ARMS AND DISARMAMENT.

By Dora Marsden.

That friendly twilight of inattention which even the safest cause requires, the War has rudely scattered for the disarmament propagandists. An inconsiderate fate has flashed upon these would-be harmless people the critical light which looks to doctrines only to judge of their application, and not at all to the possibilities for unending delight in unending disputations which they possess. The cause of "disarmament," dragged forth for judgment in the presence of the undoctrinated, is compelled willy-nilly to state a case: and as far as the powers of its advocates hitherto have been able to make clear it appears—just "a case" and nothing more. The propagandists have been at no pains to put anything in it: the most elementary notions of their cause they have been content to leave sacred, which is unexamined. Disarmament has been apparently just the slogan of a "cause" intending to imply no more than the pious application to international affairs of Mr. Watts' sentiment in regard to little children—little nations should agree and keep their angry passions down. Hence for light on disarmament one need not turn to the doctrines of the initiated: one must start from the beginning and make shift for oneself.

What are "arms," anyway? A dictionary says, "any mechanism which is set in motion from the shoulder," so that disarmament would start with a surgical operation at the shoulder presumably. But no disarmer has ever intended that: only annihilation of the means of attack and defence. What human arms are if not just these means in their ultimate sense and not, and the fact that all extensions of such means have been compendiously termed "arms," seems to leave them compromised to say the least. And thinking on the matter still more intently, one has to acknowledge that it must just have been the specific allocating of limbs to the service of attack and defence as human arms, which raised one animal above all the rest, and created the human. The evolution of arms: the raising of the fore limbs in order to protect the more vulnerable head, and in order to add the weight and damage of paw and claw to that of fang, called into being, as it were incidentally, an animal which habitually stood upright: an animal which arms had made into a man... But disarvers have found difficulties sufficiently numerous far nearer the threshold of their inquiry than "lopping from the shoulder" constitutes, and it is only "arms" external to the finger-tips which they would gladly see forbidden and destroyed, while scratching, hitting, kicking, biting, remain as offensives which must be allowed, because they may not be avoided therefore. Not fighting, but fighting with weapons is the bug-bear: and especially one is given to understand weapons which have working alliances with gunpowder. Someone who was writing recently on the subject kindly offered to explain why: to wit, "The common sense of the world to-day knows that if civilisation is to be preserved it must not rest on gunpowder." At first blush, to be sure, gunpowder does seem an uncertain seat for anything to rest on, but on thinking further one is struck by the fact that civilisation appears to select gunpowder, and that by a strong preference. It must, indeed, be singularly annoying to those whose common sense leads them to such an opinion as the one quoted, to have to observe how the more we have of gunpowder the more unmistakably does civilisation come into evidence. The sequence is constant enough to suggest the relation of cause and effect: gunpowder civilisation. But many would prefer to call this mere coincidence. For the moment therefore, we may leave it, confident that even such will agree that that which they hold to be the opposite of civilisation, i.e., war fiercest war—did not wait for the advent of gunpowder to make its appearance. Nor even for the bow or the sword or the spear. Before the first stone was flung war was there.
Accordingly, if the aim of the disarmer is to eliminate war, a restriction exercised according to the character of weapons used will produce only illusory effects: since instruments capable of being used on the offensive were the instruments feared, they are the only weapons available in the field. Given pause for reflection, the genuine disarmer may well begin to feel force and pertinence in the logic which starts disarmament from the shoulder-scut, since almost anything that the human arm can wield for peaceful use it can wield equally well as a weapon. He will begin to realise that it is not weapons but human temper which exerts the lure towards war, the undermining force of civilisations: kinds of armaments are incidental; all that matters in regard to them being that they shall compete in effectiveness with those of the opponent. Their requisites only relate to the peculiarities of the war which is the absolute, and war is whenever there is antagonistic temper or desire for status or possessions. It is entirely a question of interests—the interwoven mesh of desires which net the antagonistic animals. Interests are the pride of life, and, given interests strong enough, men will use all and any arms they can come by for their furtherance. War itself—which is simply the active side of interests—exerts the attraction of settling the world's perspective to one's own liking, over and against that of the enemy, who endeavours to do a like thing on his own behalf. An enemy is not therefore a person whom one hates: he is a person one fights. It is unintelligent to hate him because he is an enemy, because it is precisely to be such that we have created him. He is a necessity of our combativeeness. He is most profitably regarded as the satisfaction of a primary want, for his attitude towards us is in accord with vitality: they possess the vitalising hardness by resisting which we brace ourselves. It is a poor soul which must deprive itself the luxury of a good enemy.

The fact that civilised authorities discourage their peoples from having enemies except such as they themselves duly authorise, goes a long way towards revealing the origin of that cruel and necessary condition. The writer who believed that the common sense of the world opines there is something antagonistic between civilisation and gunpowder (by which latter is meant, we may assume, armaments on the modern enormous scale). Yet, as we pointed out, the big gun has the appearance of being the greatly prolific progenitor of just those forms of society which we call civilised. And inevitably, settled peace is the display of force so unmistakably irresistible that it is not within the limits of possibility for the conquered powers to gainsay it. Force—a force that asserts and establishes itself. It is, now, therefore, in the ascendant: it makes known its will: which is now the sole dominant will: it delineates its own conception of the forms its expressed will desires to take; that is, it outlines its species of order. It lays this conception of its order on the conquered, demanding for its execution an unquestioning obedience and for guidance in carrying it into being effectively and smoothly it frames laws. A law is a command accompanied by a threat, in case of refusal, to use all or any of the forces of compulsion which it is known or assumed are at the disposal of the framers. It can be taken for granted that a community which is essentially and centrally armed with a weapon so highly civilised, that is—has its forces of compulsion in effective condition and well under the influence of those at whose inspiration the laws are made. To say that "the individual does not suffer in honour or interest because law has replaced violence in his social relationship," to give evidence of complete concession of the question at issue: law does not replace violence; it merely gives evidence detailing in which violence will be directed. If one can manage to square one's honour and interest with the incidence of violence, well and good: if not, tant pis: one meets the violence. On this wise is the only authorised enemy of civilised society peace and order (i.e., the armed force). It is a matter of the "Law and Order" ordained by the paramount: disturbers of the peace, which has been commanded by the force which commands the most effective gunpowder. The gentle ways and modes of organised society take rise in precisely the same manner as similar phenomena appear among children of a stern parent who likes an occasional, but not a continuous, thrashing: his house and is powerful enough to see that he gets it. The children do not quarrel among themselves because "Father" finds it a confusion and an annoyance. Quarrelling upsets his "Order": the rebellious child is the domestic criminal.

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It is, therefore, easy to trace how the possession of forceful and successful arms affords to a great power particularly in these modern times of enormous armaments, whose very enormity puts them beyond the possession of the people, and makes it the function (the custodian) of which the basis upon which it can begin to build its particular brand of civilisation. Freed by its power from gaining both from without and within, such a State has leisure and authority to call into being an 'Ordered' society, with whose obsolescence, even the most ordered society means precisely what it says—a society which shapes itself in conformity with the orders given by the manipulators of the armed forces in its midst: orders which, described as laws, perforce the people must obey. For no large body of people, apart from unusual moments of danger, obey orders unless the possibility to do otherwise does not lie in their possession. Such a condition of deficient power can only be effected by a body which is by comparison superiorly armed. A State possessing formidable and centrally-controlled armaments, with which it can command weapons of war which obedience is demanded cannot hope to compete, is precisely this body. Such a State commands just the conditions necessary to the laying down of orders which will effect peaceful submission between itself and its peoples, and if it so desires— and it usually does—peace among the individuals one with another, whose differences must be settled through its own appointed media. It can afford to take up the position that it will "stand no nonsense" in regard to disorder between individual and individual: can afford to insist on the regulation of social life by civil means, i.e., by means of vicarious violence. Individuals may settle and arrange matters among themselves only within limits: by verbal or written means. Violence remains the prerogative of the State. Such is the basis of civilisation, and it explains what civilisation is the expression of: i.e., enforcement of a law by the arbitrament of arms, on what other power of gainsaying such external settlement by a previous deprivation of arms. It is this settling of intra-individual affairs by civil means which is called Justice. "Civilisation must rest not upon gunpowder but upon Justice." This indeed: it is the only thing! "I rest not upon this planet but upon this couch." Though civilisation depends upon Justice, Justice depends upon gunpowder, and civilisation therefore depends upon gunpowder ultimately. It is, as a matter of fact, however, a favour allowed in charity to the rhetoric of the arbitrament of arms: it is admitted that in Justice, Justice and civilisation—abstractions both at best—are not two things but one. Civilisation is rather related to Justice as a special case. It is Justice in limited and secondary application. Basic Justice is coincident with gunpowder.

