



CLOTHOLOGY



I knew that in that flower he saw a hope
Of living on, and seeing again the roses
of his home.

Beauty is that which pleases and de-
lights,

Not bringing personal advantage - Kant.

But later on I heard

A canker worked into that crimson flow-
er

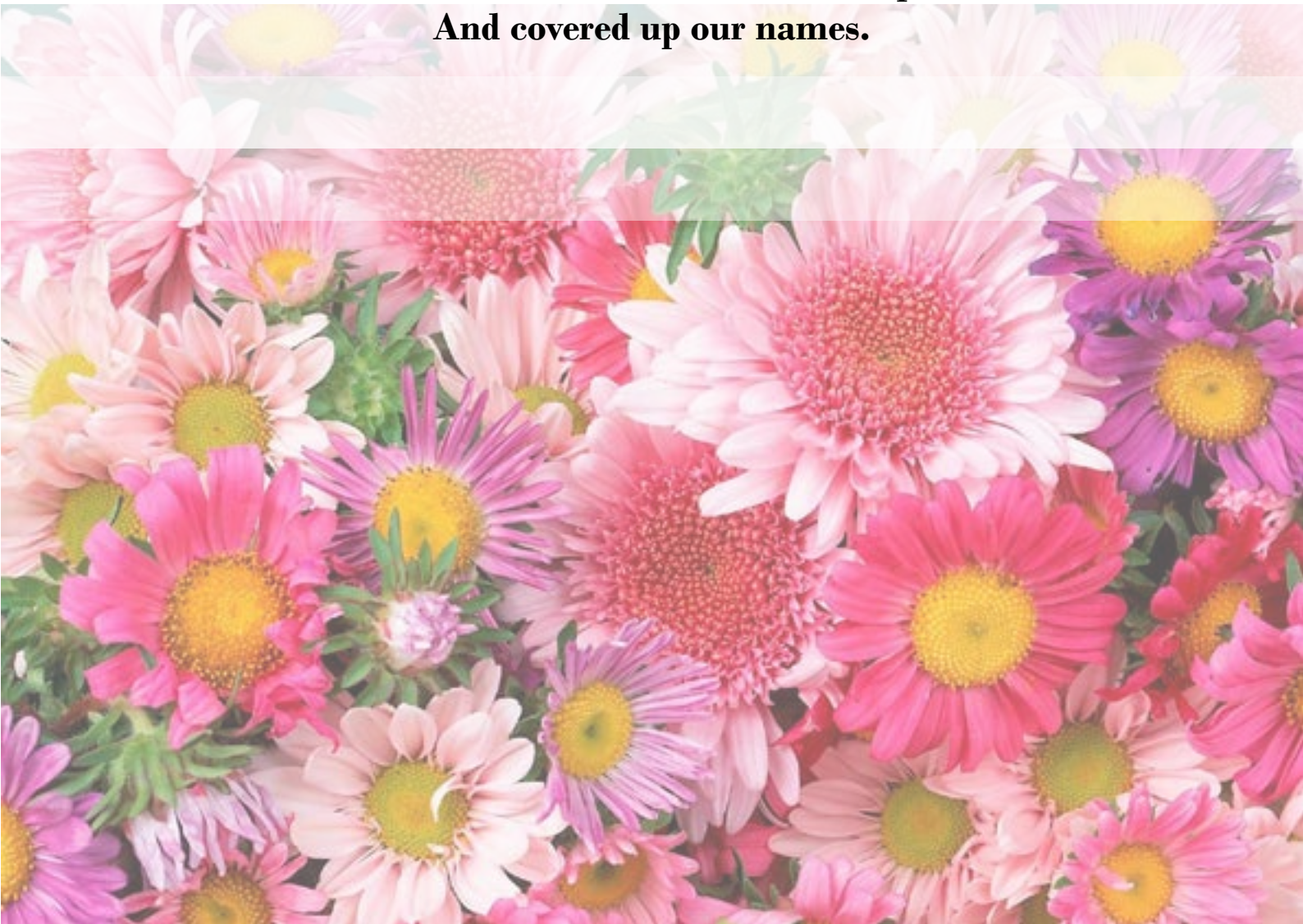
And that he sank with it

And laid it with the anemones off Dover.

