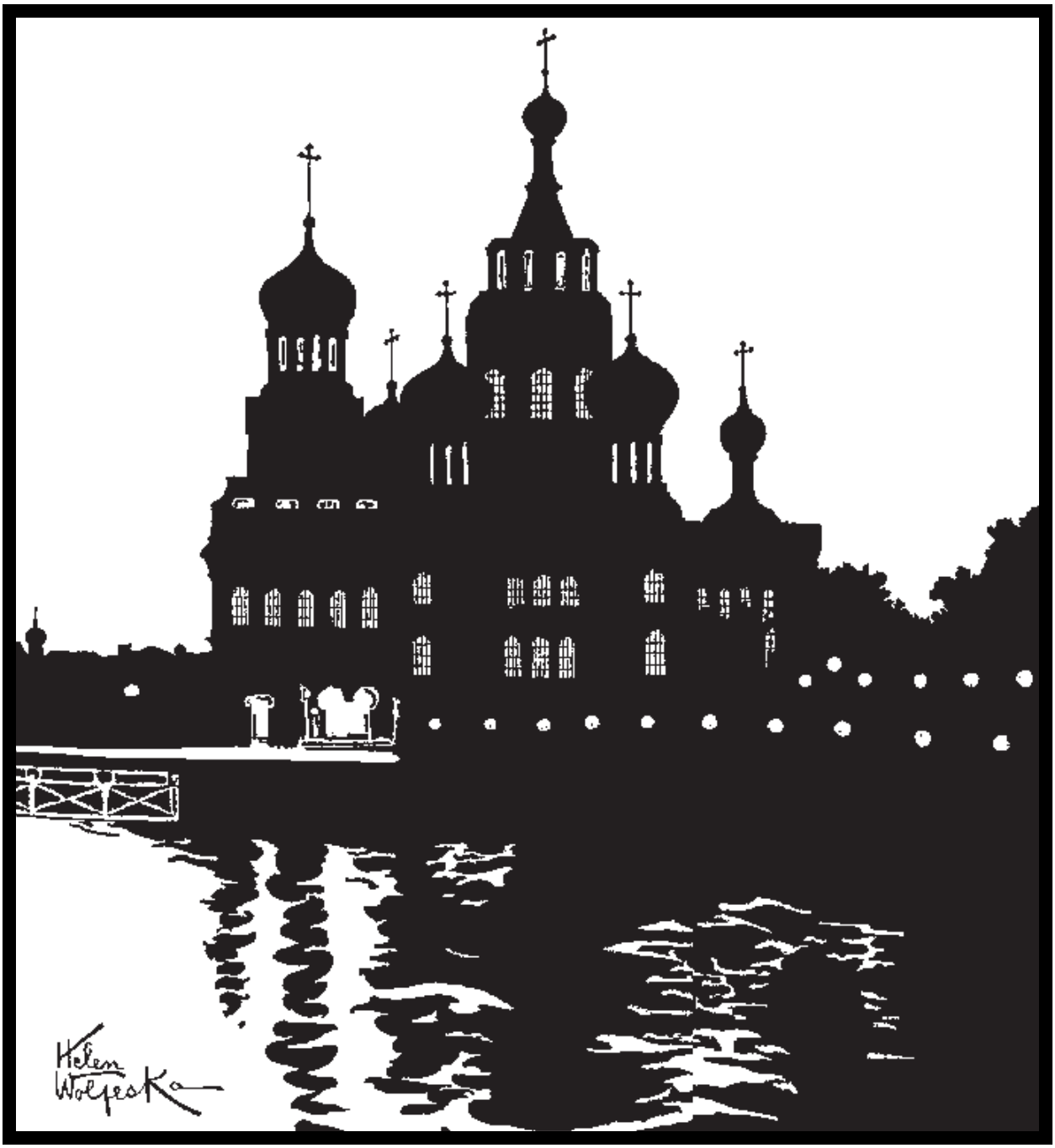
THE HEART OF HOLY RUSSIA

By Aleister Crowley

The JANUARY 15 cts

INTERNATIONAL



THE INTERNATIONAL

FEBRUARY FILL-DYKES.

We hope that the month will not be very rainy, but we have taken care to fill the dykes of the human heart, which thirsteth after the water brooks, with a full measure of first-class reading matter. The next number of the International is so good that even our office boy admires it. In fact, he devoted an entire day to reading the proofs, and he had been ordered to deliver them forthwith to the printer.

"Gee whiz!" exclaimed that youth, "the stuff in this number is certainly ripping; better than anything of Nick Carter or Buffalo Bill. I never read the International before," he continued, "but from now on I certainly am going to read every number."

Curiously enough, our office boy's opinion of the International coincides exactly with the opinion entertained by a certain professor in Harvard University. This professor said the International was "all things to all men."

The last of the Simon Iff stories is perhaps the strangest and the most terrible of the series. It goes back a century to the time of the Napoleonic Wars, and describes one of the most thrilling and dramatic episodes in that romantic period. Simon Iff's share in the story is not so great as in some of the others, but it is perhaps natural that in the last of the series he should seem to fade away. However, the darkest hour is that before the dawn, and we are glad to be able to say that the old man decided to come over to America. A new series of his adventures in this country is now in preparation.

"The Mass of St. Secaire" is not one of those "Masses" which have recently been suppressed by the Government. The most fervent patriot can read it without a blush. It is a story in Mark Wells' very best style. It deals with one of the most absorbing superstitions of the French peasantry, and is mingled with the weird atmosphere of African adventure. It shows how the shadow of that Dark Continent may fall upon the sunny plains of southern France.

Encouraged by the success of his "Heart of Holy Russia," Mr. Aleister Crowley has written an essay on the Old Absinthe House of New Orleans. It is a study of Absinthe as wonderful as that which we published in October about Cocaine; and, in addition, possesses the local color of the one great town of the United States which possesses something like a European atmosphere.

We have also an astonishing series of short sketches translated from the German, which does for the armies of Central Europe what "Under Fire" did for the French. The atmosphere is, however, not so morbid. The strong passion of virility and courage shines through the darkness of discomfort and danger.

We must really introduce our readers to Izek Kranil. She is an Algerian by birth, half French, half Arab, and is one of the best known figures in literary and artistic circles in Europe. Her passionate prose poem, "At the Feet of Our Lady of Darkness," is one of the most remarkable pieces of literature ever penned, more fantastic and fascinating than any of the visions of De Quincey and Coleridge.

And so on!

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Published Monthly by the International Monthly, Inc.

1123 Broadway, New York City. Telephone, Farragut 9777. Cable address, Viereck, New York.

President, George Sylvester Viereck; Vice-President, Joseph Bernard Rethy; Treasurer, K. Bombard; Secretary, Curt H. Reisenger.

Terms of Subscription, including postage, in the United States and Mexico: $1.50 per year; $0.80 for six month. Subscription to all foreign countries within the postal union, $1.85 per year. Single copies, 15 cents.

Newsdealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company or any of its branches.

Entered at the Post Office at New York as second class matter.

Manuscripts addressed to the Editor, if accompanied by return postage and found unavailable, will be returned. The Editor, however, accepts no responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

ENGLAND SPEAKS.

"The most noble the Marquess of Lansdowne — the American People." Indeed some such word of introduction is necessary, if not quite decent. In the Continental fashion, let me explain the quality of the person to whom I wish to introduce you.

Lord Lansdowne is The Fitzmaurice, and comes to us as a product of careful biological selection since William the Conqueror. He has never taken any very active part in politics, except the Battle of Hastings, merely accepting the Foreign Office or some similar post to oblige his country, and discharging its duties on sane, conservative lines.

Lord Lansdowne represents all the best Englishmen. He does not represent those who have been crushed biologically by industrialism, or the alien money lenders who have England by the throat. He speaks for the nobility, the gentry, and the yeomanry, for the men who were English (not "patriots," please!) at Agincourt, whose future is as indissolubly linked with English soil as is their past.

It is, therefore, natural that Lord Lansdowne should have said exactly what I have been saying in this paper ever since its owners, in a magnificent spirit of Fair Play, offered England (in my humble person) a voice in America.

For some curious reason, perhaps because I like to collect lunatics as George Windsor likes to collect postage stamps, I find myself regarded by superficial thinkers as a radical and revolutionary. I am in truth the most crusted of Tories, bred in the bone, and dyed in the wool. I believe, for example, that if we abandon the Catholic ideal of marriage, one may as well not have marriage at all. So, if we abandon the hierarchical system in religion or politics, one cannot stop short of anarchy, as soon as some occasion of stress forces people to make decisions. The Church of England had more dissenting movements in a century than the Church of Rome in ten. It was a makeshift. So were the Girondins; so was Kerensky. Once leave the unintellectual, illogical, unjust anchorage of Wisdom, and you are tossed madly on the insane waves of Reason.

Men are fit to hunt, fight, and create; women to cook, to labor in the fields, and to bear children. Abandon this conception with all its obvious demerits, and you merely arrive at a Bottomless Pit of vague argument, ending in the query "What is a man? What is a woman?" A very nauseating mess!

The strength of England has always lain with this "impossible" class of stupid brutes, who are always right, because they are swayed by racial instinct (or "wisdom") instead of by reason.

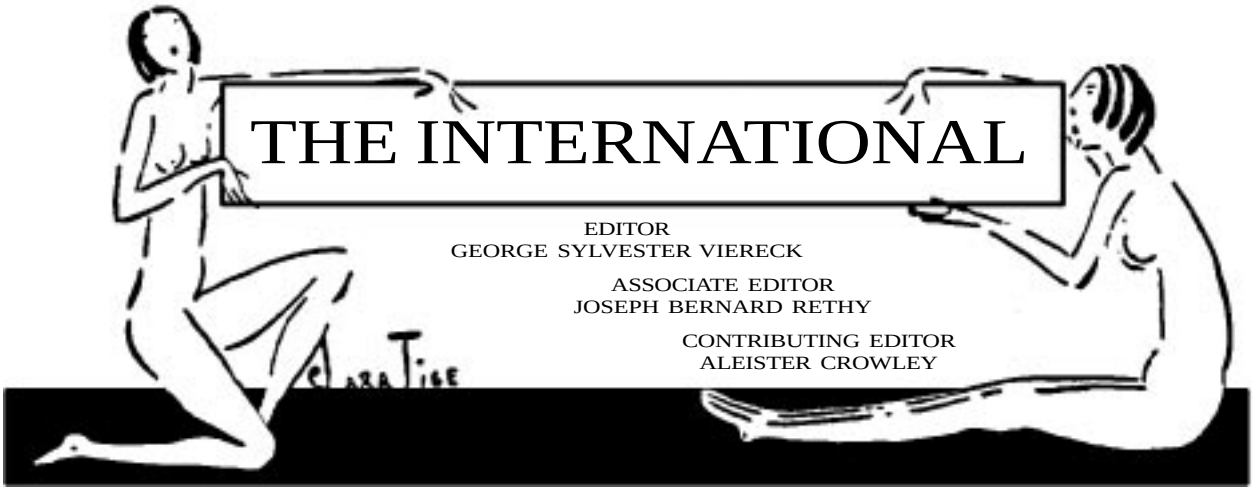
A pointer knows more about the location of a pheasant than Darwin after half a century of Natural History. Similarly, in Germany, it is the landed aristocracy that speak and fight for their country. Your Liebknechts are always being swayed by "argument"; your Junkers know without being told. The class with "a stake in the country" is the class to trust. England knows that a Lansdowne or a Harcourt will never be false, and never foolish, though he may be utterly stupid.

Now Civilization itself is menaced by the war — or rather by the revolutions attendant on the collapse of certain systems which had become unwieldy. Russia is only the advance guard of Bolshevikism. These people will have to be swept away by cannon, and knouted into common sense, before we have any true peace in the world again. Junkerthum and English Feudalism have their bad points, but they stand strain. It is only when all the individuals of a nation are as intelligent and clear-sighted as the French that democracy has any chance to live; and, in point of fact, Joffre would have been beaten at the Marne if he had not turned angrily on the politicians in Paris, with his famous, "Aujour d'hui, messieurs, c'est moi qui parle," turning the Republic into a military autocracy by a single sublime gesture.

Similarly, as this country is ruled by strong men of practical common sense, war measures were taken here which no Tsar would ever have dared, with the result that, so far, America's military achievement stands as the world's record for all time.

The hierarchical and caste system is the system with biological truth to back it, and it always comes back as soon as the organism is in danger. This war will make an end of the "brilliant," "intellectual" nonsense of the George Bernard Shaws and the Leon Trotzkys; aristocracy will be re-established in a more enlightened form. Birth is not everything; we need brains as well. But we must put an end to the power of money, which is the corruption of all Virtue.

Listen to Lord Lansdowne; his voice is England's; England, sooner or later, will forget Lloyd George, and do what her heart and soul bid her. Our family quarrel with the Hohenzollerns was all very well; in fact, it was rather bad form of the blighters to bring in their beastly science. Damn those Liberals all the same! However, the mischief's done, and we can't help it. But, now, these Lenine fellows are trying to butt in, it won't do, don't you know?



VOL. XII. NO. 1. JANUARY, 1918 PRICE 15 CENTS

THE SCRUTINIES OF SIMON IFF

By EDWARD KELLY

No. V. — Not Good Enough.

"It seems a very interesting case," interrupted Simon Iff. "Well, sir," replied the Assistant Commissioner, "not at all, from your standpoint; there's no psychology in it. There seems little doubt that Haramzada Swamy killed the girl; he may have had one of fifty reasons, though robbery was evidently one of them. There are certainly some curious features in the affair, but none that would be of any interest to you." "You make me feel so fiery and martial," returned Iff, "that I shall certainly order some brandy. I hope you will join me. I originally interrupted your remarks in the hope that you would tell me all about the case. I have theories of my own." "If I may adopt your theory of drinking — which it gave me much pleasure to hear at the Hemlock Club — I am feeling narrative, and a pot of beer and a church-warden is about my style."

It was a summer afternoon. The place was the lawn of Skindle's at Maidenhead. The Assistant Commissioner of Police, Roger Broughton, had motored over to lunch with a friend, Jack Flynn, Editor of the "Emerald Tablet," an advanced high-class review. They had found "Simple Simon," who had rowed up the river in a skiff outrigger from his summer cottage at Henley, lunching on the lawn in a peculiarly naive, yet sumptuous, manner. "In summer," he explained to them, after the first greetings, "meat heats the blood. I am therefore compelled to restrict my diet to foie gras and peaches."

"But Foie Gras is meat."

"The animal kingdom," said the mystic, "is distinguished, roughly speaking, from the vegetable, by the fact that animals have power to move freely in all directions. When therefore a goose is nailed to a board, as I understand is necessary to the production of foie gras, it becomes ipso facto a vegetable; as a strict vegetarian, I will therefore have some more." And he heaped his plate.

The new-comers laughed; no one ever knew when to take the magician seriously. "What's the drink?" asked Flynn; "it's a new one on me." "This is a Crowley Cup No. 3," he said. "So named after its discoverer. Take a large jug, the larger the better; half fill with selected strawberries; cover the fruit with Grand Marnier Cordon Rouge; ice carefully; fill up with iced champagne, the best obtainable. Stir the mixture; drink it; order more, and repeat. A simple, harmless, and wholesome beverage."

"A temperance drink, I suppose?" queried Broughton, laughingly.

"Certainly," replied the magician; "in my recent journey to America I was careful to obtain an exact definition of what was and what was not alcoholic. Drinks which contain less than 40 per cent. alcohol come under the general heading of the Demon Rum; their sale is restricted in every possible way, and in many States prohibited altogether. Drinks containing more than 40 per cent. of alcohol are medicines, and are sold in the drug stores without restriction of any kind."

"But that champagne reduces the percentage, surely?"

"Champagne forms no part of the drink; it is used merely to dilute the medicine itself."

Broughton, who knew Iff but slightly, looked bewildered, and appealed mutely to Flynn, who knew him well. "You mustn't laugh or cry," said he; "you must just let your brain expand, and try to get the point of view."

"You mustn't think I'm laughing at you, Mr. Iff," apologized Broughton; "we don't forget your masterly work in the case of Professor Briggs."

So lunch proceeded; it was only at the end, as it were by accident, that Broughton had mentioned the murder which had stirred London a few days earlier.

Broughton, having been accommodated with the primitive refreshment indicated as harmonious to narrative, began his

story.

"Ananda Haramzada Swamy is a Doctor of Philosophy of the University of London. He is 33 years old, and has a wife, to whom two children have been born ——"

"By a previous marriage? I asked because of your phrasing."

"It's a long story, and has nothing to do with the case. Haramzada Swamy — let us call him the Swamy for short — is an Eurasian; and curiously enough, it is his father that was black, a Tamil. The mother was an Englishwoman."

Simon Iff pursed his lips. "He is a man of loose morals," continued the Commissioner, puffing at his long pipe, "and rents an apartment, or rather a bedroom with bathroom attached, on the fifth floor of St. Noc's Mansions, near Hyde Park. This room is a mere assignation chamber. It is furnished only with a divan, a wardrobe, and a small cupboard full of liquors and tobacco. The room is, however, sumptuous in the Oriental style, and the walls are covered with obscene pictures and photographs. He allowed no one to enter, naturally enough, but used to send his wife weekly to dust it."

Simon Iff could not restrain another gesture of disgust.

"The whole block of apartments is 'under the Rose,' as it were; but — please note this — although in a general way we ask no questions as to the doings of the inhabitants and their visitors, we maintain a correspondingly strict supervision of them, on the watch always for anything outside what I may call honest, straightforward immorality."

"I see," said Iff, thoughtfully.

"The last masked ball of the season took place at Covent Garden on the first Saturday in July. Haramzada was present, and won a prize for the magnificence of his costume, that of a Persian prince of the 15th century. I may mention that he was a critic of art, as well as of philosophy. He left on the arm of a masked lady, who had not competed; no one had seen her face. They went direct in a taxi to the Swami's flat. This was about 3 a. m.; the time is uncertain. It may have been much earlier. A few minutes before five, however, and this time is accurate within ten minutes, Haramzada was seen, in his ordinary day costume, creeping down the stairs, stealthily and swiftly. The lift man only saw him by chance. He had gone up to the fifth floor on a ring, only to find no one there. Irritated, he left the lift, and looked over the stairs, just chancing to see the Swami as he crossed the hall. He supposed, naturally, that the lady was with him.

"Now comes the hand of Providence. It was the custom of that wicked elevator attendant to search the rooms of the tenants, when he was sure of their absence, and not too likely to be caught off duty; his hope was to find what he has since described to us, in a burst of candor, as 'perks'; videlicet; any small objects of value which seemed to him unlikely to be missed. So he pulled his lever, and went up to the fifth floor, opened the Swami's flat with his master key, and entered. The light was switched on.

"The body of a nearly naked woman lay before him. Blood was pouring from a wound in the head; but life was perhaps not extinct. Daniels, as the man was called, acted quickly and properly. He called a doctor on the telephone, describing the nature of the wound, and then notified us. He then had a messenger sent for the man who would normally have relieved him at seven o'clock, so that he might remain on guard.

"When our men arrived, a minute before the doctor, we found Daniels trying various primitive methods of first aid.

"Detective-Inspector Brown took in the situation at a glance. While the doctor attended the wounded woman, he telephoned headquarters, and a general alarm was sent out for the apprehension of the Swamy.

"At 5·45 the doctor, who had been working energetically to restore consciousness to the victim of the outrage, pronounced life extinct. Daniels was dismissed, but two minutes later he reappeared with the news that the Swamy was in the street outside.

"Brown flung open the window, and cautiously looked out. The Swamy, with his coat collar turned up, and his slouch hat pulled well over his face, was approaching the door in a very furtive manner. Brown determined to give him a free hand. He telephoned down to the other porter to go up to the ninth floor, so as to give the Eurasian his chance to enter unobserved. The door of his flat was closed, and the party awaited developments.

"Unfortunately there was no place where our men could hide. The wardrobe would only have concealed one man. In a few minutes the steps of the Swamy were heard coming up the stairs; a key was pushed into the lock; the door opened; our men seized him. The creature collapsed, mentally and physically, in their arms. It was actually found necessary to apply restoratives. The wretch had evidently counted upon ample leisure to dispose of the body."

"Why had he left the place at all?" This from Jack Flynn.

"Evidently in order to dispose of the proceeds of the robbery. Doubtless he has some safe cache. Well, to continue. When he came to, he was arrested and cautioned. He said, however, that he knew nothing about the matter at all; denied that he knew the woman, or of her presence. Charged at the police court with the murder, he reserved his defence, and was remanded for a week. The same day he wrote out a long rambling statement which I can only call fantastically feeble. The following week he was committed for trial. He then issued another statement, entirely contradicting the former, and endeavoring to explain it away. It is, however, as contrary to ascertained fact as the earlier effort. I expect the truth is that the animal is almost mad with fear. He had probably arranged a safe way of disposing of the boy, which was upset by the chance of the early discovery of the crime.

