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THE EGOIST

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VIEWS AND COMMENTS

By DORA MARSDEN

It is probable that Mr. Lloyd George's mind was fixed more upon the "racket and clatter" than the conscription-controversy itself, when he supported his plea for less of the former by a picture of the Government intent upon the nice numerical calculation which, presumably, was to settle its fate. For, however much such a picture may tend to mitigate the "noise," it lends darkness rather than light to the controversy itself. The necessity for a prompt and systematic organizing of the community on a fighting-basis is not dependent on the number of individuals of military age—let their number be more or less—who while adamant to every verbal threat and persuasion are likely to prove vulnerable under threat of physical violence. The community at the present time has no choice as to whether it shall adopt a fighting-basis or no, and the question as to whether society shall shape itself primarily to accommodate military requirements is not at issue. The storm in the tea-cup created by opposition to "conscription" turns upon what is scarcely more than a point of etiquette in the manner of conducting the work of re-organization. The question is whether the government responsible for the re-organization from a peace to a fighting one are to get on with their business in a straightforward manner, or whether they shall proceed to obtain the services which every one knows they can and must obtain by means of a painful and blameworthy rhetoric, a large financial outlay, considerable individual unfairness and a sustained atmosphere of upbraiding, uncertainty and unrest. It would be a pity if this fact about the nature of conscription, i.e., that it is an affair of etiquette and not of "numbers," "facts," "principles" and the like, is not kept clearly in sight; it should have a soothing influence on minds ready to leap giddily to visions of revolutions.

* * * * *

The presence of a controversy of such a nature at such a time allows of one, and only one explanation: a government has been faced with responsibilities which it is too timorous to shoulder. They dare swear by the desired ends but tremble to adopt the necessary means, and to save themselves they call the people into the consultation. It is certain that means which appear too drastic for the government to accept responsibility will be too drastic to win unanimity if laid before a whole community. So—a controversy: talk; in war-time, and the outward appearance of a "disaffected" people while actually there exists the minimum of disaffection. The development of such a situation would damn any government even were no further proof of incapacity forthcoming. The consideration that they may have sought to exploit an affair of windy terminology into a semblance of seriousness in order to have in the people a scapegoat ready to offer up should military matters go seriously wrong would only go to prove that they possess the craft which disguises weakness rather than strength. A government which understood what constitutes the elements of their strength would have affirmed their claims upon the service of the people at the outset. They would not have condoned even an apparent laying of the subject open to discussion. Only when a people is "disaffected" and inclined to hold that their place in the State is not worth the cost of maintaining, could a government hold that such a question as conscription is open to debate: and it would then be the kind of discussion which a sane government would fear and shun.

* * * * *

As it turns out, the war has revealed that there is no genuine disaffection among the people. Rarely has there been shown more whole-hearted unanimity than
that with which the English people have affirmed that the Empire is worth preserving at all costs. Whatever the Government have left undone, the people at least have expected and been ready for conscription the "thing" if not for conscription the "name"—conscription the "thing" meaning that men are liable for training or military service or connected services when and as the Government see fit. And against that, no man in the country has anything to say such as a syllable. The most obdurate of "slackers" can now say by saying that "If they want him they can send for him," and one must agree that if they cannot send for him they don't particularly want him. No one has an argument against the Government's right to conscript services equally and if the Government had given specific form to such rights they may, as these matters are deferred as payments of the like, in the first days of the war, they would have passed into effect without comment, and practical sense would have recognized in them a necessary piece of eleventh hour legislation. Had they done such a wrangle as to what a man's services should be Voluntary or not, the story would now appear as sensible as a wrangle over the merits of the voluntary over the compulsory principle in Taxation or the Assessment of Punishment for crimes. In fact, the enforcement of equal responsibility for military service forms an exact parallel with the enforcement of inhibitions in which the things " Thou shalt not slay " and " Thou shalt not kill " and " Thou shalt not steal." Those inhibitions are not enforced and made compulsory because we all detest them: quite a large number of people indeed refrain from murder, personal violence and theft by preference. And if they do not account work a holy war against the laws which make the inhibitions more certain by threat of penalties. They welcome the laws rather—and not primarily because they chime in with our preferences but because they counter the tendencies of those who have no such preferences. The conscience and patriotism of which they are the antithesis to preferences and voluntary desires; they are intended to put stamina into such preferences as are considered of first importance: devices for putting "First things First," and safeguarding these from the variation which belongs to all personal moods and preferences. About a government at any rate which appears to require to be taught its business in relation with our preferences but because they counter the inhibitions of those who have no such preferences. The conscience and patriotism of which they are the antithesis to preferences and voluntary desires; they are intended to put stamina into such preferences as are considered of first importance: devices for putting "First things First," and safeguarding these from the variation which belongs to all personal moods and preferences.

The "clatter and racket," tolerated in connection with the first duty of the Government of a Paramount State is a faithful copy of the Babel which rises when those gentle believers in the faith that the beginning and end of things is words congregate together.

* * *

Nor is the "clatter and racket", wholly unintelligible: it can be followed, given the clue. The Government having once devised a serious function, and put its "advisability" out to debate, the people naturally, are not slow to try what they can do with the responsibility thus thrust upon them. They promptly begin to put up as many "Wills and Won'ts", as children who are consulted about what they shall eat; such a thing is prompted perhaps by the sound English instinct that nothing which is really important is genuinely debatable, they at once switch the discussion on to matters which they know there is no harm and no profit save amusement—in discussing. Discussion about matters affecting the Defence of the Realm transforms itself into discussion on the merits of the profile or family aspirations of a newspaper proprietor; while the circumstances which are mere accompaniments—though necessary ones—of the abandonment of affairs of first importance to popular discussion are worked into the foreground and transformed into melodramatic "Plots against the People's Freedom." Shirkimg responsibility for all important decisions is what constitutes the abdication of governing power which power devolves on those upon whom the onus of decision is laid. Accordingly, a weak government which trusts such decisions upon newspaper-proprietors the arbiters of the situation, since those who control the avenues by way of which popular opinion is most affected are controllers of popular opinion. Any powerful group of newspapers finds itself in a position to do what the government have run away from doing: reach a decision. The most powerful newspapers of the day are the influential. The most powerful of the press is by its very form calculated to achieve. The assertiveness of the printed page, the hypnotizing influence of daily reference and reiteration can make the mole-hill hide the mountain until it becomes a provoking distraction to be reminded that there is any mountain. National service for military purposes which at the outset the people recognized as incumbent and in need of being made compulsory, is now beginning to be debated as bitterly as the question of participation in the war would have been had the matter been handed over to popular opinion; while the 'national need,' so-called is suspected of being a fake worked by a party who wish to acquire merit by the introduction of drastic measures to end the war which can be won quite as easily without them. The 'seriousness' of the situation is a pretence: a put-up job by "Pessimists" with intent to scare "Optimists," and get the better of their arguments. Everywhere suspicion and argument, where but for the government's "democratic" cowardice, there would have been single-hearted energy. It is the inevitable consequence of having people in positions which are too big for them: questions are thrust for settlement out of their pertinent sphere, and those upon whom they are thrust, far from being competent to settle them are themselves put off their balance and plunged into confusion. One wonders what Cromwell, when he cleared the House of Commons and locked the door and put the key in his pocket, would have had to say to the popular press. At his exploit, says history, "Not a dog barked." Perhaps the press like the canine world will recognize when it has met a master.

