

in the terrible gulf which is claiming manhood and all the better ideals of civilization." Mr. Gleizes has already done "a Cubist impression of Broadway." He declares:

"New York inspires me tremendously. I find life baffling in many respects. Walking through the streets of this great city, I have, not infrequently, a feeling of being hemmed in and even crushed. This is perhaps partly due to the height of the buildings, but also to the movement of humanity, streaming so steadily, so fixt of purpose, knowing so exactly where the goal lies. In Paris there is a maze of little streets. Life goes with starts and stops. It is much more devious and complex. But New York is a very thrilling place. It stimulates me, and the glamor increases as I become more and more accustomed to the trend of things.

"The sky-scrappers are works of art. They are creations in iron and stone which equal the most admired Old-World creations. And the great bridges here—they are as admirable as the most celebrated cathedrals. The genius who built the Brooklyn Bridge is to be classed alongside the genius who built Notre Dame de Paris. The same spirit underlies all supreme achievements. It is a very mistaken impression that one must go to Europe to see beautiful things.

"True art never is a matter of schools. It is universal, of all time and for all time. If it must be divided at all, it should be portioned into epochs. It is a thing of persons and not of cult. Nor is there, in any but the most superficial sense, a French school, a German school, an Italian school. The same emotions are felt all over the earth. People are merely people. The manifestations of art may be extremely various. This is illustrated, I think, by a comparison already made—a comparison involving American sky-scrappers and bridges and European palaces and churches. The same impulse to portray animates artists in every land.

"I am here in America to study American life. I mean to travel a good deal. And I hope to do a lot of work. Work is a pleasure in America."

Finally, there is Marcel Duchamp, who posed for many thousands of us the problem of finding in what to casual vision seemed to be merely a stack of crutches what his title purported the canvas to represent—"A Nude Descending the Staircase." He is jauntier than the others and came to us because he hadn't any one to talk to at home, or because he'd tired of talking about war. Shall we call him a Cubist in life?

"So far as painting goes—it is a matter of indifference to me where I am. Art is purely subjective, and the artist should be able to work in one place quite as well as another. But I love an active and interesting life. I have found such a life most abundantly in New York.

"From a psychological standpoint I find the spectacle of war very impressive. The instinct which sends men marching out to cut down other men is an instinct worthy of careful scrutiny. What an absurd thing such a conception of patriotism is! Fundamentally all people are alike. Personally I must say I admire the attitude of combating invasion with folded arms."

"A GOOD SOLDIER"

THE MAILS were until recently being used to distribute a little article attributed to Jack London, and characterized by a writer in the New York *Sun* as treasonable. Mr. London denies the authorship. It is an essay in brief on "A Good Soldier," printed on the back of an envelop, the like of which was offered for sale at two for a penny. Postmaster-General Burluson found a way to restrain the "treasonable" envelop and its journeys by Uncle Sam's post are now prohibited.

The protester, Mr. William D. Finke, declares that, "it would be bad enough if these were being distributed by hand personally, but when the machinery of Government is being used for their distribution in an endeavor to hinder or destroy the building-up and maintaining of a defense for that very Government, it would appear to me not only treason, but *treason compounded*." Whether this grave charge is warranted or not the reader may judge. The following is the essay:

"A GOOD SOLDIER.

"Young man, the lowest aim in your life is to be a good soldier. The good soldier never tries to distinguish right from wrong. He never thinks; never reasons; he only obeys. If he is ordered to fire on his fellow citizen, on his friends, on his neighbors, on his relatives, he obeys without hesitation. If he is ordered to fire down a crowded street when the poor are clamoring for bread, he obeys, and sees the gray hairs of age stained with red and the life-tide gushing from the breast of women, feeling neither remorse nor sympathy. If he is ordered off as one of a firing-squad to execute a hero or benefactor, he fires without hesitation, though he knows the bullet will pierce the noblest heart that ever beat in human breast.

