Women's "Rights."

By Dora Marsden

The War—still the War—has brought the wordy contest about Women's Rights to an abrupt finish, and only a few sympathetic words remain to be spoken over the feminist corpse. Two parties were quarrelling about the validity of the one party's claims to "rights," and without any warning preliminaries both parties, with the rest of the world, stand spectators at a demonstration in the natural history of "rights." To "rights" in their maturity we have all been accustomed. Men as well as women had become so implicated in their matured existence that all were inclined to forget that "rights" had an era of birth and consolidation, as well as a period of maturity. The "Women's Rights" agitation was working industriously on the assumption that rights were conferred by ordination, and could be allowed by goodwill and favour, when the War arrived to shatter it. Incidentally it clears up a confusion between "absolute rights" and "courtesy rights": a confusion which has already added not only the "Women's Rights" agitation, but also the proletarian agitation, and was within measuring distance of placing the German Emperor in the position of schoolmaster, authorised by divine right to enlighten the world as to the difference. The confusion has arisen out of an assumption that ultimate authority lies in words; that every difference can be settled amicably if only it is argued earnestly enough; that courts of arbitration are final; that the legislature is the fount of power. The Legislature, as merely the channel of power, has seemed a contradictory, illogical, perversely inclined institution to the vast body of opinion which starts out on its reasonings from the base that "In the beginning was the Word." Accordingly the "rights-claiming" women were only one band of a company of humanitarian, pacific, proletarian, Christian believers, to whom the regarding of words as secondary phenomena, addenda attaching to forces with function merely to describe, assist, disgrace and defend such, as circumstances might require, was simple blasphemy. As they now stand spectator to the birth-throes of a revised order of rights, horror at the blasphemy is the substance of their mutterings against the forces which have compelled the revision. Their curses do not spare their eyes the spectacle all the same; the forces take their course, leaving the verbalists to put what interpretation they please on them, since interpretations are as little germane to the forces as straws are to the force of a torrent which sweeps them along. What would be germane to the forces would be an exercise of force like their own; short of such exercise, words have the value—and no more—of the detonation of the combatants' guns: they have effects which impress the timid and the simple.

At present, in the greater part of four continents, all "rights" are suspended, and if, owing to favourable situation of locality, and the force of long habit, the effect of possessing rights still continues, it can be regarded only as an accidental escape. In the countries at war the inhabitants are entitled to the rights of the inhabitants of Louvain, or to those of two aviators fighting in the air—i.e., to what they can get. Civil rights, as well as courtesy rights, circumstances have called in, pending a settlement of fundamental rights, the rights which tally with the arbitrament of might when exhaustion compels one body of combatants to ask for terms. Those terms will be the "absolute right" at the moment of settlement, and will be the foundation and the ultimate authorisation of all subsequent civil or permitted courtesy rights, both of which species of right those who control the armed forces of a community can abrogate whenever they see fit. The granting of civil rights, in the main, follows a tendency dictated by the nature of settlement with absolute rights: those in control granting rights to those who appear capable of making serious trouble if they are
not granted. Might even in these deluding times still forms nine parts of most laws; the tenth part is the of might constituting a "right." Should the nine parts "scrap of paper" to correspond: the ocular evidence spiritual flux of might. Might is spirit; there is no commonest observations of ordinary men, agree in that. Spirit translates itself as might—physical superiority—a simple phenomenon of the spirit which verbalists seek to cover by labelling—in a hybrid lingo—spirit as moral. The great charters embodying new rights have all been given in response to actual or threatened insurrections in might—i.e., in spirit—of those who desired them, and as such they fall into harmony with the spirit of the absolute rights actually established at the sword's point. Between such rights and the courtesy rights which men have conferred on women there is a swing almost to an opposite; a sweep of difference, bridged to a certain degree by what may be called "bluffed rights"—rights conferred by astute politicians with an eye to popular favour in response to agitations too utterly feeble ever to put their issue to the test of any tribunal other than that of words and intrigue. It is a highly pernicious process, because it misleads and subdues spirit, and it is to this increasing vogue of ultra-modern political institutions that the "Woman's Rights" agitation is largely due. Such a vogue existing, women, naturally, with their second-class status, appear to be the result of the laws which, by "courtesy means"—by request and persuasion—could not be expected to believe that there existed any-thing obtainable on terms of talk which men might obtain but which women might not. Hence a "movement" founded in confusion; a confusion which women have pursued, with true astuteness, in only when men themselves had become lost in it, and out of which, intellectually speaking, it has been left to the women themselves to make clear a way.

Women's ready acquiescence in the humanitarian belief that, back of all things, stands the "Word" (translated into practice that means that all powers flow from laws), led them to make the request—acidulated later into a demand—that they should be allowed part in making laws, as such they fall into harmony with the spirit of the actuality of the lofty status ascribed to "woman" above all material wealth—and in fact the source of it—there existed a species of initiatory power, over and into touch with which their existent competence seemed powerless to bring them. They had the power to draw to themselves the results of the initiatory power where they found themselves belonging to men whose initiatory activity was satisfactory; they had no difficulty in securing their own advancement with every form of wealth and comfort. They were, in a sense, the passive members—heaped upon the relationship. Men called them their "property" only when annoyed—"their own" was the more passionate and poetic—they were the masculine complement, and the better half at that; the stable passive element which was always reliable, and always the like the house and the farm stock. In short, women found that the only thing which put men out was, not extravagance or graspingness, but a desire for activity beyond a circumscribed limit. Women's extravagance and irresponsibility has been regarded, in fact, always with indolent eye as a very useful foible. In economic terms, the enlarging sphere was frowned down as "dewomanising," shewing a break-down in fundamental womanly instinct. The whole weight of man's imagination, his "idealis'm," his pictured desire as to what women could mean for him was, is, set directly against it. Women imagined that they could appeal to an old idea of "property" (as such as they vaguely conceived it). Off-hand they soothed themselves that their powers had failed in the particular direction for lack of insistence: lack of laying claim to it. Later, they found that by claiming it they had put themselves further off from its attainment than they would have been by quiet requesting and patient waiting for its conferment. The more they sought to strengthen their claims with reasons, the easier it became to frame opposition against it. They failed to appreciate that the appeal was silenced in advance by the counter-assault on vanity and pride; and where women are concerned vanity is man's main feature. It is the pride of possession which has made it a comparatively easy task for women to turn men into toiling, hard-pressed, monotonous money-grubbers; and it is a most delicately ironical fact that that confused observation should have led women into an attempt to carry the assault against men's vanity, when at the same time they proposed increasing the pressure on men's responsibility.

Confused observation is the only explanation of the trend which has been set to the "Woman's Movement" during the century and more which constitute its first stage, and be which has now affixed the term. For instance, only confusion could account for women's umbrage at being "property," while at the same time they insist on retaining and augmenting those protective advantages they are possessed of, just because they are property. Property is that which, being a non-initiatory body, can offer no self-defence. Hence crucially, the possession of those who can best defend it. This does not mean to say it has no value:—its value increases with the power of its owner; one may not cast a glance away at the smallest possession of the very powerful, but its value is to its possessor, not to itself. "Property rights" is a name that confusedly, they are "property-owner's rights," just as it is "property-owner's responsibility." The property itself can have neither rights nor responsibilities. The rights of the owners work out at an agreed claim to accord and become a nuisance, either from allowing it to "run wild" or fall into such decay as to affect the well-being of his neighbours. Thus women, being property, have rights beyond "courtesy" permitted ones; but their owners have responsibilities towards them., which at
their minimum they must fulfil because of the demands of their fellow-owners, and at their maximum in order to gratify vanity in the pride of possession, and to increase the attraction between women and their owners, which is a root-cause of women's responsibility.

The stronger, therefore, the claim for protection, the stronger is the implication that the responsible one is the owner and the protected one the property; and as it is the owner who bears the brunt of masculine responsibility to hitherto undreamed of lengths, the fact that it is they also who make the outcry against women being "property" invests the movement with the element of uproarious farce: the more so because they themselves remain sublimely unconscious of any element of humour. This why, by comparison with the "advanced women," the "womanly" women look the more intelligent. Actually there is, at present, no difference between the main objectives of either: they both seek to augment their status through the obliging acquiescence of their fellow-owners, which is at the root-cause of men's assumption of responsibility. One might venture to say it would be impossible to find in these islands any "advanced" woman who has not felt herself made into something of a fool by the unequivocal evidence as to the position of women presented by the war—but not merely in the countries actually devastated by the war—but here in England. They find that they may busy themselves with efforts to assist their less "protected" sisters towards maintenance: they may form an admit exciting audience: they may have the honour of being allowed to share in their country's defence by dint of knitting socks: or "serve," as one unqivalent soldier put it, by providing one of the "horrors of war" as a Red Cross Nurse. In the war-area itself, they form part, along with the rest of the property, of the spoils of the conquered. One cannot easily refrain from the inference that, though they have weakened the pull of the womanly complementariness or secondariness, if one counts the day when women can invoke claims to divorce, and so on, is becoming clear. The two types of suffrage, though springing from the one source, are heading in opposite directions; but whichever path one takes in considering this question of womanly complementariness or secondariness, if one so chooses to call it, always the conclusion is arrived at: an effectual assertion of physical force is the first essential to any successful digression from the normal womanly protected sphere. It is a blunt fact, with a none too attractive sound, and there will be few women who will care to give voice to it: which silence, the war is doing the telling. The distance the "movement" has travelled through fifty years of platform oratory. Poor Mrs. Pankhurst, to her bewilderment, found herself driven irresistibly against the fact only to gib at it each time she came up with it. She could not avoid it, still less could she go on "flying the flag" as "Militancy" is in its infancy, and "Militancy now," in its decrepitude, are the translations into practical effect of her realisation of and her revolt from it.