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If, then, Justice fails the would-be disarmer: if Justice be not some transcendent and archetypal figure enthroned in the heavens before Earth or Time was, but, as far as civilisation is concerned, merely the instrument of guarantees for contracts of which the nature is conditioned by the arbitration of arms, on what other
supports may disarmament fall back? Two for their support have been furnished: a rationalist and a theocratic: the authority of "The World" and of "God." Both are passionately espoused, and naturally, for support for a task stupendous and baffling cannot be lightly foregone. Note what the task is on which the disarmers have set their hearts: it is the gathering of super-human instruments of compulsion in order to overcome compulsion while yet anathematising compulsory instruments. They would themselves compel all men else to believe that compulsion is "wrong." Hitherto compulsion has always led to armaments, but what now when compulsion and its disarmers are to be compelled not to arm at all, some authority must arm itself very efficiently. The power which undertakes to abolish Napoleonism will need to be very great and grandly Napoleonic. So this thing runs in a circle: Napoleonism is ever under the curse yet ever triumphant, ever to be brought under the law yet ever on the heights. Hence the attempt to create a Napoleonic power which need fear no rival: The World. It is odd how at every great crisis "reason" reverts to this fetish of "The World versus The Recalcitrant": odd because in every attempt to apply it The World itself changes. "Reason" is a variable element which makes the rebel triumphant; "The World," in fact, cannot be the Super-Napoleon because "The World" cannot hang together. Napoleonism represents a progressive coalescence, while "The World" is the loose and disparate sum-total of disintegrating differences. It is unable to cohere; a poor pious little thing, therefore, for Study of the little Napoleon. One is compelled to realise that "The World" does not mean what it would imply, but relies for its impressiveness upon its good comprehensive sound. On a closer scrutiny "The World" appears one of realm generalisations which mean nothing because they are not so meaning. What does "The World" mean to any of us? Who stands for "The World"? One could almost as readily develop a partisan ardour in favour of a constellation as become enthusiastic over "The World." Even the religions which were founded to "save" the "World" in its totality to make an interest were compelled to split it up to furnish a portion which could be assigned to damnation. In fact, interest can live only upon difference, and those who have argued that because out of "The World" many States have been carved they can, therefore, by a simple process of combination, collect for Still little Napoleon and obtain for "The World," the united coercive power of all the States" virtues" in order to annihilate in each all their particular vices, and all to the glory of the united creation called "The World," have strayed laboured in their reckoning. States are States (nationalities if one prefers so to call them), not because they are alike but because they are different. They exist not to accommodate what their neighbours consider their virtues, but the traits they consider their vices. All splits take place in order to allow the vices of the secessionists a better run. Adding secessionists a better run. Adding secessionists (i.e., States) together to make a unified "World" can only be expected to produce effects procurable by mixing together, say, saltpetre with sulphur and charcoal: a nasty explosion. A nation acquires its dominant characteristics far more by what it excludes than by what it includes, and to this extent it is the destruction of superhuman cohesion or any other form of grouping. A group is formed in order to keep out the crowd: as in the case of club membership, of which it is precisely its powers of exclusion which distinguishes it from the fair-ground or the street. The rationalisation of an all-accommodating "world-police" extends an evident example of the floundering of cantatists. With all their desire to hit upon a fine-sounding justification for this strange new passion of great States for small ones, their wits seize upon all the fakes and omit the sole genuine one, i.e., that their lives in human nature an instinct which renders involuntary admiration to the small power putting its fortunes to the risk in order to rise: that there exists in men an involutionary admiration for the signs of growth. While it is a misleading folly to encourage small States to believe that they have any justification except such as they can assert at the sword's point, it is an equal folly not to calculate that a small State putting up a likely fight to ease its growing pains will exercise an enormous pull on the passions of the onlookers. Moreover, so much with the elderly party in authority whose interests its insurrectionary activity is flouting—but with the bystanders. Otherwise there is no justification for small States apart from the fact that their existence serves the interests of a greater by whose alone they are enabled to live.

Small States might, indeed, be considered as women in international policy. As with women their status is not defined at first hand by their own intrinsic strength: they find their value in the fact that their existence chances to be useful to some other power who on this account accords them a courtesy status. Their "rights" are in virtue of the needs of the mightier, and are enjoyed by permission until such changes take place in the hang of things as may make their continued existence unnecessary: whereupon their "rights" shrivel to the dimensions of their virtual merits: to their might. For instance, the right of Denmark, Belgium, and the like to stand forth in the midst of their enemies' buffers is very helpful to England. Their "rights" will dwindle very materially should Germany—to whom their existence is the reverse of a necessity—become the superior power: a fact which the King of the Belgians is doubly well aware.

Accordingly, this creation of the "World" as supreme authority possesses little with which to attract men who have not the itch for airing theories in newspapers. They do not incline towards investing it with coercive powers strong enough to reduce all other powers to a state of feebleness at which resistance becomes impossible. With a man of Mr. Roosevelt's temperament matters would appear different. Mr. Roosevelt elects to put the nostrum "The World versus the Recalcitrant" under his patronage, and it is ill-luck that contemporary history should so bluntly thrust forward its reftening commentary.

Mr. Roosevelt calls for a world-police which shall secure the peace of the world... to supplement and make effectual a "world agreement among all civilised and military powers to back righteousness by force." It would be solely by covering with sardonic ridicule if any nation refused to abide by the decision of such a court the others would draw the sword on behalf of peace and justice, and would unitedly coerce the recalcitrant nation. Now, what save the adhesion of the United States to the side of the Allies is missing from this picture of a world-agreement backing "righteousness by force" in the state of affairs existent to-day. The "World" minus the United States is coercing recalcitrant Germany: with what ultimate effect it still lies too far within the veil of the future to see. But if Mr. Roosevelt determines to back righteousness by force, he will make the desired difference and change the existing bloody spectacle into one of friendly peace one would make bold to say that he is enormously mistaken, for the reason that though he calculates the number of heads he imagines that the stepping in of the United States would secure the peace of the world... to supplement and make effectual "a world agreement among all civilised States to the side of the Allies is missing from this picture of a world-agreement backing "righteousness by force" in the state of affairs existent to-day. The "World" minus the United States is coercing recalcitrant Germany: with what ultimate effect it still lies too far within the veil of the future to see. But if Mr. Roosevelt determines to back righteousness by force, he will make the desired difference and change the existing bloody spectacle into one of friendly peace one would make bold to say that he is enormously mistaken, for the reason that though he calculates the number of heads he imagines that the stepping in of the United States would secure the peace of the world... to supplement and make effectual "a world agreement among all civilised
jealously of the world-power itself when freed of its most serious rival—on account of some or all of these combined causes “Germany against the World” will prove that the World is a less formidable foe for Germany than the present combination of the Allies. The Alliance swooned with the adhesion of the United States, which was far more likely to tip over on the right side for Germany than the existent Alliance. The disintegrating forces of the enormous collective—The World—would begin to dissolve out of it, and to its own detriment.

