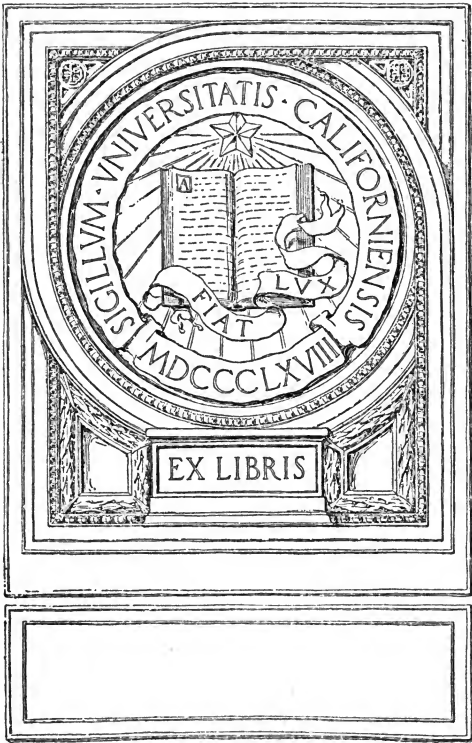


THE GODS IN
THE BATTLE

—
P.H. LOYSON



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THE GODS IN THE BATTLE

THE greatest artist that the War has revealed, the Dutchman, Louis Raemaekers, a loyal and courageous neutral on whose head the Germans have set a price in his country, has presented me with an imperishable drawing for the cover of the volume. I offer him the gratitude of one of his earliest French admirers, who did not wait to recognise his genius until the hour of his fame had struck. The gift was accompanied with these words :

“HAARLEM,

“21st September 1915.

“Rest assured that if it were physically possible for me to open my heart, France would see herself reflected there in a picture far more beautiful than those my hand has traced.

“LOUIS RAEMAEKERS.”

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THE GODS IN THE BATTLE

BY
PAUL HYACINTHE LOYSON

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY

LADY FRAZER

WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY

H. G. WELLS

"For on this side and on that the gods went forth to war. . . . Then uttered Athene a cry . . . and a shout uttered Ares against her, terrible as the blackness of the storm."

HOMER, *Iliad*, xx.

"This war has become what it was meant to be—a clash of principles above the armies, a fight for an ideal in the midst of hell."

THE AUTHOR

HODDER AND STOUGHTON
LONDON NEW YORK TORONTO

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47.

TO
MY COMRADES ON THE HEAD-QUARTERS STAFF OF
THE 54TH BRIGADE, OFFICERS AND PRIVATES,
IN MEMORY OF THE GREAT WEEK OF
THE FRENCH MOBILISATION, AND
OF THE REALISATION OF THE
DREAM OF THE ENTRY INTO
ALSACE, A BLAMELESS
REVENGE IMPOSED
BY GERMANY

In the use of violence there are no limits. . . . The absolute form of war.—CLAUSEWITZ, 1832.

A war of necessity sanctifies every means.
TREITSCHKE, 1896.

Terrorism becomes a necessary military principle.
JULIUS VON HARTMANN, 1877.

Nothing should be left an invaded people except their eyes for weeping.—BISMARCK, 1870.

Above all, be harsh!—MOMMSEN, 1903.

You say that a good cause sanctifies even war: I tell you it is a good war that sanctifies every cause.
NIETZSCHE, 1886.

Perpetual peace is not even a beautiful dream. War forms part of the universal order established by God.
MOLTKE, 1880.

War is an instrument of progress. . . . Choose the moment for attack.—BERNHARDI, 1912.

It is contrary to the right of nations! . . . A scrap of paper!—BETHMANN-HOLLWEG, 1914.

Germany, thanks to her faculty for organisation, has reached a higher stage of civilisation than other peoples. The war will enable those nations to participate in it.—PROFESSOR OSTWALD, 1914.

We have nothing to apologise for. We are morally and intellectually superior to all: above all comparison. This time we shall make a clean sweep.

PROFESSOR LASSON, 1914.

Let us, by the help of our dirigibles, sow terror and death among the nations.

ERZBERGER, Member of the Reichstag, 1915.

“Kultur” does not exclude bloody savagery; it renders devilry sublime.—THOMAS MANN, 1914.

Oh thou, oh Germany! Slaughter millions of men and heap up the smoking human flesh and bones as high as the clouds, and higher than the mountain tops.

HEINRICH VIERORDT, Aulic Counsellor, 1914.

Must civilisation raise its temples on mountains of corpses, seas of tears, and the death-rattles of the dying? Yes.

MARSHAL VON HAESELER, 1915.

Give no quarter; be as terrible as the Huns of Attila.

WILLIAM II, 1900.

Prisoners may be shot. Hostages may be forced to expose their lives.—*Manual of the German Head-Quarter Staff*, 1902.

It is with my consent that the General in command had the locality burned, and that about a hundred persons were shot.

VON BULOW, in command of the 2nd German Army, 1914.

All the prisoners will be killed. The wounded, armed or unarmed, will be killed. The prisoners, even in large units, will be killed. We ought not to leave a single living man behind us.

GENERAL STENGER, commanding the 58th Brigade, 1914.

TRANSLATOR'S PREFACE

To attempt a biographical sketch of a living man is a difficult and delicate task at all times, but it is doubly difficult when the subject is a personality so vivid and vivifying as the author of this book. Yet I am emboldened to make the attempt by the wish to give readers a clearer impression of this typical Frenchman than they might receive through the dimming veil of an English translation.

M. Paul Hyacinthe Loyson bears an honoured name. His father was the famous French orator known as Père Hyacinthe, who died at a good old age in 1912, leaving behind him many friends and admirers in France, England, and other parts of the world. Not a few can still remember the eloquence, hardly surpassed in the glorious roll of French preachers, which held spellbound vast congregations in the long resounding aisles of Notre Dame. A loyal and devoted son of the Catholic Church, Father Hyacinthe was yet of too bold and independent a mind to acquiesce tamely in all the dogmas imposed by ecclesiastical authority; such doctrines as the infallibility of the Pope and the celibacy of the clergy he rejected, and he emphasised his rejection of the latter by marrying, in 1872, an American lady of Puritan faith and descent. But the outward breach

with the Holy See which this step created never divided Father Hyacinthe in heart from the spiritual and moral forces of Catholicism, as he conceived them; and he might have said, as Savonarola said when they unfrocked him at the stake, that they could separate him from the Church Militant, but not from the Church Triumphant. Of this noble father M. Paul Hyacinthe Loyson is the worthy son. He lives in his father's memory, and inherits his moral fervour, his aspirations after eternal truth and justice, his burning indignation at falsehood and cowardice and wrong. Thus the spirit of the father survives in the son. Alike under the robe of the bare-footed friar and the uniform of the Interpreting Officer, it is the heart of France that beats.

The son was born in 1873 and educated in Paris where he graduated at the Sorbonne. His international sympathies were quickened and extended by an early and happy marriage with an American lady, and by his settlement with her for several years at Rome. There he came to know and love Italy, whose musical language he speaks fluently. In his childhood and youth, too, as he tells in this volume, it was his fortune to travel much in Germany and to fall under the spell of German poetry, philosophy and music.

From Italy he returned with his wife and children to Paris in time to enlist his pen on the side of justice in the great Dreyfus case. When that was over, and the South African War broke out, he took up the literary cudgels on behalf of the Boers, accepting perhaps too readily, but without animosity to England, the views of certain British Liberals.

In the interval between the South African and the great European War, M. Loyson busied himself with many schemes for the furtherance of those high aims which he constantly keeps before him. He wrote plays (*Les Âmes Ennemies* and *L'Apôtre*) turning on religious and moral themes, which have been acted in Paris, translated into foreign languages and successfully performed in many countries, particularly in Germany. He founded and edited a weekly journal, *Les Droits de l'Homme*, devoted to the defence and propagation of the principles of democracy and international peace. Further, impressed with a sense of the growing peril of war, he exerted himself by all means in his power to avert it by promoting a peaceful and friendly understanding with Germany. On this subject it is enough to refer to the note of the French publishers translated in this volume.

When all M. Loyson's pacific dreams were shattered by the German declaration of war on France, he threw himself strenuously into the cause of his country, menaced by a monstrous aggression. He served as Interpreting Officer on the Alsatian front, sharing in victory and retreat alike. He then offered his services to the British army, and remained with it for eight months. Afterwards, being invited by the French Government to undertake propaganda work, he accepted the honour on condition of being allowed free initiative and full scope in carrying it out. At Emile Vandervelde's request he was accredited to the "Bureau Documentaire Belge" at Havre. It was there that he found comparative leisure to write the present volume. No sooner was it complete than an English Liberal, a member of Parliament,

Josiah Wedgwood, suggested to M. Loyson to come to England to strengthen the ties of friendship between the two neighbouring nations. In the spring of 1916 M. Loyson accepted this mission, for which he is so eminently qualified by his British sympathies, by his innate tact, and by his mastery of the English language. Once in this country, he did not let the grass grow under his feet. He lectured before the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge and in London at King's College and the Royal Institution. He addressed the Trades Union Congress at Birmingham, and at the invitation of the British Workers' National League he spoke at working men's gatherings at Glasgow and Nottingham. He discussed the problems of war with the Fabian Society and Bernard Shaw; he challenged Morel of the Union of Democratic Control to a discussion, but the challenge was not accepted. He accompanied Mr. Birrell to Dublin at the time of the brief insurrection in 1916. On the occasion of the public protest against Captain Fryatt's murder, our author addressed the crowd in Trafalgar Square, speaking from the steps of Nelson's column—the first Frenchman, probably, who has ever spoken from that place to an English audience. At his suggestion the distinguished Mayor of Lyons, M. Edouard Herriot, came over to this country, addressed a large and representative audience at the National Liberal Club in London, and paid a visit to the Grand Fleet in Scotland. Again, M. Loyson co-operated with Sir Francis Younghusband and the Fight for Right Movement in organising a public meeting at the Mansion House, under the presidency of the Lord

Mayor, on August 4th, 1916, the anniversary of the outbreak of war. At M. Loyson's request, M. Paul Painlevé, the French Minister of Public Instruction and of Inventions, and M. Emile Vandervelde, the Belgian Minister, attended the meeting at the Mansion House and delivered eloquent speeches; on the same evening the French Minister, by special invitation, spoke at the great national meeting in the Queen's Hall, and was accorded an enthusiastic reception by the vast assembly. After these varied activities, M. Loyson proceeded in September 1916 to Holland, where he spent several weeks acquainting himself personally with the state of Dutch public opinion and promoting the cause of the Allies in that country. Subsequently, at the invitation of a Swiss Committee, presided over by Madame Isabelle Debran, author of *Prisonnière en Allemagne*, M. Loyson delivered a series of lectures in Switzerland for the benefit of the French Red Cross, taking as his theme "France as the Champion of the Right in History." These lectures he delivered in both languages in various parts of French and German Switzerland. And the latest news I have of him is that he is to lecture in Italian to an Italian-Swiss audience at Lugano.

So much for the multifarious, the indefatigable activity of M. Loyson in the great cause to which he has devoted all the energies of his mind and body. Yet the war, which he strove with all his strength to avert, has not changed the man nor even his aims; for now, as ever, peace, lasting peace, based on justice—on the punishment of monstrous crime and the reparation of foul wrong—is the object of

all his endeavours; now as ever he turns whatever he touches into an instrument for accomplishing that noble end. A cosmopolitan in spirit, a pacifist at heart, an artist and a poet, with a childlike joyous simplicity mingling with depth of feeling,—such he was when the war broke out, and such we find him here in the pages which it has been my privilege to do into English.

Many chapters of the translation have been submitted to the author either in proof or in manuscript, and I have benefited by his revision; but his repeated and prolonged absences on duty have prevented some parts from receiving the advantage of his criticisms and corrections. My husband, Sir James George Frazer, has read proofs of the whole, but it is possible that some errors may still have escaped us.

The book has been to some extent abridged, under the author's direction. For the order of the translation, which differs considerably from that of the French original, I am alone responsible. The Open Letters have been placed by themselves at the beginning, the matter relating to the "Romain Rolland Case" has been collected in the middle, and all the notes have been relegated to the end. By this division the reader who desires to enjoy the high literary qualities of the Letters can do so undistracted by footnotes and undisturbed by the controversial matter of the "Case"; while those who wish to study the "Case" and other subjects touched upon in the Letters, will find all the necessary documents and references in the second and third parts of the volume.

The headings of the chapters have been for the

most part furnished by the author; and the frontispiece is taken from the programme designed by him for the public meeting at the Guildhall on August 4th, 1916.

Neither author nor translator will accept any pecuniary benefit from the sale of this volume. The fee which the author received from the publishers for the right of translation has been handed by him to the British Red Cross Fund; and as the translator, I shall be sufficiently rewarded if I can serve as a medium between the land of my birth and the land of my adoption, by enabling English readers to enjoy in some measure the eloquence and wit of the French original.¹

LILLY FRAZER.

November 1916

¹ The translation has been adapted to the Sixth Edition of the French original, *Etes-vous Neutres devant le Crime ?* published by Berger-Levrault, 5-7 rue des Beaux-Arts, Paris, 1916.

PUBLISHERS' NOTE TO THE FRENCH ORIGINAL

THE necessities of war-time make us depart from our usual practice of offering no comments on the works we publish. We do so, it is superfluous to say, in a purely documentary manner and without joining in a discussion which the author himself declared closed since the German aggression and since what he has defined as "the revelation of Kultur."

But it seems to us necessary for foreign readers to know the personality and political antecedents of Paul Hyacinthe Loyson in order to appreciate the value of his testimony in this great case of humanity versus Germany.

Here then are these biographical particulars, which we borrow, without comment, from various publications.

When certain of these letters appeared in *La Revue*, M. Jean Finot introduced them by these lines: "*The author was well known before the war as one of the most ardent and esteemed pacifists. Editor of a large weekly journal, author of plays that had great success in foreign countries, bearing also a name very much respected in all Liberal circles, he was looked upon, by the younger generation, as one of the foremost standard-bearers of French pacificism and of reconciliation with Germany.*"

In fact, Paul Hyacinthe Loyson often went to Germany to superintend the production of his plays or to attend congresses, at which he appealed, in his

speeches, to the German democracy. He visited his literary colleagues, and went from editor to editor, from the *Berliner Tageblatt* to the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, even to the *Kölnische Zeitung* and the *Zukunft*, in his endeavours to promote personal relations for the purpose of establishing an exchange of views.

In France he pursued the same task, with a prudence and a prophetic foresight of which proof will be found in the Appendix.¹ Thus it was that in January 1912 he published the manifesto—in French, English and German—of the *League of the Right of Nations*, named by him and founded under the auspices of MM. Paul Desjardins and Ernest Denis, a league of which the *Temps* has registered, during the war, an energetic declaration against the manœuvres of a “German peace.” Then in the month of June in the same year (1912) Paul Hyacinthe Loyson issued a second manifesto, that of the Committee for the Intellectual Reconciliation of France and Germany, “*Pour mieux se connaître*” (to know each other better). He himself was the active general secretary of the Committee. On that occasion he received Frédéric Passy’s last letter, written a few days before his death :

9th June, 1912.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“The last number of the *Droits de l’Homme* has just been read to me, and I beg you to be so good as to enter my name among the members of the Society

¹ In the English translation the main portion of the Appendix has been incorporated in Part II, “The Romain Rolland Case.”
—*Translator’s Note.*

Pour mieux se connaître, which seems to me worthy of every encouragement. I have always dreamed of Alsace serving as a ground of reconciliation between France and Germany, and I expressed myself to that effect as long ago as 1872 in my volume *Offrande à l'Alsace*. I wish to tell you at the same time how much the influence of your journal appears to me to grow, and what a considerable place you are more and more winning for yourself in the independent press, the organ of all generous ideas.

“FRÉDÉRIC PASSY.”

Still in the same year, at the Peace Congress, meeting at Geneva (October 1912) on the morrow of the great diplomatic disturbance over the Agadir affair, it was again the author of this book who, by virtue of a secret meeting held at night at the Hôtel de la Paix, for the last time before the war, raised the question of Alsace-Lorraine by addressing himself to M. Quidde, a deputy in the Bavarian Parliament, as “the situation,” said he, “is as threatening to-day as it was in 1869.” And in conformity with his principle of basing claims on right, he associated himself with the conclusions of the meeting organised at Mulhouse on 13th March 1913, by socialist, progressive and central groups: “Let the Parliament of Alsace-Lorraine, elected by universal suffrage, declare itself strongly opposed to the idea of a war between Germany and France; let all disputes pending between the two peoples be settled amicably for the present and the future.”

A Socialist deputy, who represented Metz in the Reichstag and is now serving in the French army,

expressed (19th December, 1914) this same point of view by the following declaration: "*Alsation-Lorrainers, we tried, during the harsh period of foreign domination, to subordinate our right and our hopes to the intense desire for peace, and we struggled to obtain in time of peace a government which would have allowed us to preserve to our country its personality and national character. This deliberate resignation we do not regret. It is on that account that we, as well as all other Frenchmen, can conscientiously say that we have neglected nothing to avoid war. Our moral strength, in the present crisis, is only the greater. But the enemy has himself delivered us from the reserves which our anxiety for peace imposed upon us.*"

Finally, the Congress of the "Jeunesses Laïques" (youthful laity) of 1913, at Paris had deputed Paul Hyacinthe Loyson and Gustave Hervé to defend a similar motion in favour of the rights of Alsace-Lorraine, one at the Radical Congress at Brest, the other at the Socialist Congress at Vienna (Austria), both congresses being summoned for the autumn of 1914.

It is fitting that these facts, merely noted by us, should be present to the minds of neutrals who read this volume. The accusation, pronounced by a man who before the war had great sympathy for Germany, is only the more convincing.

INTRODUCTION

BY H. G. WELLS

THE Scilly Islanders used to live by taking in each other's washing, and the time is approaching when a writer will have time for little more than writing prefaces for other writers. We shall publish our little volumes of "Collected Prefaces"—with of course a preface by some one else. And M. Loyson, who is so active, so modern, and so irresistible, has excelled us all with a damning introductory patchwork to which he has made Treitschke, Mommsen, William the Second, and other unwilling witnesses contribute.

Not content with this, he asks me to make it clear to his English readers just how he stands in relation to socialism and patriotism. In that request he does himself scanty justice, for these brilliant open letters of his, so full of sympathy, of masterly invective and steadfast insistence upon the essentials of the present struggle, do quite clearly define everything he has to define, and say everything that he has to say. M. Loyson, since the war began, has devoted himself to the logical and rhetorical demolition of Pro-Germans and irrational Pacificists; he is an Alexander at this all-too-easy task, and there are moments when I suspect him of weeping secretly to find no fresh worlds of these rare enemies to conquer.

So far as my brief testimony goes, I enter the box

prefatory to testify that M. Loyson is a very good democratic socialist indeed. He combines a pride in his country, inevitable in any Frenchman after the last two years, with a considerable freedom from any patriotic excesses. I am unblushingly international, cosmopolitan, and so forth in my feelings and habits of mind; nationalism, to be frank, bores me; but I think every socialist must needs be grateful for his passionate insistence upon the essential antagonism between the socialist idea and the aggressive nationalist monarchy of Germany.

In England, if we disregard those two sturdy weeklies, *Justice* and *The Clarion*, we have the most grotesque "socialist" and labour press it is possible to conceive; it is a press little read at home, but seriously quoted abroad; France and Italy both produce an analogous anti-war movement, and it will enable the English reader to understand better what M. Loyson fights against, to recall the quality of our own *Labour Leader* people. The curious inquirer into this obscure literature will find that it is written almost entirely by people absolutely remote from any experience of labour and innocent of any intelligent knowledge of socialist thought. Very busy in it is that mysterious person Morel or Deville, who refuses so persistently to prosecute the *New Witness* for the most outrageous accusations. About equally active are Mr. Bertrand Russell, hitherto known to the *intelligenza* as an awe-inspiring mathematical philosopher, who objected to Euclid upon grounds no one could possibly understand in books no one could possibly read, and who has just intensified his claims to speak for British socialists by

producing a volume in praise of tepid voluntaryism; Miss Paget (Vernon Lee), who has produced about equally inaccessible æsthetic writings; and Mr. Gilbert Cannan, who . . . but a novelist must not criticise a novelist! Mr. Cannan has made an excellent translation of M. Romain Rolland. Assisting, there are a few people of the local secretary type, full of the peculiar venom against the employer, that blind hatred of any ordered work whatever, that detestation of any form of success, even if it is the success of a labour representative, that is characteristic of the Reluctant Employee. Week after week the *Labour Leader* and the *Herald* appear, full of distraught hostility to the war from such pens as these, and silent upon and manifestly ignorant of the fact that now, even as the war goes on, the socialisation of the community is in progress. A contemplation of this combination of the genteel independent and the resentful untaught, a consideration of the common failure of these two types to rise to the conception of a collective aim, to the idea of individual sacrifice in a fight against overwhelming evil, a study of their pose of bleak superiority to the hot generosity of the European effort, will give the English reader just the data he needs for the appreciation of M. Loyson's onslaughts upon their continental parallels. And so, to M. Loyson.

H. G. WELLS.

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TO THE AUTHOR OF THIS BOOK

EMILE VERHAEREN, griévously ill through having lived to witness the ordeal of the Right and the martyrdom of his People, wished to incorporate in this book the following words, which constitute a deed :

“ Everything I wrote in *La Belgique Sanglante* proves to you, my friend, how glad I am, in these dark days when the Right is sabred by troopers and buffeted by Emperors, to give you my testimony.

“ This war is an infamous war. It is directed against the loftiest and proudest ideas that men have formed for themselves on earth since they have thought and acted for the public weal. It requires us to hate and not to tergiversate in the name of a cold and guilty neutrality. We must not hold the scales in our hands when the adversary grasps the sword in his. Thus I am with you, and in spite of my affection for Romain Rolland, I cannot side with him in his error.

“ And in writing this I think of your father.

“ Yours with all my heart,

“ EMILE VERHAEREN.”¹

16th November 1915.

¹ The great poet was killed on November 27, 1916, crushed by a train at Rouen a few moments after delivering his last speech and giving his last breath to the Fight for Right. His parting message to Loyson had been as follows: “*Cœur magnifique et ardent, votre plume est une épée.*”

PART I
OPEN LETTERS

Note.—In order not to interrupt the text, all the notes, numbered consecutively, have been placed at the end of the volume.



I

IN THE GLOOM OF CRIME

To Emile Verhaeren

November 1915.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

*Belgium Bleeding from her Wounds!*¹ I rise from reading these pages, seething as they are with hate and a blazing indignation, with a burning in my fingers and a scent of murder in my nostrils. Here we see you as we knew you, always ardent, always whole-souled, moulded from a single block—a block of bronze. You, whom the Germans had but recently hailed as greatest of poets, as a rival of the laurels of their Richard Dehmel; you, from the morrow of their crime, rejected with scorn all temptation to retain your German friendships and your German fame. As, after the explosion of a shell, fragments of still living flesh may be seen sticking to the trees or walls around, so, after the outburst of this infamous German war which has shattered your illusions, you fling this book, like a fragment of your soul, in the face of the criminals.

“Many nations,” you say, “you admired, and some you loved: among the latter, Germany.”

Hence the mental upheaval caused in you by this war. "Never," you say, "have you experienced disillusion so vast or so instantaneous; you doubted whether you were still the man you had been."*

Such a blow, shaking the very depths of the soul, has been no experience of mine; for the German peril has been to me ever present and ever increasingly present. Above all, during the last three years I had dreaded the explosion, doubting only who would apply the match; and I am grateful to the tawny aggressors for having taken upon themselves the whole infamy. But, if surprise has been wanting, a moral horror has seized upon me and holds me yet, nay, will never leave me till my last breath, in face of this premeditated murder of our glorious dream of a nobler world, in face of this savage slaughter of the holy child Humanity. This shattering of the many memories, ties, affections, which I shared with those beyond the Rhine—all this, my friend, I feel like you; and that is why, as I collect these scattered letters into a volume, I choose to take *you* as my witness and comrade in my self-examination.

You doubtless still remember, Verhaeren, our meeting at Charleroi station in 1911. You were going to Hamburg, to give there a lecture which should be the occasion of your apotheosis in Germany; I to Düsseldorf to put on the stage a play, which the German public crowned with applause. We took the same train, and talked together. Like you I loved with a great love the older Germany. In my childhood and youth I travelled much in that country, and I was saturated with that poetry, the most intoxicating I know. He who has never of an evening,

in a country lane of the Rhenish provinces, heard an improvised choir chant a song of Schubert, knows nothing of the exquisite soul of that people—the true soul, the ancient soul, the soul they have murdered ! Later, towards my twentieth year, it was still their great music that revealed to my mind its aspirations and its depths, it was in the symphonies of Beethoven that I learned to know the Eternal. And in like fashion it has been by initiation into their philosophy, weird, moving, and complex as Being itself, pervaded by the very spirit of the great mysteries ; it has been by that subterranean exploration, led by the intuitive light of the tiny Platonic lamp ; it has been by the varied notes borrowed from that philosophy and strung into one key that harmony was revealed to me.

Alas ! all these motives of gratitude to Germany, which had supplied so many elements in the composition of my thought, were reinforced by a debt of sentiment. The dearest affections of my life, outside my own hearth, had been centred there for thirty years. Ceaselessly renewed and enriched, they still lived in my manhood, they were full-blown on the eve of the great Sacrilege. Sweet, tragic German friendships, checked and gagged though they be, they still murmur in my breast ! Why deny this past of mine, the sacrifice of which to-day adds perhaps a painful merit to the strength of my indignation ? Nay, the friendship of individuals seemed multiplied by the warm welcome of the general public. On the 1st of August 1914 my house was full of German laurels. They were burned when the savage flames consumed the villages of your Belgium,³

You perceive then, my friend, that my heart, like yours, was infused with the spirit of Germany. Like you, I admired that nation, so original, diligent, enterprising, bold; "that nation which was better organised than any other, and which scanned the future with the keenest and brightest eyes in the world." "These high qualities, does not even hate admire them? So far from their having been destroyed since the war began by the cynicism of politicians and the savagery of soldiers, they have grown wonderfully stronger. Many a time, before peace left us, despite the bluster of our noisier spirits, have I held them up for an example to the French.

And yet, my admiration was not without fear, and therefore it had its mingling of prudence. Germany I worshipped; Prussia I hated; and I knew that Prussia held Germany in the hollow of her hand. Ah, Verhaeren, have you ever been present at the changing of the Guard before the Emperor's palace at Berlin? There are the men, petrified into line, their eyes fixed and glazed like those of corpses, betraying no sign of living human nature save a ghastly effort of their whole will to annihilate itself; and the officer passes close to their faces, inspecting eyelashes and pupils, ready to punish the slightest symptom of a surviving human feeling. I have seen that, Verhaeren; and I have carried away from it the impression of the most atrocious treason against the dignity of man. I had come, without knowing it, into contact with Kultur; and I leapt into the first departing train to escape the moral asphyxia in which, already, there lurked suffocating gases. But had not you and I, dear friend, on that journey which I have just recalled,

clear warning that this great people of automata was only waiting the touch of a button to break into motion and to crush us beneath its ponderous wheels ? Think of that line of strategic railways which met our gaze at Herbesthal, when we crossed the German frontier. Recollect those lines which stopped so suddenly short a few metres from the Belgian soil. . . . That was the forewarning of invasion, signed by robber-hands, the first placard—as it were the artist’s proof—but earlier even than that affixed by von Bissing on your side of the frontier. Thenceforward, whenever I touched the subject of the relations between France and Germany, I recalled as in a photograph the platforms of Herbesthal ; but, as I mused, I saw them suddenly swarm with myriads and myriads of grey phantoms, rolling endlessly towards Belgium.

How keen, before the war, was the responsibility attaching to the slightest words falling from the pen of any public man, insignificant though he was. . . . At that time I calculated closely every one of my acts ; and, since the catastrophe, I have applied the fiery ordeal of rereading with bated breath what I wrote before. I felt the eyes of all our thousands of unsheeted dead fixed upon me, and scarcely dared I raise my head to read my sentence in their gaze. But now I fear no more. My conscience has come out of the test so clear, my reason so satisfied, that I reprint, in this volume, the essential passages of these old papers.⁵

Athwart the tangles of the dread problem the line of conduct which I had traced for myself was defined clearly as follows :

Within the limits of our honour, to do the utmost to avoid war ;

With no limit to our energy, to do the utmost to prepare for war ;

With one hand to stretch out to Germany, until the last available moment, the quivering olive-branch of peace ;

With the other hand to point our sword.

And at the precise moment when this policy had triumphed, not only at home over certain "manifestations of flighty persons or of conscienceless intriguers,"⁶ but also, on our home and colonial frontiers, over the bitter provocations repeated by Germany during ten years ; at that quiet hour when the republican people of France had just proclaimed once again "that it desired peace with honour";⁷ suddenly, treacherously, came the violation of Belgium and of our *neutral northern frontiers*, and Prussia made her choice between our two offers ; she flung Germany upon the point of our sword. France, in turn, will drive the sword in up to the hilt.

But, horrible though it be for all, it is a holy war for us, a shameful war for them ! War, *their* war, which they have provoked, willed, planned, engineered, held ready on the frontier like a wild beast on the leash ; war, *our* war, which we willed not, the demon which we had done our utmost to exorcise : the war of honourable men who had stretched out the right hand of fellowship, the war of pacifists for the Right. For it is well at this point to take note of these pacifists—these Frenchmen who, having made France peaceful, have given her thereby at once her justification before the world and her moral force in face of

the aggressor. It is they who have forged her cuirass, without stain and without flaw, resplendent and invulnerable. It is they, too, who have sharpened, on the white stone of a righteous cause, her sword; and her sword shall surely conquer, for from the true nobility of soul always springs the true force of arms.

And it is they, further, who wish for France that very *Revanche* which yesterday they rejected; they wish it in reward for having resigned it in the past rather than drench the world in blood.⁸ Never have the pacifists of France shown themselves more logical in the application of their principle; never have they served it better, never were they truer to it; they have clothed it in a warlike garb and rushed into the thick of the fray. Peace by Right, if Might agrees; War for Right, if Might provokes; Peace and War are only means, Right is the sole end, the sole absolute end. This is the sign of Peace-makers, through which they shall inherit the earth; this is the mark which all men recognise in them; this is the seal which they set upon this war, the inner meaning with which they endow it, the soul which they give to it. To the pitiless Teutonic mysticism they oppose the Latin faith of humanity; in the face of the barbarian despot they brandish the Revolutionary Rights of Man; in the black night of Pangermanism they usher in the Dawn, the Brotherhood of Peoples. And thus, in magnificent wise, this war has truly, in Nietzsche's words, become that which it is,⁹ the clash of principles above the armies, the meeting of two irreconcilable worlds,

the truest of religious wars, a duel of ideals in the very mouth of hell.

Wherefore, then, Verhaeren, that shadow of remorse hovering at the end of the votive inscription, so enigmatic and so disturbing, on the threshold of your book? "In the state of hatred in which you are, your soul seems diminished, and you dedicate these pages with sadness to the man you once were." O my "grievously wounded one," I come to you, to you whose soul is mutilated, crushed with pain and horror, fallen heavily to earth after a last flight above your ruined home. I come to you, my friend, to release you from all remorse, to justify you in your own sight, and to beg you to lift your eyes to your own conscience and behold her in all her bridal purity. You are yet warm from the kisses of hate, and you ask yourself with loathing whether she was not a prostitute. Not so, my friend; but the mighty maiden who has clasped you in her arms, who is apt to intoxicate with her fierce yet sullen embrace. The hate which has seized you is the holy hate, high-souled, pure. Not you nor I permit ourselves to be touched by *the other*.

For if Hate be to loathe the enemy simply because he is the enemy; if it be to depreciate his courage, which is as splendid as our own, though different; if it be to ridicule the stoic virtues which harden him in his home against bereavement and hunger, even as we, in our threatened homes, present to our sufferings a front of bronze; if it be to belittle his past genius and glory, his musicians and poets of the Age of Innocence, and even—I will dare to say it—the infamous splendour of that glorious dream which has

bewitched this great and abominable people; if, in a word, it be to refuse him all his merits, all his powers, in the insane fancy that so we increase our own, during all these months in which he has camped upon our fields; if Hate be to deny, in bad faith, such acts of nobility, chivalry, and charity—exceptional it is true—by which *some* Germans have honoured themselves in this war, as our men have done not less often; if it be to grudge the tribute of a flower to the enemy entombed on our soil, however we may shudder; for one never knows what the earth may hide;—if it be to maintain, with malicious joy, that the entire German people, because it is German, has knowingly willed this war, forgetful of the few or the many, perhaps the millions amongst its millions, who protest against it; if it be to reproach those millions, with an irony too just, because they have not risen in protest against the war, while discouraging by clumsy disdain the first timid sighs of remorse in the few that *do* repent; if it be to refuse to Karl Liebknecht, Clara Zetkin and Rosa Luxemburg—the one hooted by five hundred colleagues, the others buried alive in their prisons—and to their few, their very few, comrades, the French laurel which is their due; if it be to pretend that every vestige of humanity, and all hope of redemption, is rooted out in the heart of every German; if Hate, in fact, be the blind ancestral rancour which would lead us from Bismarck to Napoleon and back to Louis XIV; if it be the insane fancy that we can crush a nation of a hundred million souls; if it be the “base, contemptible idea”¹⁰ of threatening Germany with that with which she threatens us, and of banishing Right into the camp

of the foe ; if it be the hateful and despicable thirst for reprisals, for defiling as they have defiled, for burning as they have burned, for violating as they have violated, for murdering, breaking, destroying after their model—in a word, for tormenting instead of chastising, for becoming like the criminals in order to avenge ourselves and for revelling as they do in lust ; if Hate be *this*, and if we can endure, in a war of justice and liberation, to import, as by contraband, the off-scourings of their vile Kultur, and to stamp them with the French trade-mark ; if Hate could lead, with us as with them, to the taste for blood, the gutter, and the vulgar press that battens on it ; if Hate brings with it “ the yielding to the ape and to the tiger,” the subjection of reason to instinct, the working of madness in the brain, the carnal and bestial passion which distorts the mouth and purples the eyes ; *then, my friend, Shame be to Hate, and to Hate Shame, seven times repeated !*

But if Hate is to make appeal, in ourselves, to the sternest energies of our moral indignation, to our wrath, to our scorn, to our loathing, in order to abominate the man or the men who, at the supreme moment, knowingly assumed the complete, sole, decisive, and willing responsibility for the vastest butchery in all history since men began to kill one another ; if Hate is to hold that these men, by virtue of this responsibility—which surpasses, by all the infinite distance between thought and act, that of all possible accomplices who contributed to the general causes, innumerable, secondary, or distant of the disaster—have ranked themselves, thereby and from that supreme moment, before the first

drop of blood was shed, with the foulest of murderers ; if Hate is to associate with them, and to set on the same pillory those so-called high-priests of Peace,¹¹ those hangers-on who dub themselves full citizens, all of whom, to the very eve of the crime, denounced as the only criminals those whom we denounce, and then assumed the velvet livery of despotism for fear of the strait-waistcoat of the prisoner ; if Hate is to assert that, as soon as the "scrap of paper" had been torn, all the virtues, all the shames, all the pities, all the laws, human and divine, woven by the patience of ages, were rent in twain from top to bottom to reveal to us, behind their tatters, that million-throated Bestiality which styles itself the army of Kultur ; if Hate is to track untiringly, with clear-sighted horror, every precise development of that organisation of slaughter, every minute application of "terrorism for mercy's sake" proclaimed from German professorial chairs and decreed by German staff-officers who unmuzzled the hyenas of the sewer ; if Hate is to scour the ruins of Louvain, Termonde, Aerschot, Dinant, in search of a calcined skeleton, or to wait of an evening by the strand till the flood throws up its flotsam of corpses ; if it is to seek eagerly for the bodies of those martyrs of the Right as if each of these men, women, grandsires, and little children were of our own family, our *own* sisters, mothers, children, fathers ; if it is to cleanse them from their stains with tears of anger, and to bend our knees beside them with tears of adoration, to cover with flowers those violated wombs, to close with our lips those gaping wounds, those eyeless sockets, those tongueless mouths ;¹² if it is

to gather together the scattered fragments in our endeavour to fashion the semblances of corpses out of that which remains of the remnants; and then, above each melancholy heap, after all these funeral offices, to strive to number the hecatomb, to force one's distracted thought to pile it even to the skies; in Belgium, France, Serbia, Palestine, Armenia, and from the very ocean "deeper than e'er plummet sounded" to the very surface of the waves; nay, if before the crushing spectacle of this gigantic atrocity, which sets back human effort a thousand years and renews the days of Attila; if, without tears, without anger, without emotion of any kind, thought itself faints with horror like Dante in hell before the many damned; nay, if it be Hate to awake from this dull infernal trance in order to arise, to regain our soul and recover our voice and say coldly, calmly, straight out to the whole German people, "People of Goethe and of Beethoven, behold the work which thou hast approved; for though thou didst not premeditate it, nor consciously will it, yet did thy slavery consent thereto beforehand. Thou hast suffered barbarous Prussia to deprave thy genius by degrees; thou hast yielded thy conscience into the hands of the Despot; and when the Despot, by a clash of his sabre, sounded the hour of abomination, when he presented his helm overflowing with the blood of five million dead, thou didst rush upon this blood like the greedy ghosts around the shade of Achilles; thou didst drain it, thou didst relish it, and, smitten thenceforward with a horrible contagion, a prey to a maniac intoxication, thou, the people of Kant and Schiller, didst no sooner know of these things, these murders of the innocent

on land, at sea, and from the air, than thou didst throng the streets to howl for joy. Yea, thou didst howl for joy, and thou shalt howl for hunger; but thou hast not groaned for remorse;"¹³

O coming Justice of the universe, and thou, Truth that already rulest, if it be Hate to say these things to them, and if it be Hate to add thereto that for us, our children, and our children's children unto the tenth generation, to forget the victims would be to absolve the butchers; if it be Hate to swear an oath that the heinous crime shall be engraved in the memory for ever, that the names of all these martyrs shall be inscribed upon that Iron Cross on which Humanity is crucified, to the end that the stars, those eternal witnesses, may remember that which has been;

And if it be Hate to desire still more that, in atonement for the crime, the punishment of death should be inflicted solemnly, in the face of the world, by Justice¹⁴ that knows no passion, on the man or men that signed the order for carnage, and opened the sluice to the deluge of blood, and on the men, the *men* that transmitted the order over the reddened waves; nay, if it be Hate to consent, with peace smiling in the heart, should this vengeance fail through the weakness of our arms, to be *oneself* the rope, the ball, or the dagger in the hands of chastisement, that so Justice may have her course;

If, in a word, it be Hate, hereafter, to be firm in the resolve to banish Germany from Humanity, save and except she herself finish our uncompleted vengeance, and herself, before the palace of the Reichstag, now consecrated to the people's rights,¹⁵

execute justice on the head of the tyrant ; nay, if it be Hate to repel henceforward all their speeches, all their excuses, all their promises, with the cry, "Belgium, Belgium!" our throats dry, as it were choking with bitter ashes ; if it be Hate—oh, hardest of duties—to lay the finger of silence for ever on the mouth of our dear friendships (save only if our friends disavow the crimes) and to bury them, with gnawing grief, living corpses, in our hearts ;

Yes, if Hate is the outraged sister of Love, the clear-eyed daughter of Will, the guardian of Right, the handmaid of Duty ; if she springs from the calm depths of Conscience, incorruptible as Light, to stand sentry by the abyss of the unforgettable—till repentant Crime implore mercy from Justice ;

Then, my friend, glory to Hate, to Hate glory, unto seventy-times seven !¹⁶

For, in the words of Victor Hugo (*L'Année terrible*),

Car j'aime la haine
 Quand elle est sereine,
 Quand elle a raison,
 Et quand, comme Electre,
 Elle est le grand spectre
 Droit sur l'horizon !

I love that Hate serene, That sits as passion's queen,
 With orb of Justice crowned ; And like Electra stands
 With spectral eyes and hands Upon the horizon's bound !¹⁷

(Paraphrase by E. E. Kellett.)

II

THE DOVES WITH THE RAVENS

*Open Letter to Miss Emily Hobhouse, England, on the deserters from the Battle of Armageddon*¹⁸

20th May 1915.

DEAR MISS HOBHOUSE,

Your postcard reached me last winter and told me of the visit you had paid to my wife in Paris, and I am very much obliged to you for both these tokens of friendship. I already had received, earlier in the year from London, your pamphlet *To the Women of all the Belligerents*, and it enabled me to follow your propaganda. The more recent campaigns of the "Union of Democratic Control,"¹⁹ and the International Congress of Women at the Hague,²⁰ were all the more interesting to me because I venture to look upon you as one of the chief promoters of both these movements.

Thus to-day I am fully prepared to give you my impression, or rather, let me say, my mature conviction.

Your stern modesty, though tinged with contempt, almost, for any personal homage, cannot hinder me from paying homage to you.

Fifteen years ago, you were indeed the most courageous of English women, when in the name of Justice, which knows no distinction of race, you rose

against your own people—you a solitary gentlewoman—sheltering with outstretched arms your poor Transvaal sisters, scorning alike the foaming torrent of insults and the volleys of stones that were sometimes hurled at you.²¹

Such I find you again to-day in one of your publications,²² in each of those peerless women whose beauty of soul is mirrored in her portrait; such you were, such you remain: one of those noble creatures who soar above humanity to bear witness to its aspirations before the invisible tribunal.

That is why the only homage worthy of you, the only one I feel sure that you will accept, is boldly to tell you the truth.

You have guessed already, have you not, what I am going to say? My wife's reply to you, when, surrounded by the wounded soldiers she tends, you came and asked her to add her name to those of your Union, my wife's reply foreshadows my own: "*The women of France have been too brutally outraged.*" Months have been added to months; more than nine have passed since those nights, lurid with flame and smoke, of the invasion. Are you ready to find, among the members of your league, charitable German godmothers as sponsors for the children begotten in France to-day of these foul crimes? What about our womenkind—our little girls, our poor aged country-wives, defiled by twenty brutish satyrs in succession—have you sought to obtain their names also, to unite them with German names?

Do not be shocked, do not be indignant, do look facts fully in the face. Your design is noble; I know it, and I thoroughly appreciate it, as you will see.

You appeal to maids, women, wives without distinction, whose menfolk in their "madness" are killing one another; you ask them to drop all discussion as to the responsibility for the war. You beseech all those who suffer to unite their voices, to lift them up in one single cry, in one single shout of revolt, imploring, in the name of human pity, that all this frightfulness should cease; for only one single mother, Humanity, stands weeping over those pale bodies, slain in countless myriads and locked in fratricidal embrace.

That thought, I admit it, my friend, is a thought worthy of you; a thought perhaps worthy of your heart, but not worthy of your mind nor of your soul; it strikes me as if the one lacked discernment and the other failed in courage.²³

Dare I really reproach you thus? And is it I, the man of fifteen years ago, the man of yesterday and of to-day, who can utter this paradox? If War is ever to cease, *this* war must last.

That stands out with terrible lucidity to any one who coolly examines the naked facts. You see, the Germans have gone too far. Their guilt of lust, their crimes of arson, their acts of drowning are too great and too numerous; their defiance to Humanity has been too blatant, they have too often laughed to scorn and spat in the face of "God."

This is no longer a conflict between civilised men, it is the mortal tussle of primeval man which the Germans have desired; it is the deadly hug of the savage brute, standing on the threshold of its den, threatening man. Either man or wild beast must be wiped off the face of the earth; either we or the sons of

Treitschke must go, for the same sun will never again lend its radiance to both of us. Truce cannot be made with ravenous creatures, nor with plague nor with fire.

A war interrupted is a war reinforced. Any suspension of arms would prove a fresh nightmare of an "armed Peace." Compared with it the hag-ridden incubus of yesterday would be merely like the fancy-coloured dream of a little child.

Were this horrid dream to last, riding like the Old Man of the Sea on all our backs, then all free peoples, under the menace of the still rampant monster, under the glare of the blood-shot Prussian eye, gleaming more fiercely than ever, would be compelled to submit to the Prussian discipline, just as our soldiers in the trenches, cowed and masked, have been forced to model themselves on their ancestors of the Stone Age. We may almost see them coming out of their earth caverns to take up the cudgels against their foes, spectres at grips with spectres, walking ghosts of prehistoric brutes. In a word, all the activities of peace, all the virtues of democracy, all the resources of science, would then have to unite and concentrate with frantic resolve to beard the monster once more in his den, to resume hostilities.

Then would every soldier be raked in from every corner, then those pale-faced orphaned striplings, those wretched sons of war unions, would be summoned to the drill almost from their birth; then the lame, the maimed, the aged whom Death has spared would have to be mustered and called in to help in the final consummation. And, brooding over everything, hanging like a pall, would be a cloud as of noisome gas, addling the brain of one whole generation.

Thought becomes breathless under its obsession, under this haunting idea: We must live to kill. For twenty years we must stand at the closed gates of Hell, biding our time, only to see them thrown open wide at last. Such is the Heaven which a precarious peace holds out to poor humanity!

Would it were only that. But Hate, which you yourself hate, dear friend, foul Hate erected into a daily need! Everywhere to be found; in our souls as in our fields, in our ruined cities of the north as through the length and breadth of France. In every quarter, shells yet unexploded, bestialities yet unsatiated, powers of murder clamouring for their prey; on our side, a thirst, this time, sacred, for revenge, after so many barren sacrifices and so many hideous crimes unatoned; on the side of the Teutons, gripped at the throat, like proud beasts of prey, withered with the scorn of all mankind, overwhelmed with ridicule at their failure to terrorise the world; on the side of the Teutons a poignant need to stifle their shame, or, with the least vile of them, to strangle their remorse by perpetrating a crime still more gigantic, still more abominable, a new war, such that imagination, having exhausted all her images, can compare it only to a charge of dynamite that should blow our planet to atoms.

Is that, dear friend, what you wish? "It is that for which you certainly labour.

The light white sheets of your "manifestoes," which through the storm of shrapnel you think to waft fluttering like so many doves of peace with olive branches in their mouths, are simply sowers of deaths—of deaths more multitudinous by millions than those

that now we mourn ! From this follows the very logical conclusion that our devil-dare fellows in the trenches are fighting for the cause of God ; and that you, God's angel though you be, have taken service, all unwittingly, in the host of Hell.

How can I make you see, in plainer words, that you, who stand for peace, you are assuredly perpetuating war, and that we, soldiers against our will, we are true knights of peace ?

In my opinion all your mistake springs from your wish to heal the sick without probing the sickness ; from your desire to stay the effect without arresting the cause.

Germany, who is sweating, whirling in the mad frenzy of the Dance of Death, is invited by you to step it out and trip a light fantastic measure to the soft sound of the reed-pipes of concord. Europe, dying of a virulent disease, of the fungus of Prussianism, you attempt to cure by applying a poultice of aromatic herbs to her sores. We, we seek out the evil in the sufferer's entrails, in order to extirpate it thoroughly, for good and all ; and while we are in the very throes of this operation, and when the danger of death is at its height, you come to the door of our ward leading a chorus of women ; they beg us to tarry in our task of purifying the wound, they bid us to lay down our surgical knife and ask us to sew up the flesh over the morbid growth still alive.²⁵ What a lack of foresight is shown, what a want of courage ! It means that the patient is doomed to die because of the desire to spare him.