READERS

of

THE EGOIST

ARE ASKED TO BECOME

SUBSCRIBERS
PASSING PARIS

W with a comprehensive though swift obituary (Un poète français tombé au Champ d'honneur: Charles Péguy: Payot et Cie, Paris, 60c.), M. Paul Seippel completes previous studies of the most monumental of the many French authors sacrificed to the war, notably the more elaborate notice by M. René Johannet published some years ago. In his little brochure M. Seippel draws as excellent a portrait as one could have of the man, while criticising his work with concision and judgment. One seldom reads monographs as happy, the custom of biographers and critics generally being to write around rather than about their subjects.

Charles Péguy was a kind of Daniel Defoe. He had lived in the century of that propagandist he would certainly have got himself into trouble. As it was he sowed and reaped a plentiful harvest of enemies. “I have always taken everything seriously,” said he, “and that has led me far.” In days of the past this habit led to the stake; in these it leads to unpopularity. But if only you can attain a sufficient measure of it, unpopularity will be as effective in procuring renown as popularity and prove more gratifying! Charles Péguy had the satisfaction of experiencing this paradox.

Péguy was the modern personification of the crusader. Of this bellicose Christian it has been said: “He puts holy water in his petrol.” The result is something chaotic, contradictory, picturesque, restless and intense in his practical life, but entirely favourable to his art.

The echo of Charles Péguy’s propaganda was strictly local and temporary, his poetry alone will have a hold upon the world. Péguy soon learnt that egotisms were not less violent than which in the Middle Ages governed the hand and the heart,” as Péguy makes God say, a death that which is always a battle, where there is always a crusade,” as Péguy makes God say, a death for the sake of the hierarchy and discipline they desire the poor honour of the father’s house. . . .

Happy those who have died—,—they have returned to the earth and the clay.

Happy those who have died in a just war.

Happy the ripe ears, the harvested corn.

—on September 5, 1914, in that famous battle of the Marne in which the men of France summoned all and just those national qualities of which Péguy himself was at once the portrayer and the poet.

It is strange to see M. Henri Albert, the translator of Nietzsche’s complete works, give the popular and erroneous rendering of the German word “chernoull” in the last sentence of the following: “The misconstruction has led the world to imagine that Germany was aspiring to a merely ‘honourable’ peace, instead of the ‘peace full of honour’ to which it considers itself entitled in reality.”

M. Jacques Copeau has translated, and published with the Nouvelle Revue Française, Mr. Clutton-Brock’s observations on the war.

M. Charles Grolleau, whose poetry appears for the first time in English in these pages, has on several occasions been the medium of English literature in France. His translation of Blake’s Marriage of Heaven and Hell necessarily figures among literary tours de force and curiosities, and Oscar Wilde has found in him his most sensitive interpreter, one of the few who is not an Iscariot! For M. Grolleau belongs to that group of French erudites in English letters comprising M. Augustin Filon, M. Jouve, Aynard, Théodore de Wyzewa, M. Edmond Filon, M. Henry Davray, M. Jacques Copeau, &c, and among whom the recent death of M. Robert d’Humières has brought about a most regrettable fissure.

M. Grolleau is not introduced here as the representa­tive of any form of secessionist departure, but as a poet of culture and spirituality. The materialism of his conceptions is such as often to escape the mental grasp of the reader, who is frequently called upon to strain the spheres in which his mind more usually evolves to reach within touch of the distant and unworlly domain of M. Grolleau’s thought-vision. One often feels he leaves one far behind him. Like the late Charles Péguy and André Lafon, Charles Grolleau is a fervent Roman Catholic. As was the first of these he is a convert; unlike the second, rare poet though he was, he is also a mystic. André Lafon was a worshipper after the order of Francis James. M. Grolleau’s
Ét leur geste d'accueil est un geste d'adieu.
Mais leur troupe joyeuse est déjà très lointaine
Nous voyons leur reflet dans une ombre incertaine,
Quand nous tendons les mains pour les garder un peu . . .
Hélas ! quand ils sont purs, nos rêves sont ailés,
O minutes d'amour, pourquoi vous envoler ?
C'est l'enfance du jour, et sa neuve beauté
La prière sur notre bouche est un sourire.
S'offre, vivant miroir, à son Dieu reflété :
S'ouvre pour son désir au mystique parterre.
Et, calme, et s'embaumant de tout ce qu'elle admire,
C'est l'heure exquise où, l'aile ouverte, l'oraison
A ce jardin paisible et doux qui se réveille.
Timide, heureux, naïf, l'âme presque pareille
through revolt instead of initiation and how these may
Les feuilles et les fleurs, et l'on va, lentement,
Dont la main de lumière ouvrait câlinement
D'avoir frôlé jadis les baisers de la terre.
Nul ne pourrait enclore ainsi qu'un reliquaire
D'un silence divin qui prie et qui Vous aime.
Plus tendre et plus puissant que les mots de la Chair,
O Verbe ! d'être un peu l'humile écho de Vous-même . .
Et je sens dans mon cœur monter comme la mer,
Plus tendre et plus puissant que les mots de la Chair,
Un silence divin qui prie et qui Vous aime.

FRENCH POEMS
The following poems have been taken by permission of the author E. Lethielleux, Paris, 1909:

SILENCE
Pour me donner à Vous quels mots sauraient Vous plaire ?
Ils se dérobent tous ou demeurent obscurs,
Timides et transis, héllos ! encore impurs
D'avoir frôlé jadis les baisers de la terre.
Nul ne pourrait enclore ainsi qu'un reliquaire
Mon amour, ô Seigneur ! si fragile pourtant,
Et j'ai vu le plus doux même et le plus chantant,
Le plus profond mourant devant votre Mystère.
C'est pourquoi je me crois, très pauvre, devant Vous,
Balbutiant encore et cependant jaloux,
O Verbe ! d'être un peu l'humile écho de Vous-même . .
Et je sens dans mon cœur monter comme la mer,
Plus tendre et plus puissant que les mots de la Chair,
Un silence divin qui prie et qui Vous aime.

