DEMOCRACY AGAIN

By Dora Marsden

THE EGOIST has published articles on the Nature of Democracy before, and no doubt will again, but the following remarks are intended rather to suggest a change in the fashion of discussing Democracy than to add to what has already been said. Perhaps because the futility of discussing war-news has become evident even to the most optimistic, our popular novelists have begun to debate Democracy in the popular Press and are trying to discover a red spot on the grey ash of Political Theory: with results that are dull to a thankless degree for intentions so well-meaning. It would accordingly be in the spirit of uncavilling philanthropy that one would suggest the dullness is due to the manner in which the debate is carried on: a manner which is after that of the Provincial. Not that there is anything to be decried in the provincial manner of debate: only its excellence is limited to its own times and seasons. It is profitable only when applied to controversy still young and in the green: because Democracy is world-worn and hoary it fails to fit. The provincial manner is the propagandist manner, and Democracy has travelled very far beyond the boundaries of propaganda. It has arrived and is here, doing what it may very well, considering that the heart of man and the nature of things are what they are: and no further fun is to be had from efforts to supply it with "push and go." Once initiated, there is as much push as things will warrant in what Democracy itself stands for. On the other hand, there is a very considerable amount of diversion to be had by accepting Democracy as un fait accompli and noting how entertaining the human animal is in the way it senses its capacities and possibilities. Having passed the stage when the question whether it should fail or succeed seemed really important, Democracy has now most to give, from an intellectual point of view, in unfolding what it means. In the propaganda stage of a fetish it is futile to pause to debate what it means and implies. Neither foe nor friend, then, can tolerate reflection; what is necessary is that it should win its way through belief to a sure and swift establishment or be suppressed. Those are its youthful days of aggression and strenuousness, for which the provinces just provide the correct temperature. When, becoming established, it no longer has its way to fight, what the same fetish has to give it gives only to the spirit of mellowed and tolerant reflection. Democracy has proved disappointing in the hands of the weavers of romance, because they have endeavoured to submit it to the disciplining of March when it is itself offering them the ripe fruits of September. They are still trying to write it over with programmes for a tub-thumping campaign, while it is patiently holding out to them a wisdom-packed manual on the nature of Human Kind. In short, their manner of debate has taken no account of the age of their subject. Vituperating and storming against those who choose to decry and deny Democracy is comparable to the adoption of a like attitude towards some harsh-featured lady who scorned cosmetics. Things so well-tried are known for as much as they are worth, too nicely for either supporters or decriers to be other than out-of-date: things which, like the "right to marry one's grandmother," are fit only to be left to personal taste.

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Having then as a "Cause" ceased to be the criterion by which the world is divided into sheep and goats, and no longer being involved in a hot propaganda through which the world must be won or be damned, the purposes which Democracy can serve, and what it is competent to accomplish and what not, can now be acknowledged dispassionately and without heat. Democracy is not capable of making a common appeal to an entire community. The purpose which it chiefly serves practically concerns only the Few. On quite other grounds it
an appeal for the Many. Democracy aims at making the path of the governors smooth by preoccupying and entertaining the governed. It is an effort on the part of the governors that they shall be well entertained. Therefore as an effort of entertainment, good or bad, it remains the governors’ “Show,” as the affairs of a theatre remain the affairs of the management, no matter what the audience’s verdict on the performance may be. So that the ways and means of democratic government do not present a question which can be addressed to all alike, with a claim for equal attention, and its readjustments can be left to the audience’s majority vote with no more propriety than the affairs of a theatrical company can be left to theirs. Therefore, the efficiency of Democracy is the concern of the governors only: the governed are interested to the slender extent to which one may allow oneself to become interested in other people’s businesses. The question for the people is not whether Democracy is conducted in the manner most advantageous for “good” government, but whether it entertain them sufficiently to allow them of allowing their attention to be preoccupied by it, and to allow themselves to be put in a good humour with things otherwise would be made the grounds of disaffection and resentment. Matters of internal readjustment, such as Proportional Representation and the wrongs and rights of the Party System, which are being agitated rather sadly in the Press, are not popular concerns, notwithstanding the fact that the people can be roused to get excitement and enthusiasm concerning them. The arranging of the programme is still a question for the management, no matter how excited and enthusiastic an audience may become. It will no doubt be left to the governors to decide whether to put them on, and turn sulky from items which are the necessities of the programme from the management’s point of view.

Democracy—to reiterate—is a method of governing the people, and in that it is identical with all other methods: it aims at bringing the will of the people into submission. Its distinction is that it accomplishes this through preoccupation of the people, while other methods rely on the power of governmental edicts to inspire them with a due sense of fear. All forms of Government have to face the task of bending, breaking, or seducing the Will of their recalcitrant subjects. Democracy plumbs for seduction: which it achieves by inflating the value of those things in which the people are likely to be the most pleasurably affected: by means of Flattery, that is. The instrument which Flattery employs is words, and it is natural, therefore, that Democracy should take its stand on a Phrase: government—but government by the people, and should make its crowning achievement a sort of Temple of Words: Parliament. Every form of Government will allow that it governs the people: Democracy hastens to clear its sheet by adding that its Government is “by the people,” and the phrase has the support of vigorous and elegant assertion. The mass of the people, however, no more governs the government-interests of a community than they govern, for instance, the workings of the popular Press. They form more or less interested audiences in an order of things which goes its way heedless of them save in that it refrains from creating friction and temper needlessly. In proportional Decisions, the direct interplay between Governors and People is surled over, but established Democracy need not shrink from acknowledging the clear cleavage.

The regulations which contribute to the orderly conduct of a community’s prominent and most powerful interests constitute that community’s Government, and the owners of such interests are—whether in name or not—its governors. The strength of interest owned is the consideration upon which participation in government is grounded. The secondary—the less powerful—interests insinuate themselves, and make a common interest with the most powerful, and to that extent take part in government. The People are the owners of feeble interest and have no direct sway in government. But because such are always in the vast majority they form a “Mass” of relatively preponderating proportions, and in virtue of this “Mass” they are often able to form a moderately strong interest on a basis of their common ineffectualness, and their consequent common exclusion from all share in government. The common interest of the Many thus relatively given a positive expression to itself: it shows little positive governing activity. It rather takes on the form of defence against and resistance to positive forms of government, and concerns itself with embargo rather than initiative: with agitation and dissent. It constitutes itself into a gaudy activity which is distracting, and upon occasions actually hurtful to those whom it opposes. It is therefore to accommodate this common resentment of the Masses towards Government—any Government—that democratic forms of government have been encouraged. Democracy seeks to transmute the cause of annoyance—the ruffling of the Many’s sentiment—to a form of government in which they can be allowed and even encouraged to participate in a preponderating degree. Whereas the numerical preponderance of the Masses in other forms of government gives rise to a sense of disquiet and danger among the governing interests, Democracy no longer has to be in fear of their activity as a basis of the foundation of its system. Accordingly—“man as a unit,” the numerical aspect of a community, is pushed into the foreground. A man’s value lies in that he is a man and “counts one” like everybody else. The common government audaciously bases itself on a postulated “Equality of Man,” and proceeds to allot an “Equal Voice” to each and all for the selecting of the units which shall take an actual part in its proceedings. By which simple means each man becomes—hey presto!—a governor: a man of power: a Freeman. Thus the distinction which separates the “governing” from the served in the work of Parliament is the possession of a “Voice”—a vote—the qualification for a share in the work of government is—a Powerful Interest. There is no essential correspondence between governing-interests and the pseudo-governing representatives. Inasmuch as the latter are likely to be useful to the former, it is possible to manipulate them after they have arrived. Every man has his measure, if not, as Walpole out of his experience said, his price: it is not necessary always even to buy a man. Occasionally, however, an Interest is so strong as to necessitate an appointment by consideration of convenience, or acclaim, special profit or some other motive: but it is not necessary.

