VIEWS AND COMMENTS

It cannot be denied that Bergson has earned the fortune of popularity. Quite often this philosopher fails to understand himself: an unhappy fact which results in the perpetuation of blurred passages through which he has painfully to mumble his way into the open, and it is these special passages which have won for him the discipleship of those innumerable persons who, loving a "mystery," are moved to admiration only by what they do not understand. That he has become a popular institution with function that of intellectual make-weight for popular lecturers who lecture on subjects they do not understand, and that he commands a popularity which extends to the mutual improvement societies and the pleasant Sunday afternoons cannot be regarded as an unmerited fate; and it lies in the inevitable nature of things that when Mrs. Webb lectures on "Rebellion" she shall quote Bergson and quote, of course, those popular Bergsonian blurs relating to a supposed contrast between Intellect and Emotion. Mrs. Webb has lectured on "Rebellion" and, of course, did quote Bergson, just so. Mrs. Webb thinks that rebellion is deplorable because it attempts to foist the will of a minority on the majority, and that those who are rebels and who also "believe in violence" prefer Emotion to Intellect—on are terms of violence, and a thorough-going distaste for violence would amount accordingly to a distaste for the activities which we call life, such repugnance is far from being absolute. The people who "hate violence" merely mean that they "like" violence only within certain limits, and violence being a display of force against bodies, animate as well as inanimate, which for the satisfaction of our desires require to be moulded, removed, or obliterated, the "hate" itself is mainly child of the caution born of the normal "discipline of consequences." In civilized communities, however, this ingrained caution is reinforced by an almost age-long desuetude. The increasingly vicarious performance of the community's necessary violence has limited "domestic" violence, for instance, to a warfare waged in the name of sanitation against Lilliputian orders only: a warfare which by some mental adroitness is not accounted violence; and though we still daringly set snares for flies and even for more imposing "vermin," that tracking down of quarry which the provisioning of food formerly made individually necessary and which kept alive our takes risks on grounds as unwise as those upon which prior to a race one is inspired to back a horse. The gamble is dominated by preference: which preference is compounded of various oddments of chance observation, interest, and prejudice.

By abandoning as nonsensical phrases such as "believing and disbelieving in violence," we rid ourselves of all "principles" about the use of violence and have only to consider what sort of considerations give rise to the repugnance for its use which most intelligent people have. As the terms upon which all life is carried on are terms of violence, and a thorough-going distaste for violence would amount accordingly to a distaste for the activities which we call life, such repugnance is far from being absolute. The people who "hate violence" merely mean that they "like" violence only within certain limits, and violence being a display of force against bodies, animate as well as inanimate, which for the satisfaction of our desires require to be moulded, removed, or obliterated, the "hate" itself is mainly child of the caution born of the normal "discipline of consequences." In civilized communities, however, this ingrained caution is reinforced by an almost age-long desuetude. The increasingly vicarious performance of the community's necessary violence has limited "domestic" violence, for instance, to a warfare waged in the name of sanitation against Lilliputian orders only: a warfare which by some mental adroitness is not accounted violence; and though we still daringly set snares for flies and even for more imposing "vermin," that tracking down of quarry which the provisioning of food formerly made individually necessary and which kept alive our
familiarity with bloodshedding, is now "performed" in the discrete remotenesses of a slaughter-house. Officials—remote and discrete also—"deal with" our assailants and despotters, and the diminishing criminal is the crime done to the subdued to ordinariness as his case warrants; while our resistance has been waged mainly in the far ends of the earth. By virtue of a veiled yet ever-present threat and imminence of violence, conditions of ordinariness and peace have held through long periods, and have been of a character so complete as to encourage doctrinarians in unwarrented generalizations from which they proceed to theories and dreams of a peace absolute and universal, unsustained by the coercing violence which is peace's present cause and guarantee.

But "principles" and unfamiliarity apart: common sense, prudence, and justifiable fear see in violent means instruments too drastic to be used other than sparingly. In breaking its way through to a desired end, violence breaks too many things which ordinarily one prefers to keep whole, and its harsh undesired by-effects are weighed against its quite problematical chances of arriving at the one desired. Its use is extravagant and makes too much depend on a single throw, and the odds are mainly against the success of that throw. It evokes retaliatory violence, and those whom it flouts are incomparably better-equipped for a successful display of it. Therefore, while there is nothing in the character of the phenomena themselves to differentiate adversely or favourably between Submission and Passive Rebellion, or between Rebellion Passive and Rebellion Violent, for prudence and common sense the possession or lack of means adequate to command Success speaks with a more authoritative sound than could any transcendental decree; and it is accordingly not without reason, nor yet only with a mystical one, that of all classes of the people the least prone to rebellion are—the Poor. Obviously the maximum of discretion is demanded by the precariousness of their position, and caution is bred into their instincts. They already know too well the meaning of hardship to be anxious to draw upon themselves the wrath of their betters. Under the protection of numbers they may allow themselves some trifling horse-play, and under the fear of extinction or the god of overwhelming physical suffering they will even rebel as in the French stage of the Revolution, but for the rest, though the poor may find themselves embroiled in, they will never initiate revolt, and while rebellions are fairly common, insurrections are exceedingly rare.

The temper native to rebellion is the aristocratic temper: tyrannical and luxury-loving, which has learnt to enjoy the flavour of displayed power: hence its air of similitude in the ranks of the poor. There are of all the people the least tyrannical: that is their misfortune and the cause of their unhappy fate. The better-grade temper which is indigenous to the poor is the bourgeois one of thrift. Not the temper of rebels of Mr. Lapworth's Wales miners of the day before yesterday, but that of the Labour Party—Lib. Lab. for preference—is what they comprehend and most readily appreciate. It is the temper which ardently garners up its substance and swallows indignities with meekness fortified by the thought that at a future day its children may not need to swallow them while for ourselves, whatever the submergence-level recedes farther and farther away. While the rebel temper looks ahead to what with luck will come to pass, the bourgeois for comfort prefers to look back to its distressful origins, finding cause for thankfulness in that by its dull industry it has much improved on those. That the spirit of rebellion which is for them abjectly non-violent—should have been so rife among the "workers" just prior to the war, and that the utmost audaciousness should have been displayed in keeping interest fixed on ends which were not matters of life and death to them, and that all "higher" exhortations as to what was "Good" and "Right" and "Kind" should have fallen on deaf ears was due to the presence of spirits which though among them were not of them: spirits which sought to breathe into them the temper of aristocracy: devotion to ends other than the means. The slightly nervous yet involuntary response which these spirits evoked is significant of the homage a lower order of life pays to a higher.

It is because the poor are on the whole the poor in will: the least capable of tyranny: that the efforts of all "agitators" are set towards inculcating them more and more with that aristocratic spirit which finds its honour in maintaining its tyrannical privileges and powers. In illustration we can note the recent development of politics amongst Guilds. The theory is, in part, the natural development of Trade Unionism, and, in part, the outcome of a picturesque-loving adulation of "Ye Good Olde Times" which we owe to the efforts of the Chesterton-Bello group. In substance, the theory promotes the transforming of Unions into Guilds; with the Guilds, by compact made with the politicians, are to obtain State-guaranteed monopolies over the right of access to the means of creating wealth in the shape of all the commodities of labour. Monopolies, of course, being meaningless unless their holders are supported in their privileges by the exclusion of others from the enjoyment of them, this proposed system whose intent it is to make the good fortune of Guildies through a heightening of prices by means of an "artificial" limitation of available labour, must have in mind a body of workers which it intends to exclude. The agitation otherwise would be devoid of point or meaning. That it is not pointless but quite meaningful in the vital tyrannical sense is shown by the promoters' proposals to squeeze out— at least—women. Its sponsors stand heartily for the exclusion from industry of women. So much for the "spirit" of Guilds. It is not, however, to be imagined that only by indicating the tyrannical character of Guilds we depreciate them therefor. On the contrary, the designation is wholly of the nature of compliment, and inasmuch as it is the effort of a class not strongly inclined to tyranny and is their mounting effort towards the achievement of one, we can greet the proposals with charity. "More power to your tyranny." But inasmuch as it is set towards extending it, then the condition in which one has even more interest, and which is even further from "arriving," one joins more loudly still in the cry of "Death to all Tyrants"—particularly to Guild-Socialists.

Mrs. Webb declares that the badness and weakness of rebellion lie in the fact that rebels seek to impose the will of a minority upon the majority: that they are would-be tyrants. To accuse them of drawing breath as an iniquity would be quite as damaging. Rebels are tyrants and set on being greater tyrants—but so are we all to the extent that our powers make possible. All life is the expression of attempted tyrannies: of "minorities seeking to impose their will upon the majority: that they are "minorities" which is it is the effort of a class not strongly inclined to tyranny and is their mounting effort towards the achievement of one, we can greet the proposals with charity. "More power to your tyranny." But inasmuch as it is set towards extending it, then the condition in which one has even more interest, and which is even further from "arriving," one joins more loudly still in the cry of "Death to all Tyrants"—particularly to Guild-Socialists.

...
this majority which prevails. Always and inevitably it is the strong few, who, by assuming the initiative, acquire the lead and dictate the lines into which social arrangements fall, so creating "conditions" which the majority accept and in whose personnel it acquiesces.