"The murdered woman was identified by her husband on the afternoon following the crime. As you know, it was old Sybil Lady Brooke-Hunter, a leader of the smart set, fast, alcoholic, a plague to her old husband, who should have divorced her ten years ago. She haunted every shady rendezvous in London in search of adventure ——"

"Well, she found one all right!" put in Jack Flynn.

"She did. That night she was wearing over ten thousands pounds worth of jewelry, like a fool, as she was. It has all disappeared. Daniels noticed that she was wearing it when she entered St. Noc's Mansions.

"The curious part of the case is her husband's attitude. He refuses to believe that she was ever guilty of an indiscretion in her life; insists that her wanderings in London were purely philanthropic, that she must have been drugged or chloroformed or hypnotized or what not. He is an old man of Puritan views; 'if I believed her guilty of so much as a flirtation,' he said to

Brown; 'I would thank God that He had punished her!' And he's the only man in London who doesn't know what she was. She was a barmaid, you remember, as common as the bar she served, when he married her. Lord, but there are some fools about!"

"Is that the story?" asked Simple Simon, quietly.

"I think that's everything. We haven't found the jewelry. There's no reason to suspect any other man in the case. The facts are all against Haramzada Swamy, and his six-cylinder double-action lying doesn't help him."

"How was she killed?"

"There is a large open fireplace in the room. He had caught up the poker, and brained her. It was lying by the body, with blood on it."

"So you rest your case there?"

"All right, my lord!"

"Oh no! I'm for the defense," said Simon Iff. "Here are some facts quite incompatible with the theory that Haramzada Swamy committed the murder. Only last month I happened to be reading his book on Buddhism." Jack Flynn threw a laughing glance at the Police Commissioner, as much as to say, "now the fun begins."

"In this book," pursued the mystic, "he conclusively proves himself innocent of this murder. I will not distress you with the details, but the main argument of the book is that the Buddha was a hedonist, that he called pleasure the greatest good. This argument is based on one fact only; this, that the Buddha declared everything to partake of the nature of sorrow (which is just one-third of the truth) and that his whole system is therefore devoted to the escape from this Everything.

"But pleasure has nothing to do with this. Sensation is only the second of the 'Skandhas' in Buddhist psychology; at the very second gate on the path, pleasure and pain must be recognized as illusions, and rooted out of the mind. Why, desire in any form is the very cause of all sorrow and evil in the Buddhist system.

"Now, gentlemen, we are none of us Buddhists; we may dislike Buddhism very much; and we may call it too abstract, too remote, too barren, too bitter, too ascetic, too formal, too metaphysical, too almost anything you please. We may abuse the Buddha as an Atheist, as a nominalist, as a rationalist, as a sceptic; no one can do more than argue the contrary. But if we represent the Buddha as a high-priest of pleasure, and his religion as a religion of pleasure, we should be shut up in an asylum — or, if not, realize that we have given ourselves away. For there is only one type of sane man who can fail to recognize the elevated morality, the self-abnegation and nobility, the lofty compassion, the almost unthinkable passion for renunciation, which mark Buddhism. To this day the Bhikkhus, or rather Poonggis, of Burma, where alone the true canonical doctrine has been preserved free from corruption, are men of the most exalted virtue. They are often ignorant by our standards; but of their sincerity, their purity, their general morality, there is only one opinion. Even the missionaries, whose one chief task is to slander the people among whom they live, have failed to destroy the reputation of these noble men. I lived among them myself for three years; I might have joined their ranks, had I felt myself worthy to do so. My lord and gentlemen of the jury, I confidently leave the fate of my unfortunate client in your hands."

"Heaven help me!" cried Broughton, "he's never mentioned the murder at all!"

"Ah that's what you think — and what I think"; laughed Flynn; "but in reality he has torn your case to pieces!"

"If you're not convinced of his innocence," retorted Simple Simon, "I really despair of human reason. However, let us get a few fresh facts. What, besides this book on Buddhism, which I have dealt with so effectively, do we know of his antecedents?"

"As it happens," said Jack Flynn, "I can tell you a lot. It's an ugly story, too, and I'd hang him on that alone, if I were judge and jury. It's not evidence — like what the soldier said — but this being a psychological investigation, it is pertinent. Broughton has told us how he might have done the murder; I will prove to you that he was just the sort of man who would have done it. And I am assuming that the little lecture on Buddhism was intended to prove that he was the sort of man who would not."

"Precisely," said the mystic.

"Well, he had a side to his nature which he did not put in his book."

"Impossible," said Iff. "Men's books are always artistic images of themselves. Of course, this thing has no creative genius at all, and he's a hopelessly bad critic, absolutely incapable of discerning greatness, just as a fly, whose time-sense is extremely rapid compared to ours, cannot perceive movement in a body which travels more slowly than about a yard a minute, or as an amoeba could not understand generation or even gemmation. But, such as his mind is, he must put it into every page he writes."

"I'm going to show you he has a criminal mind."

"We're listening," acquiesced the old magician.

"When he was at the University of London, there was a small scandal, which rather shows the man's quality. He made friends with a man, who confided to him the secret of a love-affair with a woman of the streets. Haramzada Swamy tracked the girl, and tried to buy his friend's letters to her, to blackmail him. The girl was loyal and told her lover, who horsewhipped the Eurasian soundly. Shortly after taking his degree he married an Englishwoman. I should like here to make the point that she was a sex-degenerate, like his mother; for all white women who marry colored men must be classed as such."

"I agree."

"I agree."

"She was quite crazy about him — 'too fond of her most filthy bargain' — and they were happy for awhile. Then the snake entered Eden in the shape of a little music-teacher, another degenerate, again a case of heredity, for she was marked with Hutchinson's Teeth. You know what that means?"

Both men nodded gravely.

"The Swamy and his wife were great on preaching Free Love. The snake — and she had the temper of a Russell's Viper! — agreed entirely. A few weeks later she became Haramzada Swamy's mistress. She was so passionate and jealous that she resolved to upset the marriage; this decision was confirmed by necessity, for she became enceinte, and the Swamy, who hated the idea of children, showed every sign of throwing her off. She actually had the nerve to go to his wife with her story! After various violent scenes, a divorce was decided upon. The Swamy, who has no will of his own, was

seized upon by the music-teacher, and never allowed to stir a foot, under penalty of other tempests, until the divorce was granted, and she dragged him to the registrar's. With amazing cynicism, they had a wedding breakfast, with cake complete, and the baby playing on the floor!

"The Eurasian now had more freedom; he got an appointment in India, and on one excuse or another managed to leave his wife and child behind. Arrived in Hindustan, he set up a harem of dancing-girls, and was happy. But the necessity of a periodical remittance to the fair Florrie soon began to prey upon his mind. He determined to bring her out; for one thing, an English wife might do him some good socially, for of course he was an outcast from both English and native society; for another, it would be cheaper to keep her in India than in England; for another, perhaps, the climate might kill both wife and child, and put an end once and for all to the expense. As it happened, one of his best friends, a full-blooded Indian who also had a taste for white women, and so did not mind mixed marriages and their results so much as his stricter countrymen, was returning to India. He put his wife in charge of this man. On the voyage she promptly seduced him. When the husband became aware of the fact, some six weeks after they landed, he made some mild protest, but did nothing. In fact, they traveled about together, all three, for some months. But the woman was absolutely shameless, caressing her lover even in front of the servants, and the contempt of these — all true Indians are extremely moral and decent, even to prudishness, whether they are polygamists or not — the contempt of the servants became so marked that even the Swamy could not stand it any more. He insisted on a separation. In vain the wife implored her lover to take her with him; he had too much sense for that. It was ultimately agreed that his child — for she was again pregnant — should be treated by Haramzada as his own; and she was to go back to England with her husband.

"Two years later found them in New York. Florrie picked up another lover, greatly to the relief of the Swamy, who hated paying for her dinners. This man, however, insisted on her playing the game: a straight divorce: a straight marriage; and no more foolishness. Haramzada gladly agreed. But just at this moment it was discovered that Florrie was not so penniless as had been supposed; a rich uncle wrote, offering to make her his heir, his only son having been killed in France. The Swamy instantly altered his whole position. He went back to his wife, pleaded with her, begged her forgiveness, played on her pity — ultimately got her to waver. She was now again with child by the new lover. All this time, however, Haramzada was carrying on an intrigue with a German girl, the regular Broadway type. At this moment of sham reconciliation the uncle died. Haramzada resolved on a master-stroke. During her previous pregnancy the sea-voyage had come near to causing one, if not two deaths. He hated his wife most bitterly — of course, such a creature is utterly incapable of love for anybody — he was her heir, and besides, her life was heavily insured. So he insisted on her going to England to see her children, and attend to the estate left by her uncle. She became dangerously ill, and miscarried; but she lived. The Swamy then hurried over to join her. What was his chagrin to find that her uncle's money was left in trust for her children, so that he could not touch more than a small necessary income?

"He was in great financial straits; robbery and murder were certainly in his heart. Can we be surprised that his hand followed suit? It only needed the opportunity; and the other night he evidently had it."

"You have failed utterly," replied the mystic with some scorn, "to grasp the mind of the thing. All because you will not read his book on Buddhism! He had no opportunity to rob and kill. Any other, yes; but not he. Consider all his acts. We find extreme meanness, selfishness, cunning, the most ignoble attitudes throughout, never a glimpse of anything vertebrate. This is all in accordance with his view of Buddhism. He had a thousand 'opportunities' to kill his wife in India. But not what he, Ananda Haramzada Swamy, calls opportunities. He won't put his neck in a noose; not he! He hopes that the Indian climate may kill her; he hopes that the sea voyage may kill her. But he won't do more in the way of murder than say: 'Darling, do come out; I'm so lonesome,' or 'Darling, do go to England; I'm so anxious about the sweet babies.' He's cold as a fish, but he's never brutal, and he's a coward to the bone."

"That's rather cute," said Flynn. "Now you mention it, I'll do another lap. I got this story from Florrie's lover No. 3, by the same token. You wouldn't blame him for talking. I've known him twenty years, and he was all broken up — just in that state when one has to tell some one or burst. He told me how he left her. When she went back to the Swamy he cut off short, and she's been plaguing him ever since to take her back. He won't. Well, one day he had slapped her gently for impudence. She was going to try to make a slave of him, as she had of her yellow and black men. She said to him: 'If only Ananda had beaten me I would have loved him always.' So evidently he never had."

"What was your friend doing in that galley?" asked Broughton.

"Oh, he's a crank. Saw good in her and wanted to save her. Damned fool! But of course he knew that the only way was to be like a rock — never to yield an inch to any of her gusts of passion. If the Swamy had not murdered their baby I think he might have won."

"I agree with your estimate. Your friend's Quixotic," said Simon Iff. "My interest is in schools, not in hospitals. To let the degenerates drop out is the true kindness — certainly to the race, perhaps even to them."

"To get back to the point," said Broughton. "You still hold the Swamy innocent?"

"I do. Buddhism is a religion of the most dauntless courage. The whole force of the universe from all eternity is challenged by him who would become an arahat, as they call what we call saints, only it's more than that. The saint has God on his side; the would-be arahat has nothing but himself and the memory that there was once a man who won in that incalculable struggle. Yet you suggest that the man who not only fails to appreciate this courage, but even to perceive it, is brave enough to kill a woman with a poker, and even to return to the house where her corpse lies. If he had killed her, by some chance, he would have fled — fled, fled to the darkest corner of the earth!

"No, sir, Dr. Haramzada Swamy did not kill that woman!"

A newsboy ran across the lawn. "Extry! Extry!" he shouted, "full confession by the Injun!"

Broughton and Flynn jumped for the paper; Simon Iff only poured himself another glass of brandy.

Flynn's professional eye first caught the paragraph. "Tex-

tual!" he exclaimed gleefully, and began to read aloud.

"As every one knows," the confession began, "Lady Brooke Hunter was notorious for her immoralities." Iff chuckled, and rubbed his hands.

"She had become old and unattractive. I met her at the Covent Garden ball. She begged me to pass the night with her. I took pity on her, and consented. A little before five o'clock she said she must go home. I remarked, as she rose, upon her obesity, and suggested, out of pure kindness, a way to remove it by practising Indian clubs. I illustrated some exercises with the poker. Suddenly I had a dizzy fit; the poker slipped out of my hand and struck her on the temple. Horrified, I rushed out to find a doctor; but in my bewilderment I could not do so. Then I bethought me of the telephone, and returned home to use it. To my surprise I found the police in the flat. Daniels must have stolen the jewels." Broughton gave a great shout of laughter. "I don't believe a word of it," he roared. "Nor will the jury."

"Nor do I," said Jack Flynn. "Disgusting! look how he throws all the blame on every one else. All but the deathblow — and that's an accident. Dizziness! No, sir, he had that poker by the business end all right!"

"I don't altogether believe the story myself," murmured Simon Iff, in a rather deprecating manner. "He never struck that blow. I'm humbled over this thing, gentlemen; I can't see the truth. And what's more, I can't see why that Eurasian can't tell the truth; I'm sure he could save his neck if he did. I can only think of two possibilities; one, that to tell the truth would disclose some other crime, some meaner crime, some vileness possible for him; two, that, somehow or other, he doesn't know the truth himself. Or is it that he's incapable of truth as such? Confound it, I've been so keen to argue with you that I've not put on my thinking cap!"

"I tell you what," interjected Flynn. "Write me an article on the case; once the man's condemned, as he will be, I can print it. And see if you can get a reprieve on the strength of his book on Buddhism!"

"You shall have the copy to-morrow. It's time I paddled up to Henley. So long!"

The old man went down the lawn to his skiff. He was not as straight as usual; and as he pulled off, the others thought his figure an incarnate Note of Interrogation.

Not long afterwards the case was tried. Haramzada Swamy was found guilty, as the whole country had anticipated. The next day the article by Simon Iff appeared in the "Emerald Tablet."

"I am no orator, as Antony was," it began. "I come not to praise Caesar, but to postpone his burial"; and went on to recapitulate in a precise and logical form the arguments already advanced on the lawn at Skindle's. The wife of the condemned man had delightfully given permission for the publication of her nauseating story. In her own eyes she was a heroine. The article ended by saying that murder depended upon three things, will, capacity and opportunity; that in this case all three were apparently present, but that the type of murder was one of which Dr. Haramzada Swamy was incapable. "I'm not saying this to flatter him. But he is incapable of it. A snake may bite you as you walk unwarily in the jungle or across the jhil. (Simple Simon delighted in exotic words.) But a snake will never kick you. I would stake my life that Dr. Haramzada Swamy is innocent of the murder for which he has been condemned to death. HE IS NOT GOOD ENOUGH. If he is hanged, it will not be, perhaps, altogether a miscarriage of justice. But it will be an error of law."

The publication of this essay threw England into convulsions of merriment. Their beloved crank had surpassed all his previous efforts. Even the little clique of his admirers were compelled to represent this article as mere sublimity of paradox.

A week later came another explanatory confession from the Swamy, equally unavailing as it was unconvincing. A week before the date set for the execution he broke down altogether, made "true and full confession of deliberate murder," disclosed the place where he had hidden the jewels, which were duly recovered, and was received into the Roman Catholic Church.

Reconciled thus with his Maker, he strove to obtain the pardon of his fellows; but the Home Secretary "declined to interfere" in a voice that destroyed a reputation for suavity of manner that he had been forty and three years in building!

At the appointed moment Ananda Haramzada Swamy, Doctor of Philosophy, suffered the extreme penalty of the law.

Jack Flynn was playing billiards with Simon Iff in the Hemlock Club. "You must be pretty fed up," the editor remarked. "I don't want to rub it in; but that final confession must have made you feel pretty sore!"

"Not a bit!" replied the mystic cheerfully, "it's all of a piece with the rest of his life. He never touched that woman; and, now, I'm quite sure he was not only innocent but ignorant. Oh, I know what you want to quote: 'A fool is more wise in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason.' Don't mind my seniority!"

"Hang it," said Flynn, "I don't mean that; but — you — well, you are a bit obstinate, you know. By the way, here's a letter for you. I brought it in from the office. More abuse, I suppose!"

Simple Simon put the letter in his pocket, and they finished their game.

"I'll read the abuse," said the mystic, taking a chair by the fire, "it may be amusing. Qui m' abuse m' amuse! to alter one of Wilde's remarks a trifle." But as he read his face did not lighten; and at the end he put the letter away carefully in his pocket. Flynn watched him in silence. For ten minutes Simon Iff remained as still as an Egyptian God. Then he rose.

"I want you to come to my house," he said, "I have something particular to discuss." The other fell in with his mood; they walked in silence across the park to Carlton House Terrace. The footman must have been trained to expect his master, for the door opened as the old magician and his friend reached it. Simon Iff led the way up the old marble staircase, with its satyrs and fauns at every corner, until they came to a small door of brass, on which was a relief, a curious pattern of geometry, with Greek capitals. This door opened at the touch of a secret spring. The room within was draped in black; it was lighted by a plain lamp of silver, such as one sees in churches in Italy, with a red glass and a wick floating in olive oil. At one end was a great chair of carved ebony, above which was a single blue ostrich feather. Below the lamp stood a small square altar, painted white, on which were a golden cross and a rose of scarlet enamel. On a small desk before the chair was a great book, on one side of it a naked sword, on the other a

pair of balances.

"I want you to sit in that chair," said the magician to Flynn. "This is my House of Judgement. But I want to ask you to judge in this case; I am not qualified to judge the matter that I am about to put before you; for I have already recorded my opinion." Flynn, a little awed, obeyed with a certain diffidence.

Simon Iff stood before the altar, drew the letter from his pocket, and began to read:

"My dear sir:

"This letter is due to you, for you understand the nature of Truth.

"In your article upon the recent murder, that of my wife Sybil, you had no knowledge of what happened, for you had no facts on which to base your judgement; nor indeed was the discovery of the murderer the object of your inquiry; you confined yourself to proving not what did happen, but what could not have happened. In this limited investigation you were extraordinarily accurate.

"I have adored my wife since the day I met her; more, I have revered her with a passionate devotion as of a man to a goddess. For this exaggeration of proper feeling I am punished.

"I have always believed in her purity and fidelity, despite numerous rumors which reached my ears. But in July last I allowed myself to be tempted by an old friend, who was importunate, and justifiably so, since the honor of his own wife was involved in a way to which I need not refer more precisely.

"I therefore purchased a disguise and presented myself at the Costume Ball at Covent Garden on the 3d of July last. I soon recognized my wife, and observed her conduct closely. She danced several times with Dr. Haramzada Swamy, and they left the ball together. I followed them; I still hoped that no serious wrong was contemplated. They went up in the lift; I took the opportunity to slip upstairs, unobserved. I was just able to distinguish into which door they went. At this door I waited and listened. In ten minutes I had heard enough. The blow was crippling; I must have fainted; for the next thing I remember is that I was sitting on the floor, but alert and intent upon the dialogue. I heard first the whimpering voice of the Eurasian, punctuated with a nauseating giggle. 'It is a most unfortunate necessity, dear lady,' were his first words. She replied with a torrent of oaths and curses. She was apparently defying him, but I could not tell why. 'You see, I put the dainty little thing away,' he said, 'where you can't find it, dear lady; you surely wouldn't deprive your adorer of such an intimate souvenir. And you mustn't make a noise in the flat, must you, dear? We're so respectable here.' Again she cursed him, but in a lower voice. I had no idea she knew such words; some of them I did not know myself. 'Your husband will certainly kill you outright, or divorce you at the very least, if he finds you out; personally, I'm inclined to think he'll kill you, you know. He's such a severe type of man, not at all a ladies' man, dear, I'm afraid. So you'll give me all those pretty little toys, and you can make up a story about a robbery; I'm sure he'll believe you, you're so clever, rather like my wife in some ways.'

"I cannot describe the impression made by his little whining voice, but it made me screw up my face like one who has bitten into a sour apple. I heard the noise of clattering; evidently Sybil had thrown her jewels on the floor. 'I'll take the rings, too,' he went on. 'It will be better for the story you'll tell him. I'm advising you in your own interests, you know.' Again the horrible little giggle. 'Such a sensible little lady!' he added, 'and now I'll get my hat and coat and leave you for an hour, so that you can dress and go home. I'm so sorry I haven't got a maid to help you.'

"By instinct, I suppose, I withdrew from the door and concealed myself beyond the elevator. Let him go out, jewels and all; my business was with my wife.

"He slipped hurriedly and stealthily out, as I could see through the gilded palings of the elevator shaft, ran down one flight of stairs and rang for the lift. The moment the machine started he began to run down the stairs again. At the same moment I strode across the landing and struck my fist upon the door. It yielded; he had left it unlatched.

