LE THEATRE DU VIEUX COLOMBIER.

F. S. Flint.

THE River Marne will be associated with two of the most interesting artistic experiments made of late years in France. The mansion that housed the Abbaye group of artists, poets, musicians, had a tiled descent into it for bathing (one of the photographs taken at the time shows the Abbayists in bathing costumes of varying exiguity). And M. Jacques Copeau’s company of actors were trained in a garden on a terrace overlooking it: trained in the garden belonging to his house in the little village of Limon, near La Ferté-sous-Jouarre. The stage was an open, white-washed barn; the footlights were reflected from a pond in front. Five hours a day were given to the rehearsals of the plays composing the répertoire; two hours a day to reading aloud at sight (to make the vocal organs supple and the mind ready) and to physical exercises. On the first of September, the company returned to Paris, to rehearse for another six weeks, on the stage, in costume, with scenery.

Since the Théâtre Libre of M. André Antoine, there has been no theatrical enterprise of the artistic importance of this. M. Copeau is the director of one of the finest French reviews now appearing—"La Nouvelle Revue Française." He is a man of wide culture; a writer of merit; a reciter of genius (he read to us at the Grafton Galleries last year) ; an actor. He has a profound knowledge of stagecraft, and an undiluted belief that "the play’s the thing" and not some one actor’s business. "Décabotiniser l’acteur" has been M. Copeau’s motto; and he has gathered round him a company of young, enthusiastic artists, whose ambition is to serve their art. And one of the wonderful things about this attempt to renovate French dramatic art is the way in which they have effaced themselves, although many of them had already acquired reputations.

The Théâtre du Vieux Colombier is situated on the left bank of the Seine, in the Carrefour de la Croix Rouge, near the Schools. It will hold only five hundred people; but M. Copeau, believing that the influence of any work of renovation is closely bound up with its duration, has calculated that, with a small capital on which to pay interest, a low rental, and a rational limitation of all expenses, his average daily expenditure will be more than met, and the theatre will even prosper, with a relatively low average daily revenue. He counts, first of all, on a small public composed of intelligent lovers of the drama and of those who are tired of the banalities and false values of the commercial theatre. He has hopes, too, of raising a “new contingent”—to be recruited among people of culture, students, writers, artists, and the intellectual foreigners who reside in the Latin quarter. M. Copeau proposes to arouse the interest of this public by giving at least three plays a week. This arrangement will allow him to produce pieces that are not self-supporting, and it will break in his actors to all the exigencies of dramatic interpretation.

As regards the repertory, M. Copeau says that their first care will be to treat with particular venera-
tion the classics, both ancient and modern, French and foreign. Before these works they will endeavour to place themselves in an interpretative frame of mind, say, they will try to discover the spirit in them that has become overlaid with the mechanical habits of certain actors and buried beneath a so-called tradition; but under no pretext whatever will any attempt be made to bring any classic up-to-date. 

"Toute l'originalité de notre interprétation, si on lui en trouve, ne viendra que de la connaissance approfondie de l'œuvre."

The classics, then, modern plays, new and old, and foreign drama - Æschylus, Euripides, Molière, Racine, Musset, Mérimée, Henri Becque, Jules Renard, Port-Riche, Tristan Bernard, Georges Courteline, Vièl-Gifflin, Paul Claudel, André Suarès, Henri Ghéon, Jean Schlumberger, Alexandre Arnoux, Jacques Copeau; Shakespeare, Thomas Heywood, Courteline, Vielé-Griffin, Paul Claudel, André Suarès, Racine, Musset, Mérimée, Henri Becquet, Jules

("A Woman killed with Kindness" - the first play produced at this theatre, in a translation that suppressed the minor intrigue), Ibsen, Stanislas Wyspiański, Shaw — will form the repertoire for the first season—a rich pasture for those who are happy enough to be in Paris. There will be no elaborate scenery and effects: M. Copeau denies any importance to them whatever; the creation of the secret and visible band and correspondence of relationships which vitalises a drama is his mark.

M. Copeau intends to start a school of pupil-actors; it will be free; and young men and women, even children, will be trained by the ways of the routine theatre will be trained. Indeed, it will be no surprise if, out of M. Copeau's generous endeavour, out of his indignation with the present commercial theatre, springs a revival of French drama; he has created sympathy and enthusiasm all around him; the means to require these; and—soon—the school of acting that he has envisaged will supply them the material. Knowing this, knowing M. Copeau's wide literary sympathies, every original dramatist should feel spurred on to his task, and dramatic faults disappear in the final proof of an enlightened representation.

**VIEWS AND COMMENTS.**

It is the result of the "sinking of differences" school, whose graduates are the present-day "rebels." It may be as well to define "a rebel." A rebel is a Londoner who is a personal acquaintance of one or all of the pamphleteers of the Fabian Society, who retains, doubtless, his membership of that society, but whose leaders to-day is that Larkin has now completely surrendered himself into the hands of the intellectuals of the 'Daily Herald.'—' Central News.' As the "Herald," presumably, is not disposed to quarrel with the "leaders' conclusion, and publishes the item without comment, we can accept it as correct, and congratulate ourselves. The "Herald" being the paper with a soul to save, it has been our self-appointed task to address to it the chastening word which leads to salvation. If therefore the "Herald" carries Mr. Larkin in its pocket our words of admonition will reach him along the usual route. For the time has come to speak to Mr. Larkin words of admonition, having read his many speeches delivered in England since the time when the politicians came to the conclusion that released from gaol he would do no harm—not enough, at least, to counterbalance the annuity of an election lost on the count of sheer romantic sentiment. The determining character, to us, of Mr. Larkin's addresses is the fact that they, following in the tradition of the "Herald", " Rebels," successfully confuse two mutually negating gospels. In the pages of the "Herald" the confusion did little positive harm, though it foiled the efforts of the understanding to get forradar. On the lips of a born "orator" however the harm effected is likely to be considerable. What will be effected is this: the revolting energy which is rare enough to require hubris will work itself into a blind alley, and be spent in driving at obstacles which are off the path of its true destination. The energy will be spent: nothing will be gained: spirits will tire: reaction set in: and there will be the same old verdict—another " abortive revolution."

What is wrong is—confusion. Let the "Herald" clear one thing: Mr. Larkin is no English" rebel"; the "Herald" strong enough to put the lasso round the neck of its imported, and no doubt highly admirable enthusiasts—Larkin and Haywood—while it teaches them how to make haste slowly? that it has no taste for a revolution? that, if convictions be not strong enough for an insurrection, it would be far better to hand the situation over into the hands of certain hitherto despised gentry—the Macdonalds, Shackletons, Hendersons, Snowden's and what not?

All the confusion of which Mr. Larkin's speeches are an embodiment is the inevitable result of a propaganda which attempts to commandeer the goodwill arising out of two tendencies now becoming more and more patently divergent, but both seeking to encompass a wider distribution of material benefit.

One of the latest attempts of socialist thought has been to make out that the industrial question pivotted on the "wage-system." The attempt however was cancelled out in absurdity when the empowering virtue of the theory was proclaimed to reside in a distinction between "wages" and "pay"—some great moral distinction. Well, to be sure, there is nothing more certain than that if the alteration of "wages" into "pay" would bring peace into the industrial world, the Murphys and Devonports would be pleased to make the change to-morrow. The thing is that "industrial unrest" is not in the main an affair turning about material necessities. If it were, state-socialism or guild-socialism could cure it. As it is, their attempted application rouses more temper than the goal of poverty itself, and it is precisely this temper which vitalises the agitation. Persons speaking under the stress of a passion usually listened to, even when what they say is nonsense. It is, for instance, temper which makes the appeal for information as to facts concerning " actual strikers'
families" seem an impertinence. A Mr. McCurdy, M.P., writes to Mr. Larkin, "Give us examples . . . showing their wages and work and their weekly budget. How do their wages compare with the cost of living in Dublin? Tell us in pounds, shillings and pence what your Union has done to raise wages for the workers during its existence. Let us know something about the employers engaged in the dispute, give us the names of the firms, and tell us, if possible, what profits they make, and what dividends they distribute, and in each case the rate of wages. Then let us know whether they are taken into the homes of the workers and the counting-house of the employers, there to see the facts for themselves and to judge as between man and master the rights and wrongs of this terrible dispute."

If Mr. Larkin retorted as he felt it would probably be with a "Right, and man 'forsooth! Owner and owned! Take the judgment in another court when they appealed to "public opinion." It is the socialistic appeal which is made to public opinion—the servile attitude, submissive, inferior, ready-to-be-taught and willing-to-be-judged. The appeal to public opinion is in itself a surrender. Hand in hand, success and defeat, whereas, if they themselves did the bold deed successfully, they would by the very act have shut up the mouth of public opinion. If they supplied themselves: served their own necessities like themselves: served their own necessities like masters, showed their might, very swiftly public opinion would concede their right. That is why this dispute should be settled in Dublin. The appeal in England for funds is a surrender. Mr. Larkin says he need not thank those who have supplied a little money: that so to do was their simple duty. It is nothing of the sort. The only duty which exists in this situation is the duty of living in Dublin. Tell us in pounds, shillings and pence, what your Union has done to raise wages for the workers during its existence. Let us know something about the employers engaged in the dispute, give us the names of the firms, and tell us, if possible, what profits they make, and what dividends they distribute, and in each case the rate of wages. Then let us know whether they are taken into the homes of the workers and the counting-house of the employers, there to see the facts for themselves and to judge as between man and master the rights and wrongs of this terrible dispute."

