"CULTURE."

By Dora Marsden.

CULTURE has been for so long a "figure of fun" among the concepts that its recent hard-worked service in the interest of the solemnities is disconcerting. Clearly, culture may mean various things according to necessity, and we propose to suspend it in brackets and call it "Culture" until what it stands for is clearer. Its recent citation in opposition to militarism—which presumably is jingoism with a dash of stiffening—seems to point to an identification between "culture" and civilisation in the minds of our modern "fine" writers. It could easily be explained how such identification might arise. All modern English writers take it as granted that the development of civilisation, of the process which seeks to fix the nexus of society by means of words to the exclusion of any tests of violence and force, is a sign of steadily augmented vitality among men. From this point of view "culture" is the conscious recognition and abetance of the process: a means to an end whose excellence it proclaims and affirms at each step of the way.

"Culture," so viewed, becomes at least arguable, and this explains why "culture" has suddenly been provided with a platform by the "civilisation-school" in a moment of panic. Perhaps it is its very uncertainty and unworldliness which have stood it in good stead. Civilisation which prides itself on its fine tone is just beginning to look a trifle fat and gross in its need for a little toning. Civilisation which exercises strong egoistic pulls of the more pedestrian order finds itself being abandoned in favour of different egoist pulls which are not simply less gross, less commercial, less bent on five per cents., but are actually stronger. If, therefore, civilisation has special graces it is willing to sport them now. Hence: Culture, hardworked and solemn for the nonce. But "Culture," apart from momentary associations and special pleadings, has a meaning of its own. Culture stands for something among plants; and it stands for something on the stock-farm. First it stands for a High Interferer who lifts the struggles of competition as between species and species out of the sphere of their own decision as cultured and uncultured; from being a contest waged according to their own merits it becomes a selection fixed according to the pleasure of the High Culturist. They compete not as they could, but as He wills, and fall into places as Weeds or Choice Blooms according to His requirements. The Elect of the Gardener grow and increase because He in this omnipotence makes bid for earth-room for them. He makes His Chosen the favoured People, and lays an embargo on any attempts at encroachment on the part of the rejected Weeds.

Now human "Culture" is the verbalist attempt to carry out a human selection on an exact analogy with the sub-human one. There is one missing factor, however, and this being the potent one, it falls to "Culture's" part to supply it. There is lacking a High Gardener; hence the ushering of the Gods into the game. Since the game is earth-wide we must all play in it; since only the Chosen may prosper, we all elect to choose ourselves and create our Gods to prove the authenticity of our Choice. All our Gods we create on one principle: we create them in our own image, and give them proportions to match our own; then "Culture" sits in judgment and gives to the largest God the palm. Culture's function thereafter is to compose paeans of praise to the great Gods, and build a system of embargos—the codes of behaviour—for the small persons whose Gods are of such trifling proportions as to confer on their creators nothing more than the status of weeds.

Those persons of "culture," who, as we said at the outset, have made "culture" a figure of fun, are the possessors of the imbibing minds which still chant the old paeans of gods who are deposed. For the paeans last long after the gods are gone. Powers
pass and gods decay, but words are well-nigh ever­
lasting. The daring of genius once wrote: "In the
heave had to stretch the old words
because the
to suit the new Gods and their systems, that culture has
changed times innumerably often. It is
attained to the rank of the Grotesque.

That human culture was plainly an impossibility for
lack of a culturist to make the selection, was no
reason whatsoever why it should not be put forward
as admirable and practicable in words; rather it was
the reason why it should. For false analogy is
an instinctive dodge with the human intelligence
when they are Weedily-inclined—that is, all
in the line of the Elect proceeds by self-election. The normal
"principle" of possession is audacity to take hold and
to stick fast, of which "principle" England in her prime has
given brilliant demonstrations. But having "arrived," it
suits her well to keep the veil of "culture" lowered
until it is forcibly torn away. Happily for those who
realise much, the middle temper is that in which the
thing thin is the "veneer of civilisation"—and are
accordingly the more anxious to be prepared for other
"civilised" eventualities, there is a happy release
from the obnoxious if useful task of belauding the
culture-trick: those whose tricks intelligence makes
them despise will scream: its praises aloud: the
"believers" in Civilisation and Culture are joined.

There are, of course, those who say that castes, noble,
kingly, or priestly, and Empires are one thing, but that
Culture is something other and apart: something great,
universal; something to do with mind and the soul of man.
Culture is Thought. Well and good: one has merely to
distinguish a difference many times indicated:
the difference between Thinking and Thought. The
function of Thinking is: destruction of Thought.
Defective thinking, of course, will breed thoughts:
but good thinking destroys them. Thinking might be
compared with a system of drainage: bad thinking
like a bad drain, besides which the complete absence
of drainage is relatively innocuous. The function
of thinking is to end Doubt; Thought (in the sense in
which we speak of the History of Thought, i.e., as it is
a "synonym of "culture") is Embalmed Doubt. To
receive a liberal education is to be made acquainted not
with knowledge but with the Doubts of the Ages: the
Misdraughts of the thinking process, now petrified in a
gruesome misshapen collection as Culture. Scholars,
indeed, ordinarily are quite mummified on account of their
extended intercourse with decayed thinking. It
is their aspect which happily has this put "culture" at a
discount. All that is virile is at war with thought. A
virile thinker feels a nauseated disgust at first contact
with "culture." * * * *

It is certain that any who have been hypnotised with
the decadent fascination of Thought have never given
any vigorous consideration to what the thinking process,
the intellectual, the reasoning process, is really. Yet
it is a first necessity for making any headway in philo­sophic
knowledge. It is as necessary to know the
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It is doubtless this unspoken consideration which is in the minds of those few who being neither knaves nor nincompoops have recently joined in the loud talk of "eman power grown and through the events from the obscure diffusion of vague feeling into the definite lines, sound, colour, movement of the clear image.

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We are driven to speak in praise of moderation: usually it is in praise of "fun," which consists in "going too far"; as, for instance, in the case in point: our British cant. Cant in moderation is the most useful thing in the world: cant well and you will mount. Cant in moderation is the most useful thing in the world: cant well and you will mount. Silence, colour, movement of the clear image.

It is so easy to bruise the joyousness out of life to the uttermost is as regular a feature with men because his life has imperative needs which he is at pains to satisfy, and of these the excitement of risk is one. Failing to get it he becomes bored: soul-sick.

Science prospers in peace, but knowledge of images which are furnished by heightened heart-beats must needs wait until thinkers' own hearts beat high. Great philosophies can come only from lives greatly lived which means that images have come from the soul-thought inevitable to a strongly-strung race is a secondary matter: the primary affair is the strong life lived which means that images have come to birth. Power of life is the thing, and quite possibly this may find its full expression in the energising of an active and vivid existence. If so, though Art may seem poorer, the community will be as rich, perhaps richer. Quite possibly a life joyously, richly, alluringly lived, is the fullest and finest gift to his fellows a great genius can give. It is so easy to bruise the joyousness out of life in crushing life's essences to distil Art.

