I THINK Grant Allen was the creator of that doctor with the uncanny instinct for spotting men whose inevitable end was the gallows for wife-murder. It turned out that the doctor came at his divinations not by way of characteristics peculiar to the victims of fate and scaffold themselves, but by following the careers of men owning wives with a neck of a certain curve. The sequence was unfailing: such a curve—such a catastrophe. Even the nicest-seeming sort of individual would be compelled to do it, married to that particular curve of neck. It was the “nagging curve.” And this divining “system” will appear credible enough. No one is likely to underrate the offensive powers of nagging: that form of verbal flagellation, continuous like Time, and incisive like Toothache. So there appears to be a master-problem of the ages, which is solved by one age only to be resolved again and differently by the next, is to give the name to the thing in life which outbids every other in attractiveness and which consequently men must value most. To put into words the nature of the motive which will account for life’s perplexing ways is the task at which Religions, on their theoretic side, are attempts at achieving. To make the high valuation which men set upon self-preservation tally with a quite common reckless disregard for the same life at other times has constituted a neat problem, to which the various Theories of Life are the answers. The one thing which all Theories agree in recognizing is that there are things for which men will barter length of life; yet so ingrained is the belief that nothing can be valued higher than preservation of life, that almost every theory has committed itself to a vast assumption of which there can exist no hope of proof. Because men are ready voluntarily to undertake risks which are tantamount to an abandonment of this life the argument is that “somewhere” Another Life—probably of another nature—will exist which awaits men upon this life’s close. How, the Religions ask, would it be possible for men to hold this life so lightly, unless it were so? The latest of the prophets, however, his solution confessedly inspired by the phenomenon of men, magnificently alive, going proudly and enthusiastically to their own destruction, satisfied to find the motive for the spectacle: not the participant’s but the onlooker’s: and therefrom to affirm this impression of all other spectacles. Because Nietzsche’s cavalry regiment was Powerful, their animating motive must be Power. The Will itself is just—Power. What meaning then has the “Will to Power” save “The Will towards Will,” a
the Will to Dominate," it is made thereby little more illuminating. The Will is set, not on the domination of obstacles—animal or inanimate—but upon arriving at that which it desires. The Will to Dominate is incidental only to the Will bent towards some specific end. Obstacles become obstacles only because they stand across the path which leads to some definite and desired end. This same end it is that unbinds and directs the Will: which power is submitted to conditions.

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The directing lures in life then are Images: Feelings in prospect: which can magnetize the vital power, first to Attention and thereafter to Action. Prospective Sensations hook into the Imagination. The prospect of gaining into a sensation more and more definitely constitutes the paramount "Urge," and action in life is governed by this attitude towards a progressive definiteness in Sensation. The vital instinct is to follow such sensations as offer promise of developing themselves into something new: which said differently, means that life is in its highest condition of well-being when the will is directed to the full exercise of Power.

The proof as to "which sensations are which" lies in the feeling experience of the one who feels them: just as the verdict upon the pudding lies in the feeling of the one who eats it. Certainly to become aware of the suggested possibility that we can grow from less to more almost indefinitely, that expansion of life to which the spirit is bent is the great work of words to weak the individual from his own self-chosen passions and interests, so that his energies may be harnessed at will to other interests he may be desired to serve. The weaning process is complex. It begins with the attempt to boggle the individual instinct as to what is "good" to himself. It breaks down reliance on his own certainty of judgment as to what he actually desires, so that he ceases to recognize directly and from himself what he desires, and he requires to be told. He is cut loose from his moorings and drifts out upon a sea of uncertainty: at the mercy of other persons' opinions. This is the condition which words have been used to effect, and which prepares the way for the system of "Appreciation." Those who know how to wield the word are the master-prizes in life and it is out of these intense forms of feeling—relative to the whole feeling—experience of the one who feels them: which can magnetize the vital power, first to Attention and thereafter to Action. To square the potentiation "gets there" comprise every method of playing upon the one basic characteristic of the human spirit: which is power submitted to conditions. To dominate, to the Will: which is power submitted to conditions.

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Such is the simple tale of values as they exist among the non-decadent: unaffected by sophistication. Instincts assess their own values where words are scarce, and in spite of sophistication, even now the primitive associations of attraction and repulsion have not yet been dissolved into one Image which rises and submerges in prospect: which can magnetize the vital power, first to Attention and thereafter to Action. To square the potentiation "gets there" comprise every method of playing upon the one basic characteristic of the human spirit: which is power submitted to conditions. To dominate, to the Will: which is power submitted to conditions.
dependent on its agreement with its own Purposed Ends. If it does not so agree, the "system" is set promptly in motion to disparage its value and to weaken and, if possible, break the connexion between the unfriendly purpose and its author. The weaning process constitutes simply a reversal of the process of Flattery: the forlorn genius, feeling the reverse of growth, the reverse process is precisely an endeavour to "make one feel small": to make the spirit shrink and contract by a contumely of its desires and purposes: which contraction is called Pain. Flattery and Scolding, by praising much or none, the thing one's heart are fixed on, produce expansion and contraction. Pleasure and pain, exactly as light and its withdrawal produce the changes in the index of a thermometer, and if our sense of Appreciation and Judgment is in external keeping, our happiness is in external keeping also. The more we are moved by Honour the more is our Pleasure and Pain beyond our own mastery. Yet Honour has things the natures of their own way in this world (though not with Germany, one can say!). The powers of Appreciation rule the roost. With most of us, sophistication has drugged the vital instincts to an easy lethargy, so that Appreciation following up its preliminary work of boggling individual instincts, comes into a fruitful field for labor. The most righteous kind is a kind of world. Boredom—absence of powerfully engrossing instincts—sits heavily upon them, and usually the dulcet, if condescending, voice of Appreciation is as acceptable as that of a lover. To be considered "Good" and "Noble" by others, has thus become men's own private interest. They lend their souls to it, and need for "nothing": they know what expansion of the soul—Pleasure—they get who willingly give their souls for Honour.

It is, however, when the patient proves insusceptible to the weaning process and fails to adjust his foci of attraction and accordingly his avenues to Pleasure that the forces of Appreciation reveal more fully the mobility of the "system." Ordinarily it knows how to manage the mobility itself: it is engrossed in its own way. The form of Scolding. If he is bent upon alien purposes he must be made as small and insignificant as possible for their prosecution: to which end his aims are heartily depreciated. They are "low and "vicious," and their adherent is also low and vicious to be attracted by them. Appreciating, Viliifying, Despising, forgives in turn. They represent a progressive tightening of the screw—a reversal of the action of Flattery—bent upon minimizing the importance of him, his aims and his pleasures. It becomes only a matter of expediency, a question effected by the relative importance of the Purpose against which the recalcitrant one holds out, whether Judgment shall move on to, or stop short of, that passionately irritated disapproval—Hate—which is the frame of mind requisite for "Appreciating" the rebel's continued existence as valuesless and unnecessary. If that view appears expedient the Powers of Appreciation will move on to their quite natural culmination and assess his "value" as a minus quantity which will finish their connexion with him: since at this point Violence steps in and translates the valuation into effect by wiping out his existence: or by putting him where his prejudices and predilections cease to count: annihilate or confine him, that is. Under the "Appreciative system" it is of course the privilege of the Supreme Power only—the State—to allow its disapproval to proceed to culminating point. Private individuals must content themselves by taking down one's "size" by means of words: expressions of opinion only; not inexorable instruments however—snagging, viliifying, scorning, reproaching. The "system" is extremely intelligent, and is practised on each by all, but in a special degree by the more intelligent on the less so. This great verbal innovation has triumphed because it has known how to set its sails to catch the breeze, and which age-long knowledge of human motives has enabled it to gauge. It has been able to manipulate the springs of Pleasure and of Pain, and create at Will the entire range of feeling from intense happiness to intense misery. Coupled with a nice adjustment of valuation to Purpose it has been able to supply what is good enough for most men—Honour—in return for what they in return most desire—Obedience.