As we pointed out above, the appeal to "public opinion" and for public support quenches the possibility of maintaining an egoistic temper—the gentlemanly temper in this dispute. "Public opinion" has nothing to say to "temper," except that it is a nuisance, a disturber of the peace which would swiftly be suppressed. Ordinarily temper has a contempt and disregard for public opinion: hence to come upon it, cap in hand, a suppliant, would be a unique opportunity for public opinion to get its own back. Hence, one must suppose, the explanation of Mr. Larkin's mixed gospel. Appealing to "public opinion," he must appeal on grounds which public opinion recognises: the "wrongness" of excessive poverty, excessive oppression by masters of men. Hence the piling up of the agony, the exhibition of wounds—possibly their exaggeration. One gives the rebel over-credulous faith for public support by exhibitions of the poor's weakness under compulsion of circumstance. Were it otherwise it would be exceedingly ominous. It is, in any case, detestable. Consider the incident about which the outcry has been made as to its accuracy: the strike-girl, who for next to nothing was imprisoned in a reformatory, in circumstances which were "fallen" women. One is not worried as to whether or not it is true. What gives the nasty turn is the telling of it. Such things do not happen to people of quality, for the simple reason that they would promptly be avenged. Try to imagine Mr. Lloyd George working up his sloppiest audience with a similar legend about a female relation of "me friend William D. Haywood's retort anent a suggestion put forward by Mr. Bernard Shaw, that the people should arm themselves against the police. "Let Bernard Shaw do the shooting himself," said Mr. Haywood: an idiotic remark. It is not Mr. Shaw's quarrel, he merely gives his opinion for what it is worth. Is it not a little big enough for the three of us to stand on? We are very well indeed by Mr. Shaw. We forget the number of thousands per annum which Rumour says Mr. Shaw gets from his books: it is large enough to sound fabulous. Why should he fight policemen? They treat him with no end of respect. It is as great a mistake to assume too much goodwill as it is to rely on a vicarious responsibility. If goodwill is there it is there by grace and not of necessity. The poor are treading on honey-combed ground when they assume that successful writers will espouse their quarrel as their own. Things do so well by them as they are. The poor see to that. Writers—successful ones—have nothing whereat to grumble. They toil not, neither do they spin—aught save yarns and theories for their own amusement. Yet they know all will be well with them. "It is your move, gentlemen: the play is waiting." If Mr. Larkin retorted as he felt it would probably be with a "Right, and man 'forsooth! Owner and owned! Take the judgment in another court when they appealed to "public opinion." That is, we imagine, as he would like it. It is your move, gentlemen: the play is waiting."

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that others in happier circumstances will of necessity espouse their quarrels as their own, finds its counterpart in their belief in the actuality of abstract qualities: in justice and right. They believe that they have been treated unjustly, because their side; that they have been treated unjustly therefore justice fights for them, and will one day appear in power to succour them and rehabilitate their slighted altars. If only they could obliterate their entire conception of Justice, their "just due" would in swift sequence be rapidly enhanced. If they could only be taught to consider that it is treated in strict accordance with their respective powers, and that to be treated otherwise is mercy, pity, personal affection, or the fastidious restraint exercised because dealing with a recognised inferior! The "poor" have been treated as they could be: honestly justly, and there exists no "Justice" over and above to whom they can make appeal to readjust the reckoning. To think there is, is an added disability: to know there is not, puts the emphasis where it should be: on one's relative possession of power—power to live and get. Someone said—a voice from the "Herald" probably—"All that the Dublin strikers want is a little freedom..." This is the "right to'-this or that, combine perhaps. If that is all the Dublin striker thinks he wants he would do better to get back to his job. One hoped he was after something more easily convertible into use: some property of his own to use, abuse, and defend. Not something that and if he choose follow on power and property as the thunder-clap follows the lightning.

It is indeed time that the ambitions of the labouring world were lifted out of the ranks of a "Cause," into that of clear definition of specific ends. There has been more than enough of "Causes" which go marching on" leaving the hapless Caustite as thin and unbegot with possessions as before. If it is higher wages they want, or "pay" if it pleases them so to call it, with security of tenure, favourableness of conditions and so on, let them state it plainly to themselves. Let them accept themselves in roles where they are the "men" and where others are the masters. (Whether these latter are private capitalists, or state officials, or guild servants does not matter: it all works out to the same in the end: they are the masters). Once they have decided on what they want, they will get it. There will be little bitterness among the workers themselves in most cases—hold varying opinions as to the "masters." The bitterness arises out of the resentment of those who resent being the employed servants of any "masters." The bitterness of misunderstanding. The socialists are able and ready to espouse their quarrels as their own with something of the freshness of revelation that they are too simple for treachery. They do not understand the content of the temper they are offending: therefore they do not understand their offence. It is when the "Rebels" state the case, and one sees how even in this advanced opinion one realises that a temper so dimly understood as to be only half-articulate on the lips of its advance-guard is probably wholly uncomprehended by the rival body. Relieved of the excitement of suspecting "treachery" one becomes easily capable of commanding the patience which can hear things through, the case for the well-stabled, well-fed, domesticated animal, i.e., the working man. And having heard it through, one arrives at the conclusion that if the working man does not object to it there exist no grounds for objection. If the wild, untameable spirit is not there—talking will not put it there. But in the case of the wild spirit one can go is that it may unaware be lying there, buried, stuffed-up with the stagnations of long disuse. That is the possibility which orators, and far better because far more responsible, journalists can make trial of. But to attempt to force self-ownership and the self-responsibility which the wild spirit craves, and in the men whose timid hearts are crying for a master and safety, is to build for disaster. It cannot be accomplished. Inevitably, the spirits of the unwillingly free will sag downwards to their true level—to shelter and protection, and it is the instinctive desire to shun death which is the powerful engine of the exponents of insurrection to use contradictions at their need, the argument of the well-managed domesticated animal and that of the free self-empowering man. It is a mistake: frankness is better. Numbers are nothing, and the sooner the differently employedFranke, the better. Only the one who will be with the one, but genius, every embodiment of the human spirit will raise to the level of self-consciousness will automatically trend to the other.

The hatred of a "master," the desire for the self-determination of one's own activity, is the first thing of which a man becomes acutely aware once the separateness of his personality is clearly reflected in his consciousness. It reveals itself in restiveness under the badge of servitude even when easy. It will willingly exchange ease for strain, it is an ever-present spirit to bring its own "keep" with it, in a tightening of the spiritual fibre which braces it to meet the responsibility it entails. How much there may be of it in the strike-area, which all the well-laid schemes for housing and feeding the domesticated beast of burden will never give a hint of. And it is true that to assist this spirit to breathe forth is as though one should create life in the soul of man. To accomplish it is the one real object of the case for social change. It is the duty of those who resent being the employed servants of any "masters" to transmute the entire "distress movement" on to the same level. A little frankness from the would-be freemen's standpoint would in our opinion do everything that is required for the removal of the bitterness of misunderstanding. The socialists are able and ready to state their case: they only ask for the work they carry well The labour "leaders" and reformers need only repeat their lesson as taught them. It is worth while, from time to time, to examine the mood of irritation which ordinarily is sufficient to banish below the horizon of the mind consideration of persons such as Mr. Philip Snowden, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald and other "leaders" who give themselves voice in that treacherous sounding sheet the "Daily Citizen." Ordinarily, one thinks of them as dead dogs with an ill odour—and dismisses them. Faced however with a personality like that of Mr. Larkin, they come to mind again. It dawns upon one with something of the freshness of revelation that they are too simple for treachery. They do not understand the content of the temper they are offending: therefore they do not understand their offence. It is when the "Rebels" state the case, and one sees how even in this advanced opinion one realises that a temper so dimly understood as to be only half-articulate on the lips of its advance-guard is probably wholly uncomprehended by the rival body. Relieved of the excitement of suspecting "treachery" one becomes easily capable of commanding the patience which can hear things through, the case for the well-stabled, well-fed, domesticated animal, i.e., the working man. And having heard it through, one arrives at the conclusion that if the working man does not object to it there exist no grounds for objection. If the wild, untameable spirit is not there—talking will not put it there. But in the case of the wild spirit one can go is that it may unaware be lying there, buried, stuffed-up with the stagnations of long disuse. That is the possibility which orators, and far better because far more responsible, journalists can make trial of. But to attempt to force self-ownership and the self-responsibility which the wild spirit craves, and in the men whose timid hearts are crying for a master and safety, is to build for disaster. It cannot be accomplished. Inevitably, the spirits of the unwillingly free will sag downwards to their true level—to shelter and protection, and it is the instinctive desire to shun death which is the powerful engine of the exponents of insurrection to use contradictions at their need, the argument of the well-managed domesticated animal and that of the free self-empowering man. It is a mistake: frankness is better. Numbers are nothing, and the sooner the differently employedFranke, the better. Only the one who will be with the one, but genius, every embodiment of the human spirit will raise to the level of self-consciousness will automatically trend to the other.
An Epidemic of Law.

WHEN a disease reaches an epidemic stage, it is usually swiftly followed, in civilised communities, by vigorous medical treatment. Virulent diseases of the body politic, however, is not treated in that sensible manner. On the contrary. The state of Tennessee, for instance, has recently been afflicted with a grave malady. Its trouble has been largely enteric. It has become gorged with law to such an extent that its organs of digestion and assimilation have utterly failed to dispose of the accumulation.