"You, Mr. Iff, are probably the one person in England who can imagine — that is, in the proper sense of the word, make an image of — my state of mind. Coincident were, firstly, a blaze of wrath at her treachery of a life time; and, secondly, a habit of protection. She was an infamous woman who had destroyed the life of a good man; and she was also a helpless woman who had been blackmailed and robbed by a man more wretched and infamous than she.

"I honestly believe that my brain had become dull to the former of these impressions; that my main conscious idea was to comfort. But I had not counted on the effect of the scene itself. Some people, as you know better than anybody, visualize everything; some don't. Tell one man to shut his eyes; then whisper 'church'; he will see twenty familiar churches in a moment just as if they were in front of him. I am not one of these men. When my eyes are closed I see nothing. So, though I had the fact of adultery in my mind, I had nowise staged the act in the theatre of my mind. Therefore the opening of the door was a new shock. Sybil was standing, clad only in a light garment, and that torn across; her hair disheveled, her eyes bloodshot; the paint and powder on her face — that was itself a revelation of infamy to me.

"The divan was in a state of disorder; everything testified with open mouth to the atrocity perpetrated against me. I believe that doctors would prove — I believe that you yourself would agree — that I became totally insane for the moment. This is probably then true; yet what I know of it is this, that I lost all sense of anger or distress. She said one word, a word of extreme filth, at seeing me. I simply stooped, picked up the poker, and struck her down. I had no idea that I was killing a woman; so far I will agree with you; my act was entirely reflex, like a knee-jerk, or as one brushes a fly from one's head without consciousness of its presence.

"Still without true volition, I went out and closed the door. The interview was at an end. I walked down the stairs; Daniels, preoccupied with predatory ideas, apparently failed to see me at all.

"Why did I not explain this a week or two ago? Sir, I was desirous that a certain half-breed cur should meet with his desert.

"This done, I am at your service. I shall not kill myself; you may hand my letter to the Public Prosecutor; I hope at least to go to the gallows like a man.

"REGINALD-BROOKE HUNTER."

Jack Flynn broke the long silence which followed the read-

ing of the letter. But his voice, in that dim hall, sounded like the echo of some god's voice — some god who was speaking elsewhere, a great way off.

"I take this letter as true."

"I also."

"What am I to say?"

"What I am to do?"

There was a long pause. Finally Flynn's voice boomed, fainter and hollower than before.

"Nothing."

The mystic held the letter in the flame of the lamp. He blew the last ash lightly into the air, and led the way out of the House of Judgement.

In the study they found Lord Juventius Mellor, a young disciple of Simple Simon, who acted as his secretary. "Little Brother," said the magician, "I want you to ring up Sir Reginald Brooke-Hunter and ask him to spare me an evening as soon as he can to dine at the Hemlock Club. I want to persuade him to stand for Parliament. I think we can promise him the Presidency of the Board of Education; Willett-Smith is resigning, you know. Tell him, of course, that the Prime Minister has asked me to see him about it."

The young man went off, while Jack Flynn stared. "So that's how you do things?" he said. "Yes," said the old man, "we do things by the simple process of doing them. You remember the butcher in the Tao Teh Ching — no! in the writings of Chwantze! — who cut up oxen until he did it without knowing that he did it, so that his knife never needed sharpening, and his arm never tired? Which muscle of our body never tires? The heart, though it works all the time. Why? Because our silly muddled brains don't meddle with it. That is the art of government. So, having found the perfect man to educate our youth, we slip him in!"

"Good," said Flynn, laughing. "A double murderer! If I rob a bank will you make me Chancellor of the Exchequer?"

"Oh, no," said the magician with a sigh. "I must have a perfect robber. Our best thief is Lord Chief Justice, as you know; but for the Exchequer, we ought really to look on the other side of the Atlantic. Oh, dear! What a pity they threw that tea into Boston Harbor!"

"By the way," said Flynn, "to return. I still don't see why Haramzada confessed to a murder he knew he didn't do."

"As I said before — and you had ears, and heard not — it was all of a piece with the rest of his life. He did not know the truth about the murder, though in one of his numerous confessions he probably told all he did know. He wasn't believed; he knew there was no chance to cheat the gallows; so he thought he would cheat God. Splendid idea! to die for a crime one has not committed. One goes to heaven with colors flying, one of the noble army of martyrs. It's a cowardly idea, a liar's idea ——"

"An Eurasian's idea?"

"Yes; and that's the ghastly thing about it. His nature is not his own fault, any more than a toad's. But this I want you to understand, that as sex is the most sacred thing in life, so the sins of the fathers are visited on the children most of all in violations of eugenics.

"Whether it's tubercle, or alcoholism, or marriage between kin too close, or sub-race to distant, the penalty is fulminating and disastrous. Generation becomes degeneration."

"What's the remedy?"

"Oh, we might restore the worship of Dionysus and Priapus and Mithras, perhaps, for a beginning. Then there's the question of polygamy, we shall have that; and harems; and groves, with sacred men and women. You can read it up in Fraser if you're rusty."

But that was the worst of Simple Simon. He would constantly change the key of his discourse without warning; and unless you knew him as well as Jack Flynn, you could never be sure when he was joking.

DAWN.

By Aleister Crowley.

Sleep, with a last long kiss,
Smiles tenderly and vanishes.
Mine eyelids open to the gold,
Hilarion's hair in ripples rolled.
(O gilded morning clouds of Greece!)
Like the sun's self amid the fleece,
Her face glows. All the dreams of youth,
Lighted by love and thrilled by truth,
Flicker upon the calm wide brow,
Now playmates of the eyelids, now
Dancing coquettes the mouth that move
Into all overtures to love.
The Atlantic twinkles in the sun —
Awake, awake, Hilarion!

A POETRY SOCIETY — IN MADAGASCAR?

By Aleister Crowley.

The Poetry Society. St. Vitus,
  St. Borborygmus, aid! The thin screams fell
  And rose like spasms in some hothouse hell
Peopled by scraggier harpies than Cocytus.

Dull dirty décolletées dilettante!
  I sickened to the soul; above the babble
  Of the cacophonous misshapen rabble,
Rose like a cliff the awful form of Dante.

Colossally contemptuous, in airy
Stature the iron eyes of Alighieri
  Burn into mine; their razor lightnings carve
My capon soul. "What dost thou here?" they said:
"Art thou not even worthy to be dead?
  "Canst thou not go into the street, and starve?"

THE HEART OF HOLY RUSSIA.

By Aleister Crowley.

"Above Moscow is nothing but the Kremlin; and above the Kremlin is nothing but Heaven." — Russian Proverb.

I.

Observers so well, yet so diversely, equipped as Von Moltke and Théophile Gautier, concur in amazement at this city of miracle. As one would expect, the truly original mind of the strategist finds worthier expression than that of the mere expert in words.

Gautier, writing of St. Basil's, exhausts himself in such forcible-feeble photography as this: "On dirait un gigantesque madrépore, une cristallization colossale, une grotte â stalactites retournée."

The soldier sums the whole city in a phrase of inner truth: "On se croit transporté dans une de ces villes que l'imagination sait se representer, mais qu'en realité l'on ne voit jamais."

All of us, I hope, and in particular my Lord Dunsany and Mr. S. H. Sime, have seen these cities of the imagination; and the more we have travelled the world, the more we have grown content with our disappointments. Delhi, Agra, Benares, Rome, London, Cairo, Naples, Anuradhapura, Venice, Stockholm, all fall short in one way or another of making one exclaim as I exclaimed when my eyes first fell upon the great east wall of the Kremlin, its machicolated red brick crowned by the domes of the cathedrals, its Tartar towers culminating in the glorious Gate of the Saviour, flanked by ineffable St. Basil: "A hashish dream come true." There is nothing in de Quincey, Ludlow, or Baudelaire so fantastic-beautiful as the sober truth of Moscow. It has not been planned; it obeys no 'laws of art.' It is arbitrary as God, and as unchallengable. It is not made in any image of man's mind; it is the creation of mind loosed from the thrall of even so elemental a yoke as mathematics.

It is the imagination incarnate in metal and stone. It is the absurd in which Tertullian believed. It is a storm of beauty, a mad poet's idea of heaven. It mocks human reason. It belongs to no school or period; it could not be imitated or equalled, because the mind of even the greatest artist has limitations, grooves of thought; and in Moscow, it is the unexpected which always happens. Happens: the Kremlin is an accident. The town itself is an accident. There is no particular geographical reason for it being where it is. As to natural advantages, it has none. There is a small river, perhaps half as wide as the Harlem River or the Thames at London Bridge, and a hill no higher than Morningside or Ludgate Hill. Go to the top of Ivan Veliky one clear day and you can see but vastness of plain all ways to the horizon, save for that low mount-line whence Napoleon first saw the city. It has no Vesuvius, no bay of blue, no crested Posilippo. It has no seven hills. It has no mountain setting, no mighty river, no possibility of background but the sky. And there it is, unassailably magnificent, sheer warlock's work. It is the sudden crystallization of one of those "barbarous names of Evocation" of which Zoroaster speaks. It is the efflorescence of a Titan vice, the judgement of the God that turned Lot's wife into a pillar of salt upon a spinthria of the whole race of giants. For, like the Thyrsus around whose spear twist vine tendrils, every dominant form of the Kremlin is a fantasy upon one theme, and that a theme of which the sun himself is but the eidolon. It is the Lord of Life, the Giver of Life, the bountiful, the single, the master of ecstasy, the fulfiller of promise, the witness of the invisible, the vicegerent and arbiter of the godhead, the mainspring of manhood, the compeller of destiny, that is commemorated in this wilderness of wonder.

This Basil church (might one not say Basilisk church?) is the solution of the platonic antinomy of the Many and the One. There are no two spires alike, either in color or in form or in juxtaposition. Each asserts that unity is in multiplicity in unity; each is a mathematical demonstration of the identity of being and form.

Here is the arcanum of the Brothers of the Rose and Cross; here the solution of the problem of the alchemists; here the square is circled, here the cube is doubled, here is perpetual motion in unmoving stone; the volatile is fixed, the fixed is volatile, Hermes has laid Christ the cornerstone, and Hiram-abif has set his seal upon the pinnacle of the temple.

And as I gaze in this July full moon, facing the Northern Lights, eternally brightening and never growing brighter, behind the frozen dream, suddenly the rich silence breaks into sound. Incomparable beauty of the bells of Moscow! There are no other bells in the world that can for a moment be compared with them. And they play music. Not tunes vulgarized by cheap association, not imitation of any other music, but melodies all their own, as wonderful to the ear as is the city to the eye. In accord with the miracle of the building, they repeat the great work accomplished in every phantasy of phrase, the lesser bells answering the greater like the nymphs caressing Bacchus.

It is stupendous, unbearable; the consciousness breaks into ecstasy; one becomes part — that peculiar part which is the whole — of the choral colossus. There is no more limitation; time, space, the conditions of the ego, disappear with the ego itself in that abyss of eternity, that indivisible and instantaneous point, which is the universe.

II.

Within the churches is infinite prodigality of gold. Except in St. Saviour's, a modern Europeanized bad church, height is always so disproportionate to breadth that one might fancy oneself in the torture chamber of a Sadistic god. Up and up, out of sight, stretch the fierce frescoes, with their snakes and dragons that devour the saints, their gods, bearded as their own popes, and their devils, winged and speared like the horsemen of the steppes that their forefathers feared. All sight, in these dimly-lit shrines, ceases before the shaft of the divine instrument starts from the curves — slight enough — of the roof. When these churches were built, the windows had to be minute, because of winter. Ivan the Terrible was ignorant of "chauffage centrale." The effect is unpleasing, the void breaks in upon form and eats it up. It turns the whole edifice into a magic mouth gold-fanged, whose throat sucks up the soul into annihilation.

There is no truly original feature in the art of the frescoes,

which recall the Primitives. It is the superb barbaric indifference to balance, which piles gold on gold. Only the faces, hands, and feet in ikons are uncovered; the robes, carved in gold or silver-gilt, or woven in pearl and every other precious stone, cover the canvas. These faces and hands are indecipherable, would be so even in good light. At first, one dislikes the gap in the gold. At second, one gives up criticism and adores. The whole overpowers; nothing else matters. One is in presence of a positive force, making a direct appeal. The lumber of culture goes overboard. Fact, elemental fact, reaching beyond all canons, is with one and upon one. There are the coffins of a hundred Tsars, red copper slightly bronzed, each with name and date in high relief, the simplest ornaments in holy Russia. Above the coffins of the Romanoffs hangs a marvellous golden canopy. Along one side are mighty banners, ikons encased in gold. And the Sanctuary has St. Michael, mighty and terrible, slaying the serpent; for this is the Church of the Archangel. The floor is purple with porphyry, rough and uneven blocks on which the squarer never toiled, but polished by millions of devout feet for centuries.

Go into the Church of the Assumption. Here is the fresco of Jonah with his adventures from the casting-overboard to the preaching in Nineveh. And one passes from the corridor direct into a dim sanctuary, its pictures, painted with infinite detail, invisible even by the light of a taper — and one acquiesces in the eternal truth that invisibility is no drawback to the appreciation of a picture! Further along, a sombre clerestory holds a vast reliquary of gold and silver, the covers half drawn to show most aged bones of saints; here a hand, there a foot, here again a bone which piety has decorated with gold wires.

And through all moves the concourse of many women and some men, prostrating themselves crossing themselves, ceaselessly, kissing the frames of the relics one by one, testifying most notably to the vitality of the faith thus mummied, the faith, which, as Eliphas Levi said, has not inspired a single eloquence since Photius. The popes are the most despised of the people; the cult is bound hand and foot in the winding sheet of a formality one hundred times more costive than the Roman; and yet it tingles and throbs with overwhelming life. Again the antinomy of things is conquered; it is as if *lucus a non lucendo* were recognized as an absolute and irreversible canon of philology.

The secret is in the Russian himself. He is the natural martyr and saint, the artist in psychology. Most people are exquisitely aware that even the commonest Russian regards the sexual act as a serious scientific experiment, with grave concern studying the personal equation in all its details, never admitting enthusiasm until the stage directions so ordain. This principle is carried as far in religion. The people cross themselves when they feel like it, prostrate themselves by no discoverable rule. Each man carries out his cult with no reference to his neighbor. Each is present in order to work himself into religious ecstasy. If he succeeds, he has been to church; if not, he hasn't.

The Russian understands suffering itself as a thing to observe, not to feel. He accepts the hardships of his lot as God's experiment with man. The means is nothing, the end all. Hence the patient longing of his dog-like eyes, and the beatitude glimmering from his pale cheeks. Hence the joy in sorrow and sorrow in joy of his whole mental composition. Hence his long-suffering and his fierceness, his tenderness and his brutality. The Great Mean is realized by the exhaustion of the extremes. It is Chinese Taoist philosophy in practice, and at the same time the antithesis of that plan of achieving everything by doing nothing.

III.

As instructive as the Russian at prayer is the Russian at debauch. He drinks to get drunk, realizing the agony of the limitations of life as much as Buddha, though the one finds sorrow in change, and the other seeks change as the remedy of sorrow. And so all his gaiety only amounts to a wish that he were dead, or at least mad; he strives to overcome the enemy, life-as-it-is, by entering a realm where its conditions no longer threaten and obsess.

His method is childish, to our supercilious eyes, for we have gone through the mill of the Renaissance and a hundred other educational crises, while Russia — with the deadly exception presently to be noted — has remained a "spring up, a fountain sealed." But all our pleasures have some primitive physiological basis in one or other of the senses, and the man who enjoys a mutton chop has no need to envy him who turns from some nauseously bedevilled kickshaw. In Russia the essential elemental thing is always there, and even the mistakes of its art and life turn to favor and to prettiness. A savage woman of twenty is always splendid, though she blacken her teeth and tattoo her face and hang her ribs with spent cartridges and thrust a fishbone through her nose; our civilization resembles a hag dressed by Poiret.

All this of Moscow, the heart of holy Russia; whose crown is the Kremlin; it does not apply to Warsaw, with its sordid gangs of Jews and Roman Catholics, or to Petersburg with its constantly increasing taint of sham Parisianism. Paris at its best is a poor thing; unless it is one's own in a most special sense one must be very intimate with artists to escape the commercial gaiety of Montmartre, the ruined boulevards, and the general tawdriness of its second-rate monuments. But the worst elements of Russia have annexed the worst elements of Paris:

> "Whose manners still our tardy apish nation
> Limps after in base imitation."

Paris is the Circe that turns Russians into swine.

Politically, the influence of Rousseau has been deplorable. The "contrat social" is as out of place in Asia as frock coats and lavender trousers on the tawny limbs of the Samurai. Pushkin, the national poet, is but an echo of Byron. It was at that period that Russia discovered Europe, and it has discovered nothing since. What we most like in Russian literature we should most dislike. One's natural feeling is toward familiar things. It is not the western garnishry of Tolstoi that we should admire. His perfectly insane views on poverty and chastity and non-resistance are the truly Russian utterance. Where those views are tinctured by national considerations they become French, and his lofty craze for chastity degenerates into a neo-Malthusianism, as craven in its theory as it is disgusting in its practice. The authentic Russian says, "Let God be true, and every man a liar": it is the voice of his own holy spirit that speaks, and that voice cares nothing for conditions. "If thine hand offend thee, cut it off," said Christ, and immediately Russia produced a sect as sinless as the Galli, the shorn priests of Cybele, the fellow martyrs of Atys. There is no talk of the "interests of the community," and the rest of it. Shelley's

"Masque of Anarchy" anticipated Tolstoi's non-resistance with a plan of campaign whose principal tactic was to allow yourselves to be mown down by artillery in order to fraternize with the gunners. It is, incidentally, a perfectly practical plan — in the long run.

Were I not resolved to keep politics out of this paper, I could adduce some singular evidence to this effect.

St. Basil's is unquestionably supreme among these monuments. Its likeness to the others is so much more like, its opposition so much more salient, its violations so absolute, and its unity so achieved, beyond theirs. Ivan the Terrible had the eyes of the architect put out, so that he might not make another masterpiece for another emperor.

How curiously ineffective are words to conjure vision! Even poetry can only reproduce an impression, and by no means the cause of the impression.

Here is St. Basil's from the front.

On the extreme left, far back, a column on open arches with a windowed spire; next, a low grey phallus, the gland of grey stripes salient from a green background spiked with red pyramids. Then a lofty phallus, the shaft ornate in red and grey, the gland striped with orange and green in spiral; under it nestles another phallus, its gland covered with flat diamonds of red and green.

Then another, lofty, with a straight stripe of red and green. Now comes the main spire, shaped rather like a wine-bottle, fretted with myriad false arches, adorned in red, green and Naples yellow. Its gland is gold. Then a grey shaft supports a gland trellised with green, yellow diamond pyramids filling the spaces. Last comes a high lingam decorated with false arches, its gland of red and green pyramids set spiral. At the foot is a grey covered balcony; and admission is gained by a quasi-Chinese causeway whose spires are covered with green-grey scales, ribbed with red, white and green. The whole is further ornamented chiefly with bars of red, white, yellow, orange and green in various combinations, and the flat spaces with painted flowers in pots, executed in a style somewhat recalling certain phases of post-impressionism.

There is the northern aspect. So ineffective is it to expose the mechanism of a masterpiece! As one walks round it, round is a correct term, for the ground plan is circular, not angled — new towers spring into view, always fantastically varied, yet never permitting the impression of the whole to alter by a jot.

"The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof"; and yet "in Him is neither variableness nor shadow of turning."

IV.

The Moskwa by night has a curious likeness to the Thames; and St. Saviour's takes on the aspect of St. Paul's. For a second the illusion is complete; then one turns back to the marvellous parapet of the Kremlin, and is again in Asia. One passes into the enchanted garden of Alexander the Third, with its ruins of elder walls, now half hidden by usurping vegetation, always beneath the machicolations of pale orange, crowned by the mighty palace of the Tsar. Moscow has virtue to hallow modernity. The guide-book informs us that such and such was rebuilt in eighteen hundred and something; one is as unmoved in admiration as when one learns that the gargoyles of Notre Dame are Early Victorian. It merely intensifies one's admiration for Early Victoria.

In these gardens monsters play; it is only in keeping. No Pagan dream of centaur, nymph, hermaphrodite, faun, hamadryad, exceeds the soul that laughs in Russian eyes. Who has the key of the garden of Pan? He will find it more useful in Moscow than even in London, where the constant wear of the nerves — London is the City of Interruptions — drives all who would remain themselves to explore strange kingdoms, wherein themselves are lost. With a telephone at one's elbow, one is obliged to fill a minute with the wine of a month. Unnecessary task for Moscow, where the minutes are worth months by their own right divine. What is boredom in the west is bliss in the east. It is the elemental forces of Nature that nurse our hearts. London's comedy and tragedy are so glazed over by hypocrisy that London feeds on lies. In Moscow one is constantly faced by facts. The troughs of sulphuric acid between the double windows, without which one could have no daylight in winter, are undeniable.