The one adequate means of becoming deaf to all species of Appreciation is to be engrossed in one's own element. The Power to initiate interests and passions from within oneself is the first step to independence and freedom from the Powers of "Appreciation" if it is not from Flattery. The forms of revenge which wrath at their own inefficaciousness causes, such indirect existence, is for him an ingredient of genius. It is one of Mr. Bernard Shaw's creations, who delivers himself of the opinion that "The most tragic thing in the world is a Man of Genius who is not also a Man of Honour." Far from this being descriptive of the case, however, a "Man of Genius" holds the one position where one can be distinguishable from a "Man of Honour" with striking and impressive effect. For what is genius but the power to conceive and name the "New Thing," together with the power which can hold out till it attains to it. The genius is the person capable of great emotions and by his emotions he has the right to express himself: Expression is carried by their own weight and clarity to the point of expression. He breaks into Expression, not to obtain Appreciation—Honour—but to gain an outlet for Images he is unable to retain. In the sphere at least where his genius lies, the genius can suffer pain and blight with an unmoved tenacity. In the first place he is aware that he knows better than his critics what is the true scale of values for him, and in the second, he knows that he is likely to come by far more than adequate compensations for the loss of the Flattery which follows his own bent and his interest, he has need to go abroad to find another appreciation nor his means of elation: so that "Opinion" finds itself itself with genius, with something which is more inflexible and more powerful to transmute wills than itself.

And falling very short of genius to be deaf to Honour and Flattery matters essential to them are at stake is the index denoting Quality and Class in more commonplace individuals. The "Classes" are separated from the "Masses" by this mental distinction that the former apprehend that Respect takes precedence in importance of all Honour. Resist the onlooker's temptation to recognize a negligible value: the slights of Flattery acting in behalf of some alien interest. It is the instinctive recognition that to be dependent on the "good word" of others is a fair sign that one does not possess much in oneself on which to depend: to which fact is due the slight contempt which inevitably rises when others are moved by our Flattery. To be able recognizably to stand by their own interests and Flattery when matters essential to them are at stake is the index denoting Quality and Class in more commonplace individuals. The "Classes" are separated from the "Masses" by this mental distinction that the former apprehend that Respect takes precedence in importance of all Honour. Resist the onlooker's temptation to recognize a negligible value: the slights of Flattery acting in behalf of some alien interest. It is the instinctive recognition that to be dependent on the "good word" of others is a fair sign that one does not possess much in oneself on which to depend: to which fact is due the slight contempt which inevitably rises when others are moved by our Flattery.
means of breaking the neck of opposition, Governments, with their vast and organized “System of Apprehension”—Public Opinion, Religion, Honour, Ostracism—are only one out of myriad of units bent on “governing” and achieving their own interests. Human society is then to be compared with Flattery. In the intra-individual clash of desires, its completest and most romantic order. All the “spiritual” aspects of strength of these two alone it may be gauged how far Flattery goes to subdue the World to the Will of those who best know how to employ it. It has to be noted that the forms of Flattery which have monopolized the term are only the crude and blundering ones. Where it is but moderately successful leaving its traces bare, its label is changed into “Tact”; and where it is wholly successful, leaving no trace of its artistry, even—perhaps especially—those who have fallen its victims are unaware of the nature of the forces to which they have succumbed. And they then call it “Charm”: asking naïvely, “What is Charm?” Charm—consummate Flattery—is the instinctive intelligence of someone else who knows what to you is Pleasure and gives it to you. By a little adroitness they can maintain the sense of Pleasure and yet completely change which it was necessary for them to start with you at the outset. Using always skill they can change your interests: steal your mental purse, if you like. This is why the charming people rule—most people. The few whom they do not “net,” are the ones who are already too much engrossed in interests to be aware of the spell they cast. Which is not to say that all persons who are flattered are aware of why they are: their great sensitiveness and intelligence often stops short just at the point of complete self-appreciation: a slight obtuseness which has an attraction of its own. So, too, with Romantic Love—the part of love which is not an appetite. This form of Pleasure-giving travels further—albeit only in a single direction—along the avenue of Flattery than charm even: which is more widely distributed. In fact the lengths to which Romantic Flattery will go exhaust the uttermost limits of speech. Only when the most inflating utterance has been uttered does it pause—to fall back, doubtless, on dumb show. Which explains the unsuitability of “Romantic Love” for translation into the too realistic, because too intimate relationships, of daily life: unsuitable, that is, save for persons who regard “Love” as an artistic exercise and make sensible allowances for Time and Season: or for persons whose power to Flatter rises to the heights of genius. And having laid “Love” and “Charm” to Flattery’s account, this is not the place to enlarge upon its disadvantage.

**VIEWS AND COMMENTS**

By now, in these hard times, the Government might have been expected to be thoroughly alive to the difference between what some elegant person has described as “Blowing your nose and blowing it off,” but they still appear to think that they can go to any lengths along the path of obliging their friends. It turns out that the coal strike was allowed to come about just to oblige an old fossil which some member of the Government keeps warm in his pocket. This person’s job is theorizing on the subject of “Abstract Right,” and the coal strike being the apt illustration he was in need of at the moment it was of course engineered. And the world is at war! There is, of course, nothing left for the unprivileged public to do, but deplore as usual the subversion of Public Interest to Private Ends and pick up any profitable intelligence there may be among the spoil. And if the coal strike be not due to the fact that this old gentleman required the suspension of the resources of a coalfield in war-time in order to “boil an egg for himself,” what other adequate reason is there for permitting such a catastrophe with such a “moral”? to occur at such a time. We can think of none.

The “moral” of this strike for recalcitrant labour appears to be that they should henceforth cease disparaging their opponents’ methods and morals for the plainly demonstrated reason that though these beat no “noble” sound they are by far the better ones for winning. From the fact that the miners have won in this strike the coal-miners should be able to cast aside their brand of “Ethics”: the essential feature of their position as “the workers.” If they have the intelligence to grasp the importance of this fact, the period of war between Classes and Masses is now at an end, and the war between parties very nearly approaching Equals, will have begun.

I see a correspondent objects to the word “should” in The Egoist, because it is redolent of coercion I suppose. It would be nearer the mark to consider it redolent rather of Purpose, and an Egoist—you even an Anarchist—must have a Purpose, or he is not in his place. Having a Purpose merely means that you aim at arriving at a destination by way of one route or other. What “should” implies is that, having fixed the destination and the route towards it, you should occasionally remember that you actually are aiming at some spot in particular, and that arrival there necessitates a certain sense of direction. We cannot, for instance, arrive and yet sit by the roadside permanently. Accomplishment in its very nature is coercion. One has to coerce oneself and many other people and things in order to carry out quite a small undertaking, and that necessitates one’s saying “should” quite a number of times.

The importance of any change in the brand of the “Ethics” for the Masses has all to do with this word “should.” “Should,” as we have implied, has the function of a signpost: it is important as indicating the direction one should take relative to our desired destination. The “ethical” position of the Masses is in this bewildering state: while they aim at arriving at Power for themselves, the persons responsible for the setting up and the marking of the signposts desire them to arrive at a destination in a quite opposite direction: at Absence of Power. And they hopefully trust to the signposts and expect to arrive. It is true that they see all the powerful moving past them in the opposite direction despite the signposts, but even this strong “tip” appears to tell them nothing: their faith is fixed in it and they loudly scold all such as are making strides in a contrary way. Hence the importance of “should,” and the importance of testing whether these all-valuable indicators are set in accordance with their Purposes and not those of others. Whichever end one wishes to take there exists the corresponding “should”: tyranny everywhere it seems.