But what does Tennessee do? Not what prudence and medical analogy would suggest—that is, try to remove the cause. She rather attempts (to paraphrase Macaulay) to cure the evils of law with more law. It is undeniable, of course, that this is the customary political treatment; but the form which it has taken in this instance seems grotesquely ridiculous, though less so when we recall that few people in the United States take their laws seriously. In the eager exercise of our glorious democratic privilege, we blithely enact law after law, until there is such a mass of law that no lawyer can possibly keep track of it, let alone attempt to understand it. But with the enactment our enthusiasm ends. Sometimes we become so indifferent before the job is completed that we neglect to appropriate money for the salaries of the officials who are designated to enforce the laws. These instances are rather rare, however. Few bills ever reach a third reading if they don’t carry a berth for a politician. Only simple-minded people and reformers have the hardihood or sanguinity to expect the enforcement of laws; hence only they are disappointed when the net result of legislation is to make the lawyers, printers and provide sinecures for the faithful henchmen of the prevailing boss.

But I was speaking of Tennessee. Its inhabitants are at the dawning of a new era. It seems that, by a margin so narrow as to leave a militant minority disputing it, some drastic measures have been enacted, as in many other southern states, prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors. As usual, especially in the cities, enforcement did not follow enactment, where the sentiment against the laws was predominant, and where, in the opinion of the rural inhabitants, the enforcement would be especially desirable. The consequence was that a special session of the legislature was called for the purpose of enacting laws for the enforcement of the laws already passed. The opposition to such legislation was sufficient to prevent the enactments which the prohibitionists desired; but a start has been made, the idea has been planted, and will eventually bear fruit. The optimistic governor is grateful that at least the people have ‘’been granted the right to go into the courts with civil lawsuits and exterminate the lawless saloon.’’ In other words the people can, as private citizens and at their own expense, hire lawyers and bring suit against all those public officials who refuse to enforce the criminal laws.

This is indeed the sublimation of majority rule. We enact laws to coerce the minority, then we enact laws to enforce the laws previously enacted. The next step is, logically, to enact further laws to enforce the laws enacted in the first instance. This process may be extended to infinity, and it ought to reassure the politicians. There was consternation in their camp recently when a certain college professor (college professors are, by the way, sometimes taken seriously when they least expect it) predicted that laws were becoming so numerous and ambiguous that our jurisprudence would soon topple over. But now we know that this wise man had based his calculations on insufficient data. And when we consider that, the enactment of criminal law having been carried ineffec-

tually to infinity, we can still resort to courts of equity and bring suits to compel the enforcement of laws to enforce the enforcement of laws, we realise what an illimitable field of litigation is offered to us, even though all legislation should be exhausted.

This is interesting; yet still more interesting is a calculation made not long ago by an expert statistician. It was for the state of New York covering a period of ten years ending with December 31, 1912. He informs us that the increase in output of the legislative mills during that decade, in proportion to the population, was so great that were the increase maintained in the same ratio for the succeeding ten years, at the end of that term over half of the adult male population would be in the meshes of the law or engaged in the administration of it. To be exact, thirty-one per cent would be connected with the public service in some way and twenty-six per cent would be imprisoned or prosecuted. It is true our statistician added the naïve proviso: if all laws were strictly enforced. A saving "if"!

The legislator, I am sorry to say, is but a servant of the state of mind of the individual. If the last authors—in point of modernity—that you read, were, say, Dowson and Verlaine, you emerge in a state of mental paralysis; at least I should think so. On the other hand, if you are pretty well up with modern French poetry and have read "I Poeti Futuristi" there is nothing so startling after all. M. Marinetti and his poems grow out of Mallarmé, Whitman, Laforgue and Roumain as certainly as Picasso came out of Whistler, Van Gogh, and Cézanne. That is to say it is all a development, and a natural development, of what is commonly called "Impressionism." Mallarmé, of course, wanted literature to deal in the five senses more or less equally, but the tendency was rather to stress sight. Now we have M. Marinetti-Barzun with an impressionist of hearing, which he calls simultaneity, and M. Marinetti with an impressionism of smell, hearing and sight. It is true that no Frenchman ever born can approach M. Marinetti for turgid rhetoric. It is amazing to a glum Anglo-Saxon to watch M. Marinetti's prodigious gestures. It is like watching two Neapolitans quarrelling over money. In a second M. Marinetti is more serious, and really an artist in his fashion. And if it was amazing to us, or at least a little entertaining, to read the earlier poems of the Futurists, it is a great experience to hear M. Marinetti declaim his new ones.

Let me attempt to express my sensations, after a Futurist séance, in the new Futurist manner. You are to imagine that I am on top of a motor-omnibus on the way to Kensington High Street.


Now you can accuse me of exaggeration or rhetoric if you like, but in view of the fact that I have caught the true Futurist manner I will quote a few lines from M. Marinetti's "BATTLE"

"WEIGHT+SMELL.

"Sun gold billets dishes lead sky silk heat bed-quieting purple blue torrefaction Sun = Volcano + 3000 flags atmosphere precision corridor fury sun lamp rays history sparks linen desert clinic x 20000 arms 10000 feet 10000 eyesights scintillations expectation sand ship-engines Italians Arabs 4000 metres battalions boilers commands pistons sweat mouths furnaces Perdio forward oil steam ammonia : acacias gillyflower dust sand dimness-of-mirrors everything march arithmetic tracks obey irony enthusiasm."

There now. I admit it is a little novel even after "Le Monopol du Pape," and yet some of us are so jaded that we are not so prodigiously stirred. And there is an ignorant fellow in the room who is so impressed by his "if" that he pretends Sappho any day. After all it is not for us to criticise our contemporaries. It is nonsense to condemn a man and his work because you do not agree with him or because you did not invent his particular way of writing yourself, or because you don't understand him. As I indicated in the first part of this article there is some vivid "impressionism" in these new things of M. Marinetti. I remember particularly that I felt quite clearly as he recited one of his poems that a boat was being moored to a quay. I heard the boat scrape along who and kept a look out to see if you can't get some more.

There is a vast disorganised energy in these poems and good journalistic observation. Their great drawback to some of us is their utterly unrestrained rhetoric, their use of abstractions, their vagueness. Read a passage by de Maupassant and you get something clear and precise, some statement of appearances or emotion. M. Marinetti's poems are born in confusion and may perish in it.

One must do M. Marinetti the justice to admit that he is a fearless experimenter. He is a great deal better than the bourgeois and women who grin at him when he reads. And he must be very good for Italy.

I advise everyone to read "I Poeti Futuristi," the anthology of first poems published in Milan in 1912. I would specially recommend the poems of Signore Paolo Buzzi, Signore Cavacchioli, and the poem on Venice by Signore Armando Mazzu.

Richard Aldington,
Reviews.

*The Tempers.*

Mr. Williams' poems are distinguished by the vigour of their emotional colouring. He makes a bold effort to express himself directly and convinces one that the emotions expressed are veritably his own, wherever he shows traces of reading, it would seem to be a snare against which he struggles, rather than a support to lean upon. It is this that gives one hopes for his future work, and it is his directness coupled with the effect of colour—and the peculiarly vivid and rich range of colour in which his emotions seem to present themselves, "gold against blue" to his vision—that produces the individual quality of his verse. His metres also are bold, heavily accented, and built up as part of himself.

The mood of "The Tempers" varies from that of the splendid "Postlude" (which appeared in these pages some weeks since—in a group of poems headed "The Newer School"), with its "Let there be gold of tarnished masonry, Temples soothed by the sun to ruin That sleep utterly, Give me hand for the dances, Ripples at Philae, in and out, And lips, my Lesbian, Wall flowers that once were flame." to the macabre humour of "Hic Jacet," which I quote entire.

"The coroner's merry little children Have such twinkling brown eyes, Their father is not of gay men And their mother peculiar in nowise, Yet the coroner's merry little children Laugh so easily.

They laugh because they prosper.

"Fruit for them is upon all branches. Lo! how they jibe at loss, for Kind heaven fills their little paunches! It's the coroner's merry, merry children Who laugh so easily."

At times he seems in danger of drifting into imaginative reason, but the vigour of his illegality is nearly always present to save him; and he is for the most part content to present his image, or the bare speech of his protagonist, without border or comment, as he does in the "Crude Lament":

"The men that went a-hunting Are asleep in the snowdrifts. You have kept the fire burning! Crooked fingers that pull Fuel from among the wet leaves," or in the more or less unintelligible rune of "The Ordeal," where someone is evidently praying to the fire-spirit to save a companion from witchcraft or some other magic.

One is disappointed that Mr. Williams has not given a larger volume, and one hopes for more to come. E. P.

*Paul Castiaux*

Of course you never know where you are, in treating a foreign work of your own day. In your own country or in your own proper language you know, if you know your subject at all, that there are a dozen or so serious workers, as for the rest you can divide them fairly easily into well-meaning amateurs, charlatans, and ill-meaning amateurs. There are also the stationary, who are beyond the pale of description.

But in a foreign tongue you never quite know. You know what moves and what pleases you, the rest is approximation. The finer shades may escape you. You are never quite sure of the cliches. You know vaguely when a new book seems like ninety-eight other books you have opened.