QUIÉTUDE
O courts moments d'oubli, légères matinées !
On descend au jardin où des roses sont nées,
Rire de l'aube après l'angoisse de la nuit.
Il semble, tant est vague et pénétrant le bruit
De ce chaste réveil du monde qu'on dérange
La bise, invisible et féroce d'un Ange
Dont la main de lumière ouvrait câlinement
Les feuilles et les fleurs, et l'on va, lentement,
Timide, heureux, naïf, l'aime presque pareille
A ce jardin paisible et doux qui se réveille.
La brume plane encore et cache l'horizon.
C'est l'heure exquise où, l'aile ouverte, l'oraison
Chercbe, abeille du Ciel, quelle fleur de mystère
S'ouvre pour son désir au mystique parterre.
C'est l'enfance du jour, et sa neuve beauté
S'offre, vivant miroir, à son Dieu reflété :
Et, calme, et s'embaumant de tout ce qu'elle admire,
La prière sur notre bouche est un sourire.
O minutes d'amour, pourquoi vous envolez ?
Héllos ! quand ils sont purs, nos rêves sont ails,
Nous voyons leur reflet dans une ombre incertaine,
Mais leur troup joyeuse est déjà très lointaine
Quand nous tendons les mains pour les garder un peu . . .
Et leur geste d'accueil est un geste d'adieu.

CHARLES GROLLEAU.

TRANSLATIONS OF RUSSIAN FICTION
By M. Montagu-Nathan

II
ERE the first instalment of this article (voicing a
complaint that anti-War translations of Russian
classics have been grievously neglected) was in print,
there appeared, in a weekly Review, two letters whose
substance constitutes a timely endorsement of the said
Jeremiad. Both were from publishers, and both con-
cerned Goncharof. The first publisher (Mr. Gosse)
protested that Goncharof's work is not, as had been held,
unfortunately unknown in England, and expressed a great
surprise that the introduction of this author some
twenty-one years ago, to English readers, by Mrs. Garnett,
Mr. Gosse and himself,* should have done so little to
popularise the work of the great Russian. The second
correspondent announced a translation of " Oblomof,"
but ignored (either in the English or French sense of that
word) the existence of any other translation of this
author.

Meanwhile, there has been a demonstration of the
difficulty of eliciting information as to what translations
do exist. The writer of this article learns from the pages
of another Review that the " Memoirs of a Physician "
by Vikenty Smidovich (Veressayet), a work that should
appeal to respecters of Stockmann and admirers of
" Laney " Schutzmacher, is, or has been obtainable in
English, and is able to return the compliment by
correcting the impression that Lyeskof is " entirely un-
translated " (three of his tales, including the famous
" Sealed Angel," having been done by Beatrix L.
Tollemande), and by recalling that Mrs. Vonyich long
ago laid the monoglot under an obligation to her
with three stories by Saltikof, one of them, the appendix
to his " Kamensky, " says: " I was unable to procure:"
There is little need, however, for commentators to
exhume these pioneer efforts. The publishers are
rapidly resurrecting them and re-issuing them as novel-
ties, endeavouring on occasion to justify the term by
means of a parvenu preface.

There is, on the other hand, a need for counsel as to the
future. In undertaking a generous issue of contem-
porary Russian literature in an English dress, the pub-
lishers are assuming a rôle which involves certain
responsibilities. It would be the easiest thing in the
world to create a very unfavourable impression of the
Russian Intellectual. If, therefore, the publishers are
inclined to avoid the labour of ascertaining for themselves
what is and what is not the sort of literature calculated
to improve the present slender intellectual reciprocity
between Briton and Slav, let them merely perseve the
list of German translations, published with a view to
satisfying that section of young Prussia which may
be conveniently classed as the " Keen-on-Wedekind "
set.

One understands that the Russian vogue for the worst
kind of decadent fiction has passed away, that the porn-
ographic orgy which succeeded the twentieth-century
Time of Troubles is but an unpleasant memory. One
concludes at any rate, that the approaching Hun,
prophetically invoked by Valery Brussof, will wage
destruction, for once in a way, where destruction would
really be a boon. Far from triumphant, Ham will soon
be vanquished.

To a wise publisher, solicitous for the progress of Anglo-
Russian relations, a word should suffice. If only the
Sanin of Turgenef had remained the sole representative
of that particular ilk ! Let the publisher exercise dis-
cretion in his selection from Kuprin; let him remember
that Sayitsef should be accorded a preference over
Kamensky, who requires cautious handling, and let him
allow the vernacular Kouzmin to languish, taboo.

There is scope enough in the field of the classics to keep
translators busy for a generation. Considering the


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attention that has been given to Dostoevsky and neglect of Gogol amounts to a phenomenon.

Like Griboedof, his precursor, whose immortal comedy of being too clever was issued last year by Mr. Nutt, he is represented in translation by his dramatic masterpiece, "The Inspector-General." But why has the British translator held aloof from the "Evenings on a Farm near Dikanka," and why have we been made to wait so long for "Mirgorod"? The Londoner, instead of puzzling out the plot of Rimsky-Korsakov's "A Night in May," might, in happier circumstances, have been so familiar with Gogol's story that the "cuts," administered by our operatic caterers to every work, long or short, would have exasperated, but would have failed to mystify him. The concert-goer is pleased with Moussorgsky's very popular "Gopak," but he ought to have been in a position to hail it as a welcome splash of local colour, the one thing lacking in Roudy Panko's vivid description of a summer's day in Little Russia. Why were the "Arabesques" passed over, and that incomparable item of nasal lore, "the Wandering Nose"? A public worthy of a translation of Maupassant's "Necklace" might surely have been given "The Great-Coat" of Gogol!

Again, there is Ostrovsky. In the Edinburgh Review of July 1868, "The Storm" is mentioned as the most powerful of all his plays. It has been translated by the uninitiating Mrs. Garnett, but in a prefatory note Mr. Gosse favors us with the "people who like 'farceial comedy' and social melodrama, and 'musical sketches' will find 'The Storm' deep, forbidding, and gloomy." Has "The Storm" ever been staged in London? Seemingly, the managers were frightened by Mr. Gosse's forebodings. Why, oh why, Mr. Gosse, did you not say that "The Storm" is the Epic of the Mother-in-law?

