I believe it was Plato who said that the mark of the philosopher was the feeling of wonder, and dubbed as the "Uninitiated" such as were destitute of this feeling. Yet in practical affairs it would appear that the sterile minds are just those inclined to set too high store on wonder. Probably the explanation of the seeming paradox lies in the fact that there are two opposite modes of reacting to the feeling: the determination as to which line the reaction shall take being largely dependent on the innate capacity of the individual experiencing the feeling, and to a certain extent also on training and habits of mind. To a sterile mind wonder is something to cling to, to reverence and to perpetuate; to a fruitful mind, on the contrary, wonder serves as stimulus—a stimulus leading towards its own destruction. To such a mind the value of wonder is that of a stimulant—a stimulant leading towards its own destruction. To such a mind the value of wonder is that of a stimulus—a stimulus leading towards its own destruction. To such a mind the value of wonder is that of a-stimulant—a stimulant leading towards its own destruction.
basis and in the first instance, with progressive development as a corollary in the second, is the only correct attitude for either. Yet the religious spirit dogs both like a harpy, endeavouring to infect "schools"—elementary institutions purporting to encourage growth like a harpy, endeavouring to infect "schools"—attitude for either. Yet the religious spirit dogs both and change—with the spirit of dogma and finality. The methods by which stagnation has learned to defend opponents when strong enough and to the more insidious seems advisable—find in the arrogance, intolerance, arts almost equally yielding ground.

As with religious sects, so it is to be observed that the main condition of "school-forming" in the arts and " poisonous gases" of much the advent of a " master" as the adherence of admiring but unoriginal disciples. The tendency of the disciple of parts is to destroy the school, since, his originality carrying him far afield, he becomes a master in his turn and lessens the authority of other masters by just so much as his original contribution to the subject-matter stands for. Dull but admiring disciples will in turn gather about him and form yet another "school." It is the followers rather than the leaders who create the schools: which explains the stagnating influence generally exercised by them. Having a mentality of relatively minor calibre, the rôle of disciples is wonder, worship, and adherence rather than understanding and criticism. They negro and they naturally turn and fix upon the incomprehensible part of a " master's" doctrine; its idiosyncrasy rather than the fertile, path-opening, comprehensible elements which constitute its actual value. Out of a mere mannerism of the master—an accidental excescence of which he has neglected to purge himself or which has been overlooked by his followers, and which very often he has omitted to make comprehensible to his followers, and which very often he has omitted to make comprehensible to himself—disciples of " schools" are provided with the stuff that faiths are made of: stuff, however, from which the body of knowledge can eul no increase; useful for an amusement but useless for enlightenment. It may happen, of course, that the enthusiasm of followers will—if his vanity is susceptible—fluence the master also and persuade him that his genius lies in the uncomprehended, incomprehensible, and adventitious parts of his work. Vanity and worshipping vanity will combine to make many a true master of genuine parts a charlatan. This is, one would imagine, the chief danger of "schools" from the standpoint of a " master" who requires in self-defence to arm himself with a suspicious eye, first against his ordinary followers. Vanity and worshiping followers will combine to make many a true master of genuine parts a charlatan. This is, one would imagine, the chief danger of "schools" from the standpoint of a " master" who requires in self-defence to arm himself with a suspicious eye, first against his ordinary followers.

All which shows that Wonder is one of those double-faced things which are virtues or vices according to the treatment to which they are subjected, and which are useful when kept in a subordinate position but lose their heads, so to speak, and get beyond themselves when mistakenly exalted to positions of authority.

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H. S. W.

The river is swift under the old bridge. The town gates are grey and crumbling. Winter sets little plaques of snow all over the cobbled square; summer plants, tufts of grass, and small weeds between the stones. It is very simple and quiet and peaceful in our old forgotten town. It is so old and so many dead people have lived there that the low wooden houses bend over warily, and the grass-grown winding streets are only happy when there is no step to wake their echoes. It is so quiet that you can hear the minutes slowly moving by. We are so peaceful that we do hardly anything except watch the months pass.

In spring the elm-trees which grow along the town walls—for our town is one of the few in England which still have walls—lie the elm-trees glist with leaves, and the running March winds embower the trees with hangings of sunlight and cloud whips across our red tiled roofs. But this soon changes, and all along the dykes blossom meadow-sweet and yellow flags; green tall rushes bending in the wind are lighted upon by sharp blue dragonflies; then it is so still that the Tick-Tack, Tick-Tack, Tick-Tack of the church clock sounds right across the empty sun-lit market-place. (Our church clock is two hundred years old; it is almost the newest thing in the town. The newest thing is the Martello tower, which was put up during the wars with Napoleon.)

In the winter, which is very severe in our town, we have sometimes so prolonged a frost that the twitsfolk come out in their wraps and skates along the dykes. And the girls are so plump and the young men so serious and the old men so rambant and the children so rosy-faced that you might well imagine you were in some Dutch village of the seventeenth century; it is almost as homely and naíve as a picture by Aart van der Neer. At night everything is so still that you can hear the frost creeping along the dark streets, snapping off a piece of wood from the house where Queen Elizabeth slept, cracking up the thatch of the King’s Head, hanging a string of icicles on the eaves of the grammar school, and turning the water in the tanks and dykes and wells, in our jugs and ewers and bottles, into hard clear ice. Only the river under the old bridge is too swift to freeze.