However that may be, it is certain that the profounder knowledge of the human heart which should be the burden of genuine philosophy, must pause until stronger feeling is at its service, and it will be all to the good when the hypnotism of security which relying on the steady return of five per cents, on the one hand, and the deadly monotony of mechanical labour on the other gives, shall have given way to something more "wasteful" and adventurous. "Wasteful," since all is well-wasted if the power to feel may grow. It is true that in the fat times of peace knowledge of images of which the stimulus is eternal and maniable, and can be produced and reproduced at will may, can, and actually does, grow. Science prospers in peace, but knowledge of images which are furnished by heightened heart-beats must needs wait until thinkers' own hearts beat high. Great philosophies can come only from lives greatly lived.

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that it is incapable of recognising the same quality when they see it rise again in a foe. In short, oh pious English your nose which you despise, not merely at your own peril, but to the derogation of the traditional spirit of your own country's past. Having said which one may seemly express the hope that the Germans will lose.

To ascertain the causes which will explain the present slow rate of recruiting the wise-in-office are puzzling that lecturing campaigns be organised to expound the "Reasons for this War," to the unenlightened industrialists of the North. The intending lecturers may as well spare their breath: it is not for lack of "Reasons for this War" that recruits are not rolling up. The explanation is in our opinion quite other. The people have always a reason good enough to justify a fight when they have discovered a good foe: that constitutes the "rightness" of any fight once they have decided on fighting their opinion is various and pretty obvious. The first cause is quite accidental in its nature: the war trouble came too suddenly. The stage-management required to bring popular enthusiasm to boiling-point was wholly lacking. It is trivial, but is it not sufficient to effect a recruit's diminishment in time. In the second place the criticism of state affairs and of politics, domestic and high, which has been going on in recent years has not been without its effect. A large section of the working-classes have not spared their breath: it is not for lack of "Reasons for this State" itself, distinguished from all the political dodges and trickeries, does not command unfailling respect. The knowledge that there is much spoof worked up into the dignity of the "State" has travelled very far. Men are not appalled at the suggestion of the "falling State": they believe, a strong, if veiled, regard for it: but they contemptuously express admiration for it. This "wrong." Christianity notwithstanding, the men are keen at the suggestion of the "falling State"; they do not share in the risk's excitement are involved in its consequences. It is not regarded as bravery: it is sized up as gallivanting. If the State cannot afford to pay for an Army it should confess its poverty and shut up shop: it is despicable to work on men's better feelings in an endogenous way to make them callous to other equally great and worthy feelings. The much boasted English voluntary system acts as a veritable Morton's Fork: the prospective recruit is impaled, no matter which prong he selects. Because his "will is not forced," because it is "left to his honour," all the less reason in the importance to men of "humanity" to do his utmost: if he fails to do, he is held a "nothing." Some one was advertising in the "Times" last week for petticoats for all such. Should he volunteer, then, just because it is voluntary the choice is his own and the State is not responsible for his action. His pay is inadequate, and if his choice costs him his life, his dependants are left at the mercy of charity for adequate provision. It is really astonishing that Lord Kitchener has had the response he has.

We should be interested to know why the intelligent at least among the working classes do not favour some form of national military service, either conscription or in some less stringent form. Doubtless it is the working of the "humanitarian" ferment! If only the French Revolution had never happened, or had guillotined all the fellows with a literary tendency, and if only Plato had never been born! However, these calamities have visited us, and here we are. It really believes some should speak earnestly about "humanitarianism" to working-men. It is not to their interests that they should be a "civilian" class animated throughout by the civilian" temper; that is, if they are not content to remain amateur, that is, if they are not content to remain amateur as a rule, they believe, a strong, if veiled, regard for it: but they contemptuously express admiration for it. Such estimation is not due to Prussianism: it is due to human nature. Man for man is not a majority:war is a military caste and the soldier holds the advantage: in a quarrel he is the better man: the civilian is in his power: the soldier protects him, culls him into submission, or kills him as the situation suggests. Consider Mr. Ben Tillett with his God and his ten thousand unemployed, snarked from Turner Hill. Call up the vision of an industrial multitude trying to fit itself into a form of national military service, of which tells. Only in a time of what we choose to call common danger is there a momentary co-operation and cohesion, when— it may be noted—the fighting head takes the lead. Even at such a time, so little is this cohesion a real and permanent thing: there is little reason to believe that its governments do not even take care decently to bring together the torn strands which mark off the definition of the fighting-head from the civilian body. The business of recruiting for instance: a civilian chooses to raise the State is not responsible for his action. His pay is inadequate, and if his choice costs him his life, his dependants are left at the mercy of charity for adequate provision. It is really astonishing that Lord Kitchener has had the response he has.

But these considerations are, we believe, subsidiary: the main reason is that the demand made on the men's circumstances stretches outside their means. Granting that, Christianity notwithstanding, the men are keen to fight, welcome the exciting, and are proud of the risk: there are few working-men who have not others dependent on them, and risk is too much of a personal pleasure not to be looked at askance when others who do not share in the risk's excitement are involved in its consequences. It is not regarded as bravery: it is sized up as gallivanting. If the State cannot afford to pay for an Army it should confess its poverty and shut up shop: it is despicable to work on men's better feelings in an endogenous way to make them callous to other equally great and worthy feelings. The much boasted English voluntary system acts as a veritable Morton's Fork: the prospective recruit is impaled, no matter which prong he selects. Because his "will is not forced," because it is "left to his honour," all the less reason in the importance to men of "humanity" to do his utmost: if he fails to do, he is held a "nothing." Some one was advertising in the "Times" last week for petticoats for all such. Should he volunteer, then, just because it is voluntary the choice is his own and the State is not responsible for his action. His pay is inadequate, and if his choice costs him his life, his dependants are left at the mercy of charity for adequate provision. It is really astonishing that Lord Kitchener has had the response he has.

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and ready to be drawn upon as the needs of the defensive member requires. Civilians undoubtedly make small weight: there is quite a touch of pathos in their efforts to prove that "the State is acting as one man" by putting us all in boy-scout uniform have been summarily turned down: why even women could come up to fighting status on that strength. The military uniform must not be defamed by bringing it within reach of civilians and women. It is the popular large on the beauties of peace and feel at ease in the top-dogs. England can, for instance, blandly en­force on the temper of the wage-earning workers cannot be denied: to such an extent in fact that from the top-down: for the second the sword might have become the weapon which make them so. And it is the most devastating stroke of humanitarianism that it has succeeded in persuading the industrial under-dogs that their demand will be acceded to. As though a power­ful order would not always see to its defense: the only way to meet a powerful order is to oppose it with another powerfully defended order. That is why the Germans are so inspiring. A worthy foe is as inspi­ring as a worthy friend. It is those who mistake the quality of both friendship and enmity who are depres­sing. They necessitate illimitable combat.