It is precisely this power to dictate the main lines of a society which constitutes government. Initiative thus ensures governing powers, and initiative expresses itself in terms of intensity not extensity. Hence while "majority rule" is psychologically a myth, "majority rule" in virtue of intensity is the most salient feature of government: let it be human or subhuman. The human tyranny over the vast subhuman majority in itself furnishes the instance; among human societies the dominance of the "Great Powers" provides another; the internal constitution of each "Power" with its rulers, governments and subjects is another: and so on which great tyrannies are erected. In direct proportion to the degree in which units and groups are vitalized they are tyrannical, and their tyranny has the acquiescence of the majority, i.e. the vast number who are less capable of tyranny but who are manifestly impressed by it. Nothing is so impressive as success, and success is the grafting of the will of the minority on the mass. The 1914-18 war showed that the will of the successful is not therefore composed of the Mass but of groups or units which have been endeavouring to do the same, and whose ambitions, for the time being, are baulked by the success of rivals. The Mass acquiesces; could they, they would do as much themselves; being unable they applaud the one who can, particularly if his success is so complete as to place him very high above them where comparison between his power and theirs becomes little likely. The people can derive a sense of exhilaration from the spectacle of the One pitting himself against the World—let it be Athanasius, Alexander, Cromwell, or Napoleon—always provided he stands a chance of succeeding. They adore such a display of supreme power even when their own status is affected by it. And not only in the willing loyalty paid to Kings and rulers in every civilized state is witness borne to their acquiescence; the people's proneness to apostheosis, which has filled an extensive gallery full of Godheads, that such acquiescence in dominant single-handed tyranny is far from being exhausted by the liberal demands made upon it in a tyrant-inspired world; but that it can, of its own impetus, rise to heights of adoration and revel in displaying adoration's complementary emotion of submission.

" * * * "

The majority's acquiescence in the sway of a strong and established governing minority explains the worldwide adhesion to the notion of "Right." Rights are the slender cables which the one who can, particularly if his success is so complete as to place him very high above them where comparison between his power and theirs becomes little likely. The people can derive a sense of exhilaration from the spectacle of the One pitting himself against the World—let it be Athanasius, Alexander, Cromwell, or Napoleon—always provided he stands a chance of succeeding. They adore such a display of supreme power even when their own status is affected by it. And not only in the willing loyalty paid to Kings and rulers in every civilized state is witness borne to their acquiescence; the people's proneness to apostheosis, which has filled an extensive gallery full of Godheads, that such acquiescence in dominant single-handed tyranny is far from being exhausted by the liberal demands made upon it in a tyrant-inspired world; but that it can, of its own impetus, rise to heights of adoration and revel in displaying adoration's complementary emotion of submission.

" * * * "

The majority's acquiescence in the sway of a strong and established governing minority explains the worldwide adhesion to the notion of "Right." Rights are the slender cables which the one who can, particularly if his success is so complete as to place him very high above them where comparison between his power and theirs becomes little likely. The people can derive a sense of exhilaration from the spectacle of the One pitting himself against the World—let it be Athanasius, Alexander, Cromwell, or Napoleon—always provided he stands a chance of succeeding. They adore such a display of supreme power even when their own status is affected by it. And not only in the willing loyalty paid to Kings and rulers in every civilized state is witness borne to their acquiescence; the people's proneness to apostheosis, which has filled an extensive gallery full of Godheads, that such acquiescence in dominant single-handed tyranny is far from being exhausted by the liberal demands made upon it in a tyrant-inspired world; but that it can, of its own impetus, rise to heights of adoration and revel in displaying adoration's complementary emotion of submission.

" * * * "

The majority's acquiescence in the sway of a strong and established governing minority explains the worldwide adhesion to the notion of "Right." Rights are the slender cables which the one who can, particularly if his success is so complete as to place him very high above them where comparison between his power and theirs becomes little likely. The people can derive a sense of exhilaration from the spectacle of the One pitting himself against the World—let it be Athanasius, Alexander, Cromwell, or Napoleon—always provided he stands a chance of succeeding. They adore such a display of supreme power even when their own status is affected by it. And not only in the willing loyalty paid to Kings and rulers in every civilized state is witness borne to their acquiescence; the people's proneness to apostheosis, which has filled an extensive gallery full of Godheads, that such acquiescence in dominant single-handed tyranny is far from being exhausted by the liberal demands made upon it in a tyrant-inspired world; but that it can, of its own impetus, rise to heights of adoration and revel in displaying adoration's complementary emotion of submission.

The leaders of the one supremely successful rebellion in English history—the Puritan—were said to possess "Heads to conceive, tongues to persuade, and hands to execute, and perform." The Ulster "home" rebels have failed because they had "head" enough to conceive the goal but not enough to conceive the route and the means of arriving thereto. The Ulster rebels, however, like those inspired by De Wet or the Kaiser Wilhelm II, are separated from the "holiday bonfire"—not only on paper but in spirit—that they understood that rebellion is nothing if not a method of gaining, and the fascinations of "climbing" with those who are bitten by it. With every institution in an established order revolting against it, the spirit of revolt issues forth as the new life of spring follows the maturity of autumn. It is the expression of the perennial living spirit expounding into its new form. Rebellions will never fail to appear, though they may, like the early shoots killed by the frost, fail to succeed. Rebels bring life, youth, and the joy of new things with them. Their impetus is exciting, and finding in the business of rebellion is their true hallmark. Rebels are well-fed people; at least, they are people who have come to regard certain luxuries as prime necessities, and it is among the luxuries—life's laughter, roses and wine—that rebellion must be placed. Those who having taken part in rebellion are yet unable to say that they have been paid in sheer pleasure for any suffering it has entailed can only solace themselves with the sad comfort that they have been "done"; led away by evil communications: evil to them. A melancholy rebel, a sanctimonious, tearful or pious rebel, is either a hypocrite and an imposter or a opportunist swept by a strong current into channels for which his native tendencies have failed to equip him. All true rebels plan their tyrannies joyfully.

" * * * "

The reasons why rebellions fail therefore is not because rebels seek to impose the will of a minority on the majority: it is because they bring themselves into conflict with a powerful and already established minority; and to be established furnishes nine parts to success. Not only is the established power master of the main instruments of coercion, but, because it is the creator of the contemporary "Right," it has the favour of the order-loving Masses and of Public Opinion. Most rebellions fail because they lack spirit. Spirit moves all things, but to do so it has to take on various forms. It is far better expressed in offensive weapons than in stirring renderings of the "Red Flag" or in some rousing speech from a rebel in the dock; and rebels who throw themselves into frays for which they have not adequately prepared and of which they have not foreseen the main consequences are showing not spirit but the lack of it. Intelligence is the most elaborated form of spirit, and the spectacle of unarmed strikers rushing into the open is irrevocation for the armed forces acting against them as recently in South Africa, or of Dublin dockers facing repressive forces fortified only by empty hands and as empty stomachs, argues a lack of intelligence. It is a sign of intelligence to evoke a manifestation of violence against oneself only when one has adequate means of retaliating with effect.

" * * * "

The leaders of the one supremely successful rebellion in English history—the Puritan—were said to possess "Heads to conceive, tongues to persuade, and hands to execute, and perform." The Ulster "home" rebels have failed because they had "head" enough to conceive the goal but not enough to conceive the route and the means of arriving thereto. The Ulster rebels, however, like those inspired by De Wet or the Kaiser Wilhelm II, are separated from the "holiday bonfire"—not only on paper but in spirit—that they understood that rebellion is nothing if not a method of gaining, and the fascinations of "climbing" with those who are bitten by it. With every institution in an established order revolting against it, the spirit of revolt issues forth as the new life of spring follows the maturity of autumn. It is the expression of the perennial living spirit expounding into its new form. Rebellions will never fail to appear, though they may, like the early shoots killed by the frost, fail to succeed. Rebels bring life, youth, and the joy of new things with them. Their impetus is exciting, and finding in the business of rebellion is their true hallmark. Rebels are well-fed people; at least, they are people who have come to regard certain luxuries as prime necessities, and it is among the luxuries—life's laughter, roses and wine—that rebellion must be placed. Those who having taken part in rebellion are yet unable to say that they have been paid in sheer pleasure for any suffering it has entailed can only solace themselves with the sad comfort that they have been "done"; led away by evil communications: evil to them. A melancholy rebel, a sanctimonious, tearful or pious rebel, is either a hypocrite and an imposter or a opportunist swept by a strong current into channels for which his native tendencies have failed to equip him. All true rebels plan their tyrannies joyfully.
He failed, have become a legendary figure of iniquity corresponding perhaps to a Guy Fawkes. Compared with the workers who are badgered miserably from pillar to post by armed forces the women even were on sure ground. It was not wholly unreasonable in them to calculate success for a policy of bounce worked off the frontiers, by persistence that sometimes may be dealt with gently: particularly those of gentle birth, of whom the promoters wisely took the precaution of obtaining a fair few. With the result that they travelled far along the paths of violence with relatively very small damage to themselves.

Hence the task for rebels is not to purge their souls free of all tyrannical intent but to find means of translating their prospective tyrannies into established fact. Their problem is how to come by power, and is to be solved—as far as words can help towards a solution—by preaching the gospel of Kings to the Meek. To preach the gospel of the Meek is that gospel was devised specifically for the weak by Kings to keep them Kings; while never will those possessing power resist the opportunity of exercising it when they can, any more than a plant will resist expansion under the rays of the sun. Nor will the gospel of kindness solve the riddle. Kindness itself has to be understood. Kindness means strong and weak, and if strong and weak those who are the weak are not of the same kind; kindness in the powerful means hostility to the spirit of those who are alien to their kind: to the Meek. It is the poor who are kindest to the poor, and it is to be observed how gently Kings are disposed to deal with the persons of Kings. Sympathy and kindness are found among comparative kindest to the poor, and it is to be observed how gently Kings are disposed to deal with the persons of Kings. Sympathy and kindness are found among comparative.