But it is best in early autumn. You lie in a field by a very little stream and the tall poplars shower gold round leaves, like minnows, slowly into the water, while the ducks dabble among the water-weeds. There is a vast yellow glow of sun; blue sky swamped in gold; the air throbs with the whisper of a threshing-machine in the old barn on the other side of the stream; you hear a cow snort as she drinks, and the old people sitting at the doors of their alm’s cottages look quiet and happy. Presently the drone of the threshing-machine weakens and stops; the sun goes down in a great wasteful splash of red light; a late bird whistles a few notes; a leaf rustles down; the path.
another plane, outside their zone of operations. The same criterion does not apply to them and to him. It is clear that they struggle for some technical supremacy, while he, possessing his technique, possessing it in the sense that the Japanese masters possessed theirs, aims and achieves, through an amazing mastery of his materials, the absolute liberation of the material elements in painting. His art is not only art, but an art. * * * On all hands artists are making a stand against the war-deluge. Some yield prudently to the general turmoil by individual transformations and, realizing the vanity of practising "fine" art at its finest just now, adapt their skill to more accessible forms, and we have painters and sculptors trying their hand at toys in response to a demand for the French and, especially, artistic idea. M. Poublot, the draughtsman, had, years before the war, set an example with his gutter-snipe dolls. M. Pouchelet, our leading woman-sculptor and one of our leading artists, irresolute of sex, set out to make an attempt in this direction, and a group has gathered round her who model and carve and carpenter for the intended amusement of the young and the certain admiration of the old. Several exhibitions have already been held in Paris and New York, yielding some measure of participation, though it is impossible to suppose that the more remarkable qualities some of these little knick-knacks disguise under their more obvious purpose is particularly apparent to the general public. * * * Of the late Mounet-Sully, M. Peladan said that, in his personality, stage-personality, he attained to more art than a hundred painters chosen from among his contemporaries. Mounet-Sully is particularly remembered for his interpretation of Édipus Roi. The most artistic actor surviving him and who has only just, after a long struggle with the usual opposition, obtained admission to the official boards, is M. de Max, recently obliged to allow his name to figure in a musical-comedy programme to spare it from falling into absolute oblivion. He is a wonderful tragedian, remarkable in Shakespeare (one recalls an epoch-making rendering of Antony in Julius Caesar), but far too original, too striking, both in histrionic comprehension and physical appearance to meet with the full approval of the average to whom the average is alone agreeable and understandable. At the time, Mme. de Max will put her companions out of tune, and perhaps, therefore, himself out of court, as was Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, as was, practically, the beautiful, far too clever Mme. Moreno, who has just made a tentative reappearance, after long absence from Paris, in a part far too insignificant for her. Initiates know Mme. Moreno to be the most exacting of actresses, who modernizes the language with M. de Max, who enunciates Baudelaire to perfection; her intellect is the admiration of her friends; and any one with the slightest touch of critical sense must realize what she could do for the stage if people of her brains were given a chance. She is too complete an artist, too enthusiastic an actress to sterilize her art with intellectual theory; she has no highfalutin reform up her sleeve, but the breadth and singleness of her style, her irreproachable diction, her taste and refinement, her very profile, isolate her ... the more, the more to her credit, but not to the advantage of the French stage or to the satisfaction of those to whom it is tolerable only when animated by such as she is. * * * Henry Bataille, dramatist, poet, painter, publishes La Divine Tragédie (Fasquelle), variations on the war-theme. Herewith a sample of his passionate participation in the universal drama: Rien n’est plus merveilleux que la beauté des morts. Si l’on vous dit jamais que la balle, en frappant Que l’obus, en frappant, avaient meurtri leurs corps Asséz pour qu’on n’y vit que la terreur du sang, N’en croyez rien. Ce n’est pas vrai. ... Graves, superbes, Sculptées par le génie insensé de la mort, Tous ces soldats radies se sont couchées dans l’herbe Comme des rois, vétus de fer, de pourpre et d’or. ... Mères. ... Mères de mon pays ... Que l’indicible horreur de votre cœur s’arrache Ils étaient là, très doux, très sages, très petits, Avec leurs joues en fleur, tous ces enfants sans tache ... Ce n’est pas vrai qu’on ait abîmé leurs figures. ... Mères, rassurez-vous, écoutez vos deux mains Du visage qui fuit la vision. ... de jour. ... Ils avaient tous la face empreinte du divin. Pas un, entendez-vous, pas un qui ne fut tel ... Il faut le croire ... Il faut ... J’en atteste le ciel! ... Mères ... levez le front ... J’en viens. ... Je les ai vus. ... Tous vos enfants étaient aussi beaux que Jésus. * * * * * * * * * Although it may sometimes be the outcome of lack of confidence, indifference to popularity is always estimable albeit the qualities it evinces may be of a negative or negative generative order. It may be due to an unintelligibility, which in its turn may proceed from (1) of course, a superior intellect whose workings are beyond immediate reach; (2) from a natural idiosyncrasy; (3) from the use of drugs (as in Raimbaut); (4) from affectation, it being almost impossible to distinguish the last-named category with certainty. M. Sébastien Voirol, by whom we give one of the most lucid of the poems he sent in his La Feuille de Laurier Tri­ colore mais Verte (sic) to soldiers at the front, does not, I believe, intend deliberately to puzzle. In his estimation, literature, his literature, at least, occupies an ornamental plane. A literature condescending to be easily decipherable is to him, I fancy, a literature of utility, domestic, and of a low order, a literature of the streets, not literature, therefore, but merely writing. He has, apparently, come to use words in some parallel, rather than in their direct, sense. Mallarmé’s most hermetic pages must be M. Voirol’s pet delusion. All his work, whether in poetry or in prose (L’Eden, Augurales et Talismans, Les Sandales aux Larmes), is written with the loftiest disregard for conventional coherence, but always with a species of literary gentility which commands admiration and sympathy. It is possible that words have some mystic significance for M. Voirol, to which he has the key; it is possible that to him they are images in themselves; it is possible that to him they have a life outside and beyond their meanings; it is possible he condenses and tritrates and dilutes them till he reaches their soul and spirit, and it is these he declaims. As an alchemist of old, his labour is futile of results, and that he expects more of language, as they did often of their chemicals, than it can give. ... It is possible, on the other hand, that it does open to a new world, or at least on to one of which he has the intuition and vision—it is possible it opens on to something that is distinguished in its singularity. M. Voirol’s respect of language must be respected, his tenacity to his convictions admired, his desire of the decorative eminently approved of. M. Sébastien Voirol is the Secretary-founder of the Angle-French literary circles, whose reference has been made in these columns as aiming at establishing a link between French and British literary circles. M. C.
"THE LITTLE DEMON"*  

UNDERSCERNING and hasty readers of this novel who pass over the five introductions—four by the author and one by the translators—will probably be inclined to dismiss it with the remark that its appearance at this time is an unfortunate thing for the cause of Anglo-Russian understanding. That sort of inept observation has been anticipated by the author in the important preface he wrote for this authorized English edition, in which he says:

The portrait of Peredonov [the central character] is an expression of the all-human inclination towards evil, of the almost disinterested tendency of a perverse human soul to depart from the common course of universal life directed by one omnipotent Will; and, taking vengeance upon the world for its own grievous loneliness, to bring into the world evil and abomination, to mutilate the given reality, and to defile the beautiful dreams of humanity.

Sologub here claims to have done more than reflect the mean and disgusting side of life in a modern Russian town; when he calls his novel a mirror—as he does in an earlier preface—he should not be misunderstood. In this book he claims to have done more than a Zola; he asserts that he has universalized his characters and turned them into living types of human passions and vices. There can be no doubt that he has succeeded. I do not mean that Peredonov can be labelled Original Sin, and his sheep-like follower Volodin Mr. Servility—as if "The Little Demon" were an up-to-date version of "The Pilgrim's Progress"!—but rather that both these characters are not of any particular nation but are living men, drawn and interpreted until they attain, with all their vulgarity and meanness, a point scarcely below tragedy.

Disregarding the episode of Liudmilla's passion for the boy Sasha, which, by its instinctive innocence and purity, is obviously designed to heighten the effect of the rest of the book but, in my opinion, does more to disorganize the otherwise perfect construction of the novel—disregarding this one piece of tenderness and beauty we have a group of people, not without subtly indicated individual differences but all more or less resembling the chief character Peredonov in his cunning, his servility, his cringing cowardice, his filthy imagination, his littleness of mind. There is not one strong vice among them; even Peredonov's ambition, the disillusionment of which ends the novel, is something petty and calculating.

His feelings were dull, and his consciousness was a corrupting and a deadening apparatus. All that reached his consciousness became transformed into abomination and filth. All objects revealed their imperfections to him and their imperfections gave him pleasure. When he walked past an erect and clean column, he had a desire to make it crooked and to bespatter it with filth. He laughed with joy when something was being besmirched in his presence.

It is something which astonished me, still astonishes me and will, I believe, astonish every reader of "The Little Demon"—how such a character can have been made the centre of a half-tragic story, how one can bear away from such a continuous narrative of the mean and ignoble a final impression of something almost appealing, beautiful. This baffles me, I repeat. It is a question so unfamiliar that I must be excused from an attempt to answer it.