Very probably the humanitarian ideal has been en­couraged by an unwarrantable extension of the "family" analogy. Liberty, equality, and fraternity are the kind of flowers which might be expected to flourish in the close circle of the family with its basis fixed in its traditions and its protection. But the stress which flourish equally in the social "family" is to ignore the unique characteristic which creates the family. It is just because there is not much love to be relied upon anywhere. But the vitiating influence of the "womanising"" influence on working in the social temper making for an un­acceptable presumption that a frame of mind which women can calculate to find in men towards themselves will be forthcoming from men towards men. Women are, of course, in normal cases even more physically defence­less than the male civil: but in the attraction which they wield over men they possess a physical competence for the acquisition of power and status which does not come in a man's category. Women are self-protected by a competence which belongs to themselves; because they can neglect certain powers of self-defence it by no means follows that men can do likewise. Yet the humanitarian ideal is to rely for men's safety upon a softness of dealing which is only available for women. It involves a positively deadly miscalculation.

We had thought that the funniest thing appearing in print since the outbreak of the war would have been the suggestion of Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Webb in the "Daily News," that when we have rooted up and eaten out last carrot the Distress Committee will fatten us on rations of beer and cakes—the amount to vary according to our progress in executing on the flute and doing fancy crochet-stitches: or perhaps it was in mathematics. Anyway, whatever it was, the Webbs are completely outshone—by the "Spectator." Not in the course of a long vivid life have I read anything so searing as the "Spectator"'s "Advice to Italy." These articles have positively clicked with wickedness. How they must have set the fresh mountain air blowing through the dry bones sheltering in English rectories. "Clean pure hands" indeed! And "Reasons for War!" The "Spectator" informs Italy that the "Daily News," that when we have rooted up and eaten out last carrot the Distress Committee will fatten us on rations of beer and cakes—the amount to vary according to our progress in executing on the flute and doing fancy crochet-stitches: or perhaps it was in mathematics. Anyway, whatever it was, the Webbs are completely outshone—by the "Spectator." Not in the course of a long vivid life have I read anything so searing as the "Spectator"'s "Advice to Italy." These articles have positively clicked with wickedness. How they must have set the fresh mountain air blowing through the dry bones sheltering in English rectories. "Clean pure hands" indeed! And "Reasons for War!"

They are the under-dogs—they and the humane ones agree in that—and yet they are crying out about peace. But the cry of peace is seemly only in the mouths of those who are trying to do the best they can for them­selves to the best of their ability. Humanitarians are embargoes: they endeavour to lay the weight of their "ought" across other people's fads, and endeavour to inhibit them by an appeal to the conscience: their own fad they call the "protection of the poor"—to which they give such free rein that they are fast becoming the apostles of perpetual goal for the poor. They call it supervision; they are the friends—on a scientific basis of course—of the poor; looking at their ways one might think that they cherished malice against the poor, but of course—of the poor; looking at their ways one might think that they cherished malice against the poor, but of course
NOTES ON THE PRESENT SITUATION.
By Richard Aldington.

There seems now to be only one subject exercising everyone's mental and physical activities—the War. The curious effects of this notable calamity on individuals could best be noted by a writer of the timbre of de Maupassant. Its effects on crowds might attract M. Romain or some other one of the Unanimistes. (It is odd to think that these poets are probably in or near the firing line.) The state of mind of the individual is somewhat like the present; that is undoubtedly influenced by the mob psychology.

Since this is so, what of the arts? For the arts are the expression of the individual—his true self. The professor, of the public, which enjoys the flattery of supposing itself the creator of art, and of certain reactionary artists here and abroad. A great war like the present tends towards the creation of type as opposed to the creation of individuals. Patriotism is obviously a social virtue. A month ago Englishmen hated each other as individuals. Now, at the social touch, they are all men and brothers, hating intangible "Germans" whom they have never seen. This kind of social feeling does not produce art—for proof of this consult the war poems in the papers. The impulse is too vague, too general; the impulse of art is always clear and particular.

The truth is that we are all too much engulfed in the "group psychology" to be artists. All our energy goes in outside effort, in anxieties and hopes, in combating the general fidgetiness. Somewhere about there may be a modern Gautier, who, after the war, will emerge from his study, wonder what the cheering is near the fighting line.) The state of mind of the individual is somewhat like the present. That is the British Museum Library. It may be that the man next one by the war who will consult the war poems in the papers. The impulse is too vague, too general; the impulse of art is always clear and particular.

"After the war." Ah, things may be different then. I am enormously tempted to theorise on the possibilities of the arts after the war. By all the rules we should have a popular art of great sentimentality and among the artists a movement akin to that of the symbolist school in France. Fortunately the gods have witheld the gift of prophecy from all men. We know that whatever the art of 1925 will be like. Possibly there will be no art at all—very probably, I should think. Anyway, lots of the cranky stuff of the last few years will be swept away.

I see at least two good results in this war—two good results I mean from a somewhat narrow and personal standpoint. First of all, numbers of the hangers-on of the arts, those dirty little vultures which hung around looking out merely for carrion, will be done away with. Since the arts now offer no effective remuneration whatever they will be practised only by real artists. (On the other hand the artists will be the first to starve."

Sic semper.
"

The other good result is this. In a little while we shall be able to start work again, and since we shall do it purely for its own sake—as I hope we always have—it will at least be sincere. The most terrifying symptom of modern art is its complete insincerity. In London I know of only two artists who are not either charlatans, poers or "vaniteux."

But how completely demodé the posers will be after the war! If anything written in this century before the war is remembered ten years after it the author may almost consider himself a great man, at least a superior intelligence.

Think of the appalling number of tedious periodicals and books which will be produced during the war and after—all on the same subject! Have you reflected what a prodigious amount of mental lassitude and boredom will result from this little excursus of the Kaiser! Reflect! Marinetti is probably at the front—sacro Christo! we shall have more poems! And far, far worse—for Marinetti is an artist—we shall have endless sentimental novels, novelettes, stories, pictures and patriotic music, all warlike and all damned.

Before the war there was a great deal of talk of dynamism. While it lasted I was never completely easy. It sounded all right, but somehow it never worked. It seems to me that the finest moments of my life and in my writing have never been brutally "dynamic," however "modern." "Children of our age" are we! No, children of real classes. Certain superficial difference put aside, a poet or painter of to-day would feel more at home in the presence of one of his kind belonging to another century than with a bargeman or with a cavalry colonel of to-day.

That opinion is now a heresy because it was once orthodox. I believe I herald its return to orthodoxy. That is one of the curious anomalies of to-day. One must be at all costs heterodox and the difficulty is to know what is orthodox. Perhaps we shall know "after the war."