In Nice the hotel porter can (and does) telegraph to the papers that his thermometer is 21 degrees C. when there is snow on the ground and a blizzard blowing.

It is this annual lustration of snow that keeps the heart of Moscow pure, even as India is purged by heat and rain. Where Nature always smiles degeneracy soon sets in. Countries not purified by calamity must be washed in blood. This is the merciful and terrible law, and this is the law under which wild beasts prowl unmolested in the garden of the Third Alexander. Those who accept the law of their own being are free within the limits of their destiny. Osiris bore the crook and scourge; the Russian has his trances and his vices — and the knout. I wish I were sure that the Russian — not only his artist — were as sure as I am that the two are but phases of a unity which would have no phases but for an inexplicable optical illusion! However, the artist knows it and the peasant lives it; that must suffice.

Russia is always in extremes: the Café Concert at the Aquarium and the finest ballet in the world on the one hand — the mercury mines on the other. The Tsar on the one hand — the greatest personal freedom in Europe on the other. An Education Act would drown Russia in blood: a Duma is an anachronism. The result is a life simple and moderate, perfectly policed and admirably free. When all is said and done, the only crime is to conspire against a rule which ensures this freedom. The ethics of Russian rule is not to be judged by the convicted sneak-thieves who come to England and pose as political martyrs, or the women who, after being licensed prostitutes for fifteen years in Warsaw, arrive in London with a tale of a vierge flétrie and a wicked governor-general. Russia is pre-eminently sane, as England is hysterical. A press censor saves one (at least) from the excesses of the Press. In England to-day it is impossible to discover from the newspapers whether a million stalwart men made the welkin ring at Sir Bluster Bragg's meeting, or whether the attendance was limited to an old lady suffering from rheumatism and two jeering boys. Both reports are often enough sent in by the same man.

In Moscow one does not bother one's head about such matters. You can blow ten thousand men to pieces with less fuss than (in England), a draper can get rid of his wife. There is no excitement about the "drames passionels" in the papers; every Russian buttons up a hundred Crippens in his blouse — which often enough has not even buttons! No man can esti-

mate the strength of Russia. Moscow is the richest city in Europe. Russia has real wealth, not the wealth that depends on wars and rumors of wars. Let every bank in the world break, and the planet break up in universal war: Russia would not turn a hair. Certain financiers might default; no other would suffer. The Russian Empire is a fact in Nature; the British Empire is the hysterical creation of a few Jingo newspapers. England without a navy can be starved in three weeks. Russia overpowered merely starves her invaders. General Janvier and General Février are finer strategists than my lords Roberts and Kitchener. Russia has in her own right all the things that are wanted. The "Vin exceptionnel de Georgia" which I drank to-night would be hard to match in French vintages, and it only costs ten shillings a bottle even at this den of thieves where I sup and write. If you insist on all you have coming straight from Paris, it is expensive to live; I find the local products, from hors d'oeuvres to that kind which neither toils nor spins, incomparably finer. The Christmas strawberry at the Savoy is not equal to those that you pick wild in June. The opposite contention is one of those superstitions that oppresses the newly rich, and makes their lives a burden fiercer than Solomon's grasshopper. All life ultimately reposes on spiritual truths, not on material illusions. If a man is a physician at forty, he knows by experience the simple truth of poets like Wordsworth, Burns, and Francis Thompson. A friend of mine has recently had his adequate income multiplied by five. The other day he said to me: "Till now I never knew what it was to be poor." The poor remain happy in their hope; "if they were only rich!" The rich have lost that illusion; they know riches are valueless, and they despair of life. A girl friend of mine lived for three years happily on a pound a week or less; she has come into a thousand a year, and "never has a penny to bless herself with." She even contemplates an expedient as ancient as it is unsatisfactory to eke out the exiguity of her existence. This is where the Russian scores; he steals ravenously, and flings away the spoils. He never attaches any value to money, or regards it as a standard of worth. Birth is a good deal, influence something, even saintship, artistry, or pre-eminence in vice have value; but riches are left to the Jew. The Russian is the only rival of the Irishman as the antithesis of all that Weininger implies by the Jew — which term, by the way, has an extension quite different from that of the Hebrew race. To say so much is not to take sides in a controversy or even to admit that controversy as legitimate; as a logician, I deny that either of the contradictories A and a necessarily fall into either of the classes B or b.

In Russia I go further, and assert the identity of A and a. It is the secret of the extravagance of strength and weakness which is eternally whispered between the steppes and the sky.

V.

It is not often that Nature condescends to make a pun; here she has done so, by the constant reminder of the astounding likeness between Moscow and Mexico (D. F.). There is the same "sudden unfinishedness"; for example, between the Kremlin and St. Basil's there is a patch which has known no workman's toil. There is also the terrible rain, which makes horses stand knee-deep in water. I once saw a man thigh-deep in the Pivnaya next to the Hermitage Restaurant — the best in Moscow — bailing for dear life. There are the same great open circles, with low crude houses on the patio system, stalls here and there, animals in unexpected places, a general air of mañana, occasional Chinese, odd drunkards reeling about in open daylight. I must also mention that eminently respectable women smoke in the street, and that both sexes refuse to submit to the inconvenience of waiting when they are in a hurry. Electric trams of surprising excellence run through roads paved with cobbles of desolating irregularity. Even minute details concur; for example, the bedrooms in my corridor run 109, 103, 108, 106, 101. The gardens and boulevards suggest an alameda rather than the Paris which they were probably intended to imitate, and the behavior of the people who adorn them goes to complete the likeness. The suburbs confirm the diagnosis, with their wooden huts and their refreshment shanties, their fields unenclosed, their sudden parks and fashionable hotels whose approaches would not be tolerated in the most primitive districts anywhere else.

And as I make these observations on the road to Sparrow Hills, my friend remarks (sua sponte) that it is exactly like the back-blocks in Northern Australia!

And this is 56° North! Whence comes this constant suggestion of the tropics? Except for the quality of the rain, there is rationally no striking resemblance. To me this is an unsolved puzzle, an isolated fact which I connect with no other item of my mind, much less subordinate to any general principle. But it is so strong and so remarkable that it must be set down in the record.

VI.

Pale green as the sea in certain seasons, with all of its translucence, are the twin spires and the dome of the Iberian Gate, whose facade is of the color of a young fawn, and whose windows are dappled white. Beneath each tower is a passage, and between these nestles the Chapel of the Virgin of Iberia, the holiest shrine of Russia. Most sacred is the image of the Virgin, a copy of that of the Iberian monastery of Mount Athos, a copy made according to the rules of ceremonial magic, amid fasts and prayers and conjurations. It was presented solemnly in 1648 to the Tsar Alexis Mikhailovitch by the archimandrite Pochomius. The cheek of the Virgin bears yet the mark of the knife-thrust of an iconoclastic Tartar.

The chapel is crowded with many other ikons, and the ragged-devout. Also, as Baedeker cynically remarks, se méfier des pickpockets. (It is delightful to find Baedeker among the prophets!) But while the interior is like all Russian shrines, an avalanche of gold, the interior is a noble canopy of that vivid blue-violet which nature so rarely produces but by way of the laboratory, starred with gold, and crowned with a golden angel, the crimson brick of the Duma on the east, and the History Museum on the west, it is a spectacle of unwearying beauty.

To me it is evident that devotion and admiration leave their object admirable. I believe that the appreciative eye can distinguish between two similar objects, one of which has been worshipped, and the other not. I believe that the human mind does leave an abiding imprint on things as much as they do upon the mind.

I almost believe that the Tower of the Saviour is the most beautiful in the Kremlin, partly because for two and a half centuries no man has dared to pass beneath it without uncovering his head, and that St. Nicholas of Mojaisk really pro-

tected his image from the attempt of the French to blow up his gate with gunpowder. All such petty miracles are credible enough in face of the one great and undeniable miracle of the existence of so much beauty upon earth.

VII.

Education spoils the Russian as it spoils everybody. The Tretiakoff gallery is sufficient evidence. There appears no true original strain of Russian art. The whole gallery is so imitative that every picture in it might have been painted by Gerald Kelly. And unfortunately there are only one or two who mimic anything so high as Reynolds or Gainsborough; the principal influences are rather those of Frith, Luke Fildes, and others of the sentimental photograph school. The pictures of Peroff, Makowsky, Kramskoi, Gay and Repine are oleographs more oleographic than all previous oleographs. Verestchagin has been well called the despair of photographers; he had astonishingly normal perception, and a facility of draughtsmanship and color which implies a mastery in which nothing was lacking but individuality. He fills some ten pages of the catalogue with 235 oil paintings, many of them conceived on the most generous scale. The man must have had a far greater capacity for painting than I have for looking at his pictures. A mosque-door, life-size, with the minute carvings reproduced so that the texts are as legible as the original, figures again and again in these vast canvases. The painter never seems to have grasped the first fundamentals of painting. In this gallery the fact that representation of nature has no connection with art is driven home, and one almost begins to sympathize with the Futurist manifesto.

The only insight beyond that of Bonnat, Bougereau, Carolus-Duran, and their bovine kind is shown by Shishkin, Sudhowsky, Prvokline, Mestchersky, Dubovsky, Nesteroff, and Kuindjy, until we come to recent years, when the accessibility of Paris has given an entirely new direction to Russian art, and the Latin quarter has warned Russian students that they must be original. Paris has become the sole centre of art, and so destroyed all national characteristics! (I noticed exactly the same tendencies in the gallery of Stockholm.) The slavish imitation that marked all nineteenth century work, even more than eighteenth century, is gone, and the future appears more hopeful than that of art in any other country.

But the past must be closed; the Tretiakoff gallery is only "an average Academy," except for the room which is consecrated to foreign art, and holds the best Gauguin, the best Van Gogh, and the best Toulouse-Lautrec that one is likely to see between Vladivostok and the studio of Roderic O'Connor in the Rue du Cherche-Midi — where it is always Quatorze Heures!

VIII.

But of all these matters it is idle and impertinent to write. Analysis shows "King Lear" to be a jumble of twenty-six very commonplace letters, repeated without any regard to symmetry or any other rule for assembling the same. This appalling café-concert (where of the thirty items barely three are tolerable) does not hinder my appreciation of the Shashlik which my bold Circassian in his brown rough robe with the silver furniture will presently bring me on a skewer. The concert comes to an end; the banality of bad orchestra, bad singing and bad dancing of bad women, inaudible through the clatter of innumerable forks on plates and tongues in jaws, is dead before it is alive; this is not Moscow, or even an impression of it. The lady in black silk (on my right) with "sapphire" oblongs about 2¼ inches by 2½ inches in her ears reminds me delightfully of the cold sucking-pig of the Slaviansky Bazaar. Life cancels life; death is the only positive, perhaps because it has the air of being the only negative.

Moscow is the bezel of a poison-ring: about it is only the gold and silver of the stars and of the steppes, a ring whose equation is the incommensurable.

I can take ship in my imagination, and arrive at marvellous heavens; I can conjure monsters from the deep of mind; nothing so strange and so real has found the mouth of the sunrise on its russet silken sails, or hailed my bark from the far shore of Oceanus or Phlegethon. Chimaera, Medusa, Echidna, and those others that we dare not name, is it you or your incarnations that come, incubus and succubus, unasked into the dream which we call Moscow? Why is the essence of the unsubstantial fixed in stone, the land of utmost faery paved with cobbles, the grossest vices transfigured with a film of moonlight, the blood of unnameable crimes become of equal virtue with the blood of martyrs? Why is the face in the ikon so dark, if not for the face of Ivan the Terrible as he gazed sneering on the face of his own son, struck down by his own hand? Blood on the snow, and starlight on the cupolas! The Strelitzes headless before St. Basil's, and the sun setting ablaze those pinnacles of lust erect! The city washed in fire, and the conqueror of Europe flying before his army from the advance-guard of Field-Marshal Boreas! Heroism and murder hand in hand, devotion and treachery mingling furtive kisses under the walls of the Kremlin!

What ghosts lurk in the shadows of the garden of Pan find playmates in those of the garden of Alexander III. All this is omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent as That Great Name itself; all this is prophesied eternally and infallibly as I step from the ignis fatuus concert-hall to the garden, where columns, crescents, trees, and fountains are alike ablaze with ultra-violet — unearthly as only one other sight that I have seen, the ashen horror of eclipse, — the miracle of summer dawn in Moscow!

"LOVE LIES BLEEDING."

Curled on itself for love of its own mould,
  The siren shell lies open to the globe
  Of Godhead that rays forth with purple probe
Light of fierce force, a galaxy of gold;
And by the spell whereon his fingers fold
  The murex blood beams oozing from the lobe
  Whose delicate blushes modesty disrobe
The virgin Venus that her nymphs uphold!

The sand is still like star-dust in my hair;
  The sea is still like slumber in my brain;
The sun still burns my face — and on the air
  (While in the Rose and crimson Thorn makes merry)
Come nightingales — and bells — and through their strain
  The vision of the towers of Glastonbury!

THE MORALS OF EUROPE
By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK.

[This was written eight years ago. Since then the morals both of Europe and the author have been considerably modified.]

———

LADIES and gentlemen, who have followed me so far, are you not astounded at my conservatism? I am. I described myself once as a conservative Anarchist. I am afraid there is little of the Anarchist in my composition today. Europe has transformed and converted me. I have set my face toward order. I fear that a suspicion of respectability always lurked in my heart. Of course, people will never believe me. They imagine that I live the life of an aesthetic tramp, break up homes, and am continually in debt, merely because my name is attached to certain passional studies. A bank account, it seems, is irreconcilable with a poet of passion.

Dear souls, I am really a Philistine. I am scrupulously honest, and, as for wild oats, I have never sown them. Poets, like the comets, those celestial Bohemians, are privileged to deviate from their orbits. My actions may at times contradict my words. Do not, therefore, question my sincerity. I certainly must refuse to live up to all the things I am preaching. At the present, however, I believe in them. I have forsaken my radical affiliations. I have returned to the fold. But, alas, no fatted calf is in sight. I made more money when I was supposed to be wicked.

Having thus disposed of *my* morals, let us now examine the morals of Europe. I see a look of quickened interest in your eyes. You will be terribly disappointed. In America we are accustomed to associate morality pre-eminently with sex. Don Juan is to us the devil incarnate. We regard a sexually continent man as a moral man. We have no objection to his "correcting luck" in financial affairs. Measured by American standards, Atys must have been a paragon of Virtue. And the Sultan, too, is surrounded by virtuous men.

Sex has really nothing to do with morals. It belongs to the sphere of passion; being natural, it is unmoral. Loving, like dining, is not an ethical function. The eunuch may be moral or immoral. The Mormon likewise. There is no justification for confusing ethical problems with physiological problems. Love is never immoral, because it necessarily implies mutual consent. Only where that is absent, an erotic question becomes an ethical question. Within the Golden Rule no amorous experience can possibly be immoral. Thus, except in loveless marriages or in rape, ethical problems rarely arise in the realm of passion. I shall not, therefore, discuss Europe's sexual morality under this heading.

WE, in America, regard Europe as immoral because of a curious notion that sex, in itself, is immoral. With the elimination of the sexual factor, the morals of Europe are superior to ours. The European's integrity in business, his sense of social duty, and his firm adherence to an intangible code of professional honor, thrown against our American background, endow him with the halo of saintship. I wonder if the insistence on ethical and religious training abroad in public schools is not, like militarism, a blessing in disguise.

We abhor the idea of injecting religious instruction into our educational system, although, absurdly enough, we approve of indiscriminate Bible-readings in schools, irrespective of the children's religious persuasions, and expect even the atheist to swear in court on the Book.

You are a church-goer presumably. But I am sure your religious notions are hazy. Perhaps you go to church as to a social function. If you had been brought up in Germany you would know exactly what you believed and what you did not believe. For one thing, you would have had systematic religious training in school. And you would have learned to apply your religion daily, as you apply the multiplication table. Both Gentile and Jew are instructed by special teachers of their own faith in the elements of their creed, as they are instructed in geography and spelling. When they grow up they will have to pay taxes in support of the State Church or the Synagogue, unless they formally declare their dissent from the faith. They will not take this step without serious reflection. They are thus forced to think clearly for themselves. They may ultimately blast the Rock of Ages with intellectual dynamite, but at least they will know for what it stands.

American children are often curiously ignorant of even the most beautiful Biblical stories, things they should know as matters of general culture. Already the Sunday School despairs of itself. It reaches only a comparatively small percentage of children. It cannot hammer religion into them as a part of their general education. It is an outside thing in school. And an outside thing it remains in life. We take our religion on Sundays as one takes medicine. If conscience calls during business hours, we aren't in. Sporadically, however, we experience religion with hysterical intensity. The corruptionist suddenly discovers that he is wicked, and, like the newly-converted savage, he suffers from violent ethical cramps. With this difference: the savage, in sudden religious fervor, may inflict harikari upon himself; the reformed American millionaire vents his religion on others. He plays Jack the Ripper to Personal Liberty. He makes large donations to the Anti-Saloon League. He deprives the little ones of their Sunday.

WE in America are Supermen in our glorious disregard of others, but without the excuse of the Superman. We are like children badly brought up. Our lack of sensitiveness is amazingly revealed in the comic supplement of our newspapers, the weekly glorification of horse-play. The comic press is an unfailing detriment of a country's morals. I am prepared to admit that the coarse reflection of the life erotic in French and German comic journals points to a similar lack of sensitiveness on the Continent in matters relating to sex.

We are, perhaps, most barbarous, most unethical, in our attitude toward age. We lack that tact of the heart for which white hair in itself is an object of veneration. The wonder is that we don't eat up our parents when their physical powers decline. I am sure that certain exponents of strenuous-

ness would have something to say in defense of this practice. We would have heard such a measure urged from the White House if our chief executives were not themselves already beyond the Oslerian age-limit.

The fathers of the Republic have, indeed, shown their wisdom when they placed the highest gift beyond the grasp of a boy. The cult of Oslerism could flourish only in the youngest land of the world. We value youth above brains. I may state so frankly, having both. We yield our seats in a street railway gladly to young girlhood; with reluctance to an elderly woman; never would we dream of sacrificing our convenience to an elderly man. In Europe I have seen young ladies charmingly offer their seats to their elders of either sex. . . .

WE forgive the man of action every sin except the one forgivable sin. We countenance a Senator's political corruption, but rise in anger over his indiscreet note to some questionable female. We boil over with indignation, where Paris or Berlin would shrug their shoulders and smile. Uncharitable, I say, and un-Christian. Christ drove the money-changers from the Temple, but He forgave the Magdalen.

We are rather proud at heart of our financial robber barons. We expect art to be moral. We never question the morals of Wall street. We apply the penal code to the artist, but we have only regard for the virtuoso in manipulating the ticket. We set up monuments to grafters. Personally, I have no objection to graft. On the contrary. But I am afraid that it is a vice typically American. There are grafters abroad, naturally. But one does not speak of them with sneaking admiration. They aren't "the thing," socially. They are not regarded as models for the young. In Europe the day of the robber baron is over; in America it has only begun.

We do not interfere with the big thieves, except by calling them names. But we interfere actively with the personal freedom of our humbler citizens. We forbid them to play or to drink beer on Sunday. I never play athletic games, and I hardly ever drink beer. But I sometimes burn with desire to soak myself with rum as a protest against the fanatics. I believe, to paraphrase Wilde, that it is not immoral for a prickly thistle to be a prickly thistle, but that it would be frightfully selfish if she wanted all the flowers of the field to be both prickly and thistles. I have nothing to say against the teetotaler. I respect his individuality. But let him respect mine. We continually sin against individuality. Ours is a country of ready-made morals and ready-made clothes. Abroad no one meddles with personal liberty, and nobody wears ready-made clothes.

CONFORMITY is our catchword. We suppress subjective forces in politics and in art. We eliminate the personal note in the press. The day of the Greeleys was brief. Journalists abroad have certain convictions which they are not prepared to sacrifice at any price. We have no such convictions. One evening I had dinner in Berlin with a celebrated professor of political history. His name is on everybody's tongue. He is a man who hobnobs with Emperors, and his weekly reviews of the political situation are regarded as final. All the newspapers of the world come to his library, and he reads them all in the original languages.

The conversation naturally drifted to journalism, and I interpreted for him the status of the American editor. The policy of the paper, I explained, is prescribed by the proprietor and reversed at his pleasure; the editor's personal opinion is of no consequence, even if his salary may be that of a king. He is a living automaton, paid for his dexterity, not his views. He might write Democratic editorials in the morning, and Republican editorials at night. In private life he might be a Socialist or a Mugwump. Yet no one would think the less of him, or brand him as an unprincipled rogue. I did not pretend to be better than others. I even admitted that to be such an intellectual Jekyll and Hyde might be a delightful sensation. As long as my articles were unsigned, I would not regard myself as responsible for their tenor. I should look upon my job as an exercise in political dialectics.