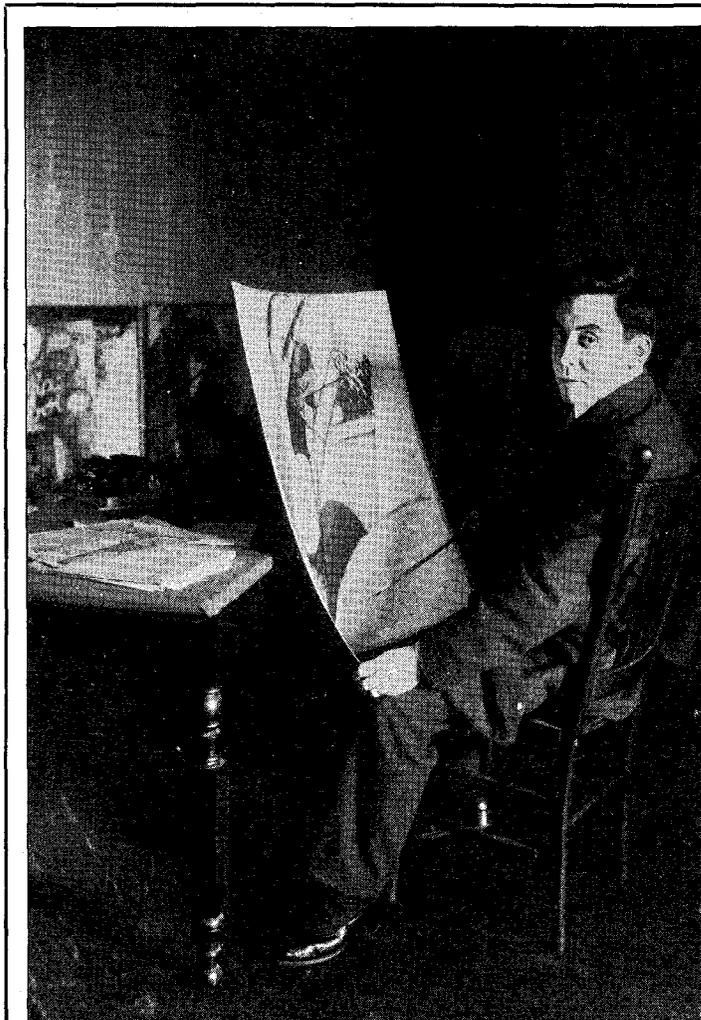
"A good soldier is a blind, heartless, soulless, murderous machine. He is not a man. He is not even a brute, for brutes only kill in self-defense. All that is human in him, all that is divine in him, all that constitutes the man, has been sworn away when he took the enlistment-roll. His mind, conscience, ay, his very soul, are in keeping of his officer.

"No man can fall lower than a soldier—it is a depth beneath which we can not go."

Mr. Finke submits his protest—

"As a citizen who believes it is a citizen's duty to take prompt and vigorous action against that which he considers to be *not* for the best interest of his country, and when it is further considered that I am giving my time and services freely as a soldier—Captain Coast Artillery Corps, N. G., N. Y.—because I feel that as long as I have the physical and mental requirements so to serve it is my duty to do so."

Mr. Burluson acted under Section No. 212 of the criminal code, which prohibits from the mails all matter which carries openly any reflection on the character or conduct of any person.

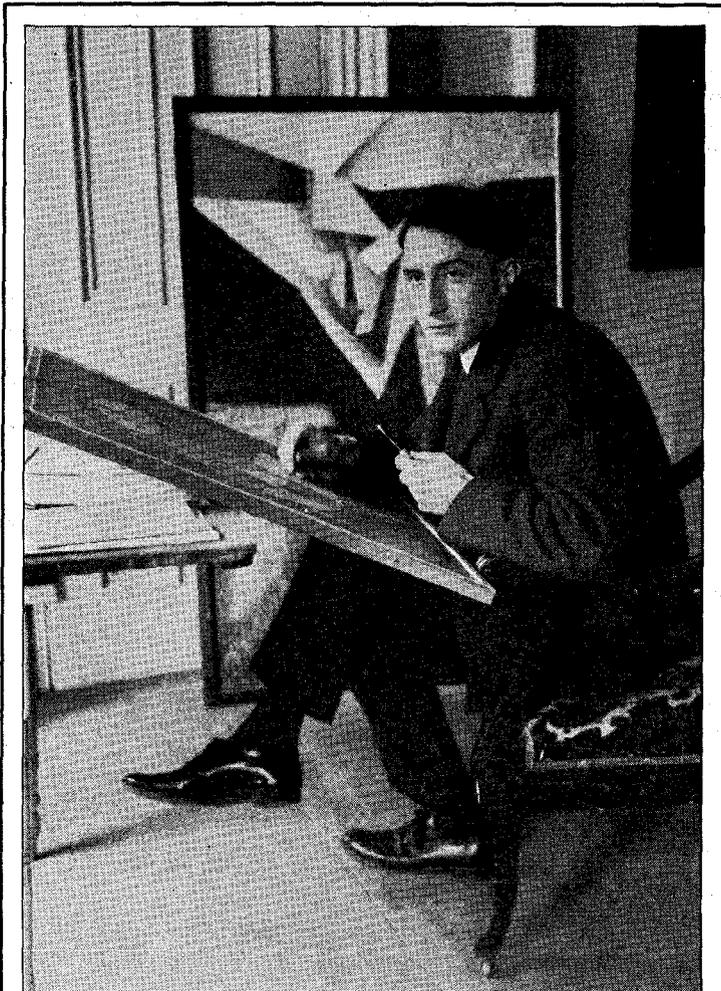


ALBERT GLEIZES IN HIS NEW YORK STUDIO.

He thinks our sky-scrappers "creations in stone and iron which equal the most admired Old-World creations." They are, "works of art."