Whereas the word of Government goes on quietly and unobtrusively wherever money interests, business interests, powerful personal interests, territorial interests interplay, the work of Parliament is done as loquaciously as possible and with the maximum of publicity. The genuinely governmental office of Parliament is the minor district registration-office for the registration of governmental life. The more subtle and important decisions of the governing interests are not registered, however, and are not discussed by Parliament. They are too important and necessary to be given away in talk. Should Parliament, by means of its “Voices,” as the latter are likely to be useful to the former, it is possible to manipulate them after they have arrived. Every man has his measure, if not, as Walpole out of his experience said, his price: it is not necessary always even to buy a man. Occasionally, however, an Interest is so strong as to necessitate an appointment by consideration of convenience, or acclaim, special profit or some other motive: but it is not necessary.

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the Parliamentary unit—Democracy screens the fact that the unit of effective government is a Paramount interest and, back of that, the Will which creates it. It pushes deeper into the background the unpleasant features of the Universe of Purposes: that the players play to win, and that the power to govern the losers is the major part of the reward of the winners; and that the "principles" of government have all of their force as the power to govern as it has with the unequal positions, say, of teams in a football organization.

It is precisely the inequality which gives zest to the game. Democracy, with its air about the non-essential, discreetly veils all that. Its "principles" take on with time an even surer mark of independence and certain quaint "immutability"—a petulance, a refusal to let go of the world of "Meanings," the same principles the governing-interests can very well afford to allow and encourage so long as the nature of things holds, and one strongly vitalized purpose is able to carry more momentum than a million that are less so, and can with ease make servants of their owners. The "principles" of democracy affect the nature of government no more than straws a storm: nor are they intended to. But they are capable of mollyfying the governed people, which is what they were designed to do.

How great is the difference between actual government and the sham is made clear by their differing attitudes towards "tyrannies." Parliament—the Temple of Words—demands the death of all tyrants, while the Government is just the coalition of a cluster of the major tyrants of the Universe of Purposes, and its function is to make some particular tyranny successful: but such also is the purpose of all interests, "private" or "public," and inasmuch as they succeed as interests, they succeed as tyrannies. Even Pity or Pacifism—in so far as they extend a personal sympathy, which is tyrannical, toward others—is too well known to need mention. Yet inasmuch as the "principles" of democracy are a sort of "principled" one-sided practicality, they are familiar with them: Wills and Purposes are not. So the use of "good words" is to counterbalance "bad ways": it is the attempted effecting of an exchange, and on the whole it succeeds. Accordingly, the "noble" phrases of parliamentary language may or may not pass away as "serve, well or ill," "ignoble interests": that is, democratic government may pass away, but government will never pass away.

Hence anyone who elects to debate Democracy can do so without fear of hurting anything more important than "negligible" people's feelings: it is as harmless as a discussion on Politeness and about as serious. For Democracy is not less firmly established, but more, because it is so "tactful." The power to make one's interest, provided it be not upon the two strongest interests of human nature: that those who can govern will use strange means to that end: and that those who cannot will put up with a good deal of governing as long as it is made fairly interesting and is not too insolent and irritating. Friends of Democracy are as much to be distrusted as tyrants, who, when they set out to make democratic readjustments, need only make quite clear to their own minds which party in the community they are addressing—Governors or Governed—since the same arguments cannot with effect and propriety be addressed to both. It is the attempting to do away with the term which renders the debaters so cross and heated: they are conscious of the confusion in themselves. If they are addressing Governors it has to be borne in mind that as far as the latter are concerned the proof of the pudding is in the eating: and the comestible is the test. The whole question for them is whether Democracy is making government more easy and the people more submissive. They are not concerned with the harmonious growth of a logical system. It is not an affair of principle, but of practical effects. Because experience has proved to them that the entertaining of the people, the fixing of their attention upon engineering but non-essential details, is a general pre-condition of the peaceful and orderly march of government, Democracy is "good": but because flattery of the people is irksome at most times, and almost intolerably so when its "victims" appear too impressed by it and begin taking it seriously, Democracy is distasteful. So the "distaste" balances the "goodness," but usually gives way before it. However, not merely is Democracy distasteful and so calculated to incline the governors to pause on the hither side of satiating their audience, but, like an infectious disease, it offers a dangerous medium to work in. It means that people will be made almost as likely to infect the speakers as the hearers: so that the governors themselves are often wholly in doubt as to whether the People have been encouraged too little or too much. This quite generally so where governors do not understand their own business, and in the main and nowadays they do not: notwithstanding all the "intelligent" men among us, it is a general fact that they should. As governed, fools may even be useful: as governors, they are always dangerous. It leads to such grossly wrong calculations. So the test of Efficiency—from the governors' point of view—of the democratic method is that the people should be docile, good-tempered, happy, and preoccupied. The test of Efficiency, the second degree—from the governors'
point of view—is when the people come to believe in it "too well to be wise," and seek to interfere in the work of governing: thus making the work of government more rather than less difficult; while the test of ineffectiveness in the first degree is passed when the governors themselves also believe in it, and mistake the flattering politeness which Democracy is designed to offer for the actual power to control interests which it is the function of Democracy to ascribe to the people, but which it is neither capable of bestowing nor intended to bestow.


the handbook of the British Association which holds its annual meeting in Manchester next week, has an article on "Manchester To-day," which suggests that an extremely interesting article on that subject might be written by someone who possessed the necessary details. Among the observations on its temper and tradition, Manchester is given distinction particularly as being the breeding-ground of Causes and Movements: a distinction for which the two crusades in favour of Low Diets cited—the Temperance and the Vegetarian Movements—seem only a meagre basis.

The writer, doubtless, has his reasons for this economy of illustration, but it is an economy which must strike anyone who has even a slender acquaintance with that city. Perhaps the war makes it opportune to emphasize Pacifism, and the rising Cult of the Masculine, which is the immediate consequence upon it, makes mention of the Insurrectionary Feminine seem dowdy and antiquated, if not actually undignified; but it is difficult to see what prevents Manchester's cradling of the child into which the lead it has taken in the nineteenth century Democracy at least obtaining adequate mention.

It is just possible that the differences hinted at between the mental atmosphere of Manchester and that—say—of London could have been indicated with more point in a comparison drawn between the "Intellectual" as he appears in Manchester and the "Intellectual" as he appears in London—if by "Intellectual" one may mean the articulate persons who can and like to talk about the things to which their souls move them. The Manchester Intellectual is above all things the Earnest. And he is accordingly far less exciting. The Earnest One anxiously debates the Universe as one who seeks that sole "True Light," of which found, he is to be the devotee and servitor. That "lights" are true or false not merely according to one's fleeting view of them but eternally and absolutely he has no doubt. The "true blue" Manchester Vegetarian, for instance, has no doubt whatever that the archangels in heaven will on occasion discuss the problem with the seriousness of any earthly convert, whether having foreworn the enjoyment of all dead meats it required a "right" to wear leather shoes: their only difference, and, of course, advantage being that they are able not only to put the question even as frail mortals, but can supply in full that answer which mortals as yet know only in part.

It is this absolute point of view which makes which which makes the Earnest One so splendid in Movements. He sees his Cause as the pivot on which the Universe turns and from thence derives that momentum which is to carry him past whatever distractions rise up between him and the one thing worthy. Which explains why where the Earnest are, there the Movements are also: and why he seems quite alive and robust in Manchester grow sickly or abandoned and whole-hearted than their own. In neither case do they admire to the point of imitation, however: whether because they are not able to catch the "Absolute" point of view, or because they feel that they cannot afford the luxury, or because they know that Time metes out retribution to players who abandon themselves too utterly to the game, and never fails to make clear sooner or later that the World does not really split in twain over the ethics of Eating Meat or the Numerical Constitution of the Trinity, or the right of Women to Vote or the "Absolute" view of anything. With the Earnest the value of full "free" Discussion is placed at its highest, and everything is arguable. It is the first article of faith that all differences of interests—being arguable—are therefore convertible, and that God is always to be found—through Talk.