Among the secondary characters Volodin, the "will" interested me most. The attention given to him is not one-twentieth of that given to Peredonov; and yet he is just as alive, just as real. To have characterized him so completely in such a few small strokes must be accounted one of Sologub's greatest triumphs.

I don't want to give the impression that "The Little Demon" is altogether a sombre, somnolent novel, at whose appearance the reviewers will say, "Why are all Russian novels..." etc. There are several excellent pieces of comedy—Peredonov's attempt to woo a lady on behalf of the shy Volodin; his interviews with the notabilities of the town. Both of these episodes are thoroughly Dickensian—without the cocksureness of getting his laugh which often marred some of the best scenes in Dickens.

I am incompetent to criticize the translation; I know no Russian. Apart from a very few inevitable footnotes the novel can be read through without a hitch, without any of those jerks which so often pull up the reader of Russian novels. If this is praise enough my friends Cournos and Aldington are welcome to it. I can't give them any higher.

ALEC W. G. RANDALL

THE HELMSMAN

O BE swift—we have always known you wanted us.

We fled inland with our flocks, we pastured them in hollows cut off from the wind and the salt track of the marsh.

We worshipped inland—we stepped past wood-flowers, we forgot your tang, we brushed wood-grass.

We wandered from pine-hills through oak and scrub-oak tangles, we broke hyssop and bramble, we caught flower and new bramble-fruit in our hair—we laughed as each branch whipped back—we tore our feet in half-buried rocks and knotted roots and acorn cups.

We forgot—we worshipped, we parted green from green, we sought further thickets, we dipped our ankles through leaf-mould and earth, and wood and wood-bank enchanted us—

And the feel of the clefts in the bark, and the slope between tree and tree, and a slender path strung field to field and wood to wood and hill to hill and the forest after it.

We forgot—

for a moment, tree-resin, tree-bark, sweat of a torn branch

climb—hesitates—

through oak and scrub-oak tangles—

climb—hesitates—

But now our boat climbs—hesitates—drops—

and hill to hill and the forest after it.

We were enchanted with the fields, the tufts of coarse grass in the shorter grass—we loved all this.

But now our boat climbs—hesitates—drops—climbs—hesitates—

O be swift—

We have always known you wanted us.

H. D.
FRENCH POEMS

On peut tout dire, n'est-ce pas ?

VOUS ne saviez pas que je vous aimais,
ami qui m'avez entrevu
devant la vie, heurtant à la même porte,
ous bousculant aussi, de temps en temps.
Rachilde disait : "Nous sommes une grande famille !"
C'est vrai !—Pourtant,
sans mal penser, mais me flançant aux bons ferments,
vous m'avez deviné, peut-être, dur et prêt à dire
faut de l'un : il a du cœur et de l'esprit, et pond à l'aveuglette !
de l'autre : du talent, mais pour l'Académie !
ou bien : quand donc un tel fera-t-il quelque chose,
au lieu de journalistiquer ?
or mieux encore : celui-là est bon, mais idiot,
puisqu'il prône
le temple sans foi de nos Barrés !
Et vous auriez eu le droit de murmurer derrière moi :
quel plat à barbe ! quel long Quixote, suant l'ennui
et la constipation !

Dans ces antagonismes juvéniles
je n'étais jamais le plus vieux du moins,
et maintenant la lutte est terminée . . .
C'est la paix—
la paix profonde qui n'est pas pour moi l'oubli—
une paix qui nous prive d'union,
de l'aspect fraternel que veut
ma vraie douleur.
Vous avez tous rêvé quelque chose de beau
et à personne il n'est donné
de réaliser son rêve le plus splendide ;
il faut donc se borner à dire de nos poètes :
ils acceptèrent avec virilité le sacrifice
et parvinrent à la Marne,
or, près de plus obscurs héros, ailleurs,
à sauver ce que de Liberté nous est échu,
la plus vaste patrie, et l'art
insoumis aux militaires.

L'hommage juste vous sera sans doute rendu,
et c'est bien peu de chose.
Qu'y puis-je ajouter ?
Sinon qu'en ce modeste coin où, comme vous, je rêve,
la plus belle victoire c'est à toi,
pensif René Tautain qu'on la doit.
A la bataille de l'Aisne
Olivier Hourcade maintint l'ennemi,
car il est clair qu'il ne peut s'empêcher de
voir, de provoquer une poésie
comme Charles Müller aux premiers jours,
cominge dans les Vosges, Jacques Nayral,
et les frères Bonnef.
Le doux lieutenant Pergaud tomba en conquérant,
tandis que Vildrac prenait Vanquois,
plus heureux que vos fils, Dr. Florand et Saint-PolRoux,
quand vous, Du Fresnois et Fournier,
puisqu'il doit nous revenir.

Oh ! mes amis, revenez sans faute ! C'en est assez,
il ne faut pas
que d'autres manquent encore.

Ma prière est pour vous tous,
Allard et Barbusse, Léger et La Fresnaye,
Cannudo et Kaplan, Apollinaire,
que j'étais loin de croire aussi vaillants.
Acremant, Thomas, Salmon, Frick, Sauvebois,
boutez-les dans la mer,
sans que les bougres vous aperçoivent !

Faites dans la cour de Eayazid un tour
et saluez de ma part ces colombes,
puis revenez sans dam, Dalize et Giraudoux !
Gлезies et Jacob (anticipons !)
Mercereau et Réaubour,
et vous, révolté contre l'atroce malignité des hommes,
Jean Metzinger, à vous de soigner les malheureux,
sans vous laisser tuer, veillez-y bien !

C'est tout ce que je peux dire pour cette fois ;
en ces temps d'incertitude
j'ai voulu être juste
en joignant aux noms que les Lettres pleurent
ceux des vivants auxquels je pense chaque jour . . .

SÉBASTIEN VOIROL.
(From La Feuille de Laurier
Tricolore mais Verte.)

THE PERFECT BOOK

L'art n'est à la portée que de ceux qui consentent à
déplaire.—R. de G.

THERE could be no greater distinction for
an author than to produce a book which
everybody disliked. Such a book would
be either a work of genius or a mass of putrefaction ;
probably the latter; but in any case it would be a
distinction.

Literature is far too democratized ; everybody
reads and nearly everybody writes. A book, how­
ever good, is bound to please somebody ; there are
snobs who will like a book merely because they do
not understand it. To please is nowadays too facile
a conquest. I dream of the perfect book which
would disgust not only the Society for the Prevention
of Cruelty to Morals and the worm-eaten jackals of
the Press, but one's nearest friends and the masters
whom one reveres.

One would even be disgusted with it oneself—
supreme triumph !

R. A.

ITALY

YOU must not tempt us with your beauty ;
It is not ours.

For you :
Silver spray of bending olives
Above blue waves,
Music on glittering Venetian waters
At evening,
Carved bronze, old palaces,
And long bright frescoes—
A thousand silent towns
Set upon golden hills.

For us :
Rows of grey bleak houses,
Misery of ceaseless noise,
No sun.

RICHARD ALDINGTON.

Peasant Pottery Shop
41 Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, W.C.
(Close to Southampton Row)
Interesting British and Continental
Peasant Pottery on sale :
Brightly coloured plaited felt Rugs.
CHAPTER I

PART I

PARIS hints of sacrifice.—But here we deal with that large dusty facet known to indulgent and congenial lead. It is in its capacity of delicious inn and majestic Baedeker, where western Venuses twang its responsive streets and hush to soft growl before its statues, that it is pulous heroes chase each other's shadows. They are largely ignorant of all but their restless personal lives.