"The Great-Coat" of Gogol!}

Sappho was born in the island of Lesbos about 612 B.C. Her name in her own language is "Psappha." She was a contemporary of Sappho's poems. In addition to the fragments given here there are extant about another hundred very short fragments, sometimes of one or two words only, and the "Song of the Nereids." The bibliography of Sappho is the best modern work. There are also excellent modern versions and exegeses in French, German, and Italian.

POEMS AND FRAGMENTS OF SAPPHO

Translated by Edward Storer

Sappho was born in the island of Lesbos about 612 B.C. Her name in her own language is "Psappha." She was a contemporary of Alkaios and Stesichoros. At some period of her life she was exiled from Lesbos. An inscription in the Parians Chronicles says: "When Aristokles reigned over the Athenians Sappho Bed from Mitylene and sailed to Sicily."

But it is through her own poems that we see most clearly into the beauty and tragedy of her life. She is there revealed to us as a woman of ardent nature, noble, delicate-minded, and fond of pleasure. That her poems were chiefly love-poems, and love-poems written to women, is clear even from the mutilated fragments which remain. Any other explanation destroys at once their art and their reality. Yet sedulous hypocrites are to be found to-day who will wilfully mistranslate and misconstrue in order to envelope the manners of antiquity in a retrospective and most absurd respectability.

The grammarians of the old world say there were nine books of Sappho's poems. In addition to the fragments given here there are extant about another hundred very short fragments, sometimes of one or two words only, and the "Song of the Nereids." The bibliography of Sappho is the best modern work. There are also excellent modern versions and exegeses in French, German, and Italian.

LOVE POEMS AND FRAGMENTS

I

THE ODE TO APHRODITE

RICHLY-THRONED goddess, O deathless Aphrodite,
Daughter of Zeus, subtle and sacred one,
Breathe not my spirit down with too much suffering.

But rather come to me as sometimes you have come,
When my fair prayer has reached your divine presence,
And you have left for me your father's golden house,
Drawn in your chariot shimmering like the dawn;
Your fair fleet sparrows to herald you, whose wings,
Luminous still with the glory of heaven, have flashed
Radiance over earth. Then you have asked me,
How fared my eager heart and all its strong hopes,
How by my side you wove many garlands of violets and
Delicate necklaces, how many a flask of the finest myrrh
Such as a king might use you poured on your body,
Hither her thoughts to us and to that beautiful life
Far away in Sardis, but she often turns
To ATTHIS AT SARDIS

Atthis, whom we both love, Musasidak, dwells
Far away in Sardis, but she often turns
Hither her thoughts to us and to that beautiful life
We lived together when she looked on you,
As on some far-famed goddess and
Delighted in your songs especially.
But now among the Lydian women she
Shines as sometimes the rosy-fingered moon
Shines after dark above the stars and pours
Over salt sea and myriad-flowered earth her light,
While the fair dew is shed upon the roses and
Delicate anthisks and the blossoming melilote.

How many restless thoughts recall to me
The sterile Atthis and I long for the slender one.
Sadness devours my soul. From far there comes to us
The sound of her sharp cry, and it is not
Unheard, for night the many-eared carries it
To us across the sea that flows between.

IV
The moon has set and the Pleiades
Have gone.
It is midnight; the hours pass; and I
Sleep alone.

V
The Cups of Gold
Come, O Kyprian goddess, come with
delicate rare fingers, mix the
Radiant nectar in the cups of
Gold.

VI
To Anactoria
(According to tradition)
He seems like a god to me the man who is near you,
Listening to your sweet voice and exquisite laughter
That makes my heart so wildly beat in my breast.
If I but see you for a moment, then all my words
Leave me, my tongue is broken and a sudden fire
Creeps through my blood. No longer can I see.
My ears are full of noise. In all my body I
Shudder and sweat. I am pale as the sun-scorched
Grass. In my fury I seem like a dead woman,
But I would dare . . .

VII
The Marsh Lily
"Sappho, if you are content to remain there no more
will I
Love you. O rise and shine out upon us. Set free
Your glorious strength from your bed, and then, casting
off
Your Chian robe, wash yourself like the marsh lily by
The bank of the river. And Kleis will hand to you
From your press a saffron robe and a peplum of purple."

VIII
So you hate me now, Atthis, and
Turn towards Andromeda.

IX
I know that never again will
Look upon the sunlight
So wise a maid as you.

X
Who is this country girl with
Clumsy ankles and rough dresses that
Draws you towards her?

XI
Never was prouder
Maid than Erinna.

XII
Love shakes my soul.
So do the oak-trees on the mountain
Shake in the wind.

XIII
Unless it be you love
Another than me.

XIV
O my youth, my youth, who has you now?
I shall never know you again.
CUBIMPRESSIONISM AND AFTER

BY HUNTLEY CARTER

The subject of Mr. A. J. Eddy's book, "Cubists and Post-Impressionism," is so full of matter that I find a column short.
UNE FEMME EST UN ÉTAT DE NOTRE ÂME

Peace

What is her life like? Christina's life, whom her aunts call Christa, and who has eyes like the crucified? What is her life like? Tell me!

First, she wakes up, pushes back her light brown hair, goes to the washstand which smells of scented soap and tooth-paste, dips her charming face into the tepid water, soaps herself, washes the soap off and dries herself. And so on.

Then breakfast. A trifle weary, she sits there resting from her rest. Forever the same cups, the same embroidered cloth, the same smell of tea. A comfortable well-ordered, smoothly running mechanism, this morning life.

Then she goes here and there, takes a clean handkerchief, looks at it, to see that it has no holes, takes her little gold watch up carefully, opens and shuts boxes, thinking, "What beautiful things I have..." tides a few things, puts them together or spreads them out. She carries her beloved flower-pots outside, herself, treating them as though they were little children, handling them gently, with loving care, and cutting off a faded leaf—no not quite faded, but still a trifle dried up—it will no longer be able to suck up water, and yet, it takes some away from the others. She then blows into the dough which has been left to rise and looks at it. All in order she thinks. So the morning goes by.

Doors are perpetually opening and shutting and everything looks as though it never would be straight. But all at once, everything is bright and clean and you would never know that there had been a long stuffy night.

The flower-pots are again standing in front of the plate-glass window and look as though there had been a warm summer shower.

Everything breathes out freshness and health. This mood has been going on for thousands of days. Always this healthy, fresh orderliness. What time is it? How will the time pass till midday? It does pass.

Then you sit in your place and take the cool table-napkin. Lovingly the father looks at his little daughter. It is like a rest to his eyes, from a life which weighs on him.

This has gone on for thousands of days. It is like the watering of the flowers and the sunlight in the room which has been put in order.

If it were not so Christine—?

