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VIEWS AND COMMENTS

AN enthusiastic chemical research student was explaining to me the other day how a School of Chemistry justifiably falls into disrepute when it shows itself willing to allow its activities to be affected by demands and problems immediately arising out of the world of commerce. To a mild question as to whether chemical inquiry so inspired might not be as fruitful in results as any arrived at along the path of "general" inquiry my enthusiast answered, "No." The two fields, though they overlapped at points, were quite distinct—their animating interest poles apart, and to identify them was to do damage to the first interests of both. The chemical discoveries by which commercial enterprise had been most effected had been by-products of general inquiry, rich drops from a broad stream whose own richness was the precondition of the droppings being what they were. Moreover, commercial undertakings can, and do, employ their own research-workers to pick up and glean for their own special interests; which is as should be: direct means adapted to set ends: purposes reputable in their own sphere appropriately subserved. But it was not appropriate that the activities of a School of Chemistry should be diverted into the service of any or all of such immediate ends. It has its own ends to serve: to assuage and whet afresh an everlasting curiosity in the "What" and "How" and "WHY" of things, and its highest utility lies in serving that. Its soul is curiosity and its reward Knowledge and an intenser curiosity and a deeper interest. Its end is never to arrive at an end: never to rest on achievements sufficiently long to exploit them commercially—which length of time as it seems is just coincident with that required to wean interest from science to profits. So that while each scientist is more than scientist and has purposes which are immediate ends—even money-making—in so far as curiosity about the behaviour of substances is a Master-passion, it must remain jealously separate from, and alien in spirit to, the common spirit bent on "making good" commercially: jealous just because it is rare while the commercial spirit is everywhere. Only in this and that sheltered valley to which other kinds of interest have retired in order to survive does another kind of spirit

dominate. And there—just because it is rare—it is forbidden to the baser kind to be frail; if it is to survive, it must there remain dominant. Hence, it is an ominous sign for science when scientists are found ready to embroil the cool critical spirit of research in the feverish scramble after profits: even honest profits. . . . Thus my scientific friend, who seemed to have the argument fluent enough. And it had a not unconvincing sound, particularly to one who did not know what there is to be known of the history of science. But it must be confessed that it was not the force of the remarks as applied to chemistry which made the arguments impressive. It was not even the irony of the commentary it suggests, that only because some men have interests about which they care more than about money do the interests which inspire other men to care more about money than about anything else achieve existence. It was rather when this story about chemistry and profits suggested an analogy between philosophy and journalism that it suddenly became sufficiently alive to seem worth transcribing here.

* * * *

Life is only bankrupt when keeping on living does not seem worth the effort it entails. The fear of death or the horror of an imminent prospect of death do not come on the same level for comparison with a distaste for life: indeed the sole factor which invests these former with their element of tragedy is the assumption that they exist in conjunction with an ardent love of life. That millions of lives are being brought daily face to face with death does not therefore really affect the instinct of those who continue to live in comparative safety to be at pains to make their life pay its way in satisfactions. That which made life valuable before the war, if it be possible to preserve it during the war, is more than ever worth the preserving. To allow one's attention to become ensnared in affairs which are all made up of action and yet to occupy the rôle of the "inactive," begets a weariness of its own quite apart from any sense of depression which might arise out of the affairs themselves; so that to attempt to maintain the pleasures which still remain at their full quality

becomes a service for the "inactive" eminently "worthy." If one were commander-in-chief or a modest private one would assuredly win the war, but being neither, nor yet anything between, attending to one's own business seems a reasonable preoccupation, while the steady obliteration of the dividing line between Journalism and Literature (Journalism and Philosophy: it is the same thing) is a task lying to hand; especially so, since it is by no means unlikely that a full recognition by the authorities of the disasters which this obliteration invites will not be a prerequisite of any successful dealing with the war: though, up to date, the process which before the war had gone far, since has merely become the more complete.

* * * *

Journalism is the interested persuasion, by means of literary forms, of the general public to back or ban such purposes as seem good to those at whose instigation the persuasive effort is set in motion. Those who sketch the plan which "persuasion" is to follow may engage and pay "journalists" who are better able than they to manipulate the forms: or they may have the means and talents to carry out their verbal plans themselves. The feature which makes journalism into journalism is—not that it is bought and sold—but that it is subsidiary to ends beyond itself. All journalism is "interested": the servant of an interest and purpose; of the needs of a passing day and the moods of a changing person. It exploits literary form to further some particular enterprise. It is not literature though it exploits literature: not philosophy though it exploits it. That the material in which it shapes itself and in the use of which the manipulators are adept happens to be language brings journalism as near to literature as ability to mix paint brings the house-painter to the artist; both are reputable craftsmen but different: both require some ability: both have recognized uses—at least the house-painter has: and both work in paint. What the difference between the two exploiters of paint is can perhaps best be shown by the difference in their attitudes towards the permanence of their work. The house-painter would feel more than depressed if he thought his effects likely to last for ever, or even for a lifetime; while the artist would give the study of a lifetime in order to lend a slightly added durability to his paint. The house-painter looks to the contents of his paint-pot to provide him with a job. He has nothing he values particularly to put into his painting; he spreads paint out under the direction of some one who wants a surface concealed by means of it. The artist out of his paint seeks to contrive a web which shall enmesh for all time some fact of feeling which he, at least, thinks worth holding in memory. The difference is that one is using a form as a contrivance to perpetuate something which he thinks valuable: the other is expressing what there is for him to express by flourishing the form itself. So with literature: literature is the transparent vase in which are preserved permanent features of the Human Mind. The desire to secure permanence for their work no matter how mistaken they may have been in the means they adopted to attain to it, is an essential characteristic of the writers of literature. Milton, for instance, deliberately selected the theological theme as a setting for his quota of observations about Man to men, on account of what he considered its strong promise of durability of interest. That probably it is this very choice which has made "Paradise Lost" and "Paradise Regained" unknown books save in their passages of strong human revelation merely proves how difficult it is to disguise fustian, and that "beliefs" and direct human observations do not come on the same level of durability. This distinction between journalism and literature once frankly recognized: literature being—as to form—that which is most favourable to permanence and as to substance an accretion of the growing stock of unravelled human motives; journalism being a subsidiary form, one amongst many turned to assist, as may be, a passing purpose and taking its character from the end it serves; this distinction once openly

recognized, the undue contempt which journalism receives becomes as meaningless as the contempt for house-painting, while it makes possible a more jealous care in fostering single-heartedness in literature. Journalism has received and earned contempt only because it has pretended to be inspired by the purpose which inspires literature, and so has courted judgment by standards intended for work which aspires to be judged as literature. Judged by such standards it is not possible for journalism or the journalist to escape condemnation. Inevitably, the journalist who merely does honestly what he is employed to do is written down a mean hack; whereas the *commis voyageur* who presses on his picked public his employer's Pills, Pianos, Shoddy Goods, Tinned Goods, what not, is a respectable person. The newspaper-proprietor is accounted a cunning defacer of "The Truth": a suborner of facile knaves to the detriment of the "Good of All"—that universal stalking-horse controversy—as compared on the other hand with the manufacturer, meat-merchant and the like, who are accounted the backbone of the community and embodiment of its free tradition. Yet each is bent on increasing his "influence," one in one market one in another: the medium at least of the journalist being more patent and obvious if his means are more subtle. What manner of man among you being in business and finding that his ambition—any one of the million ends upon which men do set their ambition—is furthered by a favourable Public Opinion would not set to work to influence that Opinion to the fullest extent he could? What maker of goods but sends out his agents to influence the market for them or company-promoter who fails to issue an attractive prospectus? This making of distinctions where none exist comes from confusing journalism with literature, and what journalists say with something which is called "Truth."

* * * *

The development of controversy as an instrument of attack and defence is the most complex and the most engaging achievement of the human mind, and the complex study which its buried springs and its devious ways and methods present constitutes the province of the philosopher. It is the scrutiny of the motives which keep the countless controversies moving: the language of purposes—journalism—which makes philosophy the most fascinating as well as the most important of human interests, given a taste and zeal for it. Yet this interest has little to show for itself. Perhaps because there is little demand for its products. It is not popular: there is too much journalism and too many interests to be displeased to make the digging-out of any save the more graceful half of human motives welcome. The other half—when they appear—are received not as Philosophy but as Diabolism: things which should never have found utterance. And its unpopularity apart, human motives make distracting material to work in, and most would-be philosophers—would-be genuine ones that is—fall victims to their own material. Setting out to study "controversialists" they are captured by this and that particular controversy. The main stream of their interests is swallowed up in their localized warfare and little is left for the study of Man, the controversial animal. The explorer finds it more profitable and even more entertaining to take up company-promoting than to continue searching for treasure. It is more profitable, and the world is so made that men must put themselves in touch with profits somewhere: and since explorers by nature are few and returns upon exploration are almost *nil*, it is not surprising that these "human" researchers all turn propagandists: become journalists: trim speech to a set purpose: and beat the big drum. For of the two purposes of speech—speech the instrument of Revelation and the instrument of Seduction—journalism in its main intention knows only one. Journalism is always persuasive and seductive. Though superficially it may seem at times to set itself to "reveal" when it gives "News": it will invariably be found that the "News" has been given that "turn" which best accommodates it with the journal's main interests.

Such "News" as is too difficult to be so turned promptly ceases to be "News"—and ceases to need chronicling. Journalism is indeed the skilled art of manipulating emphasis. The journalist is out to secure the adhesion of the people, and since the people accept that which is emphatically asserted and love the Strong Assertion and no less the maker of it, regulation of emphasis becomes his main business, and he learns how to let it fall just where it suits best the interest of those who employ him. If he can make himself conspicuous as a wielder of sufficiently strong emphasis he so wins the people's good will not only for the interest he furthers but also for himself. Popularity as well as profit and the excitement which comes of conflict is on the side of journalism: it is not strange that the journalist is nowhere to seek in any branch of "literature."