The professor was very much shocked by this lack of principle. His wife, a delightful woman, looked upon me as one looks upon a leper. A German journalist of standing would refuse to write a line, signed or unsigned, of which he disapproved in his heart. Those who sacrifice their convictions are regarded as pariahs by the profession at large. Journalists abroad take themselves more seriously than we. They have finer ethical standards. The professor, being not only a learned, but also a wise man, realized that the views I expounded were the logical growth of our peculiar culture — or the lack thereof; but I am afraid he looks upon them as cancerous. Which, perhaps, they are.

WE play the game to win. We have little of the sportsman's joy in the game as such. Not for us the subtler victory of courageous defeat. As money is the stake, we despise the poor — not because they are poor, but because they have not "made good." We make compromises, permissible in journalism, but fatal in art. Literary geniuses of the old world are prepared, for the sake of their vision, to live on a crust. Schiller was a man of small means. Indeed, I probably got more for my English version of his **Maid of Orleans** from Maude Adams than he ever did for the original. Chatterton "perished in his pride." I, Le Gallienne says, perish in my conceit. Honorable poverty had no terror for the great English poets. We barter dreamland kingdoms for real estate.

Our greatest living author is actually a corporation. We may speak of "The Mark Twain" as we speak of "The Standard Oil." That opens amusing vistas of "The John Milton, Limtd.," and "The William Shakespeare, Inc." For all we know, this may be the solution of the Shakespeare problem. William Shakespeare may have been merely the trademark for a stock company, of which Francis Bacon was the chief stockholder, and the gentleman usually referred to as the author of the plays merely a dummy director! If John Keats had been an American he might have been incorporated under the laws of New Jersey. His name, instead of being "writ in water," would be writ on watered stock! The genius of Poe, alas, was antipodal to the American spirit. If he had capitalized his brains at five hundred thousand dollars, he would surely be in the Hall of Fame. Let me state right here that I refuse ever to have my name there engraven. I prefer to roam through the spirit world unindorsed by smug nobodies, a vagabond ghost, with Whitman and Poe.

THE CONVERSION OF AUSTIN HARRISON

"Austin, among the flowers in Covent Garden." — Gwendolen Otter.

Henry, more than any other Norman name (Gk., Hen, one; Lat., Ricus, a rich man; Henricus, Henry, "one rich man"), has become English. Harry the Fifth was a sort of incarnation of Mars, and Harry the Eighth of Jupiter; these be thy Gods, O England!

Harry is the very name of the true English type, the devil-may-care, go-as-you-please, breezy, rascally, loveable Englishman. Every Harry has to live up to it. Harry Lorrequer! Harry Vardon! Harry Lauder!

Henry is a rather serious person; but Harry is a darling. Even Old Harry is a jolly devil, not in the least sinister like Mephistopheles, or malicious like Old Nick. "Playing Old Harry" with anything is a sort of practical joke.

So Harry's Son, or Harrison, is English of the English. Austin lends a touch of classical refinement, for his father called all his sons after Romish Saints to prove how tolerant a Positivist he was, though his own name Friedrich, or Frederic, had been bestowed in a passion of admiration for the Great Frederic of Prussia. (One should here deny emphatically the absurd American rumor that Austin Harrison is the son of Frank Harris).

I do not remember when I first met Austin Harrison, and I do not know to this hour if his eyes be blue or brown. But he always seemed to me to be too quietly dressed. He had gone to the best tailor and been dealt with gently but firmly. His moustache was too well trimmed; his face too innocent and boyish.

I found him the most delightful of companions. He is almost absurdly loveable. I never knew him do an unkind or ungenerous action. He has no "brains." I never met anybody so incapable of intellectualism of any sort — and he aspired to it with most forlorn devotion! It was the perfect English stupidity made somehow aware of its own defect. But, also, he was never wrong. He would take six false premises, commit the errors of petitio principii, non distributio medii and quaternio terminorum, and come out with a conclusion which was a contradiction in terms, and would turn out to be exactly correct. This is no unique gift; all true Englishmen have it. England has provided the Pax Brittanica for India, the only possible government for that pandemonium of races and religions, upon the postulate that Sir Rabindranath Tagore is a "dirty nigger." If any one in India were to deny this, we should have as many lynchings there as we have in Georgia, at the best; at the worst, a revolt every few months.

Just before the war, we were biting our nails all the way round Princes, at Mitcham, for the Irish Question had become acute. Austin, with his incomparable instinct, proposed to me to kidnap Sir Edward Carson. I was too young and frivolous in those days to take it up; I did not know then as I do now how perfect was his statesman's instinct. If I had agreed to his proposal, I think it might have aborted the European war. A nation would have thought twice about mobilizing if we had been having that kind of a tea-party.

Well, I failed; the blood of countless millions is on my head; the war began.

Austin Harrison immediately set his intellect to work, produced the most fantastic nonsense ever penned, and earned for himself the enduring title of "the boy bigot." His main theory was that the German nation was as surprised and excited as he himself was by the work of von Krafft-Ebing, and been overcome by collective sadistic mania. He had been some years in Berlin, but did not even know that the German Emperor was not Emperor of Germany. He had never heard of the Free Cities. But his conclusions were as infallible as ever. I remember some one — Lord Howard de Walden, or my memory is at fault — saying one night, angrily: "The man's an ass!" Frank Harris smiled softly, "Yes, but he is Balaam's ass!" he cried, and Freda Strindberg's murmur about Lucius passed unremarked, amid the general appreciation of one of the truest and wittiest repartees ever made.

So now "Austin, among the flowers in Covent Garden," has been over to Ireland, and his Godlike intuition about Sir Edward Carson has been confirmed by all he saw and heard. The Nigger in the Wood-pile is the Ulsterman in England. Let me here quote a few phrases from the November "English Review."

"Boy Scouts in Sinn Fein uniform guard the coffin, and around it we watch the endless procession of mourners filing silently past, the rich and the poor, the old and the young. For days they had filed so past and far into the night. One cannot walk about without seeing the anguish on men's faces, the look of despair. The scene fills me with shame. This Thos. Ashe, a young schoolmaster, has suddenly become the hero of all Ireland. In Lewes Gaol he wrote a little poem, each verse beginning with the words: 'Let me carry your Cross for Ireland, Lord!' A man evidently. A martyr! Another of Ireland's martyrs! Why? In Heaven's name, why — and at this juncture? It hurts me to watch these patient Irish salute the dead man. We hurry away."

"Friends of mine on the Press whispered to me that there was a conspiracy of silence imposed upon Fleet street, and this gave me to think furiously, for at that moment it suddenly occurred to me that Sir E. Carson had recently assumed control of Intelligence and Propaganda, and that only a week or so ago The Northern Whig, which is the Ulster Unionist organ, had savagely attacked the Irish Convention, contrary to the instructions issued to the Press to say nothing prejudicial to that body, and consigned its labors to the waste-paper basket."

"The Lord Mayor of Dublin told me he had traced the authority for continuing forcible feeding after Ashe's death to London, not to the Castle."

"Ninety per cent of non-Ulster Ireland is Sinn Fein."

"Sinn Fein have learned that the enemy to conciliation is not so much England or the Castle, but the Protestant Irishmen associated with Unionism who control affairs in England. This is not a paradox; it is the truth."

"No doubt the spectacle of Young Ireland refusing to fight for democracy is horrible, but all men in Ireland are agreed that such a spectacle would never have arisen but for Sir E. Carson's revolutionary policy in 1914, which once more threw Ireland into extremism. Now the change in Ireland's attitude is that she realizes this. If Mr. Redmond and his party are today phantom representatives — and they are — it is because

of Sir E. Carson and of that baneful policy which made Ulster the key of Unionism."

"When the Irish Times calmly writes that 'failing such assurances he (Mr. Duke) must be asked to transfer his responsibilities to stronger hands,' we have a pure example of the Protestant Irish Party terrorism which is the cause of all the trouble. It is Trinity College speaking. It is Ulster politics. It is the Carson monopoly which runs Ireland, thus helping to poison feeling in Ireland by attacking the English civil administration."

"Sinn Fein is the reaction to Sir E. Carson's revolutionary movement. Now, this from the English or Imperial point of view is a healthy sign. It is the index finger of the solution. It means that the opportunity has come for true Imperial statesmanship."

"I am perfectly clear that nothing can be done now so long as Castle government remains, because all Nationalist Ireland recognizes now that Castle government is itself controlled by Ulster Unionist politics in England. And that is the healthy sign. To ask Nationalist Irishmen today to trust us so long as the author (and his following) of the threatened Ulster revolution of 1913-14 controls the English attitude towards Ireland in the British Government is useless. As well ask Sir E. Carson himself to trust the German Emperor, although he may place confidence in his imported German rifles. The change of attitude in Ireland means England's chance. It is to show the Irish that we here are not going to be dictated to by a handful of Irish Protestant politicians who, under the cloak of anti-Popery, control the English attitude and so frustrate all hopes of settlement."

"Nor have I the smallest doubt — and I have had unusual opportunities for studying all features of the Irish situation in three successive visits — that the moment Sinn Fein was made responsible it would astonish even Irishmen by its progressive responsibility."

"The whole world is watching England's attitude. We must now decide. I say it with sadness and with full responsibility that if we allow ourselves here to be carried away by the Minority Ulster attitude we shall drift into disaster and irredeemable catastrophe. We, too, must see to the Huns in our midst, or this great fight will have been fought in vain. Ireland is ready for settlement. Failure on our part to do the simple and right thing now must prejudice our cause before the eyes of the world, and may yet imperil our Imperial truth."

I will ask Mr. Harrison to compare with this my own article, "Sinn Fein," in the September "International" written under the nom-de-plume of Sheamus O'Brien, and "England's Blind Spot," in the "American Weekly," of April 18, 1917.

And now I will quote one other passage. He has told me something; I should like to reciprocate.

"At four p. m. on the Saturday Irish friends come to tell us that the sands have run out of the glass, and that on the morrow Ireland will be plunged once more in tragedy and very likely in the throes of revolution.

"Then the good news comes — Mr. Duke has returned; the prisoners are to have political status. It circulates through the city like wildfire long before the late evening editions can publish it. Within an hour all Dublin knows that the crisis is over. Men smile again. I go out to find the relief and happiness everywhere. That evening Dublin sleeps in peace."

Do not you see, Austin, my Austin, that the Irish are the proudest people on the earth? You cannot bribe us by material advantages; we want *political status*.

The same thing applies, incidentally, to Germany; before any solution is possible, we must drop the "Sadists" and the "Huns" into the abyss with the "Irish Rebels," and "blackguards," and "cattle-maimers," and "traitors," and "moonlighters," and all the rest of the silly abuse. The Pharisee who began his prayer by thanking God that he was not as other men are didn't get far on the road to heaven. Come; it is time we were done with hysteria; let us rather discuss the merits of the baffy once more "among the flowers of Covent Garden."

P. S. — We can do nothing while Lloyd George and Carson are in power. They are lawyers, and so technically gentlemen; but we cannot afford to lose the Empire on a technicality.

A. C.

THE BATH.

By CLYTIE HAZEL KEARNEY.

Down a sandy path I trip on clattering little slippers,
And pull my kimona from the edges of little pools left by the rain.
In the middle of the garden I reach the bathhouse
And brush aside the lime tree boughs that hold the hasp.
The air is filled with the scent of the shaken blossoms
And the tang of the rinds of fallen fruit bruised by my heel.
Inside I fasten the clumsy wooden latch
And put my bare feet on cool squares of marble, half-sunk in moss.
I drop aside my garments and fling up my arms to meet the cool downfalling shower.
I throw back my head and laugh when it envelopes me.
The slits between the jalousies let the sunshine fall through in bars on the marble squares.
Where it stripes my skin, it turns it the color of the Quesqueldit's wing when he cries in the morning.
With the wet drops still glistening on my flesh I slip into my kimona and step into my slippers.
I undo the latch and push through the lime boughs whose blossoms drip rain drops on my face.
And there not many yards distant, in the sunlight, stands my lover.
His eyes are gray and inexplicable as they meet mine.
Oh, I think the air of heaven must love him to surround him with that glory of light!
In one long glance, my body trembles.
I gasp, and clutch my kimona across my breast.
Then I flee down the sandy path.

THE GOD OF IBREEZ.

By MARK WELLS.

El-gebel, surnamed the Terrible, rode northwards on his sacred stallion. The way was steep; before him towered the mighty range of the Mountains of the Bull, their snows stained red by sunset. The King laughed and turned in his saddle. He looked over the forests of pine (whose spears seemed to him, in his poetic mood, like those of his own cavalry) to where in the dying light the flames of that city which is now called Tarsus began to shine lurid through the dust of that sultry air of the great plain. It was the climax of his life; never in all history had any army passed through those tremendous gorges, jagged wounds torn by the swords of warring gods his ancestors, where the way wound among prodigious precipices of red rocks and gray, often so narrow that two men could not ride abreast, often so steep and rugged that even the sure step of mountain-bred horses sometimes faltered.

He felt himself at last worthy even of those great gods; his heart beat high to feel that they could look on him with pride. Like the great golden eagle, he had swooped on Tarsus that never dreamed of danger from the north. In one fierce battle he had overwhelmed the unready levies of the city; the timid and effeminate burgesses had hastened to surrender the gates, but the grim warrior had put all to fire and sword. His men were laden with spoils great and goodly, gold and silver and copper, tapestries and silks, a thousand things precious beyond all price, since he had never even dreamed beauty such as theirs. He had not only conquered an enemy; he had discovered a new world. More than that, he had the jewel of all, the wonder of his eyes, a thing the thought of which made his heart ache within him, so marvelous was it beyond all the imaginations of his soul. And even as his thought turned thither, the sacred stallion ceased to climb. He had come to the crest of the first range; before him lay a stretch of meadow land, spacious and gracious. He called to his equerry to give the order to pitch camp.

The equipment of the raiding hillmen was of the simplest order. For all shelter the men stripped blankets of goats' hair, which during the day they used as saddles, from their chargers, and fastened them to spears fixed in the ground. For meat they had dried goats' flesh and flat cakes of unleavened meal. Each man was thus entirely independent of nature for three weeks, or, with economy, a month, providing only that he could find water at intervals of three or four days. For the goat was still the saviour of the tribe, his skin not only furnishing an excellent receptacle for water, but conferring upon it the blessing of a flavor all its own.

The King's own equipment was hardly more elaborate. His tent was larger than those of his men, and made of camels' hair, dyed red and blue in stripes. Instead of goats' flesh he had dried venison, and his cakes were specially baked for him daily; also they had much more salt in them than any common soldier could afford.

El-gebel had not earned the title of The Terrible without deserving it. His accession to power had not been devoid of incident as that of most modern monarchs. His line combined the sacerdotal with the kingly function; the person in office was expected not only to govern — in fact, government was looked upon as a sort of necessary evil — but to insure the daily rising of the sun and the periodical supply of rain. He was expected to keep the goats from disease and even from wandering; and the apple and walnut and mulberry harvests, as well as those of maize and rice, were as dependent on his energy and activity as the success of a state ball to-day is upon the urbanity of the monarch. Consequently when the king fell ill or became old, his self-forgetful care for the welfare of his people would induce him to call attention to the fact of his incapacity, and to suggest that he should be slain so that his spirit might pass into the vigorous body of his heir. Sometimes, the failing body would infect even the mind, so that the King did not appreciate the urgency of the matter. In such a case kind friends would remind him. Now El-gebel, who was the eldest surviving son of his royal father, the first born having been piously sacrificed according to custom, discovered that a younger brother was supplanting him in his father's affections. This, to El-gebel, was a sure sign of the King's infirmity. He put the point before several powerful chiefs in whose wisdom he had the utmost confidence, although (by a curious coincidence) they were themselves in disgrace at court, and the upshot was that they decided that the safety of the community demanded the immediate succession of El-gebel.

It would be undeniably serious if one fine morning the sun failed to rise!

So they paid a visit to the decrepit ruler, who, though taken by surprise, killed three of the patriots before succumbing to a spear-thrust in the back from the hand of El-gebel himself.

Once upon the throne, El-gebel showed himself worthy of the trust reposed in him. Aware that stability of rule is above all to be desired in any community, is, in fact, the prime condition of its prosperity, and not forgetful of the fact that the brethren of a King are often envious of him, he overmastered his family affection in the interests of the state, and inviting his brothers to a banquet in celebration of his accession, he poisoned them.

As to the chiefs who had aided him in the painful but necessary task of supplanting his sire, he reasoned rightly that they were turbulent persons with no respect for established authority; he had himself seen them in the very act of regicide. Of this crime, which, the King being also a priest, was not only murder but sacrilege, he accordingly convicted them; and they suffered the penalty of decapitation. This course of action commended itself to all the best and most conservative elements in the state; such uprightness, combined with such self-sacrificing devotion to duty, commanded both respect and obedience.

Now it was decreed by Fate that a certain enterprising merchant of Tarsus, seeking a new market, should determine to journey across the Mountains of the Bull with four asses laden with choice wares.

The King, like Columbus when he saw the jetsam thrown by the Gulf Stream on the shores of Europe, divined the existence of boundless wealth beyond his frontier, and, cutting off the ears of the explorer as evidence that he was no effeminate and luxurious potentate with no thought beyond his own pleasure, but a serious ruler who desired only the prosperity of his people, inquired minutely as to the distance of his city, its population, its army, its defenses, its wealth, as became an earnest seeker

after knowledge, and on receiving what appeared to him highly satisfactory replies, instructed him to act as guide through the mountains. Arrived in sight of the city, he sacrificed the merchant to his gods — for, unless the favor of heaven be assured, what undertaking can prosper? — and, thus fortified with the divine blessing, made his dispositions for attack as above recounted, with the same signal success as had accompanied every action of his life. A happy harmony of prudence and daring marked his character; this, coupled with an inflexible will enlightened by acute intelligence, raised him immeasurably above the common herd, even of warrior kings.

II.

We now see El-gebel, in the words of that world-poet who has made the country of Warwickshire not only the center but the crown, of England:

"A warrior weary of slaughter
Striding to the striped lair
Of deftly-woven camels' hair
Where the trembling captive woman
Waits his pleasure-hour inhuman."

For the wonder-jewel of all his spoils was the virgin priestess of one of the smaller temples of Tarsus.

She was the tiniest and most perfect creature imaginable, supple and slender, suave and secret.

She looked less like a woman than like a painted doll. Her hair was thick and long, of that intense black that has the blue sheen of steel in its depths; her face, of exquisite delicacy, wore that constant and ambiguous smile that we see in the pictures of Leonardo da Vinci. But her skin was smoother and whiter than the whitest ivory, her mouth dyed with vermilion, her jet mysterious eyes made more lustrous with belladonna; her lashes thick and black with antimony. She was dressed in a single piece of the finest scarlet tissue, wound round and round so closely and so cunningly that it perfectly revealed and perfectly concealed her nubile loveliness. The king had himself discovered her during the sack of the city, sitting placid in her accustomed place in the shrine which she served. He had instantly realized the value of his find, for she was as different from the women of his tribe as a prize Pekinese from a mongrel sheep dog; he held back the soldiers, gave her into the special charge of a trusted officer, and ordered that she was to be treated delicately, and allowed to make her own arrangements — as well as is possible in a blazing town — for the journey. His inevitable instinct told him that here was a piece of fragility, that must be handled with care, or it would break.

A tent had been erected for her next to the king's. When he had rested from his journey, slept for an hour, and partaken of a mighty meal, he strode across the ten yards of moonlit glade that separated his tent from hers. His lips curled cruelly at the thought of the sport that he would have with her. He pictured every thing. She would be cowering and weeping in a corner of the tent; he could catch her by the hair and hold her up and mock her. Luckily, the dialect of Tarsus, barbaric as it doubtless was, was near enough to his own speech to make conversation easy. Then with the other hand he would put his sword to her throat. After that he would laugh, throw down the sword and tear that web that clothed her, neck to ankle. The prologue was clear; the play itself was inarticulate, a bestial gloating that confused his mind altogether, swamping his humanity.

But the master dramatist, who had devised so many complex plots and carried them through point by point without a hitch, had erred for the first time.

The tent was not as he had expected it, empty and dark, with the girl trembling in one corner. It was lit brilliantly by twelve silver lamps; each a long low box with seven wicks arranged in a row, fed by pure olive oil instead of the goats' fat to which he was accustomed. Between the lamps were bowls filled with wild flowers from the starry meadow. Instead of the bare grass he had expected, he found himself treading on thick rugs, four deep, on which a cloth of scarlet embroidered with golden dragons had been laid. She was sitting at the far end of the tent on a great pile of brilliantly colored silken cushions, and in front of her was a table of carved silver with golden vines twined about it, the grapes being great amethysts. She was not weeping; she was softly radiant.