"After the war"—noble phrase! Better than the Spaniard's "To-morrow." "After the war" we will pay our bills, enjoy universal peace, see the beginning of a new era, accomplish our dreams, be faithful to our wives. Alas, the war is the moratorium of Europe's good resolutions.

In these days there is one place which is free from the almost universal war scare. That is the British Museum Library. It may be that the man next one who is studying tactics and the human tribes seats reading manuals of nursing and military sanitation. These little incidents do not disturb the perfect atmosphere of scholasticism. During the last few days I have read the most extraordinarily "high-brow" stuff. Things like "Les cent Nouvelles" du Roy Louys and Marguerite de Navarre's "Heptameron," Godescals the medieval séquaire writer, Fenizziuola, who wrote of the beauty of Achilles Tatius, Longus and Xenophon the Ephesian. I had designed inflicting some of the results of my studies on readers of Tus Éojax. I spared them less from solicitude than from the mental indolence caused by the war.

I regret to see in to-day's issue of the "New Weekly" that this periodical may have to come to an end. I may say that I regret the "New Weekly's" possible deesse extremely, because they occasionally allowed me to thunder through their pages. In an article in the present number Mr. Arnold Palmer says that though you can read Cervantes or Stendhal with guns booming under your nose, you can't read a "merely graceful, agreeable writer like Henri de Régnier." Oh, yes, I am reading "Romaine Miramait"—Régnier's last novel—with as much satisfaction as I ever read anything.

They tell me that although Régnier is the greatest stylist living he is not a great man because his work has no "significance." Ah, the villain word! Does it make any difference whether the "significance" of a book is simply that you get a complete impression of a French village in summer and of a young man kissing his cousin or whether the book's "significance" is cosmic and philosophically overwhelming? All these things are so little that the greatest is not much bigger than the smallest. The great war is not much bigger than the fight of two tom-cats.

Notice that this is a war of the bourgeois, rather rare in history. The aristocracy of all the nations engaged have no real hostility towards each other; the cosmoc-
politanism of practically all artists and scientists rules them out; the people—except in France—have no particular feeling against the other races. I mean they don’t hate them as our peasants hated the French in Sedan. Only the bourgeois are left. They, poor souls, have been so terrified by the sounding rhetoric of the press, that they have hurled themselves at each other’s throats from sheer funk. It is Aguecheek and Cesario over again, egged on by the Sir Toby Belch of the press.

Just now—at the beginning of this—I said how queer it was to think of Romains, Vildrac and people like that being in the French Army. I have just glanced through the Poêtes d’Aujourd’hui and I find that in the first volume thirteen of the poets are liable for service—this includes Lamartine, Paul Fort and Pierre Louys. Mauclet and Vié-Griffin are also liable; so is Henri de Régnier, unless members of the Academy are excused.

While France sends poets, painters and probably philosophers to fight, England cannot even call up her cricket and football teams. I’m damned if I’ll be killed while not—that is five hundred professional football teams, with their attendant masters, unlaid.

LARMATINE: GRAZIELLA.

T is not every book that can be read just as it comes, smelling of ink, from the printing machine. We must all at some time or other read the oldest of books for the first time. So I make no apology for the fact that Lamartine’s “Graziella” was until quite recently new to me.

There are some things which are outside the range of criticism, using the word either strictly or in its colloquial sense. They have an appeal for you or they have not—that sudden glimpse of country heard on a November night, or caught for a moment through trees, the outline of a hill against an evening sky, a faint sound coming up from the earth and home, for friend to be sundered from friend, is a thing too elusive to be defined or explained.

So Lamartine’s “Graziella.” It affects me in just that powerful part-painful way. Its quality is certainly of that rare elusive kind. The story is a perfectly simple one, and yet real though imitable. It was said by someone disparagingly of Wilde’s “De Profundis,” that the French translator found several passages of no exact translatable meaning. This was really the highest of praise, for to translate is necessarily to define. It was said by someone that the bonds of the flesh are broken asunder and the soul at once flies towards God as towards the centre of her heart and home, for friend to be sundered from friend. O think what pain, what anguish, it must be for the poor soul to be spurned from the presence of Divine light and his affection obstinately turned away from the goodness of God. God, remember, is being infinitely good and of such a being must be a loss infinitely painful. In this life we have not a very clear idea of what such a loss must be, but the damned in hell, for their greater torment, have a full understanding of that which they have lost, and understand that they have lost it through their own fault and not by the will of God. For this reason mortal sin is punished in hell by two different forms of punishment, physical and spiritual.

Now of all these spiritual pains by far the greatest is the pain of loss, so great, in fact, that in itself it is a torment greater than all the others. Saint Thomas, the greatest doctor of the Church, the angelic doctor, has said that the worst damnation consists in the fact that the understanding of man is totally deprived of Divine light and his affection obstinately turned away from the goodness of God. God, remember, is being infinitely good and of such a being must be a loss infinitely painful. In this life we have not a very clear idea of what such a loss must be, but the damned in hell, for their greater torment, have a full understanding of that which they have lost, and understand that they have lost it through their own fault and not by the will of God. For this reason mortal sin is punished in hell by two different forms of punishment, physical and spiritual.

A PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A YOUNG MAN.

By James Joyce.

CHAPTER III.—continued.

TIME passed.

He sat again in the front bench of the chapel.

The daylight without was already failing, and, as it fell slowly through the dull red blinds, it seemed that the sun of the last day was going down and that all souls were being gathered for the judgment.

I am cast away from the sight of Thine eyes: words taken, my soul died. The death of a great soul is the death of death of Psalms, thirtieth chapter, twenty-third verse. In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.

The preacher began to speak in a quiet friendly tone. His face was kind and he joined gently the fingers of each hand, forming a frail cage by the union of their tips.

—This morning we endeavoured, in our reflection upon hell, to make what our holy founder calls in his book of spiritual exercises, the composition of place. We endeavoured, that is, to imagine with the senses of the mind, in order to imagination, that is, to think of that awful place and of the physical torments which all who are in hell endure. This evening we shall consider for a few moments the nature of the spiritual torments of hell.

Sin, remember, is a twofold enormity. It is a base consent to the promptings of our corrupt nature to the lower instincts, to that which is gross and beastlike; and it is also a turning away from the counsel of our higher nature, from all that is pure and holy, from the Holy God Himself. For this reason mortal sin is punished in hell by two different forms of punishment, physical and spiritual.

Now of all these spiritual pains by far the greatest is the pain of loss, so great, in fact, that in itself it is a torment greater than all the others. Saint Thomas, the greatest doctor of the Church, the angelic doctor, has said that the worst damnation consists in the fact that the understanding of man is totally deprived of Divine light and his affection obstinately turned away from the goodness of God. God, remember, is being infinitely good and of such a being must be a loss infinitely painful. In this life we have not a very clear idea of what such a loss must be, but the damned in hell, for their greater torment, have a full understanding of that which they have lost, and understand that they have lost it through their own fault and not by the will of God. For this reason mortal sin is punished in hell by two different forms of punishment, physical and spiritual.