I think the one thing which does not escape you is a passionate vigour of language, or some new form of intensity. One does not doubt Corbière. It does not require a critic to find him. With impressionists it is undoubtedly different. An impressionist is one who does not seek to impress us. An impressionist cares little either about us or himself. He is neither pleased nor displeased with his subject. He is mildly pleased to be conscious.

This attitude is so irritating to some that we have fallen into new movements.

We have ninety-eight new schools of Passionate Indignationists who move under all sorts of names in divers sorts of North-West, and no one dares say "Hawk" to a Henshaw for fear that he might be mistaken.

I have received a pleasing book from M. Paul Castiaux. After what I have said I cannot call M. Castiaux an impressionist. I had better quote his "PAYSGE."

"De fines toiles d'araignée tombent du ciel. Il pleut fin et perpétuel Du ciel distant au ciel prochain de ma fenêtre. La bruine plane sur les toits roses et bleus, Sur les rochers massifs et gris, Du ciel prochain au ciel prochain de ma fenêtre. L'azur dormant bien haut sur des coussins de pluie."

"L'ordre," where someone is evidently praying to the fire-spirit to save a companion from witchcraft or some other magic.

One is disappointed that Mr. Williams has not given a larger volume, and one hopes for more to come. E. P.

*The Tempers.* By William Carlos Williams. (Elkin Mathews. 1/6.)
Poems.

BY EZRA POUND.

FURTHER INSTRUCTIONS.

Come, my songs, let us express our baser passions.
Let us express our envy for the man with a steady job
and no worry about the future.

You are very idle, my songs,
You stand about the streets. You loiter at the
corners and bus-stops,
You do next to nothing at all.
You do not even express our inner nobility,
You will come to a very bad end.

And I? I have gone half cracked.
I have talked to you so much
that I almost see you about me,
Insolent little beasts! Shameless! Devoid of
clothing!

But you, newest song of the lot,
You are not old enough to have done much mischief.
I will get you a green coat out of China
with dragons worked upon it.
I will get you the scarlet silk trousers
From the statue of the infant Christ at Santa Maria
Novella;
Lest they say we are lacking in taste,
Or that there is no caste in this family.

LES MILLWIN.
The little Millwins attend the Russian Ballet.
The mauve and greenish souls of the little Millwins
Were seen lying along the upper seats
Like so many unused boas.

The turbulent and undisciplined host of art students—
The rigorous deputation from "Slade"—
Was before them.

With arms exalted, with fore-arms
Crossed in great futuristic X's, the art students
Exulted, they beheld the splendors of Cleopatra.

And the little Millwins beheld these things;
With their large and anaemic eyes they looked out
upon this configuration.

Let us therefore mention the fact,
For it seems to us worthy of record.

ANCORA.

Good God! They say you are risqué!
O canzonetti.
We who went out into the four a.m. of the world
Composing our albas;
The infinite deputation of "Slade"—
Was before them.

With arms exalted, with fore-arms
Crossed in great futuristic X's, the art students
Exulted, they beheld the splendors of Cleopatra.

And the little Millwins beheld these things;
With their large and anaemic eyes they looked out
upon this configuration.

Fore it seems to us worthy of record.

CONVICTIONS.

I.
Rest me with Chinese colours,
For I think the glass is evil.

II.
The wind moves above the wheat—
With a silver crashing,
A thin war of metal.

I have known the golden disc,
I have seen it melting above me.
I have known the stone-bright place,
The hall of clear colours.

III.
O glass subtly evil, O confusion of colours!
O light bound and bent in, O soul of the captive,
Why am I warned? Why am I sent away?
Why is your glitter full of curious mistrust?
O glass subtly evil, O confusion of colours!
O filaments of amber, two-faced iridescence!

THE REST.

Three spirits came to me
And drew me apart
To where the olive boughs
Lay stripped upon the ground;
Pale carnage beneath bright mist.

GENTILDONNA.

She passed and left no quiver in the veins, who now—
Moving among the trees, and clinging
in the air she severed,
Fanning the grass she walked on then—endures:
Gray olive leaves beneath a rain-cold sky.

SURGIT FAMA.

There is truce among the gods,
Korè is seen in the North
Skirting the blue-gray sea
In gilded and russet mantle.
The corn has again its mother and she, Leucippe,
That failed never women, fails not the earth now.
The tricksome Hermes is here;
He moves behind me.
Eager to catch my words,
Eager to spread them with rumour;
To set upon him his change
Crafty and subtle;
To alter them to his purpose;
But do thou speak true, even to the letter:
"Once more in Delos, once more is the altar a-quiver,
Once more is the chant heard,
Once more are the never abandoned gardens
Full of gossip and old tales."

THE NEW FREEWOMAN December 1st, 1913
"The Horses of Diomedes."

By REMY DE GOURMONT.

(Translated by C. Sarlort.)

XV.—THE DREAM.

I regret the dream I had dreamt of love.

They set out on foot, by the broad deserted avenues.

— I am pleased with myself, said Néobelle. I am acting as a free woman. I do not yet know whether I love you, Dio, but I am grateful to you for having assisted my will. . . . To think that my companions, all those pallid young girls, with submissive docility of bronzes or pewters arranged in a showcase! Ah! Ah! I love you, Dio, but I am grateful to you for having assisted my will. I have not yet learned to know the playings of all my faculties, of all my organism. Thus, I shall realise what is my vocation and for which acts I was created and born.

Diomedes was grave. He felt himself become the high-priest of initiations. His irony forsook him. He experienced religious sentiments.

During dinner, the brief sentences exchanged with M. de Sina (a man of courteous and stupid bearing, confiding as soon as he had left the subject of business), in the centre of this home of which he was violating the heart, Diomedes had experienced some mundane scruples, also the boredom of tying himself down, of being doubtless obliged to enter thoroughly into a milieu of which the appearances alone pleased him. Now, forgetting his uneasiness, he thought but of his mission and his attitude of sacrificer. The simplicity of the rite pleased him. Nothing social, no intrusion of laws, or of accidental authorities, no human etiquette came to trouble the serenity of the act and spoil all that was divine in the spontaneous harmony of two wills and two joys.

He did not finish this mental harangue. Obliged to smile, he confessed that the pathetic circumstances hardly favoured the liberty of his judgment. His conclusion was:

"Until the end, in the spirit and with the gestures that suit."

The distance was great, they took a carriage. Close to one another, in an attitude of chaste tenderness, they dreamed obscurely; meanwhile Diomedes thought:

"Nuptials or a ' bonne fortune '?"

His lips formulated, several times, this unpleasant interrogation.

It seemed like nuptials, because of the gravity of the silence, the anxious care of the eyes, the reserve and shyness of the hands; but the cab told the haste of their desires, the fear of shortening the too short hours, the care taken in hiding, more from shame than modesty, the race to voluptuousness rather than the slow wandering towards love.

A keen light passed, as the ray of a beacon, over Néo's face. She was pale and beautiful and now shivering slightly from all the confused small thoughts which disturbed her heart. As he was looking at her, she smiled saying slowly:

— Dio! Dio!

They arrived as from a journey.

— It seems as if I had come from far, from so far! Diomedes had the same sensation, on opening his door. He hardly recognised his home. Everything had changed. The usual flowers of his library had the new and fresh aspect of an unusual ornament. Néo went to inhale them, believing in a prophecy. She walked round the three rooms, then locked herself in the bed-room.

When she reappeared, disrobed and solemn, Diomedes adored her, simply, silent and without any gesture of ownership. Moved, he followed her without haste, and found her lying on the open bed, in the fair and proud attitude of a Danae.

She was violent and contracted but without cries, words, or wonder.

Diomedes questioned her eyes; they were serious but the lips smiled and murmured:

— Dio, I love you for the love I give you.

— And you, are you not happy, Néo?

Without answering, she clasped Diomedes. Unsatisfied, she cried:

— And yet I will!

But in her inattentive flesh, the sensual tumult just awakened, was silent. Then she refused his kisses.

— I regret the dream I had dreamed of love.

She looked at Diomedes, without curiosity, without temptation, then said, but softly, for her heart was kind:

— Go!

The carriage was waiting. Eleven o'clock struck. At the Odéon, they read the posters, got into an omnibus, and at the end of ten minutes took another cab. Néo had hidden her face under a lace scarf:

— It is the same one. I will return it to Cyrène.

— Give it to me? asked Diomedes.

— If you wish, my friend.

Then:

— Recall to me the play, the title?

— 'Un soir.'

— An evening, an evening, an evening.

— I shall never remember. It is nothing, it means nothing. "Un soir. . . ."

— You are cruel Néo. Think of all that is contained for us in these simple and soft words: An evening.

— Ah! You are thinking of our adventure? An evening, it is true, an evening. . . . I shall remember.

She wished to laugh, she sobbed. Faltering, she repeated:

— An evening, an evening. . . .

Suddenly raising her head, her whole figure straightened, she regained possession of her pride:

— I am happy. I have accomplished my will. I know myself better. Néo truly is the marble I thought her to be.

— I will give it life, said Diomedes. I will blow on the coals until the flame bursts forth as a joyfulness.

She resumed simply:

— Néo truly is the marble I thought her to be and I am glad. Yes, I was rather disappointed. . . . I had dreamed. . . . I had seen conflagrations.