Everything, therefore, seems to be put on the easy side of discussion, but they promptly set about recovering stability by placing their own special view under direct patronage of the absolute. This relation to the Absolute is as essential to a "true believer" as faith in the efficient power of discussion. The two supplement each other, and the two blades of a pair of shears. Robbed of either belief can cut no way. That is why Movements which seem quite alive and robust in Manchester grow sickly or die in London. They find readiness to discuss in plenty: what fails them is the "absolute" point of view, which they loses red, brown, blue, and the"static" point of view in the provinces where there is in addition to the animation and leisure required for the discussion, the space which is necessary to accommodate its somewhat unwieldy bulk. Hence the diversion of Movements remains the specially distinctive sport of the intellectual grown-ups of the provinces. The designation "Starting of a Movement" is a rather interesting piece of mal-nomenclature. Rather that to "Start a Movement," to "Engineer a mental Standstill," and draw out the pleasure of the "static" would be a fairer description. For Movements have to do not so much with definite activities as with states of mind: such "Beliefs," that is, are an "arbitrary stage in an unfinished and arrested thinking process. A Belief is essentially a Doubt: an uncertainty. The aim of the people who start Movements in connection with any particular Doubt is to get their particular one for various reasons acclaimed as a Cer-
tainty. Though definite knowledge about it is not available, there will be found some few ready to say “Yea” and others to say “Nay.” The Movement is to convert those who deny into those who affirm. To “withstand” is to persuade them to adopt the affirmative attitude towards the particular belief. One may examine to the end that one believes, but examine to the end that one denies and you make yourself an enemy of the Cause. This “giving beliefs a run,” which is what is meant by “pushing” a Movement, is comparable to the booming of a specie for some hitherto inactive principle, while experiments with it are yet only in their early stage: and before those working on it can come to any decision. The workers actually interested in the experiments are usually far more anxious to get on with the inquiry and arrive if possible at some definite certainty concerning it—favourable or otherwise—than to force a doubtful cure on a credulous public. But with the hawksers it is quite different, and just as they desire first and foremost that the public shall buy: the leaders of a Movement desire above all things that the people shall believe: what they desire is Credence; definite knowledge or activity is asked for only at a considerable later period. The visionary leaders who frame the “mental” mind are responsible likewise for a strain in the meaning of “Loyalty.” A Movement forces loyalty—which is steadfastness of attention—into a curious dilemma. Steadfastness of attention directed towards a definite End, and steadfastness of attention fixed upon a Belief is calculated to produce very different effects. It will succeed in the ordinary course of affairs in successfully accomplishing the End, but the belief it will almost inevitably destroy. In the pursuit of an End the movement and change, which close attention always produces, take place within the line of effort, which brings the End nearer attainment: but a Movement which is concerned mainly with belief the action takes the form of making an ever increasing number of people affirm the one idea. The idea thus lives constantly under attention, and given attention an idea—any idea—must develop. Thus, it is not the people, but the idea itself which is most in danger of being converted: a state of affairs due to the attempt to bring together two incompatible conditions. Keen mental energy and beliefs are mutually destructive: the one diminishes in direct proportion as the influence of the other increases, and the thinker who is unable to give the idea he tends to this thought rapidly to the point where they disintegrate. So followers of Movements find themselves sworn to devotion to a fixed idea, whereas no idea can remain fixed, if one devotes one’s mind to it. Unless one’s mind is inordinately dull.

It is therefore because, being inclined to Causes and yet having more mental energy than the prosecution of a Cause warrants, a provincial city like Manchester or a province like America becomes a seething mass of Movements and Beliefs. Loyalty to a thought in the sense of refusing to allow attention to develop it, makes prompt diversion of thinking energy an urgent necessity, and the energy which is in excess of the amount which is good “for the Cause this insin out by spreading over an ever greater number of similar half-developed arrested Thoughts. The energies lengthen into a way of life, for the fords it to go are made up for by a comprehensive sweep over the surfaces of a number of such. So the crack—the believer—usually is streaked by a whole bunch of beliefs. To make the stationariness demanded by the Cause feasible the believer takes out in variety for we are after all a people, and was forced by the nature of things to appear as the intellectual frivoler.

The Causes which have achieved renown, however—and their number is more than considerable—are those which have managed to attach themselves to people of first-rate temper if of slightly second-rate intellect: the Martyrs and Leaders. They are men who, while having energy above the ordinary yet fail to strike oil on their own account, and fail just short of the intellectual clearness which would enable them to direct their energies upon purposes of their own. Their capacity being far too great for them comfortably to “sit up” with it, they are impelled by the necessity of finding something upon which to expend it, and end by harnessing it to some “Belief,” which is lacking a champion: to a Cause. Thus, whereas men of first-rate temper with intellect and experience to match have an attitude toward Opinions and Beliefs which sees in them possibly useful instruments to be shaped so as to assist their own main ends, a man with a high temper but less intellect will adopt an Opinion in order to provide himself with a purpose: and in the remaining part of his activities he will become a servant to that. An Opinion for him has become a Cause, and he, the Cause’s adornment; and where necessary also its slave, courting all attendant martyrdoms. It is not a question of temper or of tenacity or of character which divides the two, but mental virility. In the sequel it resolves itself into the question: who is to remain master—the Thinker or the Thought? With the Worthy it is always the Thinker: but for the Earnest—the Follower after the Absolute, it is the Thought.

D. M.

GAUDIER-BRZESKA'S ART

BY JOHN COUNNOS

Gaudier-Brzeska’s career is interesting not only because it illustrates the difficulties which beset the path of the modern artist, groping to extricate his personality from the existing confusion of influences and movements, but also because, in Gaudier-Brzeska’s case, this groping had been a natural revolutionary process bridging him over from old ideas to new.

His starting point was Rodin. That is to say, he began by making careful studies of life, which he sought primarily to endow with the quality of expression, without special regard to integral design. At the same time he exercised the Rodinesque power of anecdotage with distinction.

Though character persisted in his next development, the individuality of the person remained photographic in rendering; the method itself, evolved from Brzeska’s comparatively simplified forms of Rodin, was now chiefly concerned with the constructive power of masses and planes.

It was inevitable that he should break completely with Rodin. As he tended towards a greater and still a greater abstraction of form, the conviction grew upon him that Rodin, despite his undeniable genius, represented a force and a development within the academy; that he, in fact, was a giant who had carried the academical to its utmost limits.

Coincidently, there came the realization that to produce great works of stone one must think in terms of stone, that between an artist’s ideas and an artist’s materials there should be an intense sympathy, that for a sculptor there is integral beauty to start with in mere hardness and in simple masses, and that the hewing out of a thing carries with it greater suggestion of fundamental power than one ever can hope to obtain from modelling in a softish material like clay. And so henceforth Brzeska began to work directly in stone. Among the first products of this direct method were several small alabaster figures in which the masses were fuller and more significant than in his earlier work. These were somewhat influenced by Maillol and the Egyptians.

Gradually Gaudier-Brzeska arrived at the conclusion

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Three reproductions of M. Brzeska’s work, with an essay on the subject by Mr. Ezra Pound, were printed in THE EGOIST for February 15, 1914. M. Brzeska wrote a long review of "The Allied Artists," for June 16, 1914, and a letter on sculpture in March 16, 1914.—Ed.
that round forms, no less than cubic forms, have the tendency to become insipid by repetition, and the recognition of this truth led him inevitably to evolve his later method. More in his own than any of his previous methods, its chief aim was to achieve larger solidity of construction; it combined all forms in order to bring greater stress on integral design, beautiful in itself.

Fundamentally, this method was completely opposed to that from which Gaudier-Brzeska started, because his forms were concerned no longer with imitation of life, but embodied all the qualities that have been the Futurists, despite its fascination, as something superficial, reflecting outward appearances and not the soul of things. And Gaudier-Brzeska offered an illustration to explain his meaning. Consider, he said, a motor-car. It is in itself an organized body with an expression of its own regardless of the speed at which it goes. Similarly, action as represented in the work of the Futurists is not the source of life, but its result. Sculpture should be an expression of the inner being. Thus, any object monumental and architectural in itself can only suggest movement. It should always be an interpretation, never a representation. At best, Futurism is Impressionism carried to the most absurd limit, whereas art should be creation, having only an inner, subtle relation to life. Outwardly art and life are two distinct things.