Nor will the gospel of kindness solve the riddle. Kindness itself has to be understood. Kindness means strong and weak, and if strong and weak those who are the weak are not of the same kind; kindness in the powerful means hostility to the spirit of those who are alien to their kind: to the Meek. It is the poor who are kindest to the poor, and it is to be observed how gently Kings are disposed to deal with the persons of Kings. Sympathy and kindness are found among comparative kindest to the poor, and it is to be observed how gently Kings are disposed to deal with the persons of Kings. Sympathy and kindness are found among comparative.

**THE EGOIST**

December 1, 1915

viewed from the long point of view, measures such as conscription amount only to the fitting in of an artificial set of fangs which the uneasy victims jangle together for an uncomfortable moment, waiting restively for the time when they will be snatched out and taken from them, to be jealously stored for future use.*

It is for the people to realize that means by which Kings put such value, cannot be without cut or for themselves. The established minorities which govern the world have intelligence enough to know what creates and preserves paramountcies, and have taken the measures needful.

They have cut the claws of their subjects at home not only of any misprision of the value of claws but out of the fullest appreciation of their value; and they were not to discard them but to establish a monopoly in them: which monopoly is the basis of all their relations with neighbouring powers. Robbed of their monopoly in armaments rulers are robbed of their thunder. The way to render diplomacy "open" and to transmute it into a straightforward tale of plans and purposes is not to pass futile measures of "open diplomacy" but to get the power which is behind all diplomacy into the hands of the people. With the instruments of execution in the hands of the people, the eloquence of kings and governors must needs be diverted from the befouling of their neighbours towards the persuasion and achterwards of the world. Of which fact governors are well enough aware and have intelligence not only to provide against it but to evolve a remarkable "culture" for the people which preaches to them the "strength of weakness." The peoples of the nations are subject because they are weak; and to keep them weak they are soaked: bred and reared in foolishness. Verily to those that have shall be given and from those that have not shall be taken away that which they have. The gospel for the people is that status and destiny follow in the wake of the power to attack and defend, and is written plainly in every workshop, every slum and every prison, on all the battle-plains of the earth. Those who possess it greatly rule the earth. Those who possess it little or not at all become fuel to feed flames set glowing for the great ones' amusement. If the people do not wish to be used as fuel they must win and maintain the power which automatically will make them different unto the men who have freedom they have to acquire it. Power is freedom and power is hard to get and it is onerous to uphold. If there is ambiguity about verbal freedom there is none about genuine power. It is the intelligence which provides itself adequately for attack and defence, and so it is inevitably a criterion of power. It is new in such a theory. Denial of the right to carry arms: which in less equivocal terms means recognition of inability to retain arms: is quite the normal condition of serfs, prisoners and people who stand in the position of defeat generally. That it is the strength of one's government which establishes status and not the passing of Acts of Parliament cannot be too much insisted upon.

Much use is being made just now of statements to the effect that "the workers" have been degraded from the status of "free labourers" to that of serfs by the passing of the Munitions Act. But it is not the Act which makes them into serfs: the Act merely proves that—save for politeness—they were potentially already serfs. Words effect little and proclamations are but a breath. What actually gives the Act its meaning is the co-existence of two quite old-established facts: that the government have armaments with which to back their proclamations, while the workers lack the armaments and know it. It is their refusal to view any of these factors change such an Act must fail. Its action was for instance abortive in South Wales: a result due not so much to any change in the second factor as to a reluctance on the part of the government, owing to very special circumstances, to make the significance of the first too evident.

D. M.
EXTRACTS FROM THE LETTERS OF A PRISONER OF WAR


"By means of Mr. W—, your letter has reached me. I am overjoyed to get it. It is, as you can well believe terribly lonely and tiresome here. Both Schönberg and Hervorth Walden are very good to me, and I am making much progress with my musical studies."


"You see we are now interned. Mr. D.— is here but in another barrack."

December 24, 1914. "There is nothing here worth writing about, but I have, curiously enough, met here Bainton and Treharne who has been following my work and in whom I have some mutual memories. Bainton knows Stanislawsky who has just done some new conceptions for Olga Merechowsky. With Clarke we form a small modernist coterie. But this separation is necessary to me and eventually this place is stagnation. Tomorrow is a festival and I cannot mock you with festival wishes."

January 1, 1915. "May the New Year end better than it begins! . . . Did I tell you that Benjamin Dale, the friend of York Bowen, is here also! His work is very good. He is off on route to Bayreuth with Bainton who has just broken out."

January 22, 1915. "The cigarettes, chocolates, etc. have arrived and are more than welcome. All food here beyond the ordinary camp food is very dear. Will you send me the following books . . . I must try to settle to work. Time passes so heavily here. Can you also send copies of The Egoist?"

January 26, 1915. "I have had to stay in bed two days owing to severe chill. The men have been awfully good. Clarke carried my portion of coffee in the cubby hole in which to prepare work."

February 1, 1915. "Another month commenced! One seems to have been here for centuries. Please write at least once a week. Letters mean so much. I think much of our garden in England and the sunlight in Italy and all their myriad associations. You will write at least once a week. Letters mean so much."

March 6, 1915. "We are now permitted two letters per month in addition to the postcards, so I avail myself of this privilege and am glad you hear from, though I have never before met him. Also he knows C.— and M.— and S.— so we have mutual memories. Bainton knows Stanislawsky who has just done some new conceptions for Olga Merechowsky. With Clarke we form a small modernist coterie. But this separation is necessary to me and eventually this place is stagnation. Tomorrow is a festival and I cannot mock you with festival wishes."

April 30, 1915. "Your letters and cards make me acutely sensible of the interests and real things which this separation deprives me of. Here, I am trying to engage my attention in order to forget the movement of present affairs. I am participating in many camp functions. Last night I delivered a lecture on "The Presentation of Evocative Drama," under the auspices of the Ruhleben Camp Arts and Science Union. These things trivial though they seem from point of view of the outer world, enable one to defy monotony and to develop and apply one's personal conceptions. Hatfield and I see much of one another. We have been amusingly attempting to play individualistic theories to the camp societies to which we belong. The more I see of Treharne the more I like him. He evokes real affection, being so essentially sincere and modern, and developed in sensibility. His work is among the most penetrative and expressive music which I have come upon for some time. The music he has written to "As You Like It" is delightful. He has set some of my "Children's Poems," and "Aurifrigia."

May 29, 1915. "I am back in camp after a few weeks in hospital. Every tree is green and many frogs croak in the distance in the池 near the barracks. Obviously Russolo's "Arte dei Rumori," is necessary in music. . . . I have been granted a study box (cubby hole) in which to prepare work."

June 23, 1915. "On June 10 the forest scenes from "As You Like It" were produced with great success. The setting I designed was very simple. The curtains were in three shades of green, yellow-green for near feeling, toning to grey-green for depth and distance. The slashing were in three dominant tones, lilac, hawthorn pink and laburnum yellow—to convey the sense of spring. The two pillars of the stage were covered with the dawn and dark-green. Scenes were created by rearrangement of curtains. . . . I also designed a special lighting scheme to enable us to obtain a change from moonlight to grey preceding dawn, then dawn—first sun-rays and thence to gold of early morning. For this we used a water-resistance constructed of biscuit boxes and earthenware plates. In the last scene the Welsh Society sang a hidden chorus, I enclose the camp journal, programme and drawings of the scenic design and group arrangements and masks (worn for dance in last scene. I designed them and they were all made in camp by interned civilians). Treharne's music was absolutely delightful, delicate, daring and full of perfect comprehension of and sympathy with the play."

July 18, 1915. "My music lectures commence August 15, and I wish to make them a great success, because of the immense importance I attach to the work of the moderns in music. The lectures are as follows:—Schönberg, Bartók, The Egoists, The Romantic Movement (Ravel, Schmitt and Roussel), The Spanish Post-Impressionists; The Finnish Primitivists; The Russian Imagists, Straivinsky and The Dionysian Spirit; Scriabin and Evocative Symbolism in Music. The Italian Neo-Classics; Delius and Intuitive Sensibility and the Futurist Music."

September 27, 1915. "Thanks so much for the birthday parcel. It was jolly to receive it. It actually arrived on the very date, September 23. I sat and croaked in the cubby hole. Then I went to tea with Pender and
Hatfield, who with Treharne and Prichard are the interned, though in Baracke 10 and other odd corners a deeper understanding is met. Pender is captain of Loft A, Baracke 3. He is a most pleasant and amusing being, lectures on English, French, and German Literature and has a mania for dialectics, practical joking, smoking and sitting in deck chairs. His corner of the loft is lined with books and he works here, holding forth over his tea with an absurd gravity in support of Chestertonian paradoxes. He, Hatfield and I argue immeasurably, Hatfield being very incisive and inclined to action and full of interest in psychology, while Pender affects the easy chair and Catholicism. Treharne has now finished four volumes of choral songs to poems by Duncan Jones and myself. I wish we could be photographed together: I should just like you to see how we look. I bid fair to rival a Cossack with my beard. Soon we shall be appearing beclogged, be-wuffed and as usual, bewildered with nonsensical chatter. Oh the winter! One does not look forward to the winter!"

LATIN POEMS OF THE RENAISSANCE

Translated by Richard Aldington

CELIO CALCAGNINI (1479-1541)

The Calends of April

A

H. lad, weave violet crowns, adding to flowers new flowers, for this clear day brings in the calends of Venus.

See how the birds fly across the sky with much whistling one to another; see how the bees repeat their spring task and revisit the meadows.