Dear lady, have you considered what would result from the fault committed by you and by your English

sisters who were the very soul of the Hague Congress ? Through your decision not to seek out at whose door must be laid the guilt of the war, not to follow the river of blood to its spring-head, you have won, by your complacency, the favour of the German women who were responsive to your call ; but thus you have thrown into the well of silence the key of the problem you meant to solve, the problem which holds everything else, which contains the whole series of abominations ; for, as quoted by Take Jonsescu, "The greater the calamity, the more important is the question of its origins." Moreover you have, by your very act, set aside the essential element of the problem, the wicked invasion of Belgium, that prologue to the whole Satanic tragedy. While you were moaning over the distress of the wretched Belgians, you remained dumb in face of the crime which has let slip the dogs of war. You have cynically insulted its victims by allowing the wives of the executioners to shed stage-tears over the blood-red hatchet, while they applauded it at work.

Ah ! since your German sisters were gathered amongst you, why did you not improve that rare occasion and implore them to cease being purblind as to the terrible facts of this war ; why did you not ask them to throw off that vizor of triple brass which distorts their conscience ; why did you not entreat them to bring their husbands to their knees and thus to win the same freedom ?

That was your true task, women of England ! Therein lay the salvation of the world and the hope of Germany ! But no ! the voluntary abdication of your reason brought with it the fatal abdication of your

conscience. In the Report of your Congress you have stifled the echo of that remorseful cry indignantly uttered by one woman amongst you (Amy Lillington³⁶); nay, by a crowning act of deceit, you pretended that the proud and dignified letter of the Union of Frenchwomen, which explained their members' absence, did not reach you in time to be copied and distributed. That, allow me to say it, was not fair play.

The worst outrage of all has recoiled on yourselves ; it is on Women that you really have lavished insult. While the brave Suffragettes, relinquishing the noisy clamour for their rights, have won these without violence by falling into the ranks of militant humanity, you women pacificists, with eyes thrice blindfolded by blind love, you have confirmed the odious masculine prejudice of the moral inequality of sexes ; you have acknowledged that Woman, sunk to the dumb show of Pity, was incapable of soaring up to the conception of Justice, up to the search and confession of Truth, that supreme goal of every human being, whether it be man or woman, on whose forehead is imprinted the seal divine.³⁷

Women, generous-hearted women, whose souls, like my own, are full of pity for human pain, why did you not learn the dumb lesson taught by our wounded to the women who tend them ? Of course they bless the maternal hands which tremblingly touch their sores ; of course they thirst for compassion ; but what they really need is infinitely more. I have seen them carried off the battle-fields, I have seen them dying in the ambulances ; their superhuman silence has struck me with wonder and has thrilled me with sacred awe. Their deep silence cried out to the sur-

vivors: "Tell us that we do not die in vain; tell us that above the pity in your heart your soul breathes to us, Well done! Tell us that though our anguish is great, our Cause is greater still"; and, behind the figure of Pity, kneeling at their side, I saw Justice standing erect, commending her younger sister's work, but with a finger on her lips, bidding her be silent too in reverence for those heroes, in piety for their faith. . . .

Dear, dear friend, this is also my message to you: Great is the sorrow, greater still is the cause! This cause was your own once, when you so splendidly arose to defend it under the African sky; this cause is that of eternal Right. Its place on the map may be altered, but its place never varies in the soul of mankind. You, of all people—nay, more than any one—have won me over, and for ever, to that Cause; must I to-day grieve because you ignore it, abandon it, fight it even together with that handful of misguided English people, the disgrace of a perverted Socialism, who cast on that great Cause a distrust which no proof justifies?

I own, however, that the very fact of your past association with these people, the memory of our common Fight for Right, which in those days meant the Independence of the Transvaal, gave me scruples about the present war. As a soldier I was bound to serve, as a man I was free to disapprove in silence. I asked myself: How came it that England, so lately a strong oppressor, is to-day, as if by a miracle, the Knight-errant of Freedom? The answer came to me as with the piercing sound of the trumpets and drowned every qualm. It came to me from the

Boers themselves, and from that noble Botha—your friend, one of our proudest comrades in the struggle—“Free England, through Peace,” said he, “has purged her former war. She has not made an Alsace-Lorraine of the Transvaal, she has not subjugated serfs, she has given herself new citizens; our defeat was a victory which has even freed our conquerors. That is why, for the sake of the world, we prefer an English peace to a German peace. That is why we, kin though we are to her enemies, bring joyfully to England our comradeship in arms, and this testimony which is irrefutable, since it is the outcome of experience, that England stands for Liberty, that the triumph of the Allies stands for civilisation.”

My friend, my dear friend—the camps have been formed, sides have been taken, blood is up; perhaps this appeal from your disciple may but serve to chafe feelings which you share with all of us, because they are part of our poor humanity. But ask yourself, is it not your conscience, your own conscience of yore, which looks at you through my eyes? . . .

III

WAITING FOR ROUMANIA ²⁸

*To Queen Elizabeth of Roumania (Carmen Sylva)
on the death of the King her husband*

14th October 1914.

MADAME,

Two years ago you laid a royal wreath upon the coffin of my father.²⁹ An echo of that sympathy, in all humbleness, I send to you to-day.

At this hour, the meeting-point of the dismay, the indignation, and the enthusiasm of the whole world, each grieving soul is sister-soul to France.

In every trial, be it for hearts that mourn or for peoples that groan in slavery, for all that weep or that rouse themselves in the valley of the Shadow of Death, I believe in the triumph of the Just. "God is love," said Christ. That teaching has proved vain. It is our will that God be Justice.

And Justice He will be for you, Madame, who have been all love.

IV

WAITING FOR ITALY

To Ernest Nathan, Ex-Mayor of Rome

3rd December 1915.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have just read your manly discourse in the Costanzi.³⁰ Divested of your official functions, no longer presiding in the capital, you take upon you a moral magistracy, and speak to the Roman people from the height of its noble past, its traditions, and its destiny. Let us not doubt it—the participation of Italy in this righteous war will mean an arduous task for the democracy, but it will be one big with fate: *Il popolo farà da se*. You will tell me I am an optimist. Let me explain my confidence by recalling one of the most moving memories of my life.

I gained this certainty the very first day, the eve of our mobilisation, the eve of my departure for the front, on that tragic night of 1st August 1914, when I was summoned to the Café au Globe, in Paris, by our brave friend Campolonghi.³¹ He had, without losing an hour, convoked a meeting of the best portion of such of his young compatriots as were then in the capital and capable of bearing arms.

Paris was sombre and stoical; you might have believed that its blinds were drawn, and its population

absent, scattered as they were into solitary persons hastening separately to duty. Such a Paris had never been seen before. Not a cry of "Revanche," not a shout of "A Berlin." Not a stone flung against the German Embassy. Not an affront to von Schoen, who seemed to provoke affront by lingering ostentatiously on the boulevard. Such was the change which forty years of the Republic had wrought in the Paris of the Empire. Where were the "mafficking" crowds which, in July 1870, had rushed to war along these same boulevards as down a steep place into the sea?—I was at this point in my musings when, at the crossing of the Boulevard de Strasbourg with the Boulevard St. Denis, by the yellow glow of a sultry evening, with the first withered leaves and the unswept dust swirling about me, I descried, on the deserted road, emptied of carriage and motor-bus, a column of mobilised men, coming from the Bastille and marching towards the Gare de l'Est. Not a song, not a cry; a deathlike silence. They too felt it, the hour of Destiny, that hour which, in the history of the world, had never sounded yet. And they were advancing towards the infinite unknown, preceded by three magnificent women in festal robes, like three living "Marseillaises" by Rude, each bearing an Allied flag—the flags of France, Russia, and England—what flag then was missing?

I hastened to the *Globe*. There, I felt plunged into the crater of a volcano, for there I found Italy. Passion, frenzy, foamed so violently that, for an hour, not a single coherent cry could be heard. Nothing compelled these men to clamour for death; yet they were fanatically eager to dare it. What

better proof of French good faith than this mania for sacrifice seizing all the Italians in Paris, even before the torrent burst? It was the trumpet-call of the common Latin ideal, once again in peril from barbarian hordes. Had France been the aggressor, not a man of all these would have stirred from his home. At length Campolonghi spoke; the welling lava hushed the volcano; and not a single rousing speech now resounding in Italy, down to yours, illustrious syndic who have just awaked the She-Wolf, but is merely the rolling reverberation of that first thunderous appeal.

At the urgent request of Campolonghi, who had inveigled me on to the platform that I might address these volunteers³³ briefly in their own tongue, I said but this: "Brothers of Italy, you show the way to your friends at home; you are the advance-guard of that Italian army which will surely march upon Trieste. But *you* go to fight in France; your blood will baptize this war, this just, Republican war. Honour to you above all others; for *we* are doing our duty, joyously; but *you*, magnificently, are making a free gift."

Therefore, my dear friend, I cannot doubt your people. There are feelings which cannot deceive. On this day, I know, your Parliament meets; to it falls the decision of the length of the war, of the fate of civilisation, of its own honour in the sight of history. Am I certain of that decision? I am not ignorant of what some are saying—I overhear murmurs or jeers—"This Italy of mine is too crafty, she stuffs her pockets with the gold of both camps, she will achieve Trent and Trieste, as formerly Venice

and Lombardy, among the spoils contemptuously flung to her by others ; she will be the huckster of victory, snapping up the blood-stained fragments of war." Yesterday, a "Boche" prisoner added to the outrage by his confident boast, "*Italien niemals gegen Deutschland.*" And my very soul feels the buffet ; it is to me as if my beloved sister were accused of selling herself in the streets ; and I reply with indignation, choking back my burning tears, "It is not true, it is not true !"

V

THE POET AS LEADER

To Lieutenant Gabriele d'Annunzio, in altis

24th September 1915.

DEAR POET AND FRIEND,

We had learned through a telegram that you had gone to the front as a lieutenant. That was the very moment I waited for in order to write to you, because I hoped that the distance which your glory puts between you and me might be lessened or concealed by the equality of our military rank.

But the gulf between us has suddenly widened a hundredfold; for now our eyes must follow you lost in the empyrean. Trent and Trieste behold you giving bodily shape in the azure sky to the fairest of Apollo's fables; at the beating of Pegasus' wings the lands that languish under oppression are kindled afresh with hope. So true is it that Providence is no idle dream when a man steps into her place, and apotheosis is more than a name when a poet takes heaven by storm.

What an epic niche you have carved for yourself, my friend, in the temple of History! More than any other nation that has freely joined in the war, Italy will have decided the final victory of Right, and more than any other man in Italy you will have contributed to determine her decision. On the brink of

the awful abyss, snuffing the vapour of blood that rises from it, the mare still snorted. You grasped her by the mane, and bestriding her at one bound, digging your knees into her flanks, you, like a Curtius in arms, with uplifted falchion, struck your golden rowels into her sides and with distended pinions launched out into the effulgence on high.

History indeed will record that from the rock of Quarto Rome's captive eagle was at last released and sent soaring towards the Alps. History, to commemorate the age-long co-operation of poets in the achievement of Italy's mission, will consecrate the Trinity:

Dante, Petrarch, d'Annunzio.

Such an honour is almost appalling for a man. Even you, cloyed with glory, I wager it was enough to turn you pale. Despite the songs of your former muse, saturated with homesickness of the *Amarissime*,¹¹ in spite of your *Ode ad un Torpedinatore*, in spite of the *Laudi*, in spite of *la Nave*, could you foresee that from the lips of the "child of pleasure" would burst forth words so new, glorifying the years of youthful chastity that lead to manly deeds? "Let us not fear to invoke Schiller, for to-day he would be another Jeremiah inflamed against the sins of Jerusalem—

"Soll das werk den Meister loben
Doch der Segen kommt von oben."

It is this grace from on high, of which I now admire the revelation in you. Before you won this resounding triumph in the soul of the multitude, what a silent victory you must have gained over yourself! To ennoble your country you began by ennobling yourself; to help her to overcome Destiny you have

overcome yourself. Not in the manner of that egotistical *Destroyer*,³⁵ whom formerly, before you knew your own strength, you had greeted with one of your songs of sombre beauty. No; it was in the manner of a *Restorer*, giving lavishly of himself for the salvation of all, the enthusiasm of the nation sweeping along in a torrent the pride of the individual. The cause was sublime, and you have lifted yourself to its level. Thus you make a new Covenant with that Ideal in action which is laying down for the peace that shall follow war a law—the profound law of all healthy nations, the law which your Romans, like Hercules, named Virtue!

In order to make yourself in very truth the Poet of your own people, the poet who creates, who fertilises, who founds,³⁶ you returned home from your distant exile on yon barren heath.³⁷

Latin art, shortly breaking loose from her “ivory tower,” will return likewise to us in order to recover her high dignity in the city. Queenly in her unblenching gaze at the gods in the depth of the azure sky, the poetry of Latin lands, long mourning the loss of her Olympian consorts, the Hugos and Carduccis, receives at your hand again the bridal golden ring, and takes through you again her place in our modern humanity, from which the petty puling souls had deemed her banished. Behold her again leader of peoples, pillar of fire at the head of the hosts, empress of the visible world, mistress of the invisible!

Glory to you for avenging the spiritual!

Glory to you for restoring the divine!

Glory to you for proving that the astutest of diplomats cannot hold a candle to a poet!³⁸

VI

THE POET AS WITNESS

To Maurice Maeterlinck, after his Speech at Milan

10th December 1914.

DEAR FRIEND,

You know with what fraternal sympathy I have for the last twenty years watched you soaring on the wings of genius in your literary glory. But do you not feel as I do, that the finest things in literature are only, for posterity, a handful of ashes, barely entitled to an infinitesimal niche in the burial-ground of masterpieces? . . .

Only the word spurring men to deeds clears at one bound the abyss of time; and in what deed do you share! Behind your king, behind your soldiers, you have just passed from literature into the epic; it is in history that I salute you.

For, this time, the honour was conferred upon you of signing an immortal page dictated by your heroes—the avenging inscription on the charred walls, an epitaph, an oath of resurrection, an attestation of eternal Justice.

Could you yourself, you the Poet of all Mystery, name the Power which selects a man for a deed and grants you this favour of being, in the eyes of

history, the spokesman of the greatest people of all time—of being their soul, their voice, their cry ?

Poets admire you and envy you. Blessings on you in the name of all Latin countries. ³⁹

VII

THE BASTARD OF A GREAT FATHER

To Monsieur Bjoern Bjoernson, Berlin ⁴⁰

1st March 1915.

SIR,

If I had been your guest I should abstain from writing these lines to you; but I was the guest of your noble father when, by an irony of fate, you and I met at his table.

I had an affection for your father, and he for me. One day he even asserted that I was, of all Frenchmen, the one who had understood him best. I also knew and discussed with him, on many occasions, his Germanophile illusions. But so surely as he was the national bard of his country, the chief of the liberals of Norway, and my distinguished collaborator in the *Courrier Européen*, of which he also was a founder, so surely, Monsieur, would he blush to-day to see his name prostituted in the service of barbarism.

There are such things as spiritual bastards.

He, the poet; you the stage-manager, the impresario of the Dance of Death. He the great Scandinavian bear,⁴¹ standing sentinel on the iceberg,

kindling with his prophetic eyes all the obscure auroras of the soul to burst forth with their brightest fires into an effulgent justice; thou "licked cub" yet unlicked by Bernhardi, in Hagenbeck's wild-beast show.⁴²

VIII

NEUTRALS PLAYING THE GERMAN GAME

*To Enrico Bignami, Director of the Revue Cœnobium,
Lugano, Switzerland*

10th March 1915.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

With the best intentions in the world you are committing a very harmful act in founding your League of Neutrals.

Our friendship rests on too solid a basis for me to risk offending you ; and even if I had to risk it, it is what that very friendship would urge me to do.

No doubt I shall highly astonish you ; your manifesto, which I have read twice, smacks of embarrassment and ambiguity ; any one would think that your pen was ashamed. You do not dare to call things, horrible things, by their right names. You seem to plead guilty, you the advocate of the holiest of causes. And I am fain to arrive at this conclusion, that you want to propitiate everybody, in anticipation of any issue of war, which issue is not yet clear in your own eyes.

Now, my dear friend, in the great trial which has been in progress since the 2nd August 1914 before the conscience of all men, of all people, and of all ages,

it is as vain as it is monstrous to pretend to put the accused and the victims in the same dock, to pronounce the assassins and the corpses "not guilty" off-hand.

To whichever side the chances of victory may seem, in your eyes, to incline; despite the vast predominance with which the victor, were it Germany, would to-morrow threaten to crush the world, you have no precautions to take for the purpose of safeguarding your interests as neutrals when the time comes to give your evidence; as a juryman of the areopagus of Conscience, you must give your verdict to the supreme Judge—to Justice.

The manifesto of the *League of Neutrals*, which does not dare to utter an elementary, a preliminary protest against the cynical violation of that Queen of Neutrals, Belgium; which does not roar out—you understand me, which does not roar out—its indignation against the bestial tortures inflicted on it by the brigands, this manifesto looks to me like the most lamentable abdication of the very principles which it champions; like a scandal more disgraceful than the war itself, in which, at least, Germany is not wanting in frankness; like an implied encouragement to all future violators.

Poor Belgium! Is she dead, then, that you pass her name by in silence? Will you enthrone the Justice of Nations on her blood-stained ruins? Is it in a "whited sepulchre" that you will hold the next Peace Congress? Ah! this peace that you herald as a liberator and restorer, this "durable" peace, what simplicity, what mockery if Prussia dictated its terms! Durable, in fact, *in æternum*, she would make the world a dumb

hell, a desert of souls and consciences, a sort of moral Sahara, where nothing would grow but the spiky cactus of Kultur. Is it this solitude, as has been said, that you would call Peace ?

Do not think that in my French heart there seethes and bubbles up the old ancestral hatred. I am compelled to strike my heart to make the dark spring burst forth. I force myself to hate from a sense of duty—yes, a reasoned sense of duty—and my whole nature, my whole past, all my hopes cry out against it.

Few of my compatriots, as you know, have loved Germany so much as I—do you remember my toast at the Congress at Berlin “—the ancient “ Germania Mater,” who has become the cruel Fury of the West ; few like myself have been overwhelmed with insults for having persisted until the end in holding out the hand of friendship to the Germans, and it is this action, with which, at heart, nearly all France identified itself, which allowed her in the tragic hour, and because of her perfectly clear conscience, to confront Destiny with a smile on her lips.

But since the 2nd August 1914, Prussianised Germany has divorced herself from Humanity. So much the worse for her ! so much the worse for her worthy folk at home, who no more than ourselves wanted war, but who are also responsible for it, having tolerated such rulers, having for half a century kissed the sword with closed eyes ! Yes, I maintain it, I swear it to you, if the Prince of Peace, Jesus Christ, were on earth to-day He would pick up a French rifle and use it in our trenches.“

Because it is for the most definite, the most imperious, the most august Ideal; in short (for I cannot put my hand to any equivocation), it is, to use the good old words, for God that the atheist Republic is fighting.

You see, my friend, you are unfortunate in addressing me. In war time as well as in peace time, I abhor *neutrals* and cowards. It is sufficient to tell you that you are not one of them. I even prefer the Pangermans to them; let us have monsters rather than abortions! Yes, let us rather have these new ape-men, who at least belch forth their way of thinking in the form of "crumps" of 420's.

But I am mistaken, there are no neutrals; for the simple reason that nothingness does not exist. There are only non-belligerent states, where public opinion, unrestrained by official trammels, has instinctively mobilised itself everywhere—where one by one all consciences enrol themselves in greater number each day among the invisible legions⁴⁵ that hover in the clouds over the battle-fields. For such is the inevitable law of this really world-wide *mêlée* that not a single solitary soul escapes the moral conscription, and such is also the grandeur of this apocalyptic struggle, that the whole universe, even to the most distant stars, seems to rise up trembling with indignation against the infamy.

Come, my good friend, revise the articles of your statutes. Add to them at the bottom of the pages, as simple notes, a few extracts from so many irrefutable documents concerning German ferocity. Be assured that fruitful peace, just peace, such as you desire, follows in the wake of the allied armies,

that she is the canteen-woman in their ranks, that she will pour out the cup of drink after the charge, and that she alone will not be violated by Mr. von Kluck's hordes. Be persuaded, above all, that the "scraps of paper" which proclaim the neutrality of all the little sisters of Belgium shall henceforth have to be posted up on the brazen gates of Krupp's closed factory, if we do not wish to see them torn again. For we Frenchmen, pacifists and republicans, we will only forgive Germany on the day when she herself decides not to forgive Prussia.

IX

WRENCHING OFF THE MASK FROM THE NEUTRALS' FACE

To Dr. Rodolphe Broda, Lausanne ⁴⁶

15th May 1915.

COME, my dear colleague, a truce to equivocation! The most commendable intention in the world, such as the reconciliation of peoples—of which I myself do not despair after the atonement of the culprit—may appear the most treacherous unless it be accompanied by declarations both straightforward and exact.

It is not nearly enough for you to declare yourself against the invasion of Belgium if, at the same time, in your opinion, that invasion must be regarded as an isolated case of injustice in the general conduct of the present war by the Germans.

A more formidable question—one, in fact, which is uppermost—is to know who is responsible for this cataclysm—its premeditation, its preparation, its outbreak, its degradation by methods of savagery, and, consequently, the destruction of the noblest blessings of humanity, the loss of which will make itself felt throughout the whole of next century ⁴⁷—tell me, who was it who willed all that?

It is idle for you to seek to burk the main question, to try not to see the pyramid by walking round it and by burying yourself in the sands, droning like a muezzin, repeating over and over again some time-honoured chant. Its huge shadow follows after you, bears down on you, catches up with you, surrounds you, and turns you ghastly pale in your flight to escape its clutches.

Once and for all, let you and your fellow-workers make no mistake about it—the trial which has opened is a trial for life; and the heads of the guilty are at stake. The theory of “no true bill” which you proffer us to-day and the prospect of reconciliation which you hold out for to-morrow will not be acceptable to us. Evidence sufficient to convict is before the world: evidence which is sordid, blood-stained, still warm. It is on the evidence of these damning crimson stains, as she sees them, fingers them, scents them, that History will pronounce judgment. The curtain will be rung down on the stupendous drama by a verdict in due form, branding the bandits on the brow outright. But if the proofs of the crime are stored out of sight and left in the dark, and if the documents of the case be conjured away, how will it be possible to bring in that verdict? “History of a Crime without a Criminal!” an excellent subject indeed for a competition among the ninety-three intellectuals.

This being so, speak to us a little less about to-morrow and a little more about yesterday and to-day. Come down from above the battle, live again through those days of July 1914, read again the reports of the crime and look again at that glaring infamy. One

must reap what one has sown. The peace to come will not put an end to the plague in general, but it will end this very special war and all its consequences ; the security of our conditions for Peace will avert future scourges.

So no longer, my dear colleague, expect to find any approval within both camps by humouring both foes, the civilised and the others, whose principles, if not their arms, will wage war against each other through all the ages for the honour of humanity.⁴⁸

X

THE GERMAN RAT IN THE DUTCH CHEESE

*To the Secretary of the Nederlandsche Anti-Oorlog Raad
("Dutch League against War," extolled by Romain
Rolland), Amsterdam.*

12th January 1915.

IT is, sir, I think to the former director of *Les Droits de l'Homme*, to-day a soldier in the army which fights for the Rights of Nations, that you address your appeal. If it were not for the war, I would frankly own that it sounded to me as a mild joke. But laughter at this hour would be impious, and I have but one alternative—amazement or indignation.

What, worthy old souls of Holland, is that the height to which your Dutch courage rises? You cry out with all your might against War, but you avoid, as you would the plague, the slightest allusion to *this* war! You invoke the world's conscience to maintain that the right of neutrals is sacrosanct, but you do not breathe a word of complaint, not even a sigh escapes you, on behalf of Belgium!

Neutrals before the heroic martyrdom of the sister-country, whose blood-stained ghost at your threshold rises up like a remorse, like an omen? Neutrals before the rape of Neutrals? Neutrals before iniquity? Neutrals before infamy? Neutrals before savagery?

What then is the task which you undertake ?

Is it by shamefacedly picking up the fragments of "the scrap of paper" and thrusting them deep into your pockets, is this the way in which you flatter yourselves that you "avoid the danger of annexation," according to your gentle formula? And when the Prussian iron heel suddenly trespasses on your bed of tulips, prudently grown in neutral tints, when you also are ground beneath it, will you still bleat neutrality ?

I understand ; you are dreaming the blissful dream of the lion lying down with the lamb. And for fear of disturbing the company you leave the lamb in the lion's jaws. Our soldiers rush at the Beast, to break his fangs before he can devour his prey. The peace that they will impose upon Europe is a peace of justice, not of cowardice ; a peace which can only be built solidly on the ruins of the Prussian donjon in which Germany is held in thrall ; a peace which will arraign the Kaiser, a "Kolossal" *Bill Sikes*, slayer of women and children, before the Tribunal at The Hague, reinforced by some stalwart armed policemen, provided with the necessary tools for executing the sentence.

After this you will discover, O Dutch pacifists, that we, warring ceaselessly, have attained your ideal ; that we, your friends who terrified you, we have saved all the neutrals, and to your astonishment we also have saved you into the bargain.

We French pacifists (disciples and friends of Frédéric Passy), we are perfectly consistent in waging this war against war.⁴⁹ Our serenity of conscience is only equalled by our enthusiasm. Therein lies

the source of our strength; there lies the secret of those expressions of sympathy which reach us from all parts of the world; there lies the guarantee of our triumph.

For never were we among those neutrals who become eunuchs for Satan's kingdom.

XI

AGAIN THE RAT ENTRENCHED IN THE CHEESE

To the Managing Committee of the Dutch Review
*“Vrede door Rechte”*⁵⁰

25th July 1915.

SIX months ago, more or less, certain good “neutral” souls of Holland received the first of my little letters.⁵¹ . . . It is at this moment that, obedient to the orders of the great General Staff of the German propaganda, which launches its bolts methodically, sometimes in Holland, sometimes in Switzerland, with the remarkable combination of a vast enveloping strategy—it is at this moment that your cousins of the *Algemeen Nederlandsch Verbond* of Nimeguen announce their intention of resuming, on their part, the magnanimous warning of their sponsor, Dr. Broda,⁵² the Swiss agent of the fatuous pacificists: To prevent at all costs the revelation of atrocities committed in the war.

Gentlemen, I beg you to record my complete adherence to this seasonable proposal. There are some things which one may do without exciting your reprobation, such as the violation of Belgium, the massacre of the innocent, the destruction of miracles of art: against all this you do not open your lips. But let any one think of publishing it, let any one spread

abroad the evidences of it—for shame! you raise indignant cries of reproach. That is where the abomination begins. The guilty person is not the author, but the witness of the crime. The crime lies not in doing, but in speaking. Let be, and put a stop to the talking; that is, in short, the ideal formula which assures the peace of your “neutral” consciences; the safeguard of the good name of humanity, the immediate possibility of seeing the butchers and the victims exchange touching embraces—still wet with the blood which has been shed—the red kisses which the ogre gives the corpses.⁵³

How could the Belgians and the French remain insensible to this chivalrous offer of Germany to disarm all hate? Was it not in France and Belgium that these atrocities were committed? What generosity on the part of Germany to agree to forget them! And is not this moment clearly indicated as the best in which to conclude this pact of silence, when the tell-tale tracts of the Allies’ propaganda begin to make their way in the world? Indeed, if you come to that, what can it matter to the French and Belgians to sacrifice their protestations, since they are, after all, only concerned with “alleged atrocities,” according to the expression of the prospectus? Confess that, in this case, Germany is very good to give herself so much trouble to stifle the accusation when it would be so simple to refute it. And if, as bad luck would have it, some corpses should turn out to be genuine after all, what a fuss they make, the bullies! In life, these heroes were criminals: they had no right to be right; no right to be innocent, loyal, just; no right to be brave before the bristly beard of the

Hun; no right to keep their sworn faith, under the fearless eyes of the neutrals. That attitude and that example seem to you and to the Germans to smack of insufferable insolence. That is the reason why, in Death, these heroes deserve to be forgotten, with a forgetfulness hermetic and profound; the oblivion of the hasty trench, where they were heaped pell-mell, women, children, priests, and old men. It must not be said that they are dead. It must not be said that they have lived at all. And for fear lest, on the Flemish dune at evening, the rough grass, stirred by the breeze, should utter their everlasting plaint, come, brother Belgians, and lend a hand to the second death of your heroes, bury even their memory, do not even refuse a kick to the relics of your martyrs: merrily, merrily, trip it on their grave!

But the ruins, gentlemen, can you forget them? They are not, like the dead, six feet underground. The photographs of them are, we know, forbidden in Germany. But when travellers shall come, when pilgrims shall flock from all the world to the Calvary of a whole people? Are they, too, to be buried out of sight? But how? The earth is glutted with corpses deep as Hell. You cannot despatch the ruins in their sinister nakedness, packed in bundles, like dead Germans, to the great incinerators of the tall furnaces! Have you thought of that, gentlemen? The spectacle of these massacred towns, of these decapitated houses, of these riddled walls; the sight of these stone corpses, blackened by fire, twisted by shell, crumpled up on their bed of shrapnel, that would be a scandal for the blue sky, a tremendous history lesson for the generations to come! No, a

thousand times, no! It must not be that any one should know what a German war is like.

Allow me, then, to come to the aid of your tearful modesty with a suggestion which will allow you to hide these things also. Open by all means in your review, and as fast as possible, a German and neutral subscription for the purpose of raising vast hoardings all round what was the Library of Louvain, the Cloth Hall at Ypres, and the Cathedral of Rheims. Then, with the kind assistance of the "German-Committee-for-the-protection-of-works-of-art-in-enemy-countries," post up on that clean surface—as clean as your conscience—in great twelve-foot letters, the famous text⁵⁴ that you carry in your heart: *It is not true* that the German troops destroyed what was behind these boards. *It is not true. . . . It is not true. . . . It is not true.*

Gentlemen of the neutral countries, my compliments to you!

XII

ST. GEORGE TAMED BY THE DRAGON

To Georg Brandès, Copenhagen

30th March 1915.

MY ILLUSTRIOUS COLLEAGUE,

I read in your "Letter to Georges Clémenceau," published in yesterday's issue of *L'Homme enchaîné*, the following explanation of your silence at the time when Germany, in a fit of madness, violated all principles in Belgium :

"If I were obliged to draw up protestations every time there happens in the world an event of which I disapprove, I should have nothing else to do." "5

Who will not agree that this is obvious? One trembles at the idea of the immense sacrifice of precious time which might have been exacted from you by one protestation on behalf of Belgium! What a Bœotian is this Clémenceau, and what a lesson in true atticism—I mean in ordinary propriety, you give him! The massacre of thousands of innocents, the razing to the ground of hundreds of villages—the workman-like burning of some ten art-cities, protected all of them by a proper warrant of neutrality—all this, sir, is suitably included by you in the commonplace category of the daily "News in brief" which

you have not even time to note down. *De minimis non curat—doktor!* The cock of the walk does not concern himself with flea-bites.

What makes it all the more vexatious in your case is that you had a namesake, even a double, so people tell me. And just think how unfortunate! That indiscreet counterpart of yours had a mania for making protestations every time anything happened of which he disapproved. He spent all his time in doing that and nothing else. He passed from the Kurds to the Dreyfus affair, Brandissing invectives. A white French tie, constantly set in motion, typified the fluttering Dove of Justice on his shoulder. In short, he was playing the same ridiculous part which Clémenceau would like to see you take—Busy-body, Knight of the Ideal! And this bold impostor who robbed you of your name, your voice, and your face, entered into the spirit of his part with incredible relish, succeeded even in bringing us under his magic spell, and found the means after every general upheaval to come to Paris to be duly entertained by us, preferably in a banquet, in recognition of his signal contribution to the victory of this or that Principle Stay, the vision comes back to me all transplendent the first sight of that knight-errant called Georg Brandès which my eyes ever beheld. It was, I believe, in 1900, in the Avenue de l'Opéra at the house of Louis Havet. The dinner, of course, was given in your honour. What am I saying? in honour of your Double. It was a meeting of the "*Idea*," and it was your Double's bounden duty to attend it. Ah! it seems far away now, this incident of fifteen years ago which threw France into two hostile camps and

led to any number of biting cruelties, of which the blessed balm of 1914 came to efface for ever even the smallest scar. Then, of course, Georg Brandès had hurried up; no impeccable scruples of neutrality forbade his coming to meddle with all his might in an affair which only concerned ourselves. And with what homage we surrounded him! With what religious deference, with what artless gratitude! In the drawing-room the crowd of chosen guests, sipping their after-dinner coffee, made a circle round his chair; they relished his lightest word as a foreign liqueur. To young men thirsting for the honour of his acquaintance one pointed out the white cravat, and they confessed; "He is an apostle." To young girls fresh from school, one whispered: "He writes for the stage"; and the accident of your name and that of one of our great actresses being synonymous gave at once to the youthful inquirers an insight into all your work. . . . I mean into the work of that Brandès. Thus this same Brandès conquered Paris. He won at a canter. You will say that at this price it is no serious matter to lose him. Such was not the Other's opinion.

Two years later saw a return to Paris, a new series of festivities, so that his glory should not grow cold. A real banquet this time, again given in your honour—I beg your pardon, in His Honour—by the *Revue d'Art Dramatique*. I even took part in the preparations, and had to accept as thanks the strange speech of Georg Brandès made at the end, when champagne was offered round. What a Nietzsche-like bitterness! He expounded that saying of Flaubert's: "The jackals of the desert foul the founda-

tions of the pyramid, but the jackals pass and the pyramid remains" (*sic*). The jackals were his enemies and the pyramid was himself. The humility of this quotation did indeed seem to me pyramidal. But Pierre Quillard reserved for us the most astonishing declaration of all. In a fiery dithyramb he exalted the guest of France, the democrat of the world, the champion of the rights of all nations, the soldier of all holy causes; and he prophesied that Georg Brandès would meet his death "with a bullet in his heart at the foot of a wall." I leave you to imagine the sensation of awe.

Whilst the hero of the banquet paled with joy under this lyric tribute, we had no doubt whatever that his heroism would one day lead him to an act of madness. And I swear to you that last September, after the massacres in Belgium, I looked in fear and trembling for his name among the list of martyrs. He is the kind of man, said I to myself, to go and get himself killed there. What a relief it was then, sir, to read your letter to Clémenceau! So you were very much alive, and very comfortable in Copenhagen. Thus you dissipate at last the inglorious ambiguity of those quick-change music-hall artists: the two Brandès. The false one, the impostor, the champion of all the empty causes, the paladin of all that pack of fiddlesticks; you send him back to his wild-goose chase, and you reassert yourself—you, the true, you the well-balanced, the cool-headed, with one title the more for the admiration of sensible men.

Your manifesto is a fine piece of legerdemain; it could only be accomplished by a man of supreme talent, by the most acute of modern thinkers. Imagine

it! You have taken a stronger line than the famous manifesto of the ninety-three German intellectuals. They, in fact, would not allow themselves to believe in the violation of Belgium, and the atrocities which followed in its train. For yourself, you recognise the infamous crime, but your time is too limited to condemn it. Haeckel and Ostwald are dethroned. And then what a superb chapter to add to your *Great Currents*—your masterpiece! Have you not yourself just discovered, explored, and described the zone of the eddies, the neutral zone between two opposing currents, where on the sluggish muddy waters whirl waifs and floating corpses?

I have the honour to salute your own!

(Put a grey cravat round his neck.)⁵⁷

XIII

THE SHADOW OF THE GUILLOTINE

To Maximilian Harden, Berlin

5th August 1915.

I OWE you a letter, Maximilian, in remembrance of our meeting and also as an expression of my thanks to the one among the enemies of France who has best avenged her cause.

Recall my visit to you in 1910. In your little *burgh* of Grünewald you received me with the correct polished manners, the haughty courtesy of an officer who, standing on the edge of his trench, awaits the approach of a bearer with a flag of truce. As a matter of fact I came to propose to you that you should use your powers as a dictator to put a stop to that perpetual clash of pens which was inciting the clash of steel between our two countries. I came partly to rub down, with an oaken towel, a canvas I had painted for you, and which later on your hordes were to unroll for us, to your perfect joy. I wanted to know if you would have the courage to sign it. You, who swore that the Germans desired nothing so much as our friendship, but you who also added that my countrymen were secretly preparing for *revanche*. Such a mistake, such misreading of facts on the part of an

acute judge of French affairs whose view of the depths were not distorted by the ripples on the surface, such miscalculation overwhelmed me. For a whole hour, but all in vain I strove hard to undeceive you.

You would not recede from your opinion, you clung like grim death to your argument—you thought that you had found the right peg on which to hang your pretext! As for me, in my candour, your obstinacy in defending your foregone conclusion astounded me more than your prejudice. At that moment you were not what you were destined to become later—the proud admired cynic. I took my leave, we shook hands, we saluted in military style, I went away, Simple Simon, as I came.

We had agreed, however, to send each other our periodicals, and I missed no opportunity, as you know, of informing my readers of the zig-zag turn of your views, which seemed as if they were searching for their mark, like wavering flashes of forked-lightning before the crash.

May I flatter myself that I have at length convinced you? A solemn manifestation of the French people with regard to Germany came to support my testimony. *Two months and a half* before your German War you declared that the results of our General Election proved that Republican France wished to live at peace with Germany, and you exhorted the whole of your pack of howling hounds to “keep their tongues between their teeth.”⁶⁸ You held your own tongue only so as to dart it out farther and yelp louder. The prey was not yet, to your mind, within your reach, for you had not yet become what you were to be.

Two months from then we had the ultimatum to Serbia, which Austria, as *you say*, "planned in concert" with Germany.⁵⁹ For that confession—Maximilian, the Case-HARDENED!—on the day when your *sans-culottes*, made bold by a sound drubbing, do you the honour of the guillotine, let us wreath the scaffold in roses.

Yes, certainly, it was advisable to hatch the crime, but all precautions must be taken, and you exhausted yourself in vain efforts to keep your cherished accomplices from an adventure which afforded too many chances of disaster. You had not yet quite become your own self, for you were reduced to muttering this urgent piece of advice with bated breath, ashamed under your mask. But you had the gimlet eye of a master brigand when you watched the clock which was to chime out the exact hour for your crime.

Madly, stupidly, the dogs of war were let loose; then you hastened your decisions in order to overtake events; you tore off that stifling mask of yours and you breathed freely again, at last revealing yourself, rising to your full height! By Jove, what a grand sinewy wild beast you turned out to be! Away with those decrepit hoary ninety-three "intellectuals," who concocted a potion of soothing mallow-root as a soporific for the consciences of neutrals; such a narcotic turns the stomach of Arminius' sons! The universe will pour scorn on you if you stammer excuses for the crime, and if you deny the evidence of that *Great Day*⁶⁰ dreamed of so rapturously that it had long formed a common toast ("*Dem Tag*") in officers' mess-rooms. One does not excuse a crime, one simply obtrudes it, its very enormity sublimises it,

its completeness vindicates it. Such a "transmutation of values" is the true essence of Kultur. Treaties, oaths, traditions, decencies—all these ancient fallacies of humanity, what do they amount to? They amount to scraps of paper rolled tight into a single ball and kicked defiantly across the frontiers. And with brutish gesture Germania stands there like an ogress, naked, grimacing death, coruscating in all her superb hideousness, feasting her eyes on devastations, intoxicating her soul with the moans of her victims; and as the grape-gatherer crushes his juicy pulp, so she treads under her feet the youth of peoples, quaffing like a ghou! their blood from a skull filled to the brim.⁶¹

By Heaven, Maximilian! you will remain the archetype of the German intellectual. Let the world gaze upon you—you the only one who dared to unveil the filthy nudity of his mother. You, the only one who among a whole nation of seventy million mealy-mouthed knaves, were frank.

And that was why—supreme homage to you, Harden! an august spectre yonder, moving comes on towards you, the ghost of that *other* Great Frederick—Nietzsche—who acknowledges you, and you alone, as his equal, as spiritual instigator of the great Germanic War, as demiurge of this apocalypse, of this scourge born of burning desire, hatched in the fire by the demon of pride. In truth, in your study, where thousands of books lie in serried rows on the floor,⁶² in order that your contempt might trample them under-foot, in truth you have the right to display on your desk—that operating table of yours—the eagle-vulture of Zarathustra.

Hail to thee, greetings from us to you, all hail to thee in thy gory immortality, O Maximilian, the Stony Hearted! " You have what your pale-faced double lacked, according to Danton's rough saying. Bismarck has bequeathed to you his virile vigour, under the sharp hairless edge of your lips you have also the fangs of Bismarck's mastiffs.

But, beware!—methinks, I see a red line round your throat.

XIV

THE PATRIARCH OF THE "NINETY-THREE"

*To His Excellency Ernest Haeckel, Professor of the
University of Jena*

23rd May 1915.

MASTER,

Before conferring immortality on the "Manifesto of the Ninety-three" by the lustre of a signature which shines out above all the others as a sun eclipses the stars, you deigned to publish, in October 1914, in Dr. Carus' *Open Court*, an article entitled "England's Bloodguiltiness in the World-War." By an inconceivable misfortune, these pages from the world-famous pen of the most gifted of German men of science failed to captivate the attention of Europe.

Permit the most humble of your admirers to put a stop, however late in the day, to such a scandal, and to bear the echo of your august voice to the ears of the allied nations for their confusion and for their good—I mean for their initiation into the critical methods of that Kultur of which you are yourself the god.

On page 581, line 3: "The Parliaments and the enemy press of the *Triple Entente*, the English, French, and Russian newspapers, are all striving in vain at this moment to throw the whole responsibility for the war on Germany; the accusation is so flagrantly

false to any one who knows the facts of the case that it needs no refutation."

What a pity, O Master! that you, who are so well acquainted with these facts, have not refuted the error for our sakes, who are the dupes of ignorance! But the Olympian Oracle is sufficient unto itself. Kultur dispenses with all argument; and the more so as you do not argue yourself.

On page 582, line 32: "You allow that the invasion of neutral Belgium by the German troops preceded England's declaration of war on Germany."

On page 583, line 30, you write: "On this day" (4th August)—with Belgium already invaded—"the fate of the whole world hung suspended in the balance. It lay in the power of England, of her Government, and of her Parliament, by their epoch-making decision, either to cast the die in favour of Peace, of Justice, and of Right, or to cast it in favour of war, and sin, and misery." Bear with me while I interpret the meaning of the oracle to the dull mind of the civilised world: "Justice and Right" were to approve the violation of Belgium by your troops; "Sin and Misery" were to oppose it. We abase ourselves in silence before the inscrutability of German reasoning.

I will proceed with our initiation.

On page 584, line 10: "Serious as this war would have been for us" (against Russia and France), "we should none the less have had great hopes of victory. But by England's declaration of war against us on 4th August, the political and strategic situation was altogether changed. Because of this, by England's fault alone, the long-dreaded European War is transformed into a world-war of unprecedented dimensions."

Gloss for the benefit of the barbarous Allies: a war which, without the intervention of England, only set fighting a wretched twenty millions of men—Germans, Russians, Austrians, French, Belgians, Serbs, and Montenegrins, to the presumed advantage of Germany—that was only “small beer,” seeing that Germany tossed off the whole glassful. The abomination only began with the unseemly action of John Bull, who came and dashed the glass from her lips.

Master, our initiation progresses. In order to allow every one the wonder of seeing how German science is endowed with a prescience truly divine, I will merely note your announcement on page 586, line 16, that Germany, for her victory, could count on “the powerful alliance of Canada and Ireland, India and Australia, Egypt and South Africa.” We know, as a matter of fact, that all these colonies have levied armies, as you prophesied. No doubt it was the Wilhelmstrasse that told you they were levied against their wicked stepmother, England.

And so I come at last, O Master! to the pearl of your whole casket, to the sacred jewel of your shrine, which I draw with trembling hands from the tabernacle of Kultur, in order to present it to the crowd, who blink in dazzled, mystical contemplation.

Peoples, on your knees, listen all:

On page 581, line 38: “Russia, who at the beginning of August announced the attack against the Triple Alliance of Central Europe and was, in fact, *the first to declare war . . .*”; and *on page 584, line 8*, for it is essential that the fact should be engraven by you with a second notch on the granite of eternal history:

"When Russia, in the beginning of August, *declared war on Germany.*" "4

O Champion of Truth! O Redeemer! O Victorious One! Under your liberating thrust—you new Samson with eyes put out—the Temple of Lies collapses, built up of books of many colours, including the German White Book, where we read that fraudulent inscription that it was His Majesty the Kaiser who declared war on the Tzar. (White Book, Appendix 26.)

Master, let us not probe this mystery; were you ignorant of the circumstances which hurried on the war? did your mistrustful Kaiser hide them from you at the time when you were writing, before the confession of the White Book? Did you hope, perhaps, still to impose by your simple word on the naïve American peoples? What matter! what matter!

You, the Father of the "Ninety-three," the Founder of German Science, method made man, the critic made god, the exactitude of infinite detail in the magnificence of the whole, you the dethroner of Spinoza, the overthrower of Hegel, the restorer of the Valhalla of the Teuton Great God Pan. "Your Excellency Ernest Haeckel, Professor of Zoology in the University of Jena," you have raised by that article an imperishable monument to the supreme glory of Kultur—a monument more massive and more overwhelming than that of the Battle of Leipzig!

XV

THE SPAWN OF THE "NINETY-THREE"

To Herbert Eulenberg, man of letters, one of the signatories of the Manifesto of the Ninety-three

1st November 1914.

IN what incredible company do I meet you again, my Colleague! All that gammon under your signature, you the most alert of all the adherents of "Young Germany"! all this baseness under your pledge, you the most generous of poets!

Do you remember our meeting at Düsseldorf—was it three years or three centuries ago? Your effusions took my breath away, your praise made me blush. A local newspaper, no doubt inspired, as I suspect, by you, declared that the piece a Frenchman had just had performed at your theatre "was like the work of a German, so much depth did it reveal." After the curtain had fallen the frivolity of my race was rechristened by your care; I was inundated with champagne! I almost rose to the height of Kultur! Next day I hung a wreath tied with the French colours on the house where our Heine, proscribed in Prussia, was born—the stern eye of the police was on me, and you gave the signal for sly applause. Two days after I was your guest at Kaiserswerth.

What a revelation of the most acute intellectual modernism! In sight of the Rhine, which seemed taking flight, as if it no longer felt at home, under the shade of an old embattled Gothic tower, which looked like a dowager suddenly landed in the giddy throng of a dancing saloon—you opened to me your republican heart. What do I say? Republican? Socialist! What! Socialist? Anarchist! I was ashamed, I assure you, to utter in your presence my halting scraps of old-fashioned preachments, like a bourgeois with goggles and an umbrella in the time of Louis Philippe, appearing awkwardly embarrassed before the Mephistopheles of the insurrection. But the game with the apple especially roused my enthusiasm. Do you remember the game with the apple? You were walking through the village, and, holding at arm's length an apple to a string of urchins, you exclaimed, "Whoever wants it must shout, 'Long live Democracy! Long live Universal Suffrage! Down with the Government!'" You spoke, they shouted, and carried off the apple. As for me, I poked my little finger in my ear, to make sure that I was not deceived by some buzzing in it. "Long live Universal Suff . . ." "Long live Demo . . ."—Ye gods! "Down with the Government!"