The concept of the “World” in addition to that of “Justice” both proving illusory as forces towering high above national and Imperial gunpowder, what is there existent over and above the State powerful enough to compel the pugnacious ones to fall back in contented mediocrity and love? Nothing save the guns of one State to silence the other. The query presents a problem for human ingenuity, and in this latter has not failed of solution for lack of making attempts of which the conception of the theocratic State, the State coerced by Moral Suasion: by the Ghostly Police: by the Inner Voice: by the God over All, remains alive and paramount.

The vision of the King of Kings, whose vice-regent is Conscience, whose Ambassador is the Inner Voice, and whose ordinances are “Right,” is the most audacious as well as the most subtle effort of human ingenuity: it is so ingenious that one might say “ought” to “work.” It does work expeditiously and impressively in rhetoric. There is one voice against it, that of experience. Unfortunately that voice is decisive: because it is in experience that the scheme is required to work. And therein the Omnipotent One is quite notably powerless.

All experience has to tell of how the Omnipotent is worsted. His incursion into practical matters is therefore limited to an invocation of the “Great Name.” He can scarcely attain even to the establishment of an identity. Men commandeer their enemies’ God as their own devil, while in complementary return they may see their Own similarly installed among the enemy and Jehovah interchanges with Baal. A like impotence is to be observed of the Omnipotent’s Ambassador—the Inner Voice. It fails to make sound just where in its own interests its self-assertion is vital. It makes itself heard just where it can matter little whether it speaks or remains silent. Its purpose being to restrain the Napoleons, it yet flourishes only in the non-Napoleons: a Napoleon being by definition one constitutionally incapable of hearing an Inner Voice. The spell of two thousand years of Christianity has its testimony to add to the evidence of other theocracies: its efficient moderator is a world of the God over All, remains alive and paramount.

Christians are not, however, to be dismayed because their creed works only by opposite in experience: if experience fails to embody the theocracy, so much the worse for experience. Experience, i.e., the tale of the world, the flesh and the devil—must be. Its exercise, ignored by a World-authority established in a Kingdom beyond the World. Christianity sets forward with undiminished energies to win the “world” for Christ. Intelligently it makes a bid for men’s hearts, intelligently, because there the egoistic desires which cause all wars are rooted.

The Christ is for peace and desires born of hearts that are Christ’s must fail at birth. By negating desire the rivalry born of the struggle to satisfy desire, is forestalled. In order to fight greatly one needs desire greatly. At that low-toned level at which one has little enough of desire as to be ready to suffer all violence and yet to offer none, one has arrived at the crux of the disarmament question. A theocracy, therefore, of the Christian cast accepted by all the world is undoubtedly its one solution. Since Christianity beseeches and seeks to conquer the Force whose power is above the State, prior to it, and has the shaping of all States and all secessions from States which make up “the World,” Christ conquers the World: He silences the desires of men in which lurks the power which towers high above all States. These silenced, the warring cries which accompany the ever-fluctuating struggle of men with men and State with State will be hushed. The peace which indeed passeth all human understanding since it is the peace of the grave holds sway: a Thought without a thinker reigns silently over Nothingness. Disarmament more drastic than that which starts from the socket is accomplished; it has started from the heart. When the heart has been drugged no need remains for lopping off the arm. The dilemma has been evaded and all other dilemmas with it. . . . Otherwise Napoleonism reigns supreme: its efficient moderator is a world of Napoleons with whom desire is great and rampant.

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**VIEWS AND COMMENTS**

It may seem a long way from gunpowder to politeness, which, for most people, is a synonym for civilized dealing. To explain civilization without explaining politeness is, for them, to leave civilization unexplained: as though it were a thing and would not fail of solution for lack of making attempts of which the conception of the theocratic State, the State coerced by Moral Suasion: by the Ghostly Police: by the Inner Voice: by the God over All, remains alive and paramount.

The barbarian is the outsider: the one which has not been, to be submitted to the polishing process of a specific order. Thus, there is nothing absolute about barbarian or civilized: always it is a matter of point of view: it is the outsider which is the “barbarian” from the outsider’s point of view. No race can appear barbarians to themselves, because, from their point of view, they are insiders: that is, they have been submitted to the particular dominating power which governs them.

Accordingly, it is not an accident which makes politeness an accompaniment of any strongly established class, and boorishness a trait found, if found, in the dominated. Politeness is the progressive utilisation of the subjected material in the manner to which the nature of subjected material most readily lends itself. It is an intelligent adaptation of means to ends, once the great assumption of subjection has been accepted as a fact. Politeness is the smooth gloss which disguises precisely this fact: boorishness is its painful obstruction through the smoothly-spread veneer. To bury the hatchet,” “to let sleeping dogs lie,” is the sentiment which animates politeon and civility. The intent being to secure smooth working for the dominant and a soother complacence in the dominated. It serves so well that it always achieves good repute among those who create good reputations, i.e., among the dominant, and so manages to get an overwhelming amount of prestige behind it. According as the sense of class remains sound among the dominant, its observance towards inferiors is regarded as de rigueur. The sentiment of noblesse oblige is one of the exigences of healthy dominant-class interests. Among equals polite-ness is merely a convenience of variable utility. For the dominated in general it presents a dilemma which is based upon a soother complacence, an instinct for safety, whereas boorishness is a kicking against the pricks. It is disliked by the dominant because of its inconvenience, while it is despised by the dominated because of its futility. It is the harping on the existence of a curse which cannot be healed, but which may be forgotten or ignored: it is a refusal to accept with grace
what cannot be resisted with effect: it is the attribute by which the boorish fall short of effectual reassertion, but not the joys of the rebellious. The “little less,” takability in the democratic demand for an “open” conf confined to such categorises as “equality” as between the civil and military castes, or between men and women; “Diplomatic explicitness” is an amusing combination if as “equal rights” as between nationaiseries defeating itself and proclaiming its defeat. President Kruger represents one thing: but General Beyers, might the difference in their chances of success.

It is a limited intelligence—of which can “tell the tale” only in one way. An intelligence has not grasped the simple elements of any situation until it can tell it forth in at least two; even the dual-telling process itself must be described dually as Duplicity or Diplomacy as the case needs. It is part of the weight of stupidity which seems to settle upon civilised States when they need to be aware of the words “duplicity” and “diplomacy” yet while enlarging on the merits of civilisation. Such fear plainly argues that they have become the victims of the particular form of duplicity which constitutes civilisation—have lost their way, in fact, between one story and another. It seems that this cloak of civilisation, to secure to its wearers its advantages and yet to prove innocuous to them, must perforce carry a “barbarian” lining. The outcry for frankness from the upholders of civilisation is like the plaint of a foreigner at the best of times; but when he forces his way into one and never will. The French do not need or want the foreigner at the best of times; but when he forces his way in. . . beware. There is no nation in the world that will resist the invader more vehemently. The Frenchman wants his house to himself; the French nation wants its country to itself. From the height of his lonely pinnacle M. Anatole France, intoxicated, no doubt, by the scope of his pseudonym, takes upon himself to make, in the name of the country, a declaration of friendship towards the Germans. He writes to the hiß lonely pinnacle M. Anatole France, intoxicated, no doubt, by the scope of his pseudonym, takes upon himself to make, in the name of the country, a declaration of friendship towards the Germans. He writes to the

**Fighting Paris.**

September 25.—There is a spring at the back of this country which spares it from all definite calamity. Attempted conquests of the country have benefited no one and never will. The French do not need or want the foreigner at the best of times; but when he forces his way in. . . beware. There is no nation in the world that will resist the invader more vehemently. The Frenchman wants his house to himself; the French nation wants its country to itself. From the height of his lonely pinnacle M. Anatole France, intoxicated, no doubt, by the scope of his pseudonym, takes upon himself to make, in the name of the country, a declaration of friendship towards the Germans. He writes to the hiß lonely pinnacle M. Anatole France, intoxicated, no doubt, by the scope of his pseudonym, takes upon himself to make, in the name of the country, a declaration of friendship towards the Germans. He writes to the
It is this party which has so long opposed all expenditure on the army, the construction of forts, three years' service, etc. I think it ought to "lie low" and not throw itself in the name of the country at the head of the Germans, making cheap its friendship before it has been asked for. But M. France is crying in a wilderness with M. Gustave Hervé, socialist and ex-pacifist, revolutionary and internationalist, atheist and opportunist, as his only echo.