And hear how the pilgrim swallow chatters and tells of her swift return, herself preparing a couch for her young beneath the wonted beam.

ANDREA NAVAGERO (1483-1529)

Returning from his Embassy to Spain

Hail! beautiful land, dear to the gods, hail! fair valleys of Aphrodite. After these many toils of mind and soul I see you again, and make joyful offering that through your favour I may drive away care from my heart. The Graces dip their snow-coloured bodies in the springs of no other land; in no other fields do they weave their garlands... (No more was written.)

To the Winds

Winds, that speed on light wings through the air and with gentle music sigh through the deep woods—Idmon gives these coronals to you, and scatters these scented crocuses from wicker baskets. Assuage the heat and swirl away the empty chaff, whilst at hottest of the day he winnows his grain.

Inscription for a Fountain

The fountain is cold and there is no water more healing. The margin is green with fine grass, and the alders ward off the sunlight with many-leaved boughs. Burning Titan now hangs in mad-heaven and the parched meads glance under the afflicting star.

Stay, wayfarer, since you are heated by the noon sunshine and your languid feet can bear you no further. Here you may rest from your weariness, and grow cool in the wind and the green shadows, and ease your thirst with the limpid water.

The Offering of Telezon

Teleson gives to Ceres these spikes of wheat, to Lyaeus these coronals, and to Pales these two bowls of white milk.

May Ceres foster his land and Lyaeus his vines; may Pales grant abundant sweet pastures to his cattle.

GIROLAMO FRACASTORO (1483-1553)

From Liber I of “de Morbo Gallico”

Unhappy Italy, how internal strife has lost you that ancient courage and your fathers’ rule of the world! Have you a nook which cannot tell of foreign servitude, of spoils, of miserable ruin? Speak, you vine-bearing, unshakable hills, where Erothenus flows in pleasant streams and with full horns slips into the sea to join the waters of the Euganeans!

O happy land, for long more peaceful than all others, most holy country of the gods, rich in wealth, fertile in men, happy in fruitful fields, swift Athises and the waves of Benacus—who can remember your calamities and enjoy of your pleasures, and who can equal our ignominious submission, our foreign rule? Hold low your head, Benacus, hide beneath your stream, and let no god glide now among your lordly laurels.

Winter

When the east wind sweeps from the woods, or the clouds of the west fall in rain, the hearth-fire shall glow within doors. The shepherd will bring us beech-logs and split oak; he will throw on the flames olive-boughs and juniper to send sweet scent from the fire.

The lad, Iulus, will be by the hearth; he will play and caress you and talk his broken chatter. I myself will read great Virgil’s monument with you.

Too happy we! if, in that little time yet left us, the Fates give us such days together.

Fragment

Among the woods and the shores of the streams, among the still myrtles and the springing laurels, Benacus moves his shining flood. Around the fire the lads and maidservants sing while the country meal cooks in the swing-oven; crocuses from wicker baskets. Assuage the heat and turn the spindle with trembling hands.

MARCO-ANTONIO FLAMINIO (1498-1550)

To the Muse of Sirmio

O Muse, who cherish the comely white shore of Sirmio and teach the sacred grove of olives to murmur of beautiful Lesbia—we dedicate to you an altar of green turf and three bowls of honey and bubbling milk.

We call you with entreating voice, O Goddess, to the poor but reverent offering, call you to celebrate Hyella on your sweet lyre. There has never lived, in any land, a more beautiful girl than she, nor will there ever be one more worthy your song.

Then leave the green places and the waves of Benacus. For here the breath of light Favonius murmurs. The air is delighted with the music of birds. The meadows gimmer with flowers. The pure fountains cool the dryads of the woods with glass-clear waters. Thither return the chaste bands of Artemis when they weary of slaying the fallows in the sharp burning sunlight.

Come then, O white maiden, and speak your songs to me, so that Hyella may be immortal even as your most lovely Lesbia.

The Prayer of Astraea

Father Pan, old Silenus, twi-horned fauns, and you, white band of the Goddess of the Pharetra—my reed-pipe has gladdened you with its music and I have brought you offerings each year.

Spare now, I beseech, the purple grape-berries and do not pluck the golden plums with greedy fingers.
The Stream
O Stream, you who rise from the cold fountains of the Nymphus and pass through the woods, if, beautiful one, you consoled his garb of Phyllis and slake her thirst, she will give you a hundred kisses which will turn your waters sweeter than Hyblean honey.

To Pholoe
May Venus give you imperishable youth and may no wrinkle ever disfigure you.

After supper, Pholoe, let us go to my mother with little Lyceina and your mother. There we will watch happily beside a blazing fire; and the darkness will be brighter to us than the glittering day. The two old women—still gossip, we will sing gay songs, and little Lyceina will roast her chestnuts.

So with pleasant jests and laughter we will spend the hours until the weight of sleep draws down our eyelids.

To Pholoe
While the cicada calls shrilly about me, you, Pholoe, lie in fresh sleep. But I have wandered about all night, and now I bring wreathed flowers to your gate. I have kissed the polished lintel where your naked foot touched it, and it is wet with my tears.

If either pity me, or bid me die here, if you will yet be cruel.

HONORATO FASCIUTELLI (1502-1564)
The Villa Annia
Sacred citron-trees of the grove of Annia, sacred spring rippling through the woods, shrine of the pure sea-beach upon the hill, and you, forest gods and goddesses of the race of Zeus—sadly do I leave you and most joyfully return.

I delight to flee away to god-like idleness in your breast. Either I lie hid beneath the dark tresses of the grove, and in short loose tunic grow cool from the breath of the wavering West-Wind: or beside the murmuring of the rill I sit long and long above its cool mirror, sleepily splashing the alluring water with languid fingers. Sorrow drifts away to the sound of the trembling lute. From the height I watch the mirrored sail of a thousand passing ships. And the Dog-star burns hot over land and sea, and Arctos with his frosts and dreary clouds flies from Hyperion.

[These poems and others are printed in No. 4 of the Poets Translation Series.]

NOTES ON MODERN GERMAN

POETRY

By ALEC W. G. RANDALL

V. Walt Whitman in Germany. (b) Johannes Schlaf

ARNO HOLZ and Johannes Schlaf were both intimately associated, first of all as comrades in the Social Democratic movement; then as workers in the circle of artists—the Brothers Hart, Hauptmann, Mackay, Wille and the rest— who founded—what we may call—Freie Bühne. They were also collaborators in a series of Naturalist novels and plays—in fact, the volumes of sketches entitled "Papa Hamlet," from which the whole Naturalist movement in the German drama and novel—including Hauptmann’s early plays—may be said to have taken its rise. But this co-operation did not last very long. An exaggeration until it is recalled that it was Schlaf more than anyone else who came under the two most powerful influences in modern German poetry—Verhaeren and Walt Whitman. For drama and fiction Zola was his model, and Schlaf’s play, "Meister Oelze," is recognized as a classic of realistic drama; the technique of the Naturalist play, in fact, was created by Schlaf, though it was Hauptmann who brought the type to perfection and gave the Naturalist movement its predominance. But in poetry Verhaeren and Whitman were the chief influences.

It seems as if Schlaf were destined to become a Whitmanian. His book "In Dingsa" was at least conceived before he knew "Leaves of Grass," and when the latter volume was made known throughout Germany by Knortz’s and T. W. Rolleston’s translation in 1889, Schlaf was one of the first to welcome it. For the next fifteen years he imitated Whitman, translated him, defended him in many quarrels, and in general assimilated the Whitmanian spirit, which in reality was so akin to his own that the process was rapid and complete. Schlaf’s most important contribution to Whitmanianism in Germany is the volume of prose-poems entitled "Frühling" (Spring). A comparison of this book with any work of Holz will make clear the fact that Schlaf was a far more faithful disciple of Whitman. Holz adopted some of the techniques of "Leaves of Grass," although he denied the fact; he caught some of Whitman’s phrases and he had the usual sort of Socialist’s admiration for his democratic visions. But he never absorbed Whitman. When people said that Holz had come to fulfil Whitman they could only have meant it in a purely technical sense. It was Schlaf who inherited Whitman—his rhythm, his energy, his democratic beliefs, his philosophy, and a good deal of his cosmic indefiniteness, his "yawp." But there is also something original in his work, and I think an example of it may be found in the following representative paragraph from "Frühling":

Sun! Sun! Sun!

My eyes are fixed on a far-off blue, with ardent desire. And now—now I am a creature luminous with gold. An ample plume grows from my shining wings and my blood, warmed by the golden sun, boils in my veins. I tremble and rise. I rise! I rise!

That is more romantic, more "fanciful" than Whitman; it has more colour. Schlaf’s lines are not at all the kind we should expect from our knowledge of his Naturalist dramas. It is significant that in the Neo-classic reaction against Naturalism Holz has been the chief object of attack, while scarcely any reference has been made to Schlaf. The Neo-classic critic Samuel Lublinski was, as I have said, one among his principal supporters. Schlaf was one of the most prominent Naturalists of his time. Schlaf was, in fact, surprisingly romantic. The following little poem from an early volume, "Helldunkel," has a charm which reminds us of Walter de la Mare:

PANTASTIES

Three thousand miles behind the moon
There are stones being brought together;
For a castle, you know, must be built
Out of pure, silvery blue light;
And in it shall dwell
The all-royal maiden
Marleuchen the fair.
Go now, and wander, and do dare;
She shall be thine at last.
POEMS

[These poems are reprinted, by permission, from two books, "Images" and "Cadences," just published by the Poetry Book Shop. They are meant to take the place of a review.]

INTERLUDE

BLOW your tin squeals
On your reedy whistle.