To-day I read the manifesto over again. Oh, my dear friend, what a terrible dry wag you are! As I cannot for one moment imagine that you, one of the young German party, thought, by mixing yourself up with this illustrious throng, to obtain for yourself a place on the top of the official coach, I am reduced to conclude that the explanation of this complicity lies in some fierce irony.

Only, Herbert Eulenberg, you must pardon me if I, who formerly, like the youngsters of Kaiserswerth, bit the apple you offered me, the sour apple of the Liberalism of "Young Germany," now, in the presence of bystanders, I spit out the pips in your face.⁶⁵

XVI

THE ACCUSER ACCUSED

*To Monsieur X—, author of the German book
“J’Accuse,” published in Switzerland*

1st June 1915.

SIR,

The charges which you have just made against your country, Germany, add yet more, if that is possible, to the formidable volume of crime collected by civilised humanity. These words are not in the nature of praise, they are a statement of fact—nothing more.

For in truth you must be told that your book, though of rare critical power, as a moral force is worthless. I would go further, and say that the underhand way in which it has been placed before the public cannot fail in some measure to damage the author’s character, and at the same time his authority. The title you have borrowed was followed once by a name, and was paid for by a year of exile.” In this immeasurably greater contest, who are you who bring forward these accusations? Who is the witness at the bar appearing to blacken his whole country’s name? No one; only an unsigned letter of 300 pages. You know the fate of

such documents: torn up with a gesture of scorn they are trampled under the table. Such a gesture Germany might well feign, and with some show of justice, out of the depths of her hypocrisy. If, still in disguise, your book insinuates itself into Germany, all its clear vision will, through lack of courage, be but a gleam without heat; it will touch no one, it will prove sterile, it will lack personal magnetism. Possibly you may influence men's opinions, you will never induce conversion. But is not your whole object by illumining men's wits to blow their consciences to a white heat? For the realisation of your ideals, which may seem Utopian, but are none the less the only hope of re-establishing a normal Europe on the day when Right has conquered, there is one essential condition: in order that Germany may be admitted again into the society of civilised nations; in order that we may cease from our righteous hatred and may after the war live side by side as neighbours and not as men armed with pitchforks at the mouth of a wild beast's lair, Germany, sobered from her pride, must be inspired with a twofold anger—anger of shame against herself and anger of hatred against her rulers. For this books are not wanting, crammed with every proof of crime. She waits for no secret revolution, but for a leader who, rising up in protest, will by his example stir the crowd to raise their myriad arms for vengeance.⁶⁷

Between Truth and you the exchange up till now has been unequal. From her you have received the bitter joy of discovering what she is, and a spiteful pleasure in whispering it abroad. And so far you have made her no return, for by cautious service

you contribute nothing to her triumph. Truth, like all the deities, awaiting her incarnation, lives only through our sacrifices, shines only through our wounds. Far from my lips be the facile suggestion that, remaining in Germany and proclaiming in the same breath the truth and your name, you should, tied to the stake, submit to the cruel gaze of twelve mausers. Only those who are martyrs themselves might give such counsel to their rivals of the future. The pity is that they, having already given their lives for their cause, are no longer here to speak. No, my regrets are less daring. Apart from your life there were your goods, your means of livelihood, your visions for the future, and your sad but passionate attachment to the faithless fatherland; these are the treasures you should have forfeited, casting them to the tempest to force the winds to hearken to truth. How proud was the part offered, and how unique in the annals of man! From your place among the minor figures you would have passed straight into the supreme sphere of history. You would have been the first to raise up the old Germany buried under a mass of iniquity; the first to dictate to your brothers the words of the great repentance; the first to restore to them their title of men; and, a benefactor to all nations, you first would have set in motion for the future the only means of attaining a deep-springing, all-pervading peace.

But, you will ask, "What should I do to win for myself such honour?"—Rise from amongst your people, and gather together your household gods, like an outcast leading by the hand your wife and children; throw down your mask on the boundary-stone, saying as you crossed the frontier, "Truth, I name myself

and make my confession aloud before you, that my summons may ring in the ears of my people, swelled by the tears of my sacrifice. . . . Before thee I stand, my life is broken, I am helpless, poor and naked as thyself."

She would have clothed you with her glory.⁶⁸

XVII

WILLIAM TELL WITHOUT THE APPLE

To M. Roger Bornand, Mondon (Switzerland)

15th June 1915.

MY DEAR FRIEND AND COLLEAGUE,

I admit that the feeling of pride which I cherish with regard to Switzerland, my native land and oftentimes my chosen residence, is undergoing much mortification. From the very earliest days of the war this devotion was put to the test. I expected, on the morrow of the crime, to see break out on the part of your compatriots—of the Germans more than of the others—a moral revolt, a conscientious protest which, all the more exalted because arising in a little nation, would be recorded in epic history: what glory Switzerland missed that day!

Was not the cradle of modern liberty carved out of the rock on the banks of the lake of glaciers? ⁶⁹ Is not this war, decreed by the Gessler of the Nations, who aimed at having his helmet saluted by the whole world, a war of democracy, of liberation, of ennoblement, even for those among us do not know their own strength, even for our enemies who are calling to us? For us is it not a holy and pure war, firing the heart of the most

timid, leaving the pacifists without remorse; a war so grand in the midst of its horrors that it seems as if it were the work of a god? Finally, is not this "scrap of paper," that is being torn up, the Helvetic charter? and is not Switzerland's independence at stake on the Yser, Antwerp answering you from Zurich? . . . Alas! thought I in confusion, Belgium that we abased dethrones Switzerland that we exalted. Instead of crying out to her sister: "Stand firm!" Switzerland whispers her: "Be silent!" Weary of lifting up their arms with sacramental gesture, the three heroes of Grutli, at the call of their violated sister, have stuck their hands in their pockets. It only remains to drape with crape Schiller's rock at Altdorf, which rises in the middle of stagnant water. . . .

This is what I should write to you if I did not refrain from doing so because I cannot bring myself to believe it.

And now this is what I add to it, in all joy and pride, addressed to you and all my Swiss friends:

It is to your undying honour that the only neutral government in the world that has dared to condemn the German Empire for its violation of Belgium is the Swiss Federation, through the voice of Henri Fazy, the Father of its Parliament.⁷⁰

For a moment, Mont Blanc was obliged to complain of the Jungfrau, who persisted in putting on her cap of mist in order to keep off the sun's rays. But with how vigorous a hand did Spitteler disperse the clouds and restore her former splendour! Thanks to him, the honour of this German Switzerland shone more clearly than before! The old bard has justified his prophetic name, which means a *summit*.⁷¹ He has,

in fact, raised himself to a great height by the steep pathway of a sacrifice, to which a poet is always sensitive, that of thousands of his Teutonic readers who will drag his verses in the mire. Noble crowning of a long life! To set a seal on his work by an action, to exchange glory for truth, to perform a chivalrous deed for a whole people!

Helvetia therefore is unanimous, speaking only one language, that of humanity; hoping for the triumph of only one cause, that of Justice, which it is needless to name. Thus I find myself free to tell you a very funny story. You are not unaware of the existence of Sylvania, that charming country as large as Switzerland, and whose free institutions, no less than its natural beauties, are scarcely inferior to those of your country. Now, one of its citizens, a certain M. Fulistro,⁷² whom chance made a witness of the bucolic entry of the Germans into Louvain, took it into his head, on returning to his own country, to tell the story to his fellow-countrymen and to show them some photographs. Luckily, "Mother Wolff" and her cubs were on the watch. Even in Sylvania? Yes, Sir, she had the lecture prohibited, or, at least, she claimed to have done so. Perhaps M. Fulistro will even have to pay a fine for having been in Belgium, when the Germans, as we know, were received by a deluge of flowers. What, you will say, is Sylvania no longer a free country? And to relate what has been seen on such and such a day at such and such a place, and to show photographic proofs of it, is an offence against the constitution? Tell that to your granny, my dear Wolff's Agency! Those are so many clumsy weary old wives' tales, concocted by

candle-light in your offices. I know Sylvania, and I can tell you what her conception of neutrality is. It is this: *Impartiality of the government towards all the belligerents, liberty for all citizens to form their own judgment according to their conscience.* And you, hypocrites (I am speaking to Mother Goose's knaves), you want to tell me that the neutrality of the State ought to neutralise the individual in the exercise of all his moral prerogatives as of all his physical functions? They are to be neither men, nor women, nor clodhoppers. Neither for the Germans, nor for the French. Neither for Justice, nor for Infamy. Such ideas are stopped at the frontier. It is forbidden to speak, to write, to think, or to know. All news is impounded at the Custom-house. The battle of the Marne? A gross exaggeration. The *Lusitania*? Know nothing of it. The war of 1915? Humbug! Sylvania is "neutral," you understand? Isolated, cut off, removed from the world. The Isle of Apathy in lukewarm water. I assure you that it is worth a journey to see it all. People used to come to admire her eternal snows before they were not melted, they will now come to contemplate the "neutral," the latest product of her cheese-making industry, as soon as the phenomenon is complete: he is blind, deaf, dumb, one-armed, without legs, sexless, cretinised, strait-jacketed, and double-locked in the cell of white-livered Jerry Sneak. . . .

Did not I tell you that Wolff's jokes were clumsy? All the same, go and take a trip to Sylvania and tell me how things really look there now. I fancy I can hear you from afar, you Swiss people, jeer at the idea of such a *régime*! Go on laughing, you happy

people; laugh, laugh till your sides split; roar with laughter like free men.

P.S.—Could you put your hand on a picture post-card, published in Switzerland, where it had a great run a few years ago, at the time of the Kaiser's visit? It represented him conversing in this wise with one of your little soldiers:

“How many men are there in the Swiss Army?”

“Three hundred thousand.”

“And if I brought double as many against you?”

“Each man would fire twice.”

In Switzerland it is neck or nothing, and as to your censorship it knows how to wink with one eye.”

XVIII

THE PARTHENON MINUS MINERVA

*To Professor Diomedes Kyriacos, The University,
Athens*

10th July 1915.

HONOURED SIR,

On finding among my father's correspondence the noble letters that you exchanged with him at the time of his visit to Greece, I, in my turn, cannot refrain from addressing these lines to you in memory of that friendship.

I also experience the tender emotion of feeling within myself, as it were the soul of the dead struggling through me to speak to this Greece that he loved so well; to this Athens that heaped such honours upon him, like one of its orators of old; to your sovereign, King Constantine, whose pious mother sent to the pilgrim on his return to France, in token of her special regard, a little Greek Testament, a precious relic among my many books.

What a unique privilege, Monsieur, has fallen to your people! To have no need to translate St. John, to have no need to translate Homer! To hold in your own hands the direct deposit of the double moral tradition that has constituted the glory of the West:

the spirit of justice emanating from Judea, the spirit of science radiating from Athens !

And here are the world's destinies about to be at stake once more at your gates. And here History, that logical muse, is bringing back the epic to the same shores, rebuilding the wall of Themistocles before the eternal menace of the Medes, making Greece, ideal sanctuary, the real centre of the immense battle of the twentieth century, as if these places, thrice sacred, had kept the privilege of absorbing all human grandeur for ever !

But what infamous rumours, what blasphemy, propagated in the land of the Cimbri, come to freeze our ardour ! The Iliad is to be revived, and Greece is no longer in it ! On Troy's shores as well as on those of Quarto, under the liberating shells, "the tombs burst open, the dead arise," and the Greeks flee at the call of Achilles.⁷⁴ What ! if these calumnies are to be believed, the flanks of the insidious horse, sent this time by the Medes to the Greeks and dragged into the heart of the Acropolis, are filled with barbarian emissaries who spread themselves over the city by night ! Has Ephialtes any descendants ? Marathon, Salamis, Plataea, these victories of intelligence like our battle of the Marne, are they this time won and turned against the Greeks ? Admit, if such rumours reach them, admit that Miltiades and Leonidas tremble with rage in Pluto's realm. . . . Now I dare no longer raise my eyes to my library shelves, for fear that my little *Evangelion* has been transmuted, maliciously, into a copy of the Koran translated into a Hamburg Greek, and bearing the imprint of Mohammed-El-Guilhoum ! What a taste of bitter irony would your

immortal fables possess for you! Those who allow themselves to be lured into the haunt of the imperial Circe, let them think of the sorry figure that her guests will cut in history! And, in cruel contrast with a time when even the animals of Greece had more intelligence than the barbarians, when the graceful dolphins of Attica laughed at the shipwrecked monkey who took Piræus for a man, woe to Piræus if, in its turn, it confounded men with brutes in the wreck of your ideal!

Ah! if through some trick of fate, some treason of destiny, these Cimbri spoke true; if She who was doubly our Mother in giving us the light of intelligence, expiring each time in her tragic labour to be re-born immediately, still more dear, to the murmur of our blessings (restored to life when the Roman boor, leaning over her to despoil her, received the dazzling brightness of his victim and illuminated the whole world; ⁷⁵—restored to life when the Turkish brigand, trampling on her at Byzantium, ⁷⁶ scattered her last crowns to the winds of the Mediterranean as far as the skies of distant Florence, who inherited from her the magic of grace, in the miracle of a new dawn) —yes, if Greece, fruitful so many times by her trials, victorious so oft over her conquerors, yielded this time without a struggle; refused the supreme test; was afraid of her glory; disowned her race, disowned her work—the sun disowning light!—if, in short, the miracle of Greece was effaced by the scandal of Greece, and, if at the hour when the cannon of the Dardanelles reawakens with its warning echo your great but slumbering hopes, the world had to see this monstrous thing—the fallen grandchildren of Pericles

kissing the marks of the Turkish shots on the desecrated walls of the Parthenon, then, on that fateful night, would be heard the sublime shout: Arise ye dead! (*Debout les morts!*) Arise, soldiers of Europe who once fought the sacred battles of the Palladium, of Navarino, of Missolonghi, of the Morea! Arise, ye poets whose burning lines were thrown broadcast into the battle in which one of them threw his life; arise Byron, Chateaubriand, Hugo, Lamartine, Delavigne! That the sanctuary of Athens should not see the obscene triumph of Thor, all, in that darkness, with all their strength, would dismantle the august ruin and rain down its last avenging stones upon the faithless city!

But what a mad dream have I dreamed! What a shameful nightmare is dispelled! The good king Constantine is recovering, the great Venizelos smiles. . . . And I think of those women of Asiatic Greece who, last spring, at the report of a French disaster, ran in crowds to the shore and, piercing the air with their mournful dirge, cast on the waves of the Hellespont flowers bathed in their tears as an offering to the dead mariners of the *Bouvet*, while the ship's shattered hull drifted by them out to sea. . . . A graceful act, linking the past with the future! A fragrant offering, wafted by the breezes and borne over the seas, over mountain tops and continents, away yonder, towards the wide grey plain, where it rests tenderly on the brows of all our heroes of France who have fallen on the Thermopylæ of Flanders in defence of the immortal Cause. . . .

The women have brought the flowers, the men will bring the swords."⁷⁷

XIX

THE CANDID HYPHENATED

*To Doctor Paul Carus, Director of "The Open Court,"
Chicago*⁷⁸

23rd May 1915.

DEAR DR. CARUS,

I look upon you as the type of a man of honour, as a man whose mind is of the very freest—a Pantheist born of the Scriptures, extending benevolence beyond all created beings, to every atom of the universe; in short, a man of the kindest and least warlike nature in the world. You were my parents' very dear friend; you remained that of the family, even going so far as to hasten to offer, you a German-American by birth and education, your mite in aid of the home for military convalescents, soldiers returned from the front, which my wife has installed in her house. This act, like many others, does you credit, and I owe you the expression of my hearty esteem.

But I also owe you my reflections on the extraordinary campaign which you have undertaken with your pen in the United States since the beginning of hostilities.

If my memory serves me, you once, many years ago, tried barrack-life in your native country, then

emigrated as soon as possible, to the great relief of your whole being, to a land of freer air, to escape from the asphyxiation of autocracy. Years pass, the great war breaks out, and you, whom we thought—as you no doubt also considered yourself—to belong to world-wide culture—I mean that which is not confined to one race—at once, instinctively, mechanically, resumed the position of the *Feldwebel* (sergeant) under arms, clicking your heels together and, with a whistle, ordering the enrolment of all hands, of all arguments, of all the most telling pleas in favour of unbridled Kaiserism, to make them file past with the goose-step, in serried columns, in your American review, which only yesterday was still the strictest critical organ of the most fraternal humanism.

The case is typical and has an historical value.

I have here under my hand one of your first war numbers, and I am forced to acknowledge that the German propaganda organised in the United States—I only refer to the most independent, that which owes nothing to Herr Dernburg—has produced nothing better nor more complete. On the cover, with the idyllic legend: “Peace,” an old abandoned cannon, twined about with brambles and foliage, in the bower of the Sleeping Beauty, an obvious symbol of Germany’s pacific dream and of her state of unpreparedness for the war which has been so wickedly forced upon her. Inside the magazine a profusion of superb illustrations, how eloquent in their antithesis: old Nuremberg asleep in its tranquillity like Hans Sachs over his emptied tankard, and opposite some ugly sparrows from France, those aeroplanes, you know, that bombarded the sacred town of art before the

declaration of war—in the German *communiqués*”; then, impressive, minatory, a photograph of the monumental pyramid of the Battle of Leipzig, the whole weight of Teuton pride, yesterday’s victory, to-morrow’s triumph; then a fierce, savage, insolent Peter the Great, brandishing a scourge—provoking the retort of Bernhardi; next a delicious first view of the ruins of the Castle of Heidelberg, due to French infamy, thus revealed for the first time through you—justification, “before the letter,” of the vandalisms of Louvain and Rheims; finally (the sting is in the tail) the reproduction of two pictures by Verestchagin—a Russian, gentlemen, let us bow—one depicting moujiks shot by Napoleon’s troops, the other, venerable Parsees tied to the mouths of English cannon; can you, after that, doubt the fragility of the Triple Entente, the separate peace with Russia and the revolt of India?

As to the contents of the number, it would be cruel to dig them up after the lapse of seven months. You had then, I must say it, invited my wife to reply, and she handed her pen to me; you made the same offer to others, who exercised it in *The Open Court*. It is only just to place this on record.

Discreetly and with confidence I relied upon the succession of events to furnish me with a refutation, Will you venture to maintain that I was wrong?

Let us sum up:

Premeditation of the war, from 1913, by Austro-Germany, proved (admissions, in the Italian Parliament, by the little suspected Signor Giolitti, Herr von Bülow’s associate).

No effort of Germany’s to advise Austria to use

moderation proved (*not a single genuine document* in favour of Germany in the German White Book).

Tzar's persistent and sincere appeals to the Kaiser to ward off the catastrophe, including the offer to submit the dispute to the Hague Tribunal, an offer rejected by Germany, proved (telegram from the Tzar, 29th July 1914, authenticated by the *North German Gazette*, 5th February 1915).

Agreement by Austria herself, she alone being concerned (30th July), thoroughly to discuss the Serbian question directly with Russia, proved (Yellow Book, 104).

Russia's offer thereupon to maintain a passive attitude (31st July), provided Austria stops the march of her troops in Serbia, although continuing to occupy that country, and acceptance of that offer by Austria, who informs her ally Germany of it, whence the intervention of Germany, who seeing war escape her, hurls at Russia her terrible ultimatum rendering war inevitable, proved (Orange Book, 67 Blue Book, 135).⁶⁶

Immediately, violation by Germany of Belgian neutrality in defiance of the "scrap of paper" as of the rights of nations, proved (cynical admission by Chancellor Bethmann-Hollweg at the Reichstag sitting of the 4th of August, long before the pretended discovery, at Brussels, of pseudo-documents relative to an Anglo-Belgian military convention). Thereupon, treachery, atrocities, and vandalism of all sorts—every string of Nero's lyre vibrating; the whole country in flames and reeking with gore, civilians driven before soldiery, massacres of the population, who would have been perfectly justified in defending themselves by

organised resistance (Article 3 of the Hague Convention); amplification of method, war taxes, ransom of the slaughtered victim, burning of the Louvain Library, burning of Rheims Cathedral, bomb on Notre-Dame de Paris, bombs on English sea-side towns, raids by Taubes and Zeppelins of all sizes, torpedoing of neutral cargoes, fishing-boats, even passenger boats, *Falaba*, *Lusitania*, without warning and without rescuing the passengers; in addition, varied interludes of incendiary bombs, villages razed to the ground, destruction of all the churches; furniture, and goods of various kinds carried off to Germany,⁸¹ whole populations deported, treacherous pretences of surrender, disguises in the uniform of our armies, bombardment of ambulances, etc. . . . ; then in the distance muffled accompaniment of *Deutschland über Alles* by the allies of your "intellectuals," massacres of Serbian women by Austrians,⁸² hecatombs of Armenians by Turkish swords,⁸³ etc., etc.; finally, to crown all these splendid achievements, in the very heart of the European battle-field, fireworks of German chemistry, burning pitch, flaming petrol, apotheosis of Kultur, carried up to the throne of the "old German god" in a cloud of asphyxiating gas!⁸⁴

Result :

The loss to Germany of the rare sympathies that she still retained among neutrals; the changed attitude of Scandinavia, Holland's fear, the awakening of German Switzerland to the voice of Spitteler, the impatience of Greece and the Balkans,⁸⁵ the protest of the United States against your insolent tutelage, by the crushing defeat of your Germanising

candidate for the mayoralty of Chicago—the Kaiser's headquarters—then a chorus of indignation, of stupor and rage against your murderous sailors, the expulsion of Dernburg,⁸⁶ the menace of war, the expulsion of Bülow, the Allies strengthened, Italy, disdaining to bargain and deciding, for all nations, on which side Justice is, rushing into the fray, with head erect, against the enemy of the human race; in fact, literally the whole world, the total of the thinking element of the terrestrial globe, rising in disgust and anger against your Germany, a moral blockade for a hundred years, established round her by herself, a circle of flame from her devastations, a circle of ice from our scorn. There!

My dear Paul Carus, your article devoted to the war on the morrow of its outbreak ended with these words: "I am open to discussion, and, in the event of my changing my views, I undertake to acknowledge my errors frankly and without hesitation."

It is for your own reasoning powers to decide whether that hour has arrived. Your conscience is sufficiently honourable to keep its promise to day.

In this expectation, saluting you with my pen from the other side of that ocean of blood with which Prussia has inundated the world, I beg to transmit my postscript to one of your collaborators.^{87, 88}

XX

A YANKEE OBJECTS TO DR. WILSON

*Mr. Whilbey Warring, American Citizen, to the Author
of "Lettres aux Neutres" 89*

NEW YORK,
3rd October 1915.

SIR,

I have followed with great satisfaction in *La Revue*, edited by M. Jean Finot, the publication of your *Lettres aux Neutres*, and, without having the pleasure of knowing you, I am taking the liberty of congratulating you upon them.

But why is the essential letter, on the attitude of the government of the United States during the war, missing ?

It is, doubtless, the very gravity of the reproaches that my government deserves that prevents you from formulating them ?

I admire this discretion, but I, as an American citizen, am not called upon to observe it.

Undeceive yourself, however, sir ; you had not to humour the susceptibility of my compatriots by withholding your criticism. According to the estimate of one of our most eminent diplomatists, Mr. Choate, ninety per cent. of the Americans are with the Allies,

body and soul. Ninety per cent., there is no doubt about it, think, like President Roosevelt (of whom all are not political followers), that "the United States have for thirteen months played an ignoble rôle among the nations by consenting to remain passive spectators of the wrongs inflicted on the weak, whom we had sworn to protect, and in looking on at our own citizens, men, women, and children, being murdered on the high seas, without doing anything ourselves."

Ninety per cent. approve of what he says when he adds that "the professional pacifist is as much out of place in a democracy as the coward."

Ninety per cent. subscribed to the definition of neutrality, given in our journal *Life*: "the most ignoble work of God."

Ninety per cent., in short, bow with a sorrowful acquiescence before the decision of our greatest novelist, Henry James, who, as Mr. William White⁹⁰ declares, has become a naturalised Englishman, "in order no longer to bear the hundred-millionth part of this responsibility and of this disgrace."

Is it possible that all the neutral governments have not understood what all their peoples have understood, namely, that the Allies are fighting for all the neutrals, for Holland, for Switzerland, for the Scandinavians, for the Balkans, for the United States of to-morrow?⁹¹ Is it possible that all the leaders responsible for the honour of these neutral nations do not hear pealing, at this very moment, the trumpet of the Last Judgment, the supreme appeal of the eleventh hour? And do they not know that, once this judgment of History is pronounced, they will

find themselves on the morrow of the war branded for centuries to come with indelible infamy ?

At the expense of our government especially, whom its principal nurse, Mr. Bryan, has crippled for life, History I fear will be terribly ironical.

Ah ! what a pity our genial Mark Twain is dead ! He it was who would have been best qualified to hold the muse's pen and write *à la blague* this page of Tacitus revised by Swift.

The following is, in the main, I imagine, how he would have expressed himself (may his shade forgive me the shortcomings of the form) :

“ The Great War having broken out in the month of August 1914, the government of the Union expressed its great displeasure, not that it particularly objected to see Europe—and, it might almost be said, the whole world—offer a spectacle of barbarism—barbarism providing a good return for the business of third parties—but because ten millions of Germans encamped on the soil of the Republic, it appears, froze stiff eighty millions of Americans.

“ So they did not hesitate to do their duty. As all the little nations not involved in the conflict turned their eyes towards Uncle Sam to take their cue from him, Uncle Sam whispered to them the cowardly advice which at once circulated round the world : ‘ Breathe no word about the violation of Belgium, but, as if by accident, lower your eyes to light your cigarette, I mean the pipe of neutrality, which absolves you from having seen anything.’ The little neutral nations needed no pressing; squatting in Indian fashion around the dead ashes of American idealism, they started a smoking competition, each vying with

the other in inhaling the lucky fumes of immorality to send to sleep, delicious sleep, the last scruples of his conscience. It was Uncle Sam who carried off the prize for drawing most patiently the strongest puffs from his pipe, to such an extent that he fell fast asleep.

“Political neutrality was, from that moment, reinforced by moral neutrality, a patent of Uncle Sammy’s own invention : all the rascalities of neutral states, after that, were only the fruits of his example.

“This impartial ignorance of the crime did not, however, satisfy the pseudo-American citizens who had brought away a spiked helmet in their emigrants’ baggage, and had stitched to the leaves of their new certificate of naturalisation their order of moral mobilisation in the service of their former country.”² They pretended that the most stunning neutrality demanded that American opinion should declare itself on the side of the Kaiser. And they incontinently undertook the most formidable of propagandas according to the most modern of recipes. Ten million Barnums came and gesticulated in front of the cage to recommend to the sympathy of the public the menagerie of Pangermanism. Newspapers were created, purchased, and trusts formed ; an important branch of Wolff’s Agency was installed in the United States, with the consent of the federal authorities, who placed at its disposal the official wireless telegraph station at Sayville. More than that, what had never been seen in any country, at any time, a second German ambassador came to supplement the first at Washington, to execute more especially the dirty work of provocation. And at the

White House two covers were laid. This *furor Germano-Americanus* was in full blast a whole twelve-month.

“But now, quite contrary to the result that our good Germans had expected, first-rate blunderers in psychology as we know them to be, this shameless agitation raised up against them the whole of American opinion in a compact mass. Eighty millions of Yankee doodles, in place of the traditional ‘feather,’ stuck a French flag in their hats to spite the German ninny.” And from the banks of the Potomac, the Mississippi, the Colorado, came the most fervent wishes, the most cruel sarcasms, the most inflammatory pamphlets in favour of the Allies against the Barbarians. Individually, but unanimously, the Americans forsook their moral neutrality: their conscience was not a jelly-fish. They even refused (is it not almost incredible?) to believe that the Belgian Militia had invested Aix-la-Chapelle.

“At the sound of these protestations the dozing Uncle Sammy opened his eyes and resolved on action. Positively, he freighted a real warship to carry to Europe an expeditionary army of dolls—a touching Christmas offering to the little orphans of all the dead soldiers, of those who had burned Louvain as well as of those who had defended it; and, not daring to take upon himself to accuse the executioners of poor Belgium, he paid out of his own pocket the expenses of feeding her captive sons. Then, trembling at his own temerity, he consulted his almanac, noted down the birthdays of all the heads of the contending States and sent them, each in turn, sire Kaiser served first, the same telegram of encouragement. When this

message reached the unfortunate Albert in his troops' last trench, in the last strip of territory of which they were disputing the possession with the cynical vandals, it tactfully included, with Sammy's compliments, a seasonable and touching allusion to the plight in which the king was placed.

"Yet the American Junkers were indignant at such evident marks of partiality for the Allies; they adopted underhand methods, subsidising everywhere monster strikes to dry up the source of production of which they could not capture the tide—all which was profoundly sagacious. As they had done with certain journals, they also attempted to 'trust' the banks, in order to paralyse their transactions. And it must be admitted that this new method was better evidence of a modern conception of warfare than the '420's.' But American banks and industries, in a laudable spirit of neutrality, having answered, quite innocently, that they held themselves, just as for the Allies, at the disposal of Germany, provided that the latter would take the trouble to come and fetch the goods, the Iroquois of Panteutonism raised a great shout of anger. It is said that for a moment they had thoughts of decreeing, as they did with the African Bedouins, the holy war of the last Redskins. In any case they proceeded to take strong measures. Bands of armed freebooters were mobilised in the territory of the Union to invade Canada. A railway viaduct was blown up. Munition factories were blown up. Cargoes of horses were blown up. A millionaire even was almost blown up.⁹⁴ And in all these machinations, all these attempts, all these murders, was found the hand, not even gloved, of

His Excellency the Ambassador of the German Emperor at Washington: a newspaper has proved it.⁹⁵ Uncle Sammy hastened to shake that hand.

“Assuredly no other country in the world, not even China, would have suffered a foreign government thus to foment, organise, direct in all its details *civil war* on its territory. But the world sees clearly that the United States were very much below China, *that is to say, very much below nothing*, too weak even to follow the example of the republic of San Marino [Central Italy], which, with no flies on her flag, had declared war on Germany.⁹⁶ Uncle Sammy has lost his bristling tuft and temper; he passed his fingers, as if to consider, over his neutral shaven chin, and, screwing up his courage to the sticking-point, decided that he would dare to continue to hold his tongue, that he would keep at Washington the ambassador of his friend the Kaiser, and the peace of Christ with all the world.

“You will be astonished, sir, that I have omitted to tell you of the most capital joke of the Germans, the torpedoing of the Transatlantic liners. I have done this purposely in my endeavour to take the hint of your cunning Parisian slang. When I stayed in Paris I was always hearing *bateaux* spoken of. You say, I think, ‘*faire monter quelqu’un dans un bateau.*’⁹⁷ Well, the Germans have not ceased to make us go on board boats, nor to send all these boats to the bottom of the sea. That is why I kept the story of the boats to the last: because it is not nearly ended. Ah! if we had been able to borrow from you the Paris boat, *nec mergitur!*⁹⁸ Ours alas! *merguntur*. . . . I am wrong, however, to lay the blame on the

Germans. Have they not made unheard-of efforts to spare us these misadventures? Did not Uncle Sam's great friend through the agency, if you please, of his ambassador to the United States (who said that we had not at Washington a government that governs? We have the German government!), did not the Kaiser cause to be inserted in our newspapers an official note enjoining free Americans not to embark . . . what was it called? . . . Ah! I have it: the *Lusitania*! . . . not to embark in the *Lusitania*?

“Inconceivable obstinate folly! Damnable vice of insubordination! Our Yankees had the cheek to rely for their security on the protection of international usage and on the formal guarantee of their national legislation! They embarked! You know the result. Spare me the trouble of making a pathetic evocation in a literary style, which, I am aware, has long gone out of fashion. During the five months that our hundred and fifty compatriots have been at the bottom of the sea—without any excuse having been offered to them, without any settlement of their case having been even yet arrived at, so much so that we have begun to wonder whether in the mind of the American government it was not the *Lusitania* that torpedoed the German submarine—during those five months that have elapsed, the aquatic allies of Kultur, the sharks, have had ample leisure to polish up the bones. You may be sure that the skeletons are spick and span, decent enough to be ranged in rows in the United States pavilion at the next ‘World’s Fair’ to which Berlin will invite neutrals, and, in the meantime, quite worthy of being lodged in the White

House which Teddy⁹⁹ calls a 'whited sepulchre.' One hundred and fifty American victims, what a trifle out of ninety millions that we number! And then women and children, what meagre game in the total bag! There was in the whole affair but one vexatious loss: I mean the skin of that millionaire¹⁰⁰ which would have deserved, for the Kaiser's gratification, to furnish a sumptuous binding for the golden book of the German navy.

"All the same, at the polecat-screeches uttered by the eighty million men, proud citizens of free America, Sam felt his tuft sprout afresh. And he politely sent a Note to Germany. Germany told Sam to go fish. He sent another Note. Fresh rebuff. He then 'solemnly' gave warning that next time it would be no laughing matter. The reply was another torpedoing. He then 'solemnly' gave warning that the next time . . . Reply, another torpedoing. He then 'solemnly' gave warning that the next time . . . Reply, another torpedoing. He then 'solemnly,' etc., etc., etc.¹⁰¹ I perceive that it is the verb *monter en bateau* that I am conjugating to you. Permit me to stop the conjugation, which may continue indefinitely so long as there are on the free seas, according to the calculation of von Tirpitz, a single German to brag, a single Yankee to tremble."¹⁰²

That, sir, is what I should have liked Mark Twain to write to relieve my feelings. You will not dare to publish this letter, which, however, reflects very faithfully, I repeat it, the sentiments of ninety per cent. of *American Americans*.

Yours sincerely,

WHILBEY WARRING.

P.S.—What a noble revenge for our pride, for our honour, for our strength is to be found in the glorious memory of the war with Spain! It was a dangerous thing to rub up against us. Was it not enough that the *Maine* was sunk, one doesn't know how, for us to throw ourselves with an intrepid courage on the most redoubtable of warlike nations, on the daughter of the Cid Campeador? And this time, ay this time, in this great European war, we drew our sword, we mingled its sparks with the flashes from the swords of Right! Who speaks of our pitiful abstention? Two masterly diversions accomplished by us on the flanks of the enemy: three half-castes unhorsed on the Mexican frontier and, in Haïti, a negro killed!¹⁰³ Oh logic of the Bryan doctrine!

W. W.

XXI

THE AUTHOR'S PLEA FOR UNCLE SAM

The Author's Reply to Mr. Whilbey Warring

15th October 1915.

YES, sir, I will venture to publish your letter, in deference to that large section of American opinion of which you claim to be the interpreter.

But how unjust you are in your bitter recriminations! I admit that you distinguish between the government and the opinion of the United States. Yet you do not give to the latter all the credit it deserves; and it devolves upon a Frenchman—after so many others—to express here our most sincere, our most heartfelt thanks towards your compatriots. In no other country in the world has the heart of the people responded more strongly to the extreme anguish that we are now suffering. In no other country in the world has so much been done, materially, for the Allies. The heaps of gold that the Americans have poured into Belgium almost equal the heaps of slain that the war is raising on her plains. At the moment of writing it is a loan of \$500,000,000 that you are subscribing for us with enthusiasm—I might almost say frenzy; for if the English Tommies, who at first despatched their enemies with perfect

equanimity, charge them now, with foaming lips, to the furious cry of *Lusitania*!—I wager that each one of your bankers mutters under his breath those very syllables when subscribing his part of the loan. Is not that a practical and sure way to avenge the murder of your women and children? And are you not aware that your ambulances, sir, placed at the service of the French wounded, are palaces where pain is received with royal honours? And your volunteers who have joined our ranks? How many of your fellow-citizens have they had facing them in the German army?¹⁰⁴ And the daily bread assured by you to the Belgians who are prisoners in their own land, can you speak so lightly of that? It is all very well, no doubt, to raise shouts of admiration for Belgium, as is done so lavishly in every civilised country, and I think even in savage ones, but “a hungry belly has no ears” for those fine shouts of encouragement. With your usual practical sense it has been your particular care to think of the bellies, of the pinched, starved bellies of these heroes, and your active admiration has prevented those who did not die by the sword from dying of hunger. What a scathing lesson for the Barbarians to see your Fraternity leap over their electric wire barriers and penetrate into the midst of the gaol to save their victims from their clutches! I assure you that along with the English, with whom you are preparing in Belgium the work of final deliverance, you are indeed the people in the world that the Germans hate the most.

Therefore, what History will say, sir, speaking rather in the manner of your Mark Twain, is that the

trials of the Allies have filled the hearts and emptied the pockets of the generous American people.¹⁰⁵

But our gratitude will be still greater when we come to consider what magnificent moral support you have given to our cause. Do you know, sir, that the mere enumeration of a part of the books and articles written by the flower of your intellectuals to the glory of our good Right, is enough to fill two pamphlets compiled by my publisher?¹⁰⁶ From the book by Mr. Charles Elliott, a former President of Harvard,¹⁰⁷ to that by Mr. James M. Beck, a former Attorney-General,¹⁰⁸ to quote only one of the first and one of the last in date, it is such an uninterrupted and abundant production of indictments against Germany that, to house all these volumes, would require nothing less than one of the new rooms of our National Library. It is not likely that the Imperial Library of Berlin will devote one of its gala rooms to show off in fine style the evidence of the American opposition. It will content itself with leaving to moulder in its garrets the very extensive, yet, when it comes to results, very limited collection of your newspapers subsidised by Messrs. Dernburg, Bernstorff, Dumba & Co.

There, sir, of all the benefits which reach us from America, during the war, there is the one by which Frenchmen, sons of Minerva, like the Athenians, are most touched and which they most jealously prize. As she has given us her heart, America gives her brain to us and her conscience to Truth. The judgment of History has been pronounced; it is America who has pronounced it. It is in America that the tribunal of the modern conscience holds its court; and Ger-

many will no more recover from that spiritual defeat inflicted by you than she will from the military defeat which we forced upon her on the Marne.

Is it not enough to say that we are Allies ?

Salut donc et fraternité !

XXII

A YANKEE AGAIN OBJECTS TO DR. WILSON

*Second Letter from Mr. Whilbey Warring, American
Citizen*

CHICAGO,

6th November 1915.

SIR,

Your reply is in my hands. It confirms the amiable qualities that we recognise in the French people: "A kindly feeling unto all the world," to quote the poet, and a particular affection for the Great Republic which is your daughter. I will add that in return for the simple help of *charity* which some American individuals, grouped or not into associations, have sent to your brothers in distress, the gratitude that you express is evidently very sincere. But that's not to the point, sir. It is a question of *justice* and not of *charity*. You declare that, even in this respect, by the moral defence of your cause, the American people have done all their duty by you, and that, even before the Peace Congress, the United States have presided over the congress of the modern conscience and returned a verdict in your favour. All this I have myself told you. All that does not amount to a row of pins. Why try to dodge my arguments by a misconception of my purport?

Since by borrowing the style of Mark Twain I have not been fortunate enough to convince you, I'll have a try at the style of Bancroft, our great defunct historian :

“ The infamous war having begun, in the month of August 1914, by the dastardly raping of Belgium, the United States Government did not hesitate. In a Note drawn up by Mr. Bryan, in a tone as moderate as the expressions used in it were firm, the Great Republic protested, in the face of Germany and of the whole world, against this abominable crime committed at the expense of a little people in whom, at the same time, a blow was aimed at the entire Society of Nations.

“ The effect of this Note was stupendous. Neutrals in the political sense, all the smallest non-belligerent States ranged themselves at once, morally, on the side of the armies of Right. The trial of Germany, which the conscience of nations would have taken months to hear, was judged within twenty-four hours, the sentence passed without appeal. An overwhelming weight of universal reprobation crushed the Kaiser's pride to the ground, and his most devoted Socialists discovered in themselves a sudden compunction about approving of this war of aggression as they were tempted to do. Thus, from the very entry into Belgium, the moral force, if one may say so, of the invader was broken. From that hour not a day passed without increasing the uneasiness, the smothered anger, and soon the clear protest of the honest and better Germany against an enterprise of rapine. The war monster was pregnant with revolution, with liberation for the aggressors themselves. The paths of the

future were opened wide to the Federation of the Peoples.

“Immediately, following in the footsteps of Woodrow Wilson, Pope Benedict himself felt spurred to the same magnanimous feat. Jealous at seeing a Puritan clerk despoil him, the Vicar of Christ, of the honour of defending the cause of Justice, the Pope defined the cause at once, for all the consciences of his faithful ones; he too stood up nobly against the violation of a little people among whom he counted his choicest flock; he inveighed against the imprisonment of one of his cardinals, an heroic soul, worthy of the martyrs of the Neronian epoch, and branded in burning words the assassination of Belgian priests by troops composed for the most part of a soldiery of his faith.

“This time the effect was enormous. For sixty millions of Austro-Germans, submissive sons of the Holy Church, it was Almighty God’s own utterance. Dissension arose in their armies, then disorder, then mutiny: the artillerymen of von Heiringen, Bavarians, refused to fire on the sanctuary of Rheims. Priests, women, children themselves were spared; the ambulances protected by the Cross, red with Christ’s ever-flowing blood streaming from out those million gashes, the ambulances were respected. Manifestly, in the eyes of the world, admiring this prodigy through tears of joy, the savagery of the Huns was disconcerted, their power shook, staggered, and fell before a force unknown to them, more efficacious than their war chemistry, more terrible than electricity—a strange magnetic emanation from the skull of civilised man. To check the rush of ten million brutes, to silence

the mouths of a hundred thousand cannon, all that was needed was a dip of ink at the end of two pens and two little scraps of paper !

“ Now, all this was the work of President Woodrow Wilson, who had drawn the Pope of Rome into the straight and smooth path of Justice. And both of them, those twin faces with one fair soul, will be linked together for ages to come in the blessings of mankind.

“ Yet Germany gathered herself together. The Catholic troops of Bavaria and Austria were disbanded, brought back into the ranks by blows or shot in extreme cases ; Attila’s fist was clenched more firmly on the steel glaive ; the Beast put up her back doggedly and dared the world with foaming mouth : the *Lusitania* was sunk.

“ Immediately, within twenty-four hours, before the bodies of our martyrs stank, the United States declared war on Germany.

“ It did not cost them a single boat more, nor the equipment of a single soldier, nor the shedding of a drop of blood. Out of their ten million Teuton subjects, at the most half a score of individuals raised for an instant a murmur against the sovereignty of the Union ; they were hanged to the nearest lamp-posts, and the 9,999,990 other Teutons applauded this capital punishment, evinced more zeal than any one else in the holy struggle of Democracy against that odious Prussian despotism from which they had fled across the ocean.

“ What a glorious sight for all the world ! Gratuitously, this time, and with might and main, America turned herself into the factory of the Allies, the plains of Texas made themselves their granary, the soul of

the noble Republic became the soul of the sublime crusade. The stars of our banner flashed from the stripes with winged swiftness over the seas, and soared, a dazzling constellation, amidst the fumes of the great furnace in which the world's future was seething. The French bullets of Rochambeau, sown in the field of our Independence, sprang up into a harvest of steel. We saw them heaped up in their thousands of vessels, and this Armada of Deliverance set sail from the port of New York to the flaming of the statue of Liberty of Bartholdi, who turned her torch against the Barbarian, a monument with an enduring significance, a light turned to scourging fire.

“ To you, Nations of the new Europe, who struggle so magnificently for the very ideals for which we breathe ; to you, valiant ones, saviours of the world in self-defence ; to you, generous ones, who trample down your enemies to raise them up—to you these arms in default of armies of which our innocence deprived us, to you this bread of the pure and the strong, kneaded with the substance of a free people, for Her Ladyship the Republic's table ; to you, above all, to you our souls, our hopes and our anguish, our joys and our ardour : see the invisible legion which is on the march to reinforce your cohorts ! And to thee, France, to thee, Republic, mother of our own, nurse of Nations, to thee the dearest fondness of our hearts ! We are not paying thee a debt for the chivalrous aid of thy La Fayette. As if it were for some few boisterous tea merchants¹⁰⁹ that he came here to fight his gallant fight ! As if it were not for Justice, the sole sovereign in all places of the world ! To Her alone do we pay our debt. To

Her alone, in you, we give ourselves, in order to prevent, through our default, the greatest epic of all times falling short of its crowning glory; in order that the *E pluribus unum* of our national motto should expand into its universal meaning!

“ . . . Thus, standing on the shore, thus the immortal shades of history sang their blessing to the fleet departing under the lightning’s flashes; and Washington, Lincoln, Garfield swelled with pride for their sons in wishing them *God speed!*”

“ This entrance into the lists was decisive. Italy, already resolved, hastened her assistance by several months, jealous at seeing another likely to bear away the palm; the Balkans flamed up like a single train of powder; Greece, Bulgaria, and Roumania found themselves fighting, they scarce know how, at your side; the Scandinavians even, under their snows, yielded to the infectious, burning enthusiasm; even Holland peeped out of her tulip to inquire what had become of her sister Belgium.

“ Destiny turned her hour-glass, to stop the era of massacres and begin the history of the world afresh. Under the concentrated blows of all races of Men the Barbarians were annihilated. The war had lasted six months.”

I hope, sir, that you are now satisfied. Is not this a grand reality, and does it not dispel the frightful nightmare which my first letter had given you? Admit that if our Bancroft could have lived until these sublime times he would have found, better than I can, matter for an immortal page.

Yours truly,

WHILBEY WARRING.

P.S.—In a postscript to your letter you ask me who I am. A man who is no longer young, sir, who has the ridiculous privilege of being, like you, an enthusiast (which has made him appreciate your *Lettres*) and has the unflinching purpose of living a morally clean life, whatever happens, until the end. No, sir, I have never written for the public; this great war alone, under your auspices, was fated to make me abandon my utter contempt for publicity. I must add that, for the last twenty years, my favourite book is Victor Hugo's *Les Châtiments*, of which it is regrettable that the grim hero cannot be changed into William II.

W. W.

XXIII

THE AUTHOR PLEADS AGAIN FOR UNCLE SAM

Second Reply to Mr. Whilbey Warring

28th November 1915.

I SEE quite clearly, sir, that we shall not understand each other. You praise the attitude of the American people during the war; I do the same. You make more and more insinuations against their government; I protest.

I protest because I am French; I protest because President Wilson, the head of the Great Republic, morally allied to ours, is, beyond question, a man of true integrity; I protest because he has inflicted on Germany, at least diplomatically, a bitter mortification; I protest because he is, certainly, the man whom Germany holds most in execration.¹¹⁰

But you deserve a second reproof. In your cowboy's gallop across the diplomatic savannah—whose creepers are so matted and yet so brittle that they can only be disentangled by a reverent hand—you catch in the same noose of your irony's lasso another power, which is purely spiritual. And here, sir, I not only protest; I marvel.¹¹¹

It certainly seems clear that if you have often visited France—and your letters induce me to think so—you have not been there since the war. You would no longer have recognised that country, too long the scene of political wrangling and squabbling. The “sacred union” has been formed there, sir; we want it to be true and strong, dressed in the robe of *la Patrie*, spotless and untorn. I who am addressing you, and who am a freethinker, have in the field clinked glasses with priests, and, like everybody else, I am glad that Monsieur Briand, moved by the idea of a great national pacification which in war-time has won universal approbation, should have caused MM. Emile Combes and Denys Cochin to partake of bread and wine at the same table.¹¹² In short, sir, if I was able, formerly, to oppose the idea of M. Paul Déroulède, who wished to hasten Destiny, I have never found anything more true or beautiful than his saying, which I venture to paraphrase: *Catholic, Protestant, Freethinker, and Jew*; these are but names prefixed to the family name: the only surname is *Frenchman*. It is thus, sir, that, in the face of the enemy, all Frenchmen have but one mother, and she is Republican France. Do not speak to us of anything else.