Whether the "revolting" women will ever move on to the point of acquiring the elements of self-defensive and aggressive force depends on the extent to which the arduousness of competition can preserve the depressing effects of the present too realistic representation of their actual position. In any case, the set of circumstance and environment are against it. For it, there is nothing but the possibilities of being ridiculed and belittled. The more encouraged they are to remain as "females," the more encouraged they are to remain inert. The spur of necessity, occasionally, will overtake them; and therefore lack of initiative; consequently there is no apparent necessity to make a drive through that heavy inertia which the substantial triumphs of passive womanliness have fostered. They are accustomed to win success almost solely through well-utilised inertia, and the better they succeed as "females," the more encouraged they are to remain so. The spur of necessity, occasionally, will overcome them; but, lacking that, there is nothing to urge them on, and everything to pull them back. Even status—women's status—lies that way. Ninety-nine out of every hundred women can better hope to improve their condition by looking to their marriage chances than by "carving a career."

Only a personal pride (out of the ordinary), and intelligence, and the unique something which sets straight for individual power, remains to count on. Their possession is rare enough, and even when possessed are to be exercised only if something quite as personal to women—"selfish cups of ambition"—backed by over-rated powers, are leading their nation to disaster. For instance, every form of self-responsible power demands—-not last, but first—capable physical self-defence. One might venture to say it would be impossible to find in these islands any "advanced" woman who has not felt herself made into something of a fool by the unequivocal evidence as to the position of women presented by the war—but not merely in the countries actually devastated by the war—but here in England. They find that they may busy themselves with efforts to assist their less "protected" sisters towards maintenance: they may form an admiring audience: they may have the honour of being allowed to share in their country's defence by dint of knitting socks: or "serve," as one unqivalent soldier put it, by providing one of the "horrors of war" as a Red Cross Nurse. In the war-area itself, they form part, along with the rest of the property, of the spoils of the conquered. One cannot easily refrain from the inference that, though they have weakened the pull of the womanly competence, the "advanced women" have done very little in the way of furnishing the necessary foundations for its successor.

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LET us rid our mind of cant": in which sentiment witness the hustle of the popular philosopher. Why rid ourselves of cant? Who knows anything about its uses? May not cant be a necessary utility like clothing: why, then, should we allow ourselves to be hustled into casting it off merely to live up to the exigencies of dramatic oratory! Rather let us dissect: the one safe course to follow in diminishing popular heroics back upon popular philosophy. To chant is to sing: to cant is to make—anything you please—into a song. The diff-erence between the two, it would appear, is that each directs its emphasis towards a particular and different stage of the vocal process. To chant, i.e., to sing, is to have regard to the actual execution of the arranged harmony. To cant, i.e., the making of a song, concerns itself with the process antecedent to the singing: it is concerned with the construction of the song. Joy in the actual performance is the main attraction of the chant, and the substance and arrangement of the song succeeds that. In canting the pleasure is in the substance and arrangement (selective interpretation!) and it is this which the pleasure of canting subserves. The differ-ence between our local "philharmonic" letting itself go on the Hallelujah chorus and Mr. Lloyd George or any other statesman letting themselves go on the causes of the war can be rendered down to this difference.

No one dreams of saying: "let us rid ourselves of song!" Why then the difference in acquisitiveness when one says, "let us rid ourselves of song-making!" It is due to a recognition of the reversal in motive: it is due to suspicion: in a song the words are intended to heighten and increase the pleasure of the singing: in cant, the pleasure of singing is to further and enforce the substance embodied in the words. In the song the expression of emotion is the end. In cant the emotion embodied in the expression is utilised to serve the inte-ress embodied in the words: with intention of making that interest paramount over all other interests. To heighten the importance of a matter by emphasis and reiteration is, in fact, just what the man in the street has always meant when he observed that someone is "making a song" about a matter. "Making a song" is a design to make one aspect of an affair all-absorbing by means of repetition, lilt, rhyme, rhythm: but above all by repetition. The song and cant (motives apart) are identical in this. Consider the common church anthem as an instance: a tag is taken: it is told once or twice times over in the tenor and again and again and yet again in the tenor and contralto: then in twos, then the quartette, then the full chorus: a most pleasurable diversion altogether! And one does not forget that tag in a hurry: it "runs in the head." Cant does the same thing, and is intended to. Atrocities, German atrocities, more atrocities, always atrocities, always German, bombs, cathedral-fronts, stained glass, women, prisoners, and so on without end. Cant! The jour-nalists and mob-orators have a large and inexpressible "make a song" about these things in order to impress permanently on the British mind the connection between atrocious deeds and a German. Evidently they con-sider it necessary in order to keep English rage up to the fighting point. Others may thus, perhaps, say, too raucously, or too bombastically, or too loud to boot, but that for the present is a matter of opinion. One might, nevertheless, point out that with all songs at a certain stage there arises such a phenomenon as surfeit, when revul-sion does the work of poetic justice and corrects the balance. We seem to be nearing it! Journalists and orators might note.

But to rid ourselves of cant, how can we? And why should we? We can try to be clever at canting and not to allow a possibly useful weapon to be turned to our own disadvantage. Because cant is not the attribute of anyone in particular: everybody can. One particular man's cant is his emphasis of his own point of view, which inevitably he seeks to press home by all the agencies within his power, and of which words have become the chief. Consequently, we know everyone to accuse any rival of canting. The Kaiser with his deity cants like chanticleer: but he is lost besides our shrill roosters at home. The essence of cant is to fill the bill so completely and continuously with the state-ment of one's own case that the other side's case fails to reach the stage of the vocal process: to please everyone to accuse any rival of canting. The Kaiser with his deity cants like chanticleer: but he is lost besides our shrill roosters at home. The essence of cant is to fill the bill so completely and continuously with the statement of one's own case that the other side's case fails to reach the stage of the vocal process: to please everyone to accuse any rival of canting. The Kaiser with his deity cants like chanticleer: but he is lost besides our shrill roosters at home. The essence of cant is to fill the bill so completely and continuously with the statement of one's own case that the other side's case fails to reach the stage of the vocal process: to please everyone to accuse any rival of canting. The Kaiser with his deity cants like chanticleer: but he is lost besides our shrill roosters at home.

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the initiatory quarters. Cant may not, with impunity, penetrate into serious business. There men must look facts squarely in the face if they are to prevent being hit in the face by them. The rough-and-ready effects of cant are out of order here, where success and precise observation belong to each other. In business as in attempts to confuse one's rival with cant, if one can safely; but in reviewing one's own case for serious purposes, no.

How far, therefore, men who are seeking to direct affairs on a large scale can manage to utilise the potencies of cant, and yet keep themselves unspotted from it, becomes a nice question. Certainly by a sort of horse-sense even with the crowd, the man who has least to say carries most weight; certainly with the weighty: but there appears to be no end of good fun in exercising one's power to send thrills down the spines of audiences of thousands by audacious tickling of their vanity: in oratory that is, which orators a bit shame-facedly, it must be confessed, have called the exercising of a sense of power. Yet there is always a certain feeling of contempt for it: a feeling of the second-rate, and should be left for those "on the climb." Probably it is the uneasy realisation that out of an audience of ten thousand there will be five men who are chuckling under their breath at the spectacle: the five who stand behind the more than the remaining thousands. One cannot help feeling that if the itinerant Ministers, now on the rant, had decided to forgo the exhibition of their eloquence, British prestige would have been none the worse, but better rather, and more meriting the onlooker's respect.

Mr. Lloyd George's flamboyant rhetoric about "scraps of paper" (over which effort, by the way, "The Times" gurgled a gleeful half-column of applause), would have come with undiminished dignity only from parsons, ecstatic novelists, and journalists. Coming from a responsible person it flecks the brilliance of feats of arms with the dimness of unintelligence. Yet from beginning to end it is a triumph in the art of covering up one's opponent's point: it is first-rate cant in fact, from a responsible person it flecks the brilliance of feats of arms with the dimness of unintelligence. Yet from beginning to end it is a triumph in the art of covering up one's opponent's point: it is first-rate cant in fact, and adapt its phrases to fit the occasion, and are reached past the impending danger of making an outcry for an early peace. In keeping with its present tactics, it has delivered itself as usual on the "meaning of the war." The war is, it says, "when reduced to its simplest expression—a struggle between false and true standards of life." It piously proceeds, "We stand for a principle that no might can, in the long run, maintain itself, unless it be founded on some moral law." The "some" is delicious; it is so safe: so safe that the leader-writer concludes that here he can do no better than leave it. If he developed his point he would require to enlarge on the "ethical law," and doubtless he has the strong premonition that, when formulated, his ethical law would show the "Might is right." At least we gather as much when a little further on he plaintively—or it is satirically—delivers himself thus: "The people of this country have hitherto lived in the touching faith that, sooner or later, it is truth that makes men. They have not only neglected, . . . etc., etc.—neglected, that is, to a degree, to blow dry by matching German "News" agencies with similar British "News" agencies, and out of his own text it is easy to double back on the pious sentiment of his first paragraph, and adapt its phrases to fit the spod of good English." The "Prussianised Germany," he says, has staked her existence upon the claim that might is right, with the corollary that Prussian might gives the measure of others' right.