But if I wept, then or now, it is from sheer nervousness. I had already told you that I had no sensation feeling. I am therefore neither surprised nor humiliated, nor afraid, and I do not think I have paid too dearly for a notion, as you say, so precious and which will be very useful to direct me in life. I know what I can give a man and I know what a man can give me. I can give him everything; he cannot give me anything but the pleasure of seeing his happiness. Therefore, sure of myself, I will easily dominate the passions which my useless beauty excites. I have been disturbed. I will not be so again.

— Néo, remember that I love you!

— But I belong to you, my dear, it is agreed. I am your wife.

They had arrived. She stepped out rapidly, gave the coachman Diomedes' address and closed the door, crying out:

— Adieu!
Diomedes felt dejected. He felt criminal. He felt stupid. The heavy and peremptory noise of the front door closed (as he thought) in anger, seemed to shake his body with its commotion. The carriage rolled on. He accused himself. He despised himself. Such an act and nothing! An evening! It was of old, it was far away, where? On which ocean, in which desert? He accused himself. He despised himself. Such an act and nothing! An evening! It was of old, it was far away, where? On which ocean, in which desert? He accused himself. He despised himself. Such an act and nothing! An evening! It was of old, it was far away, where? On which ocean, in which desert?

The sands rose like waves, an ardent foam burnt him through and through, lying flat, his head buried, he awaited the end of the storm, the peace of the heavens; but all sensation was swamped; he was sinking without knowing whether he had just been engulfed under an ocean of sands or in the depths of the vast unforthable sea.

With a sorrowful heart, he lay on the bed where she had lain. He slept.

In the morning his first thought was imperious: "Néo. To write to her." He experienced a feeling of freshness and vigour, as after a conquered fever. Convalescent and sentimental, he accepted the gentle dreams, the pure ideas that came into his imagination. He wished to divert himself. How?

"To write to her, to see her. To kiss her hands. To console her. To love her. To give her hope and faith in serenity.

He dreamed his letter and wrote nothing: "I will go this afternoon. She expects me, myself. We will go under the chestnut trees. . . . Ah! I shall have delightful amours!"

An evening. . . . Now the adventure seemed to him quite natural, quite simple, quite human. Thousands of similar acts were accomplished each night, without emotions, hardly liturgical, sensual prehens for simple hearts and naïve flesh.

Ours was a tragedy of the alcove, those are the most beautiful tragedies but the least easy to comprehend for simple hearts and naïve flesh. Every maiden is ready to give herself immediately, with good-will and some grace, according to the customs, in a conjugal gesture, at the command of the code and the anathemas. . . . But we! . . . Nothing more than perhaps the choice and the courage of a falsehood. . . . I must see her. I will go at three o'clock. Her words afterward in the carriage? . . . But she was ill. At that moment she should have been asleep, her head on my shoulder. The usual picture! . . .

At last he was finding his way aftwth perturbed nature. The usual scenery was becoming outlined: here the river with its boats in which the boatmen sleep, the current carries them towards the dense forest where all is engulfed under the vast dark trees: a few men look on, smiling, standing on the river-bank, and if they fall, they go alone, swept over the stones, towards the abyss. . . . "Whatever happens, one finds oneself alone always.

An adventure. Was it then only an adventure, pathetic but sad. He repeated his motto to himself: "Until the end." Then:

"Until the end, but in words. I can only invent words. I am dominated by action. Life makes of me what it wills. . . . One must obey life."

A telegram:

10 o'clock. "For the probable hour of your awakening, Dio. First of all, consider that I did not write to you. I have written you the contrary at least two or three times, I am yours. Forget that I was unkind. All was permissible to me. I shall give you pain but from afar. My father is taking me to Flowerbury where he is fond of a stable (a very fine one with pointed arches). I also. And there I will reflect and suffer perhaps. At last you belong to me. I feel rich. Do not write to me. Farewell." "Belle."

"And there I shall reflect . . . . Good . . . . and suffer perhaps. . . . How gentle she is to-day.

He read over again:

"At last you belong to me. . . . " Yes, I am conquered, I have kneel down. . . . Horse of Diomedes, may thy bites not be poisoned! The old team is broken up. One horse has snapped its halter. Another . . . Which other? I have even forgotten his name. Another. . . . Of that one, I shall not dream, I shall no more stroke its quiet shoulder or its fine mane. . . . My dreams have lost their virtue.

"At last you belong to me. . . . " I belong! It is true. I am tied to the creature I subjected. In yielding to me, she broke my liberty. The horse rasters and falls back on its rider or else, throwing its head back, bites the legs that beat against its flanks. I belong. . . . Sometimes man revolts. Enough. To rest, to reflect, I also, and to suffer—unless I forget. No, I cannot forget. I belong.

He wished to divert himself. How?

His harem was dispersed. He regretted the admirable tradition of women who respected his liberty, his mind, his conscience, with whom he played agreeably. Adventures of the flesh or of dreams, lightsome adventures of the heart.

But he was ashamed of his regret.

XVI.—THE FAN.

It is a magical fan . . . . This little thing changes into a woman at the prayer of a man of good will, that is all.

He went to see Pascase.

In his hovel, organised according to the laws of science and hygiene, spacious, light, cold, without carpets, or curtains, or hangings, or any draperies, with brackets made of glass shelves, and white-washed furniture, Pascase, clad in a long hospital coat, was perusing medical books. He allowed Diomedes to come in, as always, but said:

— You are the only one.
— I know it. The only man—but women?
— No. Their skirts are full of germs gathered in the streets, on the staircases.
— And Mauve?
— Did not come.
— Yet . . . What are you seeking?
— The name of an illness.
— Yours?
— Yes, answered Pascase, somewhat crossly.

Diomedes let him turn over the pages, filled with pity for this simple, honest and credulous man.

"He is really a good specimen of scientific credulity, which differs from the others only because of the object. Two centuries ago, he would have defended the Bible against Bayle. To-day he defends Science—stays against Bayle, against irony, against incredulity. He is of the race of believers, the eternal race, and perhaps the real reserve of the world. The honest and simple man believes; it is his function. He believes the truth taught by the authorities of his time; turn by turn, and sometimes simultaneously, he believes the word of M. de Condorcet and that of M. de Maistre. Avid, his faith forestalls the future, it foreshadows the future, it forestalls miracles, it asserts itself in all the possibilities which comply with the permitted principles. It was theology; it was philosophy; it is science. Man is born kneeling; he must adore. When it isn't a monstrosity, it is a tabulated retort; when it is not the infirmity, it is an ovalum.

Pascase has several beliefs. The case is frequent. One leads to the other and all agree, Pascase unites in his pious soul, hygiene and Christianity.
But he is not even, either he, or his brothers of to-day, the true Believer, the one who holds the Infinite in one bead of his rosary, or who kindles, at the flame of a wax taper, supernatural conflagrations. Pascase is not the humble and admirable poet who transforms the small plaster or wooden statuette into God and who beseeches the stone to be more human than himself, a man. ... Pascase is the reasoning believer. ..."

— I have found it! shouted Pascase.
— What?
— The name.
— Ah!
— It is not dangerous.
— You are sure?

Diomedes looked at the date of the book.

— Bad. ... Three years old. ... Science advances. ... A new edition has come out.
— When?
— This week.
— You think so?
— One must know everything, answered Diomedes, to be able to deny everything. All sciences contradict each other and all beliefs accumulate. Ah! all! all sensations; all notions; all dreams! All, and to crush all into dust and to disperse it to the winds! To become a new little being who drinks in life with naivety!
— You are far from realising such a condition, Diomedes.
— I follow my path. I know what would be my realisation.
— What?
— Time, ignorance, total indifference, total insouciance. ...
— Well then, resumed Pascase, smiling, being indulgent, somewhat. I am going to marry.
— That is very social.
— You despise me?
— Scarcely. Endure life. I also, I endure life.
— That is very social.
— Christine.
— Ah!
— Yes. I know, by Tanche, by others, that you love Mademoiselle Néobelle de Sina, therefore I had no scruples whatever. Besides, you boasted. Christine never did come to you. She swore so to me. She perhaps.
— Unutterable confusion, admirable dream! Remember then the fragrance of roses.
— Nerves.
— And it is the same one? My Christine, my own? 
— Yes, that of whom you spoke as being an ideal love, the one who haunted your ennui—but who never crossed your threshold.
— Embodied dream! She is blonde, she is slight, she is smiling and silent?
— She is all that.
— She exists.
— Pascase, you rob me of my dreams! You plunder my brain! Or else, have you the power to evoke bodily the creations of my mind? Christine, the fragrance of roses, the fan. ... You realised my thoughts, you gave a human form to the flowing imaginings of my nerves. ...
— No, answered Pascase, and yet the story is wonderful. This young girl who is really called Christine, lives with her mother, near you, in the neighbouring house. For a living, she illustrates books, principally with the roses amongst which she lives, surrounded by their fragrance. You have seen her often, in the street, but with an indifferent gaze; obscurely she fascinated you, her image penetrated you, and at hours of unreturned solitude, your subconscious imagination evoked her, human and living, under your gaze, under your hands, under your lips.

Having entered your brain, your eyes and all your senses having drank in her beauty with her figure, her colour, her fragrance and the fan she always carries, thus she came forth at your secret command, when you had the intense desire for a companion in your solitude, and thus, without seeing her, without touching her, I felt her diffused in the atmosphere of your room, like a breath of roses, and your fan, her own work (I know it) supplied our dreams with the real matter of life. ... Christine, I loved her as you did, from chance meetings, and when you had evoked her, I rushed in, jealous, almost mad. 