* * * * *

“Democracy and Conspiration” are twin tyrants, one is informed. But then there are so many tyrants: as many as there are sparks of life it seems: all established in proportion to their strength and unbearably in proportion to their subtlety! Why, out of such a myriad of tyrants, these two—one a mere way of speaking and the other a course of physical training—should be placed together as the tyrant-twins is not apparent. Democracy, as has been reiterated here so often, is a method of sparing the pride of the tyrannized by dint of politeness: a convention misleading only to the unintelligent. And to save the unintelligent from their unintelligence is not within the power even of tyrants. Conspiration is a different affair. Coupling Conspiration with Democracy is like comparing learning to earn a livelihood with knowing how to raise your hat to a lady. It is difficult to understand why people
That is the spirit of Morality: a true adherence to "Principles." It has despised education: and it does the act proves this country an invincibly moral nation. Discovery, proceeds to appoint as Minister of Education allows that, after all, brains are not altogether negligible, to fit into the verbal conventions current at the time. Of Purpose: which embodiments would cease to be would accurately connect itself with the embodiments of Spirit. Purposive Energy. Associated with purpose, Spirit poses, because the "creations," being "Principles," would be once and for all attached to its accurate meaning. If the word "spiritual" could be once and for all attached to its accurate meaning, there would be in the world of much unintentional Cant if the word "spiritual" so many "spiritual principles." It would purge the inheritors of the "spiritual" Principles of the last great European War. It was the experience and training of the returned soldiers which put stamina into the Reformer movement and which put a corresponding fear into the hearts of the "Arch-Tyrants" as then Established. If the movement ultimately went awry and broke its temper struggling for nearly a century through a bog of words, this does not dim the fact that it sprang from firm substantial quality. And rebellion apart, the stout truth stands that tyrants can tyrannize only "so far" among comparative equals, and they are alert enough to know when a situation makes it necessary to hurry up the drum. The recognition moreover that "Peace and a quiet life" necessitate violent and acrid forms of guaranteeing, in no way reflects on the former's attractiveness. It merely recognizes that it is the power to retaliate with adequate violence which virtualizes any claim to enjoy and possess "Peace" even as also "Rights," "Property," "Free Conscience," "Anarchist Opinions," and the rest. * * * * There are so many of these "blessed words" about, so many "spiritual principles." It would purge the world of much unintentional Cant if the word "spiritual" could be once and for all attached to its accurate meaning: that of "verbal." This would make it more possible to give a sensible meaning to "Principle" as that of "Customary mode of behaviour"; and so effect a clearance invaluable in a community ravaged by Principles which are allowed to bolt madly like wild horses harnessed to all kinds of valued Purposes, because the "creations," being "Principles," are Sacred. It would also set free the word "Spirit" for the use of that most important sense of Vitality, that therefore Purposive Energy. Associated with purpose, Spirit would accurately connect itself with the embodiments of Purpose: which embodiments would cease to be underrated as valuable evidence of the working and intention of a powerful spirit, just because they failed to fit into the verbal conventions current at the time. War would be recognized as a moral struggle of brains. It would become impossible to conceive of the sort of governing intelligence which condescendingly allows that, after all, brains are not altogether negligible, and which, just as it has arrived at this interesting discovery, proceeds to appoint as Minister of Education—a man of such widespread refusal from naming him. The act proves this country an invincibly moral nation. It gets into the way of doing things after a certain fashion, and kill or cure, it insists on continuing thus to do them. It has despised education: and it does despise it and it will continue so to do, for ever, Amen. That is the spirit of Morality: a true adherence to "Principles." D. M.

**HENRI GAUDIER-BRZESKA**

BY JOHN COURNO

AND Brzeska is really dead. . . . Few of us believed the first rumours. There was a legend among us that dear Gaudier could not die.

Because it is hard to believe that a man so gifted with genius, so abundantly endowed with aliveness, should come upon our earth merely to die by a bullet his work undone, his creative secret untold.

Very likely this legend grew out of our affection for him, out of our faith in his destiny; it was the expression of our desire to see him live. . . .

Dear Gaudier could not die. He was so clearly exalted. It was his admirable narrow escapes of all sorts, for sweating—chisel and hammer in hand—over marble, Portland stone and alabaster. And then there was his wit which came in bolts and made holes in dullness. The thought that he could die was the one thought which never entered our minds.

Brzeska himself believed in and encouraged the legend. I remember him stepping in to say good-bye before he left for France. "In three months the war will be over. I'll come back without a scratch."

And only some weeks ago he wrote from the front, where his daring twice won him promotion: "I have had many close escapes from death, and shall continue to do so."

His letters from the front are quite Cellinian in their vigour and wit and terse frankness. In one of them he has told us how while watching the Germans through a hole in the wall he had carved out, by means of his trench pick and knife, the figure of a dancing woman. This is Brzeska to the narrow.

Gaudier-Brzeska was a Franco-Pole, and therefore belonged by race to two of the most refined nations of Europe. It is hard to tell how he came by his primitive impulses. At home in Paris or in London, he could have as easily accommodated himself among the Zulus or the Cossacks of the Ukraine. His mind was intensely French in its crystalline hardness, but all his thought's hardness could not hide the latent temperament of the Pole. His life, in spite of himself, was full of grand sentiment. He lived intensely and he died intensely. He died charging the Germans at Neuville St.-Vaast.

I like to think of him as a Pole. One's mind turns to the epilogue in "Rudin": "Tiens, on vient de tuer le Polonais." It is not for nothing that Turgenev makes the men of the barricades mistake Rudin for a Pole. But Brzeska was a Pole.

How came Brzeska among the "Vorticists"? He was a Franco-Pole, and therefore a natural sculptor—but in the end the foe won. A German bullet, that small but efficient vortex of materialism, crashed into his skull—vortex was, I should say, the only Vorticist with a vortex. He was a natural sculptor—but in the end the foe won. A German bullet, that small but efficient vortex of materialism, crashed into his skull—vortex interpenetrating vortex—and created a void which can only be realized by those who knew him and enjoyed his friendship.

The day is beautiful as I write this. The breeze sounds to rise and subside at short intervals. Now the leaves on the trees outside my window are rustling with the sound of stirring leaves. Now the breeze seems to rise and subside at short intervals. Now the leaves on the trees outside my window are rustling vigorously, now they are very quiet. As I sit here thinking of Gaudier, my own mood seems to be like that. Now I seem to be asking myself: "Is Gaudier really dead?" Then in the silence that follows, the answer comes—slowly and unmistakably.

[Note:—A study of M. Gaudier-Brzeska's art by John Cournos will appear in the next number of The Egoist.—Ed.]

* Three reproductions of M. Brzeska's work, with an essay on the subject by Mr. Ezra Pound, were printed in The Egoist for February 16, 1914. M. Brzeska wrote a long review of "The Allied Artists" for June 15, 1914, and a letter on sculpture in March 16, 1914.—Ed.
CHINESE POEMS

[From the “Book of Jade” by Judith Gautier. Translated by James Whitall.]

SONG ON THE RIVER

My boat is of ebony and the holes in my flute of jade are golden.

As the plant that takes out stains from silk, so wine disperses sadness from the heart.

When one has good wine, a graceful boat, and a maiden’s love, why envy the immortal gods?

La-Tai-PE.

TO THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN

OF THE FLOWER BOAT

I have sung songs to you with my flute of ebony, songs telling of my sadness, but you did not hear.

I have written verses praising your beauty, but disdainfully you have thrown the gorgeous sheets that bore my poems, into the water.

Then I gave you a huge sapphire, a dark sapphire like the sky at night, and for that sapphire you have shown me the little pearls of your mouth.

Quan-Tsi.

INTOXICATION OF LOVE

The petals of the water-lilies tremble in the wind that murmurs through the Palace of the Waters.

The king of Lou lounges idly on the terrace of Kou-Son. Before him is Sy-Chen: she is dancing and her movements are full of rhythm and delicate grace.

Then she laughs in her sensuous weariness, and leans against the royal bed of white jade, gazing towards the east.

La-Tai-PE.

THE FISHERMAN

The thirsty earth is quenched with snow, and now the plum-trees are blossoming once more.

The willow-leaves are like new gold; the lake is molten silver.

It is the hour when sulphur-laden butterflies rest their velvet heads upon the flowers.

A fisherman casts forth his nets from a motionless boat, and the surface of the lake is broken. His thoughts are at home with her to whom he will return with food, like a swallow to its mate.

La-Tai-PE.

MID-RIVER

In my boat rocked by the river, gently rocked while the willow-leaves are like new gold; the lake is molten silver.

I have now no other love but the love of wine, and my cup full of wine is before me.