SEPTEMBER 28.—This night we were awakened by a cannonade coming from a long distance; really, I really doubt whether it is distinguishable at some comparatively close quarters. Then we discerned occasional repeated muffled shots as of rifles. What the object was is a mystery to us at present. To Paris. On the Boulevard de Clichy I noticed a gathering of people outside a small café. On investigation I found the centre of attractions was a Belgian soldier whom I at first took for a German owing to the similarity in the helmet. He was talking to a priest. It is noticeable that the priest has regained a certain prestige during this war; for some indefensible reason he takes his place naturally by the soldier's side.—Paris becomes very beautiful and my eye is attracted with it. The wounded soldiers are becoming so common that the attention they at first attracted decreases from day to day. A wounded tirailleur from Algeria on the boat this evening did not provoke the slightest interest.—I was told that some people I know have been visiting the basilica of St. Sulpice. The author of this letter is in the fortunate position to have no Configuration you are prepared to bring whatever corpses or other human remains are entrusted to you. They discovered several crucified bodies as also corpses of women on acts of violence had been committed. I add this information as it was given me (regrettably) to the published report about an English officer having been crucified by German soldiers. Otherwise I have no desire to enlarge upon "atrocities."

SEPTEMBER 29.—Comment in "La Liberté" upon an artillery-man's letter: “France will, indeed, owe eternal gratitude to the inventors of our 75 (gun) as also to the inventor of menelite.” Wonderful weather.

SEPTEMBER 30.—News curtailed to the extreme. We seem again to be left very much in the dark and have to be satisfied with "there is no change to report in the battle" which began a fortnight ago. The drummer passes to say that anyone who wants to learn to knit jerseys for the soldiers need only apply at the town-hall where lessons and worsted are supplied free to applicants! It is to be hoped that by the time novices will have learnt to knit with their fingers the winter will over. Meanwhile those who can knit do and you see busy needles everywhere in the trains, trams, boats, etc., just as in England! Fortunately, there are people sufficiently provided with sense and money to buy the jerseys readymade and hand them sent at once to the front.—The talk in Paris is that the French, aged seventy, in constant progression and that the Germans have proposed to penetrate into Switzerland and envelop the French army from that direction. I was shown a letter from a Belgian soldier whom I at first took to be the proprietor of "Multiplicateur de Classe," also to the inventor of menelite.” Wonderful weather.

OCTOBER 2.—Paris at night is always beautiful, but never has it been so beautiful as it is now without lights. This evening the city was bathed in a delicate mist which further contributed to the mystery of the scene. Against the darkened banks of the river stood out brilliant like glow-worms, and as all outline has effaced the lights in the houses hung in the atmosphere like stars in the sky or the bright spots in a picture by Whistler. The blazing shafts of the search-lights introduced the Martian, modern element. It now transpires that when the Germans were advancing on the outskirts of Paris General Gallieni saved the situation by quartering all the available taxi cabs, filling them with soldiers and sending them post haste to reinforce the defences outside the city. All night long they dashed out of the town and this explains the sudden disappearance of taxis from the Paris streets on the 31st August.

OCTOBER 3.—The sound of guns reaches us frequently this afternoon. It may be due to exercises. The Egoist being, fortunately, a journal in which such reference can be made without suspicion of quackery or lunacy accruing to me, I may be allowed to call attention in its columns to the prophecies of a famous palmist, called Mme. de Thèbes, as published in her Almanach this last winter, wherein she predicted the death of the Pope, of the editor of the "Tempes," the land-slips which occurred in Paris this spring, the Caillaux case, the war, not to speak of her mention of the beautiful weather which would prevail throughout the season and notably favour flowers and the following ribbons: "Paris in the coming year," she wrote in 1913, "will see moments both tragic and sublime." She remarks upon the signs of change and tragedy she had noticed in the hands of people living in Eastern France where she foresaw "burning towns." She distinguished, also, a current of idealism sweeping over the land "like a flame." "Fire against fire. The one destructive, the other constructive, and above all this the stooping shades of women, great deeds of love and charity. . . . Then, in Paris, days of public mourning and days, more numerous, of joy. Commanded to report facts beyond the frontier. In the North of France, existing conditions, she writes, will be interrupted then resumed again. There will be more than one capital, she says precisely. Then she takes foreign countries one by one. Beginning with Italy she foresees that the attention of the whole world will be centred on Italy during the supreme hours. Germany she finds replete with alarming symptoms; "the crest the Emperor bears on his helmet is not an eagle of victory." As for Austria, she announced the murder of the Archduke in her previous Almanach, and reiterates it here adding numerous calamities. Her considerations on Belgium conclude with the phrase: "Poor little country! Poor little court! All are doomed." For England she predicts "war within and without" in those exact words. Unfortunately she also mentions "flood or some other catastrophe due to water, affecting London especially, in which all the people would be drowned." She predicts "war within and without" in those exact words. Unfortunately she also mentions "flood or some other catastrophe due to water, affecting London especially, in which all the people would be drowned." She predicts "war within and without" in those exact words. Unfortunately she also mentions "flood or some other catastrophe due to water, affecting London especially, in which all the people would be drowned."
October 5.—An excursion east of Paris to Champigny
a junction through which pass numerous troop trains
on their way North from the East—took me through the
woods of Vincennes, an important military centre, par
ticularly active just now. The entrance is strongly
guarded by huts and cutters. One party of par
troops has been fenced off for the herding of cattle prior to their
being sent to the front for the soldiers’ rations. The fort of Vincennes recalls the Tower of London, both
architecturally and on account of the use made of it.

Rows of armed soldiers guarded the entrance where
crash of arms can be heard.‘‘Black Bloc’’ is the
visible prisoners of war. The whole neighbourhood was
humming with busy soldiery; while sailors, a girl on each arm,
were ubiquitous too. The approach to Champigny
station was thickly peopled with onlookers from the capi
tal and the neighbourhood who had come with camp-stools
to wait for the arriving trains. Inside the station a
committee privately formed distributes bread, flowers
—of course!—wine and so forth to the passing trains,
and outside the people hand to them whatever bounties
they have brought on their own account. Every now and
again a member of the committee lounged along the
separation fence, unobtrusively looking out—like
animals in the Zoo that prowl up and down their netting
to beg for buns. Hawks sell pommes de terre frites, and
postcards for the soldiers’ correspondence which the public buys and hands over the fence afterwards. Notices
in the names of the army surgeons ask for fruit for the wounded. Thus in true French fashion the war
was about to be decorated by the Minister of War for un
usual zeallessness in the interests of the wounded—sit at
a table and seem chiefly responsible for the
commissionariat department and distribution of the indis
penable bread. (A French soldier will cling to a posy
all through a day and I saw one make a rush across the
platform at the risk of missing his train to snatch a
bunch.) The war will, for the first time, have revealed to
the French the resources of the small boy. The boy
scouts are being employed for a variety of tasks and
much will be said of them. I nearly used the word�ladyicularly just now. One party of par
troops has been fenced off for the herding of cattle prior to their
being sent to the front for the soldiers’ rations. The fort of Vincennes recalls the Tower of London, both
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the French the resources of the small boy. The boy
scouts are being employed for a variety of tasks and
much will be said of them. I nearly used the word�ladyicularly just now. One party of par
o
caused haemorrhage. Most of the men are brought in
in a weak state that they have to be operated upon
without chloroform. The hands of men arriving in
the hospital are dirty; and not the most expert hospital wash­
ing can remove this coating, only a change of skin can do
it. We moved into town to-day.