Inconceivably generous and naïve faces haunt the Knackfus Quarter.—We are not, however, in a Selim or Vitagraph camp (though "guns" tap rhythmically the buttocks).—Art is being studied.—Art is the smell of oil paint, Henri Murger's Vie de Bohème, and other things are round the corner.—Its rent is yards at its centre is a convenient space, where the Knackfus Quarter is given up to Art.—Letters and other things are round the corner.—Its rent is half paid by America. Germany occupies a sensible apartment on the second floor. A hundred square yards at its centre is a convenient space, where the Boulevard du Paradis and Boulevard Pichéer cross with their electric trams.—In the middle is a pavement island, like vestige of submerged masonry.—Italian models festoon it in symmetrical human form. His father was a wealthy merchant at the Cape. He was very athletic, and his dark and cavernous features had been constructed by Nature as a lurking-place for villains and passions. He slouched and ambled along, neglecting his muscles and his dastardly face attempted to portray delicacies of common sense, and gossamer-like backslidings into the Inane that would have puzzled a bide-specialist. He would occasionally exploit his blackguardly appearance and blacksmith's muscles for a short time, however. And his strong, piercing laugh threw A B C waitresses into confusion.

The Art-touch was very observable. Hobson's Harris tweeds were shabby. A hat suggesting that his ancestors had been Plainsmen or some rough sunny folk, shaded unnecessarily his countenance already far from open.

Tarr, then, sat is a discouraged silence. The fetish within—soul-dweller that is necessarily disturbed to have had sylvan shyness mitigated—would still cling to these forms.
"Beg pardon; Buffalo Bill.—Or is it Shakespeare?"

"It is not Shakespeare."

"Roi je ne suis; Prince je ne daigne. —That's Hobson's choice. —But why so much hair? —I don't wear my hair long. If you had as many reasons for wearing it long as I have, we'd see it flowing round your ankles!"

"I'm sure you have very good reasons for wearing it short, or you wouldn't do so.—I can't see why you should resent my innocent device. However long I wore it I should not damage you by my comparison—"

Tarr settled the cement match-stand on the table, and the garçon sang "Toute suite, toute suite!"

"Hobson, you were telling me about a studio to let before you left.—I forget the details—"

"Was it one behind the Panthéon?"

"That's it.—Was there electric light?"

"No, I don't think there was electric light. But I can find out for you."

"How did you come to hear of it?"

"Through a German I know—Salie, Salla, or something."

"What was the street?"

"The Rue Lhomond. I forget the number."

"I'll go and look at it after lunch.—What on earth possesses you to know so many Germans?"

Tarr asked, sighing.

"Don't you like Germans? You've just been too intimate with one, that's what it is. A female German, too! —I always keep my Germans at a distance!

"Why, that's all they're good for, to be very intimate with. The problem is how to stand them when one's not being intimate with them."

"Tut! So you still see Fräulein Lunken—is it? —as much as ever?"

"Oh, you knew her? —Yes, I forgot that.—Yes, I still see her."

"It seems to me you know more Germans than I do.—But you're ashamed of it. You do everything you can to hide it. Hence your attack on me a moment ago.—I met a Fräulein Brandenbourg the other day, a German, who claimed to know you. She also referred to you as the 'official fiancé' of Fräulein Lunken. Are you an 'official fiancé'? And if so, what is that, may I ask?"

"I know her? —Yes, I forgot that. —Yes, I still see her."

"No, I don't think there was electric light. But I can find out for you."

"Possibly that's what is meant by 'official fiancé'."

"Very likely."

He had been hustled—through his vanity, the Cape Cantabian thought—somewhere where the time could be passed. He did not hesitate to handle Tarr's curiosities.—It is a graceful compliment to offer the nectar of some ulcer to your neighbour. The modern man understands his udder's and taps. With an acquaintance he needn't display his. His companion wrenched at it with malice. Tarr pulled a wry face once or twice at the other's sans gêne. But he was proud of what he could stand. He had a hazy image of a shrewd old countryman in contact with the sharpness of the town. He would not shrink. He would roughly outstrip his visitor.—"Ay, I have this the matter with me—a funny complaint!—and that, and that, too.—What then?—Do you want me to race you to that hill?"

He obtruded complacently all he had most to be ashamed of, conscious of the power of an obscuring weakness.

"Will you go so far in this clandestine life of yours as to marry anybody?" Hobson proceeded.

"No."

Hobson stared with bright meditative sweetness down the boulevard.

"I think there must be a great difference between your way of approaching Germans and mine," he said.

"Yes, as I observed, you know many more than I do.—I only know one, who is a female and, therefore, doesn't count.

"I should have thought it was just the other way about.—You get a much fuller flavour in a female—"

"Indeed!"

Hobson laughed faintly, acknowledging the weak interruption which he had provoked.

"I mean national flavour."

"You mean national flavour. —Tarr had a way of beginning every reply with a parrot-like echo of the words of the other party to the dialogue; also of repeating sotto voce one of his own sentences, a mechanical rattle following on without stop. "Sex is nationalized more than any other essential province of life. In this it is just the opposite to art.—There is much pork and philosophy in German sex. —But then if it is the sex you are after, it does not say you want to identify your being with your appetite. Quite the opposite. The condition of continued enjoyment is to resist assimilation.—A man is the opposite of his appetite."

"Surely, a man is his appetite."

"No, a man is always his last appetite, or his appetite before last; and that is no longer an appetite. —But nobody is anything, or life would be intolerable, the human race collapse.—You are me, I am you.—The Present is the furthest projection of our steady appetite. Imagination, like a general, keeps behind. Imagination is the man."

"What is the Present?" Hobson asked politely, with much aspirating, sitting up a little and slightly offering his ear.

But Tarr only repeated things arbitrarily. He proceeded:

Sex is a monstrosity. It is the arch abortion of this filthy universe. —How 'old-fashioned!'—eh, my fashionable friend?—We are all optimists to-day, aren't we? God's in his Heaven, all's well with the world! How robust! how manly! how pleasant, and above all, how desirable! It's a grand place, isn't it? Full of white men, strong men, super men; great statesmen,' great soldiers,' great artists,'
Oh, if it is pure sex—that, of course—Hobson convulsed himself and crowed thrice.

"Listen, Hobson!—You mustn't make that noise. It's very clever of you to be able to. But you will not succeed in putting me off by making me feel I am addressing a rooster—"

Hobson let himself go in whoops and caws, as though Tarr had been pressing him to perform.

When he had finished, Tarr said:

"Are you willing to consider sex seriously, or not?"

"Yes, I don't mind."—Hobson settled down, his face flushed from his late display—"But I shall begin to believe before very long that your intentions are honourable as regards the fair Fraulein.—What exactly is your discourse intended to prove?"

"Not the desirability of the marriage tie, any more than a propaganda for representation and anecdote in art. But if a man marries, or a great painter represents (and the claims and seductions of life are very urgent), he will not be governed in his choice by the same laws that regulate the life of an efficient citizen, a successful merchant, or the ideals of a health expert."