Diomedes admired the force of this argument, adding:
— It is possible. All is possible. All is true. I played with a young woman whom I called Christine. She was pretty, simple, lovable and—mute! I never heard her voice, or the slightest cry or sighing. It did not surprise me. ... Christine, I loved her as you did, from chance meetings, and when you had evoked her, I rushed in, jealous, almost mad. 

Diomedes resumed:
— It is a magic fan. ... What other word? Eh! Cinderella's mice. ... My friend, this little thing changes into a woman at the prayer of a man of good-will, that is all.

Diomedes took the fan. He opened it, looked at it, closed it, inhaled its fragrance nervously. I recollected every pleasure of the walls, insupportable to her sensitive eyes; she realises rapidly her wishes. She dressed the bareness of her little thing, she made it beautiful. She also, she feared. She was afraid.

Christine would arrive.

She entered, without a sound, smiling. She looked at Diomedes, for a second then, without betraying any sentiment, she extended her long pale hands to Pascase. At once, she busied herself in measuring the walls, arranging stuffs brought in a package; she drove nails, standing on a chair, always mute. Pascase looked on fearful, but happy.

Diomedes was afraid.

It was Christine. It was really the aristocratic maiden accustomed, despite reduced conditions, to realise rapidly her wishes. She dressed the bareness of the walls, insupportable to her sensitive eyes; she drove nails into the plaster, with, perhaps, a secret enjoyment in lifting her hand and hitting. ... Her narrow black dress, her heavy auburn hair, all her supple, gentle and harmonious body and that look of an apparition. ... He recalled every pleasure of his dreaming hours. ...

She spoke. Her voice was clear, incisive and alert:
— Will you allow me to kiss your hand?

Pascase obeyed.

When he had left, without descending, without relinquishing her hammer, she turned and bent her head slightly towards Diomedes, who said very softly:
— Will you allow me to kiss your hand?
The Dearth of Genius.

I

If one may lend one's faith to learned pronouncement, the quality of the art of an age is in direct proportion to the number of those engaged in producing it. The highest achievements do not suffice unto themselves. The greatest genius does not tower above his fellows; he is able only by their interest, their emulation, their aspirations and even their failures, to mount to those pinnacles of success about which the winds of other spheres blow fresh and cold. The noblest artist is, in so far as artist, not individual, any more than a despatch bearer is individual, or a telephone. He is a go-between. He is the bridge that humanity has thrown across the great unknown that it may effect an interchange of expression with the stars.

An artistic age then is a pyramidal structure. At the base is a society not entirely indifferent to the pleadings of beauty. Above this are the art-lovers, the buying public. Then come the many unsuccessful artists, the mediocre and the failures. These bear up the successful few, who in turn provide the scaffolding necessary to raise the dominating spire, a master.

Notwithstanding some very striking exceptions, the history of art offers considerable evidence for this opinion. The theories of Taine may have been empty, but his insight was great. Greece, Italy, Flanders, England and France, are Time's witnesses to this single theorem: great art is not an isolated flower; it is only the tallest bloom in a garden rising because it is compelled by the number and vigour of its blossomy companions to mount high in order to see the stars. It is, accordingly, self-evident that any multitude of striving artists exists primarily to produce a genius.

Why, then, have we not to-day a whole brigade of geniuses? Never in history have there been so many people bent on becoming in some sense artists. Their numbers are literally overwhelming. In England, and especially in France, the literary competition is so keen that it is next to impossible for an author—a successful author, mind you—to earn his bread. A celebrated French writer confessed not long ago that he did not earn six hundred dollars a year by his pen. And this, because of the number and fertility of his rivals. A small Parissian newspaper, "Le Phare d'Apollon," announces its yearly subscription price to be, for readers, 2.50 francs; for collaborators, 6.00 francs; and the latter must pay, in addition, a yearly stipend of 12 francs. In exchange, they receive a diploma of littérateurs and have the right to bring out their works in the journal.

Sociably, too, the situation has changed in thirty years. Parents are even glad at the present time to bestow their daughters upon any long-haired idiot. The words of the Bohemian in Charpentier's "Louise" have come to pass.

"First Philosopher: My dear fellow, the ideal of the working people is to belong to the middle class. The desire of the middle class, to be great lords; and the dream of great lords—to become artists!"

Contrary opinion excepted, this citation has hardly less pith when applied to America. A friend, a New York journalist, returned home for a holiday to a village in Michigan. He had not been there two weeks before not less than seven young ladies, happy to come in touch with a "literary" man, had drawn him aside, confessed themselves poetesses, and, figuratively speaking, thrown their cherished works at his head.

The civilised world is swarming with painters, musicians, sculptors, writers and those beings who, calling themselves artists, must be so by temperament only, since they never give other tangible evidence of their profession. Why, then, if you please, is there so little work produced of more than momentary interest? Must we really believe ourselves still in the grip of Max Nordau's fin-de-siècle degeneration? Or are we unable to recognise genius? Or is the result of art from now on to be mere a pleasurable momentary titillation of the senses? None of these is likely. Art will probably continue much the same thing as it has always been, and Nature is the best of all guardians of the race. Greece recognised Phidias; Italy Michael Angelo. We should probably have done the same if these masters had happened to be born among us.

Are we then to judge that the absolute nullity of most of our art and the very low percentage of genius per million aspirants is the result of a heavenly bull degenration? No. Art will probably continue much the same thing as it has always been, and Nature is the best of all guardians of the race. Greece recognised Phidias; Italy Michael Angelo. We should probably have done the same if these masters had happened to be born among us.

The demand for art—poor art—is, moreover, so far in excess of what it has ever been before, that public taste has been partially corrupted. The artist has no time for the slow ripening of his conceptions. New books are no longer the fruit of the years as they sit through a profound mind, but of months, even weeks.

And if the real artist is hurried and overworked, the money-lover, the literary shark who follows the profession for what there is in it, loses all notion of artistic conscience. He forgets why he is working, if indeed he ever knew. The market is open for stories of such and such a class? Very well, he supplies the demand. The public desires new thrills in the way of musical or painted monstrosities? Very well, he proceeds to create some and hides his corrupted brow under long locks—the very ape of genius. Writing about travelling men for drummers, Jews for Jews, may be commercially justifiable; but compared with the procedure of genius, it is nothing less than charlatanry.

The solution will be found when the moving picture supplants the moving book. The public will then be able to catch up with the other faculties of the race, and restores to the public mind insight into what is best.

EDGAR A. MOWRER.
Sayings of K'ung.

Selected, with an introduction, by

ALLEN UPWARD.

VI.

GOVERNMENT.

TSZE-KUNG asked about government. The Master replied,—"Let there be sufficiency of food, sufficiency of military equipment, and the confidence of the people in their ruler."

Tsze-kung said,—"If it cannot be helped, and one of these must be dispensed with, which of the three should be foregone first?" "The military equipment," said the Master.

Tsze asked,—"If it cannot be helped, and one of the remaining two must be dispensed with, which of them should be foregone?" The Master answered,—"Part with the food. From of old death has been the lot of all men; but if the people have no faith, there is no stability." *

The duke King, of Ts'e, asked about government. K'ung replied,—"There is government when the prince is prince, and the minister is minister; when the father is father, and the son is son." *

Ke K'ang asked him about government. He replied,—"To govern means to rectify. If you lead on with correctness, who will dare not to be correct?"

"Let your desires be for good, and the people will be good. The relation between superiors and inferiors is like that between the wind and the grass. The grass must bend, when the wind blows across it." *

Tsze-chang asked, saying,—"In what way should one act in order that he may govern rightly?"

The Master replied,—"Let him honour the five excellent, and banish the four bad, things; then may he govern rightly."

Tsze-chang said,—"What are meant by the five excellent things?"

The Master said,—"When the person in authority is beneficent without great expenditure; when he lays tasks on the people without their repining; when he desires without being covetous; when he maintains a dignified ease without being proud; when he is majestic without being fierce."

Tsze-chang asked,—"What are meant by the four bad things?"

The Master said,—"To put the people to death without having instructed them,—this is called cruelty: to require from them suddenly the full tale of work without having given them warning,—this is called oppression: to issue orders as if without urgency, and, when the time comes, to insist on them with severity,—this is called injury: and, generally speaking, to give to men, and yet to do it in a grasping way,—this is called acting the part of a mere official."

He who exercises government by means of his virtue may be compared to the north polar star, which keeps its place, and all the stars turn towards it.

VII.

DISTINCTION.

TSZE-CHANG asked,—"What must the official be who may be said to be distinguished?"

The Master said,—"What is it you call being distinguished?"

Tsze-chang replied,—"It is to be heard of through the State, to be heard of through the family."

The Master said,—"That is notoriety, not distinction."

"Now the man of distinction is solid and straightforward, and loves righteousness. He examines people's words, and looks at their countenances. He is anxious to humble himself to others. Such a man will be distinguished in the country; he will be distinguished in the family."

"As to the man of notoriety, he assumes the appearance of virtue, but his actions are opposed to it; and he rests in this condition without any doubts. Such a man will be heard of in the country; he will be heard of in the family."

VIII.

THE BOOK OF THE ODES.

THE Master said,—"My children, why do you not study the book of Poetry?"