Here they come dancing,
White girls, lithe girls,
In linked dance
From Attica.

Gay girls dancing in the frozen street,
Hair streaming, and white raiment
Flying.

Red lips that first were
Red in Ephesus.

Gone!
You! Red-nose, piping by the Red-Lion,
You!
Did you bring them?

Here, take my pennies,
Mon semblable, mon frère.

AFTER TWO YEARS

She is all so slight
And tender and white
As a May morning.

She walks without hood
At dusk. It is good
To hear her sing.

It is God’s will
That I shall love her still
As He loves Mary,
And night and day
I will go forth to pray
That she love me.

She is as gold
Lovely, and far more cold.

Do thou pray with me,
For if I win grace
To kiss twice her face
God has done well to me.

RICHARD ALDINGTON, from "Images."

FRAGMENT

... That night I loved you
in the candle light.
Your golden hair
strewed the sweet whiteness of the pillows
and the counterpane.

O the darkness of the corners,
the warm air, and the stars
framed in the casement with the ships’ lights!
The waves lapped into the harbour;
the boats creaked;

a man’s voice sang out on the quay;
and you loved me.

In your love were the tall tree fuschias,
the blue of the hortensias, the scarlet nasturtiums,
the trees on the hills,
the roads we had covered,
and the sea that had borne your body
before the rocks of Hartland.

You loved me with these
and with the kindness of people,
country folk, sailors and fishermen,
and the old lady who had lodged us and supped us,

You loved me with yourself
that was these and more,
changed as the earth is changed
into the bloom of flowers.

BEGGAR

In the gutter
piping his sadness
an old man stands,
bent and shrivelled,
beard draggled,
eyes dead.

Huddled and mean,
shivering in threadbare clothes—
winds beat him,
hunger bites him,
forlorn, a whistle in his hands,
piping.

Hark! the strange quality
of his sorrowful music,
wind from an empty belly
wrought magically
into the wind,—

pattern of silver on bronze.

F. S. FLINT, from "Cadences."

F. S. FLINT

LA LETTRE

On a d’abord cherché quelle était l’écriture,
Quel timbre avait frappé son enveloppe en deuil,
Puis, incertaine, avec les ciseaux de couture,
La mère ouvrit enfin la missive, et son œil
S’embrouille maintenant aux mots et aux ratures.
Un silence est venu, le travail a cessé ;
Les faces en émoi vers elle sont levées
Dans l’espoir inquiet de ce qui va passer. . .
Et le disque cuivré du lent balancier
Se montre et disparaît dans la gaine cirée.

ANDRÉ LAFON.
PASSING PARIS

Here in Paris we are launched into another winter of war, and there can be no question but that the idea appeals to many. They tell me that in London the absorption from the street-life of the mutilated victims of war keeps away "black thoughts" from the public. I cannot but think that this reticence—if intentional—in the exhibition of the war's effects is one of different forces for shaking the shock of direct contact with the reality of things typical of that regrettable timidity manifestly fostered by the English at all times in face of moral problems, but particularly in the present circumstances. In this instance the French show courage far superior, for they do not require doses of mental pick-me-ups to keep up their calm and resolution. The truth in all its abrupt abomination stimulates them. If the English system of "letting it drop gently" is the most suited to the British temperament, then the British constitution is feebler than the French.

The deficiencies in limbs and features in uniformed men passing me as I note these thoughts on a bench in the Luxembourg gardens, inspires this theme. I wish the four statesmen who have just visited this city from the Channel had kept me company here for an hour or so. The smile the daguerreotypists so invariably render would, I fancy, be less persistent. We do not want to see Cabinet ministers smiling just now. Joffre may and Kitchener (though he does not) may and every other soldier may, but not civilians, and especially not responsible civilians.

When I read English contemporaries I am surprised to learn of topics quite new to me as preoccupying the Parisian mind. Do I live in an environment apart or do they? Anyhow, they inform of features of Paris life quite unfamiliar to me and my circle or occupying so insignificant a place in our interests that they do not occur to me as worth recording. Constantly I read "All Paris is talking" or "laughing" or "crying" or "dreaming" about this or that about which I have barely heard a mention. Either their interests are peculiar or they imagine that their readers' curiosity necessarily differs from their own, a theory current among publicists—and, notably, editors, as experience has from time to time shown me—the fallacy of which the subsequent bankruptcy of the concerns they directed is a vain boast; he is just housed, fed in a manner suitable only to men in the best of health, and but roughly equipped. The State thinks it does well by him in providing him with tobacco and free postage, privileges by which all men do not profit equally. But to the men whose health keeps them in the so-called medical reserve, has been given some post in the rear. If not for active service, at least for a post at the rear—of a celebrated poet—apparently sufficiently able-bodied, found nothing better to do than to perform in his father's plays for the benefit of wounded, etc. A certain sturdy-looking actor, son of an actor, seems equally immune from the general rule. But the position of these is not to be envied either now or in the future.

The men whose health keeps them in the so-called auxiliary service have, notwithstanding, a very hard time. Long absence from home naturally makes the men look different, as is made upon the arts of the military. Sometimes the labour is manual, sometimes clerical. The discipline is as severe as in the active ranks, perhaps even more so, and life in barracks is far superior, for they do not require doses of mental pick-me-ups to keep up their calm and resolution. In the slacker régime favouritism may or may not be responsible for the acquittal of some culpable ones, in the severer many innocent ones are condemned. Which is the better rule?

I know a young man who, after having been wounded on active service, has been given some post in the rear. He dare not come home to spend Sundays with his wife and two little children because of the neighbours wanting too much to know "why" he has so many holidays, "why" he is not at the front, etc. So they have to meet in secret in some district where he is not known to the shrews prying at their windows.

Do I live in an environment apart? Two little children because of the neighbours wanting too much to know "why" he has so many holidays, "why" he is not at the front, etc. So they have to meet in secret in some district where he is not known to the shrews prying at their windows.

The deficiencies in limbs and features in uniformed men passing me as I note these thoughts on a bench in the Luxembourg gardens, inspires this theme. I wish the four statesmen who have just visited this city from the Channel had kept me company here for an hour or so. The smile the daguerreotypists so invariably render would, I fancy, be less persistent. We do not want to see Cabinet ministers smiling just now. Joffre may and Kitchener (though he does not) may and every other soldier may, but not civilians, and especially not responsible civilians.

When I read English contemporaries I am surprised to learn of topics quite new to me as preoccupying the Parisian mind. Do I live in an environment apart or do they? Anyhow, they inform of features of Paris life quite unfamiliar to me and my circle or occupying so insignificant a place in our interests that they do not occur to me as worth recording. Constantly I read "All Paris is talking" or "laughing" or "crying" or "dreaming" about this or that about which I have barely heard a mention. Either their interests are peculiar or they imagine that their readers' curiosity necessarily differs from their own, a theory current among publicists—and, notably, editors, as experience has from time to time shown me—the fallacy of which the subsequent bankruptcy of the concerns they directed is a vain boast; he is just housed, fed in a manner suitable only to men in the best of health, and but roughly equipped. The State thinks it does well by him in providing him with tobacco and free postage, privileges by which all men do not profit equally. But to the men whose health keeps them in the so-called medical reserve, has been given some post in the rear. If not for active service, at least for a post at the rear—of a celebrated poet—apparently sufficiently able-bodied, found nothing better to do than to perform in his father's plays for the benefit of wounded, etc. A certain sturdy-looking actor, son of an actor, seems equally immune from the general rule. But the position of these is not to be envied either now or in the future.

The men whose health keeps them in the so-called auxiliary service have, notwithstanding, a very hard time. Long absence from home naturally makes the men look different, as is made upon the arts of the military. Sometimes the labour is manual, sometimes clerical. The discipline is as severe as in the active ranks, perhaps even more so, and life in barracks is far superior, for they do not require doses of mental pick-me-ups to keep up their calm and resolution. In the slacker régime favouritism may or may not be responsible for the acquittal of some culpable ones, in the severer many innocent ones are condemned. Which is the better rule?

I know a young man who, after having been wounded on active service, has been given some post in the rear. He dare not come home to spend Sundays with his wife and two little children because of the neighbours wanting too much to know "why" he has so many holidays, "why" he is not at the front, etc. So they have to meet in secret in some district where he is not known to the shrews prying at their windows.

And yet those—few, it is true, they are—who are influential enough and want to "get for" do. The Intransigent asked openly the other day why the son of a celebrated poet—apparently sufficiently able-bodied, if not for active service, at least for a post at the rear—found nothing better to do than to perform in his father's plays for the benefit of wounded, etc. A certain sturdy-looking actor, son of an actor, seems equally immune from the general rule. But the position of these is not to be envied either now or in the future.

The men whose health keeps them in the so-called auxiliary service have, notwithstanding, a very hard time. Long absence from home naturally makes the men look different, as is made upon the arts of the military. Sometimes the labour is manual, sometimes clerical. The discipline is as severe as in the active ranks, perhaps even more so, and life in barracks is anything but luxurious. Though they may be spared from peril, these men do their duty in proportion to their physical capacities. It is a monotonous round and so forth have opened refectories where meals are served to their members at such nominal rates as 50 cmes., while one of our most successful and kindliest playwrights, M. Pierre Wolff, has undertaken to answer for their fuel. In examples such as these French initiative expresses itself with the most admirable competence and tact.

