

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 transilium 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 efficiently 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 vari-

ous 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