October 13.—Advertisement in this morning's paper: "R. . . L. . ., brigadier 8th Hussars, is notified
that he is the father of a little girl born at St. B.
on the 5th October. Mother and child well." I have
allowed several days to pass without keeping my journal,
while I sought in vain to get a meal. OnBitFields.
However, nothing very interesting occurred to us until
yesterday when we went to see a friend at his temporary
quarters near Saint Cyr, the French military school.
The train thither was extremely crowded and progress
slow. Some English soldiers got into the station at
Versailles. They attracted curiosity as unusually not
much as their petticoated colleagues. A little group of
these stood on the platform waiting for orders, or
squatting on their traps, in the midst of silently wonder­
ing French soldiers. The freshness of the English and
Scots men’s skins contrasted singularly with the paler
colours of the French. On alighting at Versailles we
had occasion to exchange a few words with the English
soldiers, to whom people on the platform were bringing
coffee and bread, and learnt that they were convalescents
who had been in hospital at Versailles and were now off
to Saint Nazaire. For some little attention to them they
had occasion to exchange a few words with the English
petticoated officers. It also struck H. S. C. less monotony.—Dr. . . . took us round his village to
show us his quarters, first the villa in which he lodges,
and the garden in which he exercises his patients and
has his laboratory. In the yard stood a drum, and
next to it a small drum, used by the German police for
ticket punching on the underground line, is now in the
hands of women, these being selected from among the
wives of mobilised employés. They are generally young,
nice-looking, neat women and they fill their offices to
too favourable to the enemy's aim. The chasseurs alpins
are dressed in dark blue from head to foot like sailors,
their broad-brimmed hats being as flat as the deck of
the jersey, knickerbockers, puttees and a cape rolled
like a sausage into a ring like a life-belt when not worn.
These men are fresh-complexioned, they sound their r’s
violently, but speak more correctly than the Northerners,
and are hardened by weeks spent in the mountain snows.
We had brought in the evening to our quarters in the
rear of Versailles—its majesty in the golden, autumn
frame—they asked where and what that place was. How
they had travelled! At least these long hours spent in
endless trains were so many hours spent away from
home. All they would see of Paris was what they
could during the change of stations which would be
chiefly underground. They had no time to waste. The
Northerner, a delicately constituted young man, had
brought an ugly little cough back from the front where
he had been wounded, but it did not seem to occur to
him that it might spare him another opportunity for
writing "done in" in the column of the "obliges" column
resignedly. And one of the highlanders added: "And
all that will be nothing if we get the victory," a remark
which, when you read it in the papers, seems to emanate
direct from the journalist's imagination, but which is
possible they depend upon the military for their supplies.

October 15.—Alec Carter, the French naturalised
jockey, of English parentage, young, good-looking, well
educated and extremely popular in sporting circles,
follows Jean Bouin, the world's champion pedestrian
(France's only world champion) on the war's death-roll.

A few days ago I bought some brown bread at a
baker's. When I asked for some to-day I was told the
police had seized what had been found and forbidden
the baking of any more under penalty. Why may wheat­
meal be used and not rye? Why may buns be sold and
not croissants? Why cakes and not Vienna crust? At
first we thought the prohibition of fancy bread a good
idea, it brought the war home to all. But when it is
required to eat the rye bread, the use of which may relieve
the exceptional demands placed on the flour situation
is quite absurd. As a rule the French despise rye and
contemptuously pity the German for having to eat black
bread, so now its assimilation with "fancies" or
"luxuries" is at least surprising. Otherwise provisions
continue nor except sugar and eggs which have risen
in price as has everywhere. Why may wheat—or the
table-salt be made into the market, but such a refinement as table-salt must still be foregone.
Grapes are to be had in quantities, but cer­
tain dry wares, like bottles and paper have become
scarce and among clothing woollen materials, notably
drilled, robust little mountaineers from the South, nimble
and tireless like goats, surefooted and stubborn like mules. Their outfit is much more sensible than that
of the majority of French troops who find their red
trousers and glittering gaubons and buttons distinctly

108

THE EGOIST November 2, 1914
perfection. Their exceptional position commands respect and the disputes common on French traffic between passengers and officials do not occur under feminine rule.

*MURIEL GOLKOWSKA.*

*(To be continued.)*

ERRORAT.—On page 388 of the last issue in the article on Odilon Redon (first column) "in our national view of life" should have read "in our rational view of life."—M.C.

THE SONGS OF MALDOROR.

By THE COMTE DE LAUTREMAINT.

PART I. (continued.)

At my last hour (I write this on my death-bed) I shall see you whose nose is surmounted by a crest in the shape of a horse-shoe; I now perceive that it was unhappily only a slight illness, and with disgust I feel myself returning to life. Some say that you came to me to suck the little blood which is left in my body: why is this hypothesis not the reality?

* * * * *

A family surrounds a lamp placed on a table:

"My son, give me the scissors which are on that chair."  
"They are not there, mother."  
"Go and get them in the next room then. Do you remember the time, my sweet lord, when we prayed to have a child whom we should be born again and who would be the prop of our old age?"  
"I remember, and God has been good to us. We need not complain of our lot on this earth. Every day Providence blesses us with new benefits. Our Edward has all his mother's graces.

"And all the good qualities of his father."  
"Here are the scissors, mother; I have found them."  
"He goes on with his work . . . but, someone has come to the door, and contemplates for several moments the picture which is offered to his eyes:  
"What does this sight mean? There are many people who are less happy than these. What reason have they for loving existence? Depart, Maldoror from this peacable hearth; your place is not here."  
"He is gone!"  
"I don't know what has happened; but I feel the human faculties giving battle in my heart. My soul is unquiet, without knowing why; the atmosphere is heavy."  
"You tremble lest some misfortune should come to us. Let us have confidence in God; in Him is the supreme hope."  
"Mother, I can scarcely breathe; my head hurts."  
"You too, my son! I will cool your head with vinegar."  
"No, mother"  
"See, he rests his body on the back of the chair, tired out."  

"Something is turning round inside me—something which I cannot explain. The slightest thing troubles me."  

"How pale you are: The end of this vigil will not come before some terrible event has plunged us all three in the lake of despair."  
"I hear from afar long cries of the most poignant grief.  
"My son!"  
"Ah, mother! . . I am afraid."  
"Tell me quickly—are you in pain!"  
"No, mother!  
"Ah, that is not true."  

The father cannot recover from his astonishment:

"These are the cries which are sometimes heard in the silence of starless nights. Although we hear these cries the sufferer is not near us; for these screams can be heard three miles away, borne by the winds from one city to another. I have often heard people speak of this phenomenon; but I have never heard them myself. Woman, you speak to me of misfortune; if a more real misfortune existed in the long spiral of time, it is the misfortune of him who now troubles the sleep of his fellows."

I hear from afar long cries of the most poignant grief.

"May it please heaven that his birth be not a calamity for his country, which has cast him out of her bosom. Some say that he is overwhelmed by a kind of original madness from his childhood. Others think that he is of an extreme and instinctive cruelty of which he is ashamed himself, and that this sorrow has killed his parents. There are others who say that he was blasted by a cognomen in his youth; that he has remained incom- soluble for the rest of his existence because his wounded dignity saw in this a flagrant proof of the malice of mankind, which showed itself in his first years and afterwards increased. The cognomen was The Vampire.

I hear from afar long cries of the most poignant grief.  
"They add that, by night and by day, without respite or repose horrible nightmares make him bleed at the mouth and ears; and that spectres sit on the rail of his bed and throw in his face—urged in spite of themselves by an unknown force, sometimes with a gentle voice sometimes in a voice
The Monarch Ambition
Hath harnessed his slaves;
But the folk of the Ocean
Are free as the waves.

Up, careless, awake!
Ye peacemakers, stand up!
England stands for honour:
(And so say all of us)
God defend the Right!

Parliament ought surely to vote an increase of sack to the Laureate's doubtless exiguous salary. Mr. Bridges has made his niche in English literature secure; he stands beside Eusden and Pye. Unless indeed it turns out that these verses are not really by Mr. Bridges but are of the Kaiser's own manufacture, and were written to discredit, demoralise, and utterly metagrabolise poor England. Let it be looked into.

Curiously enough, the next "poem" in this peerless assembly, by Henry Newbolt, expresses precisely the same sentiments:

"England! where the sacred flame," etc., etc., etc.