But it is! it is! And as certain as the night that follows day.

There is a little talk—there is silence. What news is there? Somebody has been here, and she has been to see some one else.

Always the same smell in the dining-room after meals. The father drinks his coffee and you can see that he is looking fairly well. In the summer, she advises him to marry a gardener. Flowers at Christmas, flowers on your birthday. And all white. Coloured ones are much more beautiful. I grant you that in the air of a room—

"What do you mean by the air of a room?"

"Why? What do I mean? Besides aunt Mary said that of all the "ideas fixes" of the mind, looking after flowers was the most practicable. How strangely she expresses herself at times!"

"Good-night, father." "Sleep well, my child." And again she goes to the washstand which smells of soap and tooth-paste.

Into the cool bed with its warm coverings. Turn out the lights!

The machinery of the day is at an end.

His First Visit

He walked slowly up and down in the little drawing-room with the green plants and the silk cushions. When Christa came in, he was quite calm, even nonchalant. As though he were in possession of a quite short but quite certain happiness.

"Are you there—you—you—you...!" is the greeting of his heart. But not is it a question of saying something, Monsieur, of making a little conversation. How far should we get with the language of the heart?

He had thought it out—a whole scene, like a dramatist: "I sit in a low armchair. She leans for a little against the window, trips up and down, and I impress on my brain each of her charming gentle movements. Then I say, 'This has been the most beautiful hour of my life.' She doesn't understand this at all. 'It has been very pleasant,' thinks she. So I picture the visit to myself, quite simply. What should hinder it from being carried out like this?"

The imaginary story was enacted. Of course, like all stories, with little shades and variations. Christa was wearing a brooch representing a girl under a laurel tree, a bas-relief, modelled in dull grey silver.

"It is like one of Oscar Roth's, of Paris," said the man.

So sing the poets, who are so infinitely far from us—like the stars.

Supper. There is talk—then silence. What news is there?

"Aunt Mary has been here. She thinks Christa is looking fairly well. In the summer, she advises us..."

"They say Goluchowsky the Minister was at the theatre yesterday. Did you see him?"

"No—what a pity. It would have interested me."

"Foreign Affairs. You ought to have known that. What are you thinking about? Novels?"

"The way Christa goes on with those flowers of hers! You ought to marry a gardener, Christa. Flowers at Christmas, flowers on your birthday. And all white. Coloured ones are much more beautiful. I grant you that in the air of a room—"

"What do you mean by the air of a room?"

"Why? What do I mean? Besides aunt Mary said that of all the "ideas fixes" of the mind, looking after flowers was the most practicable. How strangely she expresses herself at times!"

"Good-night, father." "Sleep well, my child." And again she goes to the washstand which smells of soap and tooth-paste.

Into the cool bed with its warm coverings. Turn out the lights!

The machinery of the day is at an end.
“I am very fond of it. Why I don’t know.
“What kind of tree is that ?
“A laurel tree. That combination of the tree of fame with the gentle soul of a woman ...
”

This delicate little work of art gave him the impetus to raise himself by the strong beat of his wings, into the realm of beauty.

Christa spread out her fine delicate wings and flew with him at a respectful distance.

She became quite rosy with flying.

“Where is he carrying me off to . . . ?” thought she.

Suddenly he let himself down and looked into her sweet eyes.

She closed her delicate wings together and came down again to earth, saying: “But now you must go.”

“It has been the most beautiful hour of my life,” said he as in the story. “It has been very pleasant,” thinks she, “like a little journey into the studio of Oscar Rothy in Paris.

I wonder if the brooch is really by him ? ”

The young man slowly leaves the little drawing-room with the green plants and the silk cushions.

“My brooch is a little work of art,” says Christa in the evening, at supper.

“You see it is by Rothy of Paris,” says her father.

“Oh—” says the girl and feels quite embarrassed.

As though he were standing in that quiet house and announcing “Like one of Rothy’s of Paris !”

His Poem (after an illness of Christa’s).

THE CONVALESCENT

Poor child, how much she has suffered.

Fain would she live and knows not how.

And so she goes on living away

Quiet and healthy, serene and gay.

In her eyes there lurks a shadow of pain.

Like the half-dried tear of a child:

Quiet and healthy, serene and gay.

And so she goes on living away,

--

THE EGOIST

October 1, 1915

THE GHOSTS OF AN OLD HOUSE

By John Gould Fletcher

(Continued)

OLD NURSERY, NOW MY BEDROOM

I

The air has a dusty taste:

Spider threads cling to my face,

From the broad pine-beams.

There is nothing living here,

The house below might be quite empty,

No sound comes from it.

The old broken trunks and boxes,

Cracked and dusty pictures,

Legless chairs and shattered tables,

Seem to be crying

Softly in the stillness

Because no one has brushed them.

No one has any use for them, now,

Yet I often wonder

If these things are really dead:

If the old trunks never open

Letting out grey flapping things at twilight?

If it is all as safe and dull

As it seems?

Why then is the stair so steep,

Why is the doorway always locked,

Why does nobody ever come?

THE CALENDAR IN THE ATTIC

I wonder how long it has been

Since this old calendar hung here,

With my birthday date upon it

Nothing else—not a word of writing—

Not a mark of any hand.

Perhaps it was my father

Who left it thus

For me to see.

Perhaps my mother

Smiled as she saw it:

But in later years did not smile.

If I could tear it down

From the wall

Somehow

I would be content.

But I am afraid, as a little child, to touch it.

THE HOOPSKIRT

In the night when all are sleeping,

Up here a tiny old dame comes tripping,

Looking for her lost hoopskirt.

My great-grand-aunt—I never saw her—

Her ghost doesn’t know me from another,

She stalks up the attic stairs angrily.

The dust sets her sneezing and coughing.

By the trunk she is limping and hopping,

But alas—the trunk is locked.

---

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The dust sets her sneezing and coughing.

By the trunk she is limping and hopping,

But alas—the trunk is locked.
What’s an old dame to do anyway,  
Must stay in a mouldy grave day by day,  
Or go to heaven out of style.

In the night when all are snoring,  
The old lady makes a dreadful clatter,  
Going down the attic stairs.

What was that? A ghost or a burglar?  
Oh, it was only the wind in the chimney,  
Yes, and the attic door that slammed.

THE YARDSTICK

Yardstick that measured out so many miles of cloth.  
Yardstick that covered me,  
I wonder do you hop of nights  
Out to the still hill-cemetery,  
And up and down go measuring  
A clayey grave for me?

THE LITTLE CHAIR

I know not why, when I saw the little chair,  
I suddenly desired to sit in it.  
I know not why, when I sat in the little chair,  
Everything changed, and life came back to me.