It is the spirit of life, not life itself in all its petty detail, that Gaudier-Brzeska sought to embody in his sculpture. Thus, in the "Dancer," which is of his latest period, he tried to realize the idea of the dance, and not the individual. In this statue he simplified and intensified the design for its own sake and not for the sake of expression; just as the early sculptors, tribal and primitive, did the same for the sake of their religion, and had symbols to express dancing and superstitions and all the rest of their customs and rites.

This intensity of vision, which Brzeska thought so essential to a work of art, is not against the spirit of our age. Indeed, said the sculptor, strength being a dominant factor of such an art, it is much more reasonable to account for its existence nowadays than that of an art imitating Greek grace and prettiness. These are contrary to our age, an age marked for its cruelty, its machinery, its indifference, its pitiless attitude, its absence of sentimentality. The Greek craftsman in stone did his work well, but in his search for perfection, in his desire for finer finish, in his pursuit of naturalistic detail and charm, his craft got the better of him, and he sacrificed one great truth for many small ones. Few will deny Gaudier-Brzeska's contention that his "Dancer" would make a better decoration for a modern machinery hall than would a graceful Greek statue; it is more difficult, however, to be sanguine about his idea that modern sculpture is the preaging of a new architecture, equally ruthless, integral, and stern. Because, after all, if commercialism and utility are at the root of our pitilessness, they are also the cause of the stifling of art. Not only would no owner of factories employ an architect with original ideas merely to please the age, but the arts of architecture and sculpturing now unfortunately are divorced, partly through the intense individualism and specialization of our time.

This intense vision again differs fundamentally from the vision of the Futurists—who represent the counter-current of modern art—in that it does not desire to harness the present moment merely, but aims rather to disentangle from the complex modern psychology and to capture that quality which is eternal, which concerns itself with the very meaning of life, which in essence is always the same, without regard to culture or machinery. This need not imply, argued Gaudier-Brzeska, that one need discard mechanics or modern science, but it merely proved that these belong to a distinct field and have nothing directly to do with art. Art, however, can restore to people the instinct which they have lost, and modern culture may assume the task of reinforcing this instinct with reason.

This intense vision again differs from the vision of the Futurists in that it aims at a certain serenity rather than at restlessness. This must not be taken to mean that it is concerned with merely presenting things and shapes at rest. Its problem is the expression of latent movement, and it considers the violent movement of labelled, in terms purely relative, as "caricature," and "grotesque," and "ugly," qualities not to be repudiated or despised, inasmuch as they are inherently human, present in the art of all primitive peoples, and dependent upon intensity of vision.

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THE POEMS OF ANYTE OF TEGEA

TRANSLATED BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

Anyte of Tegea is one of the great women-poets of Greece. Twenty-five poems—four of them of doubtful authorship—are poems in existence than of any other Greek poetess. All that is certainly known of her is that she lived at Tegea in Arcadia in the beginning of the third century B.C. Antipater of Thessalonika, in his epigram on the nine women-poets of Greece, speaks of "the words of Anyte, the woman-Homer"; and Meleager of Garsama wove into his Garland "many lilies of Anyte." She is also mentioned by Pausanias and Tatianus.

TO ATHENE

LIE there, man-slaying cornel spear; no longer shall the blood of enemies drip from your sinister bronze blade.
Lie within the steep marble house of Athene and proclaim the manhood of Echekratos the Kretan.

TO ATHENE

An ox-great cauldron; Kleubotos, son of Epiphasia, dedicates it; wide Tegea was his home; the gift is to Athene;
Aristoteles Kleitorios made it, who had this name from his father.

TO PAN AND THE NYMPH

To shaggy-haired Pan and to the Nymphs of the cotes, Theonas the shepherd lays this gift beneath the rock. They gave him rest when he was wearied with the burning heat, proferring him honey-sweet water in their hands.

A LOCUST

O shrill locust, Helios no longer beholds you, the singer, in the rich house of Haides;
For now you fly to the meadows of Klymene and to the wet flowers of golden Persephone.

A LOCUST AND A CICADA

Myro, a girl, letting fall a child's tears, raised this little tomb for the locust that sang in the seed-land,
And for the oak-dwelling cicada; implacable Haides holds their double song.

A BIRD

You will never rise up again with a flutter of thick wings and rouse me from my bed in the morning;
For a thief came silently upon you in your sleep and killed you, pressing his finger into your throat.

A HORSE

Damis placed this stone to his horse after blood-red Ares struck his breast,
And the black blood seethed through his tough hide and soaked the heavy turf.

A DOG

You died, Maira, near your many-rooted home at Loeri, swiftest of noise-loving hounds;
A spotted-throated viper darted his cruel venom into your light-moving limbs.

A DOLPHIN

No more, exulting in the calm sea, shall I rise from the depths and thrust through the waves;
No more shall I rush past the beautiful lips of a fair-rowed ship, delighting in the figure-head.

A GUN

The dark waters of the sea dashed me to land and I lie here upon this narrow shore.

A SOLDIER

The earth of Lydia holds Amyntor, Philip's son; he gained many things in iron battle.
No sickness led him to the house of night; he died, holding his round shield before his friend.

THEMISTOKLES

This is not the tomb of Themistokles Magnesios: I was set up as a monument of the envious bad-judgment of the Hellenes.

PHILAINIS

Mourning by the grave of her young daughter, Kleina calls upon her child;
She calls again and again upon the shade of Philainis, who, unwedded, droops by the pale flood of Acheron.

ANTIBIA

I mourn the maiden Antibia, through the fame of whose beauty and wisdom
Many eager young men came to her father's house. Fate, the destroyer, rolls hope far away from all.

THREE GIRLS

We lived together, O dear land of Miletos, spurning the sin of the lawless Galatians;
We, three girls, fellow-citizens, slain by the violent Ares of the Keltas.
We did not stay for dishonourable embraces, but found a bridegroom in Haides.

A PERSIAN SLAVE

This man alive was a Persian slave; dead he is as great as great Darios.

ERATO

Erato, clasping her father with her hand and shedding tears, spoke these last words:
"O my father, I am yours no longer, for now black death lays the dusk of the grave upon my eyes."

THERSIS

In place of the happy bride-bed and sacred marriage songs, her mother laid her daughter in this marble tomb—
A girl who had your beauty and your stature, Thersis. And while we yet speak of her you also fade away.

PROARCHUS

Your courage alone, Proarchus, slew you in battle;
your death has sent black sorrow upon the house of your father, Pheidias.
Yet this stone above you shall speak the fair word that you died fighting for your dear country.

ENGRAVED ON A STATUE OF APHRODITE

This is the land of Kypris, since it pleases her to gaze for ever from land over the glittering sea,
So that she may bear the sailors safe to land; and the sea quivers, looking upon her shining image.

TO A GIRL

Sit beneath the beautiful leaves of this laurel, and draw the sweet water from the fresh spring:
You are breathless from the heat; rest your dear limbs and let the breath of Zephyros touch them.

HERMES OF THE WAYS

I, Hermes, stand here at the cross-roads by the wind-beaten orchard, near the hoary-grey coast;
And I keep a resting-place for weary men. And the cool stainless spring gushes out.

THE HE-GOAT

Watch the horned he-goat of Bromios, how proud are the fierce eyes in his shaggy head!
He is proud because as they go together over the hills Nais holds in her hand a lock of hair on his cheek.

THE HE-GOAT

The children give you reins, O goat, and set a purple bridle around your shaggy mouth; they imitate the horse-contests around the God's temple and you carry them along gently and happily.
PAN OF THE FIELDS

"O Pan of the Fields, why do you sit by this lonely shaded wood, playing on your shrill-sounding pipe?"

So that my young flocks may feed on these dewy hills, nibbling the fair-haired plants."

FOR A FOUNTAIN

O wanderer, rest your tired limbs under this elm; the breeze murmurs in the light-green branches.