"The Odes stimulate the mind. They may be used for the purposes of self-contemplation. They teach the art of sociability. They show how to regulate feelings of resentment. From them you learn the more immediate duty of serving one's father, and the remoter one of serving one's prince. From them we become largely acquainted with the names of birds, beasts, and plants."

The Master said to Pi-hyu,—"Do you give yourself to the Chow-nan and the Chaou-nan? The man who has not studied the Chow-nan and the Chaou-nan, is like a man who stands with his face against a wall. Is it not so?"

IX.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

FAN CH'I-E asked what constituted wisdom.

The Master said,—"To give oneself earnestly to the duties due to men, and, while respecting spiritual beings, to keep aloof from them, may be called wisdom."

He asked about perfect virtue.

The Master said,—"The man of virtue makes the difficulty his first business, and success only a subsequent consideration. This may be called perfect virtue."

The Master said,—"The wise find delight in water; the virtuous find delight in hills. The wise are tranquil; the virtuous are active. The wise are joyful; the virtuous are long-lived."

Tsze-chang asked what constituted intelligence.

The Master said,—"He with whom neither slander that gradually soaks in, nor statements that startle them, may be called far-seeing."

X.

CHARACTERS.

ONE said,—"Yung is truly virtuous, but he is not ready with his tongue."

The Master said,—"What is the good of being ready with the tongue? They who meet men with smartnesses of speech for the most part procure themselves hatred. I know not whether he be truly virtuous, but why should he show readiness of the tongue?"
The Master was wishing Tsehtea'on K'ac to enter on official employment. He replied, "I am not yet able to rest in the assurance of this." The Master was pleased.

Mang Woo asked about Tsze-loo, whether he was perfectly virtuous. The Master said, "I do not know.

He asked again, when the Master replied,—"In a kingdom of a thousand chariots, Yew might be employed to manage the military levies, but I do not know whether he is perfectly virtuous."

"What do you say of Ch'ih?" The Master replied,—"With his sash girt, and standing in a court, Ch'ih might be employed to converse with the visitors and guests, but I do not know whether he is perfectly virtuous."

The Master said,—"I have not seen a firm and unbending man."

Some one replied,—"There is Chin Ch'ang.

"Ch'ang," said the Master, "is under the influence of his passions; how can he be pronounced firm and unbending?"

The Master said of Tsze-chan that he had four of the marks of a superior man: in his conduct of himself, he was humble; in serving his superiors, he was respectful; in nourishing the people, he was kind; in ordering the people, he was just.

The Master said,—"Fan Pin'g knew well how to maintain friendly intercourse. The acquaintance might be long, but he showed the same respect as at first."

Tsze-chang asked, saying,—"The minister Tsze-wan thrice took office, and manifested no joy in his countenance. Thrice he retired from office, and manifested no displeasure. He made it a point to inform the new minister of the way in which he had conducted the government;—what do you say of him?"

The Master replied,—"He was loyal."

"Was he perfectly virtuous?"

"I do not know. How can he be pronounced perfectly virtuous?"

Tsze-chang proceeded,—"When the officer Ts'uy killed the prince of Ts'e, Ch'in Wan, though he was the owner of forty horses, abandoned them, and left the country. Coming to another state, he said,— 'They are here like our great officer Ts'uy,' and left it. He came to a second state, and with the same observation left it also;—what do you say of him?"

The Master replied,—"He was pure."

"Was he perfectly virtuous?"

"I do not know. How can he be pronounced perfectly virtuous?"

The Master said,—"Fine words, an insinuating appearance, and excessive respect;—Ts'o K'ew Ming was ashamed of them. I am also ashamed of them. To conceal resentment against a person, and appear friendly with him;—Ming was ashamed of such conduct. I am also ashamed of it."

The Master said,—"When Ch'in was proceeding to Ts'e, he had fat horses to his carriage, and wore light furs. I have heard that a superior man helps the distressed, but does not add to the wealth of the rich."

Where the solid qualities are in excess of accomplishments, we have rusticity; where the accomplishments are in excess of the solid qualities, we have the manners of a clerk.

(To be continued.)
I was living in seclusion, and so might have continued, if I had not been called to assist in settling an estate for a woman who had been my father's ward.

She was not obviously attractive; indeed, in appearance she was curiously baroque. At once beautiful, and trivial: fantastic and commonplace: weird and laughable: no one, in reality, more ward. At once baroque.

Though her laughter, which was innocent and childlike, gave them an expression of sly lewdness. Of my temperament. Her startlingly beautiful hair was like copper, giving to her face a delicate greenish of utterance—and then to hear some childish platitudinous—no one do in the heart of barren country? My man dragged the little pond, his old wife wandered through the wood, weeping and calling for her. With me they were surly and fearful. I also searched.

Three days passed, and in the evening, just at sunset, I found her.

I had been walking at the foot of the garden, watching the red glow of the sunset; the fields stretched before me as though bathed in blood; above me were blood-red clouds. My eyes were arrested by the glory of the light reflected in the window of the turret room—the great pane of glass glazed like molten metal. I felt impelled to go up, to gaze out upon theblooded world from that high point.

It was there that I found her.

Wounded, as he had been—the little boy of whom I have spoken. I do not know how it had happened. She may have had a lover. As I have said, I knew very little of her. She was gentle, elining, and could have been easily murdered.

FINIS.

CONDEMNED TO DIE.

"Nobody will believe me—nobody—nobody—and yet I am telling the truth. How strange that one should be telling the truth and yet not be believed. How can that happen? I ask God how that can happen. To-morrow I am to die—and I am young—I am young. It was the first night of our marriage. How did it happen? I tell you it was the devil's work. Has the devil conquered God? She is dead—but there would have been another maybe. How can I die—I ask you how can I die to-morrow?"

It happened so.

She was a big girl, strong, with a way of holding her head like a colt not yet broken. She was all brown and red, and I loved her. And yet, there came times when I would draw back from her with foreboding, and she was like a great lady.

At the marriage, she was confused, and strange, and distraught. And at the supper, she would touch nothing.

It was about three hours before the dawn when the guests left us. We stood a moment at the door, and heard the leaves stir, and the faint sleepy twittings of the birds.

Then a wind moaned above the roof and she clung to me frightened while I dropped the bar.

She crouched, whimpering like a hurt animal, against the wall.

"She shall die, sooner than that I shall have no body."

And with that commenced a struggle, such as no other human eyes have known. For her hands, my girl's strong hands, seized upon her throat, her thumbs upon the windpipe.

And I stared, dazed, till it came to me that my
girl was being strangled, and that not by herself. Then for one moment came my girl's face, and she cried: "Oh, save me, save me!"

I sprang to her, and we swayed back and forth, and struggled, I striving to unloose her hands. And always the face changing swiftly—my girl, then not my girl, till I grew mad with horror, and caught out my knife and strike at those strangling fingers. And the sight of the blood sickened me—and the thing became a nightmare. I could only pray: "God, wake me from my dream!"

And her face, when it came, was all terror, like a child's: and the other was malignant fury. And at the back of my mind, quite clear and sharp, I was saying: "What a pity!" for all this time we were crushing and breaking those little things that we had bought together in such gay humour; and there was one, a pitchler, that smashed and lay like a flower, pink with white edges, and my mind said: "What a pity!" And that was strange.

So we struggled, hours, or minutes maybe, till her clothing was torn from her. But what was human frailty against the strength of devils! And the end came, and my girl's face was blackened, and the blood all trickling down from her fingers where my knife had cut. And her face, when it came, was all terror, like a flower, pink with white edges, and my mind said: "What a pity!" I am built about her, as though one ring were encased in another. So, when I sit at my desk, she is not recovered. Indeed my malady strikes deeper! I could not endure my impatience and horror were—are not strong enough to bear it. I was conscious of an exquisite, sorrowful face, all the pain of the world incarnate. Quivering, pathetic fingers arrested my action, lips sought mine unsteadily, the lower lip caught in as though with the moans and cries of anguish.

I decided upon suicide. You remember, when I left you six months ago? When I raised the pistol, I felt—I saw—but how shall I tell you, for it is neither feeling nor seeing—when I became aware of an exquisite, sorrowful face, all the pain of the world incarnate. Quivering, pathetic fingers arrested my action, lips sought mine unsteadily, the lower lip caught in as though with the moans and cries of anguish.

A LETTER.

Thérèse, my very dear one,

At last I write you a letter. You have been patient. That I should so repay your patience! But hear me,

It is now six months since I saw you. I have not recovered. Indeed my malady strikes deeper! We should now have been two months married. Thérèse, my beautiful, no human creature could have drawn me from you.

I am haunted. What can be done for me? I have always another about me. Another who wails and weeps continually. This other is a woman, a great but demotivative figure. Yet why do I revile her, when I have possessed her.

You say, "but she has no existence." She has, but I have possessed her soul: daily, I ravish her spirit. With exquisite anguish we flame together, till I am like molten stuff, like molten pain. I cannot describe it.

Once I went everywhere, did all things. I was young, I was healthy. You will forgive me, you know of old, my horror of disease, my pride that I was healthy. Now, under this strain, the head grows weary, and I suffer from ill-health.

And the end came, and my girl's face was blackened, and the blood all trickling down from her fingers where my knife had cut. And her face, when it came, was all terror, like a flower, pink with white edges, and my mind said: "What a pity!" And that is strange.