Once I had in my heart a thousand sorrows, but now . . . I look at the mountains, glassed in the water.

Tchan-Tsi.

THE AUTUMN WIND

The autumn wind rises, white clouds are flying before it and yellow leaves are torn from the trees by the river. Already the wild geese are winging their way towards the south; no longer the rose is sweet, and petals are falling from the lotus-flowers.

I must see her whom I love and can never forget. I jump into my boat and start to cross the river, to reach the pavilion where she dwells. The stream is swift and the waters, darkened by the wind, flow with a sound like rustling silk.

How far away seems the other shore, as far away as ever. To give me courage, I sing as I row, but my songs are sad and make my toil heavier. My heart is young and ardent; it flies before me and pitilessly leaves me.

The maiden who gazes dreamily from her window, resting on her elbows—I do not love her because of her splendid palace on the banks of the Yellow River. I love her because she has dropped a little willow-leaf into the water.

I do not love the breeze from the east because it whiten the Oriental Mountain. I love it because it brings to thought the tender spring that has just flowered again. I love it because the maiden has written a name upon it with the point of her embroidery-needle and because that name is mine.

Tchan-Tsi.

THOUGHTS ON THE SEVENTH MONTH

I dream among the flowers of my garden sipping wine, clear as jade.

The wind caresses my cheeks and cools the scorching air, but how glad I shall be of my cloak, when winter comes again.

In the summer of her beauty, a woman is like the wind in August; she sweetens our lives. But when the white silk of age covers her head, we avoid her as we avoid the wind in winter.

La-Tai-PE.

YOUTH

The care-free youth, who lives on the road of the Imperial Tombs near the hills of the East, sets forth from his dwelling, into the fresh spring wind.

The step of his white horse, saddled in silver, is graceful and full of rhythm.

There is a whirlwind of petals underfoot, for the fallen blossoms form a thick carpet everywhere.

Now he slackens his pace, perplexed . . . a laugh, musical and clear, greets him from a nearby thicket. He is no longer perplexed.

La-Tai-PE.

ON THE ROAD TO TCHI-LI

I sit by the wayside on a fallen tree, and gaze along the road that stretches before me to Tchi-Li.

This morning, the blue satin of my shoes glistened like steel and one could see the black-embroidered traceries. But now my shoes are covered with dust.

When I set out, the sun was laughing in the sky, the butterflies hovered round me, and I counted the white daisies, scattered through the grass like handfuls of pearls.

It is evening now, and there are no daisies.

Swallows dart by swiftly at my feet, crows are calling each other to rest, and labourers, their plaits wrapped round their heads, are entering the villages near by.

But for me there are yet many miles to go: I will compose a poem, as full of sadness as my lonely heart, and with a rhythm so difficult that the road to Tchi-Li will seem too short.

Tin-Tun-Ling.

THE WILLOW LEAF

The maiden who gazes dreamily from her window, resting on her elbows—I do not love her because of her splendid palace on the banks of the Yellow River. I love her because she has dropped a little willow-leaf into the water.

I do not love the breeze from the east because it brings to thought the tender spring that has just flowered again. I love it because the maiden has written a name upon it with the point of her embroidery-needle and because that name is mine.

Tchan-Tsi.

THE PORCELAIN PAVILION

Out in the artificial lake, there is a pavilion of green and white porcelain; it is reached by a bridge of jade, arched like the back of a tiger. In the pavilion, friends in bright-coloured robes are drinking cups of cool wine together. They chatter and scribble verses, with tucked-up sleeves and hats pushed back.

In the waters, where the reflected bridge seems a crescent of jade, the friends in bright-coloured robes are drinking, heads downward, in a porcelain pavilion.

La-Tai-PE.
This issue occurs the third appearance of M. Guy-Charles Cros before the readers of *The Egoist.* The first was in a little company of poets selected by Mr. Aldington on June 15, 1914, the second under this heading on July 15, 1914. On this last occasion one of his own poems defined his principles—or lack of them—in versification.

M. Guy-Charles Cros is an amoralist in poetical technique: no God, no king, but of gods plenty. He is a charming heathen. All that is life and in life is good if it is good, or, rather, all that is good is good, the bad too, mayhap. He shows that it is quite easy for him to write in sage, domesticated metre, and then skips off into somersaults and every caper suggested by his whim. He is not occupied by those little technical details which Goethe said (in 1831) were a sign of sterility, adding: "If I were young and daring enough, I would designedly violate all the laws; I would use alliteration, assonance, false-rhyme and whatever seemed serviceable, considering only the essential: the sense; and thus I would endeavour to say things so good that every one would be charmed and ready to learn them by heart." One wants, precisely, to learn Cros by heart and read him out loud, for he realizes Verlaine's definition of poetic art: "music above all . . . with nothing that weighs or poises, words chosen somewhat at random" forming "songs a trifle tipsy where indecision and precision meet." And he watches over his rhyme "so ready to run away, one knows not where," for "who will ever tell all the errors of the penny rhyme" so ready to run away, one knows not where.,"

Paul Drouot was about to receive the medal for brave conduct and had been mentioned on the army roll a few days before he met his death.

"* * * * *""

Yea, all the poets have done their duty, numbers of them have fallen—at once good poets and good soldiers. Nevertheless, a very different temperament was that of Paul Drouot, from whom he differs by more economy, for if he has less opulence he leaves, also, less chaff in his wheat—because full of life and personality. No vague, pedantic generalizations here, and, as Mr. Aldington has said in a recent article, the "portrait of the artist" is always interesting.

The poem entitled *Hymne* printed in these columns shows that M. Cros is eminently a French poet, so much so that he is peculiarly endowed to express the melody in that language which the Frenchman adores. Many excellent poems might have been written in another idiom and would, nevertheless, preserve their characteristics and interest, but the lines which compose the *Hymne* were written for French, as a waltz by Chopin was written for the piano. But if some of the work of M. Cros shows exquisite word-glitter, under all of it flows the rich, warm blood which animates also the art itself felt within recent years, was accidentally killed in a military motor while on duty in his native Alsace. M. Legrand-Chaborier, author of *Lirquois,* written at Ypres a few years ago, a witty morcel of philosophical fancy, *L'Amoureuse Imprinée,* etc., has joined the moulds, as has also M. Ary-Leblond, co-editor and founder of the review *Le Vic.*

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One firm of Paris publishers has lost eighty members of its staff in the war. The *Revue Critique* has lost eleven of its regular contributors besides eighty wounded and two missing. M. Messen, successor to Vannier, Verlaine's publisher, is a prisoner of war. M. Louis Thomas, author and compiler of too many books to permit of their enumeration here, a good poet in vers libres, who was promoted to the rank of subaltern during the very first days of the war, has been awarded the croix de guerre, one of the highest honours in recognition of brave conduct. Paul Acker, who as journalist and novelist contributed much to the patriotic literature of which had made itself felt within recent years, was accidentally killed in a military motor while on duty in his native Alsace. M. Legrand-Chaborier, author of *Lirquois,* written at Ypres a few years ago, a witty morcel of philosophical fancy, *L'Amoureuse Imprinée,* etc., has joined the moulds, as has also M. Ary-Leblond, co-editor and founder of the review *Le Vic.*

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Authors who are not serving the country as soldiers do their best to make themselves useful otherwise. MM. Remy de Gournmont, Maurice Barrès, and Charles Maurras have allowed certain of their books to be put on sale for the benefit of funds connected with the war. M. Gabriele d'Annunzio has done likewise with *Pour la donne France.*

The first poetry which has made its appearance in book form since the war is due to the Comte Robert de Montesquiou, who publishes *Offrandes blessées, déliés guerrières.*
The beautiful medieval tapestries which before the war hung in the Cathedral of Reims are on view at the Petit Petit Palais, rather unfortunately displayed on a red background in a glaring light unsuited to their faded tints. New galleries entirely devoted to British artists have just been opened at the Luxembourg, where great improvements have been realized in the sculpture, which now includes a much-increased selection of works by Rodin. Two of the British galleries have been presented, now includes a much-increased selection of works by several of his paintings and some several score of his tints.