The readers of the poems quoted will observe that their originality consists in their outlines rather than in their content. A prose-writer Louis Thomas is esteemed for his fluent, irreproachable style, and is criticized for defects of judgment and shallowness of inspiration. As a poet he shows qualities of fluidity, but the faults of excessive facility and hollowness, His array of words, if superficially pleasing, is loosely strung together as if hastily hammer-reprous. And there is none of that attack in them which gives such force to avenge them.

PASSING PARIS

In these immediate days a man of letters calls for attention both as such and as a citizen. It is in this double capacity that a French poet new to The Egoist is presented this month: Louis Thomas, promoted to the rank of lieutenant in the army since the beginning of the war and recently noted and rewarded for distinguished service.

M. Louis Thomas has published several volumes of verse, Les Flûtes Vaines, Les Cri du Solitaire, Les Douze Verses, Livres pour Lily, Les Flûtes Vaines, Les Cris du Solitaire, Les Douze Verses, his name has figured in most of the leading reviews: Vers et Prose, the Revue Critique des Idées et des Livres, etc.

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Little being published now, retrospective reading must be indulged in, and it yields fruits. In Serenilte et Gravirueil Militaires, wherein Alfred de Vigny pleads the cause of the soldier—as he appealed for the protection of the poet in his magnificently eloquent preface to Chatterton—he wrote, and it was in 1855, the following lines which might have been written to-day, when they find their complete application:

"... some foreigners have thought us fallen to a condition resembling that of the Ottoman Empire and serious men have asked the powers of their impetuous years, bear the whole weight of the war alone. The old are but the onlookers; while the young are the participators who have to meet the cost as well as the labour of the spectacle. When we look at the streets you meet them with their wives leaning on their arms, their children choking with questions, and generally seeming happy enough. But some of these sudden returns to the domestic hearth are dramatic, and many an Enoch Arden—so it is said—has gone back to his trench by the next train. It is, indeed, a question whether this measure was well-inspired, for a snatch of the home and relatives, of Paris and the normal life, makes the return to service very much more difficult to hear than the prolonged and uninterrupted sejour among the "comrades" in circumstances which all share and to which custom has hardened them. Fortunately scenes of revelry and drunkenness have been prevented by the wholesale prohibition of the sale of intoxicants to soldiers.

Another event has been the request of the State to the population to bring privately hoarded gold to the national bank. The appeal has met with a response which is a new credit to the country's patriotism, considering the attachment of the French to their concrete possessions. Wars are fought with scientific violence. The old are but the onlookers; while the young are the participators who have to meet the cost as well as the labour of the spectacle. When we look at the streets you meet them with their wives leaning on their arms, their children choking with questions, and generally seeming happy enough. But some of these sudden returns to the domestic hearth are dramatic, and many an Enoch Arden—so it is said—has gone back to his trench by the next train. It is, indeed, a question whether this measure was well-inspired, for a snatch of the home and relatives, of Paris and the normal life, makes the return to service very much more difficult to hear than the prolonged and uninterrupted sejour among the "comrades" in circumstances which all share and to which custom has hardened them. Fortunately scenes of revelry and drunkenness have been prevented by the wholesale prohibition of the sale of intoxicants to soldiers.

Those who would wish to be familiarized with the most eminent of the poets moving in the same poetic circle as Charles Péguy, before hazardizing a random purchase of his works should begin by examining the selection published by Ollendorff (at 6 fr.), which comprises La Topiseriie de Sainte Genevieve et de Jeanne d'Arc, Châteaux de Loire, La Tapisserie de Notre Dame, Eve, and to which custom has hardened them. Fortunately scenes of revelry and drunkenness have been prevented by the wholesale prohibition of the sale of intoxicants to soldiers.

Readers of The Egoist should procure The Polish Question and the States of Central Europe, by Joseph de Lipkowski (offices of "Polonia," 10 Rue Notre Dame de Lorette, Paris; price 3 fr. 50), if they have a desire, as they should, to be once and for all adequately instructed in the trials past and present of the maritime-country of Europe, about which the world is remarkably ignorant in general.

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F. M. André Gide, who is an incomparable critic, has likened Charles Péguy’s extraordinary manner:
Les armes de Jésus c'est la race future,
C'est le riche missel, c'est la miniature,
Et le ciel et l'enfer et la terre en peinture ;
Les armes de Satan c'est la més-aventure,
Le triste couronné, la mauvaise lecture,
Les armes de Satan c'est la littérature ;
Les armes de Jésus c'est noble et roture
Égales vers sa face et la belle sculpture
Au portrait de l'âge et la fine moulure . . .
to pebbles on the beach, tightly pressed together, each similar to the rest and all different from one another. It also recalls embroidery, each word a stitch, and the title "tupestry" to some of the poems is applicable in a double sense. They read, too, like litanies or scales, reeding to advance, as do these, and acquiring or losing a semitone as they proceed.

* * * *

Writing in the Mercure for August 1, "Georges Pierredon" sets right the gush the daily papers keep pouring forth with respect to the French soldier. He refutes therein the absurdity of treating the French army of these days as though it were a homogeneous entity, admitting, however, that, like a great machine, "it takes amorphous beings, kneads them, shapes them, and here they are, transformed into heroes, wild maniacs, bronze-statues, navvies, carpenters, dray-horses,... But the material remains mere material; the organizing capacities of the commanders give it its value and necessary form."

This transformation is particularly rapid with the Frenchman owing to his natural pliability. In an article in the same review entitled "The Errors of Might" Mme. Aurel endorses this assertion:

"Assuredly, all impeccable organization contains its folly since it forgets that it puts living beings into play, i.e. such whose spirit is non-immolizable. Is it not precisely from what needs sending, from our lack of foresight, that was born the stimulating, the craving for glory and its possibility? The Frenchman finds his muscle only before the impossible."

"Had he been told, as it was told the German: 'We are the strongest, for our system is invincible,' he would have been deprived of those resources of defiance wherein he puts his whole soul; on l'avait engagé d'avance."

MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA.
P.S.—On the roll of honour: Jean Marc Bernard, poet and critic; the caricaturist Daniel de Losques. Wounded: the painter Boussingault.

FRENCH POEMS

[The first poem is taken by permission of the author from Les Flûtes Vaines, and the second from Les Cri du Solitaire, by Louis Thomas (Editions de Psyché).]

Je suis
Dans la forêt profonde une source enchantée
Par ton regard.

Je pouvais troubler à l'ombre des cieux gris,
Et l'on ne voyait pas que dessous mon murmure
Dormait une pierre verti,
Mais le flot bouillonnant de mon onde troublée
Couvrant la terre noire.

Ton clair regard a resplendi
Sur ma face dor, rouge,
Et mon eau s'est calmée.

Je suis
Dans la forêt profonde une source au flot clair,
Et la feuille qui rouge dans le marronnier vert
Et chante dans le vent
Se mire aussi le soir dans ma face d'argent.

Viendras-tu, souriante, à ma coupe fleurie :
La violette et l'iris
Et le pâle hortensia
Regardent dans le bois
Que monte au ciel d'azur la chanson des glycines,
Viendras-tu deviner sous les nénuphars blancs,
Des mousses que je baigne
L'éternel tremblement.

Viendras-tu, pour te voir
Plus touchante en cette ombre,
Insérite en ce miroir fidèle ;
Et triste de savoir
Comme s'effacent l'onde
Et les jours de bonheur,
Car si tu viens à ma fraîcheur
Tu te verras fluide ainsi qu'une chanson,
Et près de tes longs doigts qui glisseront leurs ailes
Sur ma doixner,
Dormira le reflet tendre et calme comme elle
De tes beaux yeux profonds.

CHANSON À BOIRE

C'était un matin lourd sur une route sombre
Près des forts,
Et nous étions lascés de marcher dans cette ombre
Et ce froid vif.

Nous avions bu jusqu'en être ivres,
Nous avions bu comme des rois.