* * * *

Very obviously clear is it therefore that it is not that journalists consider literature "higher" and "better" than journalism that they slur the dividing line between the two. They do not any more than the millionaire who has made a fortune out of some scientific invention thinks that the scientist pottering about at a bench with test-tubes is anything more than a simple and probably rather silly fellow. In fact the majority would agree that most of literature is barely reputable and much of it heinous. Once thoroughly a journalist always a journalist: even when such a one believes himself to be writing literature. For evidence of which we only need observe the "propagandist" drama: the "propagandist" novel: the "propagandist" philosophy; and the "reporterist" poetry. "Propagandist" in terms of craftsmanship is just "journalistic." The Parson is clinching the "moral" of his sermon in the Philosophy, and the "Social Reformer" is dabbling the ornamentation on his speeches in the Drama and what not: tracts they are, all of them. Why then this growing obliteration? It is simply a trick of the trade: a "confidence" trick. It is a far from easy task to beg support from people for one's own benefit: it puts one at a disadvantage. It deprives the people, moreover, of the comforting flattery that one's striving is solely in their interests; it quickens their suspicions and awakens their intelligence. Hence the attempt to identify journalism with literature which enables journalists to assume the garb of disseminators of an "Impartial Truth." For little as there is of it, people have sensed what is the rôle of literature and have identified it in its clearest and most concentrated form with philosophy and are ready to accept its verdicts for "Truth." That there is a philosophy which is not philosophy: a body of observations set up to pass for "Truth" which are not observations of human motives at firsthand but rather obscured exploitations of motives in the service of some interest—of the Church, of the State, of Academic Tradition and the like, has gone far to render "Truth" an obfuscated, indefinable, and therefore useless term; without being able, however, wholly to efface a vague sense of that for which it stands. The instinct persists that there must exist a genuine philosophy: outcome of a sheer curiosity in the motives of Man: which is keen and alert to distinguish those ways and words which are involuntary expressions of himself and those which are but shields to cover and defend himself, and which is likewise unrelated to any desire to trip him up and seize an advantage. It is the fruit of such curiosity which roughly is accepted as "Truth" and the form which preserves it is literature—good or feeble literature according to the strength of the curiosity which inspires it, the industry and time devoted to it, and the ceaselessness of the pruning of its form to clothe it in transparency. As it seems: what the specific form which a philosopher gives his contribution is, depends upon the amount of passion there is in his curiosity. If he cares sufficiently, he will give the most transparent and economized and accordingly the most permanent form to it: that of Poetry. If he is sure enough of the character of the "raw material" he has analysed out, he will risk throwing it back into a synthesis and re-creating man:

as in Drama. If he is too occupied, or too careless, or has so much material on his hands that he prefers to put it all out at the expense of leaving it "in the rough" it will remain as Philosophic Prose. But whatever form literature finally takes it is in its substance, Philosophy: curiosity about human nature: a laying bare of the springs of the human mind. Which explains why any great anxiety about Forms—particularly in young writers—always seems to bear with it its suspicions. Form—even in its perfection—is not something extraneous to its substance. It grows up with, springs out of and is the index of the substance's own quality. Given the one in sufficient degree and the other follows inevitably. The laziest fellow will exert himself when he knows of a certainty that he is working to unearth a hidden treasure, and a man with something vital to say will take the necessary pains about the saying of it.

* * * *

It is therefore because the *bona fides* of literature are more acceptable and not because literature's mission is held to be "better" or its quality "higher," that journalism has sought to identify itself with it. And it is the same cause which explains the unspoken convention which all controversialists are at one in observing, that the one factor in controversy which gives it character and meaning—the personal bias of the controversialists—shall be ignored. For to have it acknowledged would deprive both sides of the rôle of the indignantly righteous and destroy the assumption that journalism nominally is "disinterested." Whence the shriek of each against its rival of "Interested," "Venal," carrying the inference—true enough, as far as it goes, since each side stands for "Infection" of "Leper" and "Plague-spot" would be robbed of its relevance and emphasis. To acknowledge that all sides are "interested": that journalism is nothing but the language of "interests," would be to deflate the journalistic balloon and defeat the purpose for which it was created: the persuading of the public that only in a spirit of immaculate disinterestedness and in the sole interests of the "Public Good" is so much wordy service set in motion. And not only as a stalking horse does literature lend its uses to journalism. As far as he is acquainted with it the journalist draws upon the funded knowledge of human nature which literature provides and uses it as far as it suits the immediate interest of his propaganda. All his knowledge of all the world he draws in to further his end. Some one in THE EGOIST the other day made the remark that the great struggle: the unintermittent warfare ever going on was that which the Individual wages against the Many: the One against the Whole. The skilful journalist could both teach and demonstrate how the Many provides the foraging-ground for the One. As the garden to the Bee, the Many is to the One: his chiefest source of sustenance, to the extent that he is able to suck out nutriment rather than poison. Which ability in the One depends upon his knowledge. Lacking knowledge and foraging far he is likely to find the Many dangerous: which is precisely what happens to journalists—and their proprietors—who having cut off the springs of a literature at length find themselves in urgent need of one.

* * * *

Of the foregoing, a no mean writer of literature, and a journalist as able as the disadvantage of being a writer of literature permits one to be—Mr. G. K. Chesterton, shall provide the perfect illustration. Mr. Chesterton recently, in a journal edited by his brother, wrote an article in defence of his friend, attacking a newspaper which was running a rival propaganda and which, to boot, had attacked his friend, and—to boot yet again—whose owner was being attacked by the said brother in a sensational campaign calculated to achieve *inter alia* for the said journal of the said brother a very well-merited "business" advertisement. Which seems quite a nice collection of "interested" items to inspire any article. If we give the names: Mr. Cecil Chesterton the brother, Mr. Belloc the friend, Lord Northcliffe the newsvendor; and the items: the *Daily Mail* the

offender, the *New Witness* for the defence and return onslaught, Mr. Belloc's war-lectures, G. K.'s own sound literary reputation, the "Good—and Gone—old Times," the "Servile State" and the "New Bad Ones," we are in possession of the "argument" and of the Dramatis Personæ. Let Mr. G. K. Chesterton, journalist, after a prelude concerning buttercups, daisies, Dickens, Pantomime, and the Ultimate Good, speak: his subject: "Truth and the Transformation Scene." "Before the Harlequinade, there came a thing called a Transformation Scene, in which the scenes grew thin and other scenes shone through them, so that one had the delightful sensation of being in two places at once. . . . In front let us say there would be the interior of the widow's cottage with a Dutch clock, a three-legged stool, a mangle, a bedstead, a table or a what not. And you would become gradually aware that the scene was also the Demon's Cave, with a Demon carousing with the Nightmare Queen and glittering cohorts of goblins. The Dutch clock was still there and yet it was less solid than the Demon King. The mangle was still there and yet it was more thin and spectral than the Nightmare. All the facts grew faint as fables and the fables became facts. Moreover it was a great part of the unreason and the vertigo of the vision that the two complete nowhere corresponded to each other even by accident. . . . Now it is this sense of the two scenes utterly distinct and yet simultaneous which I have when I look at the modern press and modern politics: and see the realities which are the background of modern life gradually glowing and growing through the thin sheets of our modern newspapers. There is the same utter separate-ness and dislocation between the two designs." With an air of ineffable impartiality the writer proceeds, "It has nothing to do with which world is the better, it is solely a matter of which is becoming the more real. You may like widows or you may prefer demons. . . . The England of to-day is still divided into those who are still looking at Scene One, and those who are already looking at Scene Two. Or rather they can both see both, but they cannot believe both. The front still shows the British Constitution . . . but behind is the goblin's kitchen and the Servile State. Among those who see it there is all kinds of comment: but they see it. The *New Age* sees it, and the *New Witness*, and in its way even the *New Statesman*. But the *Spectator* does not, and the *Pink 'Un* does not, and the *Times* does not, or pretends that it does not."

* * * *

In the passage quoted, it is the remark "It has nothing to do with which world is the better: it is solely a matter of which is becoming the more real. You may like widows or you may prefer demons," which illuminates the method of journalism. Less of the heroic indignation which so becomes a journalist, and a little more of the interest and amusement in himself which Mr. Chesterton shows elsewhere, would have made it obvious to him that everything as far as the meaning of his article at least was concerned, depended upon "which you preferred"; and he himself acknowledges as much when, having to recover his position, he points out a little lower down the page that though we "see both" we cannot "believe both." At the outset in framing the article, the sole reason which caused him to fix upon the simile of the "Transformation Scene"—a most ingenious one—was to assist him to divide the world into two parts: the Goblins he preferred—all his own friends; and the Widows he couldn't abide: those whom he and his friends were inclined to dislike. His prejudices favourable or unfavourable from the architecture of his world: his sole conception of what is "real." He says, "Some of us, he (Mr. Belloc) being one, are interested in things as they really are." Really are! He means "things as he would like them." His Oncoming Scene—his real world, the "true" world, the world of light and right are—all his personal friends, those of the *New Witness*, the *New Age*, the *New Statesman* even: "even" because this maintains the sinning faith which seeks to inaugurate that Servile State which vexes him

so, but which must "even" be included because it is not possible to exclude Friend Shaw. Those whom he loves not he leaves without even a world to live in. "I could not debate with the *Mail* writer because I do not believe in the very existence of the world in which he lives." "Not believe in" = have no liking for. "Could not debate" = would not debate. No one supposes that he could not—if he tried—with kindness and a motherly patience, to explain to the hapless scribbler who is left with no world to live in why the world as it "is" for Mr. Belloc "is," while the world as it is for Lord Northcliffe just—"is'nt"! But Mr. Chesterton is very annoyed indeed, and he won't. For the time being, he is so bent on championing "the responsible human being who is working for the 'Truth'" that he prefers to lose all his community of intelligence with the same sort of being "who is working for the Trust." He would not even consider that perhaps both after their own fashion are working for themselves. To the finish, he sticks to the disparate worlds of his Transformation Scene, though it is maybe a sign of a returning breadth of human interest that causes him to get his metaphors mixed. "The skeleton begins to shine through the cupboard, and what was the house of men opens inward into the house of devils." Well! well! it does make one think about the desirability of the shoemaker sticking to his last. Mr. Chesterton has neither the cunning nor the maliciousness: not perhaps the "hardness" which is required to work that sort of thing into the form in which it would be really effective for his own or really damaging to the opposing side. Mr. Belloc could manipulate it far better. He merely deserts the service of "Truth" to lend its prestige to dubious uses which lower it as inevitably as the prestige of science would be lowered by a scientist of repute who lent his prestige to bolster up the fortunes of some dubitable commercial undertaking.

