU-NATHAN

THIS is a barren time for the maker of books. Barren because the author—and the arranger, too—derives more satisfaction than he or she is as a rule willing to admit from the perusal of others' opinion respecting (or disrespecting) the newly turned-out volume, and the author is just now being mulcted of a large proportion of such satisfaction.

Mrs. Bickley * has no cause for complaint on that score; she may possibly be gratified in observing that her book has gained for itself an extra attention—one prefers not to speak of notoriety in such a connexion—from certain views it publishes which prior to the war would probably have passed unnoticed by the majority of reviewers. Quite a number of book-critics have fastened upon these views, and, whether consciously or not cannot be determined, have allowed their resentment of them to colour their general opinion of the great man who expressed them. Some reviewers, indeed, have gone the length of penning their regret that knowledge of the most intimate matters and the saddest episodes in Joachim's life has been denied them. They have only themselves to blame if it is suspected that their anxiety for fuller information is born of a desire for evidence with which to prove his culpability.

Joachim was an artist and a patriot. Let us swallow his remarks about the "wishy-washy talk" of the British in 1871—remarks dictated as much by a constitutional aversion from the French temperament as by pure patriotism—just as we swallow the casuistry, because it rather pleases us, that preceded every artistic step he took; and let us, moreover, bear in mind that the reading of this account of his fidelity to principle would probably have an absolutely nauseating effect on a Frenchman, and perhaps on some of those Britons who have determined that they never, never will be—prigs.

There is a curious tendency abroad among us to seek out the weaknesses, even the purely accidental or extraneous infirmities of our adversary; and instead of determining to overthrow him we are praying for his downfall. Mendelssohn drew attention in 1840 to a similar case of pusillanimity, evidence of which he took occasion to deplore in the words of the *Colognaise*, then in the throats of all Leipzig: "They shall never have it" (the Rhine), sang the crowd. The composer expressed a preference for the more virile: "We mean to keep it." Our statesmen have quite positively asserted their determination to conquer Germany. Our newspapers in their own peculiar fashion show that barking is more to their taste than biting. "The Kaiser is dangerously ill." "The Kaiser is shrinking (see photographs)." "The Kaiser breaks a mirror": this is the newspapers' "Never shall they beat us." The book-reviewer has apparently been infected and, emulating his brother-scribe of the "featured" news-column, he has made of dead Joachim a scapegoat for the misdeeds of modern Prussia.

As in martial matters, so in musical. Bellona and Cecilia are both victims of this outrage. Music is fast being tipperarified. "Good-bye, Royal Collidge, good-bye, Hanover Square: it's a long, long way to Tipperary, but music's got there!" Certain sections of the Press are assisting in the overthrow. Listen to the *Times* leader-writer. He sings "Tipperary and Emotional Freedom." His fallacious arguments remind us of the faulty accentuation of "my heart is there." "What irritated Matthew Arnold about us," he says, "in matters of culture, was our disobedience. He wanted us to admire the best things. . . . The Germans have always admired what they were told to admire. . . . The British soldier is obedient in his actions only and not in his emotions. . . . that is why he chooses his own

songs, whether they are good or bad. . . ." Listen to "Tipperary," Our Expression of Democracy," by a *Times* correspondent: "Now our songs, like our institutions, are not imposed upon us from above; for good or for evil they are chosen by the people themselves. . . ." Listen to the *Pall Mall Gazette's* leader on Martial Music: "We must here venture to express disagreement with the hope of Sir Charles Villiers Stanford that 'something greater than "Tipperary" will be found.' Tipperary has been chosen by our soldiers themselves, and in such matters the wind bloweth where it listeth. Moreover, it is by no means unworthy in sentiment, and its tune was composed by one practically acquainted with the needs of the marching soldier. . . ."