"I should have said that the considerations that precede a proposition of marriage had many analogies with the health expert's outlook, the good citizen's—"

"Was Napoleon successful in life, or did he ruin himself and end his days in miserable captivity!—Burke said of him, 'Success is his condition.—Art and Sex when they are deep enough make tragedies, and not advertisements for Health experts, or happy endings for the Public, or social panaceas.'"

"Alas, that is true."

"Well, then, well, then, Alan Hobson, you scarecrow of an advocate—fool-farm, deplorable pedant of a sophistic voice-culture—"

"I? My voice—? But that's absurd!—If my speech—"

Hobson was up in arms about his voice in mock vehement surprise.

"Tarr needed a grimacing, tumultuous mask for the face he had to cover.—The clown was the only role that was ample enough. He had compared his clowning with Hobson's Pierrotesque and French variety."

But Hobson, he considered, was a crowd.—You could not say he was an individual.—He was a set. He sat there, a cultivated audience.—He had the aplomb and absence of self-consciousness of numbers—of those who know they are not alone.—Tarr was shy and the reverse by turns. He was alone. The individual is rustic.

For distinguishing feature Hobson possessed a distinguished absence of personality.

Tarr gazed on this impersonality, of crowd origin, with autocratic scorn.

Alan Hobson was a humble investor.

But we're talking at cross purposes, Hobson.—You think I am contending that affection for a dolt, like my fiancée, is in itself to be deplored. I do not mean that. Also, I do not mean that sex is my tragedy, but art.—I will explain why I am associated sexually with this pumpkin.

"First, I am an artist.—With most people, not describable as artists, all the finer part of their vitality goes into sex. They become third-rate poets during their courtship. All their instincts of drama come out freshly with their wives. The artist is he in whom this emotionality normally absorbed by sex is so strong that it claims a newer and more exclusive field of deployment.—Its first creation is the Artist himself, a new sort of person; the creative man."

But for the first-rate poet, nothing short of a Queen or a Chimera is adequate for the powers of his praise.—And so on all through the bunch of his
gifts. One by one his powers and moeurs are turned away from the usual object of a man's poetry, and turned away from the immediate world.

"One solitary thing is left facing a woman.—That is his sex, a lonely phallos.—Things are not quite so simple in actual fact as this. Some artists are less complete than others. More or less remains to the man when the character of the artist's creation comes in.

"I will speak without formality of myself.

"The tendency of my work, as you may have noticed, is that of an invariable severity. Apart from its being good or bad, its character is ascetic rather than sensuous, and divorced from immediate life. There is no slop in sex in that. No where is no severity left over for the work of the cruder senses either.

"Very often with an artist whose work is very sensuous or human, his sex instinct, if it is active, will be more discriminating than with a man more fastidious and discriminating than he in his work.

"To sum up this part of my disclosure.—No one could have a coarser, more foolish, slovenly taste than I have in women. It is not even slutish and abject, of the J. W. M. Turner type, with his washerwoman at Gravesend.—It is bourgeois, banal, pretty-prettly, a cross between the Musical Comedy stage and the ideal of the Eighteenth-Century gallant.

"All the delicate psychology another man naturally seeks in a woman, the curiosity of form, windows on other lives, love and passion, I seek in my work and not elsewhere.—Form would perhaps be thickened by child-bearing; it would perhaps be damaged by harlotry.—Why should sex still be active? That is a matter of heredity that has nothing to do with the general energies of the mind.

"I see I am boring you.—The matter is too remote!—But you have trespassed here, and you must listen.—I cannot let you off before you have heard, and shown that you understand.—If you do not sit and listen, I will write it all to you. You will be made to hear it!—And after I have told you this, I will tell you why I am talking to a fool like you!"

"You ask me to be polite——"

"I don't mind how impolite you are so long as you listen."

"Well, I am listening—with interest."

Tarr was tearing, as he saw it, at the blankets that swaddled this spirit in its inner snobberies.—A bitter feast was steaming hot, and a mouth must be found to taste it. They all become steadily my fiancée too.—Fiancée! Observe how one apes the forms of conventional life. It does not mean anything, so one lets it stop. Its the same with the café fools or foreign doll-like or log-like bitch companions the form of an otherwise sensible man, a dumbfounding, disgusting, and septic ghost!

"How foul and wrong this haunting of women is!—They are everywhere!—Confusing, blurring, libelling, with their half-baked, gushing, tawdry presences! It is like a slap of children and the bawling machinery of the inside of life, always and all over our palaces. Their silly flood of cheap illusion comes in between friendships, stagnates complacently around a softened ground."

"I might almost take some credit to myself for at least having the grace to keep this bear-garden in the background."

Hobson had brightened up while this was proceeding.—He now said:

"You might almost.—Why don't you? I admire what you tell me. But you appear to take your German fool's too much to heart.

"Just at present I am engaged in a gala of the heart. You may have noticed that.—I am not a strict landlord with the various personalities gathered beneath my roof.—In the present case I am really blessed. But you should see the sluts that get in sometimes! They all become steadily my fiancée too.—Fiancée! Observe how one apes the forms of conventional life. It does not mean anything, so one lets it stop. Its the same with the café fools I have for friends—there's a Greek fool, a German fool, a Russian fool,—an English fool!—There are no 'friends' in this life any more than there are fiancées. So it doesn't matter. You drift on side by side with this live stock—friends, fiancées, colleagues, and what not."

Hobson sat staring with a bemused seriousness at the ground.

"Why should I not speak plainly and cruelly of my poor, ridiculous fiancée to you or any one else? After all, it is chieflly myself I am castigating.—But you, too, must be of the party! The right to see implies the right to be seen. As an offset for your prying, scurvy way of peeping into my affairs you must offer your own guts, such as they are——!

"How have I pried into your affairs?" Hobson asked with an inscupsulated suspicion.

"Any one who stands outside, who hides himself in a deliquescent aloofness, is a sneak and a spy——"

"That seems to me to be a case of smut calling the kettle black. I should not have said that you were conspicuous——"
"No.—You know you have joined yourself to those who hurry their voices to hear what other people are saying!—Every one who does not fight openly and bear his share of the common burden of ignorance and toil is a sneak, untrustworthy for a solid motive.—The quiet you claim is not to work in.

What have you exchanged your temper, your freedom, and your fine voice against? You have exchanged them for an old hat that does not belong to you, and a shabbiness you have not merited by suffering neediness.—Your pseudo-neediness is a sentimental indulgence.—Every man should be forced to dress up to his income, and make a smart, fresh appearance.

—Patching the seat of your trousers, instead!—

"Wait a minute," Hobson said, laughing. "You accuse me of sentimentality in my choice of costume. I wonder if you are as free from sentimentality."

"My dear sir, I don't care a tinker's curse about you.—Let me proceed. With your training, you are decked in the plumes of very fine birds indeed. But your plumes are not meant to fly with, but merely to slouch and skip along the surface of the earth.—You wear the livery of a ridiculous set, you are a cunning and sleek domestic. No thought can come out of your head...."

"Are you idle?" Hobson asked rather briskly.

"In any case my hat is my business" he concluded quickly, after a moment, getting up with a curling, luscious laugh.

"You are systematizing and vulgarizing the individual.—You are not an individual. You have, I think, deafern me with your upside-downness."

"You are concentrated, systematic slop.—There are many of Frederick Tarr's resolutions came out of his ear almost, and treading on his toes."