**I died for beauty but was scarce
Adjusted in the tomb,
When one who died for truth was lain
In an adjoining room.**

**He questioned softly why I failed?
'For beauty,' I replied.
'And I for truth,--the two are one;
We brethren are,' he said.**

**And so, as kinsmen met a night,
We talked between the rooms,
Until the moss had reached our lips,
And covered up our names.**

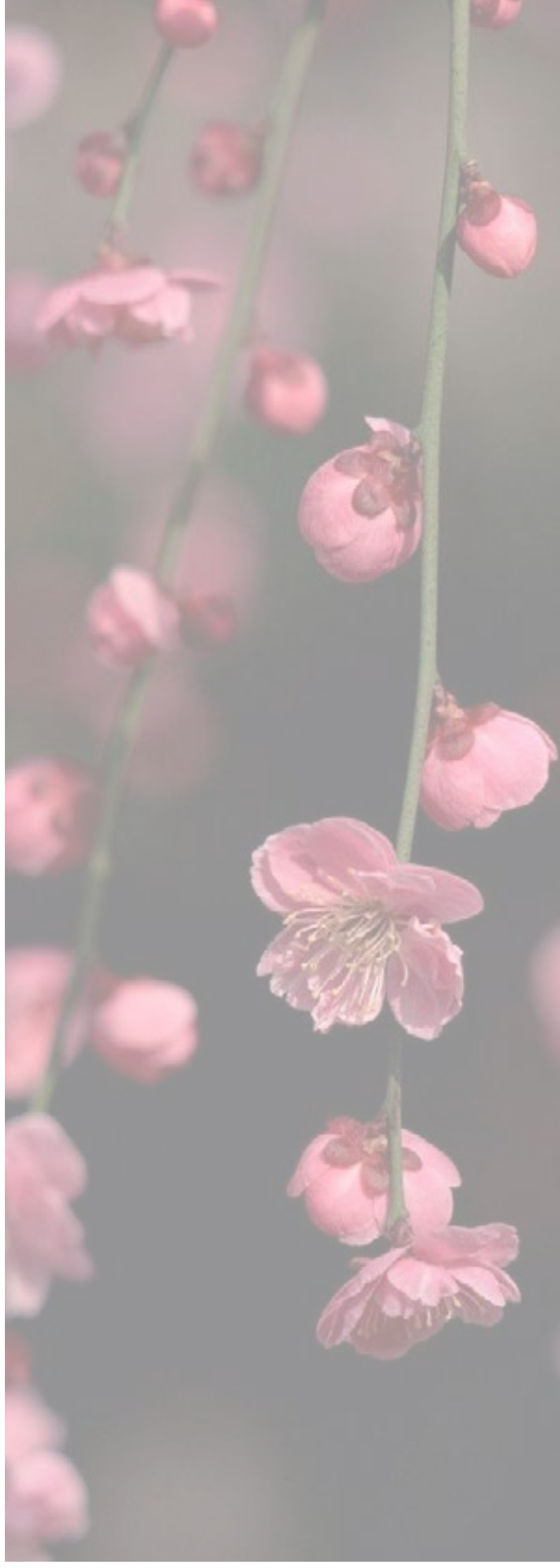


Beauty Imposes - Poem by
John Shaw Neilson
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Beauty imposes reverence in
the Spring,
Grave as the urge within the
honeybuds,
It wounds us as we sing.

Beauty is joy that stays not
overlong.
Clad in the magic of sincerities,
It rides up in a song.

Beauty imposes chastenings on
the heart,
Grave as the birds in last so-
lemnities
Assembling to depart





*I BADE, because the wick and oil are spent
And frozen are the channels of the blood,
My discontented heart to draw content
From beauty that is cast out of a mould
In bronze, or that in dazzling marble ap-
pears,
Appears, but when we have gone is gone
again,
Being more indifferent to our solitude
Than 'twere an apparition. O heart, we are
old;
The living beauty is for younger men:
We cannot pay its tribute of wild tears.*