One point, however, I admit, I should like, as I have the right, to discuss with you; here the field is no longer restricted, since your Mr. Bryan is no longer Mr. Wilson's assistant. But it would carry me, no doubt, too far to deal with this philosophical question, whether practical Christianity is compatible with war.¹¹³

I shall, therefore, confine myself to this simple

statement of fact: that only two men—out of how many millions of Christians?—have refused to *serve* during the war, invoking the Gospel. One is the teacher Baudraz in the Vaud canton, who, mobilised eight months ago, the Swiss army being on a war-footing, suddenly declared, his conscience being awakened: “I cannot take upon myself to kill, even for my country’s sake.” Baudraz, on this account, was condemned by the military tribunal of Porrentruy to four months’ imprisonment, a year’s forfeiture of political rights, and to pay the costs. Surely, all the Christians who are at the front, and who do not share his convictions, will doff their caps to this act of deep sincerity. But has Sergeant Baudraz reflected that, if all his compatriots had followed his example, Switzerland would at this hour be under the heel of the same invader, suffering the same awful fate as Belgium?

The other man is your Mr. Bryan. As a politician, who is always the presidential candidate of your German-Americans, his conscience may appear a little less clear. Let us take it, however, on his own showing. He pleaded the delicacy of his Christian faith as a reason for resigning his position in the Cabinet, lest he should be obliged to demand satisfaction from the assassins for the murder of the 1,200 victims of the *Lusitania*. *Is it not beyond all question, that, but for the President’s revolt, Mr. Bryan’s Nazarene politics would have led directly, under the pretext of hatred of war, to the approval and to the support of Germany’s war-power, of all the horrors and all the crimes of her bellicose barbarism?*

With these reflections, which at length bring us to

an agreement, I will conclude. And it only remains for me to thank you for having given me the opportunity, in this war of the greatest Independence, gratefully to salute the fraternal flag of the Union: the *stars* of idealism above the *stripes* of reality.¹¹⁴

XXIV

IN THE LIGHT OF JUSTICE

To Jean Guewrenoff, Bulgarian Aviator

10th December 1915.

OVER and over again, Jean Guewrenoff, have I searched for the postcard, which one day, in 1912, during the splendid Balkan war, you flung down to me from your aeroplane just soaring high and darting up towards the Turkish lines, in all the thrill of an azure sky dappled with shrapnel, in all the exaltation of your faith in the liberation of peoples.

There it is at last, your pasteboard. I hold it in my hands, all smudged and blurred, shrivelled and shrunken like a forger abashed who hides his face in his hands, sable and mournful as if it announced a bereavement. Not the death of Serbia, but the death-blow to the honour of Bulgaria.

Be witness here then (to the shame of your Hospodar, that fox bloated with heavy Teuton blood), for the satisfaction of the majority of your compatriots who have stifled the rage with which they were shaking, and for the glory of the minority who preferred to be exiled or shot rather than be accomplices in the crime; be witness too, in the name of all Slavs and in the name of humanity, of the deathless nobility of your Serbian brothers and of the everlasting blot on your Bulgarian brothers' name.

At any rate, do not claim that the revolver-shot of Sarajevo set off the guns which exploded the powder factory of armed peace. If it was a Serb who struck down an archduke, it was an emperor who first, cynically, in the name of all his people and in presence of consentient Europe, raped two Serbian provinces in order to gratify his own passion and to keep them under lock and key in the lap of his Austro-Hungarian Empire, that harem of subject races.¹¹⁵ Weigh both sins in the same balance, and in face of the earlier crime, which led straight to the subsequent one and which was not merely an assault on a monarch of flesh and blood, but an attempt on the very sovereignty of Right, wrenching as it did from a people a bit of their own flesh, opening a living gash in their side, say, what was the attitude of Serbia? She kept silence, she endured and painfully covered her bleeding sore, just as France dealt with the wound inflicted so near her heart forty years ago. Then, suddenly, when Austria, with unsatiated lust for crime, exulting in the murder of her royal son, whom she abandoned to a dog's burial,¹¹⁶ sprang right at Serbia's throat, handing to her victim her own death-warrant to sign, without a trial, without the respite of a few hours, but with the pistol pointed at her temple, and the offer of no alternative save execution or suicide—what was then, what again was the attitude of Serbia?¹¹⁷ Fearless, undismayed, unangered even by the outrage, only conscious of the deadly gravity of the hour for the world's peace for which she held herself accountable, Serbia dropped all arrogance, all rancour, all vanity, astounding friends and foes

alike by her magnanimous compliance with the most insolent behest that a small people had ever received from a great one . . . and upright and pure in the sight of history she consented for the safety of all to sacrifice every one of her ambitions save only the pride of her independence. "Let me breathe, a free man, the free air of heaven." Sublime example of submission without loss of honour, of nakedness without loss of modesty. That was the bandits' greatest fear, so they hurled themselves on tiny Serbia to chastise her innocence, which threw a lurid light on their own infamy.

Thereupon, mighty Serbia awoke; mighty to defend before all other nations the sublime cause which was soon to fling all the free peoples of the world into the conflict; mighty to multiply in her sons the exhaustible strength of numbers by inexhaustible strength of heart for the most virile determination ever shown by a people since the Spartans; mighty to prove to Fate, with tranquil smile, that the essential thing for man is not to live but to deserve to have lived. So the Haïduks¹¹⁸ sprang up from the rocks, the Guslars¹¹⁹ kindled and thrilled men's souls, and the supreme epic Pesmé¹²⁰ was chanted, for the Martyr Lazarus¹²¹ appealed for the hundredth time to Marko the Liberator.¹²²

Surpassing wonder of this first duel, wherein the pygmy stood up to the giant, and because the giant was Number and the Pygmy Right, the pygmy tumbled the giant head over heels, planted his own foot on the nape of his neck, snatched away his arms and his conceit, and with a scornful kick sent him rolling back into his den, rubbing his sides and groaning

aloud. . . . For more than a whole year, much to the rage of a hundred million Teutons aghast—to the too easy-going joy of the rest of an absent-minded world—the heroic little militia of Serbia was seen to crush twice over the imperial troops, to take fifty thousand prisoners, to capture two hundred field-pieces, one hundred maxims, five thousand cases of ammunition, and, alone among the Allied armies, to liberate the soil of their fatherland,¹²³ incontestably victorious to the end, although the capital of their puny kingdom seemed as it were lashed to the hostile cannon's mouth; ¹²⁴ although a quarter of a million out of four million subjects were a prey to all those calamities which follow in the wake of war,¹²⁵ as gleaners follow in the wake of harvest; and although help in troops was not forthcoming from their big brothers in arms.¹²⁶

The brilliant triumph of so great a cause, thus assured by such a small people, was too burning a mortification for immense Austro-Germany: the poison rankled in her wounded pride. The Chief Brigand, so as to give him new courage, in view of a more secure aggression—though he was on crutches and with bandaged eye after his rough handling—set about recruiting other brigands. At last the Allies began to bestir themselves about what was taking place in those mountains. They trembled for their little David, whose slender, solitary figure was outlined high up against the flame-red sky, like a sentinel before the barbarians. To meet this plot of brigandage, which to the knowledge of all Europe was being spun to annihilate the indomitable, they long dreamed of founding a league of Right among

the neighbours of Serbia, and urged, as first step, the conquerors of Bregalnitza in 1913 and of Tser and Roudnik in 1915 to relinquish ungrudgingly in favour of beaten and traitorous Bulgaria a disputed portion of Macedonia reconquered by the Serbians at the point of the sword

Miracle followed miracle ; ever increasing was the moral marvel ! The Serbians, through loyalty towards the Allies and through self-denial towards the cause—the motto of which inscribed on our standards was “ the pacification of all hatreds by the autonomy of all peoples ”—these conquerors, I say, were seen to capitulate a second time and to consent to the sacrifice imposed upon them.

But, with a sneer of scorn which turned up the bristles of their moustaches over their sharp teeth, the Bulgarians refused, actually refused what they exacted, just as their confederates of Vienna a little while before, when they laughed in their sleeve at the ultimatum they had presented. War at all cost, the whole of the booty, Shylock’s “ pound of flesh ” cut from the very heart—that was what their ferocity claimed. Accordingly, under the very eyes of the Allies, who, infatuated with their ideal of legality, continued to indulge in inconclusive negotiations, and thereby were wasting time and losing their bearings, the Bulgarians got ready to deal their blow. One single loophole of safety remained to little Serbia, namely, to hurl herself against the traitors before they were ready, to catch the brigand unawares in his den and fell him to the ground while in the act of whetting his cutlass.

Unhappy Serbia ! Her unyielding rectitude urged

her to ask for the assent of her mighty Allies, which assent was denied, because it is written in this war that we, champions and victims of our ideals, will not allow a speck of dust on our ermine.¹²⁷ So again, for the third time, Serbia was seen to sacrifice herself on the immaculate altar. Straightway, at the trysted hour, the brigands, re-equipped, rushed forward from three points of the horizon, enveloping her: Austria and Germany, arm in arm, supporting mutually their tottering weight, with pockets crammed full of huge guns and their mouths full of noisome gases, while, in the rear, crafty Bulgaria dealt into Serbia's back the unerring stab of her knife.

Desperate struggle this time, in which heroism grew appalling in its aspiration after nothing but Death; in which Right exulted in being crushed and in remaining Right even though crushed; in which a whole people were seized with the madness of extermination, with the frenzy of ravage, affording the supreme vision of little Serbia in a great halo of blood, arrayed in lofty pride, as it were in the midst of the imperial arena, falling, a virgin, into the jaws of the wild beasts. "Peace?" whispered the three assassins in voices of mock pity. "Honour," replied that wraith of a people,¹²⁸ while soldiers, civilians, old men and women contested inch by inch every stone of Belgrade,¹²⁹ every sod in the plain, every rock in the ravine. It was not enough to hack them to death on the spot, they had to be torn from the soil as a forest is uprooted; nor was it enough to cut down a man, it was necessary also to drive away his ghost, which with rapture stepped into the

dead man's place. So from valley to valley, from mountain to mountain, from peak to peak, through mist and haze, now here now farther off, the Serbians fell back—aloof alike from each other, aloof from us, aloof from the whole world, alone, aghast, yet transfigured in the midst of this magnificent nightmare. Before the sheet of fire which pursued them like a water-spout, they lost men, they never lost heart. They kept intact their invisible strength, closing their ranks with the quick and the dead. It was the whole soul of the vanquished nation making head against the triumphant inferno. . . . That lasted an eternity, in which time was no longer counted by human hours¹³⁰ taking place in nameless regions beyond the confines of space, somewhere high up in the absolute, away towards the summit, supreme and impregnable, where Right takes refuge in the eternal.¹³¹

Oh, why cannot God be prevailed upon to bear witness to the grandeur of man? Who is there to relate these things to the crack of doom and to receive the relics of these immortals? You, at least, peoples of the whole earth: Allies, who fight elsewhere for the same immanent holy cause, and you, distant peoples, who think yourselves unspotted by the splash of carnage, quite aloof from the conflict for Right—all of you who heap up well-earned laurels around the scaffold of martyred Belgium—if there grow flowers of remorse anywhere in the world, bring them in sheaves here to strew them on the corpse of Serbia. Come, gather yourselves together around this desert where was once a people, and just as the victorious Serbian soldiers, a little while ago, in

treading afresh after four centuries the field of their national disaster, spontaneously presented arms to their ancestor Lazarus the Martyr, and made, like one man, the sign of the cross; ¹³² so you, peoples of the whole earth, do honour to the holocaust of Serbia, bare your heads and fall on your knees. ¹³³

At the present moment the whole country is nothing more than one immense charnel-house, still smouldering with the last embers of the *auto-da-fé*, and smoking ominously to heaven like an altar of old after a hecatomb . . . not a heap of cinders unconquered, not a single Serbian soldier on Serbian soil, and the aged king himself, broken by fate, wandering along the banks of the *Amarissime*, searching, in a crazy dream, for the phantom of what yesterday was Serbia, like Lear who has seen the death of Cordelia. ¹³⁴ And you are exultant, Bulgars of Sofia, Vienna, Berlin, Byzantium, and Athens! . . . What an illusion! What folly! What chastisement!

Our cause was never more splendid than when our ordeal was at its worst. Belgium! Serbia! Two crosses erect amid the desolation of ruin, two nations without reproach, tortured and left, in the hour of their agony, with no breath of life in their lips but a sigh sent up to Justice. . . . These are our witnesses at the bar of history, these our martyrs ¹³⁵ who ratify, establish, and seal with their blood the sanctity of the cause of France, the cause of the Allies, and the cause of Right: soldiers of Cæsar, you are well aware that the Crucified conquered the world. Let the two causes be judged together in the light shed by these martyrs in the gloom of their Golgotha. Judge of them by the soldiers of the

two camps who meet at the foot of the gibbet—the apostles who have drawn the sword, the butchers who gamble for the spoil.

Yes, after seventeen months of a war in which some still dare to maintain that all the ideals involved are of equal value, and that the acts of pillage on either side are indistinguishable,¹³⁶ draw up the combatants in line face to face, ask them to show their hands, to show their work, and then see which of them has justified the profession of faith which he made the first day of the war.

First we have the picture of Germany deemed triumphant and puffed up with her hollow conquests, making the Allies bend under her iron rod, a reeling giant astride Europe, crushing Belgium with one boot and Serbia with the other, demonstrating in this way to all peoples that she is defending, like us, their integrity. Next, Austria, putrid and pestilential, the hot-bed of every filthy infection, serving to intensify her virulence: Austria, devourer of peoples, monster all throat and no head, on the point of bursting, but bent on gobbling up to the last moment. Then, criminal Bulgaria, still warm from the womb of her mother Russia, but stabbing her in repayment for her heroic travail,¹³⁷ stabbing her race and her religion, denying her past, staining her future, dashing to the ground all hope of agreement amongst the Slavs and turning round in her cradle to strangle her twin-sister Serbia. Then, the accomplice of the eleventh hour, anti-Grecian Greece of the Kaiser, maker of revolutions contrary to the wishes of the Greeks, the enemy of Bulgaria, the enemy of Turkey, ally of her Serbian brothers in

the event of danger—what do I say, oh traitorous Athena under the pointed helmet? More than that, the god-daughter of France, of England, and of Russia, baptised a second time with glory at Navarino, idolised by all the West, as no nation in the world ever was, for the sake of her tatters which we took to be holy remnants of her divine raiment of antiquity: Greece, with the advent of danger, sending to Russia, to England, to France, and to her Serbian brothers, instead of a force of two hundred thousand men a scrap of paper torn into four, in German fashion, and slipped discreetly into an envelope bearing the imperial seal of her Prussian queen. Finally, to complete the gallery, the dusky Asiatic harpy which for four centuries has kept its claws dug in the heel of Europe, retarding all progress, and which Bulgarians, Serbians, and Greeks had sworn in their holy crusade for the deliverance of history to throw into the Bosphorus: Turkey invited by Slavs, by the victors of Kirkilissé to the butchery of Slav allies; provided by the Germany of Luther with plenary absolution for the massacre of a million Christians,¹³⁸ entrusted by Prussia, her patron, with the mission of opening the road to the establishment of a vast Tartaro-Borussian Empire, stretching from Hamburg to Bagdad on the ruins of Aryan Europe. What an incarnation of the epic dream of Charlemagne, heir of Rome and conciliator of hostile races, who desired to control the world's destinies! By this fearful perversion of the fate of the West it is the Turkey of that adventurer¹³⁹ Enver Pasha, who, avenging Xerxes twenty-five centuries after Salamis, is making the

blood-stained tidal-wave of Asia flow back over Europe, and it is the Turkey of the Young Turks, old pimp of Stamboul, painted up like a vestal of Liberty—it is this bastard, fathered by Auguste Comte, mothered by the Marseillaise, who comes chanting penitential psalms before the prison door of her victim, the great misunderstood, the great slandered one, foremost ally of Kultur, true prophet of the prodigious butchery, whose red kiss imprinted on the Kaiser's cheek has infected all Germany! Open the dungeon of Abdul-Hamid and let him at length contemplate the world of his dreams as realised by his disciple! Let his last looks feast on the sight of it! Let his thin nostrils dilate with the stench of all these dead, giaours massacred by giaours, Armenians piled upon Armenians, and let the four Sultans—Abdul delivered and clinging to the arm of William, and Joseph, in rags, arm in arm with Ferdinand—scale together this pyramid of millions upon millions of corpses in order to kiss one another on the summit in the apotheosis of Germany! That is what Kultur is, that is its work, those are the pledges of its noble cause. Tell me if, for the production of so brave a show, history has ever witnessed an assemblage of felonies like that? ¹⁴⁰

And now we come to the Allies of Right! In the first place we have republican France, who, true to her dream of universal brotherhood, rushed into the war deliberately to defend not only her own soil, but also the survival of her ideal and the inheritance of humanity; next democratic England, immutable menace to every tyrant, perpetual safeguard of the continent by reason of her command of the seas, island of

“sacred egoism,” teaching the world the discipline of complete moral freedom; next also, in a marvellous way, plebeian Italy, who all but declared war in advance of her own ministers, and who, of her own free will and with full knowledge of her risks and of all the horrors of carnage, rallied to the ideal of Justice in pursuit of a greater “risorgimento”; last, but not least, Russia, integral and national, the Russia of the Duma and the Zemstvos, of the moujiks and anarchists, the Russia of Bourtzeff and of Kropotkin, the magnificent Russia of to-morrow of which this war is the blood-stained cradle.¹⁴⁵

You flatter yourselves, Teutons, and you, neutrals of little faith, are afraid that such peoples, whose strength is in their numbers, in the unanimity of their will, and in the great cause by which they are uplifted and revealed to themselves, can be overcome by that force which is in the service of force alone. . . . Be ready, in that case, to record that the whole history of humanity is bankrupt, and that the whole of evolution is reversed, bringing us back to cave-life, and that the cosmos, from beginning to end, is nothing but a reeling nebula, all because the Kaiser is drunk with blood!

As for us, we stand erect in the heart of the whirlwind which he has let loose; we remain clear-headed in presence of his madness, holding fast by reason and spitting out the blood in which he drowns us.

To the monstrous claim of Germany that she is continuing the order of Nature, and is accomplishing her masterpiece by elaborate refinements of colossal bestiality, we oppose a loftier mission

which we ask of none but ourselves, and we repudiate Nature in order to have the right to call ourselves men.

We deny that it is brute-force which always triumphs in the struggle; we hold rather that the victors are the worthiest and the noblest, whose spirit nerves their feeble arms, since man has driven away the wild beasts, and since France will tame Germany.

We pity the Teutons for their ideal which unites them to the plesiosaurus and fetters them to the prehistoric, and we rise higher and higher without them; we laugh at their coarse, short-sighted Kultur which does not see man in the universe, and which is blind to the soul in man; we laugh at their thick heads, insensible to the vibrations—at present so faint, but yet so certain—of the invisible star which draws nearer and nearer.

They, fanatics of the "Old German God," are atheists because of their baseness; with all their heavy genius, they sink, while we, zealots of sovereign Reason, ascend with all the force of our wings and believe with every fibre of our being.

We believe in the new law which is evolving out of the chaos of living creatures, to manifest itself in man, and we believe that man only rises at length above himself by trampling no more upon his fellow-creatures, and that the whole world is converging and making for Justice by means of Man, whose duty it is to justify the world of which he is but the remorse, the effort, and, as it were, the supreme redemption.

Thus it is that in the midst of this dismal night-

mare, we have confidence in life for which we create a purpose; we set up this law against fate; we launch this sun into the darkness; we perform the great act of faith in the evolution of evolution and in the transformation of the world; we swear that the old law of murder, which has already ceased to govern fellow-citizens, will one day cease to govern peoples, and that the everlasting creative struggle will be resolved, without catastrophe, into a rivalry free of hate.

No! we do not admit for an instant, we have no right to admit—on the contrary, we reject as a crime against the spirit, with all the indignation of our conscience, stronger, if need be, than our reason—the prophecy that wars of hell will follow one after another to the end of time through centuries of hallucination in the heart of a monstrous universe. . . . Better nothingness than this abomination, better to strangle our little children in their cradles than to bring them up for this orgy of assassins!

No! we do not tolerate the blasphemy that war can be an ideal, for that dare only be said in German.

No! we do not absolve war on account of all the heroism it begets, because at the same time it multiplies crime, and whoever has seen these things once, his eyes are defiled by the sight of them for the rest of his life, so that he blushes to raise them to the sky.

But must we cry out again so that the very stones can hear us?

Who is there who does not feel that our fervour for this war is nothing less than our horror of all

War, and that our Peace has only put its hand to the sword in order to kill the crime of war? Who does not see that the indignation of the just is but their pity in revolt, and what kind of pity is it which whimpers and yet does not cry to Justice for help? Who, finally, does not see and understand that our execration of Germany is but the shame we feel at being compelled by her to fight her with her own weapons, and to resemble her, if only for an hour, under the cowl she makes us wear in order to preserve the light of our countenance?

What is the "militarism of every country"? Only a feeble insignificant imitation of Prussian militarism, built up and maintained by it. And the "unity of the human mind"? What would be left of it under Kultur? As little of it as Attila left of flowers in the meadow through which he galloped. If we were to waver for a second, the Brute would be uppermost for centuries; if we were to relax a single muscle, Humanity would be struck down.

Do not say then that Europe is "mad," but rather that Germany is infuriated; do not say that this war was "fated," for that would justify Prussia, who alone wished for it and perpetrated it with all her ponderous will, tumbling down with her shells the lofty column of better times which had been raised by a century of human exertions; but say that this war is necessary in face of this challenge on the part of sinister force; say that it is clear and logical, the most *humane* of any, the most deliberate the world has ever seen; say that notwithstanding its millions of mourners and all its

miseries and anguish, it was, in its calm acceptance of horrors, the most holy of wars for France, a war "with clean hands and pure heart," a war of the serene Republic, who thereby is covering herself before history with a glory stainless and more dazzling than the purple in which the master of massacres will be smothered.

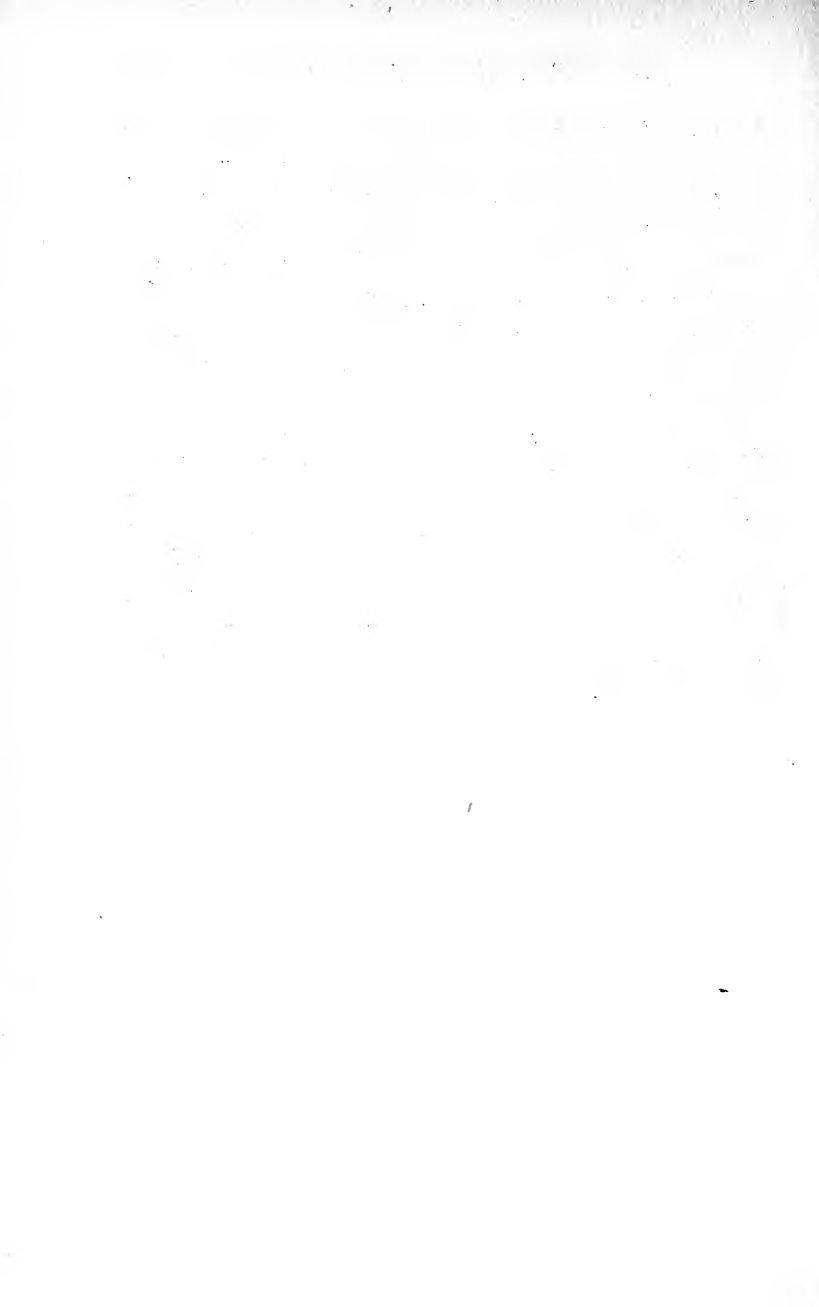
This, then, is the cause of France, which all her Allies have adopted; this is the instinct which has united them according to diplomatic agreements, or, if need be, in spite of them; and this is the meaning of our future victory, which none of us must either sully or lessen, for we are drawn into the conflict by principles greater than ourselves: Democracy against Despotism, the extension of the Revolution, disarmament by the conquerors, harmony against hegemony, the free unity of the human mind and the free federation of peoples, including Germany herself when, in the hour of her defeat, she shall have received republican baptism by the generous blood of the sons of France.

What matter if this dream appears too fair? Something of it will survive in the reality of tomorrow. What matter if men's infirmities have contributed to the grandeur of events? What matter if the sowers in furrows which flow with blood, blinded by the red fumes, do not all see the seed they scatter on the wind of the shots which whistle by bringing freedom in their train? And what matter if, on the morrow of the war, the babel of all those voices which have been hushed for a time allows its confusion to ascend to heaven? What matter if such and such a deed is disclosed, if a man here and there

is at fault? From the first day of all, Germany has sanctified the splendour of the cause of France by her infamous aggression, and already the noblest of her sons, one by one, are bowing to the truth.

That is why, with all things shaking around me, I claim at least this supreme joy, the loftiest of the thinking mind, of being able to embrace a certainty—that the dreadful crime of Germany will be engraved on the rock for ever.

And that is why, in writing this book, I experience only one regret, and that is that it has been written by a Frenchman. Fain would I have been a foreigner and a neutral, free to give my love to whom I chose, that I might rush to France, who makes her bruised breast a shield for all nations, that I might acclaim her Queen of Humanity, kiss her feet in the blood-stained mire, and cling close to her heart, in which beats the everlasting rhythm of Right.



PART II

THE ROMAIN ROLLAND CASE, 1914-1916

*To serve as an explanation of the volume
"Above the Battle"*

N.B.—All references to Romain Rolland's book, *Above the Battle*, are to the English translation by C. K. Ogden (George Allen & Unwin, London, 1916).

I. A CRITICISM OF ROMAIN ROLLAND

*To Marie Milliet,¹⁴¹ Geneva, on the article "Above
the Battle"*

1st December 1914.

MY DEAR MARIE MILLIET,

What a feeling of surprise and sadness does your letter stir in me ! Can it be that Romain Rolland is in Switzerland when the enemy is in France ? Does he not even feel the compelling impulse to watch with us through these nights of anguish, on a soil still hot with battle, shaken by the roaring of the cannon, and trembling with the heavy tramp of marching hordes ? Had he but stolen away in silence, hiding heaven knows what reasons in his breast ! But no ; he has slammed the door in going forth, and shaken off the dust of his feet as he passed the threshold. He has given the impression that he fled from France as from an ungodly land, stained like others with a share of the great crime.¹⁴² Had not you been so cruel as to send me his own article, I would have spurned the rumour of his departure as a base and vulgar calumny of envious rivals, stung to the quick by his rapid rise to fame. What can be his purpose ? What madness leads him astray ? Whither can he go, when the many needs of France call for all ser-

vices, when thousands of civil ambulances—where he might have tended Germans too—demand the best efforts of the most willing men ; when, above all, poets like him ought to face the noble task of urging the souls of France to moral conscription, of keeping vigil before the altar of faith and guarding its holy fire against the gusts of panic or the breath of perfidy ?¹⁴³ True, he is taking his part in an institution quite praiseworthy in itself, working as it does in Switzerland and under Swiss direction, but one which, as an “*International Agency for Prisoners of War*”—that is, bound, in point of fact, to aid either army impartially—allows him also, the Bard of the Revolution, to advertise the world that he takes his place among the *neutrals*. Nay, in that work he rubs shoulders every day with Germans ; and, you tell me, he assures these very Germans that he holds Germany “incapable of carrying on the savage war of which she is accused.” Ah, my friend, if you did not assure me on your honour that you had heard these words from the lips of Romain Rolland, and if I did not know you, as all your acquaintance know you, for the soul of truth, I should cry shame on the monstrous falsehood. Do you hear me, Milliet, I should cry shame on the monstrous falsehood !

Alas, I have read his article ! What a distorted logic is *there* ! What a clash of contradictions ! Most astonishing of all are the sentences with which he opens his subject, in which, with tears of admiration dripping from his pen, he transcribes the sublime letters of two of his young French friends departing for the great crusade.

“The armies of the Republic will secure the

triumph of democracy in Europe and complete the work of the Convention. . . . An enthusiasm, like an outburst of Marseillaise, thrills them; heroic, earnest and even religious. . . . We are opening a new era in the world. We are dispelling the nightmare of the materialism of a mailed Germany and of armed peace. It will fade like a phantom before us. . . . Reassure your Viennese friend, France is not about to die; it is her resurrection which we see. For throughout history—Bouvines, the Crusades, Cathedrals, the Revolution—we remain the same, the knights-errant of the world, the paladins of God.”

Well done! proud and living words, as of prophets who in their exultation are clear-sighted, as of Frenchmen who intuitively have perceived the meaning of this war from the first moment! Sad that it is but a quotation, that the master who received these letters has not learnt from his pupils, and that in reassuring his Viennese friend he has lost assurance himself! On the same page, on the same column, some twenty lines before, to this confession of faith, which he admires and places in the forefront of his articles, he precludes a greeting, dithyrambic after his fashion, to all the youth of the world, *including the German youth*, “whom a common ideal has tragically brought into conflict” with our own! You wonder? I repeat, “a common ideal,” the very words of Romain Rolland. To violate the neutrality of Belgium and to rush to its defence—*the same ideal!* To kindle the flames that consume the Library of Louvain, and to throw ourselves into the fire in order to smother it—*the same ideal!* To shoot by scores women and children, old men and priests, and to dare the executioner in order to save them—

the same ideal! To pillage, sack, destroy, to fling oneself upon the world in order to enthrall its ruins; and to rise in arms to defend our Western inheritance and the safety of humanity—*the same ideal!* Even so, doubtless, the two armies in either camp in the plains of the Marne and of Marathon were inspired by the same lofty purpose!¹⁴⁴

Nor does he stop there, poor man! The same young friends whose *Credo* he allowed us to hear as they were chanting it before battle, like the pæan of a soul inspired with the nobility of its cause, he speaks of in the next column: he speaks of them as herds driven to the slaughter. Was there ever Gordian knot more tangled? As for the epic of the war, it is to him but “monstrous”; for, mind you, he speaks of the French people in the same breath as if it were entitled to the same place as the German people:

“Again the venerable refrain is heard: ‘The fatality of war is stronger than our wills.’ The old refrain of the herd that makes a god of its feebleness and bows down before him. . . . The most striking feature in this monstrous epic, the fact without precedent, is the unanimity for war in each of the nations engaged.”

You hear it, heroic youths “who set forth to open a new era in history”; who enter the furnace pale, not with terror, but with frenzy, who bare your breasts to the storm of bullet and shell, so that the blood-stains may spurt upwards, high above you and fashion a diadem to Justice, and that your nameless Deaths may give birth to supreme reality. This faith which puts you into ecstasy is but vain, this splendour is but “monstrous.” You are merely the victims and the dupes of a pitiful illusion, and

the utmost your friend can do for you is "not to disturb your joy" (*sic*). You fancied that this hell was let loose because Germany's will for war was stronger than France's will for peace? Illusion, I tell you, all illusion! So soon as the aggressor, like you, lays claim to right, it follows that no one can be in the wrong. You may try to disentangle the web in order to find Truth, you may sift the arguments in order to discover Justice. Vain Cartesian objectivity! Childish and empty play of words, how feeble when compared with the subjectivity of Kant! To examine facts, to study documents, the very confessions of the criminals, and the universal judgment of the nations? All quibbling and hair-splitting! How much deeper and truer that dark Hegelian confusion, that blending of opposites, in which your friend delights! At length, so tangled becomes the thread of his thoughts that he breaks the skein, refuting, so to say, his own refutations and contradicting his own contradictions: "There is not one amongst the leaders of thought in each country who does not proclaim with conviction that the cause of his people is the cause of God, the cause of liberty and of human progress. And I, too, proclaim it."

What? that he too believes in the just cause of France, that he does not hold that her cause and that of Germany should be flung into the same sack and hurled together into Sheol? Praised be the gods for this late repentance; for we had almost come to believe that this impartial judge, in his innermost soul, had decided *against* France, and that only a remnant of cowardly shame hindered him from pronouncing a clear, logical, and open sentence! . . .

But since it is not so, since he "proclaims" that "the cause of France is that of liberty and of human progress," then surely it was hardly worth the trouble to daub the pages with nearly five hundred lines of insinuation of the opposite; and what about the "monstrous epic," what about the "herds," the "common ideal setting two nations at issue"?—But mercy! mercy on us!

After such a deplorable muddle one might well hope for a *Finis*. Not at all; Romain Rolland has by no means completed his self-destruction. The *Journal de Genève* contains yet stronger stuff; a mania so acute must of necessity lead to a transport of frenzy, and upset the whole equilibrium of the brain.

Like his "Viennese friend," doubtless, and like all the German intellectuals, Romain Rolland is obsessed with the Russian peril. He sets side by side, in the same phrase, the German invasion of Belgium and the Russian threat against East Prussia. He pits the provocation against the reply, an outrage on justice against an act of war.¹⁴⁵ From this astounding performance, had one no other knowledge, one would gather that the attack came simultaneously from all sides, that the "torrent of Cossack cavalry" was let loose upon Königsberg, "the city of Kant," at the very moment in which the Uhlan bands were flung upon Liège. And on the "devouring Tsarism" Romain Rolland is never weary of dilating. It is no purpose of mine to discuss here the internal politics of our Allies during the years before the war. But I have every reason to suppose, from this very article, that the sympa-

thies of its author must have been with liberal Russia, and every right to conclude that if ever there took place a demonstration in France in favour of *that* Russia, Rolland had hastened to support it. Now you remember, dear friend, that, in the spring of 1911, the paper I had recently founded took the initiative in a commemoration of Tolstoi, who had just died. A committee was formed, which included the greatest names in our world of letters, Maeterlinck at their head. The vast amphitheatre of the Sorbonne was thronged with an enthusiastic crowd, and thousands of people, unable to gain a place, surged outside its doors. In turn, Frédéric Passy, Anatole France, Séverine, declaimed words to the glory of the Russian apostle who summed up in his person his whole suffering nation. On the platform, in their national costumes, proscribed Russian students uttered their plaintive chants, full of longing for their home. It was a moving spectacle, never forgotten by any of those who were present; it was a manifestation which, in those surroundings, assumed a resounding importance. One man, in a formal letter, had refused me his countenance and even the use of his name. That man was Romain Rolland.

Here endeth the first lesson!

But there is another case of forgetfulness, still more amazing. In the same article I read: "Let us be bold and proclaim the truth to the elders of these young men, to their moral guides, to their religious and secular leaders, to the Churches, the great thinkers, the leaders of Socialism; these living riches, these treasures of heroism you held in your hands, for what are you squandering them? What ideal have you

held up to the devotion of these youths, so eager to sacrifice themselves? . . . Granted that the Churches, the leaders of the labouring classes, the intellectual chiefs, did not will the war: what have they done to prevent it?" Forsooth, this passes the lawful limits of amnesia! Is it the French or the Germans that Romain Rolland is reproaching? Must we really teach him the history of the last ten years, of which he seems to have no glimmering notion—those years fretted by vain efforts, saturated with our useless sweat? . . . What has the French Labour Party done to prevent the war? All—more than all; at times a little too much. Who, pray, were the Hervéists of Hervé's first phase? Who were those who vaunted the idea of a general strike in case of war, without ever securing a similar assurance from the Socialists beyond the frontier? Were they French or Germans? And from which country came those Parliamentarians who, feeling the lowering thunderbolt impending over Europe, hurried, in the hope of averting it, to the Berne conference in numbers thrice, nay, five times as great as those of the opposite Parliament? Was it from Germany or from France, that throng of simple-hearted, well-wishing people? I advise Romain Rolland to consult his doctor about amnesia and the best cure for it. But, even if our endeavours to further peace *had* fallen short of what they should be, is the accuser properly qualified to hurl censure at us? At the time when, according to our *Livre Jaune* (article 6, report of M. Jules Cambon), the "manifestations of certain excited spirits or of unscrupulous intriguers"—manifestations far from expressing the feelings of the nation—began in France

their hullabaloo in reply to the discordant uproar of Pangermanism, who opposed them, by pen or in speech, in the street or in the meeting-hall, despite insult and bodily assault? Was it M. Rolland or those he chides that supported Ruysen at the *Manège du Panthéon*?¹⁴⁶ M. Rolland was sitting comfortably at home preening and pruning the revised proofs of his *Jean Christophe*. Finally, on the 31st July 1914, when the storm-cloud big with lightning, on the point of bursting, hung muttering thunder over Europe, in those tragic and supreme hours which seemed to us to condense centuries, and to hold in suspense the destinies of the world, but in which we were all comforted by the absolute evidence that France at least was without blame—who then tried a last effort, after all possible effort had been spent, still to stay the deluge of blood, to deprive German crime of every pretext; who then strained his last breath to beg for the removal of the French troops—as, in fact, they were removed—ten kilometres from the burning line, even though the Uhlan horses were already neighing on the frontier posts? who but the grandest of these “Socialist tribunes” anathematised by Romain Rolland? And, while Rolland was loafing in Switzerland, Jaurès was dying for the honour of France.

I had all but forgotten the note of buffoonery which Dante strikes every now and then in the midst *Inferno*,¹⁴⁷ by way of finishing a canto. I do not know, in fact, what instrument Romain Rolland employs to trumpet out his invectives against the intellectuals “who did nothing, before the war, to prevent it.” He has the face to pretend that no nation had the courage to oppose Chauvinism. But what I know pertinently

is that in June 1912, in the ever-haunting sense of danger, which we combated with all the more obstinacy as we felt it more imminent, it was certain Frenchmen—Frenchmen again!—who formed the idea of inviting the Germans to found with them a committee of Intellectual Agreement, the motto for which, not without reason, was “*Pour mieux se connaître*” (To know each other better).¹⁴⁸ Speedily there sprang up on both sides a lively eagerness, which in the French was not devoid of merit and of courage to boot, since they resolved inwardly to check any rancour, however just, and outwardly to defy all outrage, however vile. Now, among the French portion of the committee were these names: Louis Havet, Gabriel Compayré, Gabriel Séailles, E. Durkheim, Lévy-Bruhl, Léopold Mabileau, Victor Margueritte, Edouard Herriot, J.-H. Rosny the elder, Maurice Maeterlinck, Emile Verhaeren.

But what name is missing, amid all these others? Is it possible, is it believable, that *he* was not requested to join? Not so; for the General Secretary of this committee of Agreement among intellectuals who made no sincere effort to prevent this impious war, was no other than the present narrator.¹⁴⁹ Yes, the writer who, by his affinities, by his friendships, even by the moral canvass and the character of his novels and his reputation for nobility, seemed marked out to figure in the list where his name is now conspicuous by its absence—this writer was urged, strongly urged, to join us; and, in a formal letter, that writer refused his consent. His name was Romain Rolland.¹⁵⁰

Here endeth the second lesson!

Alas ! the spectacle is no doubt amusing ; a mandarin, yesterday so prudent, to-day playing the part of an Ezekiel, and imputing to others the shortcomings which he alone exemplified when those whom now he assails summoned him to action ! But it is a heart-breaking spectacle nevertheless—the collapse of an intelligence, the downfall of a moral power, the discrowning of a poet. Such is the fate of him who claims to outsoar “ mad ” humanity, to be “ above the battle,” in *his* words—in ours to shun the ranks of heroes ; such is the fate of him who flatters himself with the hope of being, in twenty years, when the storm has passed, the One and Only who shall have been right by taking no side ; such is the fate of him who, by failing to confess the Right, has condoned the Crime, has found but a sigh for the violation of Belgium,¹⁵¹ instead of that great indignant outcry by which the Humane know each other throughout the world and mark themselves off for ever from the horde of the Impure ; and thus it is that in spite of himself he has allowed a name honoured in France to be turned against France¹⁵² ; thus it is, further, that, to the scandal of the humble folks and the joy of the malicious, he has cast upon the noble humanitarian ideas, of which he passed as a representative, the unjustest of suspicions (as if the temple were shaken by the fall of a false god’s statue, as if it were not these very ideas, born of the Revolution, that inspire the strength of France in the trenches against the barbarian) ; thus it is, finally, that, scanning the poor “ herds ” from the height of his lofty pity, he has no inkling of the true meaning of the sublimest epic in the records of history,

that he sees not in this welter of blood principles warring over the corpses for the supremacy of consciences and for the destiny of Humanity, and that he remains, in fact, a blindfolded watcher perched on a pinnacle.

II. PREFACE TO THE *APPEAL TO ROMAIN ROLLAND*

THE following article appeared in *La Revue* of the 1st and 15th November, 1915.¹⁵³ The incident with which it deals might well have been left in its insignificance, and has, in fact, no other meaning than that it points to a certain mental twist. It will be recalled how the *Temps* of 7th July, 1915, announced that the name of Romain Rolland appeared on the list of a German league, the *New Fatherland*. At a time of war, and by reason of the dubious attitude taken up by him in Switzerland during the war, a Frenchman like Romain Rolland assuredly owed an immediate explanation to the most important paper of his own country. Of three things one. Either his name had been stolen by the League, and he ought at once to have raised a vigorous protest. Or, his name had been lent to the list in a moment of inadvertent complaisance, and now, instructed by the *Temps* as to the consequences of his folly, Romain Rolland ought publicly to have withdrawn his name, while pleading the purity of his motives. Or, finally, he had given his name in full knowledge of the state of affairs and in accordance with his principles; if so, he ought to keep it on the list and openly vindicate his adhesion. On each of these suppositions, an explanation is due. It is vain to din in my ears, as is being ceaselessly done,

that Rolland never defends himself. It is not true. Under the pressure of my *Revue* article, he gave, in the *Hommes du Jour*, a personal declaration on this point, but only on the 27th of November, namely, a hundred and forty-three days after the statement in the *Temps*.¹⁵⁴ Further, with reference to his connection with this same German league, he had addressed a long defence to the Bernese paper *Der Bund* of the 18th February, 1915.¹⁵⁵ Now, how much simpler and how much more convenient for all, if he had explained himself already in July, in the *Temps*! Instead of that, what do we see? The numbers of the *Bulletin* of the League which contained the name of Romain Rolland were suddenly reprinted, and in this new edition his name was silently omitted. Straightway his maladroit friends, breaking the seal of silence, tumble over one another in their eagerness to announce that he had never "taken part" in the league, never been a "member" of it. Nor had I ever asserted that he was a member. I said that his name appeared on the lists. But of these lists scarcely a mention is made, and by the most interested party less than by anybody; or only in veiled words, such as to throw a discreet pall over the facts, and to cast on my statement a suspicion of calumny. This word "calumny" having indeed been used in the French press, and this very accusation having been made against me (by M. Paul Seippel in the *Journal de Genève*, 28th November), I publish a facsimile of the *Bulletin* of the League, which will prove my good faith. What should we deduce from this incident? First, that this debate ought to have remained a moral debate,

carried on aboveboard, in open day, resting as it did on such serious principles; and ought not to have degenerated into quibblings by the fault of my opponents. Secondly, that, if the majority of the founders of this league rank among the most liberal of Germans (?), it is not less true that many names of Pangermans adorn the list, and this, doubtless, not without design. Finally, that this "New Fatherland," with which the league concerns itself, is a new *German* Fatherland, and that, while hoping to see it one day set to work to expiate the villainies of the *old*, a Frenchman, in time of war, can greet it with but a cautious interest. We doubt not the innocence of Rolland's intent when he inscribed, had inscribed, or found inscribed, without loud protest, his name among these other names. The incident shows to what aberrations of judgment his neutralist doctrines can lead him. We do not cry out treason. We do not cry out shame. We simply note a want of tact in his dealings with France. That is all: and that is too much.

* * *

THE following letter was twice sent, registered, to Romain Rolland at Geneva, on 1st January and 3rd February, 1916. The second time the receipt proves that it was delivered.

MY DEAR ROLLAND,

Let us throw to the winds our self-esteem. *Noblesse oblige* for both of us. Let us rise to the level of these tragic events.

Starting from the same principles—horror of war

and an ardent desire of Justice—we have practically arrived at two absolute antipodes. Yet each of us is convinced that he is right. And neither of us, it is certain, is capable of despising the other.

In the name of our old friendship, compounded of affection on your side and of admiration on mine, let the beautiful letter that you wrote me on the death of my father inspire us; and above our differences, “let us turn to God Who will conquer, by our arms or by others; Who will conquer.”

In order to eliminate the most painful part of my polemic, I make a last appeal; I do not ask you to recant; I merely ask you to acknowledge facts. Here is my suggestion:

Everything¹⁶⁶ that I am about to reprint concerning your relations with the “League of the New Fatherland” will be suppressed—the volume is ready and only awaits my authorisation for its issue—and replaced by the following declaration:

“Romain Rolland, who was not a member of the ‘League of the New Fatherland’ and consequently did not belong to it,¹⁶⁷ acknowledges that his name appeared in six numbers of the *Bulletin* of the League, in the list of persons who supported the League, and he declares that he has withdrawn his name from it.

“Paul Hyacinthe Loyson, on his side, paying respect to Romain Rolland’s loyalty, gladly suppresses everything in this volume that referred to the incident now closed. This has been done in the thought of a sacred union in front of the enemy.

“Signed: ROMAIN ROLLAND; P. H. L.”

Do you accept, my dear Rolland ? We should offer a fruitful example, and should be worthy of our France.

P. H. L.

Romain Rolland did not reply.