Nous avons pénétré dans une vieille auberge
Au bord de l'eau,
Toute basse accroupie au revers de la berge
Comme un crapaud ;

Ses murs étaient rouges de givre,
Et tout y sentait le moisi ;
Nous avions le visage pâle
Et notre dos était transi.

Nous avons demandé du pain et de quoi boire
Pour nous chauffer,
On a mis devant nous du vin blanc de la Loire
Tout ngrélet.

Il eut fallu pour apaiser ma soif, la tienne,
O mon ami,
Que ma belle aux grands yeux ouvre la porte et vienne,
La tienne aussi.

Les belles sont restées dans leurs châteaux de songe.
Allons, fais comme moi : brise ton verre et pars.
Tu sais bien que toujours l'amour est un mensonge,
Un rêve trop fragile, un souire et du fard.

Ne crains pas d'être aimé, vois-tu, sur les sentiers
Qui montent vers les cimes,
On ne trouve jamais que son cœur solitaire
Et la peur de l'abîme ;

Jamais ma belle n'est venue
Me retrouver sur les chemins
Où je m'en vais sanglant et nu
Avec l'horreur des lendemains ;

Mais le verre était bientôt vide
Et la bouteille renversée.

Viens avec moi, nous serons ivres,
Et tous les deux nous chanterons
Avec l'horreur des lendemains ;

La tienne aussi.

Viens avec moi, nous serons ivres,
Et tous les deux nous chanterons
L'aubade à la lune de cuivre,
Puis qu'on méprise nos chansons.

LOUIS THOMAS
RUSSIAN literature is the latest craze. During the past decade we have discovered that a man may discard his hat with impunity, that a man or a woman, may walk upwards of twenty miles a day without risk to physical well-being. We are now by way of learning that the Russian script is not an impregnable fortress, but that it can easily be reduced by that machine-gun of the intellect—perseverance.

From the first two discoveries we, as a nation, have not benefited in any appreciable degree. The net result of the "no-hat" revival is that society as a whole has resumed its cady, as have indeed some of the original bare-headed pioneers, in order to avoid being classed with the hatless mob that once threatened Luton with starvation. The well-conducted person, conscious of the "no-hat"-ness, therefore, that by wearing it he will procure himself immunity from social misapprehensions. He may be "placed" by his hat.

Of the orgy of high-speed pedestrianism hardly a foot-print remains. The traveller towards Brighton no longer invests his funds in boot-heather in the hope of realizing a "yield" of health; he puts his money into either Pullman or petrol, obtaining therefrom a fleeting content and a chronic "liver."

Two years ago the student of Russian was regarded as infinitely more daring than the pilgrim to Petrograd. Nowadays almost every college of society is becoming nice about transliteration. But even though the translators may multiply beyond belief, they will flourish notwithstanding.

It is by no means an open secret that long before we entered into our fighting alliance with Russia, before the appearance in London of Shadylarin, or even of Nijinsky, a very considerable portion of the Russian standard literature was obtainable in an English translation. One supposes that Mr. Heinemann's venture had met with no small encouragement, and that many a seeker after the Russian soul had found in the work of Mrs. Constance Garnett a revelation of the psychological quality that had eluded him in his perusal of some of his author's works. The Inspector-General, or the unsigned translation of "Dead Souls," published in the 'eighties by Vizetelly, and those who knew how to search were able to add Bowring's version of Pushkin's preceptors and the Fables of Kriloff (according to the indefatigable Ralston) to their libraries and their lore.

But to enumerate the forgotten volumes of translated Russian literature would be to give this paper the appearance of a second-hand bookseller's catalogue—the comprehensive catalogue that ought to have been, but never was, issued. The range was extraordinarily wide. A host of Russian authors, some living, some dead, were accessible to the English reader, and were ignored. The English reader was so absorbed in such studies of the Slav as "Michael Strogof" that he had no leisure to ask how much difficulty the British assistants had in understanding with the Grand Duke and, moreover, was unknown to the general. The occasional Times Russian Supplement dealt generously with Commerce, but skimpily with Art and Literature. Here and there, at odd moments and in odd places, appeared sporadic translations of Chekhov; but beyond these unorganized efforts nothing was done to promote and to foster a knowledge of the nation with which we now find ourselves allied.

Some months of war had elapsed when the present writer visited the Foreign Department of one of the largest London Libraries and, in reply to inquiries concerning translations of Russian literature, the bookseller assured me that the said library had not yet considered the question of devoting a page of its catalogue to Russian fiction. (That the manager of the Foreign Department was a German, and that the British assistants had not even a handy key with which to look up the Russian names, are circumstances obviously worth noting.)

The booksellers as a whole have displayed neither intelligence nor enterprise, and the publishers appear, even now, to be interested solely in the war brought to them and to be entirely ignorant of the rest. Until the issue of Mr. Baring's splendid little study as a volume of the Home University Library there was no convenient means of obtaining a clue to the psychological content of Russian literature; one does not except Waliszewsky's compilation, since, in the first place, its price is hardly "promising," but secondly, and that said library had not yet considered the question of devoting a page of its catalogue to Russian fiction. (That the manager of the Foreign Department was a German, and that the British assistants had not even a handy key with which to look up the Russian names, are circumstances obviously worth noting.)

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missed a splendid opportunity of being in time. The prophetic translators, let us hope, are consoled by a celestial environment. If any survive, 'twill be but to learn that the sower is not to reap.

A neat Russian epigrammatist of the early 'thirties opined that Russia possessed no literature, but merely a book-trade. We may now record that since our 'eighties there has been no lack of English translations, but that no one has bought them.

(To be continued.)

THE GHOSTS OF AN OLD HOUSE

By John Gould Fletcher

PROLOGUE

The house that I write of faces the north:
No sun ever seeks
Its six white columns,
The nine great windows of its face.
It fronts foursquare the winds.

Under the penthouse of the veranda roof,
The upper northern rooms
Gloom outwards mournfully.

Staring Ionic capitals
Peer in them:
Owl-like faces.

On winter nights
The wind sidling round the corner,
Shoots upwards
With laughter.

The windows rattle as if someone were wishing to get out
And ride upon the wind.

Doors lead to nowhere:
Squirrels burrow between the walls,
Closets in every room hang open.
Windows are stared into by uncivil ancient trees.

In the middle of the upper hallway
There is a great circular hole
Going up to the attic.
A wooden lid covers it.

All over the house there is a sense of futility;
Of minutes dragging slowly
And repeating
Some worn-out story of broken effort and desire.

BEDROOM

The clump of jessamine
Softly beneath the rain
Rocks its golden flowers.

In this room my father died:
His bed is in the corner.
No one has slept in it,
Since that morning when he wakened
To meet death's hands at his heart.
I cannot go to this room,
Without feeling something big and angry
Waiting for me
To throw me on the bed,
And press its thumbs in my throat.

The clump of jessamine
Without, beneath the rain,
Rocks its golden flowers.

LIBRARY

Stuffy smell of mouldering leather,
Tattered arm-chairs, creaking doors,
the murmur of the river flowing softly through the field.

"How beautiful it is! Do you hear that sound
that's like a song and a tolling?"

"It's the water rushing. There's no other sound."

"No, it's different. I hear it all around us."

"I believe it's our own blood in our ears...".

Keller is a very difficult writer to translate adequately. Though he always writes pure standard German—except Nietzsche, I know of no better German prose-writer than Keller—yet there are peculiarities due to the fact that he was a Swiss, and, above all, there is the fact that it needs a poet to translate a poet. This translation is very well done, and anyone unable to read German will, in reading this English version, go very far towards capturing the beauty and poetry of the original. There could be no higher praise than that.

A. W. G. RANDALL.

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST
AS A YOUNG MAN

BY JAMES JOYCE

CHAPTER V (continued)

THEY turned to the left and walked on as before. When they had gone on so for some time

Stephen said:

—Cranly, I had an unpleasant quarrel this evening.—

—With your people?—Cranly asked.

—With my mother.—

—About religion?—

—Yes—Stephen answered.

