

LIGHT
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Three 'Equinox' books (Victoria-street, S.W.) have found their way to us: 'The History of a Soul' and 'The Deuce and All,' by George Raffalovich; and 'The Triumph of Pan,' Poems by Victor B. Neuburg. The first is a story of Paris life, involving a psychological study of character; seriously conceived and finely written, but not at all a happy story, though quite probable for Paris. The second presents a dozen short stories, the first of them passably sane, the remainder about as wild as anything in 'The Equinox,' and that is saying a great deal. They suggest nothing so much as scarlet fever or delirium tremens. 'The Triumph of Pan' is a gorgeous rhapsody, very eloquent but very highly coloured, yards and yards of verses like this:—

Grant me again thy lyre! Let me awaken
The old eternal spring;
So shall each soul with pangs of birth be shaken,
Let the good juices sting.
The song I craved is mine,
The song of blood and brine:
Men shall stand naked, unashamed and free,
To flaunt abroad their new-born ecstasy.

We hope not. But, fortunately, there are the police.

There is, however, a certain amount of sobriety, pure thought and beauty in many of the short pieces, especially in the 'Music Pictures.' Still, on the whole, we cannot help regretting that such splendid powers of imagination and expression are flung away in such literary rioting.