O think what pain, what anguish, it must be for the poor soul to be spurned from the presence of the supremely good and loving Creator Who has called that soul into existence from nothingness and sustained it in life and loved it with an incomparable love. Then, to be separated for ever from its greatest good, from God, and to feel the anguish of that separation, knowing full well that it is unchangeable, this is the greatest torment which the created soul is capable of bearing, pena demni, the pain of loss.

The suffering of a soul in hell, for the souls of the damned in hell is the pain of conscience. Just as in dead bodies worms are engendered by putrefaction so in the souls of the lost there arises a perpetual remorse from the putrefaction of sin, the sting of conscience, the worm, as Pope Innocent the Third calls it, of the triple
sting. The first sting inflicted by this cruel worm will be the memory of past pleasures. O what a dreadful thing the proud king will remember the pomps of his court, dishes prepared with such delicacy, his choice wines, the feasts of the table, his gorgeous feasts, his miser will remember his hoard of gold, the robber his innumerable wealth, the hungry thief his dinner, the proud man his rides in the pleasure, the proud woman the dance with her husband. They will remember all this and loathe themselves and their sins. For how miserable will all those pleasures seem to the soul condemned to suffer in hell fire for ages and ages. How they will rage and fume to think that they have lost the bliss of heaven for the sake of bodily comforts, for a tingling of the nerves. They committed. Divine justice insists that the under-
son of time the mere thought of which makes our very brain reel dizzy, eternally would it have improperly begun.

A holy saint (one of our own fathers, I believe) it was once vouchsafed a vision of hell. It seemed to him that he stood in the midst of a great hall, dark and silent save for the ticking of a great clock. The ticking went on unceasingly; and it seemed to this saint that the sound was that of a soul struggling and struggling, and struggling for admission to the place of torment. The struggle lasted, it seemed, an eternity of time, while the sound itself seemed infinite in length. The infinite punishment of hell exhausts all thought, all language, all desire for speech.

For a soul that tramples once again upon that torn and bleeding heart of Christ, on that wound in His tender side, every sin is a thorn, every venial sin is a thorn, every mortal sin is a wound, and the deaths, the murders, on condition that he never again do that which offends so deeply the divine loving heart. No, no. It is impossible for any human being to do that which crucifies again the Son of God and is punished by an eternity of endless agony, of endless torture. Such is the terrible punishment decreed for those who die in mortal sin by an almighty and a just God.

He went up to his room after dinner in order to be alone with his soul, and at every step his soul seemed to sigh: at every step his soul mounted with his feet, to sigh: at every step his soul seemed itself an eternity of woe. Such is the terrible punishment decreed for those who die in mortal sin by an almighty and a just God.

Will we too, like the cruel Jews and every instant of rebellion pride of the intellect, every instant of the brutal soldiers, mock that gentle and com­passionate Saviour Who trod alone for our sake the step of triumph, kneeling here in this humble chapel in the presence of God. He is there in the tabernacle burning with love for mankind, ready to comfort the afflicted. Be not afraid. No matter how many or how foul the sins if only you repent of them they will be forgiven you. Let no worldly shame hold you back. God is still the merciful Lord who wishes not the eternal death of the sinner but rather that he be converted and live.

He called you to Him. You are His. He made you out of nothing. He loved you as only a God can love. His arms are open to receive you even though you have sinned against Him. Come to Him, poor sinner, poor vain and erring sinner. Now is the acceptable time. Now is the time of salvation.

The priest rose and turning towards the altar knelt upon the step before the tabernacle in the fallen gloom. He waited till all in the chapel had knelt and every least noise was still. Then, raising his head, he repeated the act of contrition, phrase by phrase, with fervour. The boys answered him phrase by phrase. Stephen, his tongue cleaving to his palate, bowed his head, praying with his heart.

* * * * *
He could not summon them to his memory. He felt only an ache of soul and body, his whole being, memory, will, understanding, flesh, blemished and weary.

That was the work of devils, to scatter his thoughts and overload his conscience, assailing him at the gates of his heart by dark and sin-corrupted flesh; and, praying God timidly to forgive him his weakness, he crawled up on to the bed and wrapping the blankets closely about him, covered his face again with his hands. He had sinned. He had sinned so deeply against heaven and before God that he was not worthy to be called God's child.

Could it be that he, Stephen Dedalus, had done those things? His conscience weighed in anguish. Yes, he had done them gladly, frightfully, after due thought and, hardened in sinful impotence, he had dared to wear the mask of holiness before the tabernacle while his soul within was a living mass of corruption. How came it that God had not struck him dead? The leprous company of his sins closed about him, breathing upon him, bending over him from all sides. He strove to forget them in an act of prayer, huddling his limbs closer together and binding down his eyelids: but the senses of the soul would not be bound and, though his eyes were shut fast, he saw the places where he had sinned and the false tears were tightly covered, he heard. He desired with all his will not to hear nor see. He desired till his frame shook under the strain of his desire and until the senses of his soul closed. They closed for an instant and then opened. He saw.

A field of stiff weeds and thistles and tufted nettle-bunches. Tink among the tufts of rank stiff growth lay battered canisters and cots and coils of solid excrement. A faint marsh-light struggling upwards from all the ordure through the bristling grey-green weeds. An evil smell, faint and foul as the light, curled upwards sluggish out of the canisters and from the stench-crusted
créatures were in the field; one, three, six: creatures moving in the field, hither and thither. Goatish creatures with human faces, horny browed, lightly bearded and grey as indiarubber. The malice of evil glittered in their hard eyes, as they moved hither and thither, their terrific faces...
souls on whom God's favour shone now more and now less, stars now brighter and now dimmer, sustained and failing, merged in a moving breath. One soul was lost; a tiny soul: his. It nickered once and waste.

slowly over a vast tract of time unlit, unfelt, unlived.

common accents, the burning gas jets in the shops, odours of fish and spirits and wet sawdust, moving men.

street, an oilcan in her hand. He bent down and asked him: and, as she held out her reeking withered right hand under its fringe of shawl, he bent lower towards her, saddened and soothed by her voice.

A penitent entered where the other penitent had come the farther side of the box. The near slide was drawn. A soft whispering noise floated in vaporous cloudlets out of the box. It was the woman's soft whispering cloudlets, soft whispering vapour, whispering and vanishing.

He beat his breast with his fist humbly, secretly under cover of the wooden armrest. He would be at one with others and with God. He would love his neighbour. He would love God and love him. He would kneel and pray with others and be happy. God would look down on him and on them and would love them all.