So we struggled, hours, or minutes maybe, till her clothing was torn from her. But what was human frailty against the strength of devils! And the end came, and my girl's face was blackened, and the blood all trickling down from her fingers where my knife had cut. And her face, when it came, was all terror, like a flower, pink with white edges, and my mind said: "What a pity!" And that was strange.

So I decided upon suicide.

Thérèse, my dear one, I tell you there are a thousand exquisite sensations, subtle and strong, that we with our coarse grain do not comprehend. Our love, our hate are but the beginning of what the future will know.

When I think of the grotesque clumsiness of our endeavours toward pleasure and sensation, compared to the darting, flickering, biting flame of my new medium, I look upon man as but little advanced beyond the savages, for all of his boasted "progress and civilisation." What colossal stupidity, what monstrous duplicity, has reduced us to this?

Through her eyes I see things, I see how all our beautiful instincts have been distorted by treason, by those great lies of the brute world to betray us. The great warring of the brute-world and of consciousness is always about us.

I could not endure my impatience and horror were—is not for her kisses, her union with me, her beauty beyond beauty to stay me.

To see things as they are—

What devastation! She has shown me cruelty, that delicate poignard of the Earth-mother, become brutality, a thing that maims, bruises, and shatters, without beauty.

She is complete Pain and perfect Beauty. But I am not strong enough to bear it. She suffers too much. It is through my eyes that she sees. I shall blind myself to save her. I shall have her kisses and memory to drag through the years with.

I shall sign this in my blindness to show that I am recovered.

My great love to you. You will have understood....

FRANCES GREGG.
Truth about Homer.

ARCHILOCHUS UPON CHRONOLOGY.

Narrateth Mnea Fenice of Damascus in the book ninety and seven of his histories that in the year two hundred and fifty before Ninus there was a flood, as testifieth Moses the ancientest historian of the earth, which a flood was and a tempest down nigh unto the river of Arasi, which lieth in the mountains called Caspi. And beneath these early skyes the race of mankind being but uncouth did live a life of Gold, even as Nature bade them, without any laws or ordinances whatsoever, until such time as Ninus and Semiramis did war upon them with their swords and such wise for their destruction of man to err. Also the Chaldees say that one hundred and thirty and one years after Ogire there reigned over them for fifty-six years Saturnus the grandfather of Ninus. And he it was who first began Babylon. There followed him Jupiter Belo, who reigned over Chaldeae and Assyri sixty and two years. Ninus fifty and two. Semiramis forty and two. And thence they do compute from Ninus unto the second year of Sphiro in which was born Deucalicon is four hundred and fifty and one years, and seven hundred years from Novimestre the first flood, from which unto Mneaeus and Troy maketh eight hundred and twenty and eight years.

There did reign in Troy six kings: Dardanus thirty years; Erithronius seventy-five years; Troe sixo years; Ilo fifty years; Lameioletes thirty-six years; Priam forty years. And from the taking of Troy unto the twenty-first Olympic year there lived in the world two hundred and sixty years. You shall find the first in the annals of Teuteo, King of Assyrii, who was the twenty-seventh from Ninus. They tell of this Homer that he was of Smyrna and he was chief counselor of this same king Teuteo, a little time before the taking of Troy, and one it was another Homer of Cumeus, who, as they relate, was rather a mage than a clerk; in the twenty-fourth year of Melantus, king of the Athenians. After him was another Homer of Cumeus, who, as they relate, was rather a mage than a clerk; in the twenty-fourth year of Sphero in which was born Deucalicon is four hundred and fifty and one years, and seven hundred years from Novimestre the first flood, from which unto Mneaeus and Troy maketh eight hundred and twenty and eight years.

The last was Homer of our age, and he was born in Meonia in the twenty-third Olympiad, five hundred years after the ruin of Troy; he was victor in the Olympic games and by the judgment of all Greece was supposed to be their most glorious poet; to him alone was given the task of amending the characters and names of the Greek language, those which, in fashion rude and half-barbarous, were brought by the Trojan war to the Athenians. After him were another Homer of Cumeus, who, as they relate, was rather a mage than a clerk; in the twenty-fourth year of Cymolus, King of the Athenians. From the taking of Troy unto the twenty-third Olympiad there were seven Homers: Homer of our age, and he was born in Meonia in the twenty-third Olympiad, five hundred years after the ruin of Troy; he was victor in the Olympic games and by the judgment of all Greece was supposed to be their most glorious poet; to him alone was given the task of amending the characters and names of the Greek language, those which, in fashion rude and half-barbarous, were brought by the Trojan war to the Athenians. After him were another Homer of Cumeus, who, as they relate, was rather a mage than a clerk; in the twenty-fourth year of Cymolus, King of the Athenians.
Creation is what we want. There is no doubt that the civilised world is in a hopeless mess; its elders are past healing. But its grievous plight has been noted, and "creators" are about. Some see the old world swept away and a new world unfolding in space, in delirious form and colour. Others see it as a volcano, whose latest eruption is alone of importance, seeing that the molten lava as it swirls down the mountain forms a new surface, obliterating the old. Others again feel the overpowering motions of a civilisation in the grip of death; and though they desire that the thing itself shall end, yet they ask that the mobile elements to which it has given birth—the throbbings, swirlings, seething, the manifestations of a restless soul—shall persist. In the latter class are to be found the Futurists under Marinetti, that glorified John Davidson, who are sweeping across Europe in ever-increasing numbers, engaged in a work of pure negation, and blasphemy—a work intended, if it have any intention at all, to insult the intelligence of man, and to destroy the creative spirit which lies within him.

The September "Drama and Poetry" in an excellent issue which is devoted to Futurism and might be called Futurism: and After, supplies me with material which affords very good reasons for refusing to place the Futurists with the gods. When persons who are professed poets and painters mount platforms and say:

"Our first principles are":

"To forget God, Heaven, Hell, Personal Immortality, and to remember always, the earth."

"To think that the earth is a perpetual contemplation of the past, and though dwelling in the present, nevertheless, always to live in the future of the earth."

"We announce that the splendour of earth has become enriched by a new beauty, the beauty of speed."

"All beauty is based on strife. There can be no masterpiece otherwise than aggressive in character. Poetry must be a violent assault against unknown forces to overwhelm them into obedience to man."

"We will sing the great multitudes furious with work, pleasure, or revolt; the many-coloured and polyphonic assaults of revolution in modern capitals; stations, those ravenous swimmers of fire-breathing serpents; factories, hung by their cords of smoke to the clouds."

"What is about to be done is ferocious ironmongery, assortments of spring blinds, model fish and farming outfits?"

When men who follow the painter's profession shout, "We are the greatest of men! We are the prophets! There is no God, and there is no Spirit, and there is nothing but rabble and earth," they utter a blasphemy against the soul of Creation.

It is really extraordinary to consider to what lengths in the way of kow-towing to the "earth" these earthlings are prepared to go. It would be painful to read so much of their cheap foolishness in "Poetry and Drama," but for the fact that it is served up in order to emphasise a new conception of Futurism already springing up. If "Poetry and Drama" allows the Marinetti brand of Futurist verse and principles to overflow its pages, its editors should have stood up for extravagant praise, save a sop or two to its readers by way of apology for having lifted them to the dignity of recognition. Here are some of its statements:

"Futurism is at war with tradition." (This is news. Marinetti's Futurism is faking tradition.) "It is an attitude of war, a condition of struggle. (This must have been years ago.) Now, apparently, it has deserted the arts for the sake of "unflinching loyalty to earth." Futurism chiefly acts of man; instead of walking backwards with eyes of regret fixed on the earth, he turns round and walk forward in love of the future." (But was it not Marinetti who described Futurism as Presentism? Perhaps a more recent Futurism is meant, for we read that: ) "We have selected these passages, which best illustrate our convictions that Italian Futurism was, in its genesis, no more than frenzied Whitmanism, adulterated
by an excessive, if diverting, admixture of meridional eloquence."
(This places the poets of commerce in their heaven and all's right with the world once more.)

To compare these "empyreal spirits" with Whitman is, of course, absurd on the part of "Poetry and Drama." Whitman may have found inspiration in queer places just as Paolo Buzzi in his "Song of the Imprisoned" (included in the present volume) finds it in brothels, hospitals, prisons, asylums and graveyards. But he did not help himself liberally to city furnishings, "telegraphs, telephones, gramophones, cycles, motor-cycles, motor-cars, kinematographs," and the mechanical appliances heavily catalogued in "The New Futurist Manifesto." Such things seem necessary to awaken the "Futurist Consciousness" by acting upon a feverishly nervous organisation. Whitman was an individualist conscious of the infinite, and his sensations were stimulated by the Spirit of Life with which he drenched his subjects. The Italian Futurists are poets and painters of paroxysm and hallucination who are frequently found "invoking all the furies of madmen." They never go beyond the finite, and their sensations are stimulated by the Spirit of Wireless Telegraphy, and their works are inspired by "man multiplied by the machine." If we recollect that it was Watts' condenser which saddled man with a machine, we see how far the Futurists are justified in ranking as such. What they are really doing is handing legacies from the dead to the dead.

The Marinetti Futurists then, are pre-occupied with corruption not with creation. It has been said that the Futurist painters have inaugurated a new period of caricature, and their quaint sympathy with the phenomena of electric civilisation has doubtless opened the door on some varieties of absurd and macabre invention. Of course, it is not unjust to caricature to assert that Futurism has been largely justified in ranking as such. What they are really doing is handing legacies from the dead to the dead.

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