Adapted, this would run, "England has had, reluctantly, and in spite of mumbo-jumbo, to confess that her right to existence as foremost nation it staked upon her ability to refurnish the 'might' to prove it. Having proved it, the corollary follows that English might will give the measure of others right." It is a curious historical phenomenon to find two paradigm national assertions: that Prussian might gives the measure of others right. As such, it is right. At least we gather as much when a little further on he plaintively—or it is satirically—delivers himself thus: "We stand for a principle that no might can, in the long run, maintain itself, unless it be founded on some moral...
A German will be able to set foot in France or Belgium I should think for the next ten years. The gentle young man from Liège said to me as I ventured to doubt the "atrocities" attributed to them: "Madame, c'est vrai, ce sent des barbares; il ne faut pas avoir pitie d'eux" with great and indignant emphasis. It remains incredible that they shoot women under the eye and husbands, children in the presence of their parents, civilians before their wives, the old and defenceless, the wounded, the ambulance corps; or that they have their columns preceded by native women and children, and put on the uniforms of dead British soldiers as the papers report daily. If this were not the battle would not be one of heroes, and would become a chastisement and lose, therefore, in heroism. It is better to esteem one's enemy, regardless as to whether or not he really deserves it; better to over-estimate than to over-despise him. This inclination to be too contemptuous of the enemy is the only error I find to criticise in the French attitude at present. It is to be supposed that it has not spread to the army where contact with realities will dispel preconceived notions. I have been reading—the first book I have looked at for weeks—Le Retour dans la Noue, by Marcel Proust. H. S. C. has just come in with a paper announcing the death of the Pope. The cameleopard, whose cries had brought him out, observed on selling it him that all right-minded people put their flags half-mast! I do not remember whether I have mentioned that flags hang from all windows from the Eiffel Tower down to a great height, the sight of them caused great surprise in the German prisoners passing through the city for, having been told it was in flames, they little expected such festive manifestations. The papers say the municipal council of Paris is changing the name of the Rue d'Allemagne to Rue Jean Jaures. Yet, if this socialist deputy had had his way the Rue d'Allemagne would not only have remained so in name but might have become so in fact. This is sentimentality at its most inane. It is the same spirit—for stupidity is international—that bothers itself about a motto for London. I am astonished by the stoicism of the people, a stoicism due partly to ignorance of the effects of events they cannot realise, partly to fatalism, partly to their immunity from all calamities. A little hunchback sequester then I employ has taken her nice-looking young husband's mobilisation very quietly, one of our excellent and dead Madeline-Bastille's! War will induce people to use terms of endearment of a motor "bus. Have been gathering fruit and making jam these last few days. We hear that Dr. P. is with his ambulance corps at Liège, and says there are very few wounded amongst the French. He is in his regiment only one, while the German wounded are numerous. For the time being the French wounded are sent South, to Orange, Nevers etc., when the cases permit transport. The wounds are chiefly in the legs. Mr. S. this evening was remarking on the quiet and emptiness of Paris. He counted four vehicles in the Avenue de l'Opera from one end to the other. August 20.—Charming, spring-like, not too warm weather. * An article in the Motin describes the arrival of British troops at Dunkirk. What a contrast there is in the tone adopted by the journalists in regard to everything British now to what it was, say, during the Transvaal war or Fachoda period! I wonder what M. Willette thinks of it? Now everything English is praised, and the very matters which in those days would at least have been laughed at are admired. So much sweetness between two countries has never been seen. I quote this from the article in the Motin: "The methodical way in which they landed and took each his place was typical of our allies' orderly genius, that marvellous gift for organisation characterising the English. The men are, both in the tone of voice and the uniform, everything about him is a subject for admiration; ten years ago he often inspired scorn and ridicule. Such is the world. The same issue of the Motin contains caricatures of German types. And never was the hatred keener, the contempt bitterer for the Germans than it is now. Surely not in 1870. They are invariably called savages, ruffians, and not by street-boys and newspaper scribblers merely but by men like Barrès de Mun. Not
greenery representing a hog's head with the Kaiser's famous moustaches on a dish, while the legend underneath was a parody of an advertisement of certain famous moustaches on a dish, while the legend under a picture of a hog's head with the Kaiser's moustaches. The horse is at the wars.
AUGUST 25.—From last night's "Liberté": "After having withstood the German guns to the end, the Commandant Nazin, head of the fort at Chaudfontaine around Liège, set fire to the powder and exploded the fort, burying itself in its ruins."

The Germans are, it appears, terrified by the French African troops. At Dijon, the other day, a train-load of prisoners were very much alarmed at sight of some negro soldiers who had just arrived from Algeria and who, having heard there were some of the enemy to be seen at the station, scrambled on the carriages to obtain a view of them. Their grimacing faces caused the Germans to claw under the benches and to cry for mercy and the officers had all they could do to get the black men back into their places and discourage their curiosity. This fear of native troops among the Germans is well known, and remembering it, a whole company, comprised chiefly of Parisians, got the idea to blacken their faces with boot-blacking and to attack the enemy with wild shrieks. "The effect," said one of them, on explaining the stains on his face, which the doctor at the hospital had difficulty in diagnosing, "was simply prodigious." Perhaps, too, it is easier to die in ministral disguise. News of slight defeats at the front. To town by tram. Find some of the metro line workers who take shifts at the station and Long waits. Saw an agent give warning to a hawk for crying "latest news" and another stop some men to examine their papers. Said good-bye to J., who, is being repatriated to Russia on a French cruiser from Marseilles. The papers, which insist that Namur has fallen, but confirm that of German incursions into French territory Lille and Tourcoing way. A man said to me this evening, "In our offices 24 out of 60 employees remain." Our maid showed me a letter she had just received from her "overseas" mother-in-law who is now in the south. The envelope had been neatly slit open and stuck together again with a piece of stamp-paper. Correspondence from England and Switzerland. The "Intransigeant" says, "The English soldier have been admirable under fire." The soldiers at Saint Cloud station had adorned it with triumphal arches, made of greenery and flags and pictures, representing the cock victorious over the eagle, and similar themes. It was curious to see the soldiers on the line gathered round the dinner-table and engaged in the most bucolic and bourgeois on a summer night in their banlieue garden.

AUGUST 26.—We learn the Cabinet has been changed. M. Millerand becomes Minister of War, and this appointment increases our confidence. Altogether a Cabinet of picked men. We are not surprised, for within the last few days the papers had quite evidently got out of hand; moreover, several directed transparent criticisms at the Minister of War in power at the time of the retreat from Alsace, so atrociously disappointing for the Alsatians, will very likely also have caused this change. The papers make very enthusiastic comments on Lord Kitchener's speech before the House of Lords. A writer in some paper has had the happy idea to suggest the re-opening of the Paris theatres. This absurd proposal shows how indisputable the theatre is to the average Parisian. Meanwhile trainloads of wounded are being brought from the front. I have been reading Le Hasards de la Guerre," by Jean Variot (George Créz et Cie.), a not inappropriate way of occupying one's thoughts, as the title may suggest. But apart from the description of a pilgrimage to some famous battlefields, to Waterloo, the Beresina Pass, and so on, composed with a sojourn of the author at the Hotel de l'Europe in Morocco, the book deals but little with warfare. Considering our reawakened interest in Alsace-Lorraine the author might have dwelt longer on the peculiarities of that pathetically divided country, whose features he, as an Alsatian, all too well knows and sympathizes with. If his present share in the struggle for it spares him he will no doubt gratify the general curiosity by giving us a more complete view of the idiosyncrasies to which its sad and exceptional fate have given rise, for it is very difficult for an outsider to grasp the limitations of national feeling—so terribly tried in the last few years—of the Laiching and the Alsatians mingled customs, too, partly German, partly French, often purely autochthonous, their lore, their predilection for military and often, even, for naval service—strange to say—afford occasion for the most promising investigation. Last night's "Temps" described how a French mechanic saved from the battlefield to prevent the Germans getting it! The few advertisements contained in the papers are all distressing. Here is one: "The young men who were at Bensheim, at Professor Fritzmann's, are requested, if they are back in France, to be so good as to give news of her son. Letter from Mme. Gaillard, 3 Ave. Ledru Rollin, Montpellier." AUGUST 28.—Letters from England four days old. I like the remark I find in a paper referring to Mme. Caillaux's organisation of an ambulance. "She had better," writes the journalist, "go to the front, seeing what a good shot she is." We hear our friend, Dr. de N., is with his ambulance at Corbeil, "charmed with his fate and the happiest of men." We met Mr. P. in Paris to-day. He, like so many others of his period, has been sent back home from his regiment as apparently the only healthy man. The prospects for the Alsatians will very likely also be decided at the next clash with Germany. To market. This locality is quite deserted. Hardly anyone at the market, and little business done. M. O., who came to lunch, says Paris is in alarm, and at the market I heard people talking of sudden evacuation. The quarters monks have returned to their country—whence they were exiled—to take up service. AUGUST 30.—The Germans have been, or are, at La Forte, a fortified town 25 k. from Laon. How well I remember sitting on the beautiful ramparts of Laon last year with H. S. C. and Dr. de N., and the former observing, with reference to the great stretch of fertile, open country at our feet, that here the fate of France would be decided at the next clash with Germany. To market. This locality is quite deserted. Hardly anyone at the market, and little business done. M. O., who came to lunch, says Paris is in alarm, and at the market I heard people talking of sudden evacuation. The quarters monks have returned to their country—whence they were exiled—to take up service.
Germans, and to-day refers to them as "these eternal pedants who like to play at being demons." Everyone in this house a little discontented to-day. I had been under the impression that the renewal of the bank, where they refused to cash a cheque for Montparnasse this morning. Called at Mile. O. B.'s, and find her luggage-laden motors. Everyone carries a bundle, bag, or packages. "The Matin," seems singularly quaint. Thus a noon paper announced a column of news of a bombardment—coal, paraffin, etc., in case fuel, was wanted. Though they had bought first or second-class tickets, they were all packed into fourth-class carriages and conveyed slowly and uncomfortably to the Danish frontier. The darkness has fallen suddenly with hardly any twilight. All civilians were ordered out of Reims on the 1st. The second day of the mobilisation. Dogs barked a little louder. There was a sense of the enemy at our very gates. The evening has had a search-light on Mont Valérien to-night.