It was easy to be good. God's yoke was sweet and light. It was better never to have sinned, to have never remained all the day. A few of those good souls were humble followers of Jesus. Jesus too had been a child, for God loved little children and suffered them to come to Him. It was a terrible and a sad thing to sin. But God was merciful to poor sinners who were truly sorry. How true that was! That was indeed goodness.

The slide was shot to suddenly. The penitent came out. He was next. He stood up in terror and walked blindly into the box. At last it had come. He knelt in the silent gloom and raised his eyes to the white crucifix suspended above him. God could see that he was sorry. He would tell all his sins. His confession would be long, long. Everybody in the chapel would know then what a sinner he had been. Let them know. It was true. But God had promised to forgive him if he was sorry. He was sorry. He clasped his hands and raised them towards the white form, praying with his darkened eyes, praying with all his trembling body, swaying his head to and fro like a lost creature, praying with whimpering lips.

— Sorry ! Sorry ! O sorry !

The slide clicked back and his heart bounded in his breast. The face of an old priest was at the grating, looking at him, leaning upon a hand. He made the sign of the cross and said: the voice of the priest to bless him for he had sinned. Then, bowing his head, he repeated the Confiteor in fright. At the words my most grievous fault he ceased, breathless.

How long is it since your last confession, my child —

— A long time, father.

— A month, my child?

— Longer, father.

— Three months, my child?

— Longer, father.

— Six months !

— Eight months, father.

He had begun. The priest asked:

— And what do you remember of that time ?

He began to confess his sins: masses missed, prayers not said, lies.

— Anything else, my child ?

Sins of anger, envy of others, gluttony, vanity, disobedience.

— Anything else, my child ?

There was no help. He murmured:

— I . . . committed sins of impurity, father.

The priest did not turn his head.

— You are very young, my child — he said, — and let me implore of you to give up that sin. It is a terrible vice. The last sins oozed forth, sluggish, filthy. There was no more to tell. He bowed his head, overcome.

The priest was silent. Then he asked:

— How old are you, my child?

— Sixteen, father.

The priest passed his hand several times over his face. Then, resting his forehead against his hand, he leaned towards the grating and, with eyes still averted, spoke slowly. His voice was weary and old.

— You are very young, my child — he said, — and let me implore of you to give up that sin. It is a terrible sin. It kills the body and it kills the soul. It is the cause of many crimes and misfortunes. Give it up, my child, for God's sake. It is dishonourable and unmanly. You cannot know where that wretched habit will lead you or where it will come against you. As long as you commit that sin, my poor child, you will never be worth
one farthing to God. Pray to our mother Mary to help you. She will help you, my child. Pray to Our Blessed Lady when that sin comes into your mind. I am sure you do. And you will promise God now that by His holy grace you will never offend Him again. I am sure you do. And you will promise God now that you will give up that sin, that wretched, wretched sin. —

Blinded by her tears and by the light of God's mercifulness he bent his head and heard the grave words of absolution spoken and saw the priest's hand raised above him in token of forgiveness.

...the devil has led you astray.

Blinded by his tears and by the light of God's mercifulness he bent his head and heard the grave words of absolution spoken and saw the priest's hand raised above him in token of forgiveness.

The muddy streets were gay. He strode homeward, conscious of an invisible grace pervading and making light his limbs. In spite of all he had done it. He had confessed and God had pardoned him. His soul was made fair and holy once more, holy and happy.

It would be beautiful to die if God so willed. It was beautiful to live in grace a life of peace and virtue and forbearance with others. He felt the fire in the kitchen, not daring to speak for happiness. Till that moment he had not known how beautiful and peaceful life could be. The green square of paper pinned round the lamp cast down a tender shade. On the dresser was a plate of sausages and white pudding and on the shelf there were eggs.

...would hold upon his tongue the host and God would change it. In a dream he fell asleep. In a dream he rose and would hold upon his tongue the host and God would change it. In a dream he fell asleep. In a dream he rose and...
inactivity indoors I propose buying supplies, rumours being about that prices are going up as supplies go out. Meet a man who says the mobilisation is ordered and the bills are posted at the railway stations, post offices, etc. I quickly tell Mme. V. and go to the station opposite where a small bill announces "I is he now? The other day he wrote: stations, post offices, etc. I quickly tell Mme. V. and go to the station opposite where a small bill announces too, occupies my mind. He was in the provinces; wære there dearest and best. Anxiety as to the whereabouts of thousands of men are suddenly taken from their thoughts provision hunting. The streets are already crowded with weeping women and men carrying parcels (containing service boots) or portmanteaux. Cabs and motors race by carrying officers and mobilised men. We go through a very poor quarter, the Rue Mouffetard, and the silence and resignation in presence of events which afflicted the repeated every heavily. "All the homes I now make my way to the station, intending to take a train home. Laden with parcels I have to go on foot as there are no 'buses or trains to be had. We had already seen lines of motor-'buses being driven to their warehouses at six o'clock. The silence in the streets, only broken by the motor traffic which has become striking. Ministerial bills have sprung out here and there mourning the death of Jaurès and asking the nation for unity in this hour of general trial. The policemen guarding the senate-house carry huge planks and stand in the door. At the Gare de Montparnasse the crowd is enormous and to my great surprise I find I am forbidden entrance by policemen at the doors. And it is well, for if I had entered I should not have been able to proceed through the compact mass of humanity inside composed entirely of men off to join their regiments. Here reigns a subdued excitement. The trains are, I am told, monopolised henceforth by military requirements. So back on foot to Mme. V.'s. I have omitted to say that while the cries of newspaper-hawkers were heard during the whole week they have suddenly been silenced. One of the possible notions which this afternoon with insignificant excitement, then, at six o'clock, came the later editions, notably the Temps-printed, like the morning ones now, on a reduced number of pages—announcing the general mobilisation of troops. We spend the evening on the balcony with the poet G.-C. C., who, watching the motors race by, says: "How can I want him to avoid what others are only too ready to face and he not less than any? How can I demand that?" Hides perplexity. And through the incessant demoniacal noise, when each passing soldiery, G.-C. C. watching the motors race by, stray soldiery, parte-C. C. watching the motors race by, "la querre" the cries of the motors race by with shrieking horns. I hear porter-porte- all at once this Paris of ours has, as if by a miracle, been completely transformed. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, some unseen power orders us to accustom ourselves to conditions absolutely strange. So it seems as though every scene as though every one's thoughts is reminiscent of the ephemerality of dreams and visions, Auger 2.—Morning brings a clear sky and a cooler atmosphere: a gale of summer. But the next event will be the arrival of the morning paper. This, when at last it appears, announces that Germany has declared war on Russia. The woman who keeps the newspaper-stall opposite hands me the paper with wet eyes, for her husband left last night. And she was almost pushed out of it by a gentleman who, on hailing an empty cab, but just as I was getting in I was almost pushed out of it by a gentleman who, on my protesting, informed me with regrets that he was, probably, in a greater hurry than myself, as he had to merely to the so-called auxiliary corps. How shall I decide? All night long I ask myself the same questions. "Won't enough be slaughtered as it is?" Then: "How can I want him to avoid what others are only too ready to face and he not less than any? How can I demand that?" Hides perplexity. And through the incessant demoniacal noise, when each passing soldiery, parte-C. C. watching the motors race by, "la querre" the cries of the motors race by with shrieking horns. I hear porter-porte- all at once this Paris of ours has, as if by a miracle, been completely transformed. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, some unseen power orders us to accustom ourselves to conditions absolutely strange. So it seems as though every scene as though every one's thoughts is reminiscent of the ephemerality of dreams and visions. A quaint touch: as I was on my way home, the crowd i.e., the motors race by, tenacity to face and he not less than any? How can I demand that?" Hides perplexity. And through the incessant demoniacal noise, when each passing soldiery, parte-C. C. watching the motors race by, "la querre" the cries of the motors race by with shrieking horns. I hear porter-porte- all at once this Paris of ours has, as if by a miracle, been completely transformed. Suddenly, without the slightest warning, some unseen power orders us to accustom ourselves to conditions absolutely strange. So it seems as though every scene as though every one's thoughts is reminiscent of the ephemerality of dreams and visions. A quaint touch: as I was on my way home, the crowd i.e., the motors race by, tenacity to face and he not less than any? How can I demand that?" Hides perplexity. And through
join his corps at once, so of course I had to sacrifice myself for him. Had I not done so willingly the civilian, whose partiality was at once apparent, would have changed between us.