The vision paused him for a second, and it was she who spoke. Her little hands went to her forehead, and fell to her lap as she bowed low. Then, in a voice dulcet as dewfall, measured as music, and as caressing as the breeze, she said: "It is the crown of my life that I am honored by the visit of the greatest conqueror that lives, and my great shame that I am unable to receive him worthily. On a journey one has not time nor means; but majesty is noble, and will pardon the poor welcome, since the will is there." She motioned the king courteously to the seat above her. "I pray your majesty to take his ease," she continued, "may it be his pleasure to deign to partake of the humble food which I have endeavored to prepare for him!" Then the king understood that it was her purpose to poison him. "I have eaten," he said abruptly. She divined his thought. "Your majesty wrongs me," she said. "To prove it, I pray you choose of the food, that I may eat." "She does not want to poison herself," thought the king, "or she would not have done it before I came. I will humor her." He accordingly took his seat by her side, and gave her food. He had never seen anything like it in his life. There were tiny white cakes, thin as his sword-blade, glistening with golden crystals; there were little cylinders, apparently of some strange kind of meat; there were fruits such as he had never seen before; there were eggs in a jelly of pale amber; and quails covered with some warm substance like ivory or cream.

Before Krasota, for that was the girl's name, had eaten many mouthfuls, El-gebel discovered that fact which would make Catullus say, centuries later, "I pray the gods, Fabullus, to make me one total nose." He forgot that he had eaten two and a half pounds of dried goats' flesh an hour earlier; and he fell to with ardour. The girl took a chased amphora, and poured from it not water, but a liquid sparkling and purple whose scent made even the food seem commonplace. She filled two bowls with this, and offered them to the king to choose. "It is the custom of Tarsus," she said, "to drink together, praying the gods for each other's health and happiness." With that she drank. The king put down his bowl with a sour face. "I do not like this water," he said. "It is bad water." She laughed in his face, drained her bowl, replenished it, drank again. "Your majesty will think otherwise in a little while," she smiled, "would he but deign to try again." He sipped cautiously; presently he changed his mind indeed, and drank his fill. By this time he was in a roaring good humor, and he began to wax amorous; a coarse caress testified to the fact. Krasota did not resent it; she smiled as she shook her head. Then, in a very low slow voice, she explained her position. "If I am to be the queen of the greatest conqueror in

the world," she began — and that was another quite new idea to him! — "there is much to be learnt. You see, your majesty does not know what to eat, or how to eat it. You eat like a goat. Then you pay an evening call upon a lady with an old quilt of goats' hair cloth, shaggy and dirty, for all attire. You dress like a goat. You haven't shaved for a month. You look like a goat. Then your skin is rough and hard. You feel like a goat. Then you come here having touched goats' flesh with your fingers and not having washed. You smell like a goat. I am sure, too, from what you did just then that you make love like a goat. I shall soon change all this. I always wanted a great king to play with." This last new view of life set El-gebel agape indeed. His brain was dizzy with the strangeness of it all; and, supremely, he was overcome; no man can endure the suspicion that he is personally offensive; the repetition of the word 'goat' was more than he could stand. The obvious remedy, a stroke of his sword, would not cure his memory of that. He could not look at Krasota; El-gebel the Terrible was doing what in a lesser man might have been called blushing; he got up, and went out of the tent. Krasota suavely assuring him that the record of his visit would be engraved on gold by her family for countless generations, and praying openly to the gods that he might enjoy the blessings of untroubled repose, the dreams of love and victory.

III.

The following night the king left Krasota to her own devices, merely sending her word to prepare his food for him; not until the third night of the journey through the mountains did he return to her tent. In these two days he had taken all possible pains to remove the reproach of goatishness. He had halted the army beside a ravine, and ordered the display of the spoils, and an inventory to be made by the bard of the tribe, so that the great victory might be sung worthily.

He had picked out a magnificent hooded mantle of blue silk, a broad band of gold, studded with rough jewels, evidently intended for the head, and a large oval mirror of polished silver with an ivory handle. With these he returned to his tent, and proceeded to experiment. He saw after a few trials that it was hopeless to frame his hairy countenance in such a setting; so he exercised his usual determination and thoroughness, and had not only his chin but his whole head shaved clean. Then he went to bathe in the ravine, and removed the main evidence of the four months that had elapsed since he had taken off his goats' hair tunic. Not yet satisfied, he had sent officers to search for perfume, which, under the instruction of Krasota, they found easily; it was with the contents of a great flask of 'atr of roses that he rubbed himself till his skin shone again. Now when he put on the blue robe, and drew the hood over his head, and fixed it with the band of gold, he was not so displeased with the comment of the mirror. So he sent word to Krasota that he would dine in her tent that night.

With characteristic tact, she made no remark whatever about the change in his appearance; she began the conversation by congratulating him on his brilliance as a cavalry tactician. She had watched the battle, it appeared, from the roof of her temple. From that she led him on to a discussion of his own country, and his plans for its advancement. These consisted solely in trying to find some other folk to rob. "Majesty," she said, "your country lacks four things; without these you are of no more account than a flock of goats." (How El-gebel began to hate that word goat!) "First, you must plant wheat instead of this dreadful maize, which is only fit for goats to eat; next, you need oil instead of rancid goats' fat, so you must plant olives. Then without wine of the vine, man is no better than a goat; and lastly, you ought to breed bulls. They are the strongest animals on earth; you can find no beast for plowing like the ox; the cow gives a sweet delicate milk very different from the stinking milk of goats; and the flesh is excellent to eat, as your majesty knows; I am sure you never want to eat goats' flesh any more." It was at this time that El-gebel meditated ordering the wholesale destruction of the unfortunate animal which seemed to occupy so large a place in the thoughts, and so small an one in the affections, of his fair captive. However, in this matter of affections ——

He was a little less clumsy than on the former occasion; but Krasota, patting his great hand gently, as one who consoles a troubled child, continued to talk politics. "Bulls," said she, "are more important to you than you suppose. I have heard from officers appointed by your favor to guard me that the vitality of the nation is incarnated in the king; if you should happen to fall ill or to grow old, like your august father, it would be a very serious thing for you. Now we will have a temple, and you will make me priestess, and there shall be a perfectly black bull with a white star upon his forehead as the god in whom the life of the nation is concealed. We will assure his continued vigor by killing him every year on the day of Spring, and his life shall pass into that of his successor in the usual way. This will make for the stability of your rule." El-gebel was not slow to grasp the great advantages of the plan proposed, and agreed at once to her suggestion that a party of officers with a guard should be sent back to the plain the next morning to collect cattle and vine-dressers and all the other people and things necessary for the various reforms proposed. The king was more delighted than ever with his prisoner, and renewed his advances. This time she heaved a sigh. "I wish it were possible, O king," she murmured, "to forget duty in rapture unspeakable such as it is the evident intention of your majesty to bestow upon his devoted slave; but there is much work to do. The officers of the commission must be carefully picked, and there is not a moment to lose. Suppose that your majesty should have contracted the fever of the plains!"

El-gebel saw the force of this argument, and spent his night in drawing up dispositions for the morrow instead of in sloth and dalliance.

The following evening, before sunset, they came to the last crest of the mountains. El-gebel reined in his horse, and waited for Krasota's litter. "Look," said he, "there is my city!" It was little better than a collection of huts, built partly of stones plastered with mud, partly of rude brick, partly of wood. "We shall not reach it to-night," continued the king; "when we reach the bottom of the ravine it will be pitch dark, and the torrents are dangerous." He kicked his horse, and began the descent. The climb was even more difficult than it looked; it was very late when they reached an open space at the mouth of the ravine and the order to pitch camp was given.

The morning dawned; Krasota found herself looking up into the mountain. Giant precipices, red as blood, towered on each side of her! and from the western cliff a river burst, in one magnificent jet, a crystal arch of water that matched the sky for azure. Plunging to the gulf, it joined the multitudinous springs that bubbled everywhere from the bed of the ravine, and almost at her feet their torrents raged afoam, a roar of many waters.

The grassy plateau on which she stood was smooth and green, shadowed by ancient walnut-trees. As she gazed upon the beauty of the scene, the king joined her. "We start for the city in an hour," said he. "City!" she retorted, "it is not fit for a goat to live in! I will stay here in the tent, until you bring the sacred bull. Then architects shall bring their builders, and the builders their quarrymen, and here I will have my temple." The king knew that to argue the matter would ensure a further reference to goats; he acquiesced. "Very good!" he answered, "then I will stay here to-morrow with a few of my men. I am anxious to make progress in the matter you know of." "You will go to the city," she replied firmly, "unless you are the greatest fool in Asia. Ten to one somebody has started a rebellion, and if the army should arrive without you, you would find another king there when you did come. Besides — I may as well be frank — you had much better forget all that foolishness. You have plenty of that in the city. I am sacred. I am going to make you a really great king; and if we mix pleasure and business, business will suffer. Also, you stir up all sorts of jealousy if you bring back a strange woman; one of your wives will probably find a way to poison you. No: you must tell every one that I am a virgin priestess of immense power, and that I am on your side. Come; you have sense — wonderful sense, for a man — show it by not destroying your ambition for an hour's pointless pleasure! Besides, you would not find such delight a you suppose," she added, seeing him flush with anger, evidently ready to take immediate measures to constrain her inclination. "I am highly imaginative, and I am sure that I should be able to do nothing but bleat." El-gebel swallowed his wrath; he was intensely irritated at the way he was put off; but he could not deny that she was clever at the art of putting off. He felt no more inclination to caress her than if she had been one of the goats she was always discussing. He recognized her wisdom as a higher type than his own savage cunning; he gave her up. She knew the gesture. "O king!" said she, "men have surnamed you The Terrible; in five years they will change it to The Great and Terrible. I am more than half in love with you, as a mother with her child; and I will bring you to glory of which you do not dream — I swear it by the sacred Bull!" Then she put a friendly hand on his. "Do you know how I recognize a great man? He is always like a baby. He cries for the moon; he is single-hearted and simple; he has that true inner wisdom which life teaches small men to forget; and he builds on trust because he knows that if he allows himself to be suspicious he will have no time for any thing else. Now, see, they are holding your stallion for you; go, and prosper!"

"I shall come to see you every week," replied the king; "on business."

She followed him with her eyes until he was lost to sight in the dust of the plain. Then she sat down under the oldest of the walnuts, and began to plan the details of her temple.

IV.

Eight years later the word of Krasota had been abundantly fulfilled. Under her magic guidance the very face of Nature had been changed. Cybistra was now a handsome capital, with marble palaces and temples; the rough and arid plain between it and the ravine of Ibreez was become a land of corn and vine; green lanes happy with hazel and hawthorn, poplar and willow, led from field to field. Nightingales had found out this paradise, and lent their lusty aid to joy. Ibreez itself was now a comely village, sprung up about the Temple of the Bull.

The swiftness and completeness of El-gebel's victory had smoothed the path of reform. The spoils of Tarsus were all so obviously desirable that it seemed worth while to take any trouble to have them on the spot. It was better to sit under one's own vine and fig-tree than to travel five days to sit under somebody else's! One chief, indeed, imbued with what we may call the stern old Covenanting spirit, had seen the cloven hoof of degeneracy in the effeminate substitution of other things for goats, which to him were the be-all and end-all of life, and the hallmark of Virtue. He took aside another chief whom he knew to be disaffected toward El-gebel from having heard him utter frequent complaints almost amounting to threats, and said something about the evil influence of foreign women on the morals of kings. His confidant was of course the head of El-gebel's secret police, and the old chief slept with his forefathers. Others took notice.

The people imported by the king from the plains to plant and dress the vines, to quarry and to build, to plow the ground and sow the corn, to irrigate the deserts and to level the roads, to breed the cattle and to weave the silk and the wool, were a great source of strength to the nation. In the lovely mountain air they forgot the effeminacy which had made them so easy a prey to the mountaineers. They were of the same stock and language as their conquerors, and they mingled happily, smooth against rough, to a medium that promised a great race.

King El-gebel, surnamed The Great and Terrible, stood on the brink of the ravine with Krasota and the young but already famous sculptor Ebal. Some distance below them rose the Temple of the Bull, a group of domes rising out of each other like soap bubbles on the surface of water. The temple was built of the red rock of the district, but the domes were barred with blue porcelain tiles to symbolize the sacred river. Within the great courtyard was the ancient meadow with its walnuts, almost as when Krasota had first seen it save for that polished wall that girt it, red rock with diamonds of white marble inlay, and that under the oldest walnut was a mighty basin of marble and syenite, filled with the limpid water of three springs, and overflowing to a rivulet flower-prankt that tumbled to the torrents. There shook his mighty limbs and disported himself the great black bull with the white star upon his forehead, then leapt from the basin and plunged headlong round the meadow, bellowing with all the furious joy of animal life. But the king had not come to Ibreez to see the Sacred Bull; it was the day of the completion of the masterpiece of Ebal.

Upon the laboriously polished face of a crimson rock that rose sheer out of the water of a branch of the main stream were two colossal figures. The mystery of the Uniting of the Strength of the Bull and the Wisdom of the Man was symbolized by the divine image, fourteen feet in height, a bearded man wearing a high pointed cap from which branched several pairs of bulls' horns. This figure was clad in a short tunic, belted, with bare legs and arms to emphasize his power. Around the wrists were bracelets; upon the feet, high boots with toes turned up like sabots. In his right hand he bore a vine-branch heavy-laden, for it was he that had brought the vine; in his left a branch of bearded wheat, so tall that the stalks touched the ground.

Before him stood with both hands raised in adoration the image of El-gebel himself. He was dressed in the official costume which Krasota had devised for him, a domed cap encircled by flat bands adorned with a rose of jewels. From neck to ankle

fell a long robe heavily fringed, and over it a mantle clasped on the breast with precious stones. These vestments were carved exquisitely with delicate patterns to represent embroidery. On his neck hung a chain, and on his wrist a bracelet. Ebal had caught the noble and determined expression of the great king; while he adored the god, it was as an equal; no servility or fear could dwell in that face with its hawk-nose and its fierce calm eye. El-gebel had grown his beard since the raid upon Tarsus had succeeded, and that upon Krasota failed; for she told him that a beard added dignity to a great king, and that all semblance to — to anything unpleasant — might be avoided by the use of a device brought down from heaven by a god some years previously, an implement known in Tarsus as a comb.

The king congratulated Ebal on the wonder he had wrought upon the rock; then, turning to Krasota, he said: "You too have well made good your word. It is but eight years since I conquered Tarsus." "O King," she answered, "live for ever! But you did not conquer Tarsus; Tarsus conquered you. Civilization has overflowed at last the virgin barrier of the Mountains of the Bull. See yonder!" she cried, with outstretched finger and raised voice, "beyond your city that you have raised to splendor from a heap of mud huts, that you have embowered in oak and poplar, willow and mulberry, that you have filled with the song of nightingale and thrush, jeweled with crested hoopoe and rainbow-lovely woodpecker, while your servants, the agile swifts, clamour shrill praise of you in every sky, beyond this paradise of ours, look westward! There see the desolation of the desert, see the salt marshes, fetid and poisonous, see the dreary expanse of the vast Lycaonian plain, sweeping treeless and barren, solitary as death itself, nay, see beyond it — what are those jagged and abrupt cliffs of fire-scarred mountains, under the purple velvet of their clouds, pregnant with storm? There lies the road to Europe, that continent vast almost as our own, smothered in hideous forests, where roam more hideous savages than they. There lies our path of conquest; we are the outpost of Asia, of civilization and of learning, of liberty in thought, and of mastery in action; we are the tip of the spear that the great God that is above all the gods extends towards the setting sun. I have spoken. O King, live for ever!"

The king El-gebel, surnamed The Great and Terrible, put his hands upon his eyes; for he was weeping. Silently he passed away from that stern prophetess, who dwelt in the body of a painted doll wrapped round in scarlet tissue.

She and the young sculptor followed the king at a great distance. He did not halt at the village; he did not seem to see the stallion that two grooms held in waiting; he pressed on through the long lanes, and shut himself up into his palace.

V.

Ebal remained with Krasota; they dined together in the open beneath the walnuts.

They sat in silence. Presently the rising moon touched the summit of the western precipice with her light; next, through a gap, a thin ray fell upon the river as it spouted from the rock, kindling it to a luminous and unearthly blue.

Krasota murmured under her breath: "Half a woman made with half a god." Ebal still waited. "I am going to talk to you," she said at last, "because you will understand. You are an artist, and you have not made love to me." "I am an artist, and that was my way of making love to you," he retorted with sly vigor, ready for jest or earnest. "Surely," she smiled, pleased with the boy's quickness, "and you have won me. Therefore I can talk to you as if we were twins at the breast of the Great Mother Goddess. You know why I have never given myself to any man, why I shall never give myself to you?" "I know," he said; "I guessed it the first day I came here. But that is why I want you so much." "Then you will understand, adorable my brother! Listen! There are two kinds of people, mainly, in this world. There is the herd-mind, the goat-folk, as I should say to El-gebel if I wished to tease him, who live the easy middle life, birth, life, and death through generations stagnant as the marshes beyond Cybistra. No hope, no light, on any path of theirs! Then there are people like you and me, the eagle-people. Look at what I have done! I have made a paradise of this desert; I have raised this people from a life lower than the beasts to freedom, prosperity, and happiness; I have brought even Art herself beyond the Mountains of the Bull; I have turned the cunning savage who murdered his father and his brothers as I would shake the fruit from this branch that hangs above us into the god-like man you saw to-day, who wept because he knew he could not live to spread light and freedom over the gloomy forests of Europe; and the very same thing in me that makes me want to do that, that has taken my life in its grip, and forced me to study sayings of the wise men of every country, to explore nature, to slay myself (in a word) on the altar of humanity, that same thing is the impulse that makes me — what I am — for which you love me, and for which any one of these herd-men would take up stones and stone me! This beats my wits out on its anvil. Do you know, I find myself saying: Why did you not yield to El-gebel, rule him and his people as a courtezan would have done, lived idle and luxurious? Was it because of your aspiration to the salvation of humanity, or because of your mad lust of degradation unfathomable and unique? I gained both ends. Half a woman made with half a god!"

Ebal rejoined at once: "Whole woman in that at least! You see that the two aims have one source; then if one be divine, so must the other be! Hear also this word of a great philosopher whom I worshipped in Egypt, when I went to study art: 'That which is above is like that which is below, and that which is below is like that which is above, for the performance of the miracles of the One Substance.' Now that which you detest and desire is really in its nature identical with the other; its root is in discontent with the pettiness of things. So far as we are gods, we are children; and children cry for the moon." She smiled to recognize her own doctrine thrown back at her in the very spot where she had uttered it eight years before. He went on, not noticing. "To your savage it seems monstrous that human sacrifice should be abolished; we madmen want that one strange, blasphemous, impossible thing! So go thy way rejoicing!" She shook her head. "I might," she said, "but my fate is even now upon me. I have desired the impossible so much that having done all that my life can do, I begin to lust for the uncharted and illimitable realms of death. 'I would I had been the first that took her death out from between wet hoofs and reddened teeth, splashed horns, fierce fetlocks of the brother bull!' Ai! Ai!"

"I know," replied Ebal; "I hate my rocks not because they resist my hand, for that is battle, which I love, but because of their multitude, the infinitude of shapeless things that I must leave so. Just so the king felt this day also. But I want to dash myself to pieces from a precipice, to take my death from the enemy I have loved and fought so hard. And in my loves I seek

the adulteress, the murderess, anyone, to put it in a phrase, who feels so strongly that she has broken something to attain her ends; the artist, not the nanny-goat." "Then come to me when I lie dead; for I am artist, I am adulteress, I murderess; and in my death perhaps I may be glad to turn back once and smile on life."

They found her in the morning upon the edge of the great marble basin, torn and trampled, her young blood purpling the magical blue of the pool. By her side lay Ebal, his breast thrust through with his own sculptor's knife, his mouth still closed upon the heart of Krasota, and his pale locks clotted with the scarlet blossom of her life that flamed in the sun as never any other red of earth, caking and darkening here and there to night-shade purple. Afar, the great Bull tossed skyward his great head, its white star crimsoned; and, careless, began to feed upon the rich tall grass.

But the attendant priests suppressed this part of the event, and distorted and mutilated the rest; were they not goat-men? But it came to an eagle-man, an artist, to sing the Life and Death of the Virgin Priestess of the Temple of the Bull, of the captive who conquered her conqueror by wisdom, of the prisoner who thrust the spear-head of the God of Light and Love and Life and Liberty through the shield of the great range; and he, understanding, told the truth. Thence grew a legend that enveloped the whole world; one branch rising through Apis and Dionysus, dwindling at last to the Correo de Toros, the other through Pasiphae and Daedalus, culminating in the conquest of the air by man.