Which ruminations are set forth as a caution: for the guidance mainly of—the "Egoist." D. M.

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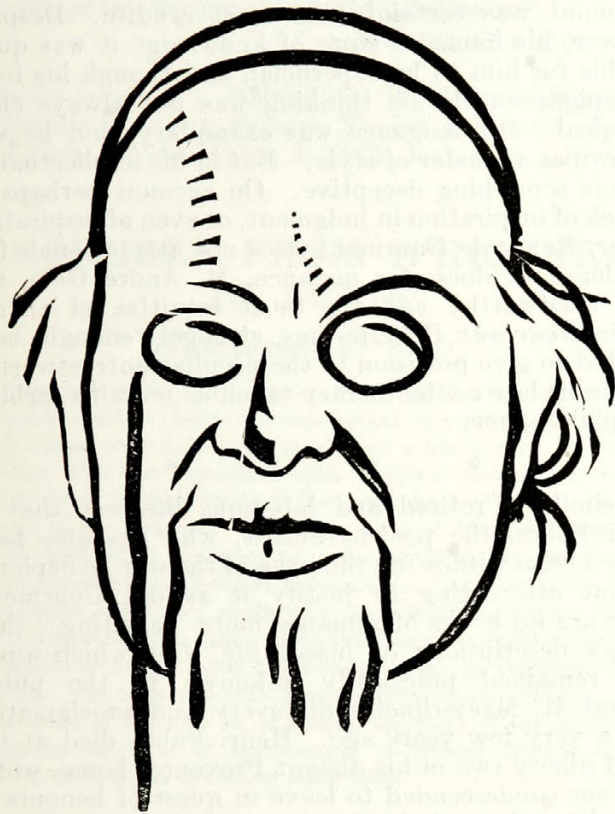
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REMY DE GOURMONT

THE death of Remy de Gourmont, coming when so many young men have given up their lives, when so many young artists, French and German and English, have been slain, seems by comparison almost tolerable. But de Gourmont was killed by the war just as certainly as if he had met his death in a trench. And in a sense one might almost hope and believe that he was not altogether sorry to die. He had done his best work, he had lived during the comparatively peaceful years 1872-1914, had watched the growth and triumph of the Impressioniste and Sym-



REMY DE GOURMONT

BY RAOUL KRISTIAN

boliste movements, perhaps the most interesting flowering of the arts since the Renaissance. And the arrogance and turbulence of the new century burst into war, a war which no one in the world can avoid, no one, however detached from ordinary life, can hope to ignore. De Gourmont was overthrown by the shock, lacerated by the horrors which pierced Belgium and North France, saddened deeply by the deaths of many young men in whose budding talents he believed. One has only to turn to the "Idées du Jour," short pieces of prose written daily since the beginning of the war in *La France*, to see how often he referred to the deaths of young artists, to the lists of dead and wounded and "missing" in the *Bulletin des Ecrivains*. Many of the names in these lists were quite unknown, but as de Gourmont pointed out, these are the saddest of all; they died before they had a chance to use their talent.

One does not desire to exaggerate the value of Remy de Gourmont's work. Perhaps his final worth lies not in his philosophic and similar writings but in his literary criticism. The two *Livres des Masques*, *Le Latin Mystique*, and the five books of *Promenades Littéraires* will interest for many years those who can appreciate the keen analysis of literature. He is invaluable as a chronicler of the Symboliste movement, and his various writings on Flaubert and Huysmans, for example, if gathered together, would make sympathetic studies of those two authors.

M. de Gourmont was rather prouder of his poetry than he cared to admit, perhaps not unjustifiably, as the extraordinary fantasy and verbal melody of the *Litanies de la Rose* and the *Fleurs de Jadis*, curious outgrowths of the influence of Mallarmé, are in existence to prove. *Simone*, too, has beautiful passages.

One other remark might be added. Though the war undoubtedly shattered him, it did not turn him into either a wailing pacifist or a blood-thirsty imbecile. One of these two rôles, usually the latter, has been assumed by nearly every one of the notorious writers of the world. In a private letter written about three months after the beginning of hostilities, he said: "Ne laissons pas mourir le tradition des libres esprits." While he lived, he tried to preserve that tradition: it is for us to continue that tradition, if any of us remain to do so.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

FRENCH POEMS

("SIMONE" poème champêtre was first printed in 1892, reprinted in 1901, 1907 and 1914 by the *Mercur de France*. These poems are, of course, perfectly well known to all readers of modern French literature; the two selected are reprinted as a slight homage to their author, who, before his death, more than once expressed his hope that they would be translated into English. The two or three translated by Mr. Bithell are the only English versions.)

SIMONE

L'AUBÉPINE

Simone, tes mains douces ont des égratignures,
Tu pleures, et moi je veux rire de l'aventure.

L'Aubépine défend son cœur et ses épaules,
Elle a promis sa chair à des baisers plus beaux.

Elle a mis son grand voile de songe et de prière,
Car elle communique avec toute la terre;

Elle communique avec le soleil du matin,
Quand la rushe réveillée rêve de trèfle et de thym,

Avec les oiseaux bleus, les abeilles et les mouches,
Avec les gros bourdons qui sont tout en velours,

Avec les scarabées, les guêpes, les frelons blonds,
Avec les libellules, avec les papillons,

Et tout ce qui a des ailes, avec les pollens
Qui dansent comme des pensées dans l'air et se promènent

Elle communique avec le soleil de midi,
Avec les nues, avec le vent, avec la pluie

Et tout ce qui passe, avec le soleil du soir
Rouge comme une rose et clair comme un miroir,

Avec la lune qui rit et avec la rosée,
Avec le Cygne, avec la Lyre, avec la Voie lactée;

Elle a le front si blanc et son âme est si pure
Qu'elle s'adore elle-même et toute la nature.

LE JARDIN

Simone, le jardin du mois d'août
Est parfumé, riche et doux:
Il a des radis et des raves,
Des aubergines et des betteraves
Et, parmi les pâles salades,
Des bourraches pour les malades;
Plus loin, c'est le peuple des choux,
Notre jardin est riche et doux.

Les pois grimpent le long des rames;
Les rames ressemblent à des jeunes femmes
En robes vertes fleuries de rouge.
Voici les fèves, voici les courges
Qui reviennent de Jérusalem.
L'oignon a poussé tout d'un coup
Et s'est orné d'un diadème,
Notre jardin est riche et doux.

Les asperges tout en dentelles
Mûrissent leurs graines de corail ;
Les capucines, vierges fidèles,
Ont fait de leur treille un vitrail,
Et, nonchalantes, les citrouilles
Au bon soleil gonflent leurs joues ;
On sent le thym et le fenouil,
Notre jardin est riche et doux.

REMY DE GOURMONT.

PASSING PARIS

THE heading of this record finds too ample justification this month, although of the three leading figures who have disappeared from among us: Henri Fabre, Remy de Gourmont, and Camille de Sainte Croix, only the two last properly belonged to Paris. Paradoxical as it sounds of so retiring a personality, Remy de Gourmont was eminently Parisian not only in spite but also on account of the fact that he did not parade in the academical cocked hat which so much better becomes the more popularly and internationally renowned Paul Bourget, Maurice Donnay, Edmond Rostand, and Pierre Loti; that his *boulevard* was the one which is not one, *i.e.* the Boulevard Saint Germain; and that the café he patronized was pure of confraternal or cosmopolitan associations. To the *indépendants* of Montparnasse, to the *officiels* of the right bank, the Paris of Gourmont—the rue des Saint Pères, where he lived (in complete solitude), the Café de Flore, on the frontier line between the *faubourg* (Saint Germain) and the *quartier* (Latin), where he took his occasional *apéritif*, are the *provinces*. To these and to those they are out of the world and out of date. They are, also, unprofessional. Remy de Gourmont kept on this border-line of semi-aristocracy, semi-Bohemia in his life and in his work. His Paris was his own Paris; his position in letters was unshared. He was not an independent; he was independent. Consequently isolated; consequently, strong. A haughty, solitary, pathetic figure. He was no one's disciple and leaves no disciples. His earlier tendencies inclined, no doubt, in the direction of symbolism, with whose proselytes he identified himself, a natural fluctuation on the part of a fastidious intellect submitted to the reaction following upon naturism (Remy de Gourmont was born in 1858)—one to which youth in its disdain for the positive and concrete frequently tends at all times—and whose infinite capacity for culture compensated for what his imagination might lack in power of endurance. An early failure in realistic fiction, the evolution which produced works so tenuous in their abstraction as *Le Pèlerin du Silence*, works of scientific claim (*La Physique de l'Amour*), of profound scholarship (*Le Latin Mystique*, *L'Esthétique de la Langue Française*, *Le Problème du Style*—he will go down to posterity chiefly, perhaps, as an authority in the French language), and novels, satires, plays, poems, criticisms, essays, show him mobile from instability as well as from versatility. This peculiarity had occasion to find expression with the outbreak of war, when he promptly reversed his attitude of internationalist (he lost his post as librarian at the Bibliothèque Nationale for having said he would not give a pinch of snuff for Alsace-Lorraine) to take position with the patriots and majority.