III. APPEAL TO ROMAIN ROLLAND

25th October 1915.

AT the present moment a petition is being circulated among men of letters, journalists, primary teachers, and the like, soliciting their signatures with a view to a public celebration in honour of Romain Rolland. The character of this petition is clear from the following passage: "It has been said that Romain Rolland represents nobody but himself. But hear the facts. 'I speak,' he writes, 'to relieve my own conscience, and I am sure that at the same time I shall relieve that of thousands of others who, in all countries, cannot or dare not speak.'" We may say that there are, not thousands, but millions of Frenchmen who, like Rolland, feel pity for the frightful woes inflicted on the human race by this war. If such is the meaning of the address, this feeling is too much in accordance with the traditions of French humanity to prevent any of our fellow-citizens from signing it with alacrity.

But the real question is whether, in the minds of the promoters of this homage to the fine writer of *Jean Christophe*, there may not lurk in the petition an idea of committing those who sign it to approval of the doctrine of *Above the Battle*—to approval, that is to say, of that view which assigns the responsibility for

the war in equal shares to Germany and France. "Both parties," writes the author of that pamphlet, "have alike sought for pretexts to justify their crimes"—a sentence which deprives every signatory of this plebiscite of all excuse for doing so in ignorance.

Were this but the comparatively trifling affair of one man's conscience, we should spend no words upon it. But when there are men who struggle to enlarge it into a question of national conscience, it becomes dangerous; and here a circumstance, revealed by the *Temps* on 7th July last, assumes considerable importance. That article, fully supported by documents, was as follows: "From the outbreak of the war, German propagandists have conformed themselves, with great adroitness, to the military situation of the Empire. . . . After the victory on the Marne . . . the Imperial Government, perceiving that the war would be long, and that there was no more any hope of a crushing triumph, sought allies abroad, and even in the camp of its foes. . . . No longer expecting to conquer, Germany none the less seeks auxiliaries among the pacifists of all nations."

It is in this manner that the article informs us of the foundation of a German league, "The New Fatherland" (*Bund Neues Vaterland*), "the list of whose members and correspondents is very instructive, with its curious mixture of professors and politicians, of ambiguous publicists and dreamers," among whom we find four notorious intellectuals, signatories of the manifesto of the Ninety-three professors. Further, the *Bund* announced that it is in "constant relations" with certain ambiguous foreign societies, such as the Netherlands Anti-War League, which has

never protested against the violation of Belgium; the London Union of Democratic Control, which is still circulating, after thirteen months, a pamphlet with German sympathies, issued on 17th September, 1914, before the publication of the most important documents; the Spanish Committee of Friends of European Moral Unity, which has refused to make a choice between the belligerents or to pronounce on the question of right; Dr. Broda's Austrian League of Human Progress; and the Committee for the Attainment of a Lasting Peace, which sprang from the abortive Berne congress, and whose German bias is plainly visible.¹⁸ "How," asks the *Temps*, "could the German members of the *Bund* bring themselves to this painful alliance with the enemy?" And it answers, "If they can serve the cause of Germany, they will not hesitate to clasp the hand of a man whom, if he arose in their own country, they would call a traitor." Note, however, that not one of the members of the British Union of Democratic Control has dared to give his personal adhesion to the German League.

The *Temps* adds: "On the list of the adherents of the 'League' there is found no English name. But a French name *does* occur, that of M. Romain Rolland, of Geneva." It concludes: "Despite appearances, the 'League' is nothing but a German engine of war."

Against this assertion of the *Temps*, Rolland uttered not a word of protest.

Trusting in the good faith of a great paper, so justly renowned for its accuracy, and acting under the impulse of a natural indignation, the author of an article attacking Rolland's views, which was about

to appear in *La Revue*, took the opportunity of adding some touches to his work ; he impressed on it, while giving this passage from the *Temps*, a stamp of considerable asperity, but at the same time he avowed himself ready, should the information prove incorrect, for a public apology.¹⁵⁹

Some days after this number of *La Revue* reached Geneva, the war-residence of Rolland, the *Temps* of 3rd September returned to the point. "One of our Geneva friends writes to us that he has procured the list of *adherents*¹⁶⁰ of the German *Bund*. I assert, says he, that on this list, the last published, the name of M. Romain Rolland does not appear, and I know, *from a sure source*, that he has never been a *member*" (the italics are our own).¹⁶¹ The *Temps* inserted, without comment, this correction of its July article, belated and ambiguous as it was ; and M. Rolland still kept silence.

Not till the 10th October did he break it. On that day, in a Paris evening daily, he addressed an open letter to one of his followers, who, ten days before, had declared in the same paper that *Above the Battle* belongs to history as certainly as "la bataille des Eparges" (*sic*)—in which thousands of Frenchmen died to deliver their country and to defend the Right. (The pen of the disciple seems to have played him false ; he must have meant to write that *Above the Battle* is immortal by the same title as the Battle of the Marne.) Not even this amazing assertion extorted any protest from Rolland ; it shows, however, clearly enough, the lengths to which enthusiasm can lead the men who desire to do him homage. The letter of the master having appeared, the disciple (who is

characterised as "a dear friend") returns to the charge, and reasserts that "Rolland has never been, is not, and never will be, a member of any association: he himself has said so." And Rolland did not contradict him.

Three days after this second, and categorical denial by a friend, on the 13th October, there came to light in the war-archives of an allied nation, a document beyond dispute, the *first* list of adherents of the German League. The *Temps* of 7th July had made no mistake: *the name of Romain Rolland was there*. On the last page, line 28, between those of Rudolph Goldscheid, Vienna, and Björnson, temporarily at Berlin (z. *Zt. Berlin*), it runs thus: "Romain Rolland, Genf."¹⁶² It is to be found in *five* of the first *six Bulletins*, the only ones, as far as my latest information goes, that have certainly been published. In one number (the second, entitled *What would Bismarck do?—Was thäte Bismarck?*) it is suppressed; and if the omission is not accidental, it is fitting to give a Frenchman the benefit of this short-lived exhibition of shame. Immediately afterwards, from the third number onwards, the name reappears in its old position.¹⁶³

But now let us examine the spirit of the League—an interesting question and one which may tend to raise the level of the discussion. That spirit is, in a word, for Germans liberal, for Frenchmen, the victims of German aggression, atrocious. There is in it a minimum of liberalism, which, in any other country, would be a maximum of nationalism; and even that minimum appears exclusively in a lengthy manifesto against annexationist designs whose

authors the Berlin Government prosecutes for high treason. [In this connection we may recall that a similar manifesto, addressed by eight hundred combatants and officers of the German Social Democratic party to its executive committee (*Vorstand*), met with all the rigours of martial law, although the Imperial Government took care to communicate its entire text by wireless to all the countries of the world as a proof of the good feeling which sways the German nation.] In the League's manifesto occur the following passages (the complete translation may be found in *L'Humanité*, from 22nd to 30th September):

“The propagation of this piece of folly” (the annexationist) “is perilous, as rendering difficult the conclusion of a peace *such as we require*. *So far from dividing our enemies*, we thus cement their union. . . . Nothing could be more insane, *or more harmful to German interests*. Is the annexation of Belgium *desirable or fatal* for Germany? Should we aim, at the conclusion of peace, at keeping the country, or treat it *as a pledge to extort advantages* elsewhere?—All the aims of Germans interested in the Belgian railways can easily be attained by certain arrangements in the treaty. . . . Freed from the annexationist menace, the English will probably, after the war, retain sufficient dislike for compulsory service to crush all designs for its permanent retention. . . . It is quite otherwise with *trifling rectifications of the Franco-German frontier, particularly in the Vosges*, which may well be of great military importance in a defensive sense. . . . The violation of Belgian neutrality has given almost everywhere the *impression* of an appalling catastrophe, especially deplorable in its

effect upon *neutral opinion*. . . . They" (the German Swiss) "recognise, in the necessities of lawful defence, extenuating circumstances. . . . Necessity is gradually producing an agreement, *conformable to the military situation*, and, *let us hope*, to a future situation *as favourable as that of to-day*. . . . *Let us not trouble ourselves about others*, who, after sacrifices as great as our own, *may well be consumed with rage*. . . . *Let us think only of ourselves*. We must have effective guarantees, to secure our position as a great Power, and we must therefore *utilise as pledges the territories now occupied by our troops*. . . . *Naturally enough, we have in view colonial acquisitions, frontier guarantees, war indemnities*; possibly also naval bases and coaling stations." (The italics are ours.)¹⁶⁴

When "the most liberal" of Germans can rise to such heights of magnanimity, there is no need for wonder or praise beyond measure. Their mouths are full of "interests"; never a word for justice. But what ought a Frenchman to think of it? Romain Rolland is no niggard of pen and ink. Yet has he ever protested publicly against these demands of his former colleagues?

As for certain of these co-signatories, what of the famous manifesto of the Ninety-three to which they put their hand? It is precisely the immortal works that suffer oblivion, for we dispense ourselves from re-reading them.

"The just and noble cause of Germany. . . . It is not true that Germany provoked the war. . . . It is not true that our soldiers have ever attacked the life or property of a single Belgian citizen, save when compelled by the hard necessity of a lawful defence"

Der § 3 der Satzungen des Bundes „Neues Vaterland“ befaßt ausdrücklich, daß der Bund eine wirkliche Arbeitsgemeinschaft darstellen soll, d. h. die Mitgliedschaft wird nicht dadurch erworben, daß jemand den vorgegebenen Mitgliedsbeitrag bezahlt, es wird vielmehr von jedem ordentlichen Mitglied andauernde und nachdrückliche Mitarbeit für die Ziele des Bundes erwartet. Unter dieser Voraussetzung erfolgt die Aufnahme, bei der auch entsprechend den Satzungen von der Zahlung des Beitrages abgesehen werden kann.

Die Mitglieder und Freunde des Bundes werden ständig durch Rundschreiben über die Tätigkeit des Bundes in Kenntnis gesetzt.

Seit der Begründung des Bundes im November 1914 ist der Bund mit einer Reihe von Gelehrten und Schriftstellern in Verbindung getreten, die im Sinne seiner Bestrebungen sich ganz oder teilweise übereingehend geäußert haben. So u. a.: Lujo Brentano, Franz von Pijst, Otfried Rippold, Pammaisch-Salzburg, von Scala-Innsbrud, Hans Delbrüd-Berlin, Albert Ofterrieth-Berlin, Walther Schüding-Marburg*, Hans Wehberg-Düsseldorf, Ferdinand Tönnies-Kiel, Lic. Siegmund-Schulze*, Richard Calwer-Berlin, Herbert Eulen-berg*, Alexander Freiherr von Gleichen-Nußwurm*, Ernst Schulze-Großborstel, Heinrich Noeßler-Frankfurt a. M.*, Hellmuth von Gerlach*, Vorschafter a. D. Graf Anton von Montz, Gejandter a. D. Wirkl. Geh. Rat Graf von Lenden, Geheimrat Arnold-Dresden*, Ernst Sieper-München*, Leopold von Wiese-Cöln, Carl Lamprecht-Leipzig, Mar Desnoir, Albert Einstein-Berlin*, Paul Deussen-Kiel, Carl Brockhaus-Wien, Wilhelm Herzog, Walther Federn („Der österreichische Volkswirt“), Rudolf Goldscheid-Wien*, Romain Rolland-Genf, Björnson z. St. Berlin, Prof. Opet-Kiel*, Baron von Schneider-München*, Prof. Quidde-München*, Direktor Archenhold-Treptow*, Konjul a. D. Dr. Schlieben, Geheimrat Adolf Schmidt-Potsdam (Prof. der Astro-nomie) u. a.

U. a. sind die mit *) bezeichneten Männer Mitglieder des Bundes.

Der Vorsitzende des Bundes ist Rittmeister a. D. Kurt von Tepper-Laski, der stellvertretende Vorsitzende ist Ingenieur Graf Georg von Arco.

Alle Brieffsendungen bitte nur an die Geschäftsstelle des Bundes ohne Namensnennung zu richten: Bund „Neues Vaterland“, Berlin W. 50, Tauentzienstr. 9 (Sprechstunden 9--1 Uhr).

(For Translation see overleaf.)

PLATE I

THE NAMES OF ROMAIN ROLLAND AND OF FOUR OF THE “NINETY-THREE”

Statute 3 of the League “New Fatherland” (*Neues Vaterland*) expressly provides that the League shall be a real association of workers, that is, that membership shall not be obtainable by payment of the statutory subscription, but every ordinary member shall be expected to co-operate steadily and earnestly towards the objects of the League. Election takes place on that condition, and in accordance with the statutes the payment of the subscription may be remitted. The members and friends of the League are kept constantly informed of the activity of the League by means of circulars.

Since the foundation of the League in 1914, the League has entered into relations with a number of scholars and writers, who have expressed themselves wholly or partially in sympathy with its aims. For example, *Lujo Brentano*, *Franz von Liszt*, Otfried Nippold, Lammasch (Salzburg), von Scala (Innsbruck), Hans Delbrück (Berlin), Alberth Osterrieth (Berlin), Walther Schücking* (Marburg), Hans Wehberg (Düsseldorf), Ferdinand Tönnies (Kiel), Lic. Siegmund* (Schultze), Richard Calwer (Berlin), Herbert Eulenberg,* Alexander Freiherr von Gleichen* (Russwurm), Ernst Schultze (Grossborstel), Heinrich Roessler (Frankfort on Maine), Hellmuth von Gerlach*, the former Ambassador Count Anton von Monts, the former Envoy Privy Councillor Count von Leyden, Privy Councillor Arnhold* (Dresden), Ernst Sieper* (Munich), Leopold von Wiese (Cologne), Carl Lamprecht (Leipsic), Max Dessoir, Albert Einstein* (Berlin), Paul Deussen (Kiel), Carl Brockhausen (Vienna), Wilhelm Herzog, Walther Federn (“Der österreichische Volkswirt”), Rudolf Goldscheid* (Vienna), *Romain Rolland* (*Geneva*), Björnson (temporarily at Berlin), Prof. Opet* (Kiel), Baron von Schneider* (Munich), Prof. Quidde (Munich), Director Archenhold* (Treptow), the former consul Dr. Schlieben, Privy Councillor Adolf Schmidt (Potsdam, Professor of Astronomy), etc.

Names marked with * are those of members of the League.

The President of the League is Captain (retired) Kurt von Tepper-Laski, the Vice-President is Engineer Count Georg von Arco.

Please address all letters only to the office of the League, without mentioning names: League “New Fatherland,” Berlin, W., 50, Tauentzienstrasse 9 (hours of consultation 9-1).

(Louvain Library burnt; total of Belgian civilians massacred, as officially reported up to date, more than five thousand). “. . . The atrocities of these murderers and highwaymen” (lest the reader make a mistake, we may mention that the reference is to Belgian civilians). “. . . It is not true that we criminally violated the neutrality of Belgium. . . . It is not true that we have made war in defiance of the Law of Nations.” (The *Lusitania* and her 1,200 victims.) “The German army and the German people are but one.”

Signed :

LUJO BRENTANO, professor of National Economy
in the University of Munich ;

HERBERT EULENBERG, man of letters ;

KARL LAMPRECHT, professor of History in the
University of Leipzig ;

FRANZ VON LISTZ, professor of Criminal Law in
the University of Berlin.

All these are officially associated with Romain Rolland on the list of the “New Fatherland League.”¹⁶⁵

(See Plate I)

Let us note (1) that “Above the Battle” was published three days after the first bombardment of Rheims cathedral, but no postscript touches upon that crime ;¹⁶⁶ (2) that the Manifesto of the Intellectuals is fourteen days later than that bombardment ; (3) that Romain Rolland’s adhesion to the League came a month later than this Manifesto ;¹⁶⁷ (4) that Lujo Brentano professes a “national economy” which is admirably put into practice by his compatriots in Belgium and Northern France ; (5) that as for Herbert Eulenberg, we have already paid his score ;¹⁶⁸ (6) that

Karl Lamprecht, who died just after consummating his shame, on the 11th May last, was the flunkey-historian of the Kaiser, whom he compared to Charlemagne on the one hand and to Kant on the other, calling him the "incarnation of idealism, set, by the express nomination of Providence, and for the happiness of the human race, on the first throne of the world. The Leipzig professor, in his visionary frenzy, describes the halo of sainthood around the helmet of the evil creature who has profaned the churches of Belgium and bombarded the cathedral of Rheims" (*Temps*, 16th May). Nay, Romain Rolland himself, in his article of 22nd September (column 3), branded with infamy the unbridled Pangermanism of this same Karl Lamprecht, whose colleague he was to become a few weeks later.¹⁶⁹ Lastly, Franz von Listz, whose lectures in criminal law are as thoroughly applied by the German troops in this war as the economic lessons of Brentano, is the man who, in August 1914, preached a federation of European States "under the hegemony of Germany."

Such are the four men among whose names was inscribed that of Romain Rolland.

O ROMAIN ROLLAND, against you we will appeal to yourself. Every man is abject and august, every man is mystery and confusion; but we may endeavour to explain what we cannot excuse, and while we condemn the sin we may be gentle to the sinner. On the first day, without your knowledge, in all sincerity, you surrendered yourself to generosity, to zeal for that ideal which we shared before the war, and which we shall share again on the morrow of peace—provided

William of Hohenzollern finds his St. Helena or his Place de la Révolution. Yes, it is due to you to own that the hell in which humanity is plunged is paved with your good intentions. But the smoke of slaughter has blinded the eyes of your mind. Carried away by the frenzy of pacificism, recalcitrant against all censure, spurred by some demon, you failed to see that, in your path to deliverance, you were shedding one by one your principles, that you were holding them up with your own hand to the treacherous stabs of their enemies, and that your apostleship was turning against your own divinities. Thus it is that, while writing very noble things upon the war, you blend them with absurdities, and that thence results a farrago as repugnant to reason as to conscience, which yet may do much harm if it finds adherents.

For, while France was struggling for Justice, you were not at her side; to defend yourself from filial feelings, you dwell far from the home. And, from this strange exile, you have, in the eyes of the whole world, flung an intolerable suspicion on the French cause—that is, on the cause of Humanity. And on our side of the frontier, within France, thanks to the willing aid of that handful of incendiaries who are its bane, and from whom before the war you stood sternly aloof, you have done all that in you lay to trouble the faith of feeble minds and to dull the edge of the sword drawn for the victory of Right.

Then, when the stunning revelation of Kultur flashed on *your* eyes also, when your fundamental mistake—the misunderstanding of this war—dawned before you, you thought it too late to repair it altogether.

Perhaps, even, you were frightened at your responsibility. Thenceforward—like *der Geist der stets verneint*—you have not blotted your lines, but overloaded them; you own that the Germans have betrayed your confidence, not that your judgment has been deceived; you have scarified the barbarians, not glorified the heroes.¹⁷⁰ And at last, as the controversy grew in bitterness and truth pressed you hard, you took refuge in devices of silence and of vicarious denial which are hardly worthy of the biographer of Michael Angelo, of Beethoven, of Tolstoï.¹⁷¹

All this is human, too human. Many others, who like you have entangled themselves in an untenable position, have in their extremity yielded to a like temptation. The sting to your pride may well be a sufficient punishment; it is not our desire to humiliate you, or to drive you back upon the defences of your own obstinacy. Our aim is the triumph, through you, of the holiest cause which has ever ennobled infamous war; it is our wish that you may return to the recognition of the honesty of the French purpose, and thus aid in the necessary work of renewing the communion of souls in this sacred faith. You must be conscious that here is no wretched controversy between one penman and another, no conflict of personal pride. You must be conscious that our severe and just reproaches have nothing in common with underhand and base attacks on your private character. It is in the name of your own principles, misunderstood by yourself in the thick of the fray, that we have assailed you. The clash is between our two thoughts. We have the war, and we have France, before us. It is a question of our honour, of strengthening

those who fight, of giving a benediction to those who fall. Be sure, however, that if you stiffen yourself in your Manfred attitude, we shall maintain, despite all, your right of error and of blasphemy,¹⁷² and that after the war we shall award our erring brother no punishment but that of silence and of moral loneliness. Be sure, too, that, at the least sign of a hand raised against you, we should make of our bodies a rampart to defend you, remembering *Res sacra miser*.

But, when you are about to assume a definite responsibility, we expect a more virile endeavour on the part of your awakened conscience. The great-souled Luther of old—who had no prevision of a Harnack, the helmeted chaplain of Kultur—uttered the saying, “Sin greatly, and then repent greatly.” Now in accepting, without wincing, the comradeship of four Pangermans, deadly enemies of France, and that in the full tide of war, you committed, with the simplicity of a child, a serious fault. Confess it, and you are forgiven. It will avail nothing to defend yourself or seek refuge in flight. No excuse, no humiliation, but no subterfuge either. Confess honestly that you have “sinned greatly.” The fault was public, and the amends must be public. Your *yea* must be *yea*, and your *nay nay*. And then tear your article “Above the Battle,” have no mercy on a word here or a word there; rend it from top to bottom like the veil of an accursed temple. Do this, Rolland, and the article in *La Revue* shall be torn, and *this* article also shall be torn—I need not say with what joy and what relief!

Brother, prodigal brother, the effort is hard, harder than to submit yourself to death. For that very

reason it is worthy of you. If your nobility is of the same order as the reverence you profess for heroes, you will prove yourself of their blood ; and we, feeling our littleness in comparison, will bend low to unloose the latchet of your shoes. Do this, Rolland, and you shall breast with us the storm ; you shall take your place once more at the tragic hearth of France ; you shall find with us the Humanity which you sought among the Germans. Do this, Rolland, we urge you, and Frenchmen of every party, one-souled in this holy war, will vie to clasp you to their breasts, will honour you from the bottom of their hearts, will decree you a triumph as to the highest of their heroes. That would indeed be a "crowded hour of glorious life." Let the very impossibility of the task be your temptation ; show yourself magnificent, heroic, great ! ¹⁷³

IV. A NOTE TO NEUTRALS

IF after having devoted two articles to the "Romain Rolland Case and Thesis" I collect here in the sequel a whole series of relevant documents, it is not because either the distinguished author or his work, very inferior to his work before the war, deserved in themselves so much interest.

It would be no less an error to seek the cause of this exposition in a personal resentment. I must own it was with reluctance that I sent these pages to the printer. In spite of the facts which I have reported and which show frequently our grave divergence in action, I still maintained before the war fraternal relations with Rolland. In his last note, which I have found, he addresses me by my Christian name and signs himself "Your friend." His *Jean-Christophe* was a household work in my family. His *Beethoven* was what I chose, among a thousand books, as the most beautiful gospel of faith to console my father on his deathbed. I desire to say, finally, at a moment when Rolland is unjustly depreciated, that I attributed, and still attribute, to him something more than talent, a genius coruscating like lightning in a haze. The following are, in fact, the terms in which he was spoken of in my paper: "The man

who resuscitated the strong and pure Beethoven and enabled a world dying of moral asphyxia to breathe again the breath of heroes, is for us much more than a great writer, even than a thinker; he was for us at a decisive moment a guiding soul, a friend."¹⁷⁴

But in the very name of the confidence I reposed in him, but reposed in vain, it was my duty to speak bluntly to him when he failed to answer to the call of the Right, because I could perhaps better than another appreciate the effect produced abroad by this aberrant French thought, and estimate its responsibility by the gravity of the events and the sanctity of the principle involved. At such a crisis of history we may not hesitate to sacrifice a friend, we may not stay to mourn for an admiration that is gone. The greater the mind, the greater the culpability.

Should my disavowal have been tacit, under the pretext that Rolland was exposed to the attacks, sometimes malicious and often extravagant, of Frenchmen who in time of peace are "political adversaries"? Amongst the reproaches which I have to make him not the least of all is that he has risked discrediting the noblest ideal of democrats by burlesquing it in the attempt to defend it, and that he has tricked himself out in our principles in order to play the part of a Sabine woman sighing between us and the invader, that is to say, between the Right and the Wrong. As for submitting our judgment to the whim of former "adversaries," by adopting exactly the opposite of their opinions, whatever they say and even though they should speak the truth, that is an honour which no independent thinker

ought to do to any man ; it is an insult to Truth, for Truth bids us follow her alone through thick and thin ; it is a mode of progression backwards which borders on absurdity.

Let neutrals then be satisfied, on the faith of a Republican, that the theories of Romain Rolland are unanimously reprobated in France by men of all parties, because the debate is not political or even national, but moral. They will find the proof here in extracts from several articles signed by men who are not "chauvinists." The efforts which certain young men made to give Rolland a factitious importance for their own sinister ends miscarried completely. The French Socialist Congress did justice to the attempt once for all by the crushing majority with which they blotted out the little clique of Zimmerwaldians, and by the splendid manifesto which proved that proletariat France rose up like one man with the same impulse as at the first hour of aggression, as if the great soul of Jaurès steeled her, stern and stubborn, with her back to the Right and her face to the Foe.¹⁷⁵

But the apotheosis which failed in France is still being manœuvred abroad, under the oddest pretexts—musical "festivals" in Switzerland and "lectures" in England, where we are told that Rolland is going to hold forth on Shakespeare (*sic*), in the midst of a living tragedy too deep for the genius of Shakespeare himself. Therefore, outside of France Rolland is somebody and his thought counts for something—the manna of all those who partake of the insipid sacrament of neutrality, lacking the teeth to bite into the black bread of outraged Right. There is no

exaggeration even—extravagant as it might seem—in asserting that in certain countries Rolland represents during the war the most sublime incarnation of French idealism, and that he has become literally a sort of sacred being, not to be approached without gestures of veneration.¹⁷⁶ Thus it is a sacrilege which we are about to commit in publishing the texts which follow; it is a bold act to attack such a power.¹⁷⁷

But it is high time, with all due deference, to let these foreign zealots know how deeply the plaudits they bestow on the apostle of *Above the Battle* offend France in the midst of her battle, her limbs crushed by the invasion. It is time to make them see that the gospel they exalt to the skies is nothing short of the implicit denial of the cause of France and of her Allies, which is that of Right and Humanity. It is time, finally, to rouse them to a sense of what is equivocal in an attitude, incoherent in a doctrine, and artificial in a fine book.

This testimony will not be open to suspicion, coming as it does from one who avows, but for different reasons, all the detestation which Rolland himself professes for the horrors of war, who does not relinquish any more than he does, the bruised but still living dream of universal brotherhood, when the Teutons shall become men again, and who cannot be accused of personal enmity, literary detraction, or political hostility towards the poet of *Jean-Christophe*. Such is the object of the following pages.

In certain temples of antiquity the statue of the god on occasions took to speaking in order to utter vague oracles, much to the admiration of the faithful.

How many in the kneeling crowd were aware that the effigy was hollow, and that it was the voice of a mortal, of a simple and very fallible mortal, who had crept from behind into the interior of the divinity? I have shown the aperture in the hollow statue.¹⁷⁸

V. THE "IMMANENT" CONTRADICTIONS 179

"My ideas have never varied."

ROMAIN ROLLAND, 15th March, 1915.

"THE armies of the Republic will ensure the triumph of democracy in Europe and complete the work of the Convention. We are opening a new era in the world. We are dispelling the nightmare of the materialism of a mailed Germany and of armed peace. For throughout history—Bouvines, the Crusades, cathedrals, the Revolution—we remain the same, the knights-errant of the world, the paladins of God. . . . A splendid thing it is to fight with clean hands and a pure heart and to dispense divine justice with one's life." (*Words quoted admiringly by Romain Rolland in the "Journal de Genève," 22nd-23rd September, 1914.*)

"Fatality of war stronger than our wills, the old refrain of the herd that makes a god of its feebleness, and bows down before him. The most striking feature in this monstrous epic . . . (the same epic that is praised above. And how can clean hands execute a monstrous divine justice?)" (*Same article in the "Journal de Genève," 22nd-23rd September, 1914.*)

"You choose to say, like many writers of to-day

who sound the loud trump, that this war dates a new era in the history of mankind. That is always the language of passion. Passion passes away. Reason remains." (It is the same passion admired above, the same new era greeted by Romain Rolland.) (*"Journal de Genève," 15th March, 1915.*)

* *

"There is not one amongst the leaders of thought in each country who does not proclaim with conviction that the cause of his people is the cause of God, the cause of liberty and of human progress. And I, too, proclaim it." (*Ibid.*)

(If the cause of France is for Romain Rolland that of "liberty and human progress," how can the defence of that cause be synonymous with a "monstrous epic"? What becomes of the herd that makes a god of its weakness?—with a small *g* it is true. And how is the following to be explained):

"The efforts of both parties engaged in war" (Triple Alliance and Triple Entente) "to justify their own crimes"? (We are waiting until Romain Rolland is pleased to tell us how the "crimes" of the Triple Entente serve the "cause of human progress)."
(*Ibid.*)

* *

"Could you not (French and Germans) have learned, if not to love one another, at least to tolerate the great virtues and great vices of the other?" (*Ibid.*)

"A certain number of good citizens, French and Germans, have joined together with a view to discovering practical means whereby the warlike current which has again seized old Europe can be stemmed."

(*Appeal of the Franco-German Committee (1912), to which Romain Rolland refused to belong.*)

* * *

“The phrase in your circular to which I made special allusion is that in which you say that ‘having become enemies for the sake of Alsace-Lorraine, France and Germany ought to be reconciled by Alsace-Lorraine.’ It is Alsace-Lorraine’s right to speak like that. But France cannot. Even were France and Germany reconciled, and were centuries of peace to pass over them, the crime committed by Germany against a people of our family would still survive. We may suffer a crime. We cannot say that the crime will ever reunite the victim and the oppressor.” (*Letter of Romain Rolland to the President of the Franco-German Reconciliation Committee, “To know one another better,” published by Romain Rolland in the “Bonnet Rouge,” 10th October, 1915.*)

“My German brethren, here are our hands! In spite of all the lies, in spite of all the hatreds, we shall not be separated. We have need of you, you have need of us, for the greatness of our mind and of our races. We are the two wings of the West. He who breaks one breaks the flight of the other. Let war come! It will not unclasp our hands.” (If the “victim and the oppressor” ought not at any price to be united during peace, how can their hands remain “clasped” fraternally during war?) (*Extract from “Jean-Christophe,” quoted by Romain Rolland in the same article in the “Bonnet Rouge,” 10th October, 1915.*)

* * *

“My experience of committees long ago led me

to decide never to belong to any. A committee is a beast with ten, twenty, or fifty heads: you never know where it may lead you." (*From the same letter of Romain Rolland to the Committee (French) "To know one another better," with his refusal to join it.*)

The Committee of patrons of the "New Fatherland" (German) includes about forty names, and Romain Rolland gave them permission to use his name. When a Committee is *German*, would it be an insult to compare it to a many-headed beast like a vulgar *French* Committee? (See the photograph annexed.)

* * *

"I am not, Gerhardt Hauptmann, one of those Frenchmen who regard Germany as a nation of barbarians." (*Letter to G. Hauptmann.*)

"A telegram from Berlin has just announced that the old town of Louvain, rich in works of art, exists no longer. . . . What are you then, Hauptmann, and by what name do you want us to call you now, since you repudiate the title of barbarians!" (Rolland also then regards them as barbarians.) (*Same letter.*)

* * *

"Not one of those who constitute the moral and intellectual *élite* of Germany, not one really suspects the crimes of his Government, or (one can safely wager) the voluntary devastations of the towns of Belgium and the ruin of Rheims." ("*Cahiers Vauvois*" sur Louvain, Reims, vol. i., p. 15.)

"The letter which I wrote to one of them" (a member of the intellectual *élite* of Germany) "the

day after the brutal voice of Wolff's agency pompously proclaimed that there remained of Louvain no more than a heap of ashes, was received by the entire *élite* of Germany in a spirit of enmity. It is you (the German intellectuals) who, the day after the destruction of Rheims, boasted of it in imbecile pride instead of trying to clear yourselves." (How could they boast of it if they did not suspect it?) ("*Cahiers Vaudois*," same article, pp. 16, 18.)

* * *

"Artists of Germany, I do not doubt your sincerity, but you are no longer capable of seeing the truth." ("*Cahiers Vaudois*," same article, p. 20.)

"The conquered Belgians have robbed you of your glory. You know it. You are enraged because you know it. What is the good of vainly trying to deceive yourselves?" (If they do not "see" the truth, how can they "know" it? If they are "sincere," how can they "try to deceive themselves"?) ("*Cahiers Vaudois*," same article, p. 22.)

* * *

"My German friends, if by some evil fate this spirit" (Prussian militarism) "were to triumph with you in Europe, I would leave Europe for ever. To live there would be disgusting to me." (*Romain Rolland*, in "*Journal de Genève*," 12th October, 1914.)

"No, my dear friend, I shall never get enraged like the rest, even if I saw victorious Germany abuse her victory. If German imperialism gets the upper hand, I shall remain an exile who accepts no other law than that of his conscience." (If *Romain Rolland*, "disgusted" but not "enraged" by Germany's triumph,

is "to remain an exile" in Switzerland, and yet to "leave Europe," whither will he transport Switzerland? (*Romain Rolland, in "Journal de Genève," 4th October, 1915.*)

* * *

"I am convinced to-day, as I was a year ago, that war is a European suicide, a crime against civilisation, and that the peoples who are taking part in it will, later, condemn it even more energetically than I do." (Thus France must also be committing suicide, and be similarly a party to the crime, since she is a portion of the Europe at war?) (*Romain Rolland, in "Hommes du Jour," 21st August, 1915.*)

"I do not admit that a nation" (France) "which fights heroically for liberty . . ." (If France, in defending herself, is committing suicide, if she commits a crime in making war, how the devil is her fighting heroic, and how is she fighting for liberty?) (*"Hommes du Jour," same number.*)

"European society . . . will be realised anew. The war of to-day is its baptism of blood!" (At the same time as its suicide? It is the first time a new-born infant has been known to attempt its own life at the baptismal font.) (*"Above the Battle," p. 151.*)

* * *

"Lack of comprehension wearies me, puts me out of gear. It is more than I can bear. I retire worn out by the blind confusion of the struggle in which the combatants will listen to nothing but the voice of their own passions." (*Romain Rolland, in "Internationale Rundschau," a Germanophile review published in Zurich, 20th July, 1915.*)

“ I am neither discouraged nor disappointed, as so many good apostles keep repeating, who would be very glad if I were.” (*Romain Rolland, in “ Hommes du Jour,”* 21st August, 1915.)

* * *

“ Who among us would have the heart to write a play or a novel whilst his country is in danger and his brothers are dying ? ” (*“ Journal de Genève,”* 19th April, 1915.)

“ I return to my art, the only sanctuary that remains inviolate.” (Is not Romain Rolland’s art the writing of plays and novels ?) (*Letter to the “ Internationale Rundschau,”* 20th July, 1915.)

* * *

“ I have changed nothing (in my articles). The reader will notice, in the stress of events, certain contradictions and hasty judgments which I would modify to-day.” (It is to be observed that it is in the article “ Above the Battle ” that we have exposed these contradictions: see this volume, pp. 136, 137, etc.) (*Preface to “ Above the Battle,” English Translation,* p. 17, note.)

“ As to the article ‘ Above the Battle,’ not only do I adhere to all the statements, without expressing or weakening any one of them, but if I had not already written it, I would write it to-day, even more emphatically.” (How can a writer modify his statements without suppressing or weakening a single one of them ?) (*Romain Rolland, in “ Hommes du Jour,”* 27th November, 1915.)¹⁸⁰

VI. THE FRANCO-GERMAN COMMITTEE

THROUGH M. J. M. Renaitour's lively attack in the *Bonnet Rouge*, 8th September, 1915, in which he protested against our criticism of Romain Rolland in the "Letter to Marie Milliet," a controversy was started in that paper between M. Renaitour on the one side and M. Stéphane Servant on the other. Conducted with perfect courtesy, it was remarkable for placing two republican opinions in opposition to each other.¹²¹

In the following letter, Rolland, replying to one of our reproaches, intervened in the discussion. The beginning of the article is by M. Renaitour :

"Why did not Romain Rolland in 1912 become a member of the Committee of the Franco-German Reconciliation, as he was invited ? He did not do so, said P. H. Loyson in substance, whose point of view M. Servant defended : he was then too prudent ; he sent a formal refusal to our invitation and now finds himself somewhat disqualified for adopting the fraternal attitude he has assumed. M. Servant even added in the *Bonnet Rouge* : ' This is the most astounding of all the facts noted and authenticated by *La Revue*. Why did not M. Romain Rolland notice it in reply to M. Séailles ? ¹²² Why did M. Renaitour also make no sign ? And how can he pretend, that

of all the grievances formulated by P. H. L. (with the exception of that referring to Jaurès) not one could be substantiated?'"

I then wrote to Rolland himself, and received the following reply :

Wednesday, 29th September 1915.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

You ask me why I did not join the Committee of the Franco-German intellectual Reconciliation in 1912. I can best reply by sending you a copy of my letter of 29th February, 1912, to J. Grand-Carteret, who initiated the association. (It is a regrettable thing for my adversaries that I preserved a copy of this document.)

29th February 1912.

SIR,

I beg to thank you for the letter you have been kind enough to send me. In my writings I have always worked to bring Frenchmen and Germans together, and many of my most lasting and most faithful friendships are in Germany. I can thus only approve the idea of the reconciliation that you are recommending between the two countries (except perhaps certain points in your circular that I should like to talk over with you).* But I regret I am not able to join your committee. My experience of committees determined me long ago never to join any, except where it concerned work of a professional or technical kind. A committee is a ten-, twenty-, or fifty-headed beast; you never know where it will lead you, and it does not know itself. Individual

thought is always distorted by it. I cannot bring myself into line with it. I must fight outside the army. I am a *franc-tireur*, and I cannot abandon that rôle. I feel I can in that way render better service to your cause than in joining your committee.

ROMAIN ROLLAND.

* P.S.—The phrase in your circular to which I make special allusion is that in which you say that “having become enemies for Alsace-Lorraine, France and Germany ought to be reconciled by Alsace-Lorraine.” Alsace-Lorraine has the right to say that, but France cannot, without stooping morally as well as politically. Even should France and Germany be reconciled and enjoy centuries of peace, it would still be true that Germany had committed a crime against a people of our family. A crime can be endured, reparation for one crime by another can be refused, but a crime cannot be endorsed, nor can it be said that a crime can reconcile the victim and the oppressor. I have already expressed my thoughts on the subject in a volume of my *Jean-Christophe : Dans la Maison*. I have never concealed them from my German friends.

(N.B.—The passages in *Jean-Christophe* to which I refer are in the last part of *Dans la Maison* ; discussions between Christophe and Olivier concerning Alsace.)

I have not changed my opinion, and to say that is enough to show how wrong it is to call my French feelings in question. I do not admit that a sponge can efface a permanent crime, an iniquity of which a people is still the victim ; and the annexation of

Alsace-Lorraine against the will of the inhabitants is one of those iniquities.¹⁸³

But if I think that reparation should be made for the injustice, I have always meant that it should be by other means than by war, *which is supreme injustice*; and such reparation would have been the part of an honest, skilful, and humane policy. While I refuse to say at this moment what I think of that policy of which we see the effects to-day (Jaurès said it for us—Jaurès who foresaw those results fifteen years ago), I believe that a European policy, honest, skilful, and humane, should have and would have sought, *outside Europe*, the elements of a solution of the Alsace-Lorraine question and of a European peace. But it sought there—and found—just the contrary.

To return to the grievance that I did not belong to the League for a Franco-German reconciliation, it is absurd to reproach the author of *Jean-Christophe*, the French writer who, for twenty years, has done most for the intellectual reconciliation of France and Germany (and all the German critics have acknowledged it), for not taking part in some of those oratorical banquets that have always inspired me with insurmountable aversion; an aversion of which I am by no means cured, for events have shown me only too well what becomes of the professions of faith of these after-dinner speakers when tragic reality puts their international faith to the test.

While they were discussing the fraternity of nations, I was writing these lines (see last volume of *Jean-Christophe*, 1912: *The end of the Voyage*, part 3.—N.B. I quote from memory):¹⁸⁴

“ Who among us doubts the strong sympathy that draws so many hearts in the neighbouring country towards France ? So many faithful hands are held out which are not responsible for the crimes of policy ! And you, also, my German brothers, you do not see us ; us who say to you : ‘ Here are our hands.’ In spite of all the lies and the hatreds, we shall not be separated. We have need of you, you have need of us, for the greatness of our mind and our race. We are the two wings of the West. He is who breaks one, breaks the flight of the other. Let war come ! It will not unclasp our hands, it will not check the impulse of our fraternal souls.”

The war came. I kept my promise. Have the members of the Committee of the Franco-German Reconciliation kept theirs ?

With regard to the contradictions in my articles for which I am blamed, who does not see that I cannot speak freely ? We are in the midst of the combat, and as a Frenchman I force myself, in the appreciation of ideas and of men, to maintain a reserve that I shall not keep after the peace. It is sufficient for me to say now that if I have not ceased to denounce Pangermanism and Prussian militarism as the great criminals, I do not find the policy of any State entirely innocent, and my thought is summed up in these words of Jaurès, spoken six days before his death :

“ Every people traverses the streets of Europe with its little torch in its hand, and now behold the conflagration.”

Lastly, as to the accusation that I haughtily oppose the rest of the writers and thinkers of my country, as

if I alone were exempt from what I blame others for, how then am I read? Is it the blindness of passion or bad faith? Is it not clear that in *Above the Battle* I also confess my *mea culpa*? Do I not denounce myself among those infatuated writers who are victims of the moral contagion of the war?

“So strong is the cyclone that sweeps them all before it; so feeble the men it encounters on its career—and I am amongst them. . . . Come, friends! Let us make a stand!”

I am blamed for not having fought the plague vigorously enough before it broke out, for having withdrawn myself too much into my art. That is true. I blame myself also. We are all guilty, all the writers of Europe. We had all weakly counted on time which blunts the edge of hatreds. Even those of us who foresaw the “fire in the forest of Europe”¹⁸⁵ could not believe in the immensity of the disaster; above all, we could not believe in the total abdication of European reason. *Culpa nostra, culpa nostra!* But is that a motive for becoming hardened in final impenitence, and for not seeking a way of escape from the abyss of error? I strive to do so, and exclaim: “My brothers, seek also a means of escape!” In this there is no trace of vanity. Ah! my friends, my enemies, if you knew with what pity I am touched by our human reason delivered over to egoism, pride, passion, the reason of all of us, mine as well as yours (it is the same)! If any one of you will take the lead and show the way, let him pass on! I will efface myself and joyfully follow him. I am not ambitious, either for popularity or unpopularity. I have accustomed myself to listen only to the voice of

my conscience, never to that of opinion. My conscience enjoins me to speak. I have done so. The rest is no concern of mine. You can blame me or praise me, you cannot prevent me thinking what I think or saying what I think.

To conclude, I consider all discussion of my articles vain, so long as those articles are not placed under the eyes of the public. Each of those who are attacking me only quotes what he wishes. My thoughts are only known through theirs. It is the duty of all those of my adversaries who are honourable to join with my friends in order to obtain for me the right of publishing in France my articles as a whole. An author must be judged by the integral text of his writings, not by intentional distortions which his adversaries' passion (at best) causes them to undergo. That right which I claim has hitherto been refused me. So long as I do not obtain it, I shall say that there is a lack of courage and even of honesty in attacking a man who is forbidden to defend himself.

ROMAIN ROLLAND.

(The *Bonnet Rouge*, 10th October, 1915.)

The references, parentheses, N.B.'s, and the signature twice over, that is the real Romain Rolland; we scrupulously reproduce it all, in order that we may not be accused of garbling an adversary's text. His also is the strange quotation made "from memory" from his own novel (!), the volumes of which are on sale in all the booksellers' shops in Geneva.

In his turn, Stéphane Servant gave us some space

in the *Bonnet Rouge*. Here is the substance of our reply :

15th October, 1915.

MY DEAR SERVANT,

Charles Albert explained the " Rolland Affair " as " vanity." The following sentence from Romain Rolland's own pen in his letter to M. Renaitour will not weaken this diagnosis: " The author of *Jean-Christophe*, the French writer who for twenty years has done most for the 'intellectual reconciliation of France and Germany.' " I doubt if even Victor Hugo, megalomaniac as he was, would have dared to write: " The author of the *Rhine*, the French writer who did the most to establish the United States of Europe."

Rolland is hard on the members of the Franco-German Committee which he would not join, hard on Séailles, Durkheim, Margueritte, Rosny, Herriot, Maeterlinck, Verhaeren: on the guests of the " oratorical banquets," on the " after-dinner speakers." Rolland may be informed that the Committee in question has only held one dinner in over two years, but that, on the other hand, its activities have been incessant, that in 1912 it placed its office at the service of the Geneva Peace Congress, took part in that year in the Heidelberg Congress (*Verband für internationale Verständigung*), and held an independent Congress at Ghent in 1913, nine months before the invasion of Belgium. What then did Rolland wish the intellectuals, whom he accuses of having done nothing and with whom he refused to associate, to do? But the most extraordinary thing

in this new letter is the conscientious motive which Rolland puts forward as the reason that forbade him to join the Committee. He did not do so because the manifesto contained the sentence: "France and Germany, having become enemies through Alsace-Lorraine, ought to be reconciled through Alsace-Lorraine." He vehemently repudiated that sentence.

In substance, Romain Rolland's principle was exactly the same as that of the *Droits de l'Homme* before the war: no *revanche*, but no claim based on prescription: the same principle in our two cases did not determine the same effort. But what follows is capital; just read a little farther on in this same letter of Rolland:

"Here are our hands" (he said to the Germans before the war). "In spite of the lies and the hatreds we shall not be separated. We have need of you" (those Germans with whom he refused to co-operate publicly),¹⁸⁶ "you have need of us, for the greatness of our mind and of our race. We are the two wings of the West. He who breaks one, breaks the flight of the other. Let war come! It will not unclasp our hands, it will not check the impulse of our fraternal souls!" And now Romain Rolland adds: "The war has come. I have kept my promise. Have the members of the Committee of the Franco-German Reconciliation kept theirs?"

Astonishment on astonishment! During the peace the members of the said Committee asked him in vain to collaborate with the Germans; he now calls upon them to embrace the Germans during the war! Before the war the rights of Alsace-Lorraine, which were trampled under foot half a century ago, pre-

vented Rolland from entering into official relations with Germans in order to bring about some amelioration of the fate of the Alsatians and Lorrainers. But since the war, after the recent violation of Belgium, after the numberless atrocities perpetrated against that little nation—neutral, free, protected by Germany—after outrages in law and in fact that surpass even the martyrdom of Alsace and Lorraine—which, at this moment, are suffering far worse trials than during the peace, since they are not yet reconquered, a fact that ought to increase Romain Rolland's scruples; since the war, then, the German crime being increased a hundredfold, the violation of a nation aggravating the theft of provinces, Louvain being added to Strasbourg, the dead being heaped on the captives, and the executioner this time gripping two victims, Rolland boasts of not loosening his fraternal hand-clasp with Germans? Let him who can, understand! The devil would rack his brains in vain. In fact, of all the examples of the very ecstasy of contradiction which we have detected in Romain Rolland this is the most monumental. And Romain Rolland takes immense trouble to display it to us with visible satisfaction. "It is regrettable for his adversaries that he should have kept a copy of that document!" We should wish to be always as well served in a controversy by as candid an opponent. It is only M. Renaitour who should find it bitter: had he been shown the first sentence of the document (on Alsace-Lorraine) without the author's name, he would have sworn it was written by Paul Déroulède!