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GUSTAVE FLAUBERT relates—I think in his Correspondence—that he saw on the Acropolis at Athens a tall, broad wall, so beautiful and so satisfying in its beauty that he asked himself if it would not be possible to create a similar effect with a book of prose. In the Education Sentimentale he succeeded in this ambition. Its austerity is magnificent. But one questions if he has succeeded so well in Salambo, where his intention was obviously to give an effect of vitality and gorgeousness. It is foolish to deny the grandeur of Salambo, but Carthage is very far away, its glories and beauties appear, in Flaubert’s novel, like a confused, glittering dream—the outlines are blurred. The gorgeousness remains but the vitality escapes.

M. Eugene Demolder has succeeded in creating a novel which gives an effect of tremendous vitality and gorgeousness and joie de vivre and beauty. He has written a great imagist poem in prose or rather a series of great imagist poems in prose. He is scarcely austere though he is not “purple”; the difference between Madame Bovary, say, and La Route d’Emeraude is the difference between that tall bare wall on the Acropolis and a picture by Teniers or Jan Steen—all rich yellows and glowing crimsons and deep brown shadows. In Madame Bovary we have art at its fullest; in La Route d’Emeraude we have life at its fullest, not without art. La Route d’Emeraude is a novel of Holland in the seventeenth century; it is the life and environment of a Dutch painter of that time, from his childhood to his maturity. It is a novel of great sensual beauty, where words are so handled that they present to our senses the appearance, the smell, the taste, the sound, the very touch of life. We perceive the fields, the canals, the skies, the cities of Holland as clearly as if we had lived among them; we realize the life and the art of

[La Route d’Emeraude, by Eugene Demolder, Mercure de France, 3f. 60c. (Fourth edition, 1908.)

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La ville est derrière moi; si je me retournais je verrais sa hauteur de forge infernale qui efface jusqu’aux étoiles éternelles et met au cœur du voyageur qui vient une angoisse mystérieuse et des désirs qu’il n’avait point connus de son calme passé . . .

Mais, moi, je vais droit devant moi, je vais là-bas où mon destin m’apelle, en respirant l’haleine humide de la nuit, ce vent qui coule entre mes doigts ouverts comme une eau tiède, ce vent joyeux qui vient d’ailleurs.

SOUS LA LUNE ÉCARLATE

Que cette nuit mon cœur exhume tous ces morts !

Souvenir, fossoyeur endormi ; prends ta pioche, ouvre-moi tes tombes. Vois, je suis assez fort pour ne redouter rien quand un spectre m’approche.

Je suis bien, quelques-uns de ces corps sont poussiéreux, rien ne peut les soustraire au sord et dur oubli. —N’est-ce pas d’hier pourtant qu’ils sont ensevelis ? —

Si vite tu reprends tes enfants, vieille terre.

Ce vent joyeux qui vient d’ailleurs, qui ne se veulent point d’autre toit que le ciel qui sont si sages et ne sortent jamais de leur chambre,

et je respire l’air humide de la nuit.

mon matin, ma joie, mon jardin !

peut-être au-delà de la nuit ;

Je vais là-bas où mon destin m’appelle,

ce vent joyeux qui vient d’ailleurs,

Je vais là-bas où mon destin m’appelle,

ce vent joyeux qui vient d’ailleurs.

FRENCH POEMS

[The three poems here printed are taken, by permission, from “Les Fêtes Quotidiennes,” by Guy-Charles Cros (Mercure de France, 1912, 3 fr. 50.).]
the country as if we had grown up in their midst. M. Demolder does not fall into the error of the Naturalists which consists in seeing everything in terms of the unpleasant; nor of the Romantics, whose error is to see everything in terms of the pleasant (these we have always with us); nor of the Symbolists, who see everything in terms of something else: he is imagist—if I may use the word—because he presents the phenomena of life with precision, showing the beauty of beauty, the sensuality of the sensual, the ugliness of the ugly. This, for instance, is how he presents the milieux into which the young Kobus was born:

"The house lies at the bottom of a little bend formed by the Meuse; it is hidden behind a clump of elms much frequented by birds.

"The house is very attractive with its age-weathered brickgon. With moss, its green shutters and high, thatched roof which is pierced with a door surmounted by a pulley to hoist the wheat up to the granary. A vine, whose rather tart grapes only ripen in warm October, writhe its branches across the façade.

"Beside the house, the mill rises, a tower of stone and beams, capped with tiles: the sails form an immense cross against the sky.

"In front flow the yellow ripples of the stream. Ratts coming from the Black Forest, fly-boats from the Zeerick-Zee or from Flushing glide slowly past. Several times a day the neighbouring ferry-man leaves his clay hut criss-crossed with stakes; he traverses the river carrying over, on his great black ferry-boat, a horse and cart or a drove of cattle.

"In the distance rises the tower of Dordrecht. It is covered with a rich tone of brown and rust. On cloudless evenings it looks like a huge melting candle and its clock-face shines like a star of fire. Winter makes it misty."

That is the first section, the first "poem" of M. Demolder's book. The second begins with the statement: "Kobus Barent, the miller's son, was born in this house...."

"It is simple, straightforward narrative: from beginning to end, but it is very beautiful narrative: whether it is a conversation with Rembrandt, a snowfall in Amsterdam, a naked woman, a Kermess, a drunken orgy, the interior of a cathedral or a thieves' watch-fire—each is presented in a clear precise manner so that you live and not only read the book.

There is nothing slavish in this method of writing; it requires, indeed, the greatest amount of imagination, for the moment it becomes laboured or insincere the reader's interest vanishes. M. Demolder has written other novels, but not one of them is the self-satisfied "stylists" who laboriously and with difficulty dictate four thousand words every morning and boast to you in the evening that they "produce" five novels a year. That may be industry but it is certainly not art. The time given to its creation is obviously no criterion for judging a work of art; it requires, indeed, the greatest amount of imagination, all the sensuality and sordidness and gorgeousness, the abrupt contrasts of this life?"

And it can only be answered: "Nothing; and everything. Its significance is simply the significance of life."

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**POEMS**

**EROS AND PSYCHE**

In an old dull yard near Camden Town,
Which echoes with the rattle of cars and 'buses
And goods-trains, pulling steam and smoke and dirt.

To the steaming, sooty sky—
There stands an old and grimy statue,
A statue of Psyche and her lover, Eros.

A little nearer Camden Town,
In a square of ugly, sordid shops,
Is another statue, facing the Tube,
Standing with a heavy purposeless glare
At the red and white shining tiles—
A tall stone statue of Cobden.

And though no one ever pauses to see
What hero it is that faces the Tube,
I can understand very well indeed
That England must honour its national heroes,
Must honour the hero of Free Trade—
Or was it the Corn Laws?—
That I can understand.

But what I shall never understand
Is the little group in the dingy yard
Under the dingy sky,
The Eros and Psyche—
Surrounded with pots and terra-cotta busts
And urns and broken pillars—
Eros, naked, with his wings stretched out
Just lighting down to kiss her on the lips.

What are they doing here in Camden Town?
In the midst of all this clausome and filth?
They who should stand in a sun-lit roof?
Hung with deep purple, painted with golds,
Paved with white porphyry,
Stand for ever embraced
By the side of a rustling fountain
Over a marble basin
Carved with leopards and grapes and young men dancing;
Or in a garden leaning above Corinth,
Under the ilices and the cypresses,
Or in a garden leaning above Corinth,
Under the ilices and the cypresses,
Or in a garden leaning above Corinth,
Under the ilices and the cypresses,

What are they doing here in Camden Town?
And who has brought their naked beauty
And their young fresh lust to Camden Town
Which settled long ago to toil and sweat and filth,
Forgetting—to the greater glory of Free Trade—
Young beauty and young love and youthful flesh?

Slowly the rain settles down on them,
Slowly the sleet eats them into,
Slowly the stone grows greyer and dirtier,
Till in spite of his spreading wings
Her eyes have a rim of sleet
Half an inch deep,
And his wings, the tall god's wings,
That should be red and silver
Are catherous brown.