Like so many great men of letters, from Corneille to Flaubert, Gourmont was born, of an old family of printers and graveurs, in Normandy. After studying at the University of Caen he came (in 1883) to Paris, where he met Huysmans and Verlaine and compiled the posthumous documents of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam. He then became one of the founders of the *Mercur de France*, to which he contributed up to the eve of his death. His novel *Sixtine* belongs to the year 1890, *Le Latin Mystique* to '92, *Les Chevaux de Diomède* to '97, *Le Livre des Masques* to '96-98, *Le Songe d'une Femme* to '99, *Une Nuit au Luxembourg* to 1908. His play *Théodat* was staged by M. Paul Fort at his Théâtre d'Art. Thus Remy de Gourmont was

one of the pillars of that unacademic group which comprised also M. Henri de Régnier, now of the Académie, still of the *Mercur*, and of which that review remains the stronghold though modified by successive deaths, defections, and the natural trend of things living and literary.

But a fraction of an exceptionally industrious life's labour has been enumerated here. The *Promenades Littéraires* occupy five volumes, the *Promenades Philosophiques* three, and the *Epilogues* written for the *Mercur* periodical six. His last book came out just before his death from creeping paralysis on September 27. It is a collection of articles commenting upon the war, entitled *Pendant l'Orage*, published by Champion; Crès is also issuing a book by him.

Among modern men of letters in France Remy de Gourmont was certainly the most erudite. Despite, however, his immense store of knowledge it was quite possible for him to be superficial, and though his form was epigrammatic his thinking was not always clear or logical. His language was exemplary, and he will go down as a master of style. But in his intellectuality there is something deceptive. On account perhaps of his lack of inspiration in judgment, or even of inspiration proper, Remy de Gourmont does not attract one's full confidence as does, for instance, M. André Gide, the most trustworthy and the most intuitive of critics, who in *Nouveaux Prétextes* has, strangely enough, been tempted to give precision to the peculiar untrustworthiness in his late contemporary taken as moralist, arbiter and philosopher.

* * * *

A similarly retired and laborious life was that of Henri Fabre, the poet-naturalist, who has also been cheated from witnessing the issue of the war he deplored without attempting to justify it as did Gourmont. There are no books of romance more "exciting" than Fabre's descriptions of insect life, and which would have remained practically unknown to the public without M. Maeterlinck's discovery and proclamation only a very few years ago. Henri Fabre died at the age of ninety-two in his distant Provençal home, which he never condescended to leave in quest of honours or recognition, but where these eventually, and rather to his dismay, sought him out when he had left eighty years and a proud array of writings well behind him.

M. Camille de Sainte Croix was a Shakespeare specialist. His name will be remembered in connexion with his staging of the Elizabethan's works, accomplished with the taste due to erudition, and which invariably aroused the admiration of connoisseurs. Born in 1859 he had devoted the greater part of his career to polemistic journalism. He also leaves some novels, stories, plays, verse, and art criticisms.

So much for those who have fallen in the civilian ranks. In the others, the greedier ones, the death of Jean Florence at Neuville-Saint-Vaast means the loss of another enthusiast of English literature. The *Nouvelle Revue Française* had published his translations of some of Mr. G. K. Chesterton's books, one of which, *The Man who was Thursday*, with the title defectively rendered as *Le Nommé Jeudi*, appeared in *Paris-Journal*—in the days when that paper appealed to writers and readers—after having been declined by several editors.

* * * *

"To help to disperse the false reputation of 'French novels' in England" is one of the objects of the Anglo-French literary bureau founded by M. Sébastien Voirol, the *simultanéiste* poet, in view of providing a link between English writers and their confrères in France. To these and to those it proposes to supply professional information and to bring them into contact with each other when desired or desirable, and as far as possible with regard to "affinities." The unwritten, but as I am assured, practised clause: "no Germans," brings the enterprise into line with the existing preoccupations of the majority. The Bureau, whose headquarters are at 29 Rue Vineuse, Paris, is founded on a basis of

reciprocity, members and adherents being expected to help each other.

* * * *

Some half a hundred books in connexion with the war have appeared in Paris within the last month. To these must be added occasional volumes of verse, thrown out by poets at the front in an apparent pathetic attempt to keep ahead of fate, or by poets at the rear in a pathetic attempt to keep aloof of the butchery. And then there are all the books indirectly reflecting on the war, novels (Paul Bourget's *Le Sens de la Mort*, which has already run into seven or eight editions; Charles Géniaux's *Les Fiancés de 1914*; Abel Hermant's *Heures de Guerre de la famille Valadier*, etc.); scientific or semi-scientific works (a title: *The Law of the Male*; à propos of the *Barbarian's Child*), and so on.

MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA.

Books received: *Poèmes*, O. W. Milosz (*Figuière*); *L'Offrande Héroïque*, *Poèmes*, Nicolas Beauvuin (*La Vie des Lettres*); *Petits Ecrits de 1915*, Jean Variot (*Crès*).

CHORUSES FROM IPHIGENEIA IN AULIS

TRANSLATED BY H. D.

A literal, word-for-word version of so well-known an author as Euripides would be useless and supererogatory; a rhymed, languidly Swinburnian verse form is an insult and a barbarism. It seemed, therefore, that the rhymeless hard rhythms used in the present version would be most likely to keep the sharp edges and irregular cadence of the original. While the sense of the Greek has been strictly kept, it is necessary to point out that the repetition of useless, ornamental adjectives like "εὐπλοκάμος" and "καλλιπλοκάμος," for example, is a heavy strain on a translator's ingenuity. This is only one instance from many where the Homeric epithet degenerates into what the French poets call a *remplissage*—an expression to fill up a line. Such phrases have been paraphrased or omitted.

The fable of the play is, of course, the story of the sacrifice of Iphigeneia, daughter of Agamemnon, to placate Artemis and to allow the fleet of the Greeks to reach Troy.

I

CHORUS OF THE WOMEN OF CHALKIS

1

I **CROSSED** sand-hills.
I stand among the sea-drift before Aulis.
I crossed Euripos' strait—
Foam hissed after my boat.

I left Chalkis,
My city and the rock-ledges.
Arethusa twists among the boulders,
Increases—cuts into the surf.

I come to see the battle-line
And the ships rowed here
By these spirits—
The Greeks are but half-man.

Golden Menelaos
And Agamemnon of proud birth
Direct the thousand ships.
They have cut pine-trees
For their oars.
They have gathered the ships for one purpose:
Helen shall return.

There are clumps of marsh-reed
And spear-grass about the strait.
Paris the herdsman passed through them
When he took Helen—Aphrodite's gift.
For he had judged the goddess
More beautiful than Hera.
Pallas was no longer radiant
As the three stood
Among the fresh-shallows of the strait.

2

I crept through the woods
Between the altars:
Artemis haunts the place.
Shame, scarlet, fresh-opened—a flower,
Strikes across my face.
And sudden—light upon shields,
Low huts—the armed Greeks,
Circles of horses.

I have longed for this.
I have seen Ajax.
I have known Protesilaos
And that other Ajax—Salamis' light
They counted ivory-discs.
They moved them—they laughed.
They were seated together
On the sand-ridges.

I have seen Palamed,
Child of Poseidon's child:
Diomed, radiant discobolus:
Divine Merion, a war-god,
Startling to men:
Island Odysseos from the sea-rocks:
And Nireos, most beautiful
Of beautiful Greeks.

3

A flash—
Achilles passed across the beach.
(He is the sea-woman's child
Chiron instructed.)

Achilles had strapped the wind
About his ankles,
He brushed rocks
The waves had flung.
He ran in armour.
He led the four-yoked chariot
He had challenged to the foot-race.
Emelos steered
And touched each horse with pointed goad

I saw the horses:
Each beautiful head was clamped with gold.

Silver streaked the centre horses.
They were fastened to the pole.
The outriders swayed to the road-stead.
Colour spread up from ankle and steel-hoof.
Bronze flashed.

And Achilles, set with brass,
Bent forward,
Level with the chariot-rail.

4

If a god should stand here
He could not speak
At the sight of ships
Circled with ships.

This beauty is too much
For any woman.
It is burnt across my eyes.

The line is an ivory-horn.
The Myrmidons in fifty quivering ships
Are stationed on the right.

These are Achilles' ships.
On the prow of each
A goddess sheds gold:
Sea-spirits are cut in tiers of gold.

5

Next, equal-oared ships
Were steered from the port of Argos
By one of the Mekistians.
Sthenelos was with him.

Then the son of Theseos
Led out sixty ships,
Prow to prow from Attica.
A great spirit keeps them—
Pallas, graved above each ship.

Wings bear her
And horses, iron of hoof :
The phantom and chariot
Appear to men slashed with waves.

6

Fifty Bœotian ships,
Heavy with bright arms,
Floated next :
The earth-god stood at the prow
With golden-headed serpent.

Leitos, born of earth,
Guided this group of ships.

Ships had gathered
From ports of Phokis :
The Lokrians sent as many.
Ajax left beautiful Thronion
To lead both fleets.

7

From Mykenæ's unhewn rock,
Men, led out by Agamemnon,
Served beyond the breakwater
In one hundred ships.
His brother went with him—
Lover to lover.
Insult was thrown upon both.

Helen, possessed,
Followed a stranger
From the Greek courtyard.
They would avenge this.

Nestor brought ships from Pylos.
They are stamped
With Alpheus' bull-hoof.

8

There were twelve Ænian sails :
Gouneos led the twelve ships.
He is the tribe-king.
Near him were Elis' petty-chiefs—
The common people call Epians—
And Eurytos, their great chief.

Meges brought white-wood oars
From island Taphos.
He left Echinades—
Sailors find no entrance
Across the narrow rocks.

Ajax of Salamis
Finished the great arc :
He joined both branches
To the far border
With twelve ships,
Strung of flexible planks.

9

I have heard all this.
I have looked too
Upon this people of ships.
You could never count the Greek sails
Nor the flat keels of the foreign boats.