Our soldiers' indemnity has been raised from one sou to five sous per day. Those at the front may manage with this as their needs are small and opportunities for spending limited, but for those at the rear it is a mockery. Such is the consequence of conscription, the costs of which the State cannot meet. When called upon to serve, every man in the country is expected to possess an independent income on which to draw for his keep. Many men are now drawing upon their capital. To say that a soldier is adequately provided for is a vain boast; he is just housed, fed in a manner suitable only to men in the best of health, and but roughly equipped. The State thinks it does well by him in providing him with tobacco and free postage, privileges by which all men do not profit equally. But to the men whose health keeps them in the so-called medical reserve, has been given some post in the rear. If not for active service, at least for a post at the rear—of a celebrated poet—apparently sufficiently able-bodied, found nothing better to do than to perform in his father's plays for the benefit of wounded, etc. A certain sturdy-looking actor, son of an actor, seems equally immune from the general rule. But the position of these is not to be envied either now or in the future.
There is not a single modern man of the brush who can render cavalry. M. Dunoyer de Segonzac, who knows the beauty of soldiery, will perhaps give us something in that line one day, if he is spared. Meanwhile he is exercising his ingenuity in the camoufage department, the equivalent English term for which I regret I do not happen to know. The work consists in contrivances of decep­tion, such as mock-scenery for hiding artillery, aviation-camps, etc.

Among the cartoonists Forain continues busy. Le Mot has, after a lingering agony, come to an end; it was too good for this world. Steinlen wears the best because he is so entirely free from tricks and mannerisms. Bernard Naudin, though mobilised, has, as was to be expected, found room to prove that his pen is well suited to scenes associated with warfare and its sufferings; and Poulbot's merit does not decrease as his vogue increases.

* * * * *

The knot uniting that group of modern French writers in poetry and prose whose faith is, or was, as the moving spirit of their genius—Claudel, Peguy, Jammes, Grel­leau, etc.—tied also the late André Lafon, whom the Revue des Temps Présent (whose editor, M. Jean Load, is reported “missing”) mourns, as it does also for Jean-Marc Bernard and for its founder. André Lafon lived a lonely schoolmaster's life until his name was brought into sudden evidence through the Academy's award of its grand prix to his novel L'Élève Gilles. He died a lonely death from wounds in hospital after having "put his fate in the hands of God and keeping ready for his call." His first book, Les Poèmes Provinciaux, was brought out by the Beffroi. The oldest of the French reviews and one of the least accessible, Le Correspondant, published his last novel, La Maison sur la Rive.

There never was more familiar, more intimate, poetry than his. He deals with homely scenes as the Dutch masters did, as did Chardin. The affectation, the glory in humility, peculiar to M. Jammes are absent in Lafon. It is the sort of thing which one loves or detests, and which may, after having been smiled at, become classical like Mme. Desbordes-Valmore's ode to her pillow.

Muriel Ciolkowska.

**NOTES FOR REVERSAL OF THE EGOIST**

December 1, 1915

QUINZE JUILLET

Le Bois est plein de papier gras.
Hier le peuple fêtait la fin de tes rois
Fils de famille en bottes jaunes ;
Promène ton cheval, ta cigarette et tes dégoûts.

Les pelouses sont foulées, et les branches cassées.
Hier sur l'herbe et dans les arbres,
Le peuple, tête levé, regardait défile
Tes fusils, tes canons, et tes aéroplanes.

Les allées sont semées de verre cassé,
Ton chien va se couper les pattes !
Le peuple ruisseul a bu des citronnades,
Du sirop, du coco ; du vin blanc aussi,
Et, dans les sous-bois chauds comme des serres,
A ronflé sur le dos, au milieu des ronciers.

Le peuple, en rond assis, a fait tremper sa soupe,
A mangé ses plats froids, sa salade et ses fruits ;
Et près des peupliers aux feuilles inlassables
A joué à Colin-mailard, sans veste et en jupons.

Contre un fil de fer ton demi-sang bute,
Ces gens, partout chez soi, ont tendu des guirlandes,
Allumé des lampions et des feux de bengale ;
Puis moitié endormis, sont repartis te faire
Des apprentis, pour tes sociétés financières
Et des petits soldats pour défendre tes terres.

Fils à papa, rappelle ton gordon,
Qui va couper sa langue sélectionnée
En pourléchant le fond de leurs boites de thon.

OUVRAGES DE DAMES

Fils tirés, macramés, mignardises,
Étains et cuirs repoussés, bois pyrogravés,
Aquarelles, gouaches, faïences décorées,
Œuvre des doigts désœuvrés de nos petites fées.

Marie montante et sans jasant,
Inondation indesséchable,
Escaladant nos guéridons,
S'inscrivant le long de nos murs,
Nous avions peur de nos anniversaires
Et des petits soldats pour défendre tes terres.

Nous pensions : petites sottes, bourgeoisées, pécores,
Quel rustaud, quel ours mal léché,
Par son persiflage osera faire taire
Les forces qui se veulent et s'appellent.

Les pelouses sont foulées, et les branches cassées.
Le peuple ruisselant a bu des citronnades,
Marie montante et sans jasant,
Les forces qui se veulent et s'appellent.

J'ai voulu la Paix !

PAR ANDRÉ SPiRE

OUSSIÈRES, poussières d'étoiles
Qui flottez dans les intermondes,
Qui va couper sa langue sélectionnée
En pourléchant le fond de leurs boites de thon.

Quoi qu'ils voient, quels que soient leurs destinées,
Et l'ordre et le désordre qui se mêlent,
Et j'ai voulu la Paix !

Mes yeux vont, se défont, galopent, s'écroulent,
S'écrivent sur les murs, sur les chemins de notre vie.

Les oiseaux et les hommes qui volent,
Sur les vers qui montent sur les germes qui tombent,
Et des petits soldats pour défendre tes terres.

Et j'ai voulu la Paix !

19 Juin, 1914

Nancy, 8-18 Novembre, 1915.
Les aura délogés de nos yeux, de nos cœurs.
Une plus impérieuse image : la Victoire,
Ces cris, ces pleurs, ces linges, ces pus, ces puanteurs,
Jusqu'au jour où ces corps défaits, ces visages hagards,
Et je m'assieds. J'attends.
Pleines de matelas, de femmes et d'enfants.

Et tes paysans fuir avec leurs fourragères
Je vois tes corbillards suivis de vétérans et de drapeaux
Tes troupeaux de blessés.

Je vois sur nos canaux, nos places et nos rues
Mais j'entends le canon aux portes de ma ville.

Injurient l'adversaire que les autres combattent,
Et d'un cœur sec débitent tes splendides horreurs.

Les journaux fanfaronnent,
De Paris, de Bordeaux on te chante.

Je voudrais te chanter.
Nos cavaliers agiles et nos lourds convoyeurs.
Nos cannoniers masqués par les crêtes d'éteules,
Tous : nos fantassins dans leurs tranchées de boue,
Notre cause est si grande, et nous enivre tous.

Je voudrais te chanter, guerre libératrice,
De ceux qui leur ont tout pris ?
Voulant vivre pour voir la défaite
Mettent la table, mangent, rient, font la causette,
Voient les morts s'amasser au bout de leurs jumelles,
Qui le soir s'assemblent près des cheminées ;
Du fait divers à l'épopée ;
Puis dans les feuilles bien payantes s'en vont bavarder
Comme ces hommes guétrés, le carnet aux doigts,
Qui suivent, en bolides, les Etats-Majors,
Et n'en avons perdu
que cent ;

Disent à leurs voisines, de leurs voix égales :
"Son fils a reçu une balle dans la tête "
Ou bien " Nous en avons tué cinq-cents,
Et n'en avons perdu que cent ;

Comme ces hommes guétrés, le carnet aux doigts,
Qui suivent, en bolides, les Etats-Majors,
Voient les morts s'amasser au bout de leurs jumelles,
Puis dans les feuilles bien payantes s'en vont hâvader
Du fait divers à l'épopée ;
Où s'est-il durci comme ces mères, ces veuves,
Qui le soir s'assemblent près des cheminées ;
Mettent la table, mangent, rient, font la caissette,
Voulant vivre pour voir la défaite
De ceux qui leur ont tout pris ?

AS \ vs

CURIOSITÉ

Mon esprit erré à travers le monde,
Mes yeux errent sur les cartes,
Cherchant un pays, un village
Où l'on ne laisse pas,
Ne massacre pas.

Je suis la ligne sanglante
Que de Nieupoort à Belfort,
Des Carpathes à la Baltique,
De Constantinople au Caucase,
Un Dieu, père des hommes, s'amuse à dessiner.

Mon esprit erré parmi les chaumées,
Les labours, autour des tranchées,
Mystérieuses cavernes dont on n'ose approcher,
Epiant tous les bruits, les nouvelles,
Toutes les histoires courageuses qui en viennent.

Mon esprit va, mon esprit erre,
Des avant-postes aux hôpitaux,
A travers les récits de guerre . . .
Plaisir puissant, plaisir nouveau,
Choquant plaisir.

Où est-il ce cœur pitoyable,
Ce cœur humain qui s'indignait
Contre les mangeurs de viande,
Contre les tueurs d'oiseaux ?

Les jours après les jours l'ont-il desséché
Comme ces vieilles commères qui, sur le pas des portes,
Disent à leurs voisines, de leurs voix égales :
" Son fils a reçu une balle dans la tête "
Ou bien " Nous en avons tué cinq-cents,
Et n'en avons perdu que cent ;

Je voudrais te chanter.
Les avants-postes aux hôpitaux,
A travers les récits de guerre . . .
Plaisir puissant, plaisir nouveau,
Choquant plaisir.

Où est-il ce cœur pitoyable,
Ce cœur humain qui s'indignait
Contre les mangeurs de viande,
Contre les tueurs d'oiseaux ?