The *Times* leader-writer would have us make a negative virtue of our positive failing: that of refusing to contemplate what we are told to admire. The *Times* correspondent admits that there is but one virtue in songs which "are not imposed from above": that they are chosen by the people. The *Pall Mall* writer, who seems better than the others to realize how feeble is his case, tries apparently to force himself into the belief that "Tipperary" was written for the benefit of war-bound soldiers. The *Times* man is plainly prepared to exalt the utterances of *vox populi* in regard to matters concerning artistic taste. His correspondent would have us feel fully conscious of our priggish isolation, the outcome of our incapacity for forgetting the aims and ideals of classic painters and writers, and for approving those of Marcus Stone and Marie Corelli—justifying himself on the ground that what is artistically good enough for the people ought to win our sanction. Worst of all, the *Pall Mall* throws dust in our eyes by editorially inviting us to believe this yarn about the circumstances under which "Tipperary" was composed.

"Tipperary," like any other music-hall ditty, was composed to sell. It was composed before war was thought of, and the sole reason of its adoption by the Army was that when war broke out it happened to be the music-hall favourite of the moment. It has no merits whatsoever. Its sentiment is utterly foolish, its text is the vilest trash, and its music would by this time have gone the way of all music of its class but for its association with Atkins "when the drums began to roll."

Before the war no one would have dreamed of arguing that Atkins was a man of taste. Few realized even that he was a man of unfailing courage, tenacity, cheerfulness, adaptability, and resource. Let us all pay homage to his virtues, but let us not resort to arguments as fallacious as those advanced in peace-time by riders to hounds—compelled, because they did not wish their taste for the hunt to be considered as their primary motive in hunting, to protest that "the fox likes it."

"Tipperary" has found us out. We have little or no patriotic marching music worthy the name of music.

Instead of admitting this defect in our national equipment as we have that in our military armament we are glorifying the unworthy and "talking down" the voice of our artistic conscience with a gabble of contemptible nonsense. It is, in fact, the adoption of the "Kaiser breaks a mirror" attitude towards an æsthetic question.

We are getting the Army we require for the fight abroad. We need an army for the fight that will have to be fought at home after the war is over, when we resume our attentions to the arts of peace—an army of Joachims. When the demand for the "music of our Allies" shall have died down, when Russian, French, and Belgian music shall once again be considered on its own intrinsic merits, when English music shall have been accorded that attention that worth could not win for it, we shall need some strong and unflinching idealists who have the strength of mind to insist that all is not good that is English—that patriotism is one good thing and taste another.

The Letters of Joachim are in one respect a painful revelation to those who would have preferred to go on thinking of him as the glorious triune embodiment of Christian, Artist, and Sportsman. If ever he spoke well of a rival fiddler there was always a personal reason.

* "Letters from and to Joseph Joachim," selected and translated by Nora Bickley, with a Preface by J. A. Fuller-Maitland (Macmillan & Co.: 12s. 6d. net).

In almost every case he showed himself capable of a petty jealousy, which we are prepared to expect in characters of a lower order but not in that of such a man as he. And he was apparently incapable of foregoing the pleasure of communicating to his friends the opinions that in truth were not derived from his artistic judgment but from his personal prejudices.

As an artist he was as single-minded as Bach himself. His uncompromising rectitude in all matters respecting either music or material considerations has but few parallels among performing musicians. He has shown that it is possible for a man of genius to remain an artist in the best sense of the term if he is prepared to forgo acceptance of a good deal of what the world will offer a genius when it finds him out. In these published letters there is record of sufficient predicaments to constitute a model for any one wishing to know in any emergency how he ought to act; for every problem of the kind was solved by Joachim in a way that will bear recording. In the history of music there are few such figures.

And in England we shall presently need a revival of his precept.

THE CURVE OF INDIVIDUALISM

By HUNTLY CARTER

I HAVE been accused several times, especially while writing for the *Freewoman*, *New Freewoman*, and *EGOIST*, of pushing the emphasis too far towards the individual and spiritual pole.