And I peer from a 'bus-top
As we splash through the grease and puddles,
And I glimpse them, huddled against the wall,
Half hidden under a goods train's smoke,
And I see the limbs that a Greek slave cut
In some old Italian town,
I see them growing older
And sadder
And greyer.

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RICHARD ALDINGTON.
JAPANESE PRINTS

I
Golden blossom on the banks;
The grey mountain hangs like a mist in the air.
Golden parasols on the path;
Black hills against the sky.
Golden blossom on grey trunks;
Grey roofs amid green pines.
Crimson blossom in the leaves.
The grey mountain hangs like a ghost over all.

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NOTES ON MODERN GERMAN POETRY

TO BROWNING

If yellow betokens infidelity,
I am an infidel.
I could not plant white roses on a hill
Because books said buff petals boded ill,
White promised well.

However—your particular possession—
The sense of privacy—
In what you did, deflects from your estate
Offending eyes and will not tolerate
Effrontery.

TO BERNARD SHAW: A PRIZE BIRD

You suit me well for you can make me laugh,
Nor are you blinded by the chaff
That every wind sends spinning from the rick.

You know to think and what you think, you speak,
With much of Samson's pride and bleak
Finality, and none dare bid you stop.

Pride sits you well, so strutting, colossal bird;
No barnyard makes you look absurd.
Your brazen spurs are staunch against defeat.

MARIANNE MOORE.

Rainer Maria Rilke is, after Richard Dehmel, the most notable poet in contemporary German poetry. Georg is practically forgotten by the general public, though he drew attention to himself about three years ago by a new translation — yet another! — of Shakespeare's Sonnets. Detlev von Liliencron, who was at once great and popular, died only a few years ago; but then he is as much a classic in German literature as Robert Browning, say, is in English. Otto Julius Bierbaum's charming songs are (or were) roared by students and others at cabarets or along the roads of the Black Forest, but much wider recognition than this has, so far as I know, been denied him during the past two or three years. There is, in short, no contemporary German poet quite equal in general popularity to Dehmel and Rilke.

In a sense the two are rivals. This is because each appeals to a different type of reader. Dehmel is said to be beloved of the "Willensmenschen," Rilke of the "Stimmensmenschen." In other words, this means that the first is a favourite with men of action—not physical action, of course; Dehmel is very far from being the German Rudyard Kipling—but with men of intellectual activity. Rilke, on the other, appeals rather to the mystic, to the man of dreamy temperament, to the visionary. This may be considered an unsound method of criticism, but not even the casual reader of both poets will deny that it is both a concise and precise way of stating the differences between them. Closer acquaintances with their works will show that the generalization is really on a better foundation than such things usually are.

Rilke, then, stands for the mystical type. Any one looking at his portrait will see the face of a grave, silent man, with a long beard and large dreamy eyes. "Einsamkeit" (solitariness) is the word he emphasizes again and again. In an excellent monograph on Rodin—he was his intimate friend and private secretary for many years—he says that the most remarkable feature of the sculptor's life is its "Einsamkeit." Or again, writing about Russia, where he lived for some years, he said: "Russia is the country where the people are lonely people, each with a world in himself." The predilection he showed for such a country is an index to his character and also to his works.

It is to Russia, in fact, that Rilke—after the early poems in which the beauties of his native Bohemia are celebrated in a few charming lyrics—it is to Russia that Rilke returns again and again; in his prose, "Geschichten vom lieben Gott" (Stories of the dear God), for example, there is a short story which gives fine expression to the "solitariness" Rilke found in Russia. Most important of all, however, is the fact that it was in Russia that Rilke conceived and, in part, worked out the plan of what many people consider his principal work—"Das Stundenbuch" (The Book of Hours).

Briefly described, this "Book of Hours" is the story, told in several short poems, of a Russian monk's search for God and of his spiritual life during that search. Passages like the following are characteristic:

Soo, we are only shell and leaves;
But Death, great Death whom each one holds
Within himself—
He is the fruit, the utmost soul of all.

Or again, the monk says:

What cannot Thou do, God, if I die?
I am Thy pitcher—should I break?
I am Thy drink—if I should spoil?
I am Thy garment and Thy dress.
With me Thou hast not sense;
Beside me Thou hast no house
Where warm, sweet words may greet Thee . . .

These, in short, who can appreciate a poetical presentation of Pantheism may be inclined to rank the "Book of Hours" very high. But in poetical and literary value Rilke's "Buch der Bilder" (Book of Pictures) holds a far higher place. The predominant influence is Maeterlinck as in the case of Hofmannsthal. But there is something more original in Rilke, something contributed by a more or less definite philosophy, and this makes him a more considerable poet than Hofmannsthal. Rilke, in short, surpasses even Hofmannsthal's quite remarkable rhythmical fineness—the "Buch der Bilder" is, on the whole, the best collection of lyrics in contemporary German literature—and, in addition, he gives a firm, well-considered presentation of life. And his later poems show that
he has followed up this tendency with increasing success. In fact, the French critic who, in reviewing Rilke's last volume, "Neue Gedichte" (New Poems), spoke of the poems there as being "ferme, plastique, classique," like Rodin—that critic put the matter into a nutshell. Here is a little poem representative of this later, less mystical, less philosophical, but more fruitful, period:

**PONT D'AUROIS**

The blind man standing on the bridge
Is as grey as a boundary-stone of nameless empires;
He is perhaps the thing that never changes.
About which the stars are always turning,
The central point of all constellations.
Every night he puzzles simlykes
Or harrises to and fro,
Or is ostentations and busy;
He is the one immovable thing.
Jutting out into all these confusing streets;
He is the dark entrance into the underworld.
Placed here, among a superficial race of men.

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**A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN**

By JAMES JOYCE

CHAPTER V (continued)

**W**

What birds were they? He stood on the steps of the library to look at them, leaning wearily on his ashen plant. They flew round and round the jutting shoulder of a house in Molesworth Street. The air of the late March evening made clear their flight, their dark darting quivering bodies flying clearly against the sky as against a limp hung cloth of smoky tenuous blue.

He watched their flight; bird after bird: a dark flash, a swerve, a flutter of wings. He tried to count them before all their darting quivering bodies passed: Six, ten, eleven: and wondered were they odd or even numbers.

The inhuman clamour soothed his ears, in which his mother's sobs and reproaches murmured "insistently, unwound from whirring spools.

The blind man standing on the bridge
Is as grey as a boundary-stone of nameless empires;
He is perhaps the thing that never changes.
About which the stars are always turning,
The central point of all constellations.
Every night he puzzles simlykes
Or harrises to and fro,
Or is ostentations and busy;
He is the one immovable thing.
Jutting out into all these confusing streets;
He is the dark entrance into the underworld.
Placed here, among a superficial race of men.

---

A soft liquid joy like the noise of many waters flowed over his memory, and he felt in his heart the soft peace of silent spaces of fading tenuous sky above the waters, of oceanic silence, of swallows flying through the seaduck over the flowing waters.

A soft liquid joy flowed through the words where the soft long vowels hurtled noiselessly, and fell away, lapping and flowing back and ever shaking the white bells of their waves in mute chime and mute peal and soft low swooning cry; and he felt that the augury he had sought in the wheeling darting birds and in the pale space of sky above him had come forth from his heart like a bird from a turret quietly and swiftly.

Symbol of departure or of loneliness? The verses crooned in the ear of his memory composed slowly before his remembering eyes the scene of the hall on the right of the opening of the national theatre. He was alone at the side of the balcony, looking out of jaded eyes at the culture of Dublin in the stalls, and at the tawdry scenecloths and human dolls framed by the garish lamps of the stage. A burly policeman sweating behind him and seemed at every moment about to act. The caterwul and hisses and mocking cries ran in rude gusts round the hall from his scattered fellow-students.

"A libel on Ireland!"
"Made in Germany!"
"Blasphemy!"
"We never sold our faith!"
"No Irish woman ever did it!"
"We want no amateur atheists."
"We want no budding Buddhists."