After a pause Cranly asked:

—What age is your mother?—

—Not old—Stephen said. —She wishes me to make my Easter duty.—

—And will you?—

—I will not—Stephen said.

—Why not?—Cranly said.

—I will not serve—answered Stephen.

—That remark was made before—Cranly said calmly.

—It is made behind now—said Stephen hotly.

Cranly pressed Stephen's arm, saying:

—Go easy, my dear man. You're an excitable bloody man, do you know?

He laughed nervously as he spoke and, looking up into Stephen's face with moved and friendly eyes, said:

—Do you know that you are an excitable man?—

—I daresay I am—said Stephen, laughing also.

—Their minds, lately estranged, seemed suddenly to have been drawn closer, one to the other.

—Do you believe in the Eucharist?—Cranly asked.

—I do not—Stephen said.

—Do you disbelieve then?—

Cranly, embarrassed for a moment, took another fig from his pocket and was about to eat it when Stephen said:

—Don't, please. You cannot discuss this question now. I failed. It is very difficult. I tried to unite my will with the will of God instantly by instant. In that I did not always fail. I could perhaps do that still...—

—Cranly cut him short by asking:

—Has your mother had a happy life?—

—How do I know?—Stephen said.

—How many children had she?—

—Nine or ten—Stephen answered. —Some died.—

—Was your father...—Cranly interrupted himself for an instant: and then said:—I don't want to pry into your family affairs. But was your father what is called well-to-do? I mean when you were growing up?—

—Yes—Stephen said.

—What was he?—Cranly asked after a pause.

Stephen began to enumerate glibly his father's attributes.

—A medical student, an oarsman, a tenor, an amateur actor, a shouting politician, a small landlord, a small investor, a drinker, a good fellow, a storyteller, somebody's secretary, something in a distillery, a tax-gatherer, a bankrupt, and at present a praiser of his own past.—

Cranly laughed, tightening his grip on Stephen's arm, and said:

—The distillery is damn good.—

—Is there then anything else you want to know?—Stephen asked.

—Are you in good circumstances, at present?—

—Do I look it?—Stephen asked bluntly.

—So then—Cranly went on musingly—you were born in the lap of luxury.

He used a phrase broadly and loudly as he often used technical expressions, as if he wished his hearer to understand that they were used by him without conviction.

—Your mother must have gone through a good deal of suffering—she said then. —Would you not try to save her from suffering more even if... or would you?—

—If I could—Stephen said—that would cost me very little.—

—Then do so—Cranly said. —Do as she wishes you to do. What is it for you? You disbelieve in it. It is a form: nothing else. And you will set her mind at rest.—
He ceased and, as Stephen did not reply, remained silent. Then, as if giving utterance to the process of his thought, he said:

—Whatever else is unsure in this stinking dunghill of a world a mother's love is not. Your mother brings you into the world, carries you first in her body. What do we know about what she feels? But whatever she feels, it, at least, must be real. It must be. What are our ideas or ambitions? Play. Ideas! Why, that bloody bleating goat Temple has ideas. McCann has ideas too. Every jackass going the roads thinks he has ideas.

Stephen, who had been listening to the unspoken speech behind the words, said with assumed carelessness:

—Pascal, if I remember rightly, would not suffer his mother to kiss him as he feared the contact of her sex.

—Pascal was a pig—said Cranly.

—Aloysius Gonzaga, I think, was of the same mind—Stephen said.

—and he was another pig then—said Cranly.

—The Church calls him a saint—Stephen objected.

—I don't care a flaming damn what anyone calls him—Cranly said rudely and flatly.—I call him a pig.

Stephen, preparing the words neatly in his mind, continued:

—Jesus, too, seems to have treated his mother with scant courtesy in public, but Suarez, a Jesuit theologian and Spanish gentleman, has apologized for him.

—Did the idea ever occur to you—Cranly asked—that Jesus was not what he pretended to be?

—Yes—Stephen said quietly.—I feel that and I also fear it.

—And is that why you will not communicate—Cranly pressed on.

—And why were you shocked—Cranly asked—because you are not sure of that too, or because you are not sure of that more than that the chemical action which would be set up in my soul by a false homage to a symbol behind which are massed twenty centuries of authority and veneration?

—Would you—Cranly asked—in extreme danger commit that particular sacrilege? For instance, if you lived in the penal days?

—I cannot answer for the past—Stephen replied. Possibly not.

—Then—said Cranly—you do not intend to become a Protestant?

—I said that I had lost the faith—Stephen answered—but not that I had lost self-respect. What kind of liberation would that be to forsake an absurdity which is logical and coherent and to embrace one which is illogical and incoherent?

They had walked on towards the township of Pembroke, and now as they went on slowly along the avenues the trees and the scattered lights in the villas soothed their minds. The air of wealth and repose diffused about them seemed to comfort their neediness. Behind a hedge of laurel a light glimmered in the window of a kitchen and the voice of a servant was heard singing as she sharpened knives. She sang, in short broken bars, "Rosie O'Grady."

Cranly stopped to listen, saying:

—Muller canot.

The soft beauty of the Latin word touched with an enchanting touch the dark of the evening, with a touch fainter and more persuading than the touch of music or of a woman's hand. The strike of their minds was quelled. The figure of woman as she appears in the liturgy of the Church passed silently through the darkness: a white-robed figure, small and slender as a boy, and with a falling girdle. Her voice, frail and high as a boy's, was heard intoning from a distant choir the first words of a woman which pierce the gloom and glamour of the first chanting of the passion:

—Et tu tuum, Jesu Christe.

And all hearts were touched and turned to her voice, shining like a young star, shining clearer as the voice intoned the proparoxyton, and more faintly as the cadence died.

The singing ceased. They went on together, Cranly repeating in strongly stressed rhythm the end of the refrain:

—And when we are married,
O, how happy we'll be,
For I love sweet Rosie O'Grady
And Rosie O'Grady loves me.

—There's real poetry for you—he said.—There's real love.

He glanced sideways at Stephen with a strange smile and said:

—Do you consider that poetry? Or do you know what the words mean?

—I want to see Rosie first—said Stephen.

—She's easy to find—Cranly said.

—His hat had come down on his forehead. He shoved it back; and in the shadow of the trees Stephen saw his pale face, framed by the dark, and his large dark eyes. Yes. His face was handsome: and his body was strong and hard. He had spoken of a mother's love. He felt then the sufferings of women, the weaknesses of their bodies and souls: and would shield them with a strong and resolute arm and bow his mind to them.

Away then: it is time to go. A voice spoke softly to Stephen's lonely heart, bidding him go and telling him that his friendship was coming to an end. Yes; he would go. He could not strive against another. He knew his part.

—Where?—Cranly asked.

—Where I can—Stephen said.

—Probably I shall go away—he said.

—Yes—Cranly said.—It might be difficult for you to live here now. But is it that makes you go?

—I have to go—Stephen answered.

—Because—Cranly continued—you need not look upon yourself as driven away if you do not wish to go, or as a heretic or an outlaw. There are many good believers who think as you do. Would that surprise you? The Church is not the stone building nor even the clergy and their dogmas. It is the whole mass of those born...
into it. I don't know what you wish to do in life.

Is it what you told me the night we were standing outside Hanover Street Station?

—Yes—Stephen said, smiling in spite of himself at Cranly's way of remembering thoughts in connexion with places.—The night you spent half an hour wrangling about Doherty about the shortest way from Sallygap to Cranly's.

—Pothead!—Cranly said with calm contempt.

—What does he know about the way from Sallygap to Larras?—

Or what does he know about anything for that matter?

And the big slobbering washing-pot head of him!—

—Freedom!—Cranly repeated.—But you are not free enough yet to commit a sacrilege. Tell me would you rob?

—I would beg first—Stephen said.

—And if you got nothing, would you rob?