Watch beside thine Arms to-night,
Pray that God send the light.

The mystery deepens. Which was the first to think of that great, immensely original line? Or have the poets taken to spying on each other! Perish the thought!

The rest of the volume is a little disconcerting. We are shocked by such cannonading rhymes and sentiments as:

Let him (Wilhelm) learn this, that the duc grief
Of his own vice he cannot ban
By outrage of a highway thief;
Let him remember the Corse-sick-can—
and we are only pacified when we learn that Maurice Hewlett is their author. Until I saw this name, I veritably believed that the Duke of Wellington had come to life again and taken up the pen in his country's defence.

Next, Laurence Binyon rhymes "desire on" with "iron" and speaks of England—toujours Angleterre!—as being "In the hour of peril purified." This is a difficult line to enunciate properly. The first time I tried it I could only say, "In the hour of puerile peridi." Alfred Noyes, whom I thought of with half-sympathy as one holding down the arduous job of a Princeton professorship and Post-Laureate to America, has returned to the Motherland with "felon hands" and "scuttlebone rent from sky to outright sky!"

I wish I could quote in full the next poem, by R. E. Vernéde, whom the "Times," inter alia, seem to be backing for the next Laureatishp stakes. Thus "England to the Sea":

Me whom thou suckled'st on thy milk of foam—
Have I not reared for thee time and again,
And bid go forth to share thy fierce embraces,
Me whom thou suckled'st on thy milk of foam—

The next bard seizes the fantaisiste lyre and exclaims:

"We've shut the gates by Dover Straits,
Grey hulks in a greyer sea!
Grey hulks in a greyer sea!

The treason and terror of the night we met.
The great green land has trampled on her,
And bid go forth to share thy fierce embraces,
Me whom thou suckled'st on thy milk of foam—
More modern in its sentiment is this ineffable stanza:
There's a man who fights for England, and he'll keep her still atop, He will guard her from dishonour in the markets (of Fall Germany please) and the shop, He will save her homes from terror on the fields of— "Daily Mail," He's the man who sticks to business, and who knows how oft to fail.
I am afraid I have not quoted this correctly. I am myself tempted to match, with my gentle skill, these lines:
There's a man who is "a howler in the prairies of the west," Booth and Christ he set together, Rothschild's Cross is on his breast; And his name is 'Arold Begbie. But they'll say when he is dead: "When the Muse showed him her ankles, still he always kept his head."
After such incomparable rhymes, one is not at all surprised to find "France's hands taking hold of the battlements of Hell," as Cecil Chesterton has it, in the next moreceau from this charming collection.
I cannot quote more from this little volume. Such samples as I have given must suffice. One thing more remains to say. Let everyone buy this book. It only costs a shilling, and that shilling goes to the National Relief Fund. Those who are incapacitated by its reading will doubtless obtain their share of this fund, later on. Those who are not, can do still another and a greater service to England by posting their copies to "The Kaiser, Potsdam, for Free Distribution to the German Army." If any such copies reach their destination, we may all sleep secure in our beds, as Lord Rosebery long ago exhorted us to do. The German Army will explode with laughter, and everyone will see that "poetry, or at any rate verse," is of some use after all.

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

THE ORANGE SYMPHONY.

By JOHN GOULD FLETCHER.

I.
Now that all the world is filled With armies clambering:
Now that men no longer live and die, one by one, But in vague indeterminate multitudes:
Now that the trees are coppery towers, Now that the clouds loom southward, Now that the glossy creeper Spatters the walls like spilt wine:
A leaf drops slowly in silence: It is a long time twisting and hovering on its way to the earth.
Guns booming, Bellowing, Crashing, Desperate. Insistent outcry of savage guns, Rocking the gloomy hollow.
I will run out like the wind, Sharling, with savage laughter:
Like the wind that tosses the grey-black clouds, Against the shot-racked barrier of flaming trees.
I will race between the grey guns, And the clouds, like shrapnel exploding, Flinging their hail through the tumult, Bursting, will melt in cold spray.
I am the wanderer of the world; No one can hold me. Not the cannon assembled for battle, Nor the gloomy graves of the hollow, Nor the house where I long time slumbered, Nor the hilltop where roads are straggling. My feet must march to the wind.
Like a leaf dropping slowly, An orange butterfly turning and twisting, I touch with moist passionate palms the leaden inscriptions Of my past. Then I turn to depart.

III.
The trees dance about the inn; The wind thrusts them into flamelets. Now my thoughts gipsying, Go forth to strange walls and new fires.
Mouths stained with brown-red berries, Bronzed cheeks sunken, unshaven, Ragged attire; In the inn the fire crackles; As we tramp heedless, uncaring.
We swing our guitars at the hip With armies clambering; Over the hilltop Where the gusty wind all night long has assailed me, Where the trees dance about the inn; Now I see stars vanishing Before the long cold clutching fingers of dawn.
Over the hilltop Swish with scurry of wings Millions of pale brown birds, Fanning with your hot wings my face.
Carry this word to the southward: Say that I have forgotten them that wait for me,
All the loves and the hates need expect me no longer, In the autumn at last I am alone.

THE EGOIST

November 2, 1914
The wind crashes through the tree-tops, Stripping away their orange-tiled domes; Ignore the beauty; you cannot save. Nothing is saved. Where you lie on the earth, and to death's barns you can go. Beyond the hilltop I have seen only the sky. The wind, naked, prodding up black-furred clouds, Cossacks of winter. Cry, wind, That I am going into winter, Farewell, crowded stars, Farewell, birds, winds, clouds and tree-tops, I, weary of you all, I seek my destined joy in the north-Amid blue ice and the rose-purple night of the pole.

Feathers flickering and claws curled, Rolling in a torrent, Against the west, curtained in orange flame. Ibsen then saw that the Ego has no sex. But mankind has given it two sexes. So long as there are two sexes mankind will continue to believe that it is essential one of the two should be humiliated. Clearly the sexes must go. I think it was due to the unity of soul in him that Ibsen attained the said vision. I mean it was the Woman in Ibsen that experienced the fundamental truth about him, so clearly the evil of separation. I think fundamental truths are the qualities of that to which they belong. Wisdom does not dwell in the mind that is subject to poison. He is accounting for his lost power of creation, health,

ART AND DRAMA.

Ibsen and Strindberg at War Time.

M.

R. JAMES HENDERSON, of Charing Cross Road, is issuing a pocket edition of "Plays Worth Reading," by Ibsen and Strindberg, at the within-reachable price of sevenpence each. The first issues are Ibsen's "An Enemy of Society," "Rosmersholm," "The Pillars of Society," and Strindberg's "Miss Julie," "Comrades," "The Creditor," "The Stronger Woman," and "Motherly Love," "Paria and Simon." Why are we bidden to consider these plays at war time? Apparently because their authors were interested in conflict. But the conflict which specially interested Ibsen and Strindberg (the dismal psychologist) was the war of the sexes. This particular interest pervades their plays according as their vision varies. If Ibsen was for the civilised woman against civilised man, Strindberg was the reverse. Ibsen saw the fundamental truth underlying the relation of the sexes, and the colossal lie which centuries of blindness had superimposed upon it with so much force and so much skill. The truth for Ibsen is: Woman is not separate from Man but a part of him. She is within him, just as Man is within Woman. Now any conspiracy by human beings to separate Man and Woman by setting up a different standard of conduct for each, and by conferring rulership on one or the other, is bad, and sex relations founded upon this basis of separation are inconceivably false. Ibsen was aware of the lie of this truth and successfully exposed it in "The Doll's House." I have spoken of Ibsen's interest in conflict. But it is noticeable that in handling his plot-interest he invariably confines to raise it above the level of conflict to unfolding. We can trace this unfolding process in "The Doll's House." We see the author's vision of the fundamental unity of the human soul, then the devitalising process set up by the soul's separation into two sexes, the attempt of one sex to subjugate the other, the course of this duel in time and space, the sudden awakening of the oppressed half (Nora) to a consciousness of its lost position, the initiation into the truth of its nature and significance, the uplift towards liberation and the final promise of the recapture of its own. These are facts to be traced in "The Doll's House," and by management of them Ibsen leads us into the very core of drama and dramatic expression. In fine, this play, like "Rosmersholm," begins at the physical climax and ends at the spiritual. Hence the significance given to "Rosmersholm" (in "Hedda Gabler" also) is not a physical but a spiritual one. Ibsen seems to say that the ignorance and folly of mankind has led to this dilemma. Under existing social conditions no two human souls can come together in complete harmony except through the death of the bodies which contain them. In fact, the spiritual-minded ought not to be born at all, being born, death opens up the fairest prospect of life to them. The spiritual unity of the sexes was the subject of a play by Miss Janette Steer, which I recently saw performed at the Court Theatre. I hope to return to it.