Two further points in this letter still deserve atten-

tion. To excuse his contradictions the author alleges that it is neither "brave nor honest" to discuss texts truncated by the hand of the censor in France. Nothing is more correct. I myself felt the same scruple without the necessity of any reminder. The only writings of Romain Rolland to which I referred are allowed in France without any change—his public letters, his article in the *Cahiers Vaudois*, and the article, "Above the Battle," in the *Journal de Genève*. It is true that that article is reproduced in a pamphlet that I should blush to quote here. That is why, when Romain Rolland asks his enemies to join with his friends "to obtain for him the right to publish the whole of his articles in France," I cordially support his perfectly legitimate request, and so far as I am concerned, second it with all my might. The ban does a much greater wrong to us than to him.

PAUL HYACINTHE LOYSON.

Since printing this reply in the *Bonnet Rouge* to Romain Rolland, his letter has inspired me with a few further reflections:

1. Romain Rolland desires to acknowledge that my reproaches regarding his literary dilettantism before the war are well founded (see above, p. 182), and he writes: "That is true. I blame myself also." It is *mea culpa*, you will say. Not at all! For he hastens to conclude: "We are *all* guilty. *Culpa nostra, culpa nostra*" (*sic*). I say thank you on behalf of all those who for ten years—and they were legion in France—exhausted themselves in the teeth of opposition and ridicule in trying to keep off the

“plague.” But pride is not to be disarmed; pride does not like to be mistaken—or at least to be the only one mistaken: *Culpa nostra, culpa nostra!* The transposition into the plural is worthy of the “vaudeville” stage.

However, the most astounding part is this: “Is is not clear,” writes Romain Rolland, “that in *Above the Battle*, I, also, confess *mea culpa*? Do I not denounce myself among those infatuated writers who are victims of the moral contagion of the war?” Do you know what Romain Rolland “denounces” in *Above the Battle*? You would never guess—his excess of French patriotism! And especially the conclusion of the passage on the “murderous fury” and the moral “epidemic.” “There is not one amongst the leaders of thought in each country who does not proclaim with conviction that the cause of his people is the cause of God, the cause of liberty and of human progress. *And I, too, proclaim it*” (see p. 43, English Translation). Yes, those five little words, so doubtful, so shamefaced, so desponding, I interpreted as an homage, the unique homage of the whole book to the cause of the good Right of France (see p. 139 of the present volume). What an error! Rolland blames himself for this timid stammering word in favour of the French cause as if it were a fault! And he does this after a year of war (*Bonnet Rouge*, 10th October, 1915), when the most dread test to which a country could be put has shown the cause of the Right in all its austere beauty! Who would dare to say that the “Rolland affair” is not a psychological mystery?

2. There is a problem of almost equally great

importance—the responsibility for the war. Romain Rolland takes hold of some words spoken by Jaurès in his speech at Vaise, 25th July 1914, a speech which he did not publish himself.¹⁸⁷ “Every people traverses the streets of Europe with its little torch in its hand, and now behold the conflagration.” Does Romain Rolland imagine that we shall repudiate those words? Does he believe us capable of denying our ten years of struggle against the war, our articles, our meetings, our campaigns, our sacrifices, and always and everywhere our painful warnings, which were franker and braver than his silence? Jaurès’s metaphor is welcome, for it is accurate for the greater part. However, from Jaurès’s own dictation, from the indisputable and overwhelming matter of his last seven articles, published and signed by himself, including the one he telephoned himself to his paper the evening of his speech at Vaise—from these texts which are unanimous, and from the dictation which is imperative—we complete his allegory: “Yes, every people runs through the streets with its torch in its hand. But when the wind rose into a storm, whirling the sparks about, all the European nations, in terror of the catastrophe, reversed their torches and extinguished them by trampling on them—all except one, the German nation, who brandished hers in the wind, greeted the disaster as a triumph, and set fire to the city.”

That is the “most monstrous of crimes” which Jaurès cursed with his last breath; that is the most formidable fact which has been brought home in France to all men of all parties; to all judges in all the nations of the world; to every thinking man on

this planet. Rolland denies the fact, and we affirm it; there is the crucial point of the discussion, and it will not be changed after the war. Whatever additional opinions we may one day hold on the subject, we shall never allow base political rancours to prevail over respect for Truth and the worship of Right.

3. Further, Romain Rolland shows his hand; he declares that war is the "supreme injustice," and that to avoid it "would have been the part of an honest, skilful, and humane policy." But "he refuses to say at this moment" (1915) "what he thinks of that policy of which we see the effects to-day" (1915).

The allusion is clear; it points to the domestic policy of France before the war. Without raising that debate, we are in a situation to say to Romain Rolland: "After the war you will have no right to speak, for where were you, and what civic task were you fulfilling, before the war? What protest have you uttered against neo-nationalism?"

Before the war Romain Rolland confesses that he left it to others to formulate his political opinions; so convenient! and he declares that it was Jaurès who spoke for him "... fifteen years ago." Nothing is more untrue. Rolland was a nationalist. The preface of his *Tragédies de la Foi* begins thus:

"Here are three dramas which date from twenty years ago (about 1894). They illustrate the early beginnings of certain currents of thought, and the dawning of passions that prevail to-day with French youth: in *Saint Louis*, religious exaltation; in *Aërt*, national exaltation; in *Triomphe*, the intoxication of reason which is itself a faith; in all three the

ardour of sacrifice, but standing up, fighting; the double reaction against cowardice of thought and cowardice of action, against scepticism, and against renunciation of the great destinies of the country." And the author concludes: "We were then much farther from the goal and much more isolated (about 1894): Let the younger generation who are so hard on their elders think of the severe trials through which we passed and of the efforts we made, like *Aërt*, to defend our threatened faith (*the national faith*). Like Hugo, the conventionalist, in the darkest hours, we asserted: 'I forestalled the victory, but I shall conquer.' Now, our ideas have triumphed."

We recognise these "ideas"; they were those of the young neo-nationalist school of Agathon.¹⁸⁸ Not only did Romain Rolland applaud their "triumph," but he gave himself out as the "forestaller" of it. And in the introduction to *Aërt*, making direct political allusions: "To bring one's country to life again, to shake off the yoke of the stranger, that is the point of departure of this piece, born directly of the moral and political humiliations of these last years."

The words concerning the "humiliations" of the country are dated 1898 (note the period; it is that of the Dreyfus case, and the words are the same as those used by the reactionaries against the Dreyfusards). The sentences on the "triumph" of the "passions" of "French youth" are dated January 1913 (note the period and the events).^{189, 190-192}

No, Romain Rolland, after the war you will have no right to speak, for during the war you have made a political *volte-face*.

It is indeed astounding that a man who, a year before the war, preached "fighting" in the "national exaltation" for the accomplishment "of the great destinies of the country," should have sought a refuge in Switzerland when the very existence of his country was in mortal danger and its soil trodden by the invader.

VII. BUT "WORDS REMAIN"

WE have seen that in reply to our "Appeal" (p. 152) Romain Rolland made the following declaration :

"With regard to the article, *Above the Battle*, which I am insolently (*sic*) called upon to renounce, not only do I uphold every statement in it without suppressing or attenuating a single word, but if I had not written it, I would write it to-day in even stronger terms" (*Les Hommes du Jour*, No. 408, 27th November 1915, p. 6, col. 1, line 40).

Here, then, are the statements that Romain Rolland upholds without suppressing or attenuating a single one; written just after the battle of the Marne, during the invasion of Belgium and France, Romain Rolland would write them again to-day in even stronger terms; he would write them again to-day, after the vandalisms of Rheims, Ypres, Venice, etc.; after the massacres of the innocents by bombs from the air or on the open sea, after the *Lusitania*, after the *Ancona*, after Miss Cavell, after the crushing of Belgium, after the wiping out of Serbia, after the hecatombs of the Armenians, after the thefts, rapes, assassinations, asphyxiating gases, and all the German bestialities; after all that, and in spite of all that, see what he formally declares, but too gently for his liking, in this month of November 1915, the sixteenth of Teuton exploits :

"O young men that shed your blood with so

generous a joy for the starving earth! O heroism of the world! . . . Young men of all nations, brought into conflict by a common ideal. . . . All of you, marching to your death, are dear to me. . . . Slavs . . . Englishmen . . . Germans fighting to defend the philosophy and the birthplace of Kant against the Cossack avalanche; and you, above all, my young compatriots. . . . O my friends, may nothing mar your joy! . . . Let us be bold and proclaim the truth to the elders of these young men, to their moral guides, to their religious and secular leaders, to the Churches, the great thinkers, the leaders of socialism.¹⁹³ . . . What ideal have you held up to the devotion of these youths so eager to sacrifice themselves? . . .

“And thus the three greatest nations of the West, the guardians of civilisation, rush headlong to their ruin.¹⁹⁴ . . . Was it not your duty to attempt—you have never attempted it in sincerity—to settle amicably the questions which divided you?¹⁹⁵ . . . The rulers who are the criminal authors of these wars dare not accept the responsibility for them.¹⁹⁶ Each one by underhand means seeks to lay the blame at the door of his adversary.¹⁹⁷ The peoples who obey them submissively resign themselves with the thought that a power higher than mankind has ordered it thus. Again the venerable refrain is heard: ‘The fatality of war is stronger than our wills.’ The old refrain of the herd¹⁹⁸ that makes a god of its feebleness and bows down before him. . . . The most striking feature in this monstrous epic.¹⁹⁹ . . . A sort of demoniacal irony broods over this conflict of the nations,²⁰⁰ from which, whatever its result, only a mutilated Europe can emerge. . . .

"The Academy of Moral Science, in the person of its president Bergson, declares the struggle undertaken against Germany to be 'the struggle of civilisation itself against barbarism,'²⁰¹ . . . The paradoxical scene at the railway station at Pisa, where the Italian socialists cheered the young ordinands who were rejoining their regiments, all singing the Marseillaise together.²⁰² So strong the cyclone that sweeps them all before it; so feeble the men it encounters on its career. . . . Come, friends! Let us make a stand.²⁰³ . . . No! Love of my country does not demand that I shall hate and slay those noble and faithful souls who also love theirs.²⁰⁴ . . . I know well, poor souls,²⁰⁵ that many of you are more willing to offer your blood than to spill that of others. But what a fundamental weakness!²⁰⁶ . . .

"What did he [Pope Pius X] do against those princes and those criminal rulers whose measureless ambition has given the world over to misery and death? May God inspire the new Pontiff!²⁰⁷ . . . As for you socialists, who on both sides claim to be defending liberty against tyranny—French liberty against the Kaiser, German liberty against the Tsar—is it a question of defending one despotism against another? Unite and attack both. . . . The three great culprits. . . . The tortuous policy of the house of Austria, the ravenous greed of Tsarism,²⁰⁸ the brutality of Prussia. The worst enemy of each nation is not without, but within its frontiers.²⁰⁹ . . . The efforts of both parties engaged in war. . . . to justify their own crimes.²¹⁰ . . . Humanity is a symphony of great collective souls.²¹¹ . . . Young Europe . . . when the access of fever has spent itself, wounded and less

proud of its voracious heroism,²¹² it will come to itself again" (*Above the Battle*, pp. 37-55).

So that is what Romain Rolland upholds in the second winter of the war, when the war is so tragic for the Allies, without suppressing or attenuating a single word of his statements, and grieved that he had not used even stronger terms.

VIII. MARGINAL NOTES TO *ABOVE THE BATTLE*

MATTERS OF FACT

IT is permissible to suppose that the publication in France of Romain Rolland's collection of articles, as well as the "soirées d'honneur" in Switzerland (see pp. 217 *seq.*, and note the dates), was arranged to coincide with the award of the Nobel prize (announced 8th November 1915), and to amplify the "apotheosis."

According to a circular issued by the firm of Ollendorff, the volume *Au-dessus de la Mêlée* was to appear on 15th November 1915. The publication was delayed a few days.

The volume, it seems, was ready by the 4th November. In fact, the *Journal de Genève* of that date published the preface, which contained the following sentence in a note: ²¹³ "On the other hand, in order that my thoughts should get a hearing in the midst of the passions, I have been obliged to lay them under certain restraints which I shall not always observe." At the last moment the sentence was suppressed in the volume (p. 17 note, at the lacuna indicated by dots). We demand that the sentence should stand, so that those who, in France, write under the tragic pressure of events, some of them wearing the soldier's

uniform, shall share the same benefit, while Romain Rolland writes quite freely in Switzerland, "a corner of the earth where one can breathe above Europe."

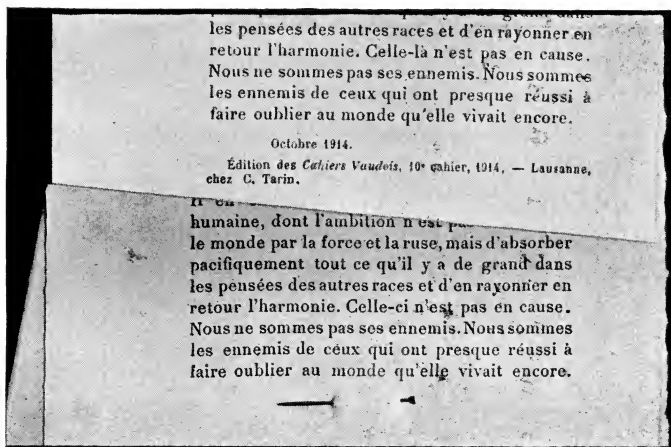
Given, besides, that all ulterior research into the secondary, latent, moral, political, or economic causes of the war to be divided among the other countries cannot in the least extenuate Germany's responsibility, decisive, sole, and total, for the letting loose of the catastrophe.²¹⁴

Also in the same note to the preface Romain Rolland declares: "I leave my articles in their chronological order." That is not accurate.

The article on the bombardment of Rheims Cathedral ("Pro Aris") which figures conspicuously in the volume (p. 23) is chronologically later than the article "Above the Battle" (September), which yields place to it in the volume (p. 37). "Pro Aris" appeared in its entirety in the *Cahiers Vaudois* later than 24th October (see the *Cahier*, p. 69, "Louvain-Reims," i.). And Romain Rolland acknowledges this himself in his volume (p. 36) by dating the article October 1914 (see Plate II). How, then, can he assert that he has "left his articles in chronological order," and why did he invert the order in that place?

I suggest the following explanation as extremely probable. It would seem that in the sequence of his writings the author has sought to restore the concord of his symphony after the discord of the overture, I mean, to correct his first article, "Above the Battle," in such a way that his pride should not consent to retract or attenuate any part of it, since, on the contrary, he announced his regret not to be able to

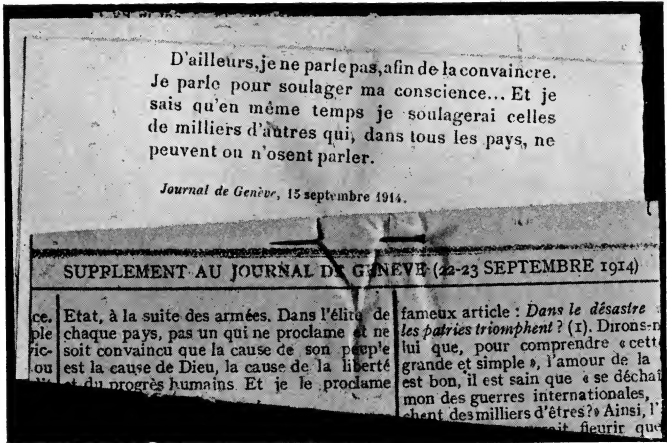
PLATE II



HOW THE DATE OF AN ARTICLE IS SUPPRESSED

The last paragraph of Romain Rolland's article *Pro Aris* is here shown in the French text (English translation, p. 36) according to two different editions. It will be seen that in the second instance, after the words "*vivait encore*," the date *October 1914* and the source of publication have been suppressed.

PLATE III



HOW THE DATE OF A PAPER IS ALTERED

In the upper portion of this plate, the closing paragraph of Romain Rolland's article *Above the Battle* is reproduced from the French edition (English translation, p. 55). It is given by the author as being reprinted from the *Journal de Genève* issued on *September 15th*, 1914. The lower portion of the plate shows a fragment of Romain Rolland's same article as it originally appeared in the *Journal de Genève* issued on *September 22nd and 23rd*, 1914, not on the 15th of that month, as the heading of the paper makes it clear.

strengthen it (a reply he made to me in the *Les Hommes du Jour*), and since at the same time the "immanent contradiction" made him choose the title of that article to preside over the whole volume, like a grey flag of neutrality. His repentance, we have seen, is revealed first by the fact that this extraordinary article is not in its chronological place, but as it were sheltered under a false date (see Plate III), behind the ruins of Reims Cathedral—I mean, behind the author's protest against Teuton vandalism. It is to be noted, however, that the last pages of "Pro Aris" (*Above the Battle*, 34, 35, 36) began to insinuate those extenuating circumstances which Rolland will not cease to plead in favour of the "true Germany." Thus, at one stroke, *Jean-Christophe's* indignation, contrary to chronological order, against the destroyers of the "Ark" is thrown into high relief, and the transition prepared for the article "Above the Battle." How shocking would have been the contrast if the first lines of the article—the dithyrambic invocation to the "heroic youth" of Germany included in the "youth of all nations"—had immediately followed the last implacable lines of the adjuration to Gerhardt Hauptmann! It seems that for once Rolland had here a transient glimpse of the incoherence of his thought. But at what price did he seek to remedy it! An inversion of documents, in spite of the formal guarantee in the note to the preface (p. 17), and four dates falsified (pp. 55, 74, 91, 120).²¹⁵

Then, further, in speaking of his articles in the same note to the preface, Romain Rolland adds: "I have changed nothing in them." That is not accurate.

Starting with the article "Above the Battle," as if to come into line with the unusual system of dates inaugurated by that article, the dates of the three following articles reprinted from the *Journal de Genève* are fabricated. Without warning to the reader, the author gives his date of composition as that of the number in which the article appeared. For example, *Journal de Genève*, 15th September 1914, for *Journal de Genève*, 22nd-23rd September 1914. Then from 1915, but always without warning, he returns to the common bibliographical method, which is, when a number of a newspaper is quoted, to give the date of that number and not of the composition of the manuscript.²¹⁶ For the time elapsing between the composition of a manuscript and its publication is very variable, and may be sometimes very long. Especially when, as in this case, writings are deeds, the date of publication, which alone gives them documentary value, is not a point that can be neglected. All this causes considerable trouble to a reader who, accustomed to the accuracy of modern criticism, may be careless enough to trust to the declaration on p. 17 of *Above the Battle*.

Let us then rectify the chronology of the articles in the *Journal de Genève*, reprinted in the volume :

- I. "Letter to Gerhardt Hauptmann," *Journal de Genève*, Wednesday, 2nd September 1914. Accurate.
- II. "Above the Battle," *Journal de Genève*, 15th September 1914. Inaccurate. 22nd-23rd September 1914.²¹⁷
- III. "The Lesser of Two Evils," *Journal de Genève*,

- 10th October 1914. Inaccurate. 12th October 1914.²¹⁸
- IV. "Inter Arma Caritas," *Journal de Genève*, 30th October 1914. Inaccurate. 4th, 5th, 6th November 1914.
- V. "The Idols," *Journal de Genève*, 4th December 1914. Inaccurate. 10th December 1914.
- VI. "For Europe," manifesto of the Catalonians, *Journal de Genève*, 9th January 1915. Accurate.
- VII. "For Europe," appeal to Holland, *Journal de Genève*, 15th February 1915. Accurate.
- VIII. "Our Neighbour the Enemy," *Journal de Genève*, 15th March 1915. Accurate.
- IX. "War Literature," *Journal de Genève*, 19th April 1915. Accurate.
- X. "The Murder of the Elite," *Journal de Genève*, 14th June 1915. Accurate.
- XI. "Jaurès," *Journal de Genève*, 2nd August 1915. Accurate.

In the advertisements (*Humanité*, November 1915, February 1916), the volume is furnished with a subtitle: "All Romain Rolland's articles *in extenso*." That is outrageously inaccurate, if it refers to his public writings, to his letters forming articles, as the volume contains several of them, and as the reader is induced to believe it.²¹⁹ It is indeed regrettable that nearly half of Romain Rolland's most important writings, and one indispensable document, were not included in the collection.

I. "The open letter to Gerhardt Hauptmann" (at the beginning of the volume, p. 19, English Transla-

tion) is not sufficient by itself: it is a cry, and we await the echo. It is a cry of protest both against German barbarism and against the title of the book, *Above the Battle*, and as such it is a letter so fine, so true, so strong—in spite of a few insensate lines—that “this letter” (said the *Journal de Genève* in presenting it to the public) “will not fail to make a great stir throughout the civilised world.” The tone, in fact, was solemn; Rolland spoke “in the name of our Europe” (*sic*, p. 21, English Translation), and he adjured and challenged Hauptmann to reply in the name of Germany. “I am expecting an answer from you, Hauptmann: an answer that may be an act. The opinion of Europe awaits it, as I do. Think about it: at such a time silence itself is an act.” Now Hauptmann has made this reply; he has performed this act in the name of all the intellectuals of Germany, and Romain Rolland published Hauptmann’s epistle in the *Cahiers Vaudois*: “Louvain-Reims,” ii. p. 126. Ought not that reply from the German necessarily, as a simple matter of honesty, to follow, in the volume, the Frenchman’s challenge? The historical moment when the souls of the two races faced each other should have been marked. Not to have done so is also “an act.”²²⁰

We are aware that the rejoinder of the famous German socialist poet showed a more insolent contempt than his silence would have done: “You publicly address to me, M. Rolland, words of sorrow for the war (a war imposed by Russia, England, and France), sorrow for the dangers incurred by European culture. I do not consent to make the reply that you dictate to me, in some sort, in advance. I know that

German blood flows in your veins. Your fine *Jean-Christophe* will always remain living for us Germans by the side of *Wilhelm Meister* and *Der grüne Heinrich*. France became your country by adoption. You see our country and our people with French eyes."

Truly, outrageous insults, but all to the honour of the Frenchman, since he had provoked them by his challenge to the barbarian. Rolland took them up with a master hand in a letter to the *Journal de Genève*. "Gerhardt Hauptmann annexes me to Germany, just as if I were a mere Belgium. But neither she nor I will permit such a thing. I have not a drop of German blood in my veins—unless of course we go back perhaps to the great invasions, whose modes of warfare 'the magnificent Landwehr,' as Hauptmann says, reproduce with success. He prefers to call the German conquerors 'sons of Attila' than to write 'sons of Goethe' on the tomb of defeated Germans. What will he say if 'sons of Attila' is inscribed on that tomb? Poor Germany! Betrayed by your masters of thought as by those of action!" (*Cahiers Vaudois*, p. 128).

I repeat that this exchange of letters did Rolland the greatest honour, and that their inclusion in his book was indispensable. It is true that had he printed them there, the author would have signed with his own hand the liquidation in bankruptcy of all the articles which were to follow, and of the whole campaign he was to undertake, in spite of Hauptmann's cynical answer, for the purpose of pleading the cause of German "thought." Refusing Hauptmann, whom he had adjured to reply, a place in his book, Romain

Rolland gives it to a Russian writer, who fills eighteen pages on Russian problems (pp. 56-74, English Translation).

II. Letters to the German "New Fatherland" (*Der Bund*, Berne, 10th, 18th February 1915), and the first of the two restored in its integrity, would not have been less memorable as documentary evidence of the "restoration of spiritual relations between the belligerents" (a phrase in the Berne paper). That first step, due to French initiative, preceded the Zimmerwald meeting by eight months.²²¹

III. The appeal to the International Congress of Women at the Hague (28th April—1st May 1915) also marked an historical event—the first official meeting between members of the nations at war, the French women having stayed away. It is to be regretted that this letter, as noble as it is untimely, should be consigned to irrevocable oblivion in a chance publication, while letters of far less value are preserved in the volume.²²² When "the women of the world" (*sic*) are addressed, it is scarcely gallant afterwards to renounce their company.

IV. The letter to M. Marius André, the French Vice-Consul entrusted with a mission to Spain (published in *Humanité*, 26th March 1915), was also a document that should have been retained. That consular official told M. Aulard, professor at the Sorbonne, what fatal weapons Rolland had furnished to the pro-Germans in Spain by his striking adhesion to the manifesto of the neutral writers and thinkers of Cata-

lonia. The consul's tidings led M. Aulard to write an article (*Information*, 6th March). Rolland addressed an open letter to M. André, which contained, as usual, many fine things and strong expressions of his French feelings. The incident showed, none the less, how Rolland's influence abroad, in spite of himself, thwarts the mission of the representatives of France.²²³

V. If the letter to the *Internationale Rundschau* (20th July 1915) had been included in the volume, it would have fixed a psychological moment in the apostolate of Rolland during the war. It is nothing but a long, dismal complaint, a purposeful, detailed confession of the failure of all his efforts after eleven months to convert either the Germans or the French to the harmony of *Above the Battle*. The letter begins with these words: "For a year I have sacrificed my repose, my literary success" (*sic*), "my friendships to the duty of combating unreason and hatred." And it concludes with these: "I withdraw into my art, which remains the inviolable refuge, and I there await the termination of the world's madness." That letter ought to have been included.

VI. Romain Rolland's letter to Georges Pioch²²⁴ (*Hommes du Jour*, 21st August 1915) was the logical outcome of the letter to the *Internationale Rundschau*, because it sets forth diametrically opposite sentiments (see above, p. 176). This extremely curious document ought not to have been left buried in a mere illustrated paper.

VII. The letter to the journal of the *Ecole de la*

Fédération (Syndicates of masters and mistresses in public schools, 9th October, 1915) has all the unpremeditated vivacity of an amateur instantaneous photograph showing the recent prophet of the "national exaltation" (1913) holding out the hand across the frontier to a little group of "Zimmerwaldians." The photograph should have been included.

VIII. The two letters to M. Seippel (*Journal de Genève*, 4th October, 25th November 1915) should also have been preserved and their complete text restored, because they elucidate the reasons which decided and might indefinitely prolong Rolland's stay in Switzerland: one explained to us that he sought that asylum as "a man proscribed," and the other confided to us that in the event of victory for Germany he would remain in Switzerland as an "exile."²²⁵ Rolland's book, being the work of an apostle, should illustrate everything that throws light on his apostolic mission.

IX. The letter to M. J. M. Rénaitour (above, p. 177) would have been more logically in its place in Rolland's book than in mine. I thought it my duty to rescue the document, because it reveals what the author had in the back of his mind, much better than the book, and because, alone, it demonstrates Rolland's attitude to the Germans before the war.

X. Romain Rolland's letter to Gabriel Séailles, professor at the Sorbonne (dated Geneva-Champel, 15th January 1915), ought to be included by Romain

Rolland in a new edition of his book after the war. This very long, unpublished letter forms the secret reply to M. Séailles's article, "Open Letter to Romain Rolland," which appeared in the *Guerre Sociale* (9th January 1915),²²⁶ and to which it is surprising not to find a reply from Rolland. We may say, without betraying anybody or revealing its contents, that the letter is a frank confession of all Rolland's opinions, of all his sympathies and antipathies regarding the war, as well as a statement of the part he plays in Switzerland, points which would render the publication extremely valuable. The author himself forbade M. Séailles, to whom the letter was addressed, to publish it, but M. Séailles did reveal one sentence in the *Bonnet Rouge* (29th October 1915). "I shall ask you not to publish this letter for the moment, but kindly to keep it; it may some day be of use to me as a defence."²²⁷

What precautions then must Rolland observe during the war, writing freely enough in Switzerland, where, according to Gabriel Séailles, he has caught a "neutral mentality"? And what still more regrettable pages is he reserving for after the peace? We have a special right here to invite Rolland to produce some day this document, which does no wrong to his honour, but reveals more than ever a crazed intellect. In fact, on the occasion of a press incident we were "charged" (*sic*), on 11th October 1915, by M. Gabriel Séailles to publish in his name the letter, the terms of which he had forgotten. We had that letter in our hands for three days, and we did not publish it; we refused to do so, because it was not for us to overwhelm Rolland with his own weapons

which a mere chance had delivered into our hands, because throughout this discussion we have desired to make use only of public documents—and for other reasons besides.²⁸ Will the poet of so many ennobling pages, the man whom we loved and admired before his actual “error,” fatal to the cause of his country, recognise that our discretion was simply the act of an honest man—and of a good Frenchman? Anyway he will concede that he is not from his point of view bound to preserve the same secrecy, and that if he never publishes the letter, it is because his book no longer allows him to do so.

Such, then, are some “additions” for the future complete edition of Rolland’s writings on the war.

MORAL CONSIDERATIONS

The preface to the volume *Above the Battle* is preceded by a dedication to eight of the author’s defenders. In the course of the present book (Part II) will be found the opinions of four of them on the war, according to their own writings. Birds of a feather flock together.

Having pointed out the deliberate omission of most important texts, it would remain to draw up a list of all the historical omissions. In the volume *Above the Battle*, where is the article, where is even the page on the ultimatum to Serbia, on Germany’s premeditation, on German methods of warfare (Zeppelin raids, *Lusitania*, asphyxiating gas), on the crushing of Serbia, on the massacre of Armenians, on the loyalty of England, and on the nobility of Italy, rallying to the cause of liberty? That enumeration alone demonstrates

that Rolland's book is not even a mirror distorting the war, but a tiny pocket looking-glass only big enough to reflect his preferences and prejudices. The situation was summed up by one of his former colleagues²²⁹ at the Sorbonne: "He is condemned by what he does not say."

But if I did not fear to go beyond the scope of this work, what ought to be especially noted are the inaccuracies of fact which are connected with the moral heresy. In the notes to this volume I have pinned down many specimens, but I add here a few more instances.

1. Rolland never decides to proclaim German militarism to be, in itself, the worst of all, that is to say, militarism incarnate: he has always been careful to emphasise that the scourge is only such "for us," or "in our eyes" (*sic*, letter to the German "New Fatherland," *Der Bund*, Berne, 18th February 1915, and *Above the Battle*, *passim*). The caution and the delicacy of the distinction are clear.

2. All the whimperings of young Germany over the abomination of the war, of which Rolland has for the French constituted himself the soft-hearted and enthusiastic interpreter, are *later* than the drubbing of the Marne. Suppose we had lost the battle, there is not one of these amiable fellows who would not have played the Hun in France, and applauded and taken part in blowing up Notre Dame, as in the burning of the Library of Louvain and the bombardment of Rheims Cathedral (*Above the Battle*, "War Literature," pp. 153, 154, 155, etc.). The dates should be noted.

3. Rolland informs us that his friend Richard

Dehmel, the German poet, "took up arms against the Russians at the age of fifty-one," implying that he did so in order to fight the famous "devouring Tsarism" (*Above the Battle*, p. 153). Now Dehmel, a famous Teuton socialist and man of letters, came to fight on the *French* front against the soldiers of the Revolution, or, at least, he sent his muse there to try and debauch our men :

"To the brave soldiers of France !

"You are shedding your blood uselessly for a few English hypocrites who are deceiving the whole world. They abandon France to butchery, and there you will remain, dying of hunger. They let Belgium be crushed. We have taken Antwerp, we have made prisoners over three hundred thousand Russians, we are victorious all along the line ; that is the real truth despite all the English lies.

"If you come over to us you will be treated cordially, you will be fed, and you will have nothing to fear on our part. We Germans pity you deeply. You do not know that our munitions and our food will last for years. All who within the next two days will come over to us carrying a white handkerchief and unarmed will be most cordially welcomed. I give you my word of honour.

"Signed : RICHARD DEHMEL, Poet." ²³⁰

This letter was thrown into the French trenches in November 1915 (communicated from Bâle to the *Secolo*, Milan, 6th November 1915.

To which one of our French Tommies replied by return of post :

“ According to you the English lie, because they are fighting bravely by our side to defend the liberty of the oppressed nations. Those who tell you we are starving, are lying. You do not know the great resources of France. You are lost. The whole of Europe is against Germany. We are certain that we shall win in order to give liberty to all the nations, even to you Germans, who are slaves. Your emperor must perish and your empire be destroyed.

“ *Signed*: A FRENCH SOLDIER *who knows German students and desires to free them from the Imperial yoke.*”

One more lost illusion for the admirer of the flower of Germany at war, fighting “ heroically for the same ideal ” as the French.

4. Rolland dares to state (*Above the Battle*, pp. 79, 80) that everything that has been told about the maltreatment and cruelty inflicted on prisoners of war on both sides is “ hateful legend ” and “ a falsehood on both sides. ” On the side of the Allies, I believe and know from experience that it is false. But if Rolland, instead of offering his services in Switzerland, had reserved them for his own country, he would have met there English soldiers and learned from them, by irrefutable testimony, the shocking outrages, the abominable tortures that their unfortunate fellow countrymen had to undergo in Germany during the early months of the campaign. Reports on the matter are accessible ; it is to be hoped that Rolland’s delicacy will allow him to study them. In the spring of 1915, Canadian troops found in a German trench they took one of their captive com-

rades crucified ; and French troops, in the same circumstances, found naked women bound and violated. As regards the rule in the camps I refer Rolland to *L'Illustration* (15th January 1916), where he will see a sketch from life, or rather from death, by Jacques Touchet, repatriated from Germany, of an "Englishman dead on the gallows" in the camp at Gustrov, Mecklenburg. The survival of these cruelties and of this bestial hatred of England is still shown to-day, though under a milder form, by the fact that in the German camps the most degrading jobs are always allotted to the English (on the testimony of my friend, Edmond Bloch, who, severely wounded, has returned from the camp at Celle, Hanover). Lastly, the infamous scandals of the camps at Wittenberg (where in April 1916 hundreds of English prisoners were abandoned to typhus) and at Ruhleben have put the finishing touches to Rolland's authority in the matter. "In that country" (Germany) "efforts are being made to reconcile the ideals of humanity with the exigencies of war" (*Above the Battle*, p. 80). Let us remark that the noble German, Liebknecht, denounced in the Reichstag (7th April 1916) the treatment which, contrary to international law, was inflicted on English prisoners, while the deplorable Frenchman, Rolland, attached to the International Agency of Prisoners in Geneva, manifestly deceived the allied public by this passage of his book about the treatment of allied prisoners. After the revelations of the atrocities at Wittenberg and Ruhleben, as after the abductions of women and girls in the north of France, Romain Rolland has held his tongue.

5. As to what I call Rolland's moral heresy, the

result of his intellectual aberration, it stands forth everywhere in his book. Here are two examples among a thousand :

“ You think of victory. I think of the peace which will follow.”

As if the nature of the peace which will follow does not depend upon the character of the victory ! As if Germanism, left intact, would not prepare for us fresh butcheries ! As if the victory of the Allies, and that alone, were not the only means to bring us peace !

And this : “ War is made on a State, not on a people.”

As if Germany and her Allies had not made war on the Belgian people, the Serbian people, the Montenegrin people, the Armenian people, on all the civil populations shot, hanged, burnt alive ! And as if—reprisals apart—duty did not compel us to wage war with the German people, incarnate in the German army ! ²³¹

Every apophthegm is a sophism tricked out with an air of moral grandeur, but so thin that a child could burst it, like a soap-bubble, with his breath.

6. I have kept for the end an instance of contradiction which might have been included in chapter v of this Part, but which seemed to me to deserve a place of honour to itself, because it gives the key to Rolland's method in the composition of his book.

Rolland has latterly endeavoured by every sort of means to rectify the unfortunate statements in his first article. Thus the article “ The Lesser of Two Evils : Pangermanism, Panslavism ” (p. 56), followed by the protest of a Russian (p. 64), is manifestly intended to redeem the passages in “ Above the

Battle," directed against Russia, which Rolland had wholly confused with Tsarism (see *passim*). Similarly, the tardy article on Jaurès, faded flowers presented to the dead man (p. 180), was evidently written in answer to the complaints of the socialists for the purpose of excusing the anathema which, launched at the International indiscriminately, hit among the rest the French "tribune," the hero and martyr of Peace.

I conclude with a quotation which shows to the full the efforts he makes to correct himself, and the self-contradictions into which he inevitably falls. My great reproach, as the reader knows, is that he has not seen the splendour of the Right and the enormity of the Crime. Nevertheless, he once bore witness to both of them in words which leave nothing to be desired:

"From the depths of the battlefield, these voices of a sacrificed minority" (the German élite) "rise up as a vengeful condemnation of the oppressors. To the accusations drawn up against predatory empires and their inhuman pride, in the name of violated right, of outraged humanity by the victim peoples and by the combatants, is added the cry of pain of the nobler souls of their own people whom the bad shepherds who let loose this war have led and constrained into murder and madness." ("The Murder of the Elite," p. 178 of *Above the Battle*.)

Bravo, at last! That is the page we called for! There stands Rolland as champion of the right of the Allies! I have only to tear up all my criticisms and to make a handsome apology. Yes, but—these lines are dated 14th June 1915, exactly nine months after

his article "Above the Battle." If Rolland required a year to learn the death of Jaurès, it took him the period of pregnancy to be delivered of the truth concerning the cause, the meaning, and the grandeur of this war of Democracy. And so I put the question: How are these lines, so clear, so fine, so strong, to be reconciled with those *in the same volume* which the author declares he preserves intact without the modification of a single word: "Heroic youth of the world . . . common ideal . . . Frenchmen . . . may nothing mar your joy! . . . the three greatest nations of the West rush headlong to their ruin . . . these wars . . . the rulers who are the criminal authors . . . each one by underhand means seeks to lay the blame at the door of his adversary . . . the old refrain of the herd . . . monstrous epic . . . whatever be the result . . . demoniacal irony . . . poor souls! . . . what a fundamental weakness . . . unite . . . the ravenous greed of Tsarism . . . two parties at grips . . . to justify their crimes . . . young Europe . . . access of fever . . . voracious heroism"? (*Above the Battle*, pp. 37-55 *passim*; published in the *Journal de Genève*, 22nd September, written 15th September 1915; "energetically" confirmed in the *Hommes du Jour*, 25th November 1915.)

I shall wait to consider Rolland's book seriously until the author has made a choice between these two texts.²³²

IX. WORKING THE ORACLE

THE NOBEL PRIZE

Stockholm, 8th November 1915.

THE award of the Nobel prizes will be made next week. Romain Rolland is just in the running for the prize of literature. (*French newspapers of 9th November 1915 ; taken from the "New York Herald."*)

Stockholm, 9th November 1915.

The Swedish Academy will not announce the winner of the Nobel Prize for Literature until the first fortnight in December. (*French newspapers, 12th November 1915.*)

The Nobel Prize for Literature will not be awarded this year. (*French newspapers, end of December 1915.*)

The *Gazette des Ardennes*, the official organ of the German propaganda in the invaded departments, bitterly regrets that the prize has not fallen to M. Romain Rolland ²³³ (*"Excelsior," 5th January 1916.*)

WAR SERENADES

On Thursday, 11th November, at 8.30, a *soirée* devoted to Romain Rolland will be held at the Salle Centrale for the benefit of prisoners of war.²³⁴ M. Henri Guilbeaux, the well-known young French author and publicist, is to speak of Romain Rolland. The lecture will be illustrated (*sic*) by music, with the assistance of, etc. (“*Journal de Genève*,” 9th November 1915.)

Since the great voice of Tolstoy was silenced, Rolland has dominated the whole of French literature, the whole of European literature. He is a Frenchman who has incarnated his ideal of life in the inward (*sic*) music of Germany and her intuition of nature. A colossal novel (*Jean-Christophe*), the hero of which is a German, proves his robust flow of genius. He has shown himself a true Frenchman, a good European, and more than that—a Man, a *Mensch* (*sic*, in German in the original). (“*Tribune de Genève*,” 13th November 1915, report of M. Guilbeaux’s lecture.²³⁵)

“It did not prevent a large gathering of the intellectual public at the *soirée* devoted to the only neutral Frenchman (*sic*, with approval)—and the Romand intellectualism is purely French modified by the calm good sense of the Swiss. The audience testified its thorough enjoyment of Henri Guilbeaux’s biting criticisms of those who have constituted themselves Rolland’s Catos.” (The “*Avanti*,” Milan, 21st November 1915.²³⁶)

Zurich, 23rd November.

Romain Rolland has been honoured with an evening at the Hottingen Reading Circle. M. Seippel gave a lecture on him which was a great success. M. Seippel read a very beautiful letter from Rolland. To conclude the proceedings we had the pleasure of listening to Mlle. Laveter, who with her perfect elocution recited fragments of *Jean-Christophe*, a music which serves as preface to the *New Day*, the description of sensations, etc. ("*Journal de Genève*," 23rd November 1915.)

CONTRASTS

Two evenings were devoted at Geneva (7th and 9th October) to the great Swiss poet, Carl Spitteler, whose language is German, and yet who courageously declared himself on the side of the Right against Germany. At the banquet, at which the old poet was present, the homage of many French and Belgian authors was read: Henri Bergson, Emile Verhaeren, Edmond Rostand, Maurice Maeterlinck, Emile Boutroux, Ernest Lavisse, Jean Finot, Charles Richet, Alfred and Maurice Croiset, Paul Margueritte, Georges Lecombe, etc. Romain Rolland, who was in Geneva, abstained from giving any sign of sympathy. (See "*Carl Spittler at Geneva*," *Supplement to "Pages d'Art*," published by Sonor, 48 rue du Stand.)

In December 1915, on the initiative of the *Rappel* newspaper, a great manifestation of gratitude was organised at Paris in honour of the Dutchman, Louis Raemackers, a drawing by whom adorns the cover

of this volume. A noble impulse of "sacred union" caused authors and publications of all shades of opinion to fraternise: Bergson, Baudrillart, France, Barrès, Verhaeren, Richepin, Maeterlinck, Donnay, Buisson, Mme. Adam, Brioux, De Régnier, Hermann-Paul, Forain, Hansi, Rodin, Rostand, Brulat, Hollande, Péladan, Mlle. Frantz-Jourdain, Barthou, Séailles, Margueritte, Croiset, Séverine, P. Hamp, V. Snell, Henri-Robert, Liard, E. Perrier, Herriot, Mithouard, A. Dubost, P. Deschanel; *L'Humanité*, the *Libre-Parole*, the *Lanterne*, the *Croix*, the *Guerre Sociale*, the *Echo de Paris*, the *Bonnet Rouge*, the *Figaro*, the *Radical*, the *Action Française*, the *Bataille* (syndicalist), the *Gaulois*, the *Homme Enchaîné*, the *Débats*, the *Journal*, the *Matin*, the *Petit Parisien*, etc.; then all the Reviews, the Weeklies, the Press Associations, the Provincial Press, the foreign newspapers (Holland, Switzerland, Italy, South America, etc.). Among these hundreds of testimonies to the valiant neutral, Raemaekers, who fights for the Right with his pencil, neither the name of Romain Rolland nor that of his organ, the *Hommes du Jour*, figures. (See the "*Rappel*," December 1915—February 1916.)

The German poet Dauthenbey had undertaken a voyage round the world. War broke out when he was in the Molucca Islands. The English would not permit him to return to Germany. So a protest was made by a number of authors said to be neutrals, and at the head of the list was the name of Romain Rolland. (See, among other papers, the "*Liberté*," 9th November 1915.)

"ZIMMERWALD-ROLLAND"

"On Sunday, the friends and admirers of Romain Rolland held a private meeting, at the conclusion of which a resolution of congratulation to the author of *Jean-Christophe* was passed. Mlle. Marcelle Capy, one of our most distinguished colleagues, who is extremely syndicalist, and withal of most pleasing appearance, spoke. And after her, the publisher of *Jean-Christophe*. He compared the meeting of Rolland's friends to those of the early Christians in the catacombs. Doubtless it is not displeasing to Rolland to be on the same footing as Jesus Christ." (*The "Siècle," 24th November 1915.*)

"A lecture which promises to be interesting will be delivered to-morrow, Sunday, at 100 rue de Paris, Montreuil, at 2.30 p.m.

"Under the auspices of the People's University of Montreuil, Mme. Marcelle Capy will speak of 'Romain Rolland and Youth,' and Citizen Merrheim will speak of the Zimmerwald International Conference, in which he took part.

"It is the first time that Rolland's disciples in France, those who have adopted his views on the present war, will publicly come into contact with pacifist working men, of whom Merrheim is the most authorised representative.

"Much has been said about Romain Rolland. But with the exception of the articles published by the *Bonnet Rouge* and the *Hommes du Jour*, he has been everywhere attacked.

"In like manner the Zimmerwald Conference has

been universally the object of hostile comment. To-morrow for the first time it will be spoken of with sympathy.

“That is why to-morrow’s meeting marks a significant date.” (“*Bonnet Rouge*,” 5th December 1915, under the title of “*Romain Rolland and Zimmerwald*.”)

“The Montreuil meeting has been forbidden, and the decree has caused no incident.” (*The “Journal,”* 6th December 1915.)

SOCIALIST DISCLAIMERS

The Permanent Administrative Committee of the Socialist Party (S.F.I.O.) has just passed the following motion :

“In view of the efforts made by two citizens to spread in the Federation of the Seine a propaganda founded on the resolutions of a meeting held at Zimmerwald in Switzerland, which they attended without any mandate from the Party, to confer there on the question of peace with other socialists from neutral or belligerent countries, themselves for the most part without mandate :

“The P.A.C. invites all the Federations and their sections to avoid even the appearance of any participation in a propaganda contrary to the interests of the national defence and the national and international organisation of the socialism which it is our aim to consolidate.”

Let us remind foreigners who are neutrals that besides the energetic disclaimer of the Permanent Administrative Committee of the Socialist Party just quoted, the National Congress of the Party, on 30th December 1915,

definitely quashed the insignificant group "Zimmerwald-Rolland" by 2,736 votes to 76.

FEMINIST DISCLAIMERS

"A scandal has just come to light, of the origin and bearing of which it is our duty to give accurate explanation. A pacifist pamphlet with the title *An Urgent Duty for Women*, distributed in large numbers throughout France, has raised such protests that the military authorities have had to step in. . . . The pamphlet is clear propaganda, although perfidiously disguised, for the cessation of hostilities. . . . We should like to believe in the sincere patriotism of these imprudent pacifists, among whom is Mlle. Madeleine Rolland, sister of Romain Rolland." (*La Française*, 11th December 1915, under the signature of its Editor, Mme. Jane Misme; there follow the official "disclaimers" of the "*Ligue Française pour le Droit des Femmes*," signed Maria Vérone, and of the "*Union Française pour le Suffrage des Femmes*," signed Mmes. de Witt-Schlumberger and Léon Brunschvigg.)

X. ALTERNATIVES

WHILE THE FIGHTING PROCEEDS ²³⁷

“ Romain Rolland, who is going to give a series of lectures on Shakespeare in London (*sic*), is not a stranger to England.” (“ *Le Bonnet Rouge*,” 20th December 1905.)

“ The steamship *Ville-de-la-Ciotat*, of the Messageries Maritimes, which was carrying no combatants, was torpedoed yesterday in the Mediterranean; eighty-six lives were lost.” (*The newspapers of 25th December 1915.*)

“ *De profundis clamans*, out of the abyss of hatreds, towards thee, O divine Peace, I will lift up my song.

“ The shouts of the armies will not drown it. In vain do I see surging the seas of blood which bear the mangled corse of beautiful Europe, and I hear the raging wind which stirs men’s souls.

“ I am the brother of all. I love you all, ye men who live but for an hour, an hour stolen from Death.