—Yes, I would say.—Stephen answered.—That the rights of property are provisional and that in certain circumstances it is not unlawful to rob. Everyone would act in that belief. So I will not make you that answer. Apply to the Jesuit theologian Juan Mariana di Talavera, who will also explain to you in what circumstances you may lawfully kill your King and whether you had better hand him his poison in a goblet or smear it for him upon his robe or his saddlebow. Ask me rather would I suffer others to rob me, or, if they did, would I call down upon them what I believe is called the chastisement of the secular arm.—

—And would you?

—I think—Stephen said—it would pain me as much to do so as to be robbed.

—I see—Cranly said.

—Tell me, for example, would you deflower a virgin?

—Excuse me—Stephen said politely—is that not the ambition of most young gentlemen?

—What then is your point of view?—Cranly asked. His last phrase, sour-smelling as the smoke of charcoal and disheartening, excited Stephen's brain, over which its fumes seemed to brood.

—Look here, Cranly—he said.—You have asked me whether I would rob or do so as to be robbed.

—I will tell you what I will do and what I will not do. I will not serve that in which I no longer believe, whether it call my revolt.

—Cranly seized his arm and steered him round so as to lead back towards Lesson Park. He laughed almost slyly and pressed Stephen's arm with an elder's affection.

—Cunning indeed!—he said.—Is it you? You poor poet, you!

—You made me confess to you—Stephen said, thrilled by his touch—as I have confessed to you so many other things, have I not?—

—Yes, my child—Cranly said, still gaily.

—May your fates the fates that I have. But I will tell you also what I do not fear. I do not fear to be alone or to be spurned for another or to leave whatever I have to leave. And I am not afraid to make a mistake, even a great mistake, a lifelong mistake and perhaps as long as eternity to.

—Cranly, now grave again, slowed his pace and said:

—Alone, quite alone. You have no fear of that. And you know what that word means? Not only to be separate from all others, but to have not even one friend.—

—I will take the risk—said Stephen.

—And not to have any one person—Cranly said—who would be more than a friend, more even than the noblest and truest friend a man ever had.—

His words seemed to have struck some deep chord in his own nature. Had he spoken of himself, as he was or wished to be? Stephen watched his face for some moments in silence. A cold sadness was there. He had spoken of himself, of his own loneliness which he feared.

—Of whom are you speaking?—Stephen asked at length.

—Cranly did not answer.

March 20. Long talk with Cranly on the subject of my revolt.

He had his grand manner on. I supple and suave. Attacked me on the score of love for one's mother.

Tried to imagine his mother: cannot. Told me once, in a moment of thoughtlessness, his father was sixty-one when he was born. Can see him. Strong farmer type. Pepper and salt suit. Square feet. Unkempt grizzled beard. Probably attends courses matching. Pays his dimes regularly but has no Sunday. He told me nothing of his grandfather. Sometimes talks to girls after nightfall. But his mother? Very young or very old? Hardly the first. If so, Cranly would not have spoken as he did. Old then. Probably, and neglected. Hence Cranly's despair of soul: the child of exhausted loins.

March 21, morning. Thought this in bed last night, but was too lazy and free to add it. Free, yes. The exhausted loins are those of Elizabeth and Zachary. Then he is the precursor. Item: he eats chiefly bacon and dried figs. He lives upon bread and hot milk. Also, when thinking of him, saw always a stern severed head of death-mask: as if outlined on a grey curtain or veronica. Decollation they call it in the fold. Puzzled for the moment by Saint John at the Latin gate. What do I see? A decollator precursor trying to pick the lock.

March 21, night. Free. Soul free and fancy free.

Let the dead bury the dead. Ay. And let the dead marry the dead.

March 22. In company with Lynch followed a sizable course. Lynch's idea. Dislike it. Two lean hungry greyhounds walking after a heifer.

March 23. Have not seen her since that night. Unwell? Sits at the fire perhaps with mamma's shawl on her shoulders. But not peevish. A nice bowl of gruel? Won't you now?—

March 24. Began with a discussion with my mother. Subject: B.V.M. Handicapped by my sex and youth. To escape held up relations between Jesus and Papa against those between Mary and her son. Said religion was not a lying-in hospital. Mother indulgent. Said I have a queer mind and have read too much. Not true. Have read little and understood less. Then she said I would come back to faith because I had a restless mind. This means to leave church by backdoor of sin and re-enter through the skysight of repentance. Cannot repent. Told her so and asked for sixpence. Got threepence.

Then we went to college. Other wrangle with little round head rogue's eye Gherzi. This time about Bruno the Nolan. Began in Italian and ended in pidgin English. He said Bruno was a terrible heretic. I said he was terribly burned. He agreed to this with some sorrow. Then gave me recipe for what he calls risotto alla bergamasca. When he pronounces a soft o he protrudes his full carnal lips as if he kissed the vowel. Has he? And could he repent? Yes, he could: and cry two round rogue's tears, one from each eye.

Crossing Stephen's, that is, my Green, remembered that his countrymen and not mine had invented what Cranly the other night called our religion. A quartette of them, soldiers of the ninety-seventh infantry regiment,
sat at the foot of the cross and tossed up dice for the overcoat of the crucified.
Went to library. Tried to read three reviews. Useless. She is not out yet. Am I alarmed? About what? That she will never be out again.
Blake wrote: "Never, dear William Bond will die. For assuredly he is very ill."
Alas, poor William!
I was once at a doria in Rotunda. At the end were pictures of big nob. Among them William Ewart Gladstone, just then dead. Orchestra played "Oh, Willie, we have missed you."
A race of clodhoppers!
March 25, morning. A troubled night of dreams. What to get them off my chest. Strange figures advance as from a cave. They are not as tall as men. One does not seem to stand quite apart from another. Their faces are phosphorescent, with darker streaks. They peer at me and their eyes seem to ask me something. They do not speak.
March 30. This evening Cranly was in the porch of the library, proposing a problem to Dixon and her brother. A mother let her child fall into the Nile. Still harrng on the mother. A crocodile seized the child. Mother asked it back. Crocodile said all right if she told him what he was going to do with the child, eat it or not eat it.
This mentality, Lepidus would say, is indeed bred out from the world. Parents begin to look at us. She shook hands a moment with him and opened the spiritual-heroic refrigerating apparatus, to invent and patented in all countries by Dante Alighieri. Talked rapidly of myself and my plans. In the midst of it unluckily I made a sudden gesture of a revolutionary nature. I must have looked like a fellow throwing a handful of peas up into the air. People began to look at us. She shook hands a moment after and, in going away, said she hoped I would do what I said.
No I call that friendly, don't you?
Yes, I liked her to-day. A little or much? Don't know. I liked her and it seems a new feeling to me. Then, in that case, all the rest, all that I thought I thought, and all that I felt I felt, all the rest before now, in fact...Oh, give it up, old chap! Sleep it off!
April 15. Met her to-day point blank in Grafton Street. The crowd brought us together. We both stopped. She asked me why I never came, said she had heard all sorts of stories about me. This was only to go in time. Asked me, was I writing poems? About whom? I asked her. This confused her more and I felt sorry and mean. Turned off that valve at once and opened the spiritual-heroic refrigerating apparatus, to go in time. Asked me, was I writing poems? About whom? I asked her. This confused her more and I felt sorry and mean. Turned off that valve at once and opened the spiritual-heroic refrigerating apparatus, to go in time.
Yes, I liked her to-day. A little or much? Don't know. I liked her and it seems a new feeling to me. Then, in that case, all the rest, all that I thought I thought, and all that I felt I felt, all the rest before now, in fact...Oh, give it up, old chap! Sleep it off!
April 16. Away! Away! The spell of arms and voices: the white arms of roads, their promise of close embraces and the black arms of tall ships that stand against the moon, their tale of distant nations. They are held out to say: We are your kinsmen. And the air is thick with their company as they call to me, then kinsmen, making ready to go, shaking the wings of their exultant and terrible youth.
April 26. Mother is putting my new secondhand clothes in order. She prays now, she says, that I may learn in my own life and away from home and friends what the heart is and what it feels. Amen. So be it. Welcome, O life! I go to encounter for the millionth time the reality of experience and to forge in the smithy of my soul the uncreated conscience of my race.
April 27. Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead.
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