I love to think that Krasota would have rejoiced in both.

Tamen impiae
Non tangenda rates transiliunt vada
Audax omnia perpeti
Gens humana per vetitum nefas.
So mote it be.

———

(In this story I have followed closely the inspiring description of the scenery, and of the monument, given by Dr. J. G. Frazer.)

FINALISM

By GEORGE RAFFALOVICH

The nightmare of new schools had to cease. One after the other they were coming along, greedily standing behind each other, eager to kick out, not to praise or support, those that stood in front. Allah and Buddha be praised! The end has come. And the end — we are it. We shall automatically absorb all the other sects of art and literature.

Finalism will soothe the ear-drums of Scriabin's most violent opponents, quiet the victims of Vorticism, delight those with whose digestion curried Post Impressionism and the pickled products of Futurism disagreed. But we shall do more — we afford a cure to every ill under the heavens. Finalism will appeal and satisfy all wearied young women who wish to become literati. It is reducing Irvin Cobb and George Creel, Rudyard Kipling and the Bahai, Colonel Roosevelt and William J. Bryan to a common denominator. It has come! Come it has indeed! We are it! The Finalists triumph. Finalism has arrived. After it the flood!

Hark! Tremendous mine explosions will shortly and most efficaciously destroy the last trenches of all schools of Art, Poetry, Philosophy and Religion that are not in close alliance with us. Death to all who disagree with us! No life shall stand in the way of our love for humanity.

There is something decisive about us. We do not beat about the brush. A brave idea needs no boosting. Finalism! The very sound of it is like a bugle-call, while it also suggests the Fourth Dimension. From now on, and until the end of the great Finale, we, the exponents of Finalism, intend to perpetuate and spread wide, high and low, the fame of the one magic word that is destined to revolutionize the earth. It will end wars, bring down the price of gasoline, potatoes, imported tame cats and other luxuries, preclude all futile discussions as to the length of clothing required by our womenfolk, and, in a general way, define, show, exhibit, lay bare, describe, expose, expound, unfold, comment upon, illuminate, account for, reveal, develop, elucidate, explain, demonstrate, construe, illustrate, translate and interpret the various problems open before our gaping mouths.

We shall desist only when the whole globe has been soaked in Finalism and ceases to rotate. But who are "we"? You may well ask. Everybody who is anybody belongs, willy-nilly, to our schools. Soon, I fear, we shall have to blow up some of the members. There is not enough Finalism about them. Some of them still tolerate rhythm, melody and form. These are grievous offences; combined, they are crimes.

It is perhaps too soon to lay down the law as to what Finalism really is. That we bar from our poetry the words, *I*, *We*, *He* and *She*, *Music*, *Art*, *Progress*, *Mind*, *Thought* and *Intelligence* is a mere drop in the ocean of our reforms. In due course, we shall discard *all accepted words* and replace them by suggestive sounds. Finalism, you should understand, is utterly elastic, catholic and plastic.

I can do this much by way of explanation. I can record one of our séances. There are twenty members. It began with one foolish man asking us to limit, confine and narrow ourselves, in short, suggesting that we give out a definition of our intentions and beliefs.

That let loose our cranks. Who cared for their definitions in Finalism? They only proved that they had no idea of Finalism at all. Listen to one fool.

"Finalism aims at expressing the end of all things. Thus, in painting a still life, one would suggest the various possible ends of the fruit it is intended to represent."

There was too much of a *reductio ad absurdum* about this definition, and it was rejected by a 3 to 17 vote. Here I should explain that minorities always win in our school. Oh! we are logical. For instance, if a man can succeed in having but one vote in support of his views — of course he wins.

The next definition submitted was: "Finalism consists in burning one's boats, crossing the Che-Rubicon of Intellectual Freedom, throwing one's cap over the windmills and helping to settle all human difficulties."

That was rank verbiage and stank of classicism. It received

fifteen votes, and was therefore rejected. The matter of a definition was left open, and I rose to read the following poem, competing for the prize of $999.99. It is a fine piece of work, a song of the year 1940, with suggestions of haunting tunes and melodies that are cut short in a Finalistic way before the public tires of them. In anticipates finality. Two young Finalistic poets patted their clean-shaven pates and walked out when I read the title and crescendo description. No greater compliment could have been paid to me.

"This may please you so much that you will deny me the prize," I said. "It is an epic, a love epic, a war-love epic, a sea-war-love epic, and, alas, a deep-sea-war-love epic in the end. It is an accumulation of sea and sound waves and a colored transmission of suggestive thoughts. Please to concentrate on a sweet girl, a box of candy and a liner on its way to somewhere in France. It is, I believe, the last breeze, almost a gasp. The title is "Sinker."

Vzeeh Plumh, Vzeeh Plumh! Waves beating a ship!
Salt laden sea.
One sweet maiden, Kimali and me.
Thousand miles across the sea,
Yet so near
You could close your eyes and see
Us two deers.
Vzeeh Plumh, Vzeeh Plumh!
Z Wind Z . . over Z . . . . . Waves . . Zeeeh
(Red, yellow, blue, green)
And over hollows
Also sweeping the billows
(Ships laden sea.
Men laden ships. .
Food laden men. . .
Love laden two).

"These last four lines are wonderful," I remarked, echolessly.

There was a pause. A musician coughed, and I feared for my prize. I went on, however, finalistically, with the second verse.

Moo — oo, ooh! Ooh! Ooh!
Scarlet, bluet, violet, greenet
Eyes sunken, passion laden.
Most happy them!
Oh, happy, happy, happy them!
Sweet little parrots on the perch.
Au nid soit Kimali and me.
Crash! Pash! Tash! Pump!
Blue, blue, blue, Bubble.
U-boat, periscope, sunken-eye, too.
Far below
Wave-laden,
Later decides to come up.
Polyphemus,
All too famous,
Blows Plum once, blows Plum Plum twice.
Him O. U. D. R.
Her E. S. D. R.
One sweet maiden, Kimali
And me.

I smiled triumphantly. The board room was almost empty. Thus encouraged, I read the third verse.

Roo-mo, roo-mo, roo-mo.
And the race for boats
Fear-laden
Purple, yellow, grey, yellow, yellow.
Stars shining, eyes streaming, hands squeezing
Unawares.
Y. Ripe. Y. Sacrifice. Y.
Love laden
One sweet maiden Kimali
And me
Oblivious
Green O, Blue O, Purple O, Red O.
One, two, three
One, two, three
Vzeeh Plumh, Vzeeh Plumh!
Coo-oo, Coo-ooh — Bliss — Miss — Kiss
Wind sprays
Tear-laden
The Captain bade them goodbye.
Him belonged to her home town . . .
Small world — Huge billows ——
Much he hollers and bellows
One, two, three, four — Men defy elements:
Allons, enfants de la Patrie!
Nearer, my God, to Thee!
Après des siècles d'esclavage!
Vzee Plumh, Moo-oo, ooh!
Eating her candy.
Reddish, purplish, bluish, greenish,
Us connect it not with danger
One sweet maiden, Kimali, and me.

The members of the council were filing in again. Drat their conservatism! "Fourth verse and Finalistic," I announced, with the accent on *stic*.

Tra, Taratara, tara — Tara!
Twala! twala balabo!
Far, far away, thousand miles across the sea,
Yet so near!
Distance laden. Lovely solitude.
One sweet maiden Kimali
And me.
But . . . Au nid soie! Onyx . . . oie . . . ! O Niçois!
Boats gone.
Eho! Ohe! Eho!
Grey, white, grey, black, blank!
Captain gone,
Lookout men, drink-laden, Gone. Vzeeh Plumh! Vzee Plumh!
Periscope gone. . . .
Eyes sunken! Eho! Eho! Bubble!
Paper gone —— Turn over.
Ship gone.
One sweet maiden Kimali,
And me."

"This short poem is fine, but lacks ballast," the chairman said, "and I caught a melody in verse 1 and a pun or two . . . However, let us vote . . . . . Those in favor . . . . . kindly — will — those — fy — up — seats."

The result was 2 to 18, and the prize was in danger of being deferred. On my asserting the fact that the other voter who, beside myself, approved of my poem, did not know what it was about, and had been made the victim of a practical joke, I succeeded in winning the crown of glory for my finalistic poem. The next one will be a sucker.

THE MESSAGE OF THE MASTER THERION.

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

There is no Law beyond Do what thou wilt.

The Key to this Message is this word — Will. The first obvious meaning of this Law is confirmed by antithesis: The word of Sin is Restriction.

Again: "Thou hast no right but to do thy will. Do that and no other shall say nay. For pure will, unassuaged of purpose, delivered from the lust of result, is every way perfect."

Take this carefully; it seems to imply a theory that if every man and every woman did his and her will — the true will — there would be no clashing. "Every man and every woman is a star," and each star moves in an appointed path without interference. There is plenty of room for all; it is only disorder that creates confusion.

From these considerations it should be clear that "Do what thou wilt" does not mean "Do what you like." It is the apotheosis of Freedom; but it is also the strictest possible bond.

Do what thou wilt — then do nothing else. Let nothing deflect thee from that austere and holy task. Liberty is absolute to do thy will; but seek to do any other thing whatever, and instantly obstacles must arise. Every act that is not in definite course of that one orbit is erratic, an hindrance. Will must not be two, but one.

Note further that this will is not only to be pure; that is, single, as explained above, but also "unassuaged of purpose." This strange phrase must give us pause. It may mean that any purpose in the will would damp it; clearly the "lust of result" is a thing from which it must be delivered.

But the phrase may also be interpreted as if it read "with purpose unassuaged" — i. e., with tireless energy. The conception is, therefore, of an eternal motion, infinite and unalterable. It is Nirvana, only dynamic instead of static — and this comes to the same thing in the end.

The obvious practical task of the magician is then to discover what his will really is, so that he may do it in this manner, and he can best accomplish this by the practices of Liber Thisarb (see Equinox) or such others as may from one time to another be appointed.

It should now be perfectly simple for everybody to understand the Message of the Master Therion.

Thou must (1) Find out what is thy Will. (2) Do that Will with (*a*) one-pointedness, (*b*) detachment, (*c*) peace.

Then, and then only, art thou in harmony with the Movement of Things, thy will part of, and therefore equal to, the Will of God. And since the will is but the dynamic aspect of the self, and since two different selves could not possess identical wills; then, if thy will be God's will, *Thou art That*.

There is but one other word to explain. Elsewhere it is written — surely for our great comfort — "Love is the law, love under will."

This is to be taken as meaning that while Will is the Law, the nature of that Will is Love. But this Love is as it were a by-product of that Will; it does not contradict or supersede that Will; and if apparent contradiction should arise in any crisis, it is the Will that will guide us aright. Lo, while in the Book of the Law is much of Love, there is no word of Sentimentality. Hate itself is almost like Love! Fighting most certainly is Love! "As brothers fight ye!" All the manly races of the world understand this. The Love of Liber Legis is always, bold, virile, even orgiastic. There is delicacy, but it is the delicacy of strength. Mighty and terrible and glorious as it is, however, it is but the pennon upon the sacred lance of Will, the damascened inscription upon the swords of the Knight-monks of Thelema.

Love is the law, love under will.

THE LAW OF LIBERTY
A TRACT OF THERION. THAT IS A MAGUS 9°=2°, A. A.

Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the Law.

I. I am often asked why I begin my letters this way. No matter whether I am writing to my lady or to my butcher, always I begin with these eleven words. Why, how else should I begin? What other greeting could be so glad? Look, brother, we are free! Rejoice with me, sister, there is no Law beyond *Do What Thou Wilt!*

II. I write this for those who have not read our Sacred Book, the Book of the Law, or for those who, reading it, have somehow failed to understand its perfection. For there are many matters in this Book, and the Glad Tidings are now here, now there, scattered throughout the Book as the Stars are scattered through the field of Night. Rejoice with me, all ye people! At the very head of the Book stands the great charter of our godhead: "Every man and every woman is a star." We are all free, all independent, all shining gloriously, each one a radiant world. Is not that good tidings?

Then comes the first call of the Great Goddess Nuit, Lady of the Starry Heaven, who is also Matter in its deepest metaphysical sense, who is the infinite in whom all we live and move and have our being. Hear her first summons to us men and women: "Come forth, O children, under the stars, and take your fill of love! I am above you and in you. My ecstasy is in yours. My joy is to see your joy." Later she explains the mystery of sorrow: "For I am divided for love's sake, for the chance of union."

"This is the creation of the world, that the pain of division is as nothing, and the joy of dissolution all."

It is shown later how this can be, how death itself is an ecstasy like love, but more intense, the reunion of the soul with its true self.

And what are the conditions of this joy, and peace, and glory? Is ours the gloomy asceticism of the Christian, and the Buddhist, and the Hindu? Are we walking in eternal fear lest some "sin" should cut us off from "grace"? By no means.

"Be ye goodly therefore: dress ye all in fine apparel; eat rich foods and drink sweet wines, and wines that foam! Also, take your fill and will of love as ye will, when, where, and with whom ye will! But always unto me."

This is the only point to bear in mind, that every act must be a ritual, an act of worship, a sacrament. Live as the kings and princes, crowned and uncrowned, of this world, have always lived, as masters always live; but let it not be self-indulgence; make your self-indulgence your religion.

When you drink and dance and take delight, you are not being "immoral," you are not "risking your immortal soul"; you are fulfilling the precepts of our holy religion — provided only that you remember to regard your actions in this light. Do not lower yourself and destroy and cheapen your pleasure by leaving out the supreme joy, the consciousness of "The Peace that passeth understanding." Do not embrace mere Marian or Melusine; she is Nuit Herself, specially concentrated and incarnated in a human form to give you infinite love, to bid you taste even on earth the Elixir of Immortality. "But ecstasy be mine and joy on earth; ever To me! To me!"

Again she speaks: "Love is the law, love under will." Keep pure your highest ideal; strive ever toward it without allowing aught to stop you or turn you aside, even as a star sweeps upon its incalculable and infinite course of glory, and all is Love. The Law of your being becomes Light, Life, Love and Liberty. All is peace, all is harmony and beauty, all is joy.

For hear, how gracious is the Goddess: "I give unimaginable joys on earth: certainty, not faith, while in life, upon death; peace unutterable, rest, ecstasy; nor do I demand aught in sacrifice."

Is not this better than the death-in-life of the slaves of the Slave-Gods, as they go oppressed by consciousness of "sin," wearily seeking or simulating wearisome and tedious "virtues"?

With such, we who have accepted the Law of Thelema have nothing to do. We have heard the Voice of the Star-Goddess: "I love you! I yearn to you! Pale or purple, veiled or voluptuous, I who am all pleasure and purple, and drunkenness of the innermost sense, desire you. Put on the wings, and arouse the coiled splendour within you; come unto me!" And thus She ends:

"Sing the rapturous love-song unto me! Burn to me perfumes! Wear to me jewels! Drink to me, for I love you! I love you! I am the blue-lidded daughter of Sunset; I am the naked brilliance of the voluptuous night-sky. To me! To me!" And with these words "The Manifestation of Nuit is at an end."

III. In the next chapter of our book is given the word of Hadit, who is the complement of Nuit. He is eternal energy, the Infinite Motion of Things, the central core of all being. The manifested Universe comes from the marriage of Nuit and Hadit; without this could no thing be. This eternal, this perpetual marriage-feast is then the nature of things themselves; and therefore everything that is, is a crystallization of divine ecstasy.

Hadit tells us of Himself: "I am the flame that burns in every heart of man, and in the core of every star." He is then your own inmost divine self; it is you, and not another, who is lost in the constant rapture of the embraces of Infinite Beauty. A little further on He speaks of us:

"We are not for the poor and the sad; the lords of the earth are our kinsfolk."

"Is a God to live in a dog? No! but the highest are of us. They shall rejoice, our chosen: who sorroweth is not of us."

"Beauty and strength, leaping laughter and delicious languor, force and fire, are of us." Later, concerning death, He says: "Think not, O king, upon that lie: That Thou must Die: verily thou shalt not die, but live. Now let it be understood: if the body of the King dissolve, he shall remain in pure ecstasy for ever." When you know that, what is left but delight? And how are we to live meanwhile?

"It is a lie, this folly against self — Be strong, man! lust, enjoy all things of sense and rapture: fear not that any God shall deny thee for this."

Again and again, in words like these, he sees the expansion and the development of the soul through joy.

Here is the Calendar of our Church: "But ye, O my people, rise up and awake! Let the rituals be rightly performed with joy and beauty!" Remember that all acts of love and pleasure are rituals, must be rituals. "There are rituals of the elements and feasts of the times. A feast for the first night of the Prophet and his Bride! A feast for the three days of the writing of the Book of the Law. A feast for Tahuti and the children of the Prophet —

secret, O Prophet! A feast for the Supreme Ritual and a feast for the Equinox of the Gods. A feast for fire and a feast for water; a feast for life and a greater feast for death! A feast every day in your hearts in the joy of my rapture! A feast every night unto Nu, and the pleasure of uttermost delight! Aye! Feast! Rejoice! There is no dread hereafter. There is the dissolution, and eternal ecstasy in the kisses of Nu." It all depends on your own acceptance of this new law, and you are not asked to believe anything, to accept a string of foolish fables beneath the intellectual level of a negro and the moral level of a drug-fiend. All you have to do is to be yourself, to do your will, and to rejoice.

"Dost thou fail? Art thou sorry? Is fear in thine heart?" He says again: "Where I am, these are not." There is much more of the same kind; enough has been quoted already to make all clear. But there is a further injunction. "Wisdom says: be strong! Then canst thou bear more joy. Be not animal: refine thy rapture! If thou drink, drink by the eight-and-ninety rules of art; if thou love, exceed by delicacy; and if thou do aught joyous, let there be subtlety therein! But exceed! exceed! Strive ever to more! and if thou art truly mine — and doubt it not, an if thou art ever joyous! — death is the crown of all."

Lift yourselves up, my brothers and sisters of the earth! Put beneath your feet all fears, all qualms, all hesitancies! Lift yourselves up! Come forth, free and joyous, by night and day, to do your will; for "There is no law beyond Do what thou wilt." Lift yourselves up! Walk forth with us in Light and Life and Love and Liberty, taking our pleasure as Kings and Queens in Heaven and on Earth.

The sun is arisen; the spectre of the ages has been put to flight. "The word of Sin is Restriction," or as it has been otherwise said on this text: "That is Sin, to hold thine holy spirit in!"

Go on, go on in thy might; and let no man make thee afraid.

Love is the law, love under will.

GEOMANCY.

By One Who Uses It Daily.

Robert Browning says "One truth leads right to the world's end," and in the Gospels we read "Not a sparrow that falleth to the ground but your Heavenly Father knoweth it." What do these things mean if not that there is nothing in Nature too small to be significant? The fall of an apple sets Newton on the road to the Law of Gravitation, and the whole theory and practice of the steam engine was started by Watt's observation of a kettle.

Further, we know from Newton's First Law of Motion that the Universe is a whole in which even the slightest tremor is echoed by an equilibrating tremor equal and opposite. As the poet says:

"I bring
My hand down on this table-thing
And the commotion widens — thus! —
And shakes the nerves of Sirius."

An earthquake in Calabria may be recorded in California. Even disturbances in the photosphere of the sun may be detected these 93,000,000 miles away by methods other than optical. It is all a question of the sensitiveness of the recording instrument. And so the right interpretation of even the smallest phenomenon may be the clue to great events. Just, therefore, as by sensing present causes we can anticipate their effects in the future, there is nothing unreasonable in supposing the possibility of a science of divination. It is, however, a great step from admitting a possibility to admitting an actuality.

Now when I am asked about these matters, I say that on the whole the simplest, the most reliable, the most readily tested, the most easily learnt of all these sciences is Geomancy. It requires too, the least possible apparatus. The name means "divination by earth," and the requisites are a staff and a desert — which of course every Chaldean had ready to his hand! But in New York we use a pencil and a piece of paper, instruments which (thanks to the Free Institutions of America!) are within the reach of a majority of the people.

There are several systems of Geomancy, but all depend on the simplest possible basis; thus:

A number is either odd or even.

The first system is then to make one row of dots at random, and count them. Odd means yes; even means no. But one cannot work out problems in detail on so crude a system. So Fohi, the great Chinese philosopher, invented his system of 8 trigrams. (It will be obvious that by combining two sets of odd and even one can obtain 4 figures; by combining 3 one gets eight; 4 give 16; 5 make 32 and so on.) King Wu and Duke Chau, during years of prison, passed the time by inventing a system, in which they combined the 8 trigrams of Fohi with themselves, thus obtaining 64 hexagrams. The book in which their system is explained, the Yi King, is probably the oldest book in the world.