An examination of the thought and action of the last twenty years would show, I think, that prophets of my kind (if not degree) are not rare. Moreover, it would strengthen the ancient belief that there is much method in the madness of the deity responsible for letting such prophets loose upon society. It is clear, indeed, from works of art produced just before the war, that prophecy has been taking place in our midst on a very large scale. Let us take only the Italian Futurists, for example. Look at their latest works, which are, I believe, still held up at the Doré Galleries. They certainly predict two things. Anyone who cares to read them in the light of recent happenings—and I strongly urge every one to make the experiment—will discover that they foretold the European War. Their origin is undoubtedly volcanic, whatever culture may make their surface formation appear. Actually beneath the surface are traces of those shattering disturbances which inevitably precede great upheavals, marking each period of vital transition. Whatever anarchy they express is the prevalent anarchy, and the search for synthesis in them is a sign of coming order and stability. Carry the analysis farther and the second prediction appears. The pursuit of individual rhythms which these pictures exhibit, not only shows that the Italian Futurists feel that Life has an individualistic basis, but foretells the coming reaffirmation of this basis.

The desire to give every man his own rhythm is not new. Marlowe was the first English dramatist to do so. His example was followed by Shakespeare. Now the Italian Futurists have gone beyond both in seeking "to render" (to quote their very words) "the particular rhythm of each object." In this they are excessively right. Whatever errors of expression they may commit, evidently they have a true feeling for the inequality of men and things. And in expressing this inequality they state a universal law. Simply the law is, men and things are unequal in the eyes of Nature. In other words, the sum of one human being is different from the sum of another human being. The difference in the sums can be expressed by a proportioned curve. Draw a straight base line, place a curve upon it, and the varying height of the curve above the base line will represent the varying value of human beings. It seems, according to Alfred Russel Wallace, that inequality is a universal

principle which provides a form of expression in the organic world. He notices a diversity running through atomic and subatomic forms and believes it to be "the basic condition of the exquisite forms in Nature, never producing straight lines, but an endless variety of curves."

I quote from a passage contained in a very significant book, "The Curves of Life," by Theodore A. Cook (Constable, 12s. 6d.). I need not examine the book minutely. The guess which it is designed to verify has already appeared in the author's study of spiral formation, founded, I believe, on the writings and drawings of Da Vinci and having reference to the famous staircase at Blois. This book was to my mind a valuable first aid to those who were commencing the study of spirals. The present book is a close and wide investigation in the universe of spirals, and is easily first of its kind. The investigation, we are told, was set on foot by the said staircase, and it has occupied twenty years. During this period the author literally ascends the staircase to a spiral universe. But he does not penetrate to the primordial source of the universe. Indeed, he is not concerned with a First Cause. He neither rejects it with Haeckel and Tyndall, nor maintains the nebula hypothesis with Herschell, Kant, and Laplace, nor plunges with Descartes into vortices. He starts, as he tells us, with an hypothesis of a perfect growth, he postulates the logarithmic spiral—to which the nautilus curve approximates—as an abstract conception of the growth, and uses it to investigate and compare the properties of organic growth. As soon as these properties become clear he is in a position to formulate a general law or principle governing the objects in the physical world. The end is, of course, that he discovers or re-discovers a spiral known to mathematicians as the Phi or Pheidian spiral. This he feels symbolizes the rate of perfect growth. For a basis of the Phi spiral he takes what is known to the ancients as the golden proportion. The formula is, "the lesser is to the greater as the greater is to their sum." Then he takes the lengths given by the formula, devises a measure and applies it, for instance, to the mass proportions of pictures. With the result that he finds pictures have lengths and masses that are approximately in the Phi proportion. For one thing, he demonstrates how Botticelli's *Venus* is proportionate to the values given by the Phi proportion. For another, he uses his measure on the *Laughing Cavalier*. The measure has five terms or values. He finds that from the elbow to the bottom of the picture is proportionate to his third value, while from the elbow to the shoulder is proportionate to his second value. By finding the Phi proportion, in this way, in landscapes and the curves of nudes, Mr. Cook concludes it furnishes a standard of measurement. But he overlooks one thing. A picture does not live and grow by mass alone. And the scale of measurement of a picture does not depend on the masses in the picture. Therefore Turner's *Ulysses deriding Polyphemus* cannot be judged by a mass measure. Mr. Cook, however, places his measure against this picture and makes it clear that the measure does not cover the whole of the facts of the picture's growth and progression.