SEPTEMBER 2.—The paper confirms the German advance on Paris and the presence of an aeroplane in the skies, also from Paris; since motion pictures of a bombardment—coal, paraffin, etc., in case fuel, electric light and gas fail us, it is very difficult to make up one's mind as to how much to buy, and what. We have been laying in a few supplies to-day in view of the enemy's approach. I am told that M. C., ex-Minister of Finance, is "Colonel-Treasurer" to the forces. I heard also that the mobilisation had been ordered at General J.'s pressure, who had threatened M. Poincaré, who was desirous of putting it off for awhile, with immediate resignation. The flattening-out of the German aeroplane has come, though it is almost dark, at a good height from the city direction and now steers a different way from the others. I have also heard that it was M. P. who had decided and ordered the mobilisation. Dogs barked a great deal last night, and are beginning again to-day. The darkness has fallen suddenly with hardly any twilight. All civilians were ordered out of Reims on Sunday. Numerous train-loads of wounded pass daily through Versailles. The French, the English, the Belgian wounded are "brave" in the French journalist's language; the Germans deserve no epithet. It was pathetic to-day to see, shifted on side-lines, numerous troop-trains still ornamented with branches (in the window-opening of one was a little bunch of blue bunting flowers) showing caricatures of the Emperor William, and the usual small crowd in the official label, "Voiture à destination pour..." with Berlin added. Strange to see this with the enemy at our very gates. There is a search-light on Mont Valérien to-night.

SEPTEMBER 2.—The paper confirms the German advance on Paris and the presence of a Taube over Paris yester­day afternoon going over Paris and the presence of a Taube over Paris yesterday afternoon. Going out on some errands I meet with some fugitives in luggage-laden motors or waggons, according to their families and luggage. One motor contained a Belgian officer. To Paris. The town is in a panic. The station was besieged with fugitives, and the usual military motors. One motor was occupied by a lady in the train, on the return home, told me there were wounded from Amiens at the station and that she had spoken to them and found them in very good spirits. I met a Polish lady at Mlle. O. B.'s, who had just returned from the Baltic coast. The Russian subjects who were taking the same train were not gently dealt with but not very roughly either. They had bought first or second-class tickets—coal, paraffin, etc., in case fuel, electric light and gas fail us, it is very difficult to make up one's mind as to how much to buy, and what. We have been laying in a few supplies to-day in view of the enemy's approach. I am told that M. C., ex-Minister of Finance, is "Colonel-Treasurer Paymaster" to the forces. I heard also that the mobilisation had been ordered at General J.'s pressure, who had threatened M. Poincaré, who was desirous of putting it off for awhile, with immediate resignation. The flattening-out of the German aeroplane has come, though it is almost dark, at a good height from the city direction and now steers a different way from the others. I have also heard that it was M. P. who had decided and ordered the mobilisation. Dogs barked a great deal last night, and are beginning again to-day. The darkness has fallen suddenly with hardly any twilight. All civilians were ordered out of Reims on Sunday. Numerous train-loads of wounded pass daily through Versailles. The French, the English, the Belgian wounded are "brave" in the French journalist's language; the Germans deserve no epithet. It was pathetic to-day to see, shifted on side-lines, numerous troop-trains still ornamented with branches (in the window-opening of one was a little bunch of blue bunting flowers) showing caricatures of the Emperor William, and the usual small crowd in the official label, "Voiture à destination pour..." with Berlin added. Strange to see this with the enemy at our very gates. There is a search-light on Mont Valérien to-night.
had been thrown out of it. The shots came from rifles
and from the guns on the Eiffel Tower. Trains with
recruits—all very young fellows, those who were to begin
their military service this autumn—have been passing
with vociferations through the stations all day. The
evening paper confirms the report I had heard privately
on Monday, namely, of fighting at Compagnie with the
English. A lady in a shop said she had heard that the
forest of Compagnie was on fire. The Government left
Paris this morning at 4 o'clock. Dr. S. tells us he saw
the bomb which was thrown from an aeroplane yesterday
afternoon and which fell in the Rue de Hanovre.
Card from a friend, who talks of going south on account
of the latest war news, who have corrected this in their own minds.—M.C.

MAY it please heaven that the reader, emboldened
and for the moment as ferocious as what he reads, will find without disorientation his abrupt
wild path across the desolate marshes of these sombre
poison-filled pages; for, unless he brings to his reading
a rigorous logic and a mental tension equal at least
to that of the most brutal encounters, he will not
suck up his soul as water does sugar. It is not good
that everyone should read the pages which are to fol-
low; a few only will taste this bitter fruit without
harm to themselves. Consequently, timid soul, before
penetrating further into such unexplored lands turn
quickly to this book, in which you can see: turn your steps backwards and
not forwards, like the eyes of a son who turns respect-
fully from the august contemplation of the maternal
face; or, rather, like an invisible angle of chilly cranes,
manoeuvering with wings which seem no
longer to be his, but whose old neck, disfurnished of
plumes and contemporary with three generations of
people, these being in danger and having to be
destroyed. The wealthier population takes flight, too,
but from choice. To Paris by boat—for there are no
passenger trains for Montparnasse to be relied upon—
provision hunting. Everything, or nearly everything, to
be obtained still and, with a few exceptions, at the
usual prices. Certain provisions, like salt and rice, are
generally doled out in small and limited quantities.
Charming but rather warm weather and the return home
by boat exceptionally beautiful in a golden, hazy
twilight. Such a summer as this I do not remember.

A most magnificent sight is provided by the numerous
barges at anchor lying in endless rows twelve deep and
occupying half the width of the river. Most of them are
Belgian and many carry straw, which is being slowly
unshipped, to say nothing of leaving on his bicycle—(for trains are not to be had except for
people who took their tickets several days in advance)—
for his home, where he hopes to be enrolled as ambulance
doctor to some regiment. The establishment he con-
ducted has been closed, the patients and all his
possessions, at the usual prices. His old neck, disfurnished of
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October 1, 1914

THE EGOIST

being, have you heard? He dares to repeat it with this trembling pen! Thus there is a power stronger than will... Curse! Does the stone want to be subject to the laws of weight? Impossible. Impossibly if evil desired to be allied with good. That is what I said before.

* * *

There are some who write to gain human applause by means of the noble qualities of the heart invented by the imagination or which they might possess. I make my genius serve to paint the pleasures of cruelty! Pleasures of transitions, not artificial, but pleasant, which began with man and will end with him. May not genius be allied with cruelty in the secret resolutions of Providence? or, because a man is cruel he not also be a genius? The proof will be seen in my words; it rests with you to listen to me if you so wish. Excuse me, I thought my hair was standing on end; but it is nothing, for with my hand I easily replace it in its first position. He who sings here does not pretend that his cavatina are something unknown; on the contrary he flatters himself that the high evil thoughts of his hero are in all men.

* * *

During the whole of my life I have seen all these thin-shouldered men without one exception commit stupid acts, brutalise their kind and pervert souls by all methods. They called the motives of their actions "genius". Being theirs, this thing I wanted to laugh like the others, but that strange imitation was impossible. I took a pocket knife whose blade had a sharp edge and split my flesh at the place where the lips join. For a moment I thought I had attained my end. I looked in the mirror at this mouth gashed by my own will. It was an error! The blood which flowed abundantly from the two wounds prevented me from seeing whether it was really the laugh of others. But after a few moments comparison I saw clearly that my laugh did not resemble that of human beings; that is to say, I was not laughing. I have seen men with ugly heads and terrible eyes buried in dark socks, surpass the hardness of rock, the rigidity of cast steel, the cruelty of the shark, the insouciance of youth, the mad fury of the criminal, the treachery of the hypocrite, the most implacable anger from on high. I have seen them and I spirt; my flesh at the place where the lips join.

* * *

One's nails ought to be allowed to grow for fifteen days. Oh! how sweet it is to tear brutally from its days. Oh! how sweet it is to tear brutally from its bosom; inhabitants of the spheres; universal nature; bluish firmament whose beaty I do not admit; hypocrisy, implacable anger from on high. I have seen them and I spirt; my flesh at the place where the lips join.