Ibsen then saw that the Ego has no sex. But mankind has given it two sexes. So long as there are two sexes mankind will continue to believe that it is essential one of the two should be humiliated. Clearly the sexes must go. I think it was due to the unity of soul in him that Ibsen attained the said vision. I mean it was the Woman in Ibsen that experienced the fundamental truth about him, so clearly the evil of separation. I think fundamental truths are the qualities of that to which they belong. Wisdom does not dwell in the mind that is subject to poison. He is accounting for his lost power of creation, health,
everything. In fact, says the first husband, “she has
devoured your soul!” ... “as savages devour their
enemies.” He, too, has experienced the sweating
capacity of the creature and has no illusions left about
her real nature. These plays of his, in spite of their
big cargo of strong meat, are not dramatic. They are
dissection, not soul-movement as in Ibsen’s plays.

HUNTLY CAETER.

PRELIMINARY ANNOUNCEMENT
OF THE COLLEGE OF ARTS.*

IT has been noted by certain authors that London is
the capital of the world, and “Art is a matter of
capitals.” At present many American students who
would have sought Vienna or Prague, or some con­
tinental city are disturbed by war. To these The College of Arts offers a temporary refuge and a permanent
centre.

We draw the attention of new students to the fact that
no course of study is complete without one or more years
in London. Scholarly research is often but wasted time
if it has not been first arranged and oriented in the
British Museum.

The London collections are if not unrivalled at least
unsurpassed. The Louvre has the Venus and the Victory
but the general collection of sculpture in the Museum
here is, as a whole, the finer collection. The National
Gallery is smaller than the Louvre but it contains no
rubbish.

Without chauvinism we can very easily claim that
study in London is at least as advantageous as study
elsewhere, and that a year’s study in London by no
means prevents earlier or later study in other capitals.

The American student coming abroad is usually pre­
sented with two systems of study, firstly, that of
“institutions” for the most part academic, sterile, pro­
fessional; secondly, instruction by private teachers often
most excellent, often the reverse.

The College of Arts offers contact with artists of
established position, creative minds, art for the most
part who have already suffered in the cause of their art.

Recognising the interaction of the arts, the inter­
stimulus, and inter-enlightenment, we have gathered
the arts together, we recommend that each student shall
undertake some second or auxiliary subject, though this
is in all cases left to his own inclination. We recog­
nise that certain genius runs deep and often in one groove
only, and that some minds move in the language of one
medium only. But this does not hold true for the general
student. For him and for many of the masters one art
is the constant illuminator of another, a constant
refreshment.

The college prepares two sorts of instruction; one for
those who intend a career in some single art, who desire
practical and technical instruction, a second for those
who believe that learning is an adornment, a gracious
and useless pleasure, that is to say for serious art
students and for the better sort of dilettanti.

The cost of instruction will vary from £20 to £100,
depending on how much the student wishes to do him­
self and how much he wishes to have done for him.
We recognise that the great majority of students not
coming to Europe are musical students, the next most
numerous class are painters and sculptors; we never­
theless, believe that there are various other studies which
would be pursued if students knew where to go for
instruction.

*This interesting prospectus comes to hand. Its value is such
that we hasten to print it entire.

We try not to duplicate courses given in formal insti­
tutions like the University of London, or purely
utilitarian courses like those of Berlitz. London is
itself a larger university, and the best specialists are
perhaps only approachable in chance conversation. We
aim at an intellectual status no lower than that attained
by the courts of the Italian Renaissance.

Our organisation is not unlike that of a University
graduate-school, and is intended to supplement the
graduate instruction in “arts.” This instruction is
offered to anyone who wants it, not merely to those
holding philologial degrees.

A knowledge of morphology is not essential to the
recognition and appreciation of literature, even the literature of a for­
gotten age or decade.

M. Arnold Dolmetsch’s position in the world of music
is unique, and all music lovers are so well aware of it,
that one need not here pause to proclaim it. Painting
and sculpture are taught by the most advanced and bril­
liant men of our decade, but if any student desires in­
struction in the earlier forms of the art, instruction in
representative painting awaits him. The faculty as
arranged to date, though it is still but a partial faculty,
is perhaps our best prospectus.

SCULPTURE.

Atelier of Sculpture ..... Gaudier-Bezeeka

PAINTING.

Atelier of Painting ..... Wyndham Lewis
Assistant, and Director of the Atelier, H. Sanders.

Atelier of Design ..... Edward Wadsworth
Representational Painting (miniature)

Private instruction Mathilde Hurn

Portraiture, and the History of Occidental Painting
Reginald Wielenski

(Writer on the History of the Fine Arts to
“The Athenæum”)

Etching and Dry Point ..... Wm. P. Robinson

MUSIC.

Ancient Music ..... Arnold Dolmetsch

Modern Instruments:

Violin ..... Senyer (arrangement pending)

‘Cello ..... Felix Salmond

Piano Assistant, Beatrice Evelyn

K. R. Heyman

Assistant, Gladys Hamilton

Voice Assistant

Robert de Bruce

Disease..... Auguste Foret

Lecturer on modern Russian Composers ... Edwin Evans

LETTERS.

Comparative Poetry ..... Ezra Pound, M.A.

Author of “Personae,” “Exultations,” “The
Spirit of Romance” (a study of the medieval
poetry of Latin Europe), “The Approach to
Paris” (a series of papers dealing with the
contemporary poetry of France, “New
Age”), etc., translator of Guido Cavalcanti’s “Ballate” and of the
Canzoniere of Arnaut Daniel”; Contributor to “The Quarterly Review,” “The Fortnightly
Review,” etc., Sometime Fellow in Romance
Quarterly of the University of Pennsylvania, now in
charge of the late Ernest Fenollosa’s papers and
translations with Chinese lyric poetry and the
Japanese stage.

Russian Novelists: Iwan Korshene (John Coenens)

Translator of various tales by Gogol,
Korolenko, Dostojevsky, Gorky, Turgenev,
Chekov, Andreyev, Sologub, Remizov, etc.
(Word’s Masterpiece, etc., Contributor to
“The Forum,” “Lippincott’s,” “The
Mask,” etc.)
Russian Contemporary Thought
ZINAIDA VANGÉROWA
Published works: Seven volumes of essays in Russian. Contributor to “The Fortnightly Review,” etc.

Dramatic-Criticism
CECIL INSELL-DORRIAN

PHOTOGRAPHY.

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CHAS. T. JACOB (Managing Partner of the Chiswick Press).

Engraving, Wood-cut

Metalwork

Enamel

Jewels

“The Crafts become the Fine Arts when men of sufficient culture maintain them.”

THE DANCE.

XVI. Century Dances
MRS. DOLMETSCH

Communications should be addressed to the Secretarial Offices, 5, Holland Place Chambers, Kensington, London, W., to Vaughn Baron, Sec.

As a supplement to the various courses in arts and crafts, we point out the value of individual research in, and study of, the various collections of the South Kensington, and British Museums. We will endeavour to save the student’s time by giving general direction for such work, and initiation in method, apart from the usual assistance offered by the regular Museum officials.