STARVING OXFORD

OXFORD is in deepest mourning. Its cry can probably be reechoed by institutions of learning throughout all the warring countries, and by the confessions Oxford is making we may divine how hard hit are the silent ones. Every college in that famous old aggregation by the river Isis has "lost so many, and so many of its best graduates and undergraduates—the brightest and most able in mind and body," says an Oxford correspondent of the *London Times*. The exact numbers are not yet ascertained, but about 540 members of the University had been killed and 60 were missing up to the



ANOTHER INVADER, MARCEL DUCHAMP,

With the "Nude Descending the Staircase" to his credit, he professes to "admire the attitude of combating invasion with folded arms."

date of the author's writing. One of the chief labor-leaders of Australia, a State Premier, said publicly that "Oxford and Cambridge had done more than their share and sent too many young men, the flower of intellectual England, to fight and die." The prospect for the new scholastic year is thus summed up:

"There will be this term a handful of undergraduates; there will be a few freshmen coming up to make a beginning, to take the O. T. C. training, and then to follow their brothers when they are ready and of full age for commissions. There will be a few seniors, some prevented by health from serving, a few who have returned invalided, some reading for medicine or holy orders. There will be some Indian students and some Americans, full, these latter, of cheering friendliness. Altogether the numbers expected are about 300 freshmen, instead of the 1,000 or thereabouts of ordinary years, and an undergraduate total of, say, 600 instead of 3,000.

"Of the senior residents more have gone during the Long Vacation, with commissions as officers or chaplains, or to take up special work at the public offices in London, or to make munitions in Birmingham or elsewhere. Some are going even now,

and altogether the amount of 'war-work' being done by Oxford men is always increasing. College servants, too, are very properly continuing to go into the ranks or public service. The state of things, then, is like that of last year, 'only more so.' Oxford is being slowly starved in men and money."

The deficit of 1915 affords a serious problem. Considerable reductions were made last year; more must be made this year. We read:

"Several professorships are, or will be, vacant. Need they be filled up? The council has already suspended one or two. Departments with no students can and ought to be closed. Scholarships and prizes for which there is no adequate competition need not be awarded. The Faculties Fund for providing extra and higher teaching can restrict its grants and hand over a larger balance to the University.

"But the state of many of the colleges threatens to become even worse than that of the University. Those which have substantial agricultural rents are in the best position, since these, so far, are maintained, tho house-rents are already falling off."

A writer from the same source to the *London Standard* draws a picture of the contrast between the Oxford of today and the Oxford of an almost immemorial past:

"As we pass under the shadow of Merton walls, gazing on the quiet meadows, war seems very far off indeed, very difficult to realize; and as we emerge from verdurous paths to a waterside view of Magdalen, it is like the sudden uprising of a lovely lyric in the heart, a soaring utterance of the abiding beauty, the eternal hope, the unending desire. The sun plays fondly on the perfect tower and the time-worn gables that surround it; there is a perpetual rustle among the leafage that droops above the smooth-flowing stream; we feel that whatever be the season a continuous May-day song rises to voice our marvel at the human mystery, our prayers for the divine sanction. We know that that of which these things are a type would not pass away tho the type were destroyed; yet we are none the less eager to retain these symbols of what may be more enduring than themselves, these external utterances, the work of human hands, the expression of human consciousness.

"There is a difference now—khaki soldiers pass us in the gray cloisters or in the green shades of Addison's Walk; we hear voices from France and Belgium, the voices of refugees; apart from these there is a great quiet, the lonely brooding of a place that is partly desolate. As we pass along the High we meet again the ever-present khaki; we see officers speeding in hasty motor-cars, or wounded men being driven to drink the healing of country solitudes. Above us, perhaps, circles a high aeroplane, dim as a soaring bird; the walls are plastered with appeals to the patriotism that should need no appeal. These aspects seem temporary and fugitive; they have not taken Oxford for themselves, they have not driven out its own spirit; the sense of their superficiality brings a hope and an inspiration. For here is the abiding back-lying peace that must triumph over all excrescences of destructive force, all tumult of conflict. The glowing reds still border the paths of the quadrangles, tho the students be absent; lovely coloring creepers mantle around casement and dark crumbling wall. The fair porch of St. Mary's and her exquisite spire have nothing to tell us of war, tho they have their own memories, not always sunny ones; and Tom Tower still looks like a friend whom we have always known, with whom our intimacy can only end with life itself."

The Chancellor of Oxford, in addressing the House at the recent convocation, said, according to the *London Morning Post*:

"It is impossible not to feel the frightful magnitude of the price the country is paying for the preservation of its freedom. What we have lost in the death of members of the University is irrevocably lost. But we have gained something, too, which I hope we may never lose; we have seen our men as they really are, in their true colors. I suppose there is no body of men in the world regarding whom such odd convictions and delusions prevail as about undergraduates. They are at times perplexing and unaccountable. There will always be some who are unsatisfactory, but I am sure that these were always very few, and the men who have gone out and fought their country's battles so splendidly are just the men we knew."