* * *

What is good and what is evil! Is it the same thing... for, if they are two different things'? Yes... Is a few moments comparison I saw clearly that my laugh did not resemble that of human beings; that is to say, I was not laughing. I have seen men with ugly heads and terrible eyes buried in dark socks, surpass the hardness of rock, the rigidity of cast steel, the cruelty of the shark, the insouciance of youth, the mad fury of the criminal, the treachery of the hypocrite, the most implacable anger from on high. I have seen them and I spirt; my flesh at the place where the lips join. Nothing is so good as his blood extracted as I have just said, and still warm, unless it be his tears, bitter as salt. Man, have you never tasted your blood when you cut your finger by a piece of glass? Besides, do you not remember one day in the midst of lugubrious reflections to have carried your hand—hallowed at the base—to your sick countenance wet with that which fell from your eyes; which hand afterwards moved fatalistically towards your mouth, which drew up the tears in long draughts from their cup, trembling like the teeth of the pupil who looks sideways at him who was born to be his oppressor. How good these tears are, for they have the taste of vinegar. They are like the tears of her who loves most; but the tears of a child have a name: He does not yet know evil: she who loves most betrays sooner or later... I discover this by analogy, although I know nothing of friendship and love (it is probable that I shall never accept them, at least from the human race). Then men pretence that your tears do not disgust you, feed yourself, feed yourself with confidence on the tears and on the blood of the adolescent. Bind his eyes while you tear his palpitating flesh; and, after hearing for long hours his sublime cries, like the piercing rattles which in a fight issue from the gullets of the agonised wounded, then, having dashed away like an avalanche, you will rush in from the next room and you will pretend to arrive in his aid. You will unite his hands with their swollen nerves and veins, you will restore sight to his terrified eyes which are black like a為bers, and drink his blood. How true repentance is! The divine spark which is in us, which appears so seldom, now shows itself; too late! How the heart overflows in trying to console the innocent whom one has injured: "Adolescent, you who have just suffered cruel pains, who could have committed on you a crime which I cannot name! Unhappy one that you are! How you suffer! And if your mother knew this she could not be nearer to death, so feared by the guilty, than I am now. Alas! what is it? What is it? What is it? Is it the will by which we witness our impotence with rage, and the passion to attain to the infinite even by the maddest ways? Or are they two different things? Yes... may they be rather the same thing... for, if they are not, what shall I become on the day of judgment? Adolescent, I pray you, call me not! In the sacred face— it is he who has broken your bones and torn the flesh which hangs from different parts of your body. Is it a delirium of my sick reason, is it a secret instinct which does not depend on my reasonings, like that of an eagle rending its prey, which has urged me to commit this crime; and yet I suffer as much as my victim! Adolescent, forgive me. Once emerged from this transitory life I desire that we should be interlaced for all eternity; to form one single being, my mouth against yours. Even in this manner my punishment will not be completed until I have tasted hourly, ceaselessly, with teeth and nails together. I will deck my body with scented garlands for this holocaust of expiation, and we will both suffer; I, at being torn, you, at tearing me... my mouth against your mouth. O adolescent, when you find the fair and good, when you do not pretend that his cavatina are something unknown; on the contrary he flatters himself that the high evil thoughts of his hero are in all men.

* * *

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* * *

But let your grace double your art, O God, who created it with magnificence, I invoke you—show me a good man!... But let your grace double my natural forces since, at the sight of such a monster, I may die of astonishment; people have died from less.
HE DARES TO WRITE IT WITH THIS TREMBLING HAND. THE DOGS... HOWLING AGAINST THE WIND.
name I will not write on this page which consecrates the holiness of crime, I know that your forgiveness was immense as the universe. But I still exist.

* * *

I have made a pact with prostitution so as to sow discord among families. I remember the night which consecrates a ruined wall, for I was almost falling, and read: "Here lies a youth who died of consumption: you know why. Do not pray for him."

Many men would not perhaps have had so much courage as I. During this time a beautiful naked woman came and lay at my feet. "Here lies a youth who died of consumption: you know why. Take a stone and slay her." "Why?" I said. And he to me: "Take care of yourself; the feeblest, because I am the strongest."

She to me: "One day men shall say: 'That is not the spirit of God; that is not the spirit of God.'" She to me: "One day men shall say: 'That is not the spirit of God; that is not the spirit of God.'"

"Farewell," I said. "Farewell, you who have loved me!" I to her: "Farewell! Once more; farewell! I shall always love you! From to-day I abandon virtue." That is why, O people, when you hear the winter wind moan on the sea and the hares which have found no food all day long and return on tired wings to their perch; against the rocks of the shore; against the fire which appears on the masts of invisible ships; against the toad that chases the great fish which show their black fins as they swim and then plunge into the abyss; and against man who enslaves them. After which they once more dash across the country, leaping, with bleeding paws, over every kind of lands, fields, and mountains. They are as if seized with madness, seeking a vast mere to quench their thirst. Their prolonged howls terrify nature itself. Woe to the belated traveller! These friends of the graveyard will hurl themselves upon him, devour him, with their mouths which run with blood, for they have not spoiled their teeth. The wild animals, not daring to approach to share the meal of flesh, dink trembling out of sight. After some hours the dogs, harassed by running hither and thither, against the great dead, their throats and their mouths, fall upon each other without knowing what they are doing and tear each other into a thousand shreds with incredible speed. They do not act thus from cruelty. One day, my mother, with glassy eyes, said to me: "When you are in bed and hear the howling of the dogs in the country, hide under your sheet, do not turn to derision what they do: they have the insatiable thirst for the infinite, like you, like me, like the rest of human beings with long pale faces. I even permit the dogs to tread and at the thought of what they tell me, a spectacle, which is sublime." Since that day I respect the wishes of the dead. Like the dogs I feel the necessity for the infinite. . . . I cannot, I cannot satisfy that need! I am the son of man and of woman according to what they tell me. That astonishes me; that思绪s me. I thought I was something very different! After all, what does my origin matter? If it had depended upon my own will I would rather be the son of a female shark, whose hunger is the companion of tempests, and of the tiger of recognised cruelty: I should not be so evil. You, who look at me, depart, for my breath exhales poison. None has yet observed the green lines on my forehead; nor the starting bones of my meagre hide. The children tell me this. Then, full of compassion, kneel down; and let men, more numerous than lice, make long prayers.

* * *

In the moonlight near the sea in the isolated parts of the country one sees—plunged in bitter reflections—everything decked in yellow, indescribable, fantastic shapes. The shadow of the trees runs, goes, returns sometimes quickly, sometimes slowly in diverse forms, flattening itself, pressing itself against the ground. Formerly, when I was carried on the wings of youth, this tree, which I cannot remember, that I have never seen, that I have never seen; now I am used to it. The wind moans its languorous notes across the leaves, the owl sings its sad complaint which makes the hair rise on those who hear it. Then the dogs become furious and break their chains, escape from distant farms; they rush hither and thither across the country, myriads of eyes, burning with fire, eyes on fire, glancing on every side with ferocious nostrils red, burning; against the silence of the night; against the screech-owls whose oblique flight brushes their muzzles bearing a rat or a frog in their mouths, living with the toad that chases the great fish which show their black fins as they swim and then plunge into the abyss; against the thief who flies on his galloping horse after committing a crime; against the snakes stirring the heath, which makes their skin tremble and their teeth gnash; against the vulture that howls, thunders against the toads which they bite with a sharp snap of their jaws (why did they leave the marsh?); against the trees whose leaves, gently rocked, are so many mysteries which they do not understand and which they try to fathom with run into each other; against the spiders suspended between their long legs, which grasp the trees to save themselves; against the ravens which have found no food all day long and return on tired wings to their perch; against the rocks of the shore; against the fire which appears on the masts of invisible ships; against the thief who flies on his galloping horse after committing a crime; against the snakes stirring the heath, which makes their skin tremble and their teeth gnash; against the vulture that howls, thunders against the toads which they bite with a sharp snap of their jaws (why did they leave the marsh?).
reflecting on their fate and knowing that he will soon die on a scaffold, so, standing on my straw bed with closed eyes I slowly turn my neck from right to left, from left to right, for whole hours at a time; I do not fall in a death faint. From time to time when my neck cannot turn any further in one direction, and stops so as to turn in the opposite direction, I suddenly look at the branches which cover the entrance: I see nothing! Nothing . . . unless it be the country dancing in whirl-winds with the trees and with long files of birds crossing the air. This troubles my blood and brain. . . .

Who hits me on the head with a bar of iron like a hammer beating on an anvil?

(To be continued.)

Translator's Note.—This amazing work, of which we print here the first instalment, is, in some ways, one of the most marvellous achievements in modern literature. The author was a Frenchman from Montevideo. His name was Isidore Ducasse but he assumed the nom de plume of Comte de Lautreamont. The book was written when the author was seventeen years old in 1867. Ducasse died of fever at the age of twenty. Had he lived, he might have been "one of the glories of French literature." Lautreamont was not mad, in spite of all opinions to the contrary. This has been proved by M. P. Genoncaux, in his preface to the "Chants de Maldoror." Neither did he suffer from any form of sexual aberration. He was simply an audacious genius who dared to think what no one had thought before and who dressed his thoughts in such supreme irony that he really appears mad to the bourgeois intelligence of the modern world.

SOME ITALIAN SONNETS.

(TRECENTO.)

THE GAILLAND OF MONTHS.

BY FOLGORE DA SAN GEMIGNANO.

July.

For July in Siena of the paven ways I give you narrow-waisted flagons of sweet white wine, and in your cellars iced vajano wines, and morning and evening you shall cat in company.

And when you meet with other folk your purse shall be ready to spend and all of you shall send avarice into quarrelling,

And for August I give you thirty castles in a valley of the mountains, where no sea-wind blows, and where you shall be healthy and clear as a star;

And you shall stay in the shade all the noontide; and keep your purses always open-mouthed for the best cheer in Tuscany.

September.

For September I give you many delights: falcons, goshawks, merlins and hawks, bird-leansh, short lances, jesses and shooting-bags, little dogs with bells, good meat and gauntlets.

Darts, straight long-carrying cross-bows, long-bows, arrows, bullets and bullet-cases, moulting gel Falcons and goshawks taken from the nest, and all other soaring birds

Which are good for attacking and seizing; and all the time you shall give to one another and steal (!) without quarrelling

And when you meet with other folk your purse shall be ready to spend and all of you shall send avarice into exile.

October.