I have heard—
I myself have seen the floating ships

And nothing will ever be the same—
The shouts,
The harrowing voices within the house.
I stand apart with an army :
My mind is graven with ships.

II

Paris came to Ida.
He grew to slim height
Among the silver-hoofed beasts.
Strange notes made his flute
A Phrygian pipe.
He caught all Olympos
In his bent reeds.
While his great beasts
Cropped the grass,
The goddesses held the contest
Which sent him among the Greeks.

He came before Helen's house.
He stood on the ivory steps.
He looked upon Helen and brought
Desire to the eyes
That looked back—

The Greeks have snatched up their spears.
They have pointed the helms of their ships
Toward the bulwarks of Troy

[NOTE.—The remainder of these choruses are printed in No. 3 of the Poets' Translation Series.]

NOTES ON MODERN GERMAN POETRY

BY ALEC W. G. RANDALL

V. WALT WHITMAN IN GERMANY ;
(a) ARNO HOLZ

NO country, I suppose, is so ready to appreciate and assimilate foreign influence as Germany. This is a characteristic of the German mind which never fails to draw tearful laments from the extremest patriots but it is also one to which the average Englishman might pay attention, with considerable advantage to his own provincial, limited literary tastes. The average cultured German, however ridiculously chauvinist he may be in political matters, is not, when left alone by his teachers and superiors, by any means a chauvinist in art and letters. As the Hohenzollern dramatist, Ernst Wildenbruch, mournfully pointed out, shortly after the conclusion of the Franco-Prussian War, the most productive force in Germany was Zola ; and, had we a similar man of great and attractive talent, it would be safe to prophesy that Germany would begin imitating him within three years of the conclusion of the present war. In any case such is the German characteristic which, of course, has its disadvantages, as when, for example, it leads to immensely exaggerated esteem for such writers as the younger Björnson ; but English people, inclined as they are in the other direction, could get no harm from emulating it.

Between 1875 and 1890 this catholicity or rage of imitation was at its height. In fiction Zola was really helping to create the whole German Naturalist movement ; in drama Strindberg—another example of Germany's lack of selective faculty—and, of course, Ibsen were being played before young Hauptmann ; in poetry Mallarmé and the Symbolists were reproducing themselves. All these, Ibsen and Zola and the rest, were purely literary influences ; they provided models of technique and style. The mind of Ibsen, the philosophy of Ibsen, the personality of Ibsen—these were not of very much moment. The wider influence of personality, as opposed to the influence of literary style, was chiefly exerted by Verhaeren and Walt Whitman. Of the first of these nothing need be said just now, except this ; that his influence endures still and that the shock produced among Germans by Verhaeren's description of them as "barbarians" shows how great was the respect in which he was held, both as man and poet. But the influence of Whitman is in the historic past ; it has produced classics.

It was to be expected that Whitman, as the poet of democracy, would above all attract the "Naturalist" school. But it was the personality, the doctrine, so to

speak, which attracted; even those writers who are generally called his imitators deny that he gave much original impulse to the technical side of their work. There were plenty of examples of prose-poetry before him in Germany—from Goethe to Nietzsche. But it seems fair to assume that the translation of "Leaves of Grass" by Karl Knortz and T. W. Rolleston in 1889, coming as it did when Whitman's fame as a democratic pioneer was at its height, caused a revival in "reimlose Lyrik."

The chief exponent of the theory of "vers libre" in Germany was the Naturalist poet and dramatist, Arno Holz who, as his admirers say, "came to fulfil Whitman." But practically the only points of contact between Holz and Whitman are, firstly, that both were democrats—Holz was a leading spirit in the group of writers which founded the famous "Freie Bühne"—and, secondly, that both wrote prose-poetry. Holz, for his part, followed up or prefaced his attempts in that form by vast theoretical dissertations, claiming independence of Whitman, priority over Gustave Kahn and all kinds of pleasant controversial matters which may be found in his book *Revolution der Lyrik* and in his contribution to Marinetti's symposium on vers libre. I reproduce a few of his arguments without comment for those who have any interest in comparative literature. Kahn, he says first of all, chose an "arbitrary form"; I choose the "necessary form." (This phrase, *notwendige Rhythmus*, may be found on nearly every third line of German books on vers libre, and Holz is no exception.) Then follows an instructive example. Take, says Holz, the words, "Der Mond steigt hinter blühenden Apfelbaumzweigen auf" (the moon rises behind blossoming apple-tree branches). That is prose. If you are a poet you will write: "Hinter blühenden Apfelbaumzweigen steigt der Mond auf." Why? Because, Holz replies, "the first sentence simply makes a statement, the second gives an image." (*Der erste Satz referiert nur, der zweite stellt dar.*) Having attained this, you find yourself compelled by typographical considerations to write:

"Hinter blühenden Apfelbaumzweigen
Steigt der Mond auf."

There you have poetry—the real thing.

Holz's principle of "necessary rhythm" is contained in the following sentence; he strives, he says, to achieve a lyric which deprives itself of all word-music as an end in itself, but, purely and formally, bears itself along on a rhythm which lives only by virtue of that which struggles to express itself. Strip that sentence of all the philosophical bluster inevitable, I suppose, in a man of Holz's temperament and nationality, and I think you will find it sound enough.

Here are translations of two poems by Holz: both are from the volume *Phantasus* (1898):

BEFORE MY WINDOW

Before my window
A bird is singing;
I listen in silence, my heart full of hope.
It sings
Of the things I had when I was a child—
And afterwards forgot.

THE SUN WAS SINKING

The sun was sinking.
I waited. How long?
Invisible,
Like a sigh suppressed,
The river murmured under the willows;
And, in the darkness, I touched lightly the red flowers
Within my reach;
They are withered. . . .
You have forgotten me.

Holz's theories, as they stand, seem pompous and rather old-fashioned or obvious; and his practice is not of first rank, as may be seen. But the fact that his *Revolution der Lyrik* really did what it set out to do, namely, form a turning-point in the history of the German lyric, makes it impossible to neglect him in any notes on German poetry.

A greater man, a finer poet and a truer follower of Whitman, Johannes Schlaf, must be dealt with in the next note.

MOOD IMAGES

BY LEIGH HENRY

I. SILENCE

A STAR
slides down the darkness . . .
. . . I strain to catch
the echo of its passage.

Piazziale Michelangiolo, Firenze, 1913.

II. UNALLAYED

I have kissed her mouth
many times to-night . . .
. . . seaspray, blown through the window
is dry on my lips.

Venezia, 1913.

III. ASPECTS

Against the dark bedcover
her flesh gleams like marble . . .
. . . the azalias in the garden
also seem cold and white in the moonlight.

IV. TRYST

I hear the falling leaves
alight in the basin of the fountain
and brush the gravel
as they drop on the pathway.

Villino Affortunata, Firenze, 1914.

V. DESIRE

The glasses, also, are quivering
to the music—
the wine, too, gleams golden
with the light on its whiteness—

Munich, 1914.

VI. MORNING

She stirs beside me . . .
. . . through the open window
the drenched earth of the furrows,
deep-tinted after the rain,
exhales faintly . . .
and the crests of the wheat
are rearing upward again.

Ripon, 1911.

VII. AFTER WADING

In the long grasses,
half hidden,
her white feet and her ankles,
like blossoms, show
faintly.

Noon passes . . .
the heat glances
off the heavy leaves.
The shade is cool
and very still;
only a humming film of flies
hangs swaying
over the pool.

But on my eyes
that white gleam is playing,
and it cleaves
my brain and rankles.
I think of snow
and the tingling which follows its chill,
as through my blood dances
a forbidden
longing unsaintly.

Berlin, August 1914.

VIII. VIVISECTION

Her pale eyes
in her paler face
framed by her heavy hair,
probe me everywhere,
and coldly uncover
the layers of convention one fashions
to conceal one's passions.
O she is wise
this woman, to bring a lover
into this place.

Sound upon sound,
flowing incessantly,
envelops me round,
benumbing and smothering me
like an anæsthetic.
But I can feel
in each tangled nerve
her eyes that seek
from their ruins of cosmetic
and never swerve—
and I grow weak
with the maddening pain
of longings, like blades of steel
piercing my brain.

Expressionless, dumb,
her cold gaze cuts into mine
like a fine-pointed instrument.
Torture fills
my mind, and my nerves are spent—
the faint, ascending hum
of a receding motor drills
an agonizing spiral into my spine.
Balcony, Café Bauer, Berlin, September 1914.

IX. SOLITARY

I rustle the leaves of my book
to break the monotonous noise of the streets
and the racuous glare reflected
from an endless repetition of lights.

. . . through an opening in the roofs
a star is shining . . .

. . . in the darkening room
the red tip of my cigarette
pulses like a nerve. . . .
Berlin, October 1914.

X. EXPRESS: A RECORD OF SENSATIONS

Three trees smudge sky
like birds—sweep by—

Long line of hedgerow
RISES SUDDENLY—sinks below—

Roads grow animate—interwind—
fields revolve, undefined—
hills roll—
telegraph pole
SPRINGS UP—bends—falls behind—

Whistle shrieks—tunnels loom—
vista blotted with a CRASH!—
eyes smart in lamp-lit gloom—
sharp draught under door—
Outside, muffled roar—
Inside, under feet,
puls-ing-rhythms-of en-gine beat. . . .
. . . Darkness SHATTERS!—wide splash
of lights that glimmer—Gleam—FLASH!

Thin lash of showery rain
crackles against window-pane
and trickles down. . . .
Station nears—
streaks glass with shining smears—

SHARP JOLT . . . whistle blows—
thud—of—engine—gradually—slows—
Yawns—shuffles—racks squeak—
wheels of carriage g-r-i-n-d and squeak—
Door swings OPEN—
—CHILL—
—and feel

of gravel crunching under heel—
. . . faint scent . . . maze of light . . .
. . . and voices spattering against the night.
Innsbruck, 1914.