"You are idle, did you say? Yes, I suppose I am not particularly industrious. But how does that affect you? You know you don't mean all that nonsense. Vous vous moquez de moi! Where are you coming to?"

"I have explained already where I come in. It is stupid to be idle. You go to seed.—The only justification for your slovenly appearance, it is true, is that it is ideally emblematic."

"My dear Tarr, you're a strange fellow. I can't see why these things should occupy you. You have just told me a lot of things that may be true or may not. But at the end of them all— Et alors?—Et alors!— Et alors?— Et alors!— Et alors?— Et alors?—

"A breed of mild pervasive cabbages has set up to his income, and make a smart, fresh appearance."

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"My dear Tarr, you're a strange fellow. I can't see why these things should occupy you. You have just told me a lot of things that may be true or may not. But at the end of them all— Et alors?—
an interest in commerce. He had started a motor business in Paris, and through circulating the Americans resident there and using his English connections, he was succeeding on the lines suggested.

Tarr had argued that an interest of this sort would prove profitable, especially if the money was held back and the ambition of getting Hobson into a bank in South Africa.

As he rushed along then a gaunt car met him, rushing in the opposite direction. Butcher's large red nose stood under a check cap phenomenally peaked. A sweater and Yankee jacket exaggerated his breadth. He was sunk in horizontal massiveness in the car—almost in the road. A quizzing, heavy smile broke his face open in an indifferent business-like way. It was a sour smile, as though half his face were frozen with cocaine. He pulled up with the air of an Iron-Age mechanic, born among beds of embryonic machinery.

"Ah, I thought I might see you."—He rolled over the edge and stood grinning and stretching in front of his friend.

"Where are you off to?" Tarr asked.

"I heard there were some gypsies encamped over Charenton."—He smiled and waited, his entire face breaking up expectantly into cunning pits and traps.—Mention of "gypsies" usually drew Tarr. They were a survival of Butcher's pre-motor days. Neglecting business? was all Tarr said however.

"Have you time for a drink?"

"Yes!" Tarr turned with an airy jerk to his car. "Shall we go to the Pantheon?"

"How about the Univers? Would that take long?"

"The Univers! Four or five minutes.—Jump in.

When they had got to the Univers and ordered their drink, Tarr said:

"I've just been talking to Alan Hobson. I've been telling him off."

That's right.—How had he deserved it?"

"Oh, he happened to drop on me when I was thinking about my girl. He began congratulating me on my engagement. So I gave him my views on marriage, and then wound up with a little improvisation about himself."

Butcher maintained a decorous silence, drinking his Pernot.

"You're not engaged to be married, are you?" he asked.

"Well, that's a difficult question."—Tarr laughed with circumspection and softness. "I don't know whether I am or whether I'm not."

"Would it be the German girl, if you were?"

"Yes, she'd be the one."

There was a careful absence of comment in Butcher's face.

"Ought I to marry the Lunken?"

"No," Butcher said with measure.

"In that case I ought to tell her at once."

"That is so."

Tarr had a dark morning coat, whose tails flowed behind him as he walked strongly and quickly along, and curled on either side of his hips as he sat. It was buttoned half-way down the body. He was taller than Butcher, wore glasses, had a dark skin, and a steady, unamiable, impatient expression. He was clean-shaven, with a shallow, square jaw and straight, thick mouth. His hands were square and unadorned.

He impressed you as having inherited himself last week, and as under a great press of business to grasp the details and resources of the concern. Not very much satisfaction at his inheritance, and no swank. Great capacity was printed all over him.—He did not appear to have been modified as yet by any sedentary, sentimental, or other discipline or habit. He was at his first push in an ardent and exotic world, with a good fund of passion from a frigid climate of his own.—His mistakes he talked over without embarrassment. He felt them deeply. He was experimented on, if not actively misled.

A rude and hard infancy, according to Balzac, is best for development of character. A child learns duplicity, and hardships in defence. An eneruating childhood of molly-coddling, on the other hand, such as Tarr's, has its advantages. He was an only child of a selfish, vigorous mother. The long foundation of delicate trustfulness and childhood make for a store of influence to protect one's health beyond the usual term. Tarr, with the Balzac upbringing, would have had a little too much character, like a rather too muscular man. As it was, he was a shade too nervous. But his confidence in the backing of character was unparalleled. You would have thought he had an iron-field behind him.

When he solicited advice, it was transparently a matter of form. But he appeared to need his own advice to come from himself in public.—Did he feel himself of more importance in public?—His relation to the world was definite and complementary. He preferred his own word to come out of the air; when, that is, unless he was issuing from the mouth of the public, it entered either as an independent affair, or as an independent business, or as an independent affair, or as an independent joke.
peasant.—But that's where the mischief lies.—That I was innocently depraved enough to find it irresistibly charming. It had the charm of a vulgar wall-paper, a gimcrack ornament. A cozy banality set in the midst of a rough life. Youthful exoticism has done it, the something different to oneself."

Butcher did not roll his eyes any more. They looked rather moist. He was thinking of love and about to give the admission that his own past was regretting a downy doll. He was won over by Tarr's platitude, as he always was. His friend could have convinced him of anything on earth within ten minutes.

Tarr, noticing the effect of his words, laughed. Butcher was like a dog, with his rheumy eyes.

"My romance, you see, is exactly inverse to yours," Tarr proceeded. "But pure unadulterated romanticism with me is in about the same rudimentary state as sex. So they had perhaps better keep together? I only allow myself to philosophize with little things. I have succeeded in shunting our noxious illusionism away from the great spaces and ambitions. I have had a way of tearing up and placing these things all arranged above our heads. They are no doubt self-protective. The whole of a man's ninety-nine per cent, of obscurer mechanism is daily engaged in organizing his life in accordance with his deepest necessity. Each person boasts some notable invention of personal application only.

"So there I am fixed with my bourgeoisie in my skin, dans ma peau. What is the next step?—The body is the main thing. But I think I have made a discovery. In sex I am romantic and arrière. It would be healthier for all sex to be so. But that is indeed the better. Well, I cannot see myself attracted as fine as pictures or poems; not being as fine as housewives or classical Mothers of Men; they appear to me to occupy an unfortunate position on this earth. No man properly demarcated as I am will have much to do with them. They are very beautiful to look at. But they are unfortunately alive, and usually cats. If you married one of them, out of pity you would have to support the eternal grin of a Giocconda fixed complacently on you at all hours of the day, the pretensions of a piece of canvas that had sold for thirty thousand pounds. You could not put your foot through the canvas without being hanged. You would not be able to sell it yourself for that figure, and so get some little compensation. Tout au plus, if the sentimental grin would not otherwise come off, you could break its jaw, perhaps."

Butcher flung his head up, and laughed affectedly.

"Ha ha!"—he went again.

"Very good!—Very good!—I know who you're thinking of," he grunted.

"Do you? Oh, the 'Giocconda smile,' you mean? —Yes. In that instance, the man had only his silly sentimental self to blame. He has paid the biggest price given in our time for a living masterpiece. Sentimentalizing about masterpieces and sentimental prices will soon have seen their day, I expect. New masterpieces in painting will then appear again, perhaps, where the live ones leagued with the old dead ones disappear. Really, the more one considers it, the more creditable and excellent my self-organization appears. I have a great deal to congratulate myself upon."

Butcher yawned and pulled himself together with a grave dissatisfied expression.