Mr. Cook's use of his measure on pictures is, then, arbitrary. But this does not lessen the great value of the mass of evidence, including four hundred illustrations, which he produces in support of his case for spirality. Perhaps the thing of greatest interest emerging from this evidence is the two facts upon which he lays unceasing stress. He tells us again and again that Nature abhors geometric correctness, and it makes for inequality. The first fact means that the life-flow behind physical forms does not express itself in correct geometric terms and figures. Assuming that the flow is eternal and unending, and assuming that it is traversed by some force in such a way that it is retarded and freezes into solids, there is no evidence to show that it stops to chop itself up into correct lengths or rhythms. This is reserved for the academic mind. Look how the professorial mind of the Saintsbury type takes a pleasure

in dividing the motion up into correct verse lengths and in advising the use of faultlessly correct rhythms that are not rhythms because they lack the intensity or livingness without which rhythms cannot exist. But there is plenty of evidence that the flow avoids geometric correctness of form, and by doing so preserves its characteristics of livingness and intensity. And from the evidence issues the rule, the more symmetrical a thing is the less intense and living it is. As Mr. Cook repeatedly says, "nothing that is mathematically correct can ever exhibit the characteristics of life." Again, "nothing which is alive is ever simply mathematical." Geometrical correctness is death to livingness and, of course, to intensity and rhythm. The one is a characteristic of the other. Persons who are talking rather loudly about the geometric bases of Life should take note.

I will end on the fact of inequality. This fact, I believe, has a bearing on the biology and metaphysics of egoism. I have said elsewhere that I am of the opinion there is a universal protoplasm common to all. I believe that this protoplasm is spiritual on the one side, and spiritual and emotional on the other, or all soul on one side and soul and body on the other. But I do not support the doctrine that like produces like in endless sequences, and that each begets its own kind. I feel this is a slave doctrine. On the contrary I maintain the view that the bodies produced on the material side of the protoplasm have an endless diversity. And plants, animals and human beings differ on the protoplasmic basis, not in it. Each form of variation is a characteristic of the organism that expresses it. I would say that the variability in the case of human beings is set up by changed or different conditions of life. Each human being is really the sum of experiences, pre- and post-natal, conditioning his growth and progression. And each moves and advances according to the efficiency and freedom characterizing the sum. Advance (progress we call it) resides in differences freely expressed. If human beings are to move significantly in any direction they must not be tied up in inseparable bundles, called groups, guilds, and communities. Each must belong wholly to himself or herself. Each must be free to feel, act and choose a path of his or her own. The social or artificial restraint of differences in human beings is slowly but inevitably making for the destruction of the human soul.

So much for the material side of the protoplasm. What of the spiritual side? Here I fancy there is a great variety in unity. There is, let me say, first the universal I, and there are the many individualized forms of this I. The latter represent the diverse curves of the spiritual spiral. I need not go over old ground. But I cannot refrain from repeating that I am concerned with egoism as a doctrine of aesthetic individualism. According to my doctrine the individualized I has a creative origin and manifests itself creatively. Art is the first movement in the universe. Art is the first movement of the conscious entity, and would be the last also, but for culture and our fondness for being bribed into self-suppression. The human body would emerge from and merge in a fluid world of creative force, that is Art force. So, I am convinced that Poetry, Drama, and Art are one and the same thing. Only the idiotic human habit of transferring soul and power from rightful to wrongful owner, has given this thing different names. Individually there is no difference between the Artist, Poet, and Dramatist. But socially the Artist or Poet completes himself with the aid of an insignificant buyer to whom he cheerfully transfers the precious element of soul-stuff contained in his picture or poem, while the Dramatist needs a dozen bits of human beings to complete himself and the process of soul transference. I do not say that Mr. Cook's book has any direct reference to this doctrine of aesthetic egoism. It is really based on mathematics and biology. But it certainly proves that the curves of Life are individualistic and its case for diversity supports a simple and far-reaching truth. Our escape from the physical hell lies in each maintaining his own constant spiritual difference.