Les jours après les jours l'ont-ils desséché
Comme ces vieilles commères qui, sur le pas des portes,
Disent à leurs voisines, de leurs voix égales :
" Son fils a reçu une balle dans la tête "
Ou bien " Nous en avons tué cinq-cents,
Et n'en avons perdu que cent ;

Comme ces hommes guétrés, le carnet aux doigts,
Qui suivent, en bolides, les Etats-Majors,
Voient les morts s'amasser au bout de leurs jumelles,
Puis dans les feuilles bien payantes s'en vont hâvader
Du fait divers à l'épopée ;
Où s'est-il durci comme ces mères, ces veuves,
Qui le soir s'assemblent près des cheminées ;
Mettent la table, mangent, rient, font la caissette,
Voulant vivre pour voir la défaite
De ceux qui leur ont tout pris ?

Imagery

Strange is his talent for garnering
Strange is the gift of Visiak
Fleering hints of the horrible lives
Of pirates and gashed old tars.

Blazing beaches and coral
Fifes and tum-tum guitars
Eerie hints of the horrible lives
Of pirates and gashed old tars.

Strange is the gift of Visiak
When singing of sailors and spars ;
Strange is his talent for garnering
Such rummy particulars.

ERNST MARRIOTT.

ALBERT AURIER

ALBERT AURIER died at the age of twenty-seven, before reaching his maturity. His untimely death prevented him from giving the full measure of his talents. In so short a time he was not able fully to realize himself and has left for our judgment only an incomplete body of work. Considering that this work is more or less in an unfinished state it must be considered chiefly as an indication, and a striking indication, of his exceptional qualities.

His production is indeed very unequal, but the principal reason for this seems to have been his fecundity, and above all his spontaneity, in which perhaps he had too much confidence ; he sins only by excess of talent and would certainly have corrected himself later.

His mind was extraordinarily original, and he might quite well have created great works of art ; he never lacked ingenuity and imagination, and his power of observation was keen.
With the exception of a certain Baudelairean cult of the artificial, his poetry has an ingenuous and unexpected charm. The dominant note is a mingled sadness and irony which gives him sometimes an incomparable quaintness:

Le cœur inondé d'une ineffable tristesse,
Je contemple le crâne aimé de ma maîtresse

His feeling for the comic and for caricature was remarkable and developed in him very early:

J'ai mis artisement sur l'os blanc de sa nuque,
Poli comme un ivoire, une vieille perruque.

Aurier is sometimes outrageous in his comedy and yet without departing too much from reality.

ALBERT AURIER BY ROALD KRISTIAN

Sometimes his tone is almost that of Laforgue—but less pitiful, less profound, more absurd, more of a caricature.

La Tarentule immone, en faction
Raille mes cris d'un fou rire moqueur! . . .
J'ai dans le corps, à la place du cœur,
Un vieux cadavre en putréfaction. . . .

Un vieux cadavre ou la horde des vers
A découvert, pour assouvir sa faim,
Un fin festin, digne des séraphins! . . .

Ainsi que dans mes proses, afin qu'au
Pinde je sois proclamé le vainqueur,
Le plus possible de mon pauvre cœur! . . . .

Tant pis si l'on y trouve un asticot! . . . .

Although a good poet and an ingenious novelist, Aurier owes most of his reputation to his criticism, which is often correct and always intellectual. His taste was already a distinction. We should be grateful to him for having been the first to defend Van Gogh, whose works are so loudly applauded, the silence which reigns about him almost meets with one's approval.

What! You tell me of a man who had talent—let him be twice buried!

ROALD KRISTIAN.

With the discovery of the present-day European theatre by America has come the inevitable avalanches of "theatre" and "drama" books. Three of these books, "The New Movement in the Theatre" by Sheldon Cheney (Mitchell Kennerley), "The Theatre of Today" by Hiram Kelly Moderwell (John Lane Co.), and "The Changing Drama," by Archibald Henderson (Grant Richards, 5s.), are now before me. As space is limited I will deal with Mr. Henderson now and leave the other defendants to come up for judgment when called upon.

From Mr. Henderson's Introduction:

"Within the limits set, this book is believed to be the first work yet to appear in any language dealing with the contemporary drama not as a kingdom subdivided between a dozen leading playwrights, but as a great movement, exhibiting the evolutionary growth of the human spirit and the enlargement of the domain of esthetics."

This carelessly expressed scheme makes three postulates. (1) The drama follows and reflects philosophical and social tendencies. (2) The modern evolution of the human spirit. (3) An expansion of aesthetics. The first should give the present-day conception of the origin and nature of Drama (content), and of the drama (form), as well as the conception of the nature and meaning of present-day philosophical and social trends. We should be told that the conception of Drama has altered of late years. Drama is now believed to reside in a fundamental creative movement, in a pure absolute substance, which it shares with Art and Poetry, and which remains after form and subject have disappeared. The trend of this movement is coming to the men of the theatre slowly, and the experience they are gaining therefrom is transforming their conception of dramatic form. Of course they conceive of the latter as motion in form. Thus Drama is being restored to the Infinite, and one has an opportunity of tracing the insidious and far-reaching encroachments made on its territory by strangers. One can see motion, first of all, busy unconsciously emotionalizing itself, then being taken up consciously and formed, then altered from itself to words, then words put to religious purpose, and gradually applied with contempt to despicable secular uses (as by the celebrated discussionists). Throughout one sees motion stiffening into static words, and words thickening into concrete conventions. Very rarely, indeed, does one see an attempt to thaw the solids. Perhaps to-day dramatic action is breaking free from the queer mixture of words and form for the first time in its history.

Perhaps I should say at once that Mr. Henderson is not aware of this up-to-date conception of Drama, and I should be doing him a grave injustice if I assumed that he wrote his book to add materially to one's awareness of it. Mr. Henderson is a knowledge-man who is familiar with the "literary and moral" authorities from Aristotle to Spingarn, and one must acknowledge the skill with which he has built up his book with quotations from them. Every other sentence is a quote. Naturally he conceives of Drama as "literature" with a "moral" intent. By "literature" he does not mean Literature, but any kind of written expression of human experience. Somewhere he mentions that the "contemporary drama" is the particular "branch of literature which is the subject of our (his) inquiry." Somewhere else he refers to "social ethics" as "this new literature" in which he observes "there is much that is sinister and dour." It seems that "social ethics" is the "new domain which the art of Ibsen and his followers has thrown open." Mr. Henderson devotes a large section of his book to Ibsen, upon whom he confers the literary and moral twist, and another large section to Mr. George Bernard Shaw to whom the twist rightly belongs. He is always weighing the two. Evidently he is of the opinion that in the small matter of sheer greatness there is nothing to choose between them.

Mr. Henderson's main object in this weighing-up business, is to prove that during the last fifty years or so there has been an attempt at a social realization of life with a corresponding change of play-
form and subject matter. This is his groundwork of order and unity. In order that the drama may follow and express this "development," it is necessary to assume that it is a "life-form," an "evolutionary form," which, "viewed in the light of the doctrine of evolution, cannot be subject to a group of absolute rules or laws posited in advance." Still, "biological principles" may be applied to it, but in a greatly "modified form" in order to suit the requirement of the "individual factor of the dramatist." But though the "perpetual intervention of that transforming force, the individual dramatist in the realm of existent drama, gives rise to sudden mutations and variations utterly unforeseen" . . . "no real struggle for existence, for the supplanting or destruction of another species, can be said to take place in literature" (that is the drama as a life-form), and this "through its aptitude for passive assimilation by Society" . . . "the same individual being able to swallow at one and the same time" Rostand, "Mr. Shaw," and "Ibsen" without serious disarrangement of his alimentary and digestive tracks. The true meaning of this rigmarole is that Mr. Henderson's prettily conceived bio-dramatic analogy breaks down when it comes to the competing factor. And a little more analysis of his involved arguments would show that there is no such thing as "Changing Drama," As to content. If this literary species (of the drama) is affected by ideas, obviously the content is an "expression of ideas." And since the theatre has set out "to view the drama in the light of the doctrine of evolution," it follows that "just as the modern biologist concerns himself with the life forms of animals and the evolution of types, so the modern realist (playwright) scientifically studies the life forms of human beings and the evolution of certain psychological, social and ethical types." So it comes to pass that "the great contribution of the new dramatist (such as Mr. George Bernard Shaw) has been the demonstration that a barber or a cobbler man could as fitly be the subject of tragedy as Lady Macbeth or King Lear." These are words of approval, but not of shrewd sense.

In sum, what Mr. Henderson's book proves is not the capacity of the drama to survive by subsisting on the whole of the scientific, philosophic, moral, aesthetic, political, economic, social and sexual tendencies of each age, but the absolute power exercised by the present-day democratic element as exhibited by its power over playwrights of the Shaw-type, and the consequent increased subjection and servility of the artist. So Society corrupts the playwright, the playwright corrupts the drama, and the critic spreads the darkness and confusion. The sacrifice of individuality to the social system is complete. The artist has indeed sold his birthright for a mass of propaganda.

As I said, Mr. Henderson is a knowledge-man. But there were things he does not know. For one thing, there has been no modern evolution of the human spirit. For another, the so-called expansion of aesthetics is as old as the hills. This disposes of his second and third postulate and long explanations. And the most important thing Mr. Henderson has to learn is that if America has found Mr. Bernard Shaw, England has found him out.