I am convinced no one at all has grown up in the house,  
The break that I dreamed, itself was a dream and is broken.

I will sit in the little chair and wait,  
Till the others come looking after me.

And if it is after nightfall they will come,  
So much the better.

For the little chair holds me as tightly as death;  
And rocking in it, I can hear it whisper strange things.

IN THE DARK CORNER

I brush the dust from this old portrait:  
Yes, it is the same face, exactly,  
Why does it look at me still with such a look of hate?

I brush the dust from a heap of magazines;  
Here there is all what you have written,  
All that you struggled long years and went down to darkness for.

Oh God, to think what I am writing  
Will be ever as this!

Oh God, to think that my own face  
May some day glare from this dust!

THE THREE OAKS

There are three ancient oaks,  
That grow near to each other.

They lift their branches  
High, as beckoning,  
With outstretched arms,  
For some one to come and stand  
Under the canopy of their leaves.

Once long ago I remember  
As I lay in the very centre,  
Between them;  
A rotten branch suddenly fell  
Near to me.

I will not go back to those oaks:  
Their branches are too black for my liking.

AN OAK

Hoar mistletoe  
Hangs in clumps  
To the twisted boughs  
Of this lonely tree.

Beneath its roots I often thought treasure was buried:  
For the roots had enclosed a circle.

But when I dig beneath them,  
I could only find great black ants  
That attacked my hands.

When at night I have the nightmare,  
I always see the eyes of ants  
Swarming from a mouldering box of gold.

ANOTHER OAK

Poison ivy crawls at its root,  
I dare not approach it,  
It has an air of hate.

One would say a man had been hanged to its branches,  
It holds them in such a way.

The moon gets tangled in it,  
A distant steeple seems to bark  
From its belfry to the sky.

Something that no one ever loved,  
Is buried here:  
Some grey shape of deadly hate,  
Crawls on the back fence just beyond.

Now I remember—once I went  
Out by the night too near this oak,  
And a red cat suddenly leapt  
From the dark and clawed my face.

(Two poems continued)

TO A STEAM ROLLER

The illustration  
Is nothing to you without the application.  
You lack half wit. You crush all the particles down  
Into close conformity, and then walk back and forth on them.

Sparkling chips of rock  
Are crushed down to the level of the parent block.  
Wore not " impersonal judgment in aesthetic Matters, a metaphysical impossibility," you might fairly achieve  
It. As for butterflies, I can hardly conceive  
Of one’s attending upon you, but to question  
The congruence of the complement is vain, if it exists.

DILIGENCE IS TO MAGIC  
AS PROGRESS IS TO FLIGHT

With an elephant to ride upon—" with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes,"  
She shall outdistance calamity anywhere she goes.  
Speed is not in her mind inseparable from carpets.  
Locomotion arose  
In the shape of an elephant, she clambered up and chose  
To travel laboriously. So far as magic carpets are concerned, she knows  
That although the semblance of speed may attach to scarecrows  
Of aesthetic procedure, the substance of it is embodied  
In such of those tough-grained animals as have outstripped man’s whim to suppose  
Them ephemera, and have earned that fruit of their ability to endure blows,  
Which dubs them prosaic necessities—not curios.

MARIANNE MOORE.
"DER STURM"
By Alec W. G. Randall

THOSE who believe that Art, like Religion, should be international, will be glad to know that certain periodicals and certain groups of young artists and poets in Germany and Austria have steadily refused to submerge themselves in the welter of chauvinism which seems to have covered the Central Empires—and not those alone. The older generation of writers and artists seems at least to have acquiesced in a large measure; Richard Dehmel is apparently writing one war poem per day; Richard Strauss intends out-Wagnering Wagner in a grand new Kaiser-marsch. But even among the established writers, the classics, so to speak, there are remarkable exceptions; Arthur Schnitzler has appealed to reason against Lissauer's Hymn of Hate, and Stefan Georg's periodical, Blätter für die Kunst has resolved on a noble indifference to the European madness. Other periodicals adopting this policy are Die Weissen Blätter and Der Sturm. The first is a paper run by young artists and poets; the second is more distinctively an advanced art periodical, though its literary contents are by no means insignificant. Most people are familiar with its Cubist or Futurist front page. It corresponds, I suppose, to the Egoist in London and Les Soirées de Paris in Paris. Artists like Kandinsky and Severini have contributed to it; Guillaume Apollinaire has written criticism for it; Réne Schickele, one of the best known of the younger poets of Germany, has published several poems in Der Sturm. Here is one of them—a little model of simplicity and for that reason hard to render.

PRAISE OF MY LOVER (LOBSPEECH)
How shall I know
Whether it is you
I love most?
And yet I am sure
It is you
Who gives me most joy.
Gladness comes
From pure strength;
It is kindled in my very blood.
Then what maturity you have—
Your skin, your hair.
The very sound of your step.

LAURENT TAILHADE
By Richard Aldington

THERE are reasons for presuming that the poetry of M. Laurent Tailhade will not be widely read in England; he is a satirist; his work is not vast in bulk. The French and English critics who write upon French poetry are usually of the opinion that the only French poets of great importance are those who have written either what they consider to be decadent and sensual, or what they consider to be serious, and therefore of great importance. The English suspicion of satire prevents its proper appreciation. We may commend the mild scoldings of Swift and Pope, but satire in its real sense is entirely lost to the more emotionalized Latins.

The power of M. Laurent Tailhade is his Latin quality. He may elect Aristophanes as his master—his great book is called "Poèmes Aristophanesques"—but his true kin is Catullus and Martial, the fierce Latin epigrammatists, whose works lack neither bitterness, disdain, nor obscenity. Rabelais is the true follower of Aristophanes. Aristophanes is diffuse, turgid, Cyclopean; and so is Rabelais. Catullus and Martial are concentrated, clear, orderly; and so is M. Laurent Tailhade. He delights in formal accented verse, in artificial metrical constructions, like the ballade and the sonnet. His language, like that of Villon, is abusive and topical, but is used with Villon's sparseness and clarity. Perhaps Villon and Verlaine of all French writers have influenced him most. For them there was no playing with hatreds or loves; they are not of those "who were neither rebels nor yet of God's side, but for themselves alone"; they saw things clearly and made their choice—erroneously perhaps—but made it, and M. Tailhade is with them in this. He knows his likes and his dislikes perfectly well; he is not in the least afraid to voice his hatreds, and his speech is violent and direct. He calls it a fool a fool, and if metrical exigencies permit he adds an opprobrious adjective. This forbidding prelude is intended as some sort of a preparation for the "Poèmes Aristophanesques," and not as a warning against them. It also means that I regard M. Tailhade's "Poèmes Aristophanesques" as by far the most valuable part of his work. The "Poèmes Élégiques," beautiful as some of them are, I omit as not of vital interest to English readers. The latter poems are valuable to those deeply interested in the Symboliste movement; but it was the "Poèmes Aristophanesques"—and especially that section entitled "Au Pays du Mufle"—which inspired a great living Frenchman to write that M. Tailhade is one of the truest glories of contemporary French literature. Naturally it is not easy to present such an author adequately and agreeably, the more so since the difficulty of the French necessitates a close study on the part of the foreigner.