For October I beg you, my sons, to go to a fair house in the country and take your ease and go a-fowling on foot or horse back as it pleases you;

In the evening you shall dance in the ball-room and drink sweet new wine and get tipsy; there is no better life than this in truth, and this is as true as that a florin is yellow.

And after you get up in the morning, wash your face and hands; roast beef and wine are good medicine

By the mass! and so you shall be healthier than fish in a lake, or river-fish, or sea-fish, living moreover the better life of Christians.

November.

And for November you shall go to the baths of Petruiolu with thirty mules laden with money; let the street be covered with silk, silver cups and pewter bottles,

And let all the shopkeepers make their profit out of you. Your torches and candlesticks shall come from Chiareta, and from Gaeta your lemon-flavoured sweetmeats; and let each one drink and rejoice the company.

The cold shall be gentle and your fires frequent; pheasants, partridges, pigeons, ragouts, hares, roebucks, roast and boiled—

Let your appetites be always ready for them; at night there shall be wind and pouring rain but you will be well tucked-up in bed.

December.

And for December I give you a city in the plain, ground-floor rooms and huge fires, woven carpets, chess boards and games, and lighted torches; and do you have always gifts in your hand;

And I give you for host a wine-bibber and a gourmet; and dead pigs and most skilful cooks, neat morsels, each one good and sumptuous (?) and wine-butts huger than San Galgano.

And you shall be well-clothed and wrapped in long gowns, mantles and cloaks, and in fine voluminous hoods; and make no murmurs of sad vagabonds, of miserable mournful wretches; misers—have ought to do with them!

The Conclusion.

My sonnet, to Nicholo di Nisi, he who is full of gentleness, say on my part with much gladness that I am ready to do him any service.

And that his friendship and company are dearer to me than the worth of all Paris, and that if only he had the Emperor's riches he would stand with me better than Francis at Assisi.

Commend me to him many times and to his company and to Ancaiono, without whom the joyful band could not be.

"Your Folgore da San Gemigniano," say, "sends this." And make this embassy; that you come thither with his heart in your hand.

John Felton.

THE PROSE OF FREDERIC MANNING.

BY RICHARD ALDINGTON.

SOME time ago an article on the prose of W. H. Hudson was published in these columns. That article was written mostly because I admired Mr. Hudson's prose, but it was also written to defend a critical attitude very dear to a certain slightly elderly friend of mine. Unfortunately, or perhaps fortunately, my article did not please this gentleman, who remarked that it was "the most insulting thing he'd ever read," or words to that effect. Now, that very humble appreciation of Mr. Hudson was too luke-warm for this partisan of his, I know that an appreciation of Mr. Manning will drive my friend into an ecstasy of contempt for me, for Mr. Manning, for everything we ever wrote or said or admired.

All this, of course, has nothing to do with the reader of this article, but it has something to do with the
critical attitude. For, apart from mere reviewing—which covers nearly all our criticism—and is indeed merely a subsidiary publisher's puff—there are now two critical attitudes. One is the "sound" attitude; it believes what the Universities believe; if it ventures to praise any author not approved by the Universities it does so for two reasons. First, because this person is probably a friend of his own, and secondly, from motives of personal friendship. Sir K. L.'s book must be praised because he is a Balliol man, because the book is "sound"—i.e., stodgy—and because he is a friend of the critic. The other critical attitude is perhaps a little more stimulating and amusing, and therefore preferred by the critics. It is a delicate irony, which he has inherited from modern Epicureanism and that of Pater is that the latter seems to himself, "All these things are wrong; also, they are ever eminence, genius or beauty whatsoever, if they secrete from its strict and original rules; it abuses the critic's enemies, all the enemies of his family unto the third and fourth generation; en revanche, it praises all the critic's friends, all the friends of his family, of his wife and of his wife's friends. Thus, if we suppose that one of the critic's rules is that the word "cow" shall never be used on the same page as the word "cough," and that an author should violate this rule, it then follows that such a book is had to matter what its merit may be. Or if a book be written by a friend of some enemy of the critic—the critic's enemy having attained a more lucrative and honourable position in the literary world—then again the book is bad. But if, on the other hand, the friend of some tited lady who is a friend of the critic's is another class, he should write a book, then, ipso facto, the book is good.

The miserable book-lover, having suffered from the members of both these schools, emerges, as it were, from a violent strain, pale, wan, and with thin locks. He says to himself, "All these things are wrong; also, they are all rot." He says, "Any book of which one single paragraph makes me think or makes me feel is a good book." But, alas, he soon finds that every book can make him feel or think something, if it be only to think of the author of the book an unmanageable ass and to feel a potent yearning to kick him.

"Somewhere, somewhere," he cries, "there must be a real critical attitude, which is no respecter of persons, which is appreciative of merit in any and every form, and which is not blinded by charlatanism and personal feeling!"

Is there such a thing? I like to think that Mr. Manning possesses it.

We have gone rather far before coming to Mr. Manning, but this question of criticism is of the very essence of our literature. It needs constant discussion. A man of parts who could really work out an original, sincere criticism could determine the literary taste of the next twenty years. Ruskin did it in his time; Pater in his. To-day we either copy these two or weakly and petulantly react against their ideas. As far as I can see we have three men to-day who might, without arrogance, pretend to the title of critic. These are Ford Madox Hueffer, Sturge Moore and Frederic Manning. Each of these gentlemen has curious limitations and none of them have the influence we should wish for them. Wisdom is still received coldly while folly stalks well-paid through the pages of the Press. Mr. Manning is the youngest of these three; if he is the least original in manner, he is not the least fertile in ideas. If he is the least conscious, he has kept something of the University attitude; the pale shade of Pater dims some of his best pages, and not all the delicate irony, which he has inherited from modern France, can purge his pages of perilous Paterisms. Indeed, his whole criticism of Dante is admirable. In a dialogue between Machiavelli and Thomas Cromwell—more in the manner of Pater than of Landor or Lucian—he criticises the political, religious and poetical aspects of Dante's poetry, and has some new appreciation, a new view-point for each of them. His decors are exact, and therefore beautiful. The villa at San Casciano is delicately described, unintentionally, as it were, by hints and casual remarks. The minds of Machiavelli and of Cromwell are indicated as much by their unconscious movements, by their clothes, by their jewellery even, as by their spoken words. And Mr. Manning, in each of his "scenes" has reproduced the manner of his period—a virtue our historical novelists cannot claim. For instance, the letter written by Sir John Falstaff to his friend is, barrowingly, so exactly like a piece of prose of the reign of Henry VIII. that it might have been written by the Blessed Sir Thomas More himself.

Mr. Manning must be content to hear himself called an Epicurean, but the difference between his Epicureanism and that of Pater is that the latter is always perfectly self-satisfied while Mr. Manning appears to suffer from a perpetual dissatisfaction. He seems to be struggling always towards something else, towards something more satisfying than Lucretius, but it looks as if he were damned by irony, with pleasure in the destruction of persons and of schemes and principles. Merodach, King of Ur, standing on his marble terrace, smelled the scent of flowers and heard the song of nightingales; and he grew sad thinking that he would die, and be forgotten, that his name and his palace and his people would be blotted out. When he does the
Epicurean thing, when he seeks ataraxia in the company of his wives, Mr. Manning cruelly comes to him in the person of Bagoas, the high priest, and wreathes the soul of the unhappy Merodeach with mellifluous ironies on the fragility of human happiness and the futility of human effort.

Indeed, with all its charm and beauty, Mr. Manning's book reads like a commentary on the most famous quotation from Ecclesiastes—"And if a man labour all his life, and not be a fool!"—the friend of Paul—Cromwell, Machiavelli, Francis of Assisi, Innocent III., Renan, and Leo XIII.—through what Gounomt-like irony is it that Mr. Manning makes all these great men and their works seem vain and foolish? Perhaps he has only—like France, like Gounomt, like so many brilliant men of to-day—brooded something too deeply over the words of the "Master," as Mr. Manning calls him, over the tremendous lines of Lucretius. A book remains to be written on the influence of Lucretius on our time. In Mr. Manning's case the influence is shared by Plato among the ancients and Renan and France among the moderns. Perhaps The House of Euripides contains too many reminiscences of the divine dialogues, perhaps The Friend of Paul reminds one a little too much of the tremendous lines of Lucretius. A book remains to be written on the influence of Lucretius on our time. In Mr. Manning's case the influence is shared by Plato among the ancients and Renan and France among the moderns. Perhaps The House of Euripides contains too many reminiscences of the divine dialogues, perhaps The Friend of Paul reminds one a little too much of the tremendous lines of Lucretius. A book remains to be written on the influence of Lucretius on our time.

Dissatisfaction mingled with an exquisite appreciation of beauty, the irony of France wedded to the aesthetic perceptions of Pater—that is the book's character. Few people have loved more than Mr. Manning the poetry, the charm, the beauty of the life of Francesco Bernadone. But at the same time none of his lovers has so clearly realised the essential defects of that movement. The Jesters of the Lord reads like an extract from the Fioretti, accompanied by a slightly ironical criticism. I do not recall anything I have read which was at once more beautiful, more pathetic and more ironical than the beginning of the thirteenth chapter of the Fioretti. Francis and his followers returning gladly from Rome with permission to found the new order fall fainting by the roadside in the heat of the sun. A young man going by in a cart finds them and revives them with wine. When they got to Orte that night, Francis suddenly said, "That was an angel who succored us." And they marveled that they had not known it sooner. "They were twelve fools," said the young man to his sweethearts. The word soldier has not only originated a queer species of attachment between persons who are capable of murdering each other, but has become synonymous with every noble virtue. Of course all this glorification of the fifteen-penny hired cut-throat is the more surprising as the drivel of the aristocratic professors beginning meant the strong gaining a natural advantage over the weak, it means so no longer. If war once had a biological cause and justification it has none to-day. In the old days every male member of a tribe went to war. Each went in obedience to primal instincts. Each knew that he must slay or be slain, that his own tribe would perish if it did not go out and exterminate an enemy tribe. That was the rule of the game as it was played by physical natural selection. To-day the causes and justifications of war are not the same. If we analyse them we certainly cannot say they are biological. War as we know it is a form of political sport, and soldiers are creatures chosen for their fitness to take part in it. They are simply hirelings. Many I daresay have not an ounce of fight in them. They are bought to shoot or stab, and they go forth to shoot or stab, serving the aristocrats and weaklings behind them. This is the rule of the game as it is played by unnatural selection.