I WANTED to write an article for you,
My dear Richard Aldington ;
It was about Horatio Bottomley,
(The British Bully:)
But when I began
My thoughts wandered,
My pen crossed,
CORRESPONDENCE

ENGLAND'S NEST OF SINGING BIRDS

To the Editor, The Egoist

**MADAM,—** Such is the irony of life! The very same number of *The Egoist*, which on its front pages contains an interesting dissertation on the essential difference between literature, honest journalism and dishonest journalism, or on the most efficient literature, further prints an article that seems an obvious example of the latter kind of offensive journalism.

The presence or absence of violence and even vulgarity of expression is secondary, though the presence of these qualities does often make us suspect weakness, and if a violent attack cannot be backed up by a sustaining personnel we dread the clearance of thought that is to be effected, because we surmise it cannot be filled with new thought and we dread a prospective void.

It is, however, really think was the unconscious motive that drove Miss Jameson to write her article was an irritating sense of emotional dissatisfaction. Old habit in all probability makes her crave for Great Art, Great writers and Great men generally, in order that their greatness may swing her in a wave of voluptuous obliterative emotion. But the desire for this experience is now no longer seemly for modern people. This craving for imposing greatness has become a form of psychological self-indulgence, a desire for which must be austerity restrained. It is a desire to be released from further effort on our part; we want to surrender our selves to great emotion and great men, just as we surrender our selves to an armchair. If only we could by some dodge create a sufficient number of great men what a blissful prospect of repose it would make for the rest of us! The effort or at least the consciousness of greatness is to us almost irresistible! Now the fact is modern life is altogether too complex for the production of either great men or great bibles in the old sense—that in which they were regarded as being overwhelmingly imposing summaries of human potentialities and human thoughts and feelings. Life in future can only be dealt with in fragments, and the real great man of the future will be specialists who must destroy the very idea of that imposing character the contemplation of which has such a pleasurable emotional effect on lesser men.

A modern Egoist articles that shall have all the kick and freshness of sincere writing.

**HAROLD MONRO.**
NIJINSKI

To the Editor, The Egoist,

MADAM,—An unfortunate omission of the words “and others” in my letter made it appear that I held Mr. Montagu-Nathan alone responsible for the mis-spelling of the above name. It is possible that the dancer himself indulges in the same error, one which could not be committed by an educated man with a sense of his nationality, like, say, Mr. Paderewski. Mr. Nijinski is, however, to be excused, sharing his repute as he does with the theatrical company qualified as Russian. His sister, however, leaves the original Polish character to her name.

More than ever these little things are important.

C. M.

POETRY BOOKSHOP CHAPBOOKS

READY DECEMBER 1st.

IMAGES. By RICHARD ALDINGTON. 8d net (postage 1d).

CADENCES. By F. S. FLINT. 8d net (postage 1d).

ANTWERP. By FORD MADOX HUEFFER. Decorated by WYNDHAM LEWIS. 3d net (postage 1d).

CHILDREN OF LOVE. By HAROLD MONRO. 6d net (postage 1d). Second Impression.

THE POETRY BOOKSHOP

35 Devonshire St., Theobalds Rd., London, W.C.

"Et j'ai voulu la paix"

POÈMES

Par ANDRÉ SPIRE

Author of "Versets," "Vers les Routes Absurdes," &c.

A little book of unpublished poems written just before and during the war. M. Spire has been in Nancy, within a few kilometres of the firing-line, since August 1914.

The Egoist, in publishing these poems by as well known an author as M. Spire, hopes to reach that fairly numerous public in England which reads French, and hopes also to follow up this book with other small collections of new French poetry by the younger poets.

Copies may be obtained from THE EGOIST, or from RICHARD ALDINGTON.

7 Christchurch Place, Hampstead, N.W.

Price 6d net. Postage 1d

EDITION LIMITED TO 750 COPIES

"Greenwich Village"

GREENWICH VILLAGE! A republic in the air! A gathering of constantly changing men and women that have a past or have a future and live in both.

GREENWICH VILLAGE! Where genius starved and gave the world the best it had, where fortunes were squandered and fortunes made, where heavens of earthly bliss prevailed and torturers of hell were suffered, where night and day ceased to be the regulating element of the world, where new ideas are developed into systems, into systems that will be overthrown to-morrow and substituted by others that will not live any longer.

A SEMI-MONTHLY. Subscription, Two Dollars and Fifty Cents a year. FOR SALE at the Anglo-American Exchange, 3 Northumberland Avenue, London, S.W.


THE POETS’ TRANSLATION SERIES

1. (Ready) The complete poems (25) of Anyte of Tegea, now brought together in English for the first time, translated by Richard Aldington. (8 pages) 2d. net (3d. post free).

2. (Ready) An entirely new version of the poems and new fragments, together with the more important of the old fragments, of Sappho: translated by Edward Storer. (12 pages) 4d. net (5d. post free).

3. (Ready) Choruses from the "Iphigeniea in Aulis" of Euripides: translated by H. D. 6d. net (7d. post free).

4. (Ready) A choice of the Latin poetry of the Italian Renaissance, many now translated for the first time, by Richard Aldington. 4d. net (5d. post free).

5. (Ready January) The Poems of Leonidas of Tarentum, now collected—and many translated for the first time in English: by James Whitall. 6d. net (7d. post free).

6. The "Mosella" of Ausonius, translated by F. S. Flint. 6d. net (7d. post free).

All the pamphlets—except the first—will be twelve or sixteen pages long and cost 4d. or 6d.; 5d. or 7d. post free. The series of six 2s. net post free. The pamphlets will be issued monthly.

To be obtained from: The Egoist, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, W.C., or from Richard Aldington, 7 Christ Church Place, Hampstead, N.W.

EDITORIAL

Letters, &c., intended for the Editor of The Egoist should be addressed to Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Yearly, 6/6; U.S.A. $1.60.
Six months, 3/3; U.S.A. $ .80.
Three months 1/9; U.S.A. $ .40.

Single copies 7d., post free to all countries.
Cheques, postal and money orders, &c., should be payable to THE NEW FREEWOMAN LTD., and crossed "Parr's Bank, Bloomsbury Branch."

ADVERTISEMENT RATES.

Per page £.4. Quarter page £1 ls. 0d. Per inch single column, 4s. Half rates after first insertion. All advertisements must be prepaid.

NOTICE

The Editor is always glad to consider outside contributions, and they will be returned if accompanied by a stamped envelope. Contributions from abroad must be accompanied by English stamps or international coupons. No responsibility can be accepted for MSS. lost in transit.
THE LITTLE REVIEW

Literature, Drama, Music, Art

MARGARET C. ANDERSON, Editor

The new monthly that has been called "the most unique journal in existence."

THE LITTLE REVIEW is a magazine that believes in Life for Art's sake, in the Individual rather than in Incomplete People, in an Age of Imagination rather than of Reasonableness; a magazine interested in Past, Present, and Future, but particularly in the New Hellenism; a magazine written for Intelligent People who can Feel, whose philosophy is Applied Anarchism, whose policy is a Will to Splendour of Life, and whose function is—to express itself.

One Year, U.S.A., $1.50; Canada, $1.65; Great Britain, 7/-

THE LITTLE REVIEW
917 Fine Arts Building, Chicago, U.S.A.

Enclosed find Seven Shillings for one year's subscription, beginning

Name
Address

THE DRAMA

In the late autumn number of "The Drama" there is much of exceeding interest to constant or casual followers of the stage.


"The Stage." By Rabindranath Tagore.


"Benavente," By Dr. Julius Brouta.

"The Portmanteau Theatre." By Grace Humphrey (The Modern Drama Society).


"Playing 'Hamlet' as Shakespeare Staged it in 1601." (II.) By Charlotte Porter.

Short articles on new dramatic projects, reviews of books on the drama and of the newly published plays, and bibliographical material complete the number.

Single copies, seventy-five cents
Yearly Subscription, three dollars

736 MARQUETTE BUILDING, CHICAGO

THE PHOENIX

MICHAEL MONAHAN, Editor

ATLANTA Constitution:—
The PHOENIX is Literature.
The Argonaut:—
All discerning persons read THE PHOENIX.

NEW YORK Evening Post:—
Very much alive, witty, honest, and frequently very Irish.

ROCHESTER Post Express:—
To our thinking quite the most satisfying periodical of its kind.

TROY Times:—
Covers the field of literature and life with conjoined frankness and keenness that are captivating.

SAN FRANCISCO Chronicle:—
As full of paradox as Bernard Shaw, but whatever his faults, he is never dull.

CHICAGO Post:—
One of the few editors whose personal moods it is in the least possible to share.

BROOKLYN Eagle:—
Will be appreciated by those who know the difference between literature and advertising.

Subscription — One Dollar a Year
To Canada and Foreign Countries — $1.25

SOUTH NORWALK — CONN. U.S.A.

SUBSCRIBE FOR

POETRY

A Magazine of Verse

Edited by HARRIET MONROE

One Year (12 Numbers) U.S.A. $1.50; Canada, $1.65; Great Britain, 7/-

"The best Magazine—by far—in the English language."—PADRAIC COLUM.

Poetry publishes the best verse now being written in English, and its prose section contains brief articles on subjects connected with the art, also reviews of the new verse.

Most of the Imagists represented in The Egoist of May 1st were first published in Poetry, which has introduced more new poets of importance than all the other American magazines combined, besides publishing the work of poets already distinguished.

The only magazine devoted exclusively to this art. Subscribe at once—the April number begins Vol. VI.

POETRY, 543 CASS STREET, CHICAGO, U.S.A.

Enclosed find Seven Shillings for one year's subscription, beginning

Name
Address

Printed by BALLANTyne, HANSON & CO. LTD., Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, W.C., and published by the Proprietors, THE NEW FREERWOMAN, LTD., at Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W.C.