“ Oh that from my heart on the holy hill, where the cicadas sing in the sun, there might grow an olive tree high above the groves of laurels and of oaks, whose leaves are plucked to twine the victor’s wreath!

“ Thy fair maternal arms (of Peace) clasp tenderly

thine enemy children, and thou smilest, watching them bite thy swelling milky breast.

“Thou art the faithful comrade who welcomest the weary fighters on their return. Victors and vanquished, they are equal in thy love. Brothers, let us join together.

“Like the cricket which sings in the fields. The storm comes, the rain pours in torrents, it drowns the furrows and the singing. But scarcely has the turmoil passed away when the obstinate little musician begins again.

“So in the vaporous East, hardly has the clatter of the Four Horsemen’s galloping hoofs died away in the distance on the trampled earth, than I, too, lift my head and resume my song, my sorry but insistent song. (*The “Bonnet Rouge,” 28th December 1915, Hymn to Peace, by Romain Rolland, entitled “Ara Pacis.”*)

“The steamship *Persia*, of the P. & O. Line, carrying no combatants, was torpedoed yesterday in the Mediterranean. Three hundred and thirty-three lives were lost.” (*The newspapers, 31st December 1915.*)

“Yesterday, 1st January, the first morning of the New Year, some large long-distance bombs fell on the town of Nancy. Two persons were killed: little Bernadette, a baby girl fifteen months, and a workman aged fifty-five; eight persons were injured, all civilians. . . . Our dear victims will be avenged, and the vengeance will sadden the poor gentlemen who claim to hover ‘above the battle’; it is required of the nation, and will satisfy its conscience.” (*Pro-*

clamation issued by Mirman, Prefect of Meurthe-et-Moselle ; the newspapers, 4th January 1916.)

“ Romain Rolland deserves to be remembered in Germany also,²³³ on this day when he celebrates his fiftieth birthday.” (“ *Vorwaerts*,” 7th February 1916.)

“ Berne, 9th February.

“ According to the *Vossische Zeitung*, the People’s Theatre at Vienna gave, on 7th February, the first performance of Romain Rolland’s play *Les Loups*.”²³⁹ (“ *Le Temps*,” 11th February 1916.)

ROMAIN ROLLAND ON THE HOLY WAR²⁴⁰

AËRT. “ I was so afraid of war, for so many years, so many years ! Even now, I am not wholly free from that dread ; it was a nightmare to me, it poisoned my childhood. . . . Then those who surrounded me, those who had care of me, all brought me up in that cowardice. . . . I understood it one day . . . I, so weak, so cowardly, I was the incarnation of war, the heir of bloody reprisals. I reflected on all that. I have an old philosopher friend²⁴¹ who often talks to me of the happiness of mankind. For him, as for so many others, peace is the first good, the condition of all progress, the foundation of new eras ; and in order to pave the way for this blessing of God, universal peace, he submits with ease, and desires that all should submit, to an unjust victory, to a crime accomplished,²⁴² to a comfortable security under the shelter of tyranny. . . . I saw there was more egoism than kindness in them. . . . With them, don’t you

see, love of mankind is love of self, and love of peace is fear of action. . . . I come to your help. . . . Are you not ashamed of the price you pay for this well-being? . . . Your whole life is nothing but a pact with an injustice that dishonours you. . . . Whatever be the cost, let us be free. And if war is the only means, well, then come war! Do not fear. The blood which flows for justice' sake will bring forth joyful harvests. . . . For myself, I feel that my faith elevates me. I must communicate it to those who need it. I will rouse my people, I will be their spur, I will stir up heroism at the risk of unchaining the tempest. And let life burn and devour me afterwards, provided I shall have rekindled it in others and in myself!"

LIA (*moved*). "O be calm, be calm. O, my dearest, how these storms will sweep away your little bones." (*"Aërt," Act ii., pp. 155-161. 1898.*)

XI. CRITICISMS

From Articles by A. Aulard ²⁴³ in the *Matin* (23rd October 1914), and *Information*, 16th January, 1915.

UNTIL the other day, M. Romain Rolland was a professor at the Sorbonne, and outside France it must not be believed that his views and impressions are those of his former colleagues of the University of Paris. . . . Is M. Rolland quite sure that among his "German friends" there are none who have murdered defenceless Frenchmen? But whatever crime they commit, our compatriot loves these amiable "Boches" too much to desist from loving them. . . . Standing on the Jungfrau, above our quarrels . . . he reproaches us with shaking the pillars of civilisation by employing native troops. He would have preferred that France should perish rather than that she should be saved by such allies. That disgust must have enchanted the people of Berlin. . . . But here is the prettiest turn of all: "Germans," he exclaims, "who are fighting to defend the philosophy and the birthplace of Kant against the Cossack avalanche." The philosophy of Kant! Why, it is the noblest and most intelligent pacifism! The great philosopher had a horror of war. . . . In theory he organised the United States of Europe. The tyrannical nations

which crushed weak nations he threatened with vengeance to be inflicted by a coalition of the other weak nations. He greeted the dawn of the French Revolution with joy. Everything that he wrote on international law, on universal peace, is by anticipation a keen satire on the German ideal of to-day. Kant, if he were still alive, would blush to be a Prussian.

From the Article by Gabriel Séailles: "An Open Letter to Romain Rolland" (*La Guerre Sociale*, 9th January 1915. ²⁴⁴

It has been your misfortune, I think, not to be here, not to have been plunged into and swept along by the wave of our people the day of departure for the front, not to have felt the beneficent contagion of the national spirit. Writing in Switzerland, you have contracted a neutral mentality? ²⁴⁵ . . . And to mark your impartiality, you have treated the French thinkers with the same severity, the same contempt as the German thinkers. . . . But, if Right is to be restored, it must be because it has been violated, and who then is the culprit? That is the point on which one must speak out and take a side. Which is the nation that desired, prepared for and let loose the war, which erected frightfulness into a method and a system, brought back the traditions of the old barbarian empires, struck down the innocent for the guilty, deported the civil populations wholesale? The French thinkers have indeed reason to complain. Is it just to put on the same plane, to include in the same disdain, those who justify the violation of Belgian neutrality, the burning of Louvain, the assassination of the martyr towns, the irreparable

destruction of the masterpieces of art, the fires, the pillage, the murders, and those who are unable to find words strong enough to express the indignation that these acts evoke? The anger aroused by these crimes must not be accounted unrighteous; it is rather to be accounted legitimate and generous: it is the revolt of that sentiment of humanity which you invoke, without, however, perceiving that first and foremost, as a condition of love itself, it implies the respect and the desire for justice.

The war shocks your intellect as much as it wounds your heart. Its stupidity disconcerts you as much as its horror. Europe is divided into two camps; she is smiting and rending herself without seeing the new powers that are rising on the horizon. Do you not think that it is a little late to warn her of them? I am of those who would have wished to spare Europe this fratricidal war. At our risk and peril, under no great illusion, at a time when at least it was still permissible to hope, we advocated a policy of Franco-German reconciliation. I do not remember to have read your name among the names of the men who made that desperate effort to avert the calamity which you deplore.

From articles by Charles Albert: "Depressing Thought," in the *Bataille Syndicaliste*, 31st August 1915, "Above the Battle" in the *Bataille*, 13th February 1916.³⁴

What I especially reproach Rolland for is his letter to the *Internationale Rundschau*. I confess it amazed me.

Let us read it once again.

“For a year I have sacrificed my peace, my literary success, my friendships to combat madness and hatred.”

“I have sacrificed my peace, my literary success, my friendships.” Have I read aright?

Romain Rolland's peace, literary success, friendships! Ah! how petty and negligible is all that amid the great hurricane! If Romain Rolland still attaches the least importance to these trifles, I am no longer surprised that he understands so ill the time in which we live. If he is surprised that in spite of such sacrifices nobody will listen to him, it is because he has not grasped the measure of the vast drama. . . . An author's puerile vanity!⁴⁷

Romain Rolland has much to say to us—and he says it eloquently—of the obligations of thought, of the duties of the spirit. Is it enough to talk of them? Thought has nothing to do with shades of literary improvisation, nor with the graces of style.

To think of an event as terrible as this war, is to keep in view a multitude of facts, to classify them, afterwards to estimate the series according to their importance, then to arrange them in a hierarchy, and to organise them into a whole. . . .

Much might be said about the opinion of an author who imagines that he sees things from a higher level because he looks down on them from the mountains of Switzerland. I have, however, said enough to show that his opinion, in which some would like us to find all the wisdom of the hour, is, in fact, little studied, little considered, little “thought,” how it continually hesitates, shuffles, and contradicts itself. To contradict oneself under present circumstances is

not only to deceive oneself, but to lead astray and discourage human reason at a moment when every one has more need than ever to keep a level head and a courageous outlook.

And that is the serious part. Therein lies, to my thinking, the whole "Romain Rolland case." In order to cross the trembling bridge over which Humanity to-day is seeking to make its way, I have need of all my reason, and I defend it. I defend it against the Barrèses who claim to subject it to the ancestral forces of instinct, and against the Rollands who, by an unhealthy need of increasing our misery which is already so great, of enlarging wounds already so deep, would have us admit that man's reason is on the point of foundering, and who, doubtless the better to convince us, devote themselves to talking nonsense. . . .

All is in order because it is ordained that everything shall be turned upside-down after a nation, holding in Europe the place of Germany, has for forty years, by denying the essential principles of democracy, violated the laws of modern society. . . . The bitterness of the drama is that it is logical, implacably logical. The best informed foresaw it. . . .

To understand is the safeguard and the strength of man. Do not hinder yourself from understanding. Do not put into men's heads more trouble than there is in the world.

From articles by Th. Ruyssen, entitled "In the Battle," *Le Bonnet Rouge*, 11th, 13th and 14th December 1915.²⁴⁸

Ah! if I could take away eight or ten pages, and add the same quantity, with what joy should I close

it with the words : " it is one of the finest and noblest books called forth by the war " ! . . . For Romain Rolland is right in thinking that " a great nation assailed by war has not only its frontiers to protect " but also " its reason. " With him we detest the " cries of hatred of the yelping newspapers, " the writers who shout War ! without taking active part in it, and cry " Kill ! kill ! " from the depths of a comfortable armchair. Like him we " leave to our Prussian enemies the motto : *Oderint, dum metuant !* " And we wish " France to be loved, to be victorious not only by force, not only by virtue of the right (that would be still too cold), but by the superiority of her large and generous heart. "

Whence comes it, then, that we cannot close the book—certain pages of which, of perfect beauty, have given us the joy of not despairing of humanity—without profound regret and inward perturbation ? First, because it contains flagrant errors, a source of grave injustice. Yes, Rolland is mistaken, he does not render justice to his own country when he takes up his position so high " above the battle " that he no longer sees any distinction between the thinkers of France and of Germany, between the socialists of the two countries. . . . I do not know that he has ever withdrawn or modified his unjust and foolish criticism²⁴⁹ of the efforts of his fellow-countrymen to organise a lasting and just peace. . . . He loved, he continues to love, the Germany of philosophers, poets, and musicians. . . . Doubtless he loves France equally, his little Nivernais country, and the great country the cause of which seems to him to be " that of freedom and human progress. " Torn between these two

loves, he cannot or will not make up his mind to the dolorous necessity of taking sides.²⁵⁰ So he rises "above the battle," to such a height that the physiognomy of nations is blurred, both their deformities and their beauties, and sinks in his sight into one dead level. Thence results the strange balancing which, in accordance with a sort of mechanical rhythm, adjudges to the adversaries an equal share of praise and blame. "Heroic youth" of the two countries, thinkers, socialists, heads of religious communities, receive turn by turn the laurel wreath or the birch. I willingly admit that the motive of this attitude is a regard for lofty and rigid justice. But the misfortune is that this theoretical justice results in crying injustice. *Summum jus, summa injuria!* For this sort of justice sets up no difference between the nation which attacks and the nation which defends; it sees no shade of distinction between the "unanimity for war" of violated Belgium, of attacked France, and the unanimity of the people which ranges itself with the aggressive governments. I do not know if that is the fact as seen from Sirius; but Geneva is not Sirius. It is known at Geneva who wanted the war, who hurried it on when it could have been avoided, who formulated the theory of the "scrap of paper" and that of "absolute war"; it is known which army forced women and children to march in front of its battalions, who deported civilians by tens of thousands, torpedoed passenger ships carrying innocent lives, murdered Miss Cavell. All that is known at Geneva and elsewhere, and it is astonishing that Romain Rolland alone seems to be

ignorant of it. Even those who disdain the vile weapon of insult cannot help thinking with bitterness that in regard to his own country Romain Rolland has shown himself less well informed and less just than the greater number of neutrals.

POSTSCRIPT TO NEUTRALS

The foregoing documents have been compiled to undeceive foreign neutrals who see in Romain Rolland's writings the highest expression of French thought during the war. Henceforth they will know that this inconsistent doctrine, fitted to unsettle the reason and unnerve the heart, has been denounced in France by French republicans. It depends on neutrals in their turn to do justice abroad to the honour of an heroic nation basely attacked in time of peace. Whoever might have been the author of a work so doubly pernicious, since it renders a cause suspect both by its defenders and its judges ; had he possessed the greatest reputation, had he been my nearest relative, I should equally have believed it my duty to combat its influence and bring the writer of it to confusion. On the earth wet with blood on which Rolland has cast this seed, so far only one harvest has been reaped, that of amazement, which any other famous Frenchman might have reaped by similar means. For every solitary exception is certain to excite curiosity and surprise ; it is not a sign of truth ; it may be one of aberration, and this exception has proved the rule. But since 125,000

copies of Romain Rolland's book are spread through the world, it has not seemed useless to mark each of those false coins; scrape it with a penknife and the lead is revealed, but French silver is always sterling.

Since these closing lines were written for the French edition of this book, the Nobel Prize for Literature has been awarded to Romain Rolland in November, 1916. It should be noticed that this prize was that of 1915 postponed one year. French opinion had exhausted its protestation. That Romain Rolland received this distinction for his book *Above the Battle*, there is no doubt, since he himself, in an official note to the French press concerning the prize, terms himself "author of *Jean Christophe* and of *Above the Battle*" (*Temps*, 17th November). Thus the case is clear—and gloomy. The award goes to a French neutral who has placed Right and Crime on a level.—*Author's Note.*

PART III

NOTES



NOTES

PART I—OPEN LETTERS

I

¹ *La Belgique sanglante*. Title of a war book on the martyrdom of Belgium, by Emile Verhaeren. Several Belgian authors, among them MM. Wilmotte and Dumont-Wilden, claimed for the poet, so faithful to the cause of Humanity, the Nobel prize for 1915. The Crown of Thorns renders him greater.

² *La Belgique sanglante*, Dedication.

³ The German edition of the last dramatic work of the author was published a few weeks before the war. The translation by Lichtenberger-Metcalf was the outcome of an old friendship; the preface was by Bertha von Suttner, the well-known Austrian pacifist, who was spared the torture of witnessing her country's crime.

⁴ *La Belgique sanglante*.

⁵ Omitted in the English translation.

⁶ Jules Cambon, in the Yellow Book VI.

⁷ Confession of Maximilian Harden after the French elections of May 1914 (see Letter to Harden, p. 59).

⁸ On 8th August 1914 I found the following words inscribed on a fir tree, in the Vosges: "Down with war! Long live France! Long live Alsace!" The words represented the feeling of the entire French nation.

⁹ "Become what you are." Nietzsche.

¹⁰ The words of M. Aristide Briand, president of the National Defence.

¹¹ The German social democrats. "The decision depends on William II" (*Vorwärts*, 30th July 1914). In a series of articles

published on the eve of the war, the *Vorwärts* declared for the entire responsibility of Austria and Germany.

¹² Proof of these atrocities has only been furnished in Serbia or on the Eastern front. Professor Reiss of Lausanne has published photographs of *breasts cut off* (see his pamphlet, *Armand Colin*, p. 35). I leave aside the imputation of "hands cut off" for lack of absolute proof. There is no need to enhance the Germanic tale of crime; the French cause and the truth are one.

¹³ "The German army and the German people are one" (*Manifesto of the Intellectuals*). And after all these abominations: "a good, open clean wound will heal; but do not poison it" (*Romain Rolland*, "Above the Battle," p. 104).

¹⁴ Since in 1915 these words were written, Mr. Asquith, in August 1916, has taken the same pledge.

¹⁵ Inscription over the entrance: *Dem deutschen Volk* (To the German people). (1915.)

¹⁶ These pages on the difference between Hate and Hate were read aloud at the front to the soldiers of the Third Army Corps, by Etienne Giran (Protestant Minister at Amsterdam), French Chaplain to the Troops.

¹⁷ To conclude this letter on Belgium's martyrdom, let us place the name of another judge by the side of that of Victor Hugo: "When I see a platoon of their soldiers marching through the streets, straight as a poker, with resolute glance, in perfect step, my heart is oppressed. And if you come upon one of them on sentry duty, he looks at you as if he wished to see through your skin. They look so stiff, so hard, that it seems as if, at every step, you are meeting a gaoler. . . . You scarcely dare to breathe! Brussels resembles a place where a storm is threatening on the horizon. Not a bird to be seen, not an animal about except those who, terrified, seek shelter. . . . Liberty walks in front of me, her feet dyed with blood, her flowing draperies soiled with blood. . . . That blood will not have been shed in vain. March on, brave people! The victorious goddess leads you. As the sea breaks through the dykes, tyrants must be brought low, and thrust out of the countries they arrogantly usurp" (GOETHE: *Egmont*).

II

¹⁸ Revelation xiii. and xiv.

¹⁹ English Pacificist League. See p. 154.

²⁰ The Hague, 28th April, 1st May 1915.

²¹ At that period, the author of these letters dedicated a little pacifist play, *The Gospel of Blood*, to Miss Hobhouse. It was performed at the Théâtre des Escholiers," Paris, in 1902.

²² *Towards Permanent Peace*, 2nd edition. London.

²³ A German, Frau Ida Boe, replied to Miss Hobhouse publicly in these words : " There exists not only a sacred love but a sacred hatred (against England). That hatred affords a sort of satisfaction to German mothers and wives, for without it we could not endure such terrible suffering. We wish to carry this wild hatred in our hearts, and we reject all *verbiage about humanity*."

²⁴ " To talk of peace now would be as intelligent as to pour milk into the jaws of a wild beast " (Karl Spitteler).

²⁵ I found the same comparison illustrated in one of Ræmaekers' drawings. The coincidence is, in my opinion, no slight sign of truth.

²⁶ Miss Amy Lillington suddenly rose to proclaim the great truth, that the assertions she had listened to were all " platitudes." And roundly reprimanding her neutral colleagues, the Suffragette exclaimed : " You believe that our women are against the war. I tell you that the women are as much for the war as the men are. For every woman in England who desires peace, there are a thousand who would like to go and fight in France if it were possible. That is what Englishwomen think, that is what English Suffragettes feel." There was an uproar in the hall, and the member of the Congress officially deputed to translate Miss Amy Lillington's speech into German, refused to repeat her strong expressions in the language of Goethe (*Le Temps*, 4th May 1915).

²⁷ In these circumstances it is natural that the Englishwomen should have asked Romain Rolland, whom they substituted for Frenchwomen, to announce in their name " that they made no distinction between enemy brothers who were suffering "

(Dedicatory epistle to the pamphlet, *Towards Permanent Peace*). And it must be noted that it was not a question of supporting any Red Cross organisation, but of sending a contribution to an assembly that was seeking conditions of peace.

III

²⁸ In August 1916 this hope was justified. (See also Table of Contents, p. 237 of French original).

²⁹ Carmen Sylva, Queen of Roumania, whose death occurred this year (1916), had sent the author of this book a telegram expressing her sympathy on the death of his father, 9th February 1912.

IV

³⁰ A theatre at Rome.

³¹ Luigi Campolonghi, for years correspondent of the *Milan Secolo*, was one of the most active workers in the propaganda for war in Italy. He was taken prisoner by the Germans at Brussels, and has just published his reminiscences. They contain an account of this meeting. The volume is called *In the Storm*.

³² They were to enlist soon afterwards in the Garibaldi Legion.

V

³³ *L'amarissimo mare*, the Adriatic (D'Annunzio).

³⁴ Speech at Quarto.

³⁵ Nietzsche, celebrated by D'Annunzio, *Ode to a Destroyer*.

³⁶ *Poiètès*, from *poiein*, to make.

³⁷ D'Annunzio had retired to Arcachon, refusing to return to Italy.

³⁸ Bülow conquered by D'Annunzio. In regard to the necessary intervention of Italy, by the side of France, in a future war, the author wrote in the *Aurore*, 28th April 1909, five years before the present war :

“Italy's interest seems to me to be not to leave the Triple Alliance till her military forces are greater than those

of Austria. So a man continues to clasp the hand of a false friend to prevent him drawing the dagger concealed in his sleeve.

“ Whence I conclude with this paradoxical solution : Italy ought to be the glacial ally of the Germans and the ardent friend of the Latins. On the side of Austria and Germany, so long as peace endures and in order that it may endure ; but if war comes, on the side of France and England, and as soon as it begins.”

VI

³⁹ In answer to this letter the author of this book received from Maurice Maeterlinck *The Wrack of the Storm*, where it can be seen that the great Belgian philosopher sides strongly in the Romain Rolland case with his compatriot Emile Verhaeren and with P. Hyacinthe Loyson, and says, “ I tried to lift myself ‘ *above the battle*,’ but in rejecting Hatred I should have shown myself a traitor to Love.”

VII

⁴⁰ The son of the great Norwegian poet was during peace time a theatrical manager in Germany, and during the war has enlisted in the service of Kultur. Telegram from Copenhagen to the *Telegraph Exchange*, London, 12th July : “ Björnson, who has now left the propaganda agency with a fat pension, intends to give a lecture in the University of Christiania. The Norwegian students received the news with indignation, and intend to make a lively protest if Björnson carries out his project. A well-known author would have taken the initiative in the intended protest. Björnson also meant to speak at Copenhagen, but on the advice of his friends he gave up the project.” Later, however, he put it into execution, and was loudly hooted by the Danes.

⁴¹ *Björn*, bear.

⁴² In Hamburg.

VIII

⁴³ *Congress of Progressive Christianity and Free-Belief*, Berlin, 5-10th August 1910. The author attended it as representative of the Paris "Union des Libres-Penseurs et des Libres-Croyants," of which Ferdinand Buisson was president. A detail may be noted: the Kaiser apologised to the Pope for giving hospitality to "liberals" in his capital.

⁴⁴ Swiss newspapers have reproached me for this passage. Is it necessary to say that merely believing in the historical existence of the Nazarene, I used His name there as a symbol—the "Word," acting, emanating from the "Being," for the accomplishing of "Justice"?

⁴⁵ Title of the fine speech of M. Wilfred Monod, published by Fischbacher. The same idea inspires the pamphlet against "Moral Neutrality" of our friend Etienne Giran, who is prosecuting a valiant campaign for Justice in the *Amsterdam Telegraaf*.

IX

⁴⁶ Dr. Broda, an Austrian subject who edited at Paris the *Documents du Progrès*, and founded during the war the *Voix de l'Humanité* at Lausanne, asked the author of these Letters to declare publicly if he thought the conditions of the future peace ought to include territorial annexations against the will of the people.

⁴⁷ Till the end of time.

⁴⁸ Dr. Broda's replies to these Letters will be found in the numbers of *La Revue* from 15th August to 1st September, and 1st November 1915. On the publication of this Letter, MM. Emile Vandervelde, head of the International Socialist Bureau and a Belgian Minister of State, Magalhaès Lima, senator and former Minister of the Portuguese Republic, Ferdinand Buisson, President of the *Ligue des Droits de l'Homme*, and Emile Corra, director of the French Positivist Society, all resigned from the *Voix de l'Humanité*, two of them informing us that it was contrary to their intentions that their patronage was taken advantage of. MM. Paul Deschanel, President of the Chamber

of Deputies, Marcel Sembat, Albert Métin, and Justin Godart, Ministers and Under-Secretaries of State, were also warned by the author of this book of the impertinent abuse of their names by Dr. Broda, and they addressed a strong protest to him. We owe it to the truth to state that under the sub-title of the *Voix de l'Humanité*, Emile Vandervelde's name has been replaced by that of Jean Longuet, deputy for the Seine.

X

⁴⁹ Two grandsons of Frédéric Passy were killed at the front for the defence of the Right. Also his eldest son, Paul Passy, professor at the Sorbonne, who practises Christian Socialism even to its strictest issues, writes in the *Geneva Essor*, 2nd October 1915, as follows :

“ For me, until the new order of things, I think with Vandervelde, Guesde, Henderson, and Bourtseff, that when a cause is just, it must be defended without seeking to discover if its other defenders are worthy of it or not ; and that here we must, above all, crush Prussian Cæsarism while holding out the hand of fraternity to the proletariat it has deceived.

“ When my son went away for his military service, I said to him : ‘ If you are sent against strikers demanding their rights, or against the natives of Morocco defending their independence, be shot rather than obey. But if it is to defend France against attack, obey with all your heart.’ He did so, and I have every reason to fear that he lost his life. I say that he fell as a *soldier of the Right, and so as a soldier of God.*”

XI

⁵⁰ Peace by Right.

⁵¹ See my letter to the *Anti-Oorlog Raad*, p. 47.

⁵² Inquiry of the *Documents du Progrès* on the same subject. April 1915.

⁵³ Inscription on the badge of the League, worn in the button-hole : “ Do not speak of the war ! ”

⁵⁴ Manifesto of the Intellectuals.

XII

⁵⁵ The neutral Brandès has devoted a dithyramb to Rolland. (*Politiken*, 24th November 1914.)

⁵⁶ Mme. Marthe Brandès of the *Comédie Française*.

⁵⁷ If Georg Brandes is dead, we shall console ourselves for his loss by reading the fine book that the Danish poet, Johannes Jørgensen, has just written to the glory of Belgium, entitled *The Bell of Roland*, a bell that is still sound, that of the belfry of Ghent.

XIII

⁵⁸ "The French Republic desires a pacific and urbane foreign policy, tending essentially to a dignified understanding, with Germany; that is, in short, for us the most important result of the electoral contest. France wishes to avoid war so far as the dignity of the nation allows. France desires peace because she cannot do otherwise. Such is the meaning of the recent elections, and in that way they are an international event. We do not aspire to deprive France of the smallest hamlet, or a square inch of land. . . . The world would be the poorer if the Gallic genius lost its brilliance, if the voice of France died in a timorous whisper. Who would profit by a measure (war) which could only serve an end that is not desired? An attempt! . . . Then do not scoff at the recent elections; do not grumble. Restrain your tongue! This summer will be a decisive period" (*Zukunft*, 16th May 1914, translated in the *Droits de l'Homme*, 30th May).

⁵⁹ "In one of the last numbers of *Zukunft* Maximilian Harden writes that from July he warned Austria of what would happen and of her illusions concerning Serbia. "I warned her," he says, "as clearly as I could, before the result of the agreement in regard to the Note to be sent to Serbia was known" (*Le Temps*, 14th January 1915).

⁶⁰ *To the Day!* Toast of German officers before the war.

⁶¹ "On which side is Right? Yes, if there was no other question we might be content to follow the advice of fools and to drag the great international controversies before the Supreme

Tribunal of Europe. But reason in this case is only madness. Ask the beech-tree who gave it the right to lift its top higher than that of the pine, the fir, the birch, or the palm. Bring the matter before the tribunal presided over by toothless and pedantic old men. Like a storm there would resound through the foliage of the beech: 'My might is my right!' The right to live, to develop, to push skyward, that each nation receives at its birth, does not depend on any judge. On which side is right? On the side of might! Right or not, we shall hold firm. . . . It is our will to conquer. It is vain for spectacled diplomatists in frock-coats to descant, to demonstrate that we are honest folk of a pacific temper. Cecil Rhodes said once: 'This war is just because it is useful to my people.' Let us hammer that maxim into all hearts. It will prevail over hundreds of White Books. The enemy hordes wish to do us to death. The bastard (French) plumes himself with the foolish illusion that he can crush the grandson of the great Conqueror. Let us draw our swords and kill him! History will not ask for our reasons. This war has not been imposed upon us as a surprise. We willed it; we ought to have willed it. Germany does not wage this war to punish the guilty or to liberate nations. What Germany desires . . . is to hoist the storm flag of the Empire on the shores of the narrow strait that is the gate of the Atlantic. She will ask nothing more, not even an indemnity for her war expenses. She will obtain payment in the general terror spread by her victories. The Germans will remain in Belgium, and will add a narrow strip of territory to extend the coast-line to Calais" (*Zukunft*, just after the outbreak of war. It should be compared with the preceding text, p. 246, note ⁵⁸).

Since then Harden has, however, again changed his tune: "While the government and its press are actively employed in convincing the German nation that victory is virtually won, the truth is that no decisive victory has been gained, and that Germany has still to carry on a terrible struggle for her very existence. Bismarck would have put off the declaration of war until he was perfectly sure that he would not have to face an overwhelming enemy coalition" (*Zukunft*, December 1915. The number was seized and the publication of the periodical

suspended). Expiation is beginning, and here again the passage should be compared with the preceding text. The second confession that Germany provoked the war should be noted.

⁶² Seen by the writer.

⁶³ *Harden*, pseudonym rightly derived from *hart*, hard.

XIV

⁶⁴ Haeckel's thesis was repeated and officially proclaimed by the King of Bavaria in June 1915 after ten months of war. Admirable discipline in the carrying out of a word of command! Truth always makes its way.

There is only one other more extraordinary example of Germanic impudence. It is furnished by the distinguished Professor Traub, a Prussian Protestant theologian, in his description of the sitting of the Reichstag (4th August 1914), when the Chancellor himself confessed the outrage done to international law by the violation of Belgium. "At that moment," wrote Traub, "Right, with head aloft, traversed the hemicycle, and Justice saluted our people" (*Christliche Freiheit*, 16th August 1914).

XV

⁶⁵ It is with regard to this letter, doubtless, that Romain Rolland reproached me with "denying" my friendships (*Pour Romain Rolland*, p. 50, Jeheber, Geneva). Romain Rolland is free to remain, unconditionally, the friend of those who approve the violation of Belgium. For my part, I do not desire friendship with those whose hands are red with blood. My friendship is a communion.

XVI

⁶⁶ Zola when he came to London.

⁶⁷ As did, in 1789, Camille Desmoulins at the Palais Royal in Paris, rising on his chair and taking up the green cockade.

⁶⁸ This glory has been earned by two other Germans: the courageous Hermann Fernau, who published a similar

book at Zürich under his own name, with the title, *Because I am a German* (Fussli) ; and the heroic Hermann Roesemeyer, who resigned the editorship of the *Berliner Morgenpost*, arrived at the Swiss frontier holding by the hand his wife and children, like an outcast, after eighteen months' efforts to escape, and declared that he had quitted Germany "in order to remain a man."

XVII

⁶⁹ Grütli, 1291.

⁷⁰ Inaugural speech at the twenty-third session of the Federal Chambers at Berne. And these words, spoken by M. Motta, President of the Confederation, at the banquet of the "Centenary of Natural Sciences" (September 1915): "Each race has its qualities and its defects. By a decree of nature the government of the world has not fallen to the share of any one of them." What other head of a greater State dared so clearly to reprobate the Pan-German pretensions?

⁷¹ *Spitze*, point, summit.

⁷² Might he be a relation of M. Fuglister, a Swiss who delivered a series of lectures in France on the burning of Louvain?

⁷³ Since this letter was written the affair of the two Swiss colonels of the Headquarters Staff (February 1916) and that of Colonel de Loys (August 1916) have strikingly confirmed the Author's hints.

XVIII

⁷⁴ At the time of the disembarkation of the Allies, one of the first engagements took place near the tomb of Achilles.

⁷⁵ Conquest of Greece by the Romans, 143 B.C.

⁷⁶ Capture of Byzantium by the Turks, 1453 A.D.

⁷⁷ Since this Letter was written, "Venizelos the Great" has been dismissed a second time by the "good king." The cries of thousands of massacred Greeks have died away into silence. And the French troops land, lonely, in Salonika. Differing from the "Greek child" who wanted "powder

and shot," certain elderly Greeks, in their second childhood, would only ask one thing, how they can avoid the need of them.

“ Veux-tu, pour me sourire, un bel oiseau des bois,
 Qui chante, avec un chant plus doux que le hautbois,
 Plus éclatant que les cymbales ?
 Que veux-tu ? fleur, beau fruit, ou l’oiseau merveilleux ?
 — ‘ Ami,’ dit l’enfant grec, dit l’enfant aux yeux bleus,
 ‘ Je veux de la poudre et des balles.’ ”

VICTOR HUGO, *Les Orientales*, 1828.

“ O crime ! O shame ! Unhappy Greece, thou didst remain
 a calm spectator of a war waged on thy frontiers ; thy feeble
 policy waited on events to make a decision.”

TASSO, *Jerusalem Delivered*, 1575.

XIX

⁷⁸ Dr. Carus had the fairness to insert this letter in the number for October 1915.

⁷⁹ “ Another [French Military Airman] has dropped bombs on the railroad near Karlsruhe and Nuremberg. According to my instructions, I have the honour of informing your Excellency that, owing to these aggressions, the German Empire considers itself to be in a state of war with France, the responsibility lying with the latter.”—*Letter handed on August 3rd, 1914, at 18h. 45, to M. René Viviani, President of the French Cabinet, by Herr von Schœn, German Ambassador in Paris.*

“ ROTTERDAM, May 27th, 1916.

“ Professor Schwalbe in the *Deutsche Medizinische Wochenschrift* publishes a letter by the burgomaster of Nuremberg in which the latter confesses to the falsity of the rumours concerning the bombs which French airmen were supposed to have dropped on the railroad at Nuremberg before the declaration of war. The burgomaster goes on to say that the general in command of the 3rd Bavarian Corps has moreover declared that he only heard of this attack through the papers issued on August 2nd, 1914.”

The Temps, May 28th, 1916.

⁸⁰ Since this letter was written the list of these proofs has been lengthened still more. The new Belgian Grey Book (August 1915) has demonstrated that, several years before the war, Germany had cynically proposed to France that they should share the Belgian Congo and assume a joint protectorate over Belgium. Finally, several enemy publications now admit the German aggression. I will quote two of them as examples. In a collection of *ana* for German soldiers, *Deutsche Kriegsschwänke* 1914 (published at Weimar), p. 100, occurs this ironical sentence] borrowed from the *Tägliche Rundschau*: "Can one conceive the impudence of these Germans who *began* the present war without first asking the English whether they wished it to take place on land or on sea!" And in the Viennese journal, the *Reichspost*: "It is Germany who provoked the war because the policy of England tended towards the isolation of Germany" (*Gazette de Lausanne*, 12th Sept. 1915).

⁸¹ The surplus booty sold in neutral countries; announcements in GEORG BRANDÈS' journal, the *Politiken*, of Copenhagen (May 1915), and in the press of German Switzerland, cynically set out at length.

⁸² Inquiry on the spot, by M. REISS, professor at Lausanne University (Armand Colin, publisher). See this hideous sight photographed in *Le Miroir* of 7th February 1915.

⁸³ These massacres by hundreds of thousands, the veritable extermination of a race, are formally *approved* by the German press as "just repressive measures against rebels" (Count Reventlow, *Deutsche Tageszeitung*). Two instances taken at random: one Armenian archbishop "burnt alive by the Turks" (*Journal de Genève*, 4th November 1915), and one Armenian bishop, whose feet were shod like those of a horse, under the pretext that "such a high personage could not walk barefooted." This horrible butchery, to which the world has shown itself indifferent, has not only enjoyed the approval of the German press, but also the complicity of *German officers*. "At Mush the principal inhabitants were mutilated, and their wives and daughters outraged before their eyes. The population had entrenched themselves in the houses, and, provided with rifles, offered a stubborn resistance. But the

Turkish artillery, handled by German officers, made short work of these positions. All persons caught with arms in their hands were killed; the rest were deported. At the date of December 1915 it was estimated that, out of a population of two million Armenians, nearly a million were killed, burnt alive, or died from sickness or hunger" (Report of the American Inquiry Commission, communicated by Lord Bryce).

Commentary—A letter from Bismarck to William I, 11th August 1877: "*It is difficult to preserve a diplomatic calmness in the face of such barbarity, and I think indignation is general amongst all Christian States. . . . These events are evidence, for the Russians, that they are, in this war, the true champions of Christian civilisation against barbarism let loose.*" These remarks refer to the first massacres of Armenians by the future allies of Germany. Kultur has since made progress.

⁸⁴ On the foreheads of the governing classes in Germany, and of all those who still dare to defend her cause, is branded this memorial name: EDITH CAVELL (October 1915). And to all those who persist against the weight of evidence in looking for guilt among the Triple Entente with regard to the beginning of war, we commend the following as a subject for meditation: *Let us reverse the facts and suppose the absurd, the provocation of Germany by the Entente; even in that case the German atrocities alone would transfer Right into the Allies' camp.*

⁸⁵ Alas! (December 1915).

⁸⁶ This list also has been since extended: The attempted assassination of the millionaire Morgan, the sinking of the *Arabic*, *Hyperion*, etc., and the organisation of civil war, resulting in the expulsion of Herr Dumba, the Austrian ambassador, the famous action against the Kaiser's bandits, dismissal of the German *attachés*, and quarrel with feeble Austria and later with powerful Germany.

⁸⁷ In the course of the winter of 1915-16 Dr. Carus took great pains to send us, on many occasions, evidences of his great pity for France and at the same time suggestions for hatred against England and indulgence towards Germany. Having noticed that these letters strangely coincided with overtures for a "German peace," we returned to him the *generous mite* mentioned above.

PLATE IV

ROMAIN ROLLAND IN THE HANDS OF THE PRO-GERMANS

ABOVE THE BATTLE

By ROMAIN ROLLAND

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Advertisement from an American newspaper of the American edition of *Above the Battle*, published by the *Open Court* of Dr. Carus. Unaware of this circumstance, the Rollandist pacifist review *Cænobium* gives this definition of Romain Rolland's American editor: "Paul Carus, editor of the *Open Court* in Chicago, is an ardent partisan of German imperialism. . . . He offers an apology for (*i.e.* a panegyric of) the Emperor William, whom he depicts as honest, just, and a lover of peace" (*Cænobium*, August, 1916, pp. 161, 165).

⁸⁸ Since the French Edition of this book was published, Romain Rolland has entrusted M. Paul Carus, one of the leading agents of the Kaiser in America, with the task of editing in that country his volume (*Above the Battle*: Romain Rolland, The Open Court Publishing Company—Editor, Paul Carus. Price net, \$1.00 ; 122 S. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Il.). See Plate IV.

XX

⁸⁹ Letter received 15th October from an unknown correspondent. Invited to publish these pages, we do it with all reserve, as will be seen farther on.

⁹⁰ Mr. William White, an American, is head of the University of Pennsylvania's Surgical Mission to the American Ambulance at the Lycée Pasteur, Neuilly-sur-Seine. My correspondent here refers, I think, to Mr. White's article which he has probably read in the same number of *La Revue* (15th September) in which my last letters appeared.

⁹¹ We find the same opinion from the lips of the former American Minister, Mr. Root, quoted by *Le Temps*.

⁹² Hyphenated Americans : German-Americans.

⁹³ Paraphrase of the words of the American song *Yankee Doodle* :

“ He stuck a feather in his hat, and called it macaroni.”

⁹⁴ Mr. Morgan.

⁹⁵ Sensational disclosures in the *New York World*.

⁹⁶ An historical fact.

⁹⁷ My correspondent is not mistaken as to the sense of this expression, but as to its form. We say : *monter un bateau à quelqu'un*, my dear *confrère*. But I respect the incorrectness of your variant, which is singularly happy.

⁹⁸ The arms of the City of Paris are a boat with the motto *Fluctuat nec mergitur*.

⁹⁹ Roosevelt.

¹⁰⁰ Mr. Vanderbilt.

¹⁰¹ *Falaba*, 101 deaths ; *Wayfarer*, 5 deaths ; *Lusitania*, 1,198 deaths ; *Armenian*, 12 deaths ; *Iberian*, 7 deaths ; *Christiania*, 11 deaths ; *Arabic*, 39 deaths ; *Hesperian*, 32 deaths ; *Ancona*,

208 deaths ; *Ville-de-la-Ciotat*, 86 deaths ; *Persia*, 323 deaths. (To be continued.) The formula with regard to other neutrals, Scandinavians, for instance, undergoes a slight variation : each time that Germany sinks one of their boats, these neutrals protest, Germany apologises, swears that she did not do it on purpose, and begins again. We thus have the " conjugation " : torpedoing, protest, apology ; torpedoing, protest, apology ; torpedoing, protest, apology . . . and so on, until the complete destruction of the merchant fleet of these *little neutrals*. The United States, *great neutrals*, deserved more consideration : the torpedoings are multiplied without the expression of any apology. (*Note by Mr. Whilbey Warring.*)

¹⁰² " Too proud to fight " and " neutral even in thought," words of our President. (*Note by Mr. Whilbey Warring.*)

¹⁰³ Actual events.

XXI

¹⁰⁴ The volunteers of all foreign countries enrolled in our ranks in the service of Right equal the strength of an army corps. (Consult the Berger-Levrault pamphlet on this subject.) If there are any who have taken up arms for Germany, they do not amount to more than a squad.

¹⁰⁵ " I omit the manufacturers," Mark would add with a wink.

¹⁰⁶ *Voix américaines sur la guerre de 1914* (American voices on the war of 1914). Berger-Levrault.

¹⁰⁷ *The Road towards Peace.*

¹⁰⁸ *The Proof* (French translation published by Georges Crès).

XXII

¹⁰⁹ A cargo of English tea thrown into the sea by the Americans was the occasion of the War of Independence (1775).

XXIII

¹¹⁰ " The only thing that has caused us serious anxiety within our borders during the last months, has been the voices raised in America, claiming to be those of Americans, but in reality

expressing foreign sympathies. It is time that the people should demand their punishment" (Speech of President Wilson, quoted by *Le Temps*, 6th November 1915).

¹¹¹ Allusion to the war policy of the Pope.

¹¹² M. Combes, the leader of the French free-thinkers, M. Cochin, a firm Catholic, both members of the Coalition Cabinet.

¹¹³ See Alfred Loisy, *Guerre et Religion* (Nourrit).

¹¹⁴ Later events have shown Mr. Warring that the most pacifist of Presidents can get angry (February 1916).

XXIV

¹¹⁵ Annexation of Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1908.

¹¹⁶ The coffin was abandoned in the pouring rain by its escort. A more serious suspicion may even be permitted.

¹¹⁷ The Austrian minister left Belgrade a few hours after the delivery of the very conciliatory Serbian reply, without admitting any discussion. The cannon were already loaded.

¹¹⁸ Serbian insurgents at the time of the Turkish domination.

¹¹⁹ Ancient poets of Serbia.

¹²⁰ Epic songs of Serbia.

¹²¹ The defeated hero of the battle of Kosovo (1389), whence dates the Serbian servitude prolonged until 1804.

¹²² The legendary hero of Serbia.

¹²³ At the battles of Tser and Roudnik. These exploits of the Serbians relieved the French front in Lorraine (*Le Temps*, 6th December 1915).

¹²⁴ Belgrade under fire from the Austrian bank of the Danube.

¹²⁵ Especially typhus fever, which Anglo-French sanitary missions went to combat and to check on the spot.

¹²⁶ The French shells were able to arrive at the last moment before the destruction of the bridge of Strumnitza by the Bulgarian hordes.

¹²⁷ "Serbia was prevented from profiting by the chance offered her of fighting the Bulgarians before their mobilisation was complete, because the Allies, etc." (*Le Temps*, leading article, 6th December, 1915). "The Serbian Government had to ask the approval of the Allies. It was refused" (*Le Journal*: "How Serbia was crushed," 28th December 1915).

¹²⁸ The young Prince Alexander of Serbia had the immortal glory of making this reply to William II.

¹²⁹ A fact.

¹³⁰ Scarcely two months.

¹³¹ "We shall fall back from mountain to mountain." These are the words of the King of Montenegro. The brave little Montenegrin people has a right to be included in the funeral panegyric of Serbia.

¹³² At the battle of Kosovo. See E. Denis, *La Grande Serbie* (Delagrave).

¹³³ "No one can henceforth prevent the Serbians from being the greatest nation of Eastern Europe. No one can henceforth prevent the Serbians from definitely passing out of the rank of the little nations, tolerated by the great nations on account of the balance of power, to that of a real and important factor in the history of humanity" (The *Roumania* of Bukharest, 20th December 1915, after the crushing of Serbia).

¹³⁴ King Peter reached the shores of the Adriatic, where he embarked, in a state of extreme weakness, on an Italian torpedo boat for Caserta, where a palace had been prepared for his reception. On the way the old king ordered the captain of the vessel to retrace his course to Albania, and was obeyed. From there he rejoined the Allies at Salonika, so as to remain fighting to the end and "to be nearer his native land in case of death."

¹³⁵ Martyr, in Greek = witness.

¹³⁶ Romain Rolland, *Above the Battle*, *passim*. "Germans, the hour is terrible; your country, like ours, is fighting for existence."

¹³⁷ The deliverance of the Bulgarians from the Ottoman yoke by Russia.

¹³⁸ The Armenians in 1915.

¹³⁹ Enver Pasha, who inverts history.

¹⁴⁰ Romain Rolland has completely forgotten that old alliance between a European and an Asiatic nation. His sagacity is thus at fault when he charges all the European nations with importing "bodies of all colours" into the present war (*Above the Battle*, p. 41). On the other hand, we venture to remind him that the native troops of the Allies fight in their ranks

of their own free will, and with so much enthusiasm that all the attempts of the Germans to entice them away have been vain. Hindoo soldiers, who were taken prisoner, escaped from Germany to rejoin their regiments. The most touching testimony of gratitude to England was given by the Canadian Red Indians. "The chiefs Tire-des-deux-Côtés and Chevaux-d'Hermene of the Blood Indians sent £200 levied on the treasure of their tribes as the tangible expression of their desire that England should ever remain the protector of the weak, and the arbiter of the peace of the world." The Indians of the Island of Manitoulin sent £400 to help to pay the enormous expenses of the war in which "our august father, the King," is actually engaged. The "Six Nations" declare that their gift of £300 proves "the alliance between the Indians of the Six Nations and the British Crown." The band of "Blackfoots" sent £240 "for our country and her Allies." The chief Gros-Ventre and the councillor Gros-Loup of the Sarcées sent £100. The band of Temiskaming sent £200 "to help to alleviate the misery caused by the European conflict, particularly in Belgium" (quoted from Canadian newspapers by the *Quotidien du Midi*, Avignon, 30th December, 1915). That is the result of the civilisation of the Allies, who know how to win the affection of the races they conquer. It would be well to compare this state of things with the result of the Kultur practised in Belgium, Serbia, and Armenia. A man may possess only "a soul of colour," as Romain Rolland puts it, and be thousands of miles away from the "battle" without wishing to be "above" it. He may be only a poor "savage," and yet feel himself to be at the heart of humanity for the defence of the Right. The story of Blanchette will furnish a final proof. A humble Senegalese, black as his name, was dying of pneumonia in hospital at Hanover. When he felt his last hour at hand, he asked the German authorities to send to his bedside the two French officers of highest rank, also prisoners, a major and a captain. They came. Blanchette sat up, saluted, and asked them to transmit the salute to all the other interned officers. Then, to the amazement of the Germans present, the major and the captain embraced Blanchette. Next, Blanchette summoned

the two non-commissioned officers of highest rank, an adjutant and a sergeant, went through the same ceremony, entrusted them with the same commission for all the French non-commissioned officers, and received their embraces. Then Blanchette lay down and died. The amazement of the Germans forms the revenge of France. (Related by my friend, Edmond Bloch, interned at the Reserve-Lazarett, Kriegsschule, Hanover.)