"But will you carry it into effect to the extent,—Will you.—Would marriage be the ideal termina-

"—Butcher had a way of tearing up and bringing all over again on a new breath.

"That is what Hobson asked. —No, I don't think marriage belongs to anything to do with it. That is another question altogether."

"I thought your remarks about the housewife suggested—"

"No.—My relation to the idea of the housewife is platonic. I am attracted to the housewife as I might be attracted to the milliner. But just as I should not naturally employ the latter to make hats—I should have some other use for her—so my connexion with the other need not imply a ménage. But my present difficulty centres round that question:

"What am I to do with Fräulein Lunken?"

"Butcher drew himself up, and hicuped solemnly and slowly.

He did not reply.

"Once again, is marriage out of the question?"

Tarr asked.

"You know yourself best. I don't think you ought to marry."

"Why, am I—?"

"No, You wouldn't stop with her. So why marry?"

He hiccuped again, and blinked.

Tarr gazed at his oracle with curiosity. —With eyes glassily bloodshot, it discharged its wisdom on gusts of air. Butcher was always surly about women, or rather men's tenderness for them. He was a vindictive enemy of the sex. He stood, a patient constable, forbidding Tarr respectfully a certain road. He spoke with authority and shortness, and hicuped to convey the absolute and assured quality of his refusal.

"Well, in that case," Tarr said, "I must make a move. I have treated Bertha very badly."

Butcher smothered a hiccup. —He ordered another lager.

"Yes, I owe my girl anything I can give her. It is hardly my fault. With the training you get in England, how can you be expected to realize anything? The University of Humour that prevails everywhere in England as the national institution for developing youth, provides you with nothing but a first-rate means of evading reality. The whole of English training—the great fundamental spirit of the country—is a system of deadening feeling, a prescription for Stoicism. Many of the results are excellent. It saves us from gush in many cases; it is an excellent armour in times of crisis or misfortune. The English soldier gets his special cachet from it. But for the sake of this wonderful panacea—English humour—we sacrifice much. It would be better to face our imagination and our nerves without this soporific. Once this armature breaks down, the man underneath is found in many cases to have become softened by it. He is subject to shock, over-sensitiveness, and many ailments not met with in the more frank and direct races. Their superficial sensitiveness allows of a harder core. —To set against the one, of course, you have the delicacy, touchiness, sympathy, that this envelope of cynicism has accumulated. It has served English art marvellously. But it is probably more useful for art than for practical affairs. And the artist could always look after himself. Anyhow, the time seems to have arrived in my life, as I consider it has arrived in the life of the country, to discard this husk and armour. Life must be met on other terms than those of fun and sport."

Butcher guffawed provocatively. Tarr joined him. They both quaffed their beer.

"You're a terrible fellow," said Butcher. "If you had your way, you'd leave us stark naked. We should all be standing on our little island in the savage state of the Ancient Britons—figuratively."

He hiccuped.
"Yes, figuratively. But in reality the country would be armed better than it ever had been before. And by the sacrifice of these famous 'national characteristics' we cling to sentimentally, and which are merely the accident of a time, we should lay a soil and foundation of unspecific force, on which new and realer 'national flavours' would very soon spring up."

"I quite agree," Butcher jerked out energetically.

He ordered another lager.

"I agree with what you say. If we don't give up dreaming, we shall get spanked. I have given up my gypsies. That was very public-spirited of me!" He looked coaxingly.

"If we don't give up their gypsies, their jokes, and their gentlemen—'Gentlemen' are worse than gypsies. It would do perhaps if they reduced them considerably, as you have your Gitanos. —I'm going to swear off humour for a year. I am going to gaze on even you inhumanly. All my mock matrimonial difficulties come from humour. I am going to gaze on Bertha inhumanly, and not humorously. Humour paralyses the sense for reality and wraps people in a phlegmatic and hysterical dream-world, full of the delicious swirls of the switchback, the drunkenness of the merry-go-round—screaming leaps from idea to idea. My little weapon for bringing in man to earth—shot-gun or what not—gave me good sport, too, and was of the best workmanship. I carried it slung jauntily for some time at my side—

you may have noticed it. But I am in the tedious position of the man who hits the bull's-eye every time. Had I not been disproportionately occupied with her absurdities, I should not have allowed this chattering girl to engross herself to me.

"My first practical step now will be to take this question of 'engaging' myself or not into my own hands. I shall disengage myself on the spot."

So long as you don't engage yourself again next minute and so on. If I felt that the time was not quite ripe, I'd leave it in Fräulein Lunken's hands a little longer. I expect she does it better than you would."

Butcher filled his pipe, then he began laughing. He laughed theatrically until Tarr stopped him.

"What are you laughing at?"

"You are a nut! Ha! ha! ha!"

"How am I a nut? You must be thinking about your old machine out there."

Butcher composed himself—theatrically.

"I was laughing at you. You repent of your correctness. That is very neat."

"Do you think so? Well, perhaps it is a trifle over-tidy. I hadn't looked at it in that way."

"You did not notice it? But you said dogmatically. He talked to Tarr, when a little worked up, as Tarr talked to him. He didn't notice that he did. It was partly calinerie and flattery.

Tarr pulled out a very heavy and determined-looking watch. He would have suffered had he been compelled to use a small watch. For the time to be microscopical and noiseless would be unbearable. The time must be human. That he insisted on. And it must not be pretty or neat.

"It is late. I must go. Must you get back to Passy or can you stop?"

"Do you know, I'm afraid I must get back. I have to lunch with a fellow at one, who is putting me on too. But can I take you anywhere? Or are you lunching here?"

"No.—Take me as far as the Samaritaine, will you?"

Butcher took him along two sides of the Louvre, to the river.
himself. "Thornton was a fool, but he could not always keep Thornton out," etc. Lowndes, with his Thornton, displayed the characteristics of the self-made man. He had risen ambitiously in the sphere of the Intelligence. Thornton sat like an inhabitant of the nether world of gossip, pettiness, and squalor from which his friend had lately issued. He entertained an immense respect for that friend. This one of his own kind in a position of respect and security was what he could best understand, and would have most desired to be.

"Oh! Come in, Tarr," Lowndes said, looking at the floor of the passage, "I didn't know who it was." The atmosphere became thick with ghost-like intruders. The wretched Thornton seemed to hover timidly in the background.

"Am I interrupting you?" Tarr asked politely.

"No-o-o!" a long, reassuring, musical negative.

Tarr misunderstood him.

"Off colour? What is the matter with colour now?"

"No, I mean I'm seedy.

"Oh, ah. Yes.

His eyes still fixed on the ground, Lowndes pottered about, like a dog.

As with most educated people who "do" anything, and foresee analysis and fame, he was biographically minded. A poor man, he did his Boswellizing himself. His self-characterization, proceeding whenever he was not alone, was as follows: "A fussy and exacting man, slightly avuncular, strangely, despite the fineness and amplitude of his character, minute, precocious, and tidy." (In this way he made a virtue of his fuss.) To show how the general illusion worked in a particular case: "He had been conscious of the absurd easiness of doing a thing, and foresee analysis and fame, he was bio-

How do you mean it?"

"Perhaps you can help me nevertheless. Our ideas on females may not be the same."

Tarr always embarrassed him. Lowndes huddled himself tensely together, worked at his pipe, and met Tarr's jokes painfully. He hesitated to sally forth and drive the joke away.

