

THE FREE LANCE.

"His good blade carves the casques of men, for the Free Lance thrusteth sure."

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"MELOMANIACS."

A collection of sketches of musicians, as well as other beings with "temperaments," all subjects of dementia, melancholia, or *melomania*—a riot of lurid tone in words—such is the nature of "Melomaniacs," a little-noticed book by James Huneker, issued about two years ago. The book is a sort of excursion into Bohemian psychology, that land of emotions, moods and the artistic temperament,—with the artistic temperament gone mad. There is a preponderance of Polish musicians, very Chopinesque in their manner and their music, long-haired and somewhat wild-eyed, worshiping Nietzsche and Lingwood Evans with all their revolutionary and anarchistic creed. And it is probably from these two, first a mental pathology of the artistic temperament gone mad; second, a revelation of the sensation and moods which music can induce in one susceptible to its influence; it is from these two features of the book that it has interest from a literary point of view.

One of the most *risque* in conception of the sketches is "The Disenchanted Symphony." One Pobloff, a more or less well-meaning Slav, is the leading figure in it. Pobloff loved mathematics more than music, and quoted Leibnitz: "Music is an occult exercise of the mind unconsciously performing arithmetical calculations." He, Pobloff, had studied under Lobatchewsky, and