The next poem is from a less-known poet, Paul Bommersheim:

POEM
The fog draws closer and closer,
Its walls grow and overshadow the world,
Heavily.
And the armies of it creep up nearer and nearer,
The last grey branches fall and disappear,
The world sinks slowly away from us,
Leaf . . . by . . . leaf.

And now we are alone—in solitary space.
This is the hour of the great discovery.
We come closer and closer together,
And we hold one another by fiery hands,
Glowing like stars.
The "Poèmes Aristophanesques" are divided into several sections, with characteristic titles, like "In the Land of the Mugs (Mufle)," "Eighteen Familiar Ballades to Exasperate the Mugs," "Certain Variations to Dazzle Divers Folk," "Le Mufle," "the Mugs," the bourgeois, are M. Tailhade's chief butt, though he uses literary and political satire with the same freedom. In his "Ballade Prémonitoire," set at the head of his book, he invokes his quatorzaines and his ballade, saying:

Vous effacez le Mufle ivre de cant; 
Ce que j'écris n'est pas pour ces charognes.

The English slang word "cant" will explain best to English readers the nature of the qualities which most arouse M. Tailhade's wrath.

Nearly every one of the poems in "Au Pays du Mufle" is a chef-d'œuvre of irony and scorn, sometimes frivolous, sometimes merely contemptuous, but always effective. Take the first:

Si tu veux, prenons un fiacre
Vert comme un chant de hautbois.
Nous ferons le simulacre
Des gens enf ("bloods") qui vont au Bois.

Les taillais sont pleins de sources
Frâchés sous les parasols;
Viens! nous risquerons aux courses
Quelques pièces de cent sols (sous).

Allo! nous en! L'Ombre est douce,
Le ciel est bleu; "la mousse
Polyte (the "johnnies") mâche du veau. &c.

Apart from the admirable foiling of the poem by itself, it is a most amusing parody of Victor Hugo's "Un peu de Musique":

Si tu veux, faisons un rêve.
Montons sur deux palefrois;
Tu m'emmènes, je t'enlève.
L'oiseau chante dans les bois. &c.

After Hugo's pompous romanticism this blague of Tailhade's is extraordinarily ludicrous. And even Gautier is not spared. We all can remember "Les Arthurs qui vont au bois" in the poem about the obelisk. "Si tu veux, prenons un fiacre"—I suppose this would be called a "quartier" song; at any rate, it has most of the impudence and gaiety which are considered the exclusive possession of the "students."

You have seen M. Tailhade satirizing the gens urf by imitating them; in "Vendredi-Saint" we have an ironic picture of the stupid, and the hypocritical religious:

Trop de merluche et des lentilles copieuses—
Seule réfection tolérée aux croyants—
La constipation des personnes pieuses.

You have seen M. Tailhade satirizing the gens urf by imitating them; in "Vendredi-Saint" we have an ironic picture of the stupid, and the hypocritical religious:

Trop de merluche et des lentilles copieuses—
Seule réfection tolérée aux croyants—
La constipation des personnes pieuses.

And so on—the hooded nuns getting into the omnibuses, the mournful air of the shops, the fat curates and the hearty little boys going to Sunday School, and—last irony of all—before these people who do not detect its irony a man is putting up an enormous poster:

Concert spirituel à Tivoli Vaux-Hall.

Thousands of pleasant people in Paris have endured the horrors of "Vendredi-Saint," and probably thousands have rebelled, but M. Laurent Tailhade was needed to fix the mood for ever in fourteen contemptuous lines.

A superficial glance at these poems may send a reader away faintly annoyed with their writer, but the closer one studies them the more apparent are M. Tailhade's satiric ability and Latin concentration of disdain, his fine injustice. "Pécuchet tient la mappemonde," says he somewhere, and privately determines that even if Pécuchet does keep the map of the world he shall be shown up as the ridiculous, canting, pretentious person that he is. This bourgeois age—how some of us write beneath its vulgarity, daily afflicted with its nauseous pretensions, its "popular preachers," its "books for the billion," its degrading morale. We live in a time—perhaps not so much worse than other times, but with everything on so much larger a scale—when nothing is desired except the stupid sensualities, which masquerade as "improvements" or "comfort." And more than the age of Tiberius, more than that of when the age needs to be told unpolitely and unpleasantly of its loathsome qualities. M. Tailhade has begun this task, which others must finish; he has mocked in fierce or obscene phrases the character of the omnipotent bourgeois; he has told him emphatically just how small an animal he is. And who will wonder that the omnipotent bourgeois does not praise the works of M. Tailhade, will not, probably, open to him the door above which is written, "Aux grands hommes la Patrie reconnaissante," and tosses him aside with a "what-a-wicked-man" sort of expression.

M. Tailhade is not sectarian in his denunciations. In "Vendredi-Saint" he derides the cant of the church; in "Sur Champ d'Or" he is just as wroth—not wroth, infinitely amused—with the ridiculous atheism of the small shopkeeper and his class.

Certes, Monsieur Benoist approuve les gens qui
Ont lu Voltaire et sont aux Jésuites adverses.
Il pense. Il est joine (apt) aux longues controverses. Il déprime le moine et le thériaque.

Même il futateur d'une Loge Ecossaise.

Il pense: there is a long journey among books to travel before finding another example of such swift irony. And the erudite Monsieur Benoist, who "thinks" so originally, who permits—he is so broad-minded—his daughter to communicate! But then "sa legetime croit en Dieu," and there is wine at eighty centimes the litre to be drunk in commemoration of this august event.

Or Benoist, qui s'émeche et tourne au calotin,
Mérite quelque plaisir d'avoir vu, c'est matin,
L'hymen du Fils Unique et de sa "demoiselle,"

This poem is quoted in "Le Livre des Masques," with the remark that it deserves to be learnt by heart; it has a deadly raillery for the uneducated "atheist" who has not the courage of his doubt when it comes to the test of traversing conventions.