THE LONDON GROUP

THE art of the twentieth century—some of it—is the working out of the formula discovered by a few of the more tolerable among nineteenth-century artists: ugliness as a condition of vitality in art. As in life, as in literature, as in everything, this truth is relative, becomes valuable only when considered in relation to preceding events. A survey of nineteenth-century painting in England shows that a vast, influential portion of it was incredibly lackadaisical and preposterously pretty; the art sustenance of that period consisting, as it were, of treacle, sugar and candies, admirable in themselves, but liable to cloy when too exclusively consumed. A few people are cloyed; apparently more are becoming so; we are perhaps well advanced in a renaissance of ugliness, unparalleled, fantastic, glorious ugliness—a diet of stale bread, vinegar and rancid beef—excellent antidotes to the Victorian régime. In twenty years this movement will have produced several first-class artists.

It is most unfortunate that the names Cubist, Futurist, and Vorticist have become almost synonymous for Arrivist. The public is immediately put on its guard and the popular clamour against these artists gains some semblance of reasonableness from the unfortunate *démarches* of the Arrivists. Let us be just; when all the world is Arrivist it is despotic and carping to assume that every artist must be distinguished above all by purity of motives, when the benefits of Arrivism are most necessary to him. Yet it is still true that the really distinguished artist remains untouched by this vice, and when we remember the unblushing puffs administered to Academicians and popular authors, we should not complain if the revolutionaries are sometimes compelled to use the same ignoble methods.

There are many imbeciles exhibiting in the London Group Show at the Goupil Gallery, many imbeciles and some men of talent. The landscape painters are possibly the most imbecile, for this species of art is least likely to present those elements of ugliness which I have hinted are not altogether unwelcome in modern art. The work of these painters is not as good as that of the ordinary illustrators of "Jugend"; we may therefore dismiss them as too characterless for admiration or censure.

The sculpture of Mr. Epstein does not need praise or recommendation. He cannot be treated either as an imbecile or an Arrivist, and though the "Rock Drill" is a thoroughly unpleasant work from the drawing-room standpoint, its fierce angularity, crude strength, and virile suggestiveness make it an attractive piece of reaction. The figure in red wood, "Cursed be the Day wherein I was Born" really produces that emotional effect claimed for Cubist art, but most frequently lacking in it. This work, astonishing from the simplicity of means used and from its *uncliché* style, has naturally been made an object of ridicule by preposterous and sycophantic journalists who, under the name of criticism, expose their ordure and dismal sterility of intellect in the columns of the daily press. Mr. Epstein is too wise and too much above these leeches to notice their pestiferous spawning, especially as in twenty years time they, or their successors, will cover Mr. Epstein with praise as nauseous, as flatulent, and as insincere as their present miniscule pleasantries and affected indignation. It is scarcely necessary to point out that the false mirth of spectators of these works is due to ignorance and unimaginative pigheadedness. In the Renaissance these powerful grotesques would, indeed, have been ridiculous; that they exaggerate a necessary and healthy tendency might be argued; but it cannot be denied that Mr. Epstein's sculpture is better representative of the real functions of modern art than all the woody and knotty productions of the dozens of timid copyists accepted by official art criticism. The "Mother and Child" and the "Carving in Flemite"

are less interesting though more delicate examples of this artist's genius for abstract convention.

Mr. Gaudier Brzeska, a young man of great promise, not yet sure of his way, influenced now by Rodin, now by Mr. Epstein, now by primitive Gothic, by Chinese and Maori models (a pardonable aberration), is not well represented. His small "Statuette in Alabaster" is not unpleasing, but dwarfed and somewhat featureless and undistinguished. The "Singer," in one of his earlier manners, reminds one of the singing figures on early Gothic edifices. Both these works, though inferior to Mr. Epstein's, are, like his, remarkably free from that saccharine sentimentality which blights for us the work of so many once celebrated artists. Had the walls of the gallery been hung with carefully selected Blakes or Gauguins, the effect would have been more in keeping with these statues than that produced by the poisonous mediocrities surrounding them.

As usual in modern exhibitions the paintings are much more numerous than the sculptural works. Mr. Nevinson's futuristic experiments, easily comprehensible to the mob, have been admired and commented on. His "Arrival at Dunkirk" is a somewhat meretricious example of the synthetic futurist method. The aeroplane picture (No. 28) is more pleasing, has an air of finality, as of a result attained. The idea of swiftness and grace is admirably expressed. This artist achieves a Zolaesque *Vérism*, a sensational rendering of emotions common to all journalists, in terms of sentimental vulgarity.