LIVING CHRONOLOGY

Translated from the Russian of A. L. Chekhoff

BY NATALIA ANDRONIKOFF AND JOHN HILTON.

THE drawing-room of the state councillor Sharameeikin is enveloped in an agreeable semi-darkness. A big bronze lamp with a green shade tinges, with the soft emerald hue of a Little-Russian night, walls, furniture, and faces. . . . From time to time in the darkening chimney a smouldering log flares up and for an instant floods each face with the glow of a fire-lit sky; but this does not spoil the original light-harmony. The general tone is, as the artists say, blended and subdued.

Before the fireplace, in an armchair, in the posture of a man who has just dined, sits Sharameeikin himself, an elderly gentleman with grey official whiskers and mild blue eyes. His face is suffused with tenderness; his lips are curved in a sorrowful smile. At his feet (he is turned toward the fireplace and is lazily stretching his legs) sits, on a low settee, the vice-governor Lopnyoff, a bold spirited man of some forty years. Near the piano the children of Sharameeikin are romping: Nina, Kolia, Nadia and Vania. Through the slightly open door leading into the study of Madame Sharameeikin light timidly filters. There, behind the door, at her writing-table sits the wife of Sharameeikin, Anna Pavlovna, president of the local Ladies Committee, a brisk and smart little lady of some thirty odd years. Her dark, lively little eyes race, through her pince-nez, over the pages of a French novel. Underneath the novel lies the torn balance-sheet of the committee for the past year.

"Formerly our town in this respect was much happier," says Sharameeikin, narrowing his mild eyes on the smouldering wood, "Not a single winter passed that did not bring with it some star or other. There used to be famous actors, and singers, but now . . . the devil knows what! Except jugglers and organ-grinders nobody ever comes. No sort of æsthetic diversion. . . . We might be living in a forest . . . Do you remember, your excellency, that Italian tragedian. . . . What was his name? . . . such a dark, tall fellow. . . . God give me memory. . . . Ah, yes. Luigi-Ernesto-de-Rugiero. . . . Remarkable talent. . . . Power! He would just say one word and the whole theatre got excited. My little Anna took a great interest in his talent. She procured, too, at some trouble, a theatre for him, and sold the tickets for ten performances. In return he taught her elocution and the mimic art. The soul of the man! He came down here . . . if I am not mistaken . . . about twelve years ago. . . . No, I am wrong. . . . Less, ten years . . . Anna, my dear, how old is our Nina?"

"Nine!" cries Anna Pavlovna from her study. "What about it?"

"Nothing, mother, I merely wanted to know. . . . And capital singers we had sometimes. . . . Do you remember the "tenore di grazia," Prileepchin? What a man for soul! What an appearance! Fair . . . such an expressive face, Parisian manners. . . . And what a voice, your Excellency! Only one fault: some notes he sang from the stomach and "re" he took in falsetto, but all the rest was grand. He had studied, he said, with Tamberlik. . . . Anna and I managed to get him a room in the public assembly hall and out of gratitude

for that he used to sing for us, sometimes all day and night long. . . . He taught Anna to sing. He came here, I remember it as if it were happening now, during the great fast, in the year . . . about twelve years ago. No, more. . . . What a memory, God forgive me! Anna, love, how old is our Nadia?"

"Twelve!"

"Twelve. . . . If we add ten months to that. . . . Well, that's just right. . . . Thirteen! Formerly there was somehow more life in the town. Take, for instance, the charity concerts. What delightful evenings we used to have. . . . How pleasant! Singing, and acting, and reading. . . . During the war, I remember, when the Turkish prisoners were here, Anna gave an evening party on behalf of the wounded. It made eleven hundred roubles. The Turkish officers, I remember, were delighted with Anna's voice and continually kissed her hand. Ha, ha. . . . Though Asiatics they are a grateful nation. The evening was so successful that would you believe it, I entered it in my day-book. It was, I remember it as if it were happening now, in. . . . Seventy-six. . . . No! in seventy-seven. . . . No! Excuse me, when had we the Turks staying here? Anna, dear, how old is our Kolia?"

"I am seven, papa!" says Kolia, a very dark little boy with tawny face and coal-black hair.

"Yes, we have grown older and we haven't now the same energy," agrees Lopnyoff, sighing. "There is the reason. . . . Old age, my friend, old age! No new enthusiasts and the old ones grown too old. . . . We haven't the same fire. I, when I was younger, never liked to see things going slow. I was your Anna Pavlovna's first helper. Was there a charity evening to be arranged, or a lottery, or a newly arrived celebrity to introduce—I threw everything aside and entered into it. One winter, I remember, I worked and ran about so much that I even fell ill. . . . I shall never forget that winter! . . . Do you remember what a production we arranged with your Anna Pavlovna in aid of those who had suffered by the fire?"

"Yes, that was in what year?"

"Not very long ago. . . . In seventy-nine. . . . No, in eighty, I think. Excuse me, how old is your Vania?"

"Five!" shouts Anna Pavlovna from her study.

"Well then, it must have been six years ago. Yes, my friend, that was a time! It is not the same now! Not the same fire!"

Lopnyoff and Sharameekin lapse into a thoughtful silence. The smouldering log flickers up for the last time and is buried under a layer of ashes.

ENGLAND'S NEST OF SINGING-BIRDS

THE dramatists are dead: the poets have gone to the funeral: as for the novelists, it is probable that they are down the area again Bah! they were a sickly tribe.

We have been too careful of life—rather, of mere human lives. We have hedged it round with Poor Laws, with Care Committees, and Commissions on Infant Mortality, and the arts have perished in the atmosphere of fussy benevolence. When men spilt life wantonly to show their love of it, art ran joyously to keep pace with the revellers. The age of the Renaissance in Europe is the wayside instance. There is no Cellini among craftsmen to-day: if there were he would not murder his rivals, beat his mistress, be pardoned by Christ's Vicar—and work for the all-seeing gods. He would fritter away his energy in a tinsel audacity, and work for Messrs. Waring and Gillow.

Not all at once did the world accept—save in word—the Christian belief in the equality of souls. The sixteenth century was still pagan and classical and well aware that souls are no more equal than bodies or estates. Art, which is the supreme aristocracy of the spirit, was still free therefore. Her weakness grew as grew that doctrine of equality, fostered by priests

and rulers for the easier handling of the ruled, until life became so precious that men forgot living or that spending of life, which is art.

The descent is prettily ordered. There is the classic art: an art concerned above all with fitting proportions so that to the story of great deeds, thoughts, feelings, is given a great form—the epic or the tragedy: and to slighter thoughts and feelings, a lesser form—the lyric or the elegiac or the comedy. Hamlet is as classic as the Iliad or the Agamemnon. It is also an art concerned primarily with man, the enemy of nature. As soon as an art betakes itself to filling out a great form with petty or bombastic deeds and emotions, it becomes Romantic Art. Shelley's "Cenci" is romantic—as are all the pseudo-dramas of Tennyson. Romantic art further tends to give to Nature an utterly disproportionate importance—to the extent of bestowing upon it human attributes. Let us pass Wordsworth and Coleridge. The unknown poet of the twelfth century was content to write:—

*The mone mandeth hire bleo
The lilie is lossom to seo **

In the nineteenth century, Tennyson's trained lilies are whispering "I wait," or "I come"; and when in the twentieth, Miss Lowell permits the lilies to goggle their tongues at her, she is merely Tennyson turning in his grave.

There are bastards even among the Muses. Of such is that misshapen thing, a latter-day realism. A kitchen art, concerned with the habits and emotions of an onion *quâ* onion. The abdication of art in favour of an entymological collection of small men and emotions as like as fleas and not one half so lively. A perky Nonconformist art, as in the novels of Bennett. A bawdy cheapjack art, as in the best-known versifyings of Masefield.

Art that once was master of life, and then her pandar, and of late her draggled body-servant has not now one single achievement to offset the sudden revival of the spirit of life. Life is spending herself wantonly for life's sake, and art has nothing to give save the sonnets of rhyming haberdashers in the evening newspapers, or the silly war plays of a sillier stage.

During all the dead great year not a single one of England's dramatists has written a play fit for a sergeant of the line to spit upon. There has not been one poem worthy the name from any of England's poetasters of the century. There is already the first trickling of the muddy stream of war novels.

There are also the Imagists: let us praise God a little for them. They sign one manifesto: they should have signed twenty, for whatever common aims they think to have, their ends are as far apart as might have been expected. Mr. Pound translates other men's poems so passing well that it is a pity he does anything else. Mr. Fletcher gyrates with infinite care on the point of a needle. If Mr. Aldington be young, Imagism was not still-born: if he be middle-aged, may Apollo fly away with him: he will be immature at sixty. None but young poets can afford to talk so much as do these Imagists.

Pray regard again the degradation of literature. With the close of the Elizabethan age, poetry and drama came indoors. Throughout the seventeenth century it hung round the Court. In the eighteenth it paced between the coffee house and my lord's study. In the nineteenth it began to haunt free libraries and read Huxley: it entered the drawing-room: it took to itself a macintosh and umbrella and communed discreetly with nature. From languishing with Swinburne in the bedchamber it came to brawling with Masefield in the pot-house, scouring the streets with F. S. Flint. The natural and coincident reaction is to be seen in the prevailing finicky and pernickety state of "legitimate" poetry and drama. The former is in the hands of a hundred bloodless Tennysons and Shelleys: the latter has fallen among intellectuals and is therefore thrice

* The moon sendeth forth her light
The lily is fair to look upon.

damned. Critics, moreover, have bred as locusts—verbose aestheticians like Mr. Huntley Carter, and vague twilight spooks of the stage like Mr. Gordon Craig. Every year sees another dull book on Mr. Shaw, whose disciples will not even let him die in peace, but must drag out the corpse to putrify in public. Such conditions produce naturally groups such as the Imagist, intent on starting again at the beginning, and with all their baggage of manifesto, peacock-screaming and the like.