A sudden swift hiss fell from the windows above him and he knew that the electric lamps had been switched on in the readers' room. He turned into the pillared hall, now calmly lit, went up the staircase and passed in through the clicking turnstile.

Cranly was sitting over near the dictionaries. A thick book, opened at the frontispiece, lay before him on the wooden rest. He leaned back in his chair, inclining his ear like that of a confessor to the face of the medical student who had brought him a problem from the chess page of a journal. Stephen sat down at his right and the priest at the other side of the table closed his copy of The Tablet with an angry snap and stood up.

Cranly gazed after him blandly and vaguely. The medical student went on in a softer voice:

"Pawn to king's fourth."

"We had better go, Dixon said Stephen in warning.
"He has gone to complain."

Dixon folded the journal and rose with dignity,
"Our men retired in good order."
"With guns and cattle—added Stephen, pointing to the title-page of Cranly's book on which was written Diseases of the Ox.

As they passed through a lane of the tables Stephen said:
"Cranly, I want to speak to you."

Cranly did not answer or turn. He laid his book on the counter and passed out, his well-shod feet sounding
flatly on the floor. On the staircase he paused and gazing absently at Dixon repeated:

—Fawn to king's bloody fourth.
—Put that way if you like—Dixon said.

He had a quiet toneless voice and urbane manners, and on a finger of his plump clean hand he displayed at moments a signet ring.

As they crossed the hall a man of dwarfish stature came towards them. Under the dome of his tiny hat his unshaven face began to smile with pleasure and he had the monkeyish face.

—the story true and was the thin blood that flowed in his shrunk frame noble and come of an incestuous love?

The park trees were heavy with rain and rain fell still and ever in the lake, lying grey like a shield. A game of swans flew there, and the water and the shore beneath were fouled with their greenwhite slime. They embraced softly impelled by the grey rainy light, the wet silent trees, the shield-like witnessing lake, the swans. They embraced without joy or passion, his arm about her sister's neck. A grey woolen cloak was wrapped athwart her from her shoulder to her waist; and here was the story true and was the thin blood in his shrunk frame noble and come of an incestuous love?

_—There are two nice young ladies upstairs, Captain,—_ said Temple with open scorn.

—from Baldwin the First, King of Flanders. He was the Forster family—Temple said—is descended from Baldwin the First, King of Flanders. He was called the Forster, Forster and Forster are the same name. A descendant of Baldwin the First, Captain Francis Forster, settled in Ireland and married the daughter of the last chieftain of Clanbrassil. Then there are the Blake Forsters. That's a different branch.

—from Baldhead, King of Flanders.—Cranly repeated, rooting again deliberately at his gleaming uncovered teeth.

—Where did you pick up all that history?—O'Keeffe asked.

—I know all the history of your family too—Temple said, turning to Stephen. —Do you know what Giraldus Cambrensis says about your family?—

—Is he descended from Baldwin too?—asked a tall consumptive student with dark eyes.

—Baldhead—Cranly repeated, sucking at a crevice in his teeth.

—Pernobilis et pervetusta familia—Temple said to Stephen.

Cranly turned and said vehemently but without anger:—You're a hypocrite, O'Keeffe—he said.—And Dixon

—All your intellectual soul is in that phrase, O'Keeffe said suavely—that it was not

—Do you feel how profound that is because you

—We hope—Dixon said suavely—that it was not

—The captain has only one love: Sir Walter Scott.—Dixon asked.

—The Bride of Lammermoor?—

—Isn't that so, captain?—

—Touch Sir Walter Scott.—The gentle pleasure, and its voice purred:

—Good evening, gentlemen—said the stubble-grown

—What are you reading now, captain?—Dixon asked.

—You're a smiler, O'Keeffe—he said.—And Dixon

—Go away from here—he said rudely.—Go away,

—The Forster family—Temple said—is descended

—The Forster family—Temple said—is descended

—Dixon, come over till you hear. Temple is in grand

—You're a hypocrite, O'Keeffe—he said.—And Dixon

—By hell, I think they all had a touch.—

—they all had a touch.—

—We shall call it riding a hack to spare the hunter—

—to feel how profound that is because you

—Tell us, Temple—O'Keeffe said—how many quarts

—Do you think about you now as compared with

—All your intellectual soul is in that phrase, O'Keeffe said.

—Cranly still frowned at the stout student below him. Then, with a shout of disgust, he shoved him violently down the steps.

—Go away from here—he said rudely.—Go away,

—What is the sentence at the end of the

—Do you know what

—We hope—Dixon said suavely—that it was not

—Did I give him that name?—

—We hope—Dixon said suavely—that it was not

—Go away from here—he said rudely.—Go away,

—Don't I tell you it was a smiler?—said Temple,

—Are you drunk or what are you or what are you

—Are you drunk or what are you or what are you

—My dear man—said Cranly urbanely—You are
incapable, do you know, absolutely incapable of think­
ing.—
—But do you know — Temple went on — what I
think of you and of myself compared together ?—
—Out with it, Temple! — the stout student cried
from the steps.—Get it out in bits! —
Temple turned right and left, making sudden feeble
gestures as he spoke.
—I'm a * * he said, shaking his head in despair
—I am, and I know I am. And: I admit it that I am.—
Dixon patted him lightly on the shoulder and said
mildly:
—And it does you every credit, Temple.—

—But he—Temple said, pointing to Cranly—he is a
*, too, like me. Only he doesn't know it. And
that's the only difference, I see.—

A burst of laughter covered his words. But he turned
again to Stephen and said with a sudden eagerness:
That word is a most interesting word. That's the
only English dual number. Did you know?
—Is it? — Stephen said vaguely.

He was watching Cranly's firm-featured suffering
face, lit up now by a smile of false patience. The gross
uncover the black hair that stood up stiffly from his
watched him, he saw him raise his hat in salute and
forehead like an iron crown.

She passed out from the porch of the library, and
bowed across Stephen in reply to Cranly's greeting.
He moved the umbrella in indication and tittered
—Do you intend that . . .—

—Goggins was waiting for you, Glynn. He has gone

The images he had summoned gave him no pleasure.
They were secret and enflaming but her image was not
entangled by them. That was not the way to think
of her. It was not even the way in which he thought
of her. Could his mind then not trust itself? Old
phrases, sweeter only with a disintegrated sweetness
like the fig seed Cranly rooted out of his gleaming teeth,
It was not thought nor vision, though he knew vaguely
that her figure was passing homeward through the
city. Vaguely first and then more sharply he smelt her
body. A conscious unrest seethed in his blood. Yes, it was
her body he smelt : a wild and languid smell; the
rapid limbers by which its music had flowed desirefully
and the secret soft linen upon which her flesh distilled
odour and a dew.

A louse crawled over the nape of his neck and, putting
his thumb and forefinger deftly beneath his loose collar,
he caught it. He rolled its body, tender yet brittle
as a grain of rice, from his armpit and his clenched
finger for an instant before he let it fall from him and wondered
it would live or die. There came to his mind a curious phrase
from Cornelius a Lapide which said that the lice born
of human sweat were not created by God with the other
animals on the sixth day. But the tickling of the skin
of his neck made his mind raw and red. The life of his
body, ill-clad, ill-fed, louse-eaten, made him close his
eyelids in a sudden spasm of despair : and in the dark­
ness he saw the brittle bright bodies of lice falling from
the air and turning often as they fell. Yes; and it was
not darkness that fell from the air. It was brightness.

Brightness falls from the air.

He had not even remembered rightly Nash's line. All
the images it had awakened were false. His mind bred
vermin. His thoughts were lie born of the sweat of
sloth.

came back quickly along the colonnade towards
the group of students. Well then let her go and be
dammed to her! She could love some clean athlete
who washed himself every morning to the waist and had
black hair on his chest. Let her.