Mr. Gilman, Mr. Bevan, and Mr. Ginner are all artists of pleasing intention and considerable talent. Their various productions, illustrating various developments of impressionism, are not devoid of interest and value. Their renderings of the appearances of modern life are intelligent and intelligible though neither profound nor emotional. Mr. Brodzsky contributes a cat and a picture of a man's back; both are attempts at decoration. Mr. Kramer's "Earth" has a resemblance to the imaginations of "Hell" Breugel, of fourteenth-century German wood engravings, and South Sea Island sculpture—a hitherto unattempted *mélange*, proving an originality of temperament and an instinct for eclecticism.

The Vorticist group are not numerically strong, though individually engaging. Mr. Roberts is honest but undistinguished; Mr. Etchells is unrepresented. Mr. Wadsworth's "Blackpool" is too pretty; reduced in size it would make a perfect cover for chocolate boxes advertizing the *entente cordiale*; his "Rotterdam" is a fine achievement, and his woodcuts, though spotty and confused, have real qualities of design. It is noticeable that the least abstract of Mr. Wadsworth's woodcuts is the most successful; perhaps he exaggerates his talent for abstract design? Mr. Wyndham Lewis is original, enigmatic and apparently imaginative. His "Workshop" makes no profound impression on one's memory, but his "Crowd," though rather fussy and scattered in design, is a contribution to modern art. Not all these painters are equally gifted, and the gifts they have are not too generously displayed. They are pioneers, panting in the rear of Munich, Paris and New York, astonishing themselves with their own prodigious vitality and perverse originality. If they frequently discover mare's nests instead of gold mines we must not protest too violently. If only we shared their naïveté!—it would be charming if we could take them at their own valuation. Their efforts are more interesting than the vegetable insipidity of docile academy students and Slade professors. If they took themselves less seriously, indulged in a little self-criticism, and managed to whip up a greater amount of talent, they would be considerably improved. They are perfect examples of the man who substitutes indisputably fine art theories for the *chefs d'œuvres* he is unable to produce.

A dull, futile show—redeemed by callow flights at audacity, a few good works and Mr. Epstein's sculpture. England is an unhealthy climate for the arts.

FRANK DENVER.

POEMS

EVOCATIONS

How strange the evocations
Of homely things
For those who dream.

Here in a city,
With the Elevated rumbling overhead,
With walls, walls, walls,
Everywhere :
Here in a city,
On a dingy rainy afternoon :
Here in a city eating-house,
Close with the odour of stale cooking,
I am served a slice of water-melon
On a tawdry plate
Of blue and white and gold :
Water-melon, a plate and a spelter spoon.

And suddenly . . .
Before me floats Bermuda . . .
Billowed with pink oleanders . . .
Swimming on her wind-blossomed seas
Of blue, blue, blue. . . .
All sunshine !
Now, twilight . . .
Wistful, peaceful, exquisite !
And now . . . God of Fair Dreams,
Her moon of June !

NEW YORK CITY : July 1914.

MISOPOLITE

I AM a hater of cities :
The roar and hum and whirr of them
And their smoke,
Save when brushed into magic
By Whistler.
I am a hater of cities :
The gloom and filth and stench of them
And their life,
Save in my memories of parks
Hushed in twilight,
Veiled by violet shadows
Or unreal with dawn.
I am a hater of cities !
I hate their slinking alleys,
The broken ribs of a skeleton
Felt through rags and flesh ;
And their broad avenues,
A flaunted balance of thick-powdered breasts :
Both I hate.
Not that I hate disorder.
The splendid fury of wind and sea ;
Or form in its purity,
Flower, song, star and snowflake :
Free Titan masters
Or the mirror-breath of dreams.
But the snakelike coil of the whip,
Tyrant of free self,
And servitude to the clock
With its prim, black hands,
Marionettes of the coffin—
These I hate, and hate
With all my soul.
I am a hater of cities !