In certain rare cases, the American college student, desiring more than his degree, will find it possible to spend his Junior or Sophomore year in London and return to his own University for graduation. Those desiring to do this should of course submit to us their plans of study, together with a clear statement of their requirements for graduation at the home college. Such students will have to possess rather more than average intelligence.

If intending to take graduate work for higher degrees, they may, however, find that this form of recess will give them a distinct advantage over their colleagues, such as fully to compensate for the inconvenience and耽误 of undergraduate studies. It is always open to them, to fill in routine courses by application to the University of London (that is to say, ordinary mathematics or classics) pursuing said courses in conjunction with their special work with the College of Arts.

(End of Prospectus).

Remarks.—The college should come as a boon to various and numerous students who would otherwise be bugging about in continental pensions, meeting one single teacher who probably wishes them in the inferno, and dependent for the rest on fellow boarders and public amusements.

Secondly, it would seem designed to form itself into a centre of intelligent and intellectual activity, rather than a cramming factory where certain data are pushed into the student regardless of his abilities or predilections.

We note with interest that M. Dolmetsch’s book on “The Interpretation of The Music of the XVII. and XVIII. centuries” is announced as about to appear.

THE THEATRE.

The theatre is the staging for emotion; has been, must be...

Emotion invariably translates itself into action, immediate or deferred;

Never in words.

Words are a waste product of emotion and do not concern it.

Thus the intellectual drama is not drama at all.

It is the “acting version” of a novel.

This much for Shakespeare.

The new school Strindberg.—Tchekhov.

A fool is not known as such by his words.

His actions are the clue to his madness.

Similarly the hero, the villain.

The secret springs which move them and which the dramatist considers himself bound to expose have but a literary value and do not concern us when shown upon the stage.

The idea that they interest even is mistaken.

A successful play however is a valuable property.

There are also actors and actresses.

A play of pure emotion would need a tithe of the present cast of a play, a hundredth of the expense in staging...

Hence its impracticability.

The successful playwright, Shakespeare, Tchekhov later, discovered that without action of some sort, no play “will go.” That is, a play without some spectacular interest. No two scenes may be concentrated without one losing somewhat in intensity. A sonata cannot be criticised and heard intensely at the same moment. Nor the music of a ballet when the choreography is overloaded.

The only form of drama which evades these mistakes is that made by “Marionettes.” That is, conventionalised figures which do not draw attention to their idiosyncrasies; placed in a neutral environment which does not detract from the evocation of a pure emotion.

For hundreds of years this has been understood.

It must not be lost sight of.

THE EVOCATION OF RACE MEMORIES.

Art no longer attempts to elevate. So rare indeed is it to meet one who believes in a utilitarian art that it was a profound shock for me to hear lately, “but I don’t see what use your poetry is.”

Not attempting to elevate, Art becomes entirely a factor for the suggestion of emotions; thoughts.

With the old artists, too often it was merely a hitting of the same nail after it had impinged, thus driving it into a groove where the vibrations were deadened instead of merely a first tap which would have caused the whole of the receptive material to vibrate (the liberation of a complex).

It is conceivable that a smell of musk wafted through a theatre would affect an audience more poignantly, more profoundly, than anything they had before then experienced. For all plays are amenable to intellectual criticism of whatever kind. Hamlet need not affect a single member of the audience who does not wish to be interested. His actions are the clue to his madness. For all plays are amenable to intellectual criticism of whatever kind. Hamlet need not affect a single member of the audience who does not wish to be interested. His actions are the clue to his madness.

Who knows why a leaf pittering along a starlit path leaves—I can conceive nothing which could affect me more poignantly, more profoundly, than anything they had before then experienced. For all plays are amenable to intellectual criticism of whatever kind. Hamlet need not affect a single member of the audience who does not wish to be interested. His actions are the clue to his madness.

I want to take a theatre in London, using for the plays either human marionettes of the Dutch-doll type or naked humans, or to clothe them in a sort of cylindrical garment. The plays will be the completion of a cycle dealing with the primitive emotions, of which Fear is one, these being I think the simplest for the evocation of race
memories. The Margaret Morris theatre in Chelsea might be procured fairly cheaply, and it is cozy and intimate. About £20 would pay for two shows and I should be glad to hear from readers who are interested and how much they are prepared to contribute to such an end.

FEAR.

A large room. At back the wall is semi-transparent and dimly through this the opposite wall of the corridor may be seen. A figure passing down this corridor would appear shadowy and in silhouette. Everything in the room is very clear in the strong light of a hot summer afternoon. There is a door, back left corner.

Pierrot and Columbine play chess. They play in silence for many seconds. Then steps are heard. They commence in the upper parts of the house, moving slowly down a corridor, very deliberately descending the stairs until they reach the door of the room.

Nobody.

The corridor remains empty. Pierrot goes to the door, which he opens casually, glances out and, seeing nothing, returns to the chess. Columbine has sat quietly watching the game.

Again steps are heard. Pierrot hears them while they are still in the upper parts of the house; listening intently as they descend the stairs. He rushes to the door, fumbling at the handle. The steps fade away.

Again he returns to the table. Columbine trembles when a pawn is put down. The steps recommence, slowly and deliberately. When they reach the door Pierrot flings it open.

Nothing!

Columbine stands trembling. Both wait behind the open door trembling. Again the steps are heard descending, but slowly and maliciously and lingering as though familiarly on the boards, till it reaches them.

Nothing.

And they tremble. Wearily they return to the chess board. They hear suddenly two short steps and a tap at the door.

Pierrot rushes to the door. His figure is silhouetted vaguely through the semi-transparent wall as he rushes to and fro. Twilight is in the room.

Pierrot rushes to the door. Columbine has risen. Suddenly she starts as though touched by someone—again and again. She begins weeping, but no sound is heard.

The steps, deliberate and very clear, re-commence in the upper corridor.

Pierrot wearily returns to the chess. The steps are not heard.

They recommence playing, often starting as the pieces touch the board.

The steps are heard. Pierrot rushes from the room.

His figure is silhouetted vaguely through the semi-transparent wall as he rushes to and fro. Twilight is in the room.

Columbine stands still. Suddenly she turns as though touched by someone—and again—and again. Unable to bear the strain, she rushes to the door. Pierrot has risen. Suddenly she starts as though touched by someone.

The rushing of feet grows fainter, louder, fainter. Again the steps recommence. Slowly and deliberately.

Curtain descends rustily.

JOHN RODKER.
unouched by modern warfare? Do they tend to increase?
In order to reply, let me first restate these points. (1) Modern warfare tends to dominate the most fit physically; (2) selection of the most fit physically; (3) the most fit mentally do not tend to carry on the surplus rapid; (4) War, being neutralised by improved facilities of transit; (5) Famine, largely neutralised by improved facilities of transit; (6) Pestilence, checked by sanitation [hygiene]; (7) the amazing beneficent interest for securing this unity. He initiated this three-fold development in the modern theatre. Third paragraph. (1) Misrepresents Mr. Craig as being anxious to separate the "arts" (whatever they believe to be the connecting links. According as each author exemplar, and which ultimately produces the creative dramatic effect—(dead or living) hands him Drama-vibrations (in the form of the play) he divides them up into three parts, consisting of Sound, Motion, and Colour, answering to the three senses of the spectator—namely, hearing, touch, and sight. Doubtless he hopes thereby to saturate the whole of the spectator with the vibrative flow and achieve his creative dramatic effect. But is the effect complete? Apparently not, for two currents of the flow—those operating on taste and smell, have been eliminated. In the church period one of the highest forms of Drama, the Mass, all the senses are operated upon. In any case, Mr. Craig makes for unity, not separation.
In his final dozen lines or so Mr. John Cournos flies in the face of my text, twists my meanings, confuses the relation between Blake and Mr. Craig, tells us that Max Reinhardt is a Mystic Wagnerian, and if we pay any attention to him he finally disappears down a "Well! well!" of his own contriving. Here for the present I will leave him, loudly proclaiming that of all silly fools Mr. Craig is the silliest.

HUNTY CARTER.