Modern war is the sport of kings, capitalists, political wheelers, blacklegs, thieves, country snatchers, tricksters and journalistic looters. It is approved by persons of mean intelligence. It is a dubious game, one which should be utterly abolished. Perhaps it is not Ecclesiastes, perhaps he has not said a word about his prose! It is, at least to moderns, perhaps not as precise as that of Anatole France. Bernhardi builds up his wild doctrine of the inevitability of war and its necessity to the advance of the German Empire. War, he seems to say, has produced the German super-professor. And he might have added, war will exterminate the said professor—if it lasts long enough. According to the Kaiser's intention, if the war began with the "flower of his flock," it will end with the "cats and dogs."

Of course, Bernhardi is concerned with the physical basis of life, and has no apprehension of the metaphysical and mystic bases. Perhaps it is not unreasonable to say that war is inevitable under present conditions of existence, just as peace is inevitable upon spiritual or mystic conditions. The one presupposes material accretion with its enormous sacrifices of individual powers and joys; the other, spiritual simplification with its enormous gain of individual control of the great forces of life. Below one's gregariousness, the willingness to serve others and the accompanying curse of mechanical drudgery, compulsion, service, and dirty work of all kinds for one's neighbour. The other fosters self-service, the power over self for self alone and not for the purpose of exploiting weaker selves. It may be that social service is at the root of modern war, and war will cease till social service has been abolished.

** ART AND DRAMA. **

WAR and SOME SURVIVALS.

War has awakened the gregarious thrill. Patriotic devotion is about. The word soldier has not only originated a queer species of attachment between persons who are capable of murdering each other, but has become synonymous with every noble virtue.

Of course all this glorification of the fifteen-penny hired cut-throat is the more surprising as the drivel of the aristocratic professors beginning meant the strong gaining a natural advantage over the weak, it means so no longer. If war once had a biological cause and justification it has none to-day. In the old days every male member of a tribe went to war. Each went in obedience to primal instincts. Each knew that he must slay or be slain, that his own tribe would perish if it did not go out and exterminate an enemy tribe. That was the rule of the game as it was played by physical natural selection. To-day the causes and justifications of war are not the same. If we analyse them we certainly cannot say they are biological. War as we know it is a form of political sport, and soldiers are creatures chosen for their fitness to take part in it. They are simply hirelings. Many I daresay have not an ounce of fight in them. They are bought to shoot or stab, and they go forth to shoot or stab, serving the aristocrats and weaklings behind them. This is the rule of the game as it is played by unnatural selection.

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Of course, Bernhardi is concerned with the physical basis of life, and has no apprehension of the metaphysical and mystic bases. Perhaps it is not unreasonable to say that war is inevitable under present conditions of existence, just as peace is inevitable upon spiritual or mystic conditions. The one presupposes material accretion with its enormous sacrifices of individual powers and joys; the other, spiritual simplification with its enormous gain of individual control of the great forces of life. Below one's gregariousness, the willingness to serve others and the accompanying curse of mechanical drudgery, compulsion, service, and dirty work of all kinds for one's neighbour. The other fosters self-service, the power over self for self alone and not for the purpose of exploiting weaker selves. It may be that social service is at the root of modern war, and war will cease till social service has been abolished.
plicated, piled and fastened upon him, falls to the ground. He wants these things no longer. His soul rules the body it will transmute that into its own. So he turns from physical to soul-subistence. The natural effect of this development and the absence of disturbing forces, is the growth of inward peace and the consciousness that only through peace can man attain the highest strength and power. The inference from all this is that men must first be at peace with their own selves before they can be at peace with each other's self.

So it comes to this, that War or Conflict is the sign of man's physical consciousness; peace or unfolding, of his mystic consciousness. This distinction may be applied to plays. And if, as I believe, drama exists fundamentally in the motions of a fluid universe, and has, therefore, a mystic basis, only those plays which unfold in harmony with these motions, may be said to be truly dramatic. But I need not examine the point now. I hope to return continually to this subject of the mystic basis of Drama. The definition of Drama and the drama as un-warlike, affords a clue to the position of the English theatre and form of play both at the beginning and the end of the war. Roughly speaking, when we look at both the English theatre and play had become thoroughly Germanised. I had just published a book on this aspect, of which the "Saturday Review" said: "The book is a long blast in favour of looking at the theatre in a true prospective. London is nowhere and nothing so far as the European art of theatre is concerned. It gets every vital idea after every other European capital has discarded it... We cannot dance or sing or produce plays or light a stage without celebrating as a novelty something which has already been exhausted in Moscow or Berlin." Indeed, as the book was published, the war had broken out. The first time filling German ideas, notably those concerning the Repertory Theatre, ensemble acting, National Theatre and the application of the new principles of art to the theatre. Likewise the English playwright has borrowed the German dialectical form of play. Mr. Bernard Shaw seized on the form as the most suitable for agitating the country with Fabian schemes. Intellectually speaking, the "drama" at the beginning of the war was thoroughly militarised.

What effect will the war have upon our study of German ideas? If, as some prophets maintain, the purpose of this war is going to kill the desire for war, it may put an end to the conflict of ideas in the theatre. The desire for peace might awaken a desire for plays with a mystic tendency. This would mean the encouragement of one German ideal at least. For it was Germany in the person of Wagner who made the modern discovery of the mystic form of drama, and bequeathed it to Reinhardt, and others. Wagner, in fact, introduced a fluid universe to the modern theatre. Ultimately, I hope, this universe will replace the grossly material world which now disgraces the theatre. In any case the seed is there. The German ideal has already initiated a search for the eternal principles and qualities of the Universal Spirit in the theatre. The war, as we know, has suspended the search, and for the moment Reinhardtism has disappeared from the London stage. But that remains is the rank odour of an unintelligent imitation from "Kismet." The real thing are plays that form an up-to-date variety of Parker's Potted Pageant. I will deal with the foolishness of the latter another time. The shrill stupidity of "Kismet" need not live long.

"Kismet" exemplifies the commercial conception of play production. It has nothing to do with art. Let me illustrate my meaning by the respective conceptions of producing one act. The act in question is described as "The Courtyard of a Poor House." The commercial actor-manager's ideal is to produce a workmanlike act covered by the commercial laws of stagecraft. His first great business in producing is to please the public and get knighted. In other words, to make a show of himself. So he is guided by two principles. The first principle is that the interest should be concentrated on him by every hackneyed mechanical device. The second principle is that the interest should be concentrated on him by the subordinate mimes. The principles are applied to the speech and acting, and to the decorated screen projected by the act in order to conceal the bare walls of the stage and to heighten its own illusion. Obviously he does not understand the significance of the art of acting, nor its service as a necessary to make it act. The result is an enormous waste of money and material. Hugh sums are spent on the "real thing" when an inartistic substitute would do. Interest is centred and frittered away on insignificant objects. And no intelligent use is made of decorations. They are false in key, have no relation to each other, and are obscured. For instance in "Kismet" a black figure is kept continually moving in deep shadow. Thus, in the act under consideration, the screen (supplied to order by scene painter Harker) becomes an actor-manager's crude device for self-aggrandisement.

The ideal of the artist is different. He seeks to produce an act, having balance and harmony in all its parts and in which everything is subordinated to attain a single effect. His first business is to determine the screen demanded by the act. His second, to keep the lines and colours moving, composing and recomposing, to suggest the unfolding of the document and subordinate motives. In the act in question he is given a love motive which he is asked to unfold by means of three or four characters and his stock in trade of symbolic line and colour. Let us suppose that he sees this love motive as expressing joy and passion, and an association of foreign motives. In the act under consideration, the screen is simply a preparation scene. The love woman is expecting her lover, and the author has provided her with an attendant old woman for the purpose of preparing for his entrance. Both are seated centre. In Mr. Oscar Asche's production the love woman is looking into a range of coloured wool, green, violet, yellow, and red. Above the doorway is a balconied window draped with taches of bright colour expressing joy and passion, and announcing the coming of the lover. Everything being ready for his entrance the old woman exits. As she does so the veil begins to lift and the colours brighten. The love woman is looking into a green loom against the deep violet door. She returns centre and scatters the balls of coloured wool with rapid movements of expectant joy. (At the Globe Theatre no use was made of the woofs or the colours. They were packed in odd corners and left there.) The light through the lighted arches is green and, beginning at a moment that the woman and the left half of the scene is already half of joyous yellow, while a red lime thrown on the L. half of the scene intensifies the reds and gives a purple tint to the shadows. The latter half of the scene is kept in shadow to indicate the coming of the woman's father and the shadow thrown by him upon the love interest completely. The blacks are now violet, the grey reds, crimson and the yellows, full-bodied orange. A note of red in the lamp at the balcony window announces the approach of the
lover. At a cue from the love woman the lover enters
through the arched opening x, in the full flood of the
yellow light in which he remains bathed throughout.
He is dressed in a neutral costume and carries a cloak
with two surfaces, one neutral, the other crimson. He
uses the crimson to intensify certain love passages. For
instance, as he makes a passionate promise to return
he uses the crimson to intensify certain love passages. For
this passage of rich crimson added to the rich orange
line of the architecture, helps to key the scene up to its
highest note of intensity. Continuing in this way, then,
and intense blue purples, together with the energy of
not to pour them into a cast iron mould after the
the artist produces the act. His great aim is to keep
his materials a part of the fluidity of the drama, and
manner of the actor-manager.