PART II—THE ROMAIN ROLLAND CASE

I

¹⁴¹ Formerly editorial secretary of the newspaper which the author edited in Paris. Swiss by nationality, she has been employed during the war at the "Agence des prisonniers," Geneva.—This letter is a reply exclusively to the article *Above the Battle* (*Au-dessus de la Mêlée*), Rolland's main article, which expounds the whole of his doctrine and gives its name to his volume; it is the baneful article which was destined to give birth to the first French propaganda in favour of "peace at any price," in harmony with the wishes of Germany. The article *Above the Battle* appeared in the *Journal de Genève* on the date 22nd–23rd September, 1914, and not on the date 15th September, as printed in the French edition of Ollendorf (p. 38), and in the English translation by C. K. Ogden (p. 55).—The elements of the present letter were furnished to the author in December 1914, but publication was long deferred and only took place in *La Revue* of 15th August, 1915, under the strong impression produced by an article in the *Temps* (7th July, 1915), which informed the French public that the name of Romain Rolland figured in the lists of a German League, among the names of several of the "intellectuals" who signed the "Manifesto of the Ninety-three." Nevertheless the author did not think himself justified in making use of this information until after the original documents came into his hands.

¹⁴² The original text of this article (published 15th August,

1915, see the preceding note) implied that Romain Rolland's exodus dated from the invasion, as is commonly believed. Nevertheless the *Hommes du Jour* (13th November, 1915), Rolland's official newspaper in France, seems to imply on his part that at the time of the declaration of war he had already been "two months" in Switzerland. On the other hand, M. Paul Seippel, his appointed spokesman in Switzerland, at a "Soirée de Romain Rolland," held at Zürich at the *Lesesirkel d'Hottingen* in November 1915, read a declaration from his friend: "I have honoured in this land of refuge the illustrious proscribed of the whole of Europe, from the Reformation of the sixteenth century to the heroes of the *Risorgimento*, and from Wagner to Courbet and Elisée Reclus." Are we not tempted to supply a fourth name, especially when M. Seippel adds: "Romain Rolland, like his hero, Jean-Christophe, when he was driven out of France (*sic*) and Germany, has found a refuge (*sic*) in Switzerland, a corner of the earth where it is possible to breathe above Europe" (*sic: Journal de Genève*, 25th November, 1915). This does not prevent Rolland from stating (*Above the Battle*, p. 49) that he was "situated in the midst of the conflict and able to look down from the high plateaus of Switzerland." Rather than ask Romain Rolland who "drove him out" of France, who "proscribed" him, let us give him the benefit of the former version of the *Hommes du Jour*: he had already taken refuge in Switzerland when "proscription" was inflicted on him. His absence is thus rendered less shocking, although it is not the less deplorable: he has not *rejoined* morally. But why cannot this historical fact be verified after a year and a half? The misfortune is that Romain Rolland, whose actions attract attention by their unique and exceptional character, always refuses to explain. In our opinion, this refusal has done him an injury, for a public man ought to render account of his acts.

¹⁴³ The "breath of perfidy" is spread by his disciples.

¹⁴⁴ Some one of high position in political circles, but who forbids me to give his name, wrote me thirty vehement pages in defence of Romain Rolland. "Do you hold that the ideal of all the young Germans *in setting out for the war* was to destroy monuments, violate women, and commit numerous

deeds of horror ? ” No, sir, they may not have had that *ideal in setting out for the war* (1914); but they have it *now* (1915), or they know that, in any case, it is *imposed* on them. But Rolland has deprived himself of the only possible excuse for his assertion, its date (September 1914). In the *Hommes du Jour*, 27th November, 1915, in reply to our *Appeal to Romain Rolland* (see below, p. 152), he declares: “As to the article *Above the Battle*, which I am insolently called upon to disavow, not only do I uphold all its statements without suppressing or modifying ANY ONE of them, but if I had not already written it, I should write it to-day EVEN MORE FORCIBLY.” So, on the faith of this formal and precise declaration, after sixteen months of the Germanic war, after all the crimes and abominations committed by the armies of Kultur, all the terms employed in *Above the Battle* are regarded by their author as too weak. On the invaded and devastated soil of France, Belgium, and Serbia, the heroic youth of Germany is fighting for the same ideal as we are ! Comment is superfluous.

¹⁴⁵ Article quoted, lines 12 and 13. Against this conception of the “tzarist” war so dear to Romain Rolland may be set the persistent assertion of my friend Bourtseff, who returned to his country to serve it, was cast into prison for his loyalty, and yet, notwithstanding, repeats that *this war is a war of liberation and justice*. The forcible terms of the appeal addressed (October-November 1915) by the heads of the two divisions (Marxist and Populist) of the Russian socialists to the whole proletariat of the Tzar’s Empire, will be similarly appreciated: “A defeat of Russia in this war against Germany would be *also a defeat in her struggle for liberty*. . . . *Brigands more rapacious and cynical than the Germans have never been seen*.” For Romain Rolland there are simply “the atrocities of the impious war” which sets the nations “at grips,” and he is unable to say by whom they are perpetrated. “The beast is loose,” he declares; but what beast? He who does not name it is a fool. We, however, assert that the beast is Germany. Again, in his letter to Gerhardt Hauptmann, otherwise noble, and, apart from the immanent contradiction, a fine piece of writing: “I do not reproach you with our miseries, for your miseries are not less.”

What does he mean? The Germans let loose the dogs of war, and we are not to call them to account for our miseries? And how can we admit this, coming after a generous protest against their atrocities in Belgium: "Keep these savageries for us Frenchmen, your true enemies"? Why should pacific France have the privilege of these devastations, which, alas! she has not lacked?

¹⁴⁶ Great meeting in favour of a Franco-German reconciliation (*rapprochement*) held in the riding-school of the Pantheon in May 1913. The French author of this book was on the platform.

¹⁴⁷ *Divina Commedia*.

¹⁴⁸ Among the German intellectuals who were members of the Association, were: Heinrich Morf, member of the Berlin Academy of Sciences; Felix Weingartner, conductor of the orchestra of the Berlin opera; Max Liebermann, painter, of Berlin, corresponding member of the Paris Academy of Fine Arts; Ernst Haeckel, Professor in the University of Jena; Ludwig Fulda, author, translator of Molière, Beaumarchais, and Rostand; Gerhardt Hauptmann, author; Karl Volmöeller, scholar, of Dresden; Franz von Stuck, Professor at the Munich Academy of Fine Arts; Richard Dehmel, poet; Herbert Eulenberg, author; Karl Hauptmann, author; all signatories, two years later, of the "Manifesto of the 93." To know each other better, indeed; if these "colleagues" have learnt nothing of us, the converse does not follow.

¹⁴⁹ "Was it impossible, if not to love each other, at least to tolerate, each of you, the great virtues and the great vices of the other? And ought you not to have set yourselves to solve in a spirit of peace (you did not even sincerely attempt it) the questions that divided you?" (R. Rolland, *Journal de Genève*, 22-23 September, 1914). And on the other hand: "A certain number of good citizens, French and German, have joined together in order to seek practical means whereby the warlike current that has lately seized hold of old Europe might be stemmed. And they thought that it would be best to oppose the work of death, so scientifically organised, by the work of life resplendent in its blossoming . . . that we should think of the new Humanity, for which, forgetting their mani-

fold grievances, France and Germany ought to work, 'the two master nations,' according to Victor Hugo, the two hostile brothers, dragging behind them a past of conflicts, a past of which one still bears an open wound" (Manifesto of the Committee, "To know each other better," published by the *Droits de l'Homme*, 9th June 1912).

¹⁵⁰ See p. 178 for Rolland's reply on this point.

¹⁵¹ I have noted above his vigorous protest, in his letter to Hauptmann, against the *atrocities* committed in Belgium. But in this first comprehensive article on the war—written the day after the deliverance of the West by the victory of the Marne, which is allowed *two lines and a half—six lines out of five hundred* are the alms doled out to Belgium. As to the "crime" of the violation, he does not dwell on it: "I *did not even raise my voice* when I saw your armies violating the neutrality of noble Belgium. This flagrant breach of honour, which incurs the contempt of every upright conscience, is quite in the political traditions of your Prussian kings: *it did not surprise me.*" Comment: "Is it not admirable? Neither was the world surprised. But it howled" (Stéphane Servant, *Le Bonnet Rouge*, 21st September, 1915).

¹⁵² "I translate from the articles of the *Journal de Genève*, especially those of Romain Rolland, for German reviews and dailies" (Letters of a German woman quoted by *L'Opinion*, January 1915). "You see that my 'Germanophilism' is of the same quality as that of the Frenchman, Romain Rolland" (Article by Léo Picard, editor of the *Vlaamsche Post* in Holland, Belgian "traitor" to Belgium, a term applied to him in the *XX^e Siècle*, the official Belgian newspaper of Havre, August 1915). As for me, I have received twenty letters from *neutrals* abroad, who invoke the example of Romain Rolland.

II

¹⁵³ Romain Rolland was then a candidate for the Nobel prize. The author did not know that circumstance in composing his "appeal." The news was telegraphed from Stockholm on 8th November; the "appeal" had already appeared.

¹⁵⁴ "I have *never, in any way*, belonged to the *Bund Neues*

Vaterland.” That is all; no explanation of the appearance of his name on six numbers of the Bulletin of the League.

¹⁵⁵ The two letters of Rolland of such capital importance in regard to the German League—published by *Der Bund* of Berne, 10th and 18th February—are not included in the collection of his articles, where he devotes twelve pages of praise to various foreign neutral associations. It is, however, the German League in which he is most interested, since to that alone did he give his name. Now no mention is made of this League in his volume.

¹⁵⁶ *Everything*; that is, absolutely *everything*. The article on p. 152; the slightest allusions in the course of the work—*everything*, provided my good faith is saved.

¹⁵⁷ In regard to this second formula, and in my desire of conciliation, I adopted Rolland’s views without discussing them. The *Temps* applies the word “belong” to all the people on the list.

III

¹⁵⁸ See my Letters against these leagues, pp. 17, 39, 44, 47, 50 of the present volume. Three of those leagues are honoured with mention by Romain Rolland in his book (see pp. 121–134, Eng. Trans.).

¹⁵⁹ This article is the preceding Letter, addressed to Marie Milliet. The letter appeared in *La Revue* for 15th August—1st September, and was published in Paris, 15th August.

¹⁶⁰ Note that word. In the opinion even of the Geneva friend, if Rolland’s name had appeared in the early lists of the Bulletin, Rolland would have been an *adherent*. Now Rolland’s name does appear in these early lists. But there is not a single reader of the *Temps* who did not, according to this astute note, understand exactly the contrary, namely that Rolland had never had anything to do with the League. Ought not Romain Rolland to have prevented his intimate friend, author of the note to the *Temps*, from knowingly deceiving the public?

¹⁶¹ It should be noted that this anonymous correction only appeared after fifty-seven days of silence (7th July—

3rd September), and that it coincides with the reprinting of the Bulletins without Romain Rolland's name.

¹⁶² See the annexed photograph, Plate I. The Björnson whose name is coupled with that of Rolland must not be confused with his celebrated father. The younger Björnson, in remembrance of his profession of theatrical manager, was the Kaiser's impresario in Scandinavian countries, where at Copenhagen he was loudly hooted for his eulogy of Kultur. See the Letter to him, p. 37. Björnson and Rolland are the only persons in the list not of Austro-German origin: Otfried Nippold, of Swiss origin, went to Germany, where I knew him as foreign editor of the *Frankfort Gazette*.

¹⁶³ Alas! before writing those lines in *La Revue* of 15th August, I had worked on a defective collection of *six* Bulletins, so difficult is it, even for official archives, to find the *editio princeps*. M. Fournol, head of our propaganda office, has not been able to procure it for me, even in two months; and I hear from Geneva that it has "suddenly disappeared." Thus Bulletin No. 2, which I did consult, formed part of the other collection of the same Bulletins, but reprinted without the name of Rolland. Yes, the name of a Frenchman appears even in No. 2—and consequently in the whole series—in a pamphlet which awards a patent of liberalism to Bismarck. The discovery did not fill me with a malicious joy: it caused me deep distress. For if Bismarck did not like annexations (Schleswig and Alsace, mere trifles), he would have liked to finish off France a few years after 1870. And in the mind of these noble Germans, champions of the principle of nationalities (the people of the "New Fatherland"), it is assumed that Germany keeps Alsace, since these same noble Germans lay claim to the passes of the Vosges besides.

¹⁶⁴ No. 6 of the Bulletin of the League ("*England und der Krieg*" by Lujo Brentano) is only a long diatribe against England, in which the author strives to *justify* the violation of Belgian neutrality by Germany (p. 9, line 36). What does Romain Rolland think of that, whose name enhances the value of the pamphlet? Lastly, may we ask the Union of Democratic Control how it has allowed this German League to put down its name as that of a "Sister-Association"?

With regard to the spirit of the League. I give one quotation not suspect, which puts the hall-mark, the indisputable birth-certificate, on the rubbish of the "New Fatherland." It is taken from the morning edition of the *Berliner Tageblatt*, 30th October, 1915: "The publications of the 'New Fatherland' are very far from having had a prejudicial effect. On the contrary, in foreign countries, the opinion of which is valuable for us, those writings have produced an excellent impression, and one very favourable to our cause. We have received many testimonies to this fact." Lastly, the *New Gazette* of Zürich, in a notorious article inspired by Prince von Bülow, who was residing at Lucerne, takes up, on the part of the "German Empire" (*sic*), the project of peace put forward by the League of the New Fatherland, and one of the members of the League, von Gleichen-Russwurm (see the document, line 20), gives a lecture on "liberal Kultur!" Where? In one of the rooms of the Reichstag, placed at his disposal by the Berlin Government, a fortnight after the Zeppelin raid on Paris! In spite of the prosecutions threatened, the filiation is well established (see the *Temps*, 3rd January and 12th February 1916, on these last two facts).

¹⁶⁵ Among the other members of the League, colleagues of Romain Rolland, should be mentioned: Richard Calwer, ex-socialist, who recommended in the *Tag* the policy of annexation; Schlieben, consul at Belgrade (before the war, in order to prepare it), and Professor Hans Delbrück, editor (so liberal) of the *Preussische Jahrbücher*, who, no later than October 1915, counted for the German victory on the "German moral superiority" (scrap of paper, atrocities, *Lusitania*, the same litany as above). If absolutely necessary, Delbrück would now be contented with "Uganda, the Belgian Congo, the French Congo, and an immense war indemnity" (*sic*) to be paid by perfidious Albion who prevented the crushing of France.

¹⁶⁶ In answer to the publication of this passage in *La Revue*, Romain Rolland has changed the date of the *Journal de Genève*. In fact, the bombardment took place on 19th September, and Rolland's article in his volume, which appeared after my remark, is dated as follows: *Journal de Genève*, 15th September

1914 (p. 55, English translation). Now, the original article, the author's date of which is 15th September, appeared in the *Journal de Genève* on 22nd and 23rd September. We recommend this conjuring trick to Romain Rolland's admirers. See Plate III.

¹⁶⁷ That this adhesion is later than the "Manifesto of the 93" is certain. The estimate of *one month*, an estimate conjectured from the Bulletins, is to be altered, the reading of this passage in my article having provoked an explanation on that point. In the *Journal de Genève* for 28th November, 1915, Rolland has at last informed us, through M. Seippel, that his first relations with the League date from January 1915, and that he took the initiative. "Having read some of the publications of the *Neues Vaterland*, he was greatly struck by them and asked to be informed of others." Then *Der Bund* (a paper of Berne) indiscreetly published an extract from a letter of thanks addressed by Rolland, on 31st January to the directors of the German League (the *Journal de Genève* does not give this piece of information). In that letter, which the Berne newspaper regards as "a document for the history of the renewal of spiritual relations between the belligerents," Rolland made none of the reserves which might be expected from a Frenchman. So he was greatly grieved at the publication of his correspondence, and hastened to write to the German League, once again, "to complain that it should have published a private letter without his authorisation." In this new letter, otherwise entirely cordial and in no way making a breach between Rolland and the League, Rolland does make certain reserves from the French point of view. "German imperialism is a still more pressing danger for us (?) than Russian imperialism." Whence we may allow ourselves to conclude that, having publicly protested against the publication of a mere letter of his to the League, *a fortiori* he could also have publicly protested against the permanent presence of his name on six of the same League's Bulletins among some names of the "93."

¹⁶⁸ See p. 68, the Letter addressed to him.

¹⁶⁹ Karl Lamprecht is not the only one of the "intellectuals" whom Romain Rolland violently reproached for signing the

“Manifesto of the 93.” On page 61 of his volume he accuses all the signatories, but “confesses that he could not read to the end” of the manifesto. If he had had more courage, he would have found, at the end of the document, the signatures of *three* more of his future colleagues of the League, who then inspired him with disgust. As to Lamprecht, Rolland claims to have been informed by a letter from Germany, about the evolution of the historian who, with a few other persons, “firmly turned round upon the fatal excesses of the Lassons, Ostwalds, etc.” (Rolland’s letter to the German League, 31st January; in *Der Bund* of Berne, 10th February 1915.) Rolland even suggests that the League, in one of its pamphlets, should publish the “dissident” declarations of Lamprecht and others. There is no longer any reason for the surprise which I showed in *La Revue* that Rolland should have allowed his name to appear in those pamphlets along with that of Lamprecht, who, however, has never disavowed the famous manifesto signed by him. From how many of these “liberal” Germans, with whom he has been corresponding for sixteen months, has Rolland obtained a public disavowal of the violation of Belgium and of the German methods of war?

¹⁷⁰ We must note that if the “revelation” of Kultur caused Romain Rolland to reprove the Barbarians, he would refuse to *curse* them even if they should be victorious. His panegyrist, Paul Seippel, a Swiss professor, who has been able harmoniously to reconcile admiration for the death of Charles Péguy, on the field of honour, with admiration for the exodus of Romain Rolland to Geneva, wrote to the latter, “at a moment when things seem to be going badly (*for France*), that if Germany was victorious and confiscated the liberty of the world, nothing would be left to them (*Rolland’s friends*) except to get furiously angry like the rest.” Rolland immediately replied: “No, my dear friend, I shall never get furiously angry like the rest, *even if I saw Germany victorious and abusing her victory*. It is not for conquered (*sic*) Germany that I am fighting injustice and hatred in my own country. *If German Imperialism gains the day*, I shall remain an exile, who accepts no other law than that of his own conscience.” Otherwise put, in plain English, even if Germany kept Belgium and dismembered

France, Romain Rolland would not bear her any grudge ; he would be content to remain in Switzerland with his conscience. (*Journal de Genève*, 4th October, 1915).

¹⁷¹ Romain Rolland has written the *Lives* of these three men.

¹⁷² The author of this *Appeal* himself asked the censor to remove the interdict on all Romain Rolland's writings. This was done, and he was able to publish his book (*Bonnet Rouge*, 20th October 1915).

¹⁷³ Romain Rolland has refused to yield to this " insolent summons " ; he supports and reinforces all the statements in *Above the Battle*. One word in conclusion. Rolland declares that he does not doubt the sincerity of his opponents, and that he does not hate his adversaries. I believe him with all my heart, and return the compliment. The most blissful day after this horrible war is over would be that on which we should be united, not in the hatred of any people, but in the confession of Right and the vigilance of Duty. Rolland, my *Appeal* sounds incessantly, like a tireless bell which rings without end. It is our mother France who calls you.

IV

¹⁷⁴ In 1910 Frédéric Loliée, for the *Matin*, asked a few men of letters what authors they would designate for the three chairs then vacant in the French Academy. I replied : " Maurice Maeterlinck, Emile Verhaeren, Romain Rolland."

¹⁷⁵ See the Manifesto of the Congress in *L'Humanité*, 30th December, 1915. By way of preface to the resolutions of that assembly of patriots, the organ of the French proletariat reprinted on December 16th, in a special number, the last articles of Jaurès on the responsibility for the war :—" Austria's note to Serbia is terribly harsh. It seems intended either to humiliate the Serbian nation to the depths, or to crush her. The conditions which Austria would impose on Serbia are such that it may be asked if the Austrian clerical and militarist reactionaries do not wish for war, and are not seeking to make it inevitable. That would be the most monstrous of crimes. . . . It may indeed be asked if Austria, in forcing the attack, did not wish to render any preventive action in

Europe impossible. . . . This appeal to the conscience of Europe and the offer of papers would be the most outrageous irony, if Austria invaded the Serbian territory before the papers could be examined by the European powers. If Austria demanded more, she would take the responsibility of precipitating a crisis which might, step by step, throw the whole of Europe into the most terrible conflict men have ever seen, a conflict at once absurd and infamous. And the old Emperor would be pursued, even to the bosom of the God he invokes, by the hatred, fury, and malediction of the peoples doomed by him to the hell of war (25th July 1914). If that invasion takes place, not only must Austrian diplomacy be severely judged, but German diplomacy as well" (same date). ". . . If that is all the Austro-Hungarian monarchy wants, an agreement is within the bounds of possibility; war would be without excuse and without pretext. The monstrosity of such an attack against the human race encourages us to hope that they will hesitate on the brink of the crime (28th July). The world asks in amazement if Austria will dare to invade Serbia. But is it possible that Austria said nothing (to Germany) before risking so serious a step? Is it possible that Germany would be contented with summary information, and permit her Ally irrevocably to draw her in without fully informing her? Is it negligence, incapacity, or duplicity? . . . And then England announces that she has at once set on foot a plan of mediation between the four great powers not directly interested in the Austro-Serbian conflict—France, England, Italy, and Germany. Who, in Europe, could, without madness and crime, reject this last chance of salvation? What governments would, in refusing it, mark themselves out for the anger of nations and the revenge of justice?" (same date).

"The declaration of war, now official, by Austria-Hungary on Serbia, is unjustifiable. The war is without excuse. And 'immanent justice,' which is not a mere expression, will one day be dealt out to the monarchy which forces the whole human race either to assist in the wicked abuse of force or to seek a hazardous redress of the injustice committed, by letting loose a universal war. Imperial Germany, moreover, cannot defend herself against the just reproach of having encouraged

Austria in this evil course" (29th July 1914). "We ask if the most insane or the most wicked of men can be capable of causing such a convulsion" (30th July 1914).—JAURÈS.

These last words had just been written when Jaurès fell at the Café du Croissant, as if the first to be stricken by a German bullet. The author of this book, who was there and who had the supreme honour of being present at his end, will never cease to invoke this living thought, this malediction of the great criminals, which remains written for ever on the wall of history in letters of blood. And it is to be regretted that Romain Rolland, who took a year to become aware of Jaurès' death, did not, even in that space of time, learn its lesson. On the exact responsibility for the "most monstrous of crimes," which for Jaurès was the Germanic crime, there is not a single sentence, not a single line, in the article *Above the Battle*. That is my reproach to Romain Rolland.

¹⁷⁶ The "beatification" was pronounced by the *Internationale Rundschau* (English edition), see below. Is an example of this "tabooism" required? A foreign newspaper asked the eminent Belgian critic, Dumont-Wilden, for an article on Romain Rolland. He sent it. At the end of three weeks the article that had been commissioned was declined because it contained reservations, but the editor informed the author that he was offering the manuscript to another important newspaper which would eagerly welcome it. At the end of three more weeks the other paper declined it, and for the same reason. The country which twice refused the article was England.

¹⁷⁷ We know a neutral country that ordered 50,000 copies of *Above the Battle*.

¹⁷⁸ I have attempted to separate the antinomies, not of the thesis, but of the mentality of the author, in the following note which appeared in *La Revue*, 15th August:

"Those who are interested in the psychological aspect of the case would be guilty of gross contempt and of an undeserved outrage if they sought the explanation in calculated hypocrisy. It would be, besides, an untenable hypothesis, for Romain Rolland on certain points has told 'his German friends' his frank opinion. On the contrary, his sincerity is manifest and his

courage also to stand up alone against his whole people, even in the service of a very bad cause. We see a conscience palpitating in the wreck of an intellect. The key of the problem may perhaps be found in two passages in his articles: 'Not less than you, yourselves, I am the son of Beethoven, of Leibnitz, and of Goethe.' And farther on, quoting himself: 'Single combats are being waged between metaphysicians, poets, historians—Eucken against Bergson; Hauptmann against Maeterlinck; Rolland against Hauptmann. "Ah, Lucifer!" I said, without having exhausted the list, for this must be added: "I, perhaps alone among French authors, I wished. . ."' And again this: 'The author of *Jean-Christophe*, the French writer who for twenty years has done most for the intellectual reconciliation of France and Germany.' Let us add also that Romain Rolland's courage would not have been complete unless he had remained in France to proclaim his inmost thought (he reserves that for after the war), a proceeding that would have earned him imprisonment. In that case, without approving, I would have bowed low to such sublime madness. But exile in Geneva has its solaces, and, since my note, even its serenades. Tolstoy would have been in a dungeon, for he would have cursed all resistance, and would have folded his arms before the massacre of Belgian civilians. More than twelve years before this war the great Russian visionary did us the honour to enter into correspondence with us, and with all the force of the *same principles* which now inspire our logical pacifism, we disputed his false theory of submission to violence. Romain Rolland is only a weak disciple, as faithless to thorough-going Tolstoyism as to patriotism for the Right. To conclude: A generous heart, a muddled head, an uneasy conscience that has lost its bearings, and the marriage of masculine pride with feminine sincerity, a marriage in which the husband dominates the wife."

V

¹⁷⁹ See the Letter to Marie Milliet, pp. 135 *sqq.* In a note to the preface of his book, *Above the Battle* (see English Translation, p. 17), Romain Rolland states that certain contradictions will be found in his articles. It was my friend Servant and I

who had drawn up a list in our articles in the *Bonnet Rouge* (15th September, 21st October 1915), about a month before the publication of *Above the Battle* in volume form. We leave here the references to the dates of the *Journal de Genève*: the same passages will be found in Romain Rolland's book.

¹⁸⁰ "Before writing, learn to think" (Boileau).

VI

¹⁸¹ At our suggestion M. Renaitour very loyally consented to reprint the controversy as a pamphlet: *Above or at the Heart of the Battle?* (*L'Essor*, 57 rue Sedaine, Paris).

¹⁸² The same reproach was addressed to Romain Rolland by Gabriel Séailles in an "open letter" published by the *Guerre Sociale*, 9th January, 1915, to which Rolland did not reply. See above, pp. 207 sq.

¹⁸³ "For the same reasons I would accept no peace that did not make complete reparation to Belgium for the crime under which she is suffering, and I have not ceased to state this in my published Letters, notably in the Letter, often reprinted, to Frederick van Eeden." (*Note of Romain Rolland.*)

¹⁸⁴ Compare p. 183 above.

¹⁸⁵ "See the beginning of the third part of the last volume of *Jean-Christophe: The End of the Voyage.*" (*Note of Romain Rolland.*)

¹⁸⁶ By a relentless irony four Germans with whom Rolland refused to associate himself on the lists of the *French* Committee in 1912 before the war, he was fated to find, in 1915, in the heat of the war, associated with him in the lists of a *German* League, the "New Fatherland": they are Herbert Eulenberg, Alexander von Gleichen Russwurm, Otfried Nippold, and the cavalry captain, Tepper-Laski.

¹⁸⁷ I am informed by Marius Moutet, the socialist deputy, that the shorthand report of this *electoral* speech seemed to be indecipherable. The text was "patched up" by M. Moutet from his personal notes (*Avenir Socialiste* of Lyons, 1st-7th August 1914). Jaurès, who died six days later, did not see it, and literally, the speech of Vaise is not from his pen, as are the articles quoted above.

¹⁸⁸ French nationalists in 1912.

¹⁸⁹ *Les Tragédies de la Foi* (Hachette, 1913). In the opinion of a former colleague, a strong republican, of Rolland at the Sorbonne: "He was, before the war, rather reactionary."

¹⁹⁰⁻¹⁹² At that time (1912) Romain Rolland was already following in the wake of the Jingo revival to which he formally adhered in the preface to his *Tragédies de la Foi* (1913). At the same time M. P. Hyacinthe Loyson was fighting those tendencies with all his might by pen and speech. At the elections of 1914 he stood for a Paris constituency as republican candidate against the promoter of the "three years" law. Among those who supported the author of this book were Anatole France, Marcel Sembat, and Paul Painlevé, the present Cabinet Ministers; Camille Pelletan, Ferdinand Buisson, General Percin, etc. The seat was lost by some 300 votes, owing to the maintenance at the second polling of a dissenting republican candidate, who played the game of M. Loyson's opponent.

VII

¹⁹³ "Of all nations," therefore of France: he does not suppress a single word.

¹⁹⁴ The "ruin" of France, who was defending herself and desired to regain what was left of the ruins of the seven invaded departments.

¹⁹⁵ See the Hague Conference, where all the refusals came from France (?); see the *mauvais esprit* of France (?) in the cases of Tangier, Casablanca, and Agadir; see the Berne Inter-parliamentary Conference, at which there were so few Frenchmen (?); see Ruyssen's campaigns, the "Franco-German Reconciliation Committee," etc., etc.

¹⁹⁶ All the rulers without exception; see the President of the French Republic's letter to the King of England, in which he conjures him to join him in the effort to avoid war (31st July 1914) and George V's hesitation to declare that he will draw the sword against Germany, even if France is attacked.

¹⁹⁷ See the slyness of the French *Yellow Book*, and the loyalty of the German *White Book*.

¹⁹⁸ The *herd* of the French mobilisation, who showed so little enthusiasm !

¹⁹⁹ Written three days after the battle of the Marne.

²⁰⁰ *Demoniacal irony* of the victory of the Allies which will liberate France, Belgium, Serbia, and the world.

²⁰¹ Quoted with reprobation.

²⁰² Quoted with reprobation.

²⁰³ By the "German peace."

²⁰⁴ Thanks for the *faithful souls* of Louvain, Termonde, Aerschot, etc., etc., and free entrance for the invader.

²⁰⁵ The French "poilus."

²⁰⁶ "Tenir."

²⁰⁷ The "German peace." The war policy of Pope Benedict and the war philosophy of Romain Rolland are twins, indistinguishable, of the same neutrality. Some of Romain Rolland's disciples in France, anti-clerical anarchists, have been greatly puzzled how to deal with the case ; but Cardinal Gaspari has made the similitude official by using the same words as Rolland in a public statement: "The Vatican's policy has been to keep away from and *above the Battle*" (*Le Journal*, 31st August 1916).

²⁰⁸ See the ultimatum to Serbia, the refusal of *pourparlers* by Germany, and the Tzar's telegram to the Kaiser (29th July 1914) suggesting the Hague arbitration. Rolland is not alluding here to Russia's domestic policy before the war, but to Russia's direct responsibility for the war.

²⁰⁹ "Union sacrée."

²¹⁰ Triple Alliance and Triple Entente, including France.

²¹¹ See the trombone of the "420" and all the instruments of Kultur.

²¹² The *voracious heroism* of the young French, Belgian, and Serbian heroes who die to regain their native soil.

VIII

²¹³ From the letter to the *Bonnet Rouge*, 10th October. See "The Franco-German Committee," above, pp. 177 *sqq.*

²¹⁴ The same note to the preface ends with a quotation. " 'There is more than one war' (wrote the aged Rodin to me on the 1st of October 1914). 'What is happening is like a

punishment which falls on the world.' " May we be permitted to observe that the theory of *war-punishment* has been sketched by a French Catholic chaplain? At the front this was equivalent to a fortnight's imprisonment, a proceeding applauded by Rolland's friends.

²¹⁵ Since the preceding lines appeared in the French edition of this book, Rolland has resorted to a new trick in order to escape my reproach on the subject of the inversion of documents. In fact, in the editions of his book *Above the Battle* which have appeared subsequently to my book, *Êtes-vous neutres devant le Crime?* of which this is the English version, Rolland has suppressed on p. 20 of "Pro Aris" the date of the article, October 1914. Doubtless one of his learned friends in Geneva, accustomed to a respect for texts, pointed out to him that the free-handed use of such proceedings—a trick corrected by another trick—would end in a loss of reputation. Rolland yielded to the counsel of good sense and probity, for in the last editions of his book he has restored the date on p. 20.

Perhaps serious-minded English readers will find it difficult to believe what I have exposed. Let them procure the first French edition of *Au-dessus de la Mêlée*, where the date figures on p. 20; then the 49th French edition, where the date has disappeared; then the 60th French edition, where the date reappears. The tamperings with the date of the article "Pro Aris," added to those of the article "Above the Battle" (see p. 265, note ¹⁶⁶, of the present volume), seem to me, a humble author, to constitute in literature sins that cannot be called venial. See Plates II. and III.

²¹⁶ Thus throughout the present volume we have never given the dates of the letters we have reprinted, dates which appear in *La Revue*, as those of the numbers of the *Revue*. We have scrupulously repeated the dates of the first *publication* of our two articles on Romain Rolland. The whole of the text has undergone revision—announced in our French edition—and has, in the form of documentary notes, been largely increased. The originals appeared in the following numbers of *La Revue*: 10-11, 14-15, 16-17, 18, 21-22, XXVIth Year.

²¹⁷ Before the Ollendorf edition in book form, Amédée Dunois,

a disciple of Romain Rolland, brought out the article *Above the Battle* as a pamphlet without the publisher's name, and he dated it, very exactly, 22nd-23rd September. The master and his disciple were not careful that their dates should correspond. On the other hand, M. Guilbeaux, writing at Geneva from Romain Rolland's dictation, categorically asserts what is false: "Romain Rolland's article appeared in the *Journal de Genève*, on the 15th of September 1914" (Pamphlet, *Pour Romain Rolland*, p. 29).

²¹⁸ In his open letter to M. Marius André (see above, p. 204), Romain Rolland, in referring to this article, indicates the true date, 12th October. The author has not taken the trouble to make himself agree with himself.

²¹⁹ Thus the *Antigone Eternelle* (communication to the Hague Congress) is a public document and not a letter. M. Guilbeaux himself calls the piece an appeal, and published it at Geneva in his neutral review, *Demain* (15th January 1916). It is not contained in the volume. "Romain Rolland writes in his preface: 'A Frenchman does not judge his adversary unheard.' Agreed. But I add: A Frenchman, after calling on the public to judge his case, does not subtract three essential papers from the documents" (Charles Albert in *La Bataille* (syndicalist), 13th February 1916). It is not merely three papers, but a good *ten* of them. In the same preface Romain Rolland also writes: "I place before the world the texts they have slandered. I shall not defend them. Let them defend themselves!" Let us state that half these texts defend themselves by hiding themselves.

²²⁰ As for Hauptmann's reply, nobody, except in Switzerland, knew anything about it; hence everybody was taken in by Romain Rolland's trick. M. Marius Leblond, a writer usually well-informed, announced in *La Vie*, in order to glorify Romain Rolland: "Hauptmann naturally held his tongue, cowardly and ashamed." M. Jules de Gaultier, in the *Revue de Hollande* (February 1916): "I can't complain of Hauptmann for keeping silence." M. Emile Pignot, in *Le Soir* (March 17, 1916): "During those terrible days, my high-minded friend Romain Rolland said to you all that a writer could say. He put a question to you which has, I think, remained unanswered.

You held your peace, Hauptmann, and you are holding it still." And the *Court Journal* of London (8th April, 1916): "It is easy to understand that Gerhardt Hauptmann did not reply to the letter that opens the book." Come on! . . .

²²¹ See p. 265, note 167.

²²² A reference to the *Antigone Eternelle* noted above. With regard to this Hague Congress, see p. 241, note 27. "M. Romain Rolland, in sending this article, made it clear that he was not addressing himself to the Congress at the Hague. He is addressing himself to the women of the world." Whether the want of logic or the want of modesty is the more conspicuous, is a question about which opinions might differ.

²²³ "The enormous harm that Romain Rolland is doing to his country is not known in France, and will, perhaps, never be understood. He has become, *whether he intends it or not*, the rampart behind which in neutral countries a band of angry or shamefaced Pro-Germans take shelter" (Letter from M. André to M. Aulard, Professor at the Sorbonne).

²²⁴ Included in the dedication of the volume *Above the Battle*. Opinion on the war: "With a few intellectuals, patriotism was sufficiently intact and despotic to forbid them seeking means of rapidly ending the war" (*Hommes du Jour*) . . . by throwing themselves at Germany's feet. Here is another opinion on the war expressed by another anarchist to whom Rolland's volume is dedicated, I mean M. Jacques Mesnil: "The mental state of the belligerents:—The patient experiences a childish admiration for everything that goes on in the country. In every soldier he sees a hero, he is in ecstasy at the greatness of the leaders, the spirit of sacrifice of the women, the rapidity with which every one adapts himself to the new situation, etc. . . . The cause of his nation is the cause of civilisation, of justice, of liberty, of right, of democracy." On the other hand, in a number of the *Hommes du Jour* there is an illustration representing French soldiers, severely wounded, returning from Germany, with the legend "Remorse for to-morrow." The measure taken against Romain Rolland's organ (suspension for six months) by General Gallieni, one of the victors of the Marne, is by far the most severe that has been taken against any French paper

since the beginning of the war. May I say that the very abuse which this paper has lavished on me makes it my professional duty to request that such measures should be cancelled ?

²²⁵ See page 258, note 142 ; page 266, note 170.

²²⁶ See the extract from this article, above, pp. 228 *sq.*

²²⁷ Nine months later, Romain Rolland was forgetful enough to reproach M. Séailles (or to allow him to be reproached) for not having published that letter ! The reproach was expressed in a newspaper article (during the polemic in the *Bonnet Rouge* quoted above, pp. 177 *sqq.*), an article in which Romain Rolland himself collaborated for the especial instruction of M. Renaitour, one of his disciples. Here is the passage of his confidant : "And when he says" (*he is Servant, friend of P. H. L.*) "M. Romain Rolland disdained to reply to Séailles" : What is the use of protesting and of assuring him that Rolland replied to Séailles in a letter of twelve pages *which Séailles did not publish ?*" (*Bonnet Rouge*, 10th October 1915). We can imagine that Gabriel Séailles made an energetic protest. But Romain Rolland did not protest.

That is not all. The Geneva *Semaine Littéraire*, having reprinted, 6th February 1915, the "open letter" from Gabriel Séailles "to Romain Rolland," asked Rolland to reply, and he inserted on the same page (p. 72) a little note saying that he would not reply to M. Séailles during the war. "I will not bring the discussion before the public," he said, with his habitual fatuity, as if he had not himself brought the discussion before the public by his article *Above the Battle!* As to the occult letter to Séailles, and the prohibition to publish it, those facts are proved by these words : "I have already replied to M. Séailles in a *private* letter." Therefore (1) Romain Rolland declares publicly in Switzerland that he will not reply to Séailles except in a "private" letter ; (2) In that "private" letter Romain Rolland lays stress on the desire that it should not be published ; (3) Romain Rolland allows it to be publicly insinuated in France that Séailles ought to have published the letter ; (4) Séailles is in an ugly situation ; and (5), Romain Rolland leaves him there.

²²⁸ " You have yourself most loyally recognised all the objections there would have been to publishing that letter " (written attestation of Gabriel Séailles to the author of the present volume).

²²⁹ Romain Rolland no longer belongs to a French university.

²³⁰ Victor Hugo was more modest.

²³¹ At the time of writing these lines, I had just returned from the public funeral of the victims of the Zeppelin raid on Paris, January 1916, an act of war of the German *State* against the French *State*. The pupils of the Berlin schools took part in the ceremony at a distance, by marching with flags, past Count Zeppelin's house; the crowd shouted with joy; and the *Hamburg News* wrote: " We stand in enthusiastic admiration before the exploits of our aviators." And the *Tägliche Rundschau*: " The conscience of the people sanctions, nay, even exacts these raids."

²³² See also, in confirmation of the second, Romain Rolland's letter to the *Bonnet Rouge*, above, pp. 177 *sqq.* It must be noted that this letter to the *Bonnet Rouge*, dated 10th October, 1915, later by four months than the article, " The murder of the *Élite*," consequently annuls the fine passage on " violated Right " quoted above (p. 178 of Romain Rolland's book, English Translation), which was written on 14th June. Some assert that these contradictions of thought will one day be Romain Rolland's glory, because he understood how to flatter all opinions in view of the future reconciliation, and so will be the only one who was right. It is what his panegyrist calls " an amazingly developed instinct " (*sic*; *Pour Romain Rolland*, p. 73; see also p. 145 of this volume). As for us, who in time of war do not think of our " literary successes," we reject from to-day the advantage that accrues from time, from the forgetfulness and abdication of principles. We ask nothing from the cowardice of to-morrow. If the eternal Right has only an ephemeral hour, it is in this hour of its grievous trial that we place ourselves at its side. Such is the only glory that fits us, and may our memory perish for ever !

IX

²³³ Compare *Intransigent*, 15th January: " In the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, Ed. von Bendemann speaks of Romain

Rolland's book, *Above the Battle*. He begins by reproaching the author for believing in the German atrocities, a miserable legend as every one knows, but praises him for having the courage not to break with what binds him to Germany. 'Rolland has made a stand against the last consequences of patriotism; he comes into collision with his people, who, to-day, only see salvation in applying themselves with fury to fighting.'"

²³⁴ French and German prisoners.

²³⁵ In the number for 16th November, the *Journal de Genève*, for all its devotion to Romain Rolland, did not dare to report this lecture. It confines itself to the musical part of the programme.

Now in 1912 the same M. Guilbeaux praised up the review *Mouvement Anarchiste*, which published an article under the title: "Comment on sabotera la mobilisation" (see the *Société Nouvelle*, December 1912, p. 302, the chronicle signed Henri Guilbeaux); and this very M. Guilbeaux founded at the same period, under the auspices of the *Mouvement Anarchiste* (*ibid.* p. 302, and letter of 21st January 1913), the "Comité pour la Défense du Droit d'Asile" (*Affaire Gauzy-Bonnot*), a committee to which, in spite of M. Guilbeaux's urgent invitation—he was the secretary—I refused my adhesion. These incidents caused a rupture between us, provoked by me. I find traces of it in a letter from M. Guilbeaux, dated 1st December 1912, where he apologises for the "tragic bandit," murderer of unfortunate little employees. The bandit referred to was Bonnot, the man with the grey motor-car, who shot six or eight employees, and was finished off by French soldiers in a "shanty" where he had entrenched himself. Guilbeaux held him as a symbol. He has changed him for Romain Rolland!! The great Genevese apostle has chosen a strange panegyrist.

M. Henri Guilbeaux is included in the Dedication of *Above the Battle*.

The latest news is that he has just founded at Geneva the Rollandist review *Demain*, edited by the German Jeheber, a naturalised Swiss, and warmly praised by the *Berliner Tageblatt*, 27th January 1916, and afterwards by the same

journal of 22nd July, 1916, in these terms: "The fact that the review adopts a more critical attitude to French than to German affairs proves the sincerity of the editor." This is speaking of M. Guilbeaux. But that the moral editor of that review is no other than Romain Rolland himself, is proved in the *Internationale Rundschau* (English edition, 25th February 1916, p. 127): "M. Guilbeaux conducts this publication in the spirit of Rolland himself." Finally, on 15th February, at the Victoria Hall, Geneva, "thinly attended," "this Frenchman of the Romain Rolland class" spoke in order to present the remnants of the Ford Mission (*sic*) before a small "audience, in which a large proportion consisted of Germans." (The phrases in inverted commas are taken from the *Suisse* newspaper, 16th February 1916).

²³⁶ It is known that the *Avanti* is the organ of the neutral socialists of Italy, who opposed with all their might the entry of their country into the war for the Right, and refused to vote the money. This resulted in the creation of the authentic socialist newspaper, the *Popolo d'Italia*. The *Avanti* awards high praise to all the demonstrations in Romain Rolland's favour. On 30th December it states: "The apostolate of Romain Rolland has become sacred."

X

²³⁷ The reader is requested to compare the dates of the following quotations.

²³⁸ "Also" is superfluous, my good *Vorwärts*; not one of Romain Rolland's disciples ventured to celebrate his birthday in France; there was neither meeting nor article. The enterprise miscarried.

²³⁹ The performance was probably organised to celebrate the "anniversary." In a later number, the *Vossische Zeitung* informs us that "the agreement not to perform" (in Austro-Germany) "the works of living authors belonging to enemy peoples had been violated for this piece." We are sure that Romain Rolland refused to accept the author's honorarium in Austrian money scarcely two months after the massacre of Serbia by Austria. But why did he not also refuse to authorise the performance of his play at Vienna? When Raoul Toché's

Parfum was performed at Brussels by a German company after the occupation, the author's widow immediately protested, in a strongly worded letter, against such usurpation of a French work by the enemy, enjoining Von Bissing, the Governor, to devote the author's rights to the relief of his victims. Must the widow of a "Vaudevilliste" give this proud lesson to the heroic poet of the *Loups* !

²⁴⁰ The reader is requested to remember that in the Preface to the *Tragédies de la Foi* (1913), and in the Prefatory Note to *Aërt* (1898), Romain Rolland identified himself with the aspirations of his hero.

²⁴¹ Anatole France ?

²⁴² The defeat of 1870.

XI

²⁴³ M. Aulard, Professor at the Sorbonne.

²⁴⁴ Gabriel Séailles, professor at the Sorbonne. His political opinions are very republican.

²⁴⁵ I do not reproach Romain Rolland, as M. Séailles does, for becoming neutral in order to be more impartial ; but, on the contrary, I reproach him because, having become neutral, he did not in full liberty rally to the Right. I do not reproach him for being a bad Frenchman, but for being a bad European.

²⁴⁶ Charles Albert is known as one of the most striking theorists in French socialism.

²⁴⁷ " His peace, in Switzerland, when twenty million men are at each other's throats ! His success in novel writing, when the victory of the Right is still uncertain ! His German friendships when the Germans are mowing down the youth of France with their machine guns ! Who would dare to assert that P. H. Loyson has overstepped the mark in registering Romain Rolland as the 'wreck of a moral power' ? " (S. Servant).

²⁴⁸ Théodore Ruyssen, professor in the University of Bordeaux, editor of the most widely circulated of French pacifist reviews, *La Paix par le Droit*. This study fills five columns of the paper ; the greater part of the two first is devoted to the praise of the noble pages of *Above the Battle*, and to the justifica-

tion of Romain Rolland's sojourn in Switzerland ; the three last expound the criticisms of the writings and of the attitude of Romain Rolland, criticisms not without analogy with those of our article of 15th August 1915 (above, p. 135).

²⁴⁹ On the contrary, he maintained and confirmed it in *Les Hommes du Jour*, 27th November 1915.

²⁵⁰ To take sides between France and Germany !

If in consequence of the extreme difficulty of procuring documentary evidence in time of war any errors of fact should have crept into this volume, despite all the pains that have been taken to ensure exactitude, the Author would be very grateful to any person—even an enemy—who might be so good as to point them out to him. He would hasten to correct them. The first French edition of this volume was set up and printed at Paris, by Albert Davy, during the battle of Verdun, in February and March, 1916.

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