Before I leave this part of my subject I must refer to the Taoist system of that Master of the Temple whom some of us know as V. V. V. V. V. He joined to the odd and the even, the Yin and the Yang, as the Chinese call them, the male and female principles, a third principle, neither odd nor even, neither male nor female. Thus his "Liber Trigrammaton" has 27 trigrams, and this amazing book is not only an atlas and a history of the Universe, but a compendious hieroglyph of the most secret forces of nature.

In pure divination, however, there is a seven-fold scheme of 128 figures, invented by that mysterious Grand Master of the Order of the Temple who hides his identity under the name of Baphomet. It is far too elaborate even to outline in this brief account.

The common and generally received system is fourfold, and has therefore 16 figures. Its source is very ancient; it was first properly explained in public by Henry C. Agrippa, or by some one who found behind that great name a convenient shelter. The figures with their titles are as follows: I tabulate them for convenience, and give their attribution to,

or sympathy with, the planets and signs of the Zodiac. But they have a certain individuality all their own, and they are governed by special "intelligences" (a higher order of "elemental spirits") whose duty it is to give true answers. I may here interpolate that the mighty Baphomet not only invented a new and superior system, but actually went to the trouble of creating a new hierarchy of demons to subserve it! However, here is the ordinary system.

1121 Puer (a boy), Mars in Aries.
1212 Amissio (loss), Venus in Taurus.
2212 Albus (white), Mercury in Gemini.
2222 Populus (the people), Moon waxing in Cancer.
1111 Via (the way), Moon waning in Cancer.
2211 Fortuna Major (greater fortune), Sun in North Declination in Leo.
1122 Fortuna Minor (lesser fortune), Sun in South Declination in Leo.
2112 Conjunctio (conjunction), Mercury in Virgo.
1211 Puella (a girl), Venus in Libra.
2122 Rubeus (red), Mars in Scorpio.
2121 Acquisitio (gain), Jupiter in Sagittarius.
1221 Carcer (prison), Saturn in Capricornus.
2221 Tristitia (sorrow), Saturn in Aquarius.
1222 Laetitia (joy), Jupiter in Pisces.
2111 Caput Draconis (the Dragon's head).
1112 Cauda Draconis (the Dragon's tail).

In order to work this system, the proper influences are first invoked in a proper manner, and the questioner then takes a pencil that has never been used for any other purpose, and a piece of paper equally pure. He makes 16 rows of dots at hazard. These are then counted, and their total number is noted. Its meaning is discovered by reference to the book called Sepher Sephiroth. Each line is then counted and marked as odd or even. These are divided into four sets of four, and these figures are called the Four Mothers. The Four Mothers are then read horizontally, and four more figures called the Four Daughters are thus found. From these eight we form Four Nephews by combining each pair. Now we have twelve figures, which are placed according to a certain secret plan in the twelve Houses of Heaven, as in an ordinary Astrological chart. The Four Nephews are again combined to form Two Witnesses, and these again combine to form One Judge.

The figure is now ready for judgement, and this is the moment which calls forth intuition, and tests the knowledge and experience of the diviner.

I will here state only that problems can be worked out in the greatest detail. First a general question may be asked, and the minor points filled in by subsequent figures. Care must be taken to put the question in such a form that a clear answer is possible, and that ambiguity or even punning is not possible; for the intelligences serve unwillingly, and are always ready to match their wits against yours. Woe to you if you are not as alert as they!

I will conclude this too brief sketch with an actual verifiable example of how this method may be used.

A friend of mine, at that time a chartered accountant practicing in Johannesburg, learnt this science from me, and, being able to devote much time to it, the disciple rapidly outstripped the master. One day he was called in to examine the books of a firm, and, appalled at the size of the task — for the suspected error might have been anywhere in a number of years — he determined to try geomancy. He set up a series of figures; and after only three hours went to a particular book, opened it, and put his finger on the falsification he was seeking — a saving of three months' onerous work. This, it is to be understood, is only one of many remarkable successes.

One day it struck him that, living as he was in the center of gold and diamond fields, he might as well use his powers to discover one. He formulated the question as concerning "mineral wealth"; for he did not mind very much whether he got gold or diamonds! The intelligences directed him to ride out from the city in a certain direction, which he did. Far and fast he rode, and found never a hint of anything to reward his search. At last, toward sunset, he drew rein in despair as a line of low hills sprang into view before him. And then he bethought him that a certain figure in his divination might be taken to mean "beyond the hills." I will ride another quarter of an hour, he said, for luck. He came to the hills; still no trace of that auriferous quartz outcrop or that blue clay formation which he had hoped to find. On the contrary, in front of him stretched an unbroken plain. I will return, said he, and curse the hour when I first took up Geomancy. But, a pool of water lying a few yards ahead, he decided to give his pony a drink before he turned. The pony refused the water; and at the same moment he perceived that it was fetlock deep in mire, and ready to sink. He dismounted hastily, and dragged the beast from the quagmire. He slipped in doing so; the mud splashed his face, and at that moment he found that it was bitter.

He had discovered the biggest alkali deposit in South Africa! "Mineral wealth," right enough; and to-day, in spite of the war, he is well on the way to his first million sterling.

TROTH.

By Heinrich Heine. Translated by Aleister Crowley.

O vow no more, but kiss for troth!
I put no faith in a girl's oath.
The words are sweet, but sweeter far
The kisses we have tasted are.
Those have I, and there found my faith;
Oaths are but empty wind and breath.

Swear faith eternally averred!
I'll stake my life on your bare word.
I sink upon your bosom — so —
That I am happy, that I know.
Beloved, now my faith is stronger!
You'll love me always — maybe longer!

A GLIMPSE INTO THE THEATRES.

"ODDS AND ENDS OF 1917."

This season is chiefly conspicuous for reviews. These productions are apt to be scorned by the "high-brows" and by the Drama Leagues. Yet in no field of the theatre has America made so many advances. There are at present at least half a dozen *revues* in New York City. The best ones are "Odds and Ends of 1917," "Doing Our Bit," "Over the Top," "Words and Music." The worst one is the Spanish affair at the Park Theatre.

"Odds and Ends of 1917" is by far the most artistic and clever. The lyrics are particularly good. The costumes delightful. The settings in good taste. Even the music is sufficient. Jack Norworth ought to be crowned with laurel for his clear enunciation. That alone would make his singing unique. When you realize how impossible it is to discover any meaning in the words sung by the average popular comedian, the achievement of Jack Norworth in making himself understood should be hailed as a feat of monumental importance. Harry Watson in the same show is lovely. He is a grand comedian, of the old school. He uses the slap-stick stuff that so delighted Shakespeare and is so droll that even I had to laugh, an impossible stunt, according to T. Roy Barnes, who publicly called me down because I failed to roar at his antics in "Over the Top." Lilian Lorraine is clever too. She wears the tallest hat in the world. But that is only in one scene. The rest of the time she employs to better advantage. Lilian really knows how to sing a popular song. "Odds and Ends" is a clever satire done to music and dancing. Were Molière alive today, that is just the sort of thing he would be doing.

"DOING OUR BIT."

The Winter Garden's best show is on now. Many of the stage settings are exquisite, many of the girls are pretty. Several of them are really young. There is an excellent contralto and, thank God, when I was there I heard no tenor. Frank Tinney and Ed Wynne are the hits of the production. And what jolly chaps they really are. There is an ingratiating charm about their foolery that warms the cockles of one's heart. How well they know their business. Every trick of the profession is theirs. Should everything else fail, their technique will save them. These younger men about town are nincompoops compared to such masters. Seeing them, I was reminded of the comedians of my boyhood days, who one by one have passed away. In particular I thought of Nat M. Wills, who only recently died. As they paraded across my mind I conceived the following poem:

Where are the clowns of yesterday?
The men who filled our hearts with glee,
Until like sunlight on the sea
Our souls expanded graciously.
Where are the clowns of yesterday?
Their laughter haunts these very halls,
Their smiles are smiling on the walls,
Between the songs I hear their calls,
The darling clowns of yesterday.

I had hardly finished these humble verses when Ed Wynne came on again and told the story of the young patriot who, waiving exemption, demanded of the board that he be sent forthwith to the most exposed trenches. To his surprise he was instantly accepted by the gratified officials. "But don't you think I am a littlebit crazy in my head?" he asked.

"OVER THE TOP" WITH JUSTINE JOHNSTONE.

The lady of the hour is Justine Johnstone. I believe that two years ago she was a chorus girl. Today she owns a theatre and the most popular and the most expensive cabaret in New York. Justine also acts and takes the leading part in "Over the Top." As an actress she is not apt to rival Sarah Bernhardt. Justine cannot sing, dance, nor play. Nevertheless there is something very fascinating about her. She might have stepped from a novel of Balzac's. Looking at her I understood why there were so many ambassadors, captains of industry and poets in the audience. There is a sixteen-year-old girl who dances in "Over the Top." Her name is Rolanda. She is wonderful. She is an American girl, consequently no one will take her as seriously as they would some inferior Bolsheviki terpsichorean from Russia. I was never so struck by the ingratitude of republics as when I witnessed the performance of "The Land of Joy."

"THE LAND OF JOY" IS SHROUDED IN GLOOM.

The Spanish *revue* at the Park Theatre is a fifth-rate concoction gotten up to amuse the Cuban provinces. If Americans were no so extremely unpatriotic such a production would not be tolerated for an instant in New York. Being stamped with a foreign trade mark, it has made a hit among those who imagine that anything imported is fine and superior. As a matter of fact, "The Land of Joy" is immensely dull, in bad taste, amateurish, and really too trivial to notice. The best thing in it is the singing of Miss Mursey, an American girl. The rest of the show is punk.

THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS.

I have always liked the Washington Square Players, if only because Helen Westley is the greatest passionate and tragic actress on the American stage. However, they cast her for parts which would be better filled by a far worse actress. They do not give her a fair show. She ought to be playing Lady Macbeth and Tosca. The qualities of the plays in the first deal this year are not particularly high. "Blind Alleys" contains an excellent idea, but it is too small for the length of the play; and it is further a mistake to hinge the catastrophe of a play on psychics. In this as in the "Thirteenth Chair" the whole atmosphere is psychic. It is like the unwitting introduction of zero into an algebraic equation. You cannot satisfactorily introduce a hippopotamus as the deus ex machina of an Alaskan drama; it does not belong there.

"The Avenue" is very stupid and pointless. It is a lot of clever episodes hitched together with no point or coherence, and it only concludes by the simple process of concluding. The coming to life of the wax models is one of the stupidest devices ever seen on any stage.

"In the Zone" is a magnificent Grand Guignol play spelt

qabalistically backwards. It is hard to conceive how any author can be so stupid as to work deliberately (and, it must be admitted, with excellent good skill) up to a most grotesque anti-climax. Here we have a tale where big artillery is brought on from the moment of the rising of the curtain. I have really been so thrilled by no play that I have ever seen; and it diminishes and diminishes to the most ridiculous pianissimo on Mr. Smitty's piccolo, the tragedy of the play being that it would not work. I have yet to learn that "parturiunt montes; nascitur ridiculus mus" is a good dramatic formula.

"His Widow's Husband" is a most amusing little comedy. Things get a little better when they are written by people from a civilized country like Spain. Arthur Hold did a most brilliant piece of acting, one of the very best things I have ever seen. There is nothing wrong with the actors, any of them, but the committee that chooses the plays ought to be set to some simpler task. I dare say several of them might be able to match ribbons.

"ART AND OPPORTUNITY"

The author of "Art and Opportunity" is dead and the obvious Latin proverb covers the case. It was supposed to be an all-star cast, but on the night I was there, the sky was completely over-cast. The actors seemed to be asking themselves why they were doing things. They certainly saved themselves trouble by not asking me.

MUSIC OF THE MONTH

Undoubtedly Jascha Heifetz shines supremely in the musical firmament of the month. Carnegie Hall has probably held no larger and no more enthusiastic audience than that which greeted this wonderful Russian boy at his second recital on December 1. He played Saint-Saëns concerto in B minor with much authority and exquisite expressiveness. Seldom has one heard a more beautiful tone than he exhibited in the slow movement.

The Bach Chaconne has probably never been better played (on the technical side) by any violinist — such remarkable precision, tremendous ease and spontaneity; he also realized its depth and eloquence of character and presented it with great beauty.

Mr. Heifetz played Tschaikowsky's concerto with the Philharmonic yesterday (Sunday, December 16), and never has this concerto been played with greater mastery or more exquisite finesse. Although one is accustomed to a greater passion in this work, Jascha Heifetz's interpretation was both warm and vivid and always mindful of pure beauty. His performance will remain a memorable one.

Joseph Bonnet's historical series of organ recitals concluded at the Hotel Astor ballroom last Monday. These recitals were not only interesting, but highly instructive, and Mr. Bonnet proved himself to be a great artist, but one wept silently because of the poor instrument he had to use, and one hopes at his next series he will be given an organ worthy of him.

Henri Rabaud, composer of the opera, "Marouf," about to see its premiere at the Metropolitan opera house, was represented by his Symphony in E minor at the New York Symphony's concert December 6. Rabaud is a modern French composer (one of the conductors of the Opera Comique), and his symphony is certainly worth a repetition. He does not pursue many of the methods of the dominant school of French composers and is evidently seeking beyond atmosphere or vivid emotionalism. It has power and great charm. The first movement is decidedly academic; but great poetic feeling was shown in the andante, and tremendous dramatic force in the last movement. On hearing this symphony for the first time one certainly becomes anxious for the first performance of "Marouf."

The Society des Instruments Anciens gave a most attractive recital, but was unfortunate to play on the same afternoon as Fritz Kreisler, for this left the Aeolian barely half filled. A most fascinating program included Haydn, Haendel, Campra, Monsigny, Asioli and Lesuer. The latter, a perfectly exquisite ballet, represented at the Malmaison before Napoleon and the Empress Josephine in 1806.

One can well understand Napoleon's great enthusiasm for the clavecin, which lends itself so perfectly to the stringed instruments, and which makes one think of the piano as harsh and metallic in quartet playing.

On December 29 an interesting sonata recital will be given by that delightful violinist, Jacques Thibaud, and Robert Lortat, the French pianist who came to this country with Mr. Thibaud last year.

Whilst thanking heaven for the good things, canst tell me, Yvonne, why we must listen to so many indifferent concerts? — some of them indeed painful; most of the culprits are singers. And why is it that the worse the singer the more knitting goes on in the hall — clicking needles to the left, clicking needles to the right, vivacious flappers jabbing one in the ribs, wool being wound in front of one and a screeching soprano large and ugly holding the stage. The more she weighs the more pastel in shade, her gown, with many draperies struggling to flow — where? One hardly dare think; one is reduced to weeping into one's muff. If, in order to make the world safe for democracy, we must eliminate so much beautiful music, won't some far-seeing statesman safeguard the hearing of well-intentioned listeners and also ask the ladies to use their needles more discreetly?

Happy New Year, Yvonne. Yours,

HAUTBOY.

NEW ADVENTURES.
By Michael Monahan.
George H. Doran Co.

Michael Monahan is easily the best critic in America. One might say the only critic. He has a sense of values. He understands what is and what is not important. He is not misled by the hooting of owls and the croaking of bull frogs. His latest book shows a remarkable insight into the condition of America to-day. It is rather a pity that he does not continue in this strain, instead of invoking the ghost of Charles Dickens. Dickens could have done no better; in fact, not so well. Michael Monahan has inside knowledge, the point of view of the native. He is a very charming essayist in matters literally, and possesses a delightfully light touch in all such subjects as occupied by Charles Lamb. But there is something a little too slight about the workmanship of these essays. Mr. Monahan is at his best when genuinely moved. This is perhaps inherent in the nature of the circumstances in which he finds himself. The situation is really too critical for pleasant discourses on things that do not very much matter. In order to fiddle while Rome is burning, you should have a very peculiar point of view about Rome. You can only obtain ecstasy from your fiddling if the conflagration fills you with a sadistic pleasure or a satisfaction of your sense of justice. Even so, you must temper your fiddling to your flames.

Mr. Monahan has it in him to be a new Juvenal, and he is content to play the part of Horace. It must be a little difficult in any case, to do this in Connecticut. A. C.

HIS LAST BOW.
By Arthur Conan Doyle.
George H. Doran Company.

Either Sir Arthur Conan Doyle is getting old, I am. I do not find these last adventures of Sherlock Holmes nearly so good as those which gave me joy at the period of puberty. Even when I search my memory, it appears to me that some of them lack the point which really appealed to us. These stories are quite as melodramatic as the others, but they do not exhibit Holmes himself to such advantage. Dr. Joseph Bell is dead, and I think that Sir Arthur must have used him up a long while ago.

The only stories in the present volume which appeal to me are those that I remember reading when published in magazines years ago. In particular, the epilogue, the war story, which begs the whole question of detection. We are not interested in the adventures of Sherlock Holmes. We are interested in the quality of his mind, his power of deduction, and in a less degree in his special knowledge. A detective story is really very like a chess problem. There must be a complete correlation of cause and effect and a just balance between them. Absence of such qualities is not atoned for by grotesque situations or violent action. It is perfectly easy to multiply deaths. There is no more difficulty in killing a million people than a thousand. The essence of the art of the detective story is to exhibit the superior intelligence of a certain man. It is this which has made the stories of Poe and Gaboriau immortal. Du Boisgobey fails just where these others succeeded. The original Sherlock Holmes had some claim to share their eminence, for he introduced a new type of superior man, the scientific observer who increases knowledge by the observation of minute differences, just as Lord Rayleigh discovered the presence of some unknown element in atmospheric air through observation of the infinitesimal differences in its specific weight with that of the nitrogen of the laboratory, and so led to the discovery of argon. These stories, therefore, were naturally popular at a moment when the general imagination was highly excited by the discoveries of physical science. To-day that interest has been superseded by the new work in psychology, and we shall therefore expect that the great classical detective story of the period will be based upon minute observation of psychological facts. This, at least, strikes us as the most probable reason for the immense vogue of Simon Iff.

A WORN ROSE.

By LOLA RIDGE.

Where to-day would a dainty buyer
  Imbibe your scented juice,
Pale ruin with a heart of fire;
Drain your succulence with her lips —
  Grown sapless from much use
Make minister of her desire
A chalice cup, where no bee sips —
  Where no wasp wanders in?

Close to her white flesh housed an hour,
  One held you; her spent form
Drew on yours for its wasted dower —
What favor could she do you more?
  Yet, of all who drink therein,
None know it is the warm
Odorous heart of a ravished flower
Tingles so in her mouth's red core.

The History of the Belgian People.

Volume 1 of this history takes us from the very earliest period covered by authentic record up to the Hundred Years War. It is interesting to note that the mixed blood of the present Belgians, their division into Flemish and Walloon, is represented in the very dawn of her history. From the first they were half Celtic and half Teutonic. Belgium was, in fact, the original point of impact and it was in Belgium that the idea of democracy of the modern type first took shape.

It is necessary for us to picture the physical geography of this country, which was indeed one of the most miserable. It was a marsh constantly subjected to flood both from the sea and from the rivers. The northwestern part was a waste of sand and heather, the south an impassable jungle. It was only in the center that anything like habitable land was found. The climate was at that time also very unhealthy and unpleasant. The history of Europe can hardly be understood unless we realize fully the improvements of the changes caused by the gradual alteration in the course of the Gulf Stream.

The first impact of civilization upon the isolated barbarians who inhabited this country was made by Julius Caesar. The ruin of the Roman empire involved Belgium in the general devastation. Ultimately a dual control was set up to resist the assaults of the barbarians of the north, the ecclesiastic system on the one hand and the feudal on the other. However, the extraordinary position of the country under the new arrangements in Europe made it not only the battlefield of Europe but the market. Learning sprang up under the impulse of the monasteries, and commerce also flourished enormously. The result was that after a period of desolation due to Viking attacks, feudal states became very powerful and in the security thus offered cities sprang up whose merchants, becoming powerful, began to oppose themselves to the extactions of the nobles. We then find that by the Thirteenth Century, industrialism had become of supreme importance to the country. This system was protected by the famous guilds. The commercial idea having become dominant, public works were instituted and the country was gradually redeemed from the depredations of the sea. In this period of comparative prosperity, we find art and religion flourishing.

Up to a certain time France had been contented with peaceful penetration of the country, but towards the end of the Thirteenth Century, France wished to complete her influence by annexation. The burghers resisted with violence. It is not too much to say that the French invasion created a national spirit. Ultimately, France had to be content with a partial triumph. The excessively French part of Flanders, including the cities of Lille and Douay, became part of France. What was left of Flanders tended in consequence to be more exclusively Germanic. But it is impossible for rich weak states to survive in the midst of predatory neighbors. It is, in fact, immoral that such states should exist, since they afford a constant temptation to more virile and less laden races. The Low Countries have been in the nature of prizes since the rise of the Free Cities, and the balance of power in Europe has been constantly unstable because of the value of these teeming plains with their immense natural resources. The modern use of coal has, of course, merely accentuated the intensity of the struggle.