The townspeople and women are generally calm and earnest in their duty and are the employé's at the food line, though they know they are campaign-bound to-morrow or the day after. Not one seems so much as absent-minded. They punch their tickets as stoically as ever and, indeed what would be the consequence if the man at the wheel were suddenly to feel sentimental about himself? The passengers in the crowded cars are absolutely silent. This silence which is taken hold of Paris, usually so chattering, is most striking.

On alighting from the métro I meet Mr. R. "Are you off?" I ask. "On Friday," he answers. He leaves a wife and two little children—whom he has had to send into the country to-day for fear of the greatest difficulties. A few steps farther I meet Mr. B. "Are you going?" "On Monday," he answers. He leaves a wife and a little boy of six. At last I reach Mr. de F.'s, where is H. S. C. The former opens the door to me. "Are you going?" "On Tuesday," he answers. He leaves a wife and one little child; one brother is an officer in service in Morocco. His mother left town, for fear of not being able to find trains later, to see another son in the provinces, just a few minutes before this one returned home. He will have to leave without having said good-bye to her. Here at last, M. C. tells me from having spent all night travelling from Reims to Paris in a train containing fifteen passengers per compartment. They were at Reims station at eight, waited till one o'clock for a room in a train, and arrived in Paris at six in the morning. No one was allowed luggage except hand-bags. The past week had been one of great anxiety at Reims. No one had been able to sleep, partly on account of suspense, partly on account of the noise of marching troops and the cries of newspaper vendors. Every day there was a fall-off in the attendance at the College d'Athletes till, on Saturday, as the knell of the tocsin announced the order for mobilisation, the Marquis de P., the president, came to lock up and say good-bye to each. Capitaine Hébert had left for a fort some days previously. And then the remaining "pupils" shook hands with each other and wished each other "au revoir" till next year. After a long wait we get a stray and crowded train home. The passengers are already more talkative and brighter than yesterday. At home we find a few letters and the consequence if the man at the wheel were suddenly to feel sentimental about himself...
shiver with apprehension. They hang on the brass cans and exercise all the physical force they are possessed of on inanimate objects (had they been animate it would have been the same). At home we try to secure some butter and milk, for there is none to be had. I am not, however, asked an exceptional price for the cheese I still find in my dairy. We can probably do without this luxury, for as I hear, the authorities are probably going to requisition the cheese for officers and soldiers; what title have you "livret militaire" and affirming that we belong to his family we are allowed to drive off. The Invalides agent do not fail us any more than will the water supply we order at 8 p.m. Though the papers say gas and electricity will be done with rioters. Thank God for this! Bicyclists are very numerous everywhere. As there are no "buses or trams the utility of this long-neglected vehicle makes itself felt. Many women ride. And now on the boulevards we see what has been done at the German taverns, the Café Viennais, and all shops bearing German names. At Appenrodt's "the Delikatesse" lie about disdained among the shattered glass. Every window has been broken to atoms. One board that was obtained at the Bohemian glassware shop bearing the word "Karlbad." The owner of the Hôtel de Bade has thought it prudent to paste his birth certificate at the entrance to prove he is neither a German nor an Austrian. At Zimmer's a bill declares that the board of directors is composed of men of French birth, headed by M. Ballif, president of the Touring Club, and other gentlemen whose names are given with the specification that they are officers in the reserve or territorial forces, or have done the usual military service under the French colors. At Chaussee d'Antin, the word "Viennais" has been blotted out and a notice announces that the successors to the original firm are French and of the name Dijon. On other shop windows is written in whitewash or on paper notices are, for instance, "even where Frenchmen own, German." But all the shops, French or otherwise, except a few restaurants, bakers, and bootmakers, are closed. We find underground communication with the other side of the river and, calling at Dr. C.'s for some information, are shown by the way that the ambulance services at the front are admirably organised. While sitting at a café near the Champ de Mars we saw some soldiers in a waggon unfurling a Union Jack. Home by train after buying some supplies and a tin mug, spoon, etc., for H. S. C.'s kit. Surprised to find that new timetables have already been printed, that everything is in perfect working order, and that trains will run to and from B. at the rate of about one an hour till further notice from early morning till 8 p.m. An order is out that wine-shops must be closed at 8 p.m., and eating-houses at 9 p.m. Though the papers say gas and electricity will not fail us any more than will the water supply we order coal at our usual merchant's. "I can give you one sack," he says, not being allowed to deliver more or having even the means, lacking men and horses. The man who brings the coal at once asks H. S. C. when he is going to the front or, rather, "est-ce que vous partez aussi?" for such is the invariable expression. This little black man—black with coal dust—has been, he informs us, three years in Morocco, but he is still ready to fight the Germans and is off in a day or two.

Muriel Ciolekowska.
POEMS.

By John Rodker.

PEERING through the tangle of her hair
I saw
The sun shafts
Splintering.

The enchanted web
That was all bronze.

And in cool deeps behind
I dreamed . . .
While the warm shafts
Splintered
On that enchanted web
Which was all golden
Against my eyes.

Till blood grew thin.

UNDER THE TREES.—III.

Wind waking in the leaves—
It is cold . . .
And pass wings?

Wind waking in the leaves.
Each cold star burns them
Till they stir
Under its spear.

Wind waking
Sad
And pitiful.

THE STORM.