PHAETHONS

I

I HAVE watched the loveliest of aeroplanes,
The Antoinette,
Float past me
Like a giant dragon-fly—
Droning, droning,

Like a huge brown wasp,
In the wake of the sinking sun,
Sinking
Out of courtesy to our forgotten ignorance.

I have followed it,
Holding my breath,
Wondering
If this invention of man,
This gauntlet flung to gravity,
Were not as great a miracle,
An audacity as droll,
As man himself :
Chained master to a slave of the sun !

II

This morning on the loveliest of waters,
Bermuda's,
I watched the tropic birds—
Sea-birds called Phaethons of the air,
White as the foam on the reefs—
Fly and soar,
Dart and wheel,
Rise and dip,
Each breast a mirror of sea-bloom,
A chrysoprased in motion.

Such ease, such grace,
Such radiance a-wing :
Like all things lovely,
Yet like nothing but themselves !
Even their wild harsh cries
Had the quality of beauty
And of greatness :
Sea-cries so brave and untamed,
So alive with freedom !
RICHARD BUTLER GLAENZER.

TO A MAN WORKING HIS WAY THROUGH THE CROWD

To Gordon Craig : Your lynx's eye
Has found the men most fit to try
To serve you. Ingenious creatures follow in your
wake.

Your speech is like Ezekiel's ;
You make one feel that wrath unspells
Some mysteries—some of the cabals of the vision.

The most propulsive thing you say,
Is that one need not know the way,
To be arriving. That foreword smacks of retrospect.

Undoubtedly you overbear,
But one must do that to come where
There is a space, a fit gymnasium for action.

TO THE SOUL OF "PROGRESS"

You use your mind
Like a mill stone to grind
Chaff.

You polish it
And with your warped wit
Laugh

At your torso,
Prostrate where the crow—
Falls

On such kind hearts
As its God imparts—
Calls,

And claps its wings
Till the tumult brings
More

Black minute-men
To revive again,
War

At little cost.
They cry for the lost
Head

And seek their prize
Till the evening sky's
Red.

MARIANNE MOORE.

FIGHTING PARIS

February 14. In England the public refers to its newspapers for news, as everybody knows. In France we have newspapers also, as everybody knows. They are read too, of course—moreover they are the average Frenchman's main reading matter. But who reads them for information? They are read, chiefly, to be disbelieved or, rather, to be interpreted. When a paper publishes "white" the reader invariably reads "black." Each one provides his own key. The general opinion as to the news is that its object is not to enlighten but deliberately to deceive. The consequence is that, side by side with the newspapers, an oral gazette is occultly propagated which obtains infinitely more credit than mere print. This ghost-gazette is born, and is echoed about the town, as regularly and as persistently as the newspapers it completes or contradicts, as the case may be. Where it takes form no one has the slightest idea, but it cuts its way through from the highest to the lowest and neither space nor time offer any obstacle to the progress of its mysterious, tenacious, subterranean or superterrestrial course.

This unidentified oracle keeps Paris in "the know" year in, year out, day by day, at all times, but in such as these it is especially busy and as active and mischievous as a horde of witches. When it has done violating and divulging secrets to which spirits could not, you would think, obtain access, it resorts to its diabolical power of invention, incessantly bent upon keeping the ball of gossip it has thrown out rolling.

Through its agency every Parisian is provided with some special information which he reveals from nowhere as a conjurer picks half-crowns out of the air, and between one Parisian and another Parisian there is a rivalry of *inédit* news, a *quid pro quo* of hearsay where fact mingles with fancy, as is bound to be the case, history substantiating fiction, and fiction seasoning history.

February 20.—The number of foreigners who have been enrolled in the French army for the war is fifty-two thousand. The total figures of candidates comprising fit and unfit may be imagined.

February 23.—I have seen a copy of the gazette distributed in German camps for the information of French prisoners, but which is a web of pedantically expressed romance from the first line to the last of its very unnecessary four pages. The fables contained in this document consist chiefly in tirades about English perfidy and in patronizing appreciation of French chivalry. France is described—for the prisoners are edified with psychological studies of their national characteristics—as a Don Quixote crusading for the benefit of the Knave: England. How the military authorities can be so childish as to waste time and money on the compilation of so grotesque and superfluous a pamphlet is difficult to understand. The French in which it is compiled is grotesque.