Cranly had taken another dried fig from the supply
in his pocket, and was eating it slowly and noisily.
Tempted sat on the pediment of a pillar, leaning back,
his cap pulled down on his sleepy eyes. A squat young
man came out of the porch, a leather portfolio tucked
under his armpit. He marched towards the group,
striking the flags with the heels of his boots and with
the ferrule of his heavy umbrella. Then raising the
umbrella in salute, he said to all:

—Good evening, air.—

He struck the flags again and tittered, while his head
troubled with a slight nervous movement. The tall
consuming student and Dixon and O'Keeffe were
speaking in Irish and did not answer him. Then,
turning to Cranly, he said:

—Good evening, particularly to you.—

He moved the umbrella in indication and tittered
again. Cranly, who was still chewing the fig, answered
with loud movements of his jaws.

—Good? Yes. It is a good evening.—

The squat student looked at him seriously and shook
his umbrella gently and reprovingly.

—I can see—he said—that you are about to make
obvious remarks.—

—Um— Cranly answered, holding out what remained

—Do you intend that . . .—

—Urn— Cranly said as before.

—Do you intend that now—the squat student said

—Goggins was waiting for you, Glynn. He has gone

The images he had summoned gave him no pleasure.
They were secret and enflaming but her image was not
entangled by them. That was not the way to think
of her. It was not even the way in which he thought
of her. Could his mind then not trust itself? Old
phrases, sweeter only with a disintegrated sweetness
like the fig seed Cranly rooted out of his gleaming teeth,
round to the Adelphi to look for you and Moyrman. What have you there?—he asked, tapping the portfolio under Glynn’s arm.

—Examination papers—Glynn answered.—I give them monthly examinations to see that they are profiting by my tuition.

He also tapped the portfolio and coughed gently and smiled.

—Tuition!—said Cranly rudely.—I suppose you mean the barefooted children that are taught by a bloody ape like you! God help them!—

He bit off the rest of the fig and flung away the butt.

—I suffer little children to come unto me.—Glynn said amiably.

—A bloody ape.—Cranly repeated with emphasis—and a blasphemous bloody ape!—

Temple stood up and, pushing past Cranly, addressed Glynn:

—that phrase you said now—he said—is from the New Testament about suffer the children to come to me.—

—Go to sleep again, Temple—said O’Keeffe.

—Very well, then—Temple continued, still addressing Glynn and if Jesus suffered the children to come why does the Church send them all to hell if they die unbaptized? Why is that?—

—Were you baptized yourself, Temple?—the consumptive student asked.

—But why are they sent to hell if Jesus said they were all to come?—Temple said, his eyes searching Glynn’s eyes.

Glynn coughed and said gently, holding back with difficulty the nervous titter in his voice and moving his umbrella at every word:

—And, as you remark, if it is thus I ask emphatically whose comes this thorniness.—

—Because the Church is cruel like all old sinners—Temple said.

—Are you quite orthodox on that point, Temple?—

Dixon said suavely.

—Scint Augustine says that about unbaptized children going to hell?—Temple answered—because he was a cruel old sinner too.—

—I bow to you—Dixon said—but I had the impression that limbo existed for such cases.—

—Don’t argue with him, Dixon—Cranly said brutally.

—Don’t talk to him or look at him. Lead him home by my tuition.—

—I bow to you—Dixon said—but I had the impression that there was a race less ignoble than their own?—

—Limbo!—Temple cried.—That’s a fine invention too.

—but with the unpleasantness left out—Dixon said.

He turned smiling to the others and said:

—I think I am voicing the opinions of all present in saying so much.—

—You are—Glynn said in a firm tone.—On that point Ireland is united.—

He struck the fagga of his umbrella on the stone floor of the corridor.

—Hell—Temple said—I can respect that invention of the grey spouse of Satan. Hell is Roman, like the walls of the Romans, strong and ugly. But what is limbo?—

—Put him back into the perambulator, Cranly—O’Keeffe called out.

Cranly made a swift step towards Temple, halted, stamping his foot, crying as if to a fowl:

—Hoosah!—

They crossed the quadrangle together without speaking. The bird-call from Siegfried whistled softly followed them from the steps of the porch. Cranly turned: and Dixon, who had whistled, called out:

—Where are you fellows off to? What about that game, Cranly?—

They parleyed in shouts across the still air about a game of billiards to be played in the Adelphi Hotel. Stephen walked on alone and out into the quiet of Kildare Street, opposite Maple’s Hotel, he stood to wait, patient again. The name of the hotel, a colourless polished building, and its colourless front stung him like a glance of polite disdain. He stared angrily back at the softly lit drawing-room of the hotel in which he imagined the sleek lives of the patricians of Ireland housed in calm. They thought of army commissions and land agents: peasants greeted them along the roads in the country: they knew the names of certain French dishes and gave orders to jars in high-pitched provincial voices which pierced through their skin-tight accents.

How could he hit their conscience or how cast his shadow over the imagination of their daughters, before their squires begat upon them, that they might breed a race less ignoble than their own? And under the deepened dusk he felt the thoughts and desires of the race to which he belonged flitting like bats, across the dark country lanes, under trees by the edges of streams and near the pool-mottled bogs. A woman had waited in the doorway as Davin had passed by at night and, offering him a cup of milk, had all but wooed him to her bed: for Davin had the mild eyes of one who could be secret. But him no woman’s eyes had wooed. His arm was taken in a strong grip and Cranly’s voice said:

—Let us eke go.—

They walked southward in silence. Then Cranly said:

—that blithering idiot! Temple! I swear to Moses, do you know, that I’ll be the death of that fellow one time.—

But his voice was no longer angry, and Stephen wondered was he thinking of her greeting to him under the porch. (To be continued.)

MÉTIERS DIVINS

BY JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE

(Taken, by permission of the author, from “Métiers Divins, Bibliothèque de l’Occident, 1913)

LE LUTHIER

A couleur du Temps et de ses patines est le brun, car nous connaissons qu’une rue d’antiquaire est brune et encore brune. Lors, c’est là que le Seemur chante ses reposeos; et sans doute parce que Temps y est honoré, s’y réfugie le luthier, charmeur de la musique, qui lui tend des pièges ou s’affirmer, ouiseleur du Temps, car la musique est, qui s’analyse, le Temps pris et révélé.

Quand les fibres du bois ont dépouillé leurs sens de leurs soupçons, et sans doute parce que Temps y est honoré, s’y réfugie le luthier, charmeur de la musique, qui lui tend des pièges ou s’affirmer, ouiseleur du Temps, et la musique est, qui s’analyse, le Temps pris et révélé.
l'amour du luthier lui soutirent quelques vivantes fleurs de son âme ! Elles jubilent d'une âme plus comblée que le cristal, plus grave que le masque haletant de gloire autour de l'œil ouvert, plus multiple et plus harmonieuse qu'aux doigts du vent le faisceau de prêles.

Le luth, dès cette minute arrivée, est un rossignol qui dort.

Pourtant, son rêve répond à qui murmure dans sa chambre. Et, si vous inclinez "le doigt sur l'artifice du mystère," le luth frémit d'un rire secret, et clame que sa beauté peut s'enfouir dans le sommeil, mais que le Chant ne dort et ne dormira jamais. Jamais! car pour détruire cet orgueil, il suffit de lever la Terre!

Le "luthier" au crépuscule du dernier jour, finit sa réclusion avec le luth qui vient de naître, élève ce rossignol, déjà parlant de l'âme, vers le bleu de sa fenêtre;—et l'embrassant fougueusement de ses bras, le baptise avec deux larmes de joie.

Novembre 1911.

PERIODICAL NOT RECEIVED

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A better number than the first, but wholly negative. "When all the artists are quarreling with all the other artists they have no time to produce art." When the Vorticists come: From wearing and fading it is rest, they may get something done. Mr. Lewis writes brilliantly and in some cases with truth on his side; but it makes one weep to see so very talented people, like Mr. Pound, &c., &c., &c., are so far behind the far better, even for a joke—the joke is stale. The designs reproduced are quite pleasant, but—none of the Vorticists has a personal style. In "The Slant" April number, and "The Left," he is far better; but even that becomes a little too far behind the far better, even for a joke. The designs are rather pleasing, but the art is stale. The designs reproduced are quite pleasant, but—none of the Vorticists has a personal style. In "The Slant," April number, and "The Left," he is far better; but even that becomes a little too far behind the far better, even for a joke. 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