In every one of the poems in "Au Pays du Mufle" some sotte, some "cant" is pilloried, or some ignorant pretension exposed. Though the characters are essen-
tially particular and metropolitan, the types to which they belong are as universal as the bourgeois "civilization" which touches every part of the world.

M. Tailhade's political and literary satire is somewhat more special. The poems on L'Affaire Dreyfus are a little confusing to anyone but a Frenchman, but the literary allusions are taken or not. In "Candidats" contains some verses which are amusing enough, whether the forces which we must either destroy or perish. ... As yet, however, struggles the twelfth hour of the night.

STEPHEN GRAHAM.

We do not think we have ever read anything to equal it even in Italian. (Supremest culture.)

But a poem carries transports. ... (We commend this discovery to H.M. War Office.)

Just as we were, to have left enough, and, curiously, to have discarded enough, is the proof of Mr. Faber's art.

They surrender that indefinable thing, personality, that inexplicable thing, poetry.

It is always tempting to confront the past with the present.

For Attila and Wilhelm, any pretext might serve for war. ... Aetius and Joffre alike for the moment were too subtle to guess the brute simplicity of the hostile design. ...

... the Visigoths, even as the Americans of to-day ...

In the field of biography many notable memoirs ...

The religious aspect of the war ...

... the land of Holmes and Lowell and of Emerson himself. ...

... so rich and fruitful a mind as that of Mr. Glover ...

As a poet should, she reports visions. ... But she is, perhaps, happiest when her thought is most clear cut, as in the fancy beginning Like a swallow seems my Love, Thus would I her semblance pru.

(THIS is but a meagre choice; many rare and fragrant fruits of style and thought remain to be culled from this, &c, &c, &c.)

APLANTYV3LAI3D

WHEN Sappho sang "In the Isles of Greece," when Byrons founded a new free verse, and Pindarus spun his golden fleece Of words that were golden and keen and terse; What said the critics—race perverse— "These fellows have no more bones than a squid, The race of poets grows worse and worse: Why don't they write as Homer did?"

Virgil snivelled of delicate bees— That was great, for it filled his purse— But the world grew sick with a strange disease Which the Christians claimed they were sent to disperse; They invented rhymes and rhythms diverse, In queek aerostics their God they hid: Quoth the critics: "Poetry's on its hearse, Why in hell don't they write as Virgil did?"
The devil take 'em, gabbling geese,
Plague 'em with boils and bees and fleas,
To see what the Ego really is. She persists in restricting the name to an individual organism only. She steadfastly refuses to realize what the Ego really is. She insists on calling it simply the instinctive expression of the will of a group towards any desired end that the ego does, viz. the "will to power". The word "ego" is simply the instinctive expression of the will of a group towards any desired end that the individual ego does, viz. love, friendship, self-satisfaction, etc. The "will to power" is simply the will toward any desired end that the individual ego does, viz. love, friendship, self-satisfaction, etc.

Richard Aldington

TO ALEXANDER BERKMAN

You are an anarchist, you say.
You repudiate government.
What is government?
The will of the most powerful social ego.
To a desired end.

What is man-made law?
The means of this social ego.
To this desired end.

What is anarchism?
The will of a social ego.
To a desired end.

Anarchy is government.
When such social ego becomes the most powerful social ego.
And attains this end.

Anarchy is government—man-made law, tyranny.
While repudiating government, man-made law, tyranny.

You are an anarchist, you say?

Alice Groff

CORRESPONDENCE

"THE WILL TO WILL"

To the Editor, The Egoist.

Madam,—I cannot fail to be gratified that Miss Marsden in her editorial "The Gentle Art of Appreciation," brings her philosophy almost to the point of madness, as set forth most briefly in my letters to THE EGOIST ("An Epidemiology of Law," March 2, 1914; "Miss Marsden and Anarchism," October 15, 1914; "The Egoist's Employment of Words," January 1, 1915, and "Miss Marsden on the "Will to Power," March 1, 1915). Miss Marsden strips the philosophy of Nietzsche of its sophistry by showing that the "will to power" is not a phenomenon which can magnetize the vital power first to attention, then to action, but is an auxiliary by which the ego, in whatever scale of life it exists, uses the means which can magnetize the vital power to action, as it is on the individual scale.

The "will to power" is simply the instinctive expression of the will of a group towards any desired end that the individual ego does, viz. love, friendship, self-satisfaction, etc.

I agree with Miss Marsden that the writing of "the winged words" (as she calls them) is as important as any other writing, but I protest against her calling them "words in the power of letters to dissolve the self (my own self being quite insubstantial in her words), and to object to her using them in any sense she pleases, provided she tells me what those senses are (at least as long as there are not inexpert disputed words left to do it with). Therefore I accept her as a "word-wielder," and I protest against her using words denoting a thought of Miss Marsden's about the habits of an indefinite number of undefined persons, for the sake of sensation, the new thing, pleasure, etc., for the exercise of all of these is perfectly legitimate on the social scale as it is on the individual scale.

Alice Groff

A CORRECTION

To the Editor, The Egoist.

Madam.—Miss Marsden often reminds me of Rousseau and his Central Social. She has the same habit of personifying abstractions and then telling stories about them as historic facts. "The Appreciation Syndrome is extremely intelligent," and she relates it as if it was a poodle, whereas it is only two words denoting a thought of Miss Marsden's about the habits of an indefinite number of undefined persons. Hence physical force, flattery, nagging, charm, love, are all only different forms of governing—dominating others, in our "will toward will," for the sake of sensation, the new thing, pleasure, etc. The exercise of all of these is perfectly legitimate on the social scale as it is on the individual scale.

C. M.

W.O.R.D.—W.O.R.D. WORSHIP AND COMPULSION

To the Editor, The Egoist.

Madam.—Miss Marsden often reminds me of Rousseau and his Central Social. She has the same habit of personifying abstractions and then telling stories about them as historic facts. "The Appreciation Syndrome is extremely intelligent," and she relates it as if it was a poodle, whereas it is only two words denoting a thought of Miss Marsden's about the habits of an indefinite number of undefined persons. Hence physical force, flattery, nagging, charm, love, are all only different forms of governing—dominating others, in our "will toward will," for the sake of sensation, the new thing, pleasure, etc. The exercise of all of these is perfectly legitimate on the social scale as it is on the individual scale.

Alice Groff

To the Editor, The Egoist.

Madam.—The point seems immaterial on the face of it, in reality it is one of many common errors for which a nation has long suffered and continues to suffer: would Mr. Montagu-Nathan bear in mind that Nihilism is a Polish and Aryan name and should, therefore, not be spelt with a final "y."
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