February 25.—A journey outside the country undertaken at this juncture entails a host of formalities. The acquiring of a passport is the first essential step. This document is granted on presentation of a declaration from the police commissary of one's residence, which

in its turn is only procurable with the assistance of two witnesses domiciled in the same parish, and, in the case of married women, the personally testified and written authority of the husband. In general in France a married woman's signature is not valid unless endorsed by that of her husband, and she cannot even make a deposit at a bank without his official authorization.

The passport having been granted by the prefect of police on presentation of the commissary's document, it must then be submitted at the consulate of the country one wishes to visit.

On arrival at the frontier each passenger's passport is rapidly examined.

March 1.—Title of a book in the French language seen in the window of a bookseller's shop in Lausanne: "What God thinks of the war."

Only portraits, knick-knacks, and toys representing the French, Russian, English, and Belgian sovereigns and commanders are to be seen in the shops of French Switzerland, though German books, notably on military strategy, are also in some, though minor, evidence. The enthusiasm for the French cause is such—at Neuchâtel, for instance—that at the beginning of the war the crowds who went to read the war bulletins on the public buildings would positively burst into tears on the publication of victories for Germany, while they would wave French flags and sing the "Marseillaise" when the successes were in favour of the Allies.

Heard from a workman in a tramcar at Lausanne: "They call us a free country, but we shall only be free when we possess coal-mines and a seaport."

The Swiss have been so alarmed lest coal should fail them that their distress has given rise to an invention consisting of briquettes, suited to the stoves customary in their country, composed of paper reduced to pulp, and which each one can make for himself.

March 10.—The return to France necessitates further formalities in connexion with the passport, which must now be stamped at the French Consulate and invariably show the bearer's photograph. The passengers are turned out of the train in the middle of the night at the inhospitable frontier station, where the passports are more carefully examined and the photograph carefully identified by three detective-like officials. Two soldiers led away a passenger whose papers did not give satisfaction, rapidly and without any words being passed. No French affability governs these silent transactions.

After a short absence Paris gives the impression of a vast hospital, for the number of crippled young men in military uniform to be seen about, and particularly in certain districts, surpasses imagination.

March 15. The great author we call briefly "Rosny Aîné" has written a moving article on England's participation in the war, in which he points out that her action is far more disinterested than is generally supposed. It is an article which "sets things right" and which merits gratitude for its advocacy of the English cause. *L'Intransigeant* was M. Rosny's mouth-piece, than which there is no better friend of England at this juncture, unless it be *le mot*, which is also admirably loyal to "our most redoubtable enemy," as Germany now condescends to call Britain.

In England we have *THE EGOIST*; in France they have *le mot*. No comparison is attempted between two publications so different in purpose and achievement except in so far that each is in its way essentially, honestly, profoundly modern.

le mot is the only newspaper which does not call Germans by that obnoxious term "boche." It is also the only newspaper that has thought of raising a plea for the most tried of peoples in the present crisis, the Poles, compared with whom the Belgians and Alsatians are on a bed of roses. Again, *le mot* is the only paper published here a man of the world can read without irritation, for it is edited and drawn by a man of the world . . . "gentleman," unfortunately, being a word one cannot use nowadays without being misunderstood—but we mean "gentleman" none the less, though we

dare not say it! An admirable designer, M. Raoul Dufy, now associates his imagination as cartoonist and skill as cutter in wood with the inexhaustible versatility of M. Paul Iribe, founder of this publication (sold at ten centimes the issue, but the first copies of which are now worth as many francs).

March 18. The most important document on the Belgian invasion, "La Belgique Envahie," by Roland de Marès, correspondant to *Le Temps*, has just been brought out by MM. George Crès et Cie. It is a fluent narration of facts, destitute of all melodramatic effusion, endorsed by sketches taken "from the life" by Franz Masereel during his military participation in the campaign—among the most admirable of their kind.

MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA.

These notes conclude the series "Fighting Paris," in the place of which "Passing Paris" will be revived, in accordance with the return to normal conditions in the capital.

M. C.

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MAY 1915

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