No wind in all that place.
Only the sun beating down.
Like sleepy cats we moved within the shade.

And when I touched him
Such a thrill went through my arm
And ceased where my ring was . . .
It left me tingling . . .
The air was so full charged
Of the electric force,
It overflowed in mystic flare.
Pale blue, it dazed the sky
Pale blue
And vast
It challenged all the sky.

In the evening
A small chill wind
Brought back the moisture to our veins of wilted flowers.

The rain came.
Swarming.

Challenging the night the western sky lights up
Thundering.

And all the sky is in a flare
With all the winds
And all the stars
Rushing . . .
The rain came
Swarming.

The moon
Mad queen of the earth,
Walks in the pools,

On the bridge's edge
The raindrops burst in spray
Dancing.

VIBRO-Massage.

Moist warm towels
at my face
smell queerly . . .
chill me . . .
I am afraid . . .

. . . Unguents
smoothed into my face
like yellow silk
over my forehead.
. . . smoothed into cheek
into hollow.

Spasm . . .
Stress . . .
Pain . . .
Pressure
of keen sweet tears
from the lachrymals.

Brows
Nose
Cheek
Chin
exploring . . .
murmuring . . .
pulsing . . .

Body waiting . . .
yearning . . .
dreading . . .

Again . . .

Ecstatic . . .
Eyes shut,
Body shut,
Muscles tense,
Ecstacy
like a kiss . . .
the touch of hat-ed hands . . .

Moist warm towels
at my face
smell queerly . . .
chill me . . .

Cold wet towels burn me . . .
their smell of death.

TO THE LONDON SPARROW.

Gamins.
Drab and
Cockney
Wavering
but not much
between feeding and
. . . !

Thriftyless.
Laying up children . . .
Dung growing less too.
What will become of you.
Your four broods yearly . . .
(or is it oftener.)

Will you go back to the country . . .
Corrupt poor relations . . .
A SUPPLEMENT was recently issued with that Shaw-ridden journal, "The New Statesman," on the subject of the "Modern Theatre." Nowadays the theatre is an expanded term which is used to cover much evil, including the revivification of drama. Apparently the supplement was designed to prove this. It was also prefaced by a leader which summarised the sort of offensive claptrap that the "New Statesman" is accustomed to din into the ears of its ignorant readers. Here is a quotation or two:—

"For issuing this week a special Supplement devoted to the Subject of the Drama! (espials not mine) 'no excuse, we are sure, is needed. To the future historian the enormous progress of the theatre, etc., etc. (This is the 'New Statesman's' leader writer's way of hinting that Mr. Bernard Shaw and his influence are about. Now for evidence of 'the enormous progress.') 'Half the best literary artists of our time have devoted themselves... to writing plays not for the study but for the stage; and our greatest literary propagandists are nearly all of them doing it. 'For issuing this week a special Supplement devoted to the Subject of the Drama'—(This sounds like a trade puff of the enterprising firm of Shaw-Sidney-Webb-and-Co.). 'There is no earthly reason why we should not have plays... which call attention to syphilis and insanitation.'—(If presented in Lock Hospitals and sewers). 'Of course this "enormous" (intellectual and moral) "progress of the modern theatre" will not be carried on without the aid of the National cash-box and a cadger or two. So here is our leader writer's touching reference to the coming of a National Theatre. 'It is quite likely that a National Theatre, when it comes, may have a very stick-in-the-mud and even a tasteless building, supported by public money which will display to the world the working of the management' (No! No!). 'But there will be a large official hall. And in another ten years it will be like this, only more so.'

"The modern theatre is, amongst other things a pulpit, a platform, a legal and economic research bureau, and a debating hall. And in another ten years it will be like this, only more so. This is the "New Statesman's" leader writer talking. 'The modern theatre is, amongst other things a pulpit, a platform, a legal and economic research bureau, and a debating hall. And in another ten years it will be like this, only more so.'

Mr. Shaw saw the spectator "fascinated as by a serpent's eye" and really as bad as that?) Mr. Shaw noticed by Mr. Shaw, does not conclusively prove that Mr. Shaw and his disciples have led the drama off the right line of development? Whether, therefore, the cinema is not likely to provoke to revolve the indestructible dramatic instincts of mankind. But in ethics as in economics, Mr. Shaw's suppositions are as unreliable as his facts and it is therefore a waste of time to consider his claims. It is when he states a self-evident truth that, "His (Mr. Shaw's) characters turn themselves inside out and display the workings of their internal organs by word of mouth" (i.e., Mr. Shaw's word of mouth). My italics. As a scenic description this has merit of its own.

Next comes Mr. Roger Fry-Shaw. His attitude towards "Staging" is described in the words, "In general my principle would be the strictest subordination of everything to the dramatic appeal of gesture and voice." This is a close imitation of Mr. William Poel, to whom voice and gesture are everything, and by no means impressive or convincing. It means that Mr. Shaw has not bound up with the political or philosophical considerations of the drama. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new.

The see-saw bobs up and down. At one end is all-action Roger-Shaw, at the other all-talk Bernard-Fry. Mr. Desmond MacCarthy-Shaw appears carrying the old Adelphi. He is even more barren than the other two. He talks about "Melodrama," and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new. He might have told us what the revival of melodrama was for. 'Melodrama'... and omits to say anything new.
juncted is obviously a matter of importance to nobody but Mr. George Barker-Shaw. But I like his blank page. It is the best thing he has done as a journalistic hack.

Then comes Mr. Ashley Dukes-Shaw accompanied by Professor Von Krafft-Ebing-Wedekind. In introducing the queer professor he feels the necessity of rising to bank . . . sets about the bloody work with solemn deliberation . . . glories in vulgarity . . . writes lines no actor habitue of womenfolk . . . More . . . Lulu of the ' Police Budget,' a lyrical potman . . . His characters . . . vagabonds and criminals . . . indifferent to law, conviction, decency . . . 'Frühlings Erwachen' . . . a work of genius . . . dramatisation of ' die sexuelle Psychopathie ' . . .

Mr. G. B. Dukes' persistent admiration for this sort of lavatory playwright fills one with a sensation of nausea, and leaves one with a feeling that Mr. Dukes-Shaw is not one of the Supreme Intelligences. He is a Shavian, and a very little and very ugly one.

On the heels of Mr. Dukes comes Professor William Archer-Shaw. His machine-made stuff may be briefly dismissed. This mixture of a pedant and an ignoramus who always writes as though drunk—with coffee, informs us that he has had his eyes on American dramatic activities since 1879. As a result he has got one eye hanging in the commercial theatre, and the other with the University and its imported culture. This is manifestly the reason why he makes no mention of the spiritual movement in the American theatre, of which Mr. Percy MacKay is one of the most active pioneers. In spiritual matters pertaining to the drama the professor could have taken for his model the Rev. Row of a Scotch book of a child.
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