"What are your ideas on females?" he asked in a moment.

"Oh, I think they ought to be convex if you are concave—stupid if you are intelligent, cold if you are volcanic, frigid if you are febrile. Always white all over, clothes, underclothes, skin and all.—My ideas do not extend much beyond that."

Lowndes organized Tarr's statement, with a view to an adequate and light reply. He gnawed at his pipe.

"Well, German women are usually convex. There are also concave ones. There are cold ones and hot ones." He looked up. "It all seems to depend what you are like!"

"I am cold; inclined to be fat; forte tête; and swarthy, as you see."

"In that case, if you took plenty of exercise,"

Lowndes undulated himself as though for the passage of the large bubbles of chuckle, "I should think that German women would suit you very well!"

Tarr rose.

"I wish I hadn't come to see you, Lowndes. Your answer is disappointing."

Lowndes got up, disturbed at Tarr's sign of departure.

"I'm sorry. But I'm not an authority." He leant against the fireplace to arrest Tarr's withdrawal for a minute or two. "Are you doing much work?"

"I! No."

"Are you ever in in the afternoons? I should like to come round some day, but I wouldn't interfere."

"I'm just moving into a new studio."

Lowndes looked suddenly at his watch, with calculated, ape-like impulsiveness.

"Where are you having lunch? I thought of going down to Lejeune's to see if I could come across a beggar of the name of Kreisler. He could tell you much more about German women than I can. He's a German. Come along, won't you? Are you doing anything?"

"No, I know quite enough Germans. Besides, I must go somewhere—I can't have lunch just yet. Get-th-bye, thank you for your opinion."

"Don't mention it," Lowndes said softly, his head turned obliquely to his shoulder, as though he had a stiff neck, and balancing on his calves.

He was rather wounded, or brusque, by the brevity of Tarr's visit. His "morning" had not received enough respect. It had been treated, in fact, cavalierly. His "work" had not been directly mentioned.

When Tarr got outside, he stood on the narrow pavement, looking into a shop window. It was a florist's and contained a great variety of flowers. He was surprised to find that he did not know a single flower by name. He hung on in front of this shop before pushing off, as a swimmer does to a rock, waving his legs. Then he got back into the street from which his visit to Lowndes had deflected him. He let himself drift down it. He still had some way to go before he need decide between the Rue Martine (where Bertha lived) and the Rue Lhomond.

He had not found resolution in his talks. That already existed, the fruit of various other conversations on his matrimonial position—held with the victim, Fräulein Lunken, herself.

Not to go near Bertha was the negative programme for that particular day. To keep away was seldom easy. But ever since his conversation at the Berne he had been conscious of the absurd easiness of doing so, if he wished. He had not the least inclination..."
to go to the Rue Martine!—This sensation was so grateful that its object shared in its effect. He determined to go and see her. He wanted to enjoy his present feeling of indifference. Where best to enjoy it was no doubt where she was.

"And the situation is hopeless. A new situation was created by this new feeling of indifference. Its duration could not be gauged.—He wished to stay in Paris just then to finish some paintings begun some months before. He substituted for the Impressionist's necessity to remain in front of the object being represented, a sensation of the desirability of finishing a canvas in the place where it was begun. He had an Impressionist's horror of change.

So Tarr had evolved a plan. At first sight it was wicked. It was no blacker than most of his iniquities. Bertha, as he had suggested to Butcher, he had in some lymphatic way, dans la peau. It appeared a matter of physical discomfort to leave her altogether. It must be done gradually. So he had thought that, instead of going away to England, where the separation might cause him restlessness, he had perhaps better settle down in her neighbourhood. Through a series of specially tended ennuis, he would find himself in a position to depart. So the extreme nearness of the studio to Bertha's flat was only another inducement for him to take it. "If it were next door, so much the better!" he thought.

Now for this famous feeling of indifference. Was there anything in it?—The studio for the moment should be put aside. He would go to see Bertha. Let this visit solve this question.

SECOND-RATE SUPERMEN

Nietzsche has been vigorously exclaimed against as the fountain-head of this war. It is hard to imagine that Prussian statesmen and officers were ever wrapt in the study of any philosophy, yet it may be that some of Nietzsche's rather random utterances served the Prussians by fostering a spirit of crude aggression.

Though the idea of a Superman remains as an inspiring feeler into future possibilities, where we all seem to go wrong is in supposing that vital superiority can be gained by the acquisition of mastery over a weaker people. That the stronger, once having gained superiority, do then dominate the weaker to a large extent, is beside the point. We are arrived at the idea of supremacy being gained by direct force, through assuming that because man is the most destructive and predatory of animals, he therefore attained to this supremacy by the exercise of those very qualities. But though, once having gained superiority, he kept other species off by force, he probably originally gained his supremacy by accident. His relation to his environment—the ground he walked on—became different to that of other animals. Instead of going on four legs he acquired the habit of going on two, which change led to the development of hands and later of brain. He probably originally gained his supremacy by accident. His relation to his environment—the ground he walked on—became different to that of other animals. Instead of going on four legs he acquired the habit of going on two, which change led to the development of hands and later of brain. He probably originally gained his supremacy by accident. His relation to his environment—the ground he walked on—became different to that of other animals. Instead of going on four legs he acquired the habit of going on two, which change led to the development of hands and later of brain.

Where other men, metaphorically speaking, go on four legs they will go on two. They are superior because of some very definite difference and not just because they possess some ordinary quality in a greater degree. There is all the difference between a great man and an ordinary man on a large scale, who might be called an imitation great man. Grandeur is not merely a matter of scale but a different initial conception.

The Germans certainly seem to have thought that to ensure their own supremacy and their future as progenitors of a race of Supermen, all that was necessary was to be more vigorous and more industrious and to subdue weaker nations; whereas other nations are perhaps just beginning to discover that the directly planned subjugation of weaker nations is no immediate step to such an end.

All the rather nauseating rhetoric we hear about England fighting for Right and not Might means only that we are fighting not for direct conquest but that, having gained a certain ascendency, we intend to maintain it by force—which is another matter.

To attain to lasting power individuals and nations must be able to think better, feel more. It is as unreasonable to expect the death of a workman to help an engineer to effect some intricate plan successfully, as to expect the Superman to be generated as a result of the slaughter of other men. Periodical slaughter may or may not be inevitable—that is another question—but it has no direct bearing on the creation of superiority. The difference between the tyrant and the superior man is that the former tries to gain eminence by pushing others back and the latter to achieve a quality of excellence not possessed by them. It is only the second-rate Superman who obtains eminence by direct force. The genuine article is rarely either pushful or domineering—though extraordinarily combative if attacked—for the good reason that he has nothing to gain by being aggressive.

One cannot conceive, for instance, of a Superman without a large amount of sympathy for his fellow-men: not for the sentimental reason that sympathy is "good" but because it is an immense source of power. It is an instrument wherewith to fathom human psychology and it means insight. Exercising sympathy is not a case of "living for others," which is only a loose forlornness of living, but of living through others without losing the sense of our own identity. Sympathy, I think, might be classed under a definite achievement not common to the ordinary man—a man without it being the ordinary man on a large scale, for whom I think there is not much use.

Honor M. Pulley.

NOTICE

In the MAY NUMBER OF THE EGOIST MISS DORA MARSDEN will resume her Editorial Articles.

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