thing. The studio artist has in fact many problems to
solve before he can hope to take the stage. Not the
least of these is that dealt with in the “Mask” for
July. If he turns to “Some Architectural Designs of
Padre Pozzo (1649-1709)” he will learn that in designing
for the stage he has to consider the problem of sight-
line, for the construction of the conventional theatre only one spectator, or row of spectators—
seated, centre with heads raised a little above the
level of the orchestra—ever obtain a proper and full view of
the stage. The others spectators merely get a partial
and exaggerated view. Pozzo, who was one of the first
to show the stage wings as we know them to-day, and
“the method of designing them,” has left a number of
plans, some of which the “Mask” reproduces. A study
of these sectional views of the stage and auditorium
reveals how scenery is cut up and the perspective
altered, falsified, and destroyed by the sight-line
operating from all parts of a grossly absurd auditorium.
I should mention that the “Mask” usually arrives so
late as to be almost too remote for review. The present
issue was a great disappointment. No late golden
dress and a damp collar. Can it be that
Florence was reluctant to part with its yellow offspring.
HUSTLY CARTER.

THE SECRET
OF DISILLUSIONMENT.

"THERE are two tragedies in life," said the late
Oscar Wilde, “one is not getting what you want,
and the other is—getting it.” What the observation
lacks is novelty—and of course it is as old as the
hills—it makes up in epigrammatic neatness of form—
and universality of application. We have nearly all ex-
erienced that disappointment which follows the tame
dropping into our laps of boons which we have desired
vainly so long that we have almost become accustomed
to regarding them as unattainable. But we never get
quite used to the surprise which attends this disappoint-
ment, and the shock that we supposed necessary to
our complete happiness—be it wealth, love’s
fulfilment, or what not—is here in our hands at last;
and, lo and behold, we are no whit happier than we
were while we lacked it! Or only for so very short a time !
The glamour of distance is replaced by the crude realism of propinquity;
the mingled pain and pleasure of desire by the mingled
pleasure and pain of possession — and criticism. Criticism! aye, there’s the rub: we had so deliberately
and determinedly ignored its possibility in connection
with the object of our desire—while it was only that.
Here, at any rate, we had felt (because we must and
would feel so), is a something whose flawless perfec-
tion will convert into a fellow worshipper that little imp
which has taught us to mock at so many former idols.
For, this time, it is not a question of an idol but of a
divinity, that is to say, an ideal. But the little imp
of criticism is not so easily converted: his bumph of reverent
is sadly to seek; he invariably declines to
become a worshipper, much less an idolater. “Wood! wood!” he exclaims, “ mere painted wood, as usual, my
credulous friend. So much for your divinity! What is
there ideal about painted wood?” And the worst of it
is that we almost always end by agreeing with him:
“ How short-sighted we must have been. The imp is
right as usual. It is wood, after all.
Such, almost but not quite always, is the verdict of
human consciousness, upon its realised ideals. That is
to say, that, almost but not quite always, they come to be
accounted worthless, or, if indispensable, to be taken
as mere matters of course. Possession has robbed them
of nine tenths of their virtue: we wonder what on earth
could have ailed us in the days when we craved them
so madly, valued them so highly. We must have been
temporarily mad.

The fact is that achievement is a test of sincerity,
and a test from which very few emerge unscathed.
It is also a test of the fastidiousness, or, more often,
of the careless caprice, with which we have chosen our
so-called “ideals.” Most people have an unhappy
knack of persuading themselves that they cannot do
without anything which happens to attract them,
provided only that it is for the moment beyond their grasp.
They do not pretend to want it; but they allow themselves
to become obsessed by the idea that it is indispensable.
That makes them happily miserable, because they feel
that they have a grievance against destiny. There is
nothing that sentimental people—and most people are
sentimental—enjoy more. No wonder, then, that such
people are disconcerted when ironic destiny gives them
what they fancy they desire. They have gained a white
elephant, and lost their pet grievance. It is in two ways
a bad bargain. Their white elephant is inconvenient
real: it makes real demands, which they are far from
meeting, and their pet grievance made none at all.
There have to readjust their lives to the possession
of their white elephant: to build a pagoda for it in
their back garden, so to speak, and to supply its abun-
dant needs. How exasperating that is to a sentimental
dreamer, I need scarce insist.

The exceptions to the above rule of disillusionment
are the almost negligibly few individuals who are
capable of genuine desires. These are they who realise
in advance the claims which their ideal will make when
it becomes an act. They do not prepare themselves
for the present it exists and constitutes a source of
power. Such people, even if, on attainment, they are
conscious of some disillusionment, are by no means dis-
concerted, because they have, all along, anticipated its
occurrence. The predominant feeling is one of great
satisfaction in that they have obtained what they
genuinely desired. That it proves itself real by par-
ticipating in the general imperfection of reality, is far
from being a grave deduction from its value in their
eyes: is, indeed, a main factor of its abiding charm.
Having achieved one aim of existence, they go on to
strive for the next.

Charles J. Whitby.

ECSTASIES.

When you approach
I close my eyes
To listen better,
Your very recollection,
The eolian harp
Bestirs a music in me
Fulfilling the promise
ECSTASIES.

When you approach
I close my eyes
To listen better,
Your very recollection,
CONTRASTS.
When you are not by my side, dearest,
You are a stranger.
You do not love me.
I do not love you.
You might be an hemisphere away
Or dead.
When you are by my side, dearest,
Nothing exists but you.
In you are sun and warmth and light
And consolation
And the very air I breathe,
I am through you.
When you depart
I fall into space
Darkness closes round me,
I sink within myself
And would fain be nothing
And sleep.
Until the hour of your return
And I am faced by the pain
Of meeting, or not meeting you.

RONDEAU.
I never even saw you
But I felt you
And heard you.
Not a word had you spoken
And I knew your desire.
I felt your caress
Before your lips touched mine.  
M. C.

CORRESPONDENCE.

NOTE TO CORRESPONDENTS.—While quite willing to publish letters under noms de plume, we make it a condition of publication that the name and address of each correspondent should be supplied to the Editor.—Ed.

* * *

CONSCIENCE AND INTEREST.
To the Editor, The Egoist.

MADAM,

My remarks on classification seem to have had some effect on Miss Marsden, and she now recognises that one person can belong to several classes, whether the classification is by Initiative or by some other feature. In fact, as I said before, “initiative is never absent, and never twice alike.” This is what makes generalisations about human classes so apt to be mere verbalisms. I will now try to show that some more of Miss Marsden’s philosophy is merely verbal.

Anarchist and Archist are not different persons, they are the same person seen from two sides. The Archist, by Miss Marsden’s definition, is “one who seeks to establish the law of his own interests.” Now the interest of the Anarchist is to live in a world where no one rules or is ruled. Hence every Anarchist seeking to win this ideal is an Archist. (By the way, I wish Miss Marsden would make her new words from some other source than the overworked and confusing Greek roots).

It is indeed a most ludicrous error to assume that interests are all material—(page 342 of the last issue)—yet the gist of page 343 is that immaterial interests are, “poetic babble.” Nobody with any strength ever really fights to “Right the Wrong,” thinks Miss Marsden, but I seek in vain some other set of words which will intelligibly express the motive of the average Briton in favouring war against Germany. Miss Marsden gives no help except some vague phrases about status and prestige. I don’t know anyone who has any status or prestige, or wants any (I know I don’t), yet I know some hundreds of people quite ardent for the war, and some who have gone to risk their lives. The fact is that the Humanitarianism, which Miss Marsden thinks so much weaker than Interest, is almost the strongest Interest there is. None but a few elementary physical needs are anything like so strong. He who can enlist it on his side nearly always wins; that is why all sides try to enlist it.

“Merely the collective self-interest of the non-fighters,” Miss Marsden will reply. Perhaps so; but in that case why call it poetic babble? For most non-fighters are possible fighters, and the collective interest of 2,000 million people makes a force which the force-worshipper must respect at his peril. That is why “noble eloquence” is not a mere sentimental satisfaction to oneself, as Miss Marsden seems to think, but a very practical weapon; it cements a million weak fibres into a club which would defy the axe of the superman even if he existed. (Miss Marsden says no-one speaks of the super-man now. I regret to see her so much afraid of Public Opinion as to let it defraud her of a convenient name. An Egoist should lead Public Opinion, not follow it).

Humanitarianism is stronger than melinite or turpentine, for it always controls them. Has not Miss Marsden observed the exquisite humane sentiments which the Kaiser distributes from aeroplanes in Poland, and which rises in chorus from all the German newspapers, and in the letters found on German soldiers? Mere humbug, says Miss Marsden perhaps. Do people throw away their lives for humbug?

Success justifies any cause, says Miss Marsden, and instances Cromwell’s reputation as a kingly hero. I was brought up to think him a murderous hypocrite. I do not think so now, but most of the people I meet do, especially the young ones. As for Alexander, I never heard anyone admire him yet. Napoleon would have been a better example for Miss Marsden, only he chooses him as an example of failure unjustifying a cause!

—Caldwell Harpur.

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