Brutal methods might arrest where tolerance has but assisted the descent. Let us lament the decay of ridicule. Not even the mild gibes of a Horace prick the thousand and one sweating rhymers, the hundred futile playwrights. Poetry and drama flourished when poets and dramatists were despised as outcasts given to lies and brawling, or distrusted as erratic fools. They were then set apart, divinely conscious of power and the need for justification by works. To-day it is hard to tell a poet from a gentleman. A duchess would not spurn Mr. Pound, not even for his villainous version of *The Seafarer*.

Let us lament further that lack of real hardship that has bred us up this flabby-minded race of writers. So squeamish are they that there is more weeping in Belgravia over one third-rate poet selling matches in the Strand than over a hundred buried miners. Is life harsh because a few fifth-rate poets are half-starved in garrets? Semi-starvation is quite endurable when one is used to it, and something must be paid for the joy of leering at the Muses. A hardier company lived under the fear of Court displeasure or the shadow of an Inquisition. One may wonder what would be the effect on the work of the finest poet among the Imagists if Mr. Aldington were partially flayed. The experiment would require extreme care and a nicety of calculation; it should be proportionately interesting and without doubt valuable.

The state of the drama is on the whole more unhappy than that of any other art save music. The stage exists for the titillation of the suburbs and the paunches of managers. If it were not so, there would be no Craigs among us babbling of the trappings of the hearse. The multitude of the theatres is partly to blame. Destroy me nine out of ten, turn them into homes for insane politicians, or museums for eugenic exhibits, only get rid of them. Pray, gentlemen, stand away: the drama is stifling.

As for the novelists, God help them and us, for they will never recover from the war, nor we from them.

Reasons are the mere chaff of an argument. At the end it seems that there is neither poetry nor drama, because there are neither poets nor dramatists, but only jobbing versemakers and playwrights. A little while ago, and they might have pleaded the degradation of life for their own degradation. But life has gone to laugh at death on the flaming peaks and the arts may even sink down the valleys, tongues wagging and tail between legs.

MARGARET STORM JAMESON.

YOUNG AMERICA

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON

IT is a commonplace to say that all art is religion; but it is a commonplace that we forget. Most of our art to-day is as senseless as ritual without faith is senseless. And what sort of a religion is that, whose temples are steel sky-scrapers, whose gods are comfort, wealth and mediocrity, whose consecrated wafer is a ten-dollar bill and whose ritual is the clamour of bargainners in stocks and shares? How can there be religion and art when the test of excellence is measured by dollars or pounds? Simony in the arts is as degrading as simony in the church. Every hiring novelist and journalist is a tu'penny Judas.

What chance then has America to produce great art? Very little—less than England, much less than France,

where the tradition of heroic sacrifice for art still remains. It looks an insoluble problem and perhaps it is. Still, there are a few, small, scattered groups of people in the United States who realize that the arts are more than dollar bills and the body something more than a calligraphic machine. Of course, one must accept their efforts *cum grano*, one must consider rather what they are aiming to accomplish than what they have accomplished and one must put aside cantankerous and unsympathetic carping. It is not difficult to make fun of people who are struggling to make their nation take its eyes off its belly, but it is better to be sympathetic.

New York, Boston, Chicago, have their periodicals which are the visible expression of this striving; more provincial places have theirs. From New York comes the *Masses*, a journal of socialistic tendencies. The matter is chiefly remarkable for the writings of Max Eastman, the editor, of Benjamin de Casseres—a strange, vigorous talent—and for an occasional poem of some force. But the drawings reproduced in this periodical are its most interesting feature. We have scarcely anyone in England to touch Bellows, and Coleman and Sloan, unless it be Dyson, and there are half a dozen Dysons in America. The drawings in the *Masses* make it a sort of Gil Blas Illustré. Daumier, Steinlen, Degas and Forain have moulded these draughtsmen who, in spite of their foreign training, do get a personal flavour, something that is American, into their work. We need a periodical of this kind very much in England.

From New York also comes *Greenwich Village*, a little fortnightly written largely by the editor, Guido Bruno, who "fights the lone hand" with no little courage, publishing stories, poems, translations which commercial papers would not touch. He also publishes drawings and reproductions of ex libris. A series of little pamphlets called the "Bruno Chapbooks," has also been issued by the same man.

Boston is more traditional though not less enthusiastic. Here one finds *Poet Lore*, which publishes a good deal of rather weak poetry and which promises studies and poems of modern French and German poets. More inspiring is the *Poetry Journal*, which has recently become more revolutionary and which has a chance of doing some excellent work. Some of the poètes de la maison have taken an overdose of Masfield with not altogether fortunate results, but the editors seem genuinely anxious to cover as wide a field as possible. In addition to poetry, the *Poetry Journal* publishes prose articles, criticisms, extracts from other journals with similar interests and a list of articles on literature from current periodicals.

Chicago is more strenuous. *Poetry*, one of the pioneers among these journals, is quite handsomely subsidized and has printed, along with a necessary quantum of mediocre stuff, some of the best poetry written in English since 1911. It has printed many of Mr. Yeats' recent poems, Mr. Hueffer's "Heaven"—which for some absurd reason he has not published in England—Mr. Pound's translations from the Chinese and a fair sprinkling of the Imagists, Amy Lowell, Fletcher, Flint, D. H. Lawrence and H. D. Miss Monroe, one may remark, was one of the first, if not the first, to publish the poetry of the Imagists, if that be any claim to distinction. Padraic Colum, James Stephens, Joseph Campbell, Robert Frost and many other poets of talent have been printed in *Poetry*, which, moreover, has the credit of "discovering" Nicholas Vachel Lindsay and of being among the first to recognize the value of the Spoon River anthology. In her choice of poets Miss Monroe has the able assistance of Mrs. Henderson and Mr. Ezra Pound. One of their latest discoveries is Mr. T. S. Eliot, also printed in *Blast*, whose poetry has an individual flavour. When *Poetry* claims to print some of the best poetry being written in our language, it is not altogether an idle boast.

Two other Chicago periodicals, the *Drama* and the *Little Review* claim one's attention. The *Drama* is a well-printed quarterly, not in the least harum-scarum, devoted, as its name implies, exclusively to the Drama. It makes a special feature of translations of foreign

plays and is most valuable to those interested in modern drama of the better sort. It is not in the least like the *Mask*, but one might say that it fulfils similar functions in America.

The *Little Review* is the *frondeur*, perhaps I should say the *frondeuse* of America. When one remembers that its contributions are "voluntary," that it has amusing and trying financial troubles occasionally, that it is run on the personal energy of its editor, Miss Margaret Anderson, one can only admire it and wonder how it manages to keep so interesting.

Hardly any of the contributors to these periodicals write what is known as "decent English"—but then how boring how utterly inexpressibly boring those "decent English" periodicals are! Let us grant that the *Little Review*, *Poetry* and the rest have not the pompous frigidity of the *Fortnightly* and the *Atlantic Monthly*, let us grant that many pages might be written pointing out the faults of our American friends, let us grant all this, but for heaven's sake let us ask ourselves honestly whether this ingenuous energy is not fifty times more valuable than those "correct" manifestations of bourgeois mediocrity. Let us yield to the electric impulse of this "incorrect" and youthful exuberance! Youth is the great excuse, better than charity it hides, it decorates, it makes adorable its multitudinous sins. If youth were correct it might as well be middle-age and give up the game. It is youth, its generousities and injustices, its head-over-heels errors and dashing impulses that make one hurl the flatulent *Fortnightly* and the constipated *Contemporary* into the fire, which make one read the *Little Reviews* of the world from end to end and carefully preserve them in one's attic!

I have room only to mention two other periodicals: the *Phoenix* and *Others*. The *Phoenix* is edited by Michael Monahan, a rebellious Irishman with literary tastes, who refuses to kow-tow to magazine standards. It is a readable little paper, if not very up-to-date. *Others*, edited by A. Kreyborg, is a small periodical which publishes nothing but *vers libre*, of which its choice is catholic though perhaps not apostolic.

In any event, one awaits with some eagerness the developments of these beginnings. Wherever it comes from—New York or New Jersey, Boston or Chicago—it is good to see this stirring of the soil, to know that the poets of America are struggling for light and air.

THE GHOSTS OF AN OLD HOUSE

BY JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

(Continued)

THE BACKSTAIRS

IN the afternoon
When no one is in the house,
I suddenly hear dull dragging feet
Go fumbling down those dark backstairs,
That climb up twisting,
As if they wanted no one to see them.
Beating a dirge upon the bare planks,
I hear those feet and the creak of a long-locked door.

My mother often went
Up and down those self-same stairs,
From the room where by the window
She would sit all day and listlessly
Look on the world that had destroyed her,
She would go down in the evening
To the room where she would sleep,
Or rather, not sleep, but all night
Lie staring fiercely at the ceiling.

In the afternoon
When no one is in the house:
I suddenly hear dull dragging feet
Beating out their futile tune,
Up and down those dark backstairs.
But there is no one in the shadows.

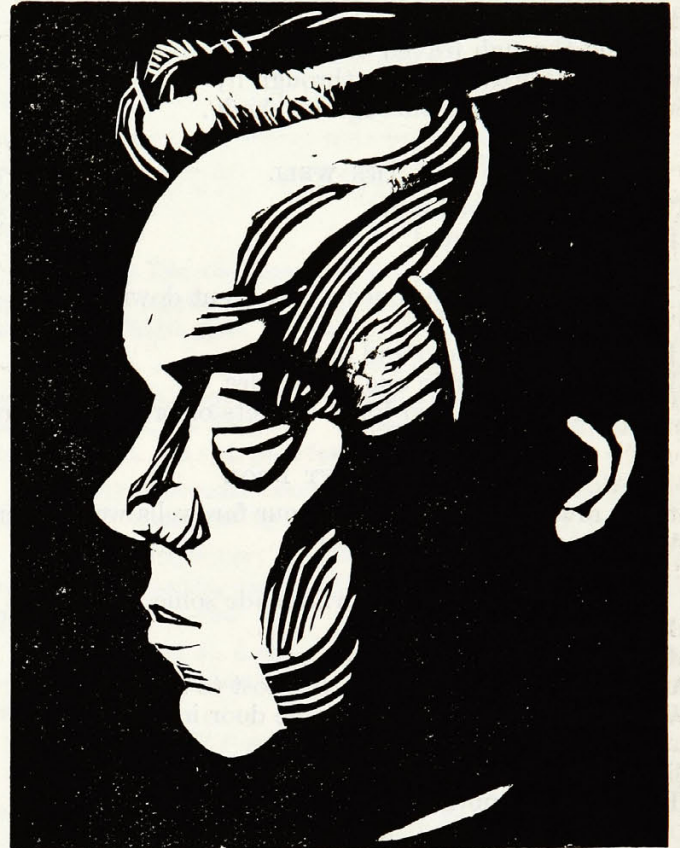
THE CELLAR

Faintly lit by a high-barred grating
The low-hung cellar,
Flattens itself under the house.

In one corner
There is a little door,
So small, it can scarcely be seen.

Beyond,
There is a narrow room,
One must feel for the walls in the dark.

One shrinks to go
To the end of it,
Feeling the smooth cold wall.



JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

BY RAOUL KRISTIAN

Why did the builders who made this house,
Stow one room away like this?

THE OLD BARN

Owls flap in this ancient barn
That has no doors.
Rats squeak in this ancient barn,
Over the floors.

Owls flap warily every night,
Rats' eyes gleam in the cold moonlight.

There is something hidden in this barn,
With barred doors.

Something the owls have torn,
And the rats scurry with over the floors.

THE WALL-CABINET

Above the steep backstairs
So high that only a ladder can come to it,
There is a wall-cabinet hidden away.

No one ever unlocks it;
The key is lost, the door is barred,
It is shut and still.

Some say, a previous tenant
Filled its shelves with rows of bottles,
Bottles of spirit, filled with spiders.

I do not know.
Above the sleepy still backstairs,
It watches, shut and still.

THE TREES

When the moonlight strikes the tree-tops,
The trees are not the same.

I know they are not the same,
Because there is one tree that is missing,
And it stood so long by another,
That the other, feeling lonely,
Now is slowly dying too.

When the moonlight strikes the tree-tops
That dead tree comes back ;
Like a great blue sphere of smoke
Half buoyed, half ravelling on the grass,
Rustling through frayed branches,
Something eerily creeping through it,
Something creeping through its shade.

THE WELL

The well is not used now,
Its waters are tainted.

I remember there was once a man went down
To clean it.
He found it very cold and deep,
With a queer niche in one of its sides,
From which he hauled forth buckets of bricks and dirt.

THE FRONT DOOR

It was always the place where our farewells were taken,
When we travelled to the north.

I remember there was one who made some journey,
But did not come back,
Many years they waited for him,
At last the one who wished the most to see him,
Was carried out of this self-same door in death.

Since then all our family partings
Have been at another door.

THE TOY CABINET

By the old toy cabinet,
I stand and turn over dusty things :
Chessmen—card games—hoops and balls—
Toy rifles, helmets, swords,
In the far corner,
A doll's tea-set in a box.

Where are you, golden child,
That gave tea to your dolls and me ?
The golden child is growing old,
Further than Rome and Babylon
From you have passed those foolish years.
She lives—she suffers—she forgets.

By the old toy cabinet,
I idly stand and awkwardly
Finger the lock of the tea-set box.
What matter—why should I look inside,
Perhaps it is empty after all !
Leave old things to the ghosts of old ;

My stupid brain refuses thought,
I am maddened with a desire to weep.

VISION

You who flutter and quiver
An instant
Just beyond my apprehension ;
Lady,
I will find the wild orchid for you,
If you will give me
One smile between those wayward drifts of hair.

I will break the wild berries that loop themselves over
the marsh-pool,
For your sake,
And the long green canes that swish against each other,
I will break, to set in your hands.
For there is no wonder like to you,
You who flutter and quiver
An instant
Just beyond my apprehension.

EPILOGUE

Why it was I do not know,
But last night I vividly dreamed
Though a thousand miles away,
That I had come back to you.

The windows were the same :
The bed, the furniture the same,
Only there was a door where empty wall had always
been,
And someone was trying to enter it.

I heard the grate of a key,
An unknown voice apologetically
Excused its intrusion just as I awoke.

But I wonder after all
If there was some secret entrance-way,
Some ghost I overlooked, when I was there.

MINOR

I

THE red hollyhocks are in bloom—
They thrust their wine-cups up the white wall
To your window.
It is evening, but the square of window
Remains black, impenetrable.
I turn away—
It is always like this.

II

Evening is shaken with the coming and going
Of many winds.
They pour
Ointments over me from a black jar :
Mirabilis, clematis, nicotine—
Unbearable splendor of sweetness
After rain.
The rich odours press upon my body,
They tear, they destroy me—
The proud odours.
I am proud too
Or I should cry.

III

I am tired
And the clove-pinks on my desk
Have no mercy.
They stab me with their vivid scent,
Ripe with voluptuous intimations.
The waves of fragrance push against me,
I am too tired to repulse them.

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CORRESPONDENCE

NIJINSKY

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,—The blame of contributing to the grievances of Poland should rest rather upon the bearer of the above name, who himself elects thus to spell it, than upon

M. MONTAGU-NATHAN.

CONSCRIPTION

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,—I do not know exactly what arguments against conscription Miss Marsden has met with, but her October article suggests that she has never even thought of the real ones, and is answering imaginary opponents instead of considering how to help to beat the Germans. She says "the question whether society shall shape itself primarily to accommodate military requirements is not at issue." No, certainly not; but it is the only question Miss Marsden discusses. That the Government ought to "get on with their business in a straightforward manner" everyone admits; but conscription, although a very straightforward manner of bullying some of the people one dislikes, is neither a straightforward nor effective way of fighting the foreign enemy. There are two good reasons, neither of which Miss Marsden has touched; (1) it selects as fighting material cowards and brave men alike, instead of letting them sort themselves out, as they would do if the rewards of the latter were gradually increased and the rewards of the former gradually lessened. (2) It leaves all the energies of the women and elderly men (like Miss Marsden and me) unutilized, instead of taxing us to provide the high pay which is the best way to encourage the half-courageous. I do not know how Miss Marsden likes to be defended; for my part I would rather pay a fox-terrier than conscribe a rabbit.

"Rarely has there been shown such whole-hearted unanimity," says Miss Marsden, thereby giving away whatever case she had. For if 99 people in 100 are eager to do what they can, what is the use of diverting the energies of No. 99 to compel No. 100? No use at all; but the motive is obvious. It is the tyrannous instinct of democracy, of majorities of all kinds, of the "social ego moved by a common social instinct into absolute units of will," as Miss Groff puts it. Miss Groff oddly seems to think she is controverting Miss Marsden, but she is only confirming her; for Miss Marsden is now a full-blown and perfect democrat, an eager oppressor of minorities. No doubt many another egoist has gone the same way when he saw a chance of oppressing a minority he disliked. Indeed the universal adoption of conscription on the Continent, despite its misdirection of part of the national power and total non-direction of the rest, shows how pleasing it is to this brutal mob-instinct.

CALDWELL HARPUR.

MISS GROFF AND ANARCHISM

To the Editor, THE EGOIST.

MADAM,—As the October number is the only copy of THE EGOIST that I have seen this year, I don't know if I shall be re-awakening an already exhausted subject if I object, as vehemently as the merit of the lines will admit, to the interpretation of Anarchism contained in Miss Alice Groff's verses to Alexander Berkman.

Of Berkman I know little. I have heard his name, seen his photograph, glanced at one of his books. Anyone can write against him for all I care. But about Anarchism I do care. For me it is a serious and, I think, a valid principle of revolutionary action: it isn't a vivid idea to play with; it isn't a philosophy of life; it isn't a metaphysical theory. If anyone is to sit in judgment on it, it must be the sociologist and not the philosopher. Much history, not much metaphysics, is the best training for the man who would understand it; and no new American or Viennese book of psychology will make up for a knowledge of the nature of Anarchist thought and action from Bakunin, through the Red International and the Spanish insurrections, to the Parisian developments of the earlier nineties and the ante-war syndicalist tendencies.

And isn't it, perhaps, lack of this latter kind of acquaintance with the subject that leads Miss Groff into her—if she'll forgive me—rather foolish verses? Obviously her interest in the matter is largely metaphysical. Fortified with a pen and an army of egos, analogies and italics, Miss Groff has set out to weigh the soul of Anarchism; but unfortunately she has weighed the soul of something else. If a majority of the Anarchists suggested a Utopia; if they were trying to introduce a new regimen for society, there might be truth in her opinion that Anarchy and Government are spiritually akin. We all know that Lucifer, triumphant, would become Jehovah. But Anarchy is not "the will of a social ego to a desired end": it is the setting free of the centrifugal forces in society; it is the breaking-up of those institutions and ideas that keep our moribund civilization from that decay which alone can fertilize the earth and make it strong enough to produce a new and hardy civilization. The Anarchist has no concern with the form the new societies will have nor with the religion that will animate them. This task—in spite of a few pamphlets of Kropotkin's that are "constructive"—is simply to destroy; to be to our age what the Christians and the Barbarians were to Rome. This iconoclasm is, however, less virulent than that of the Galileans; for they hated all political societies and he only hates that of to-day: they, moreover, thought themselves and their wisdom to be eternal, and the Anarchist knows himself transitory and fallible.

But Miss Groff will say that destruction, however phrased, is a "desired end," and I shall deny that it is an end at all. Anarchy, say what she will, is a means: at the most it can be a period of transition. And with that I bring my letter to its "